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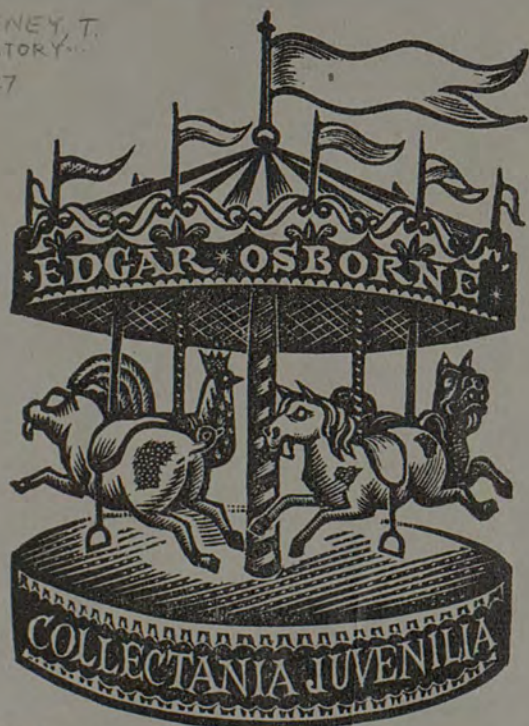


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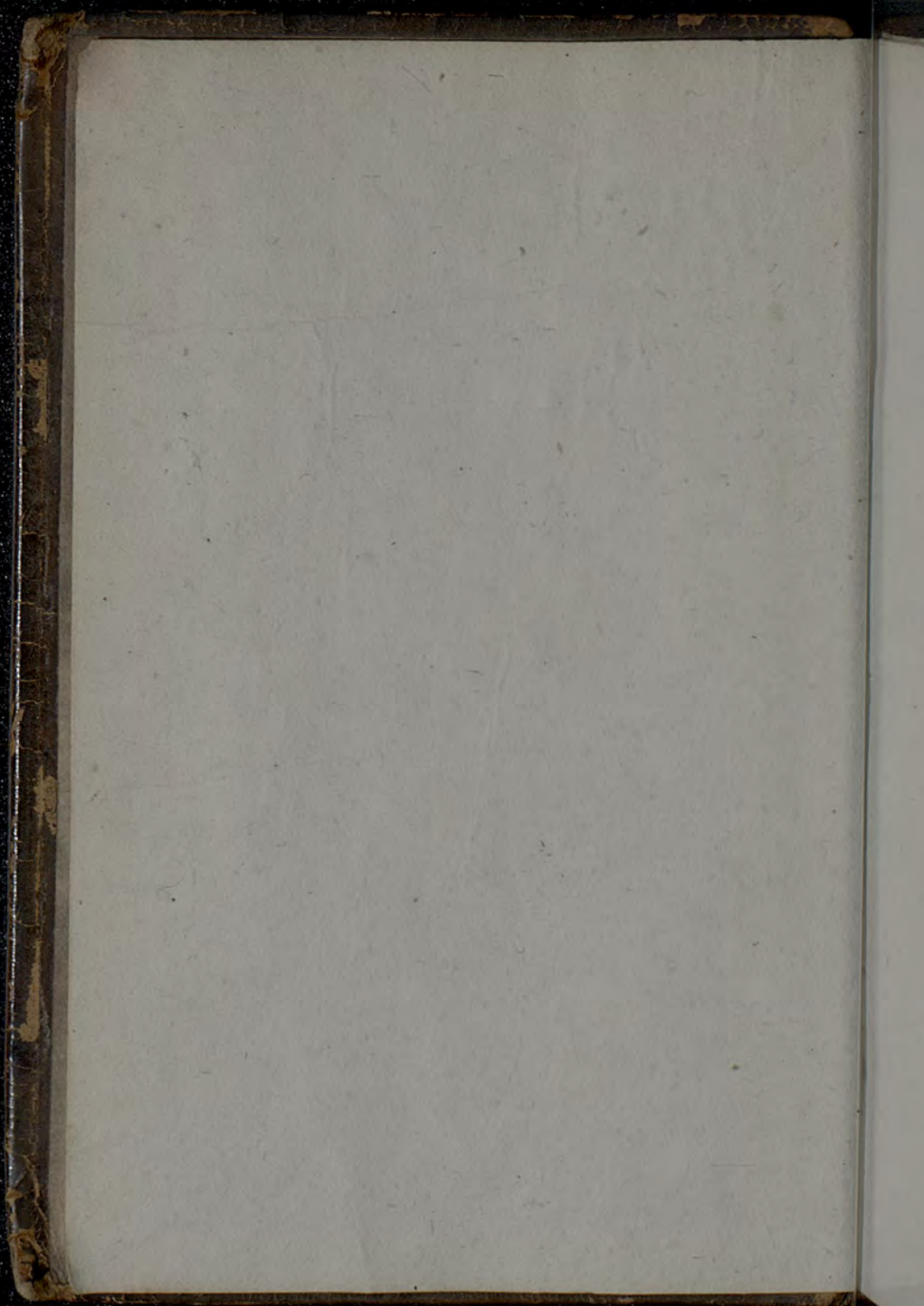
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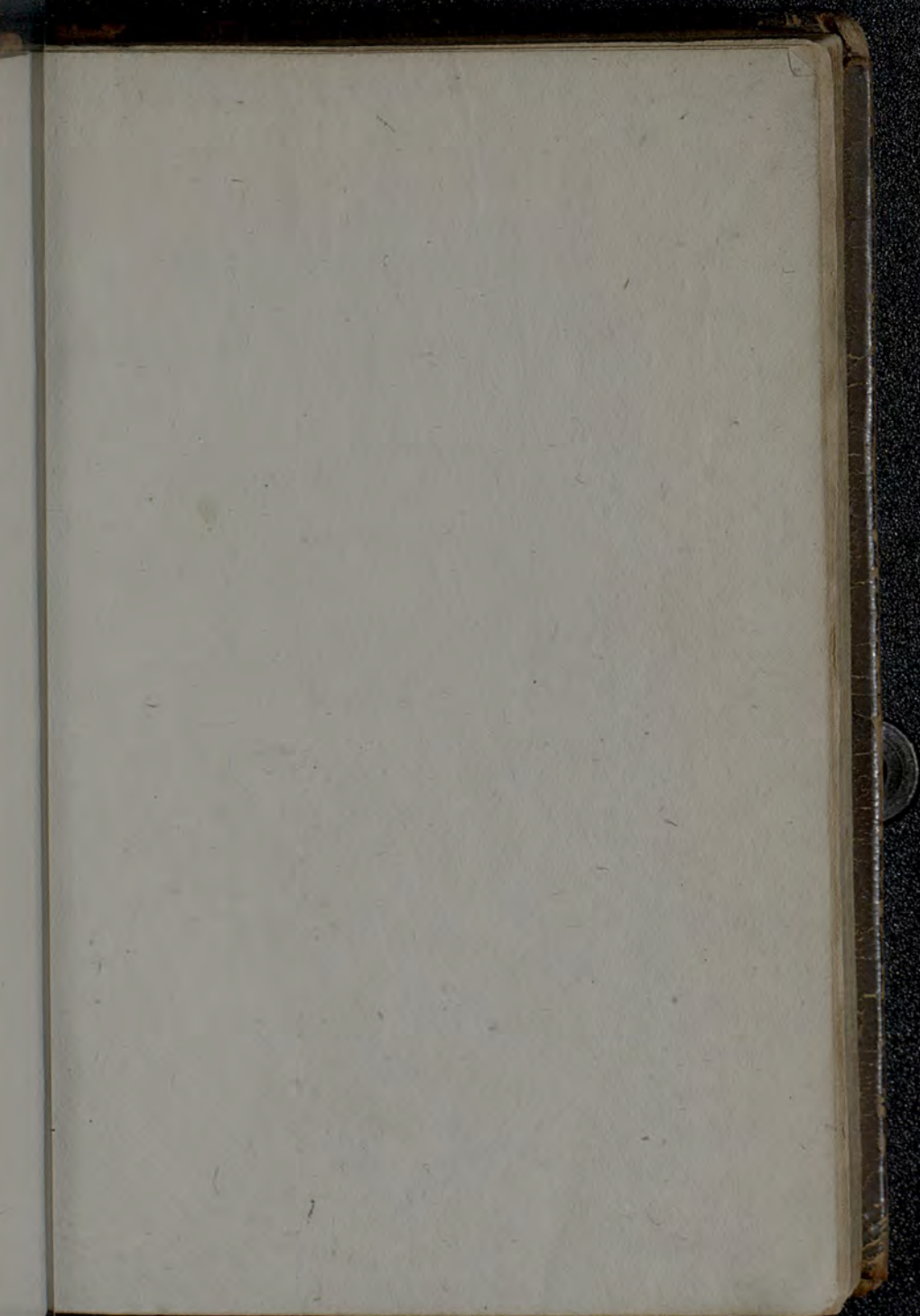
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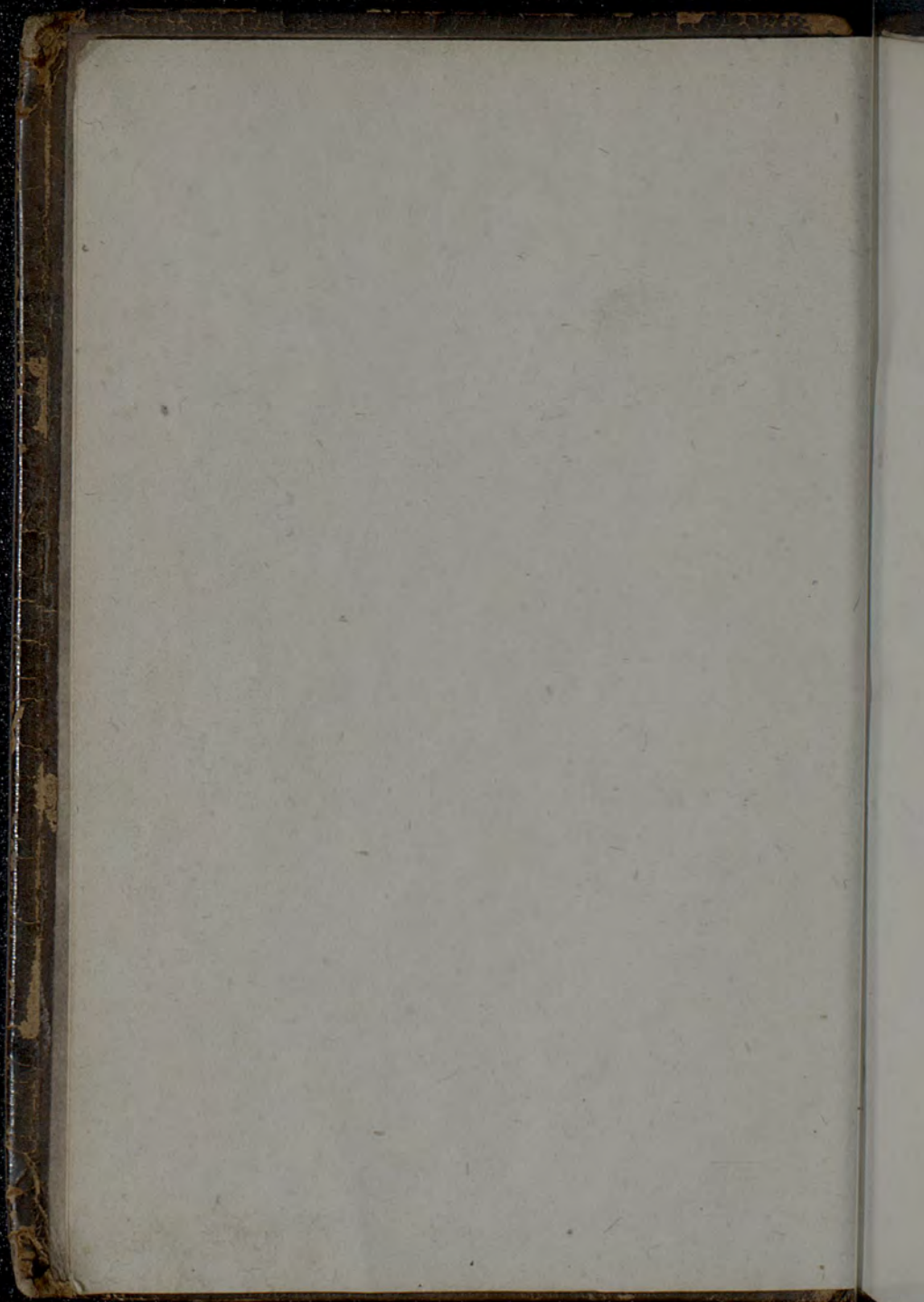


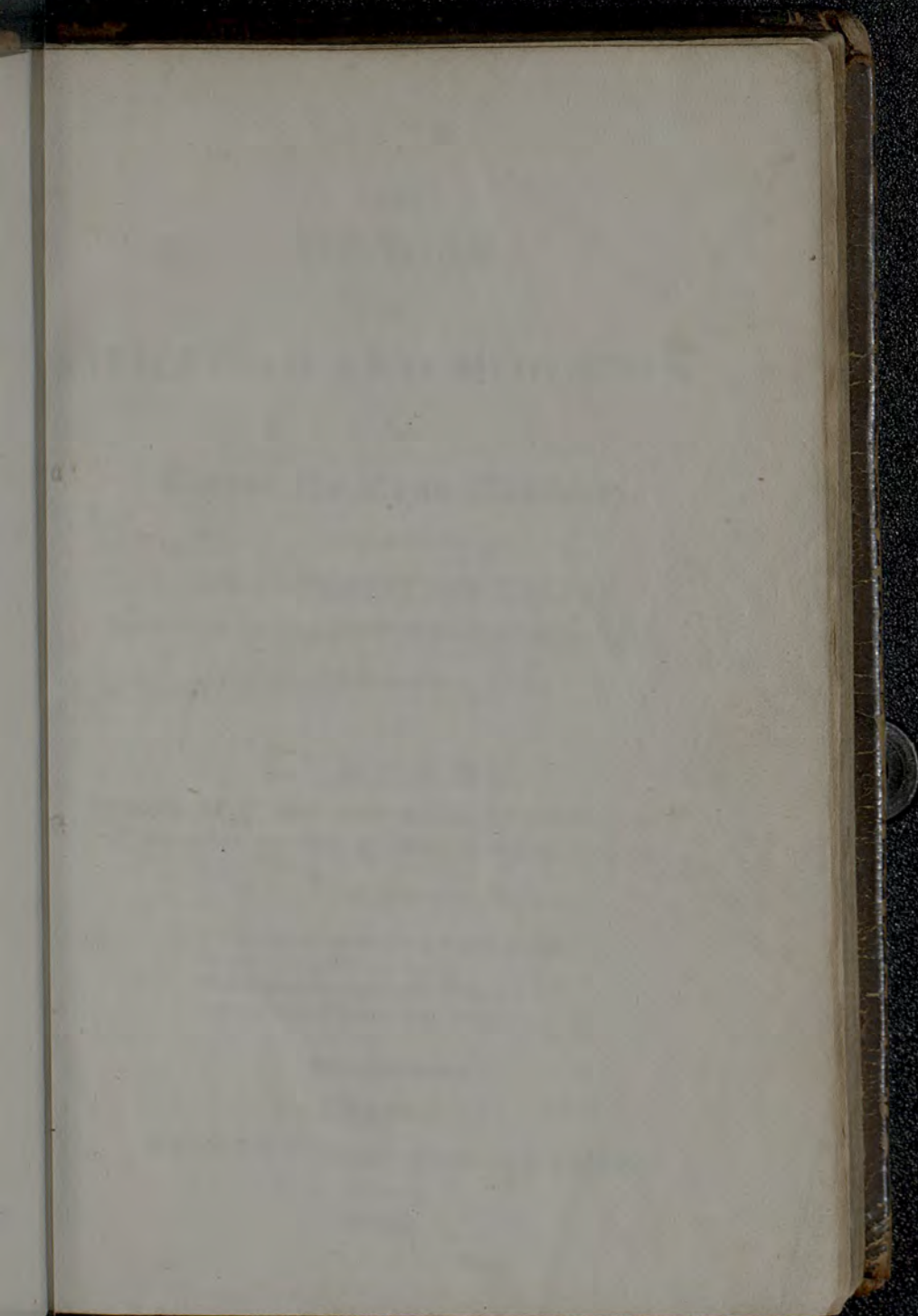
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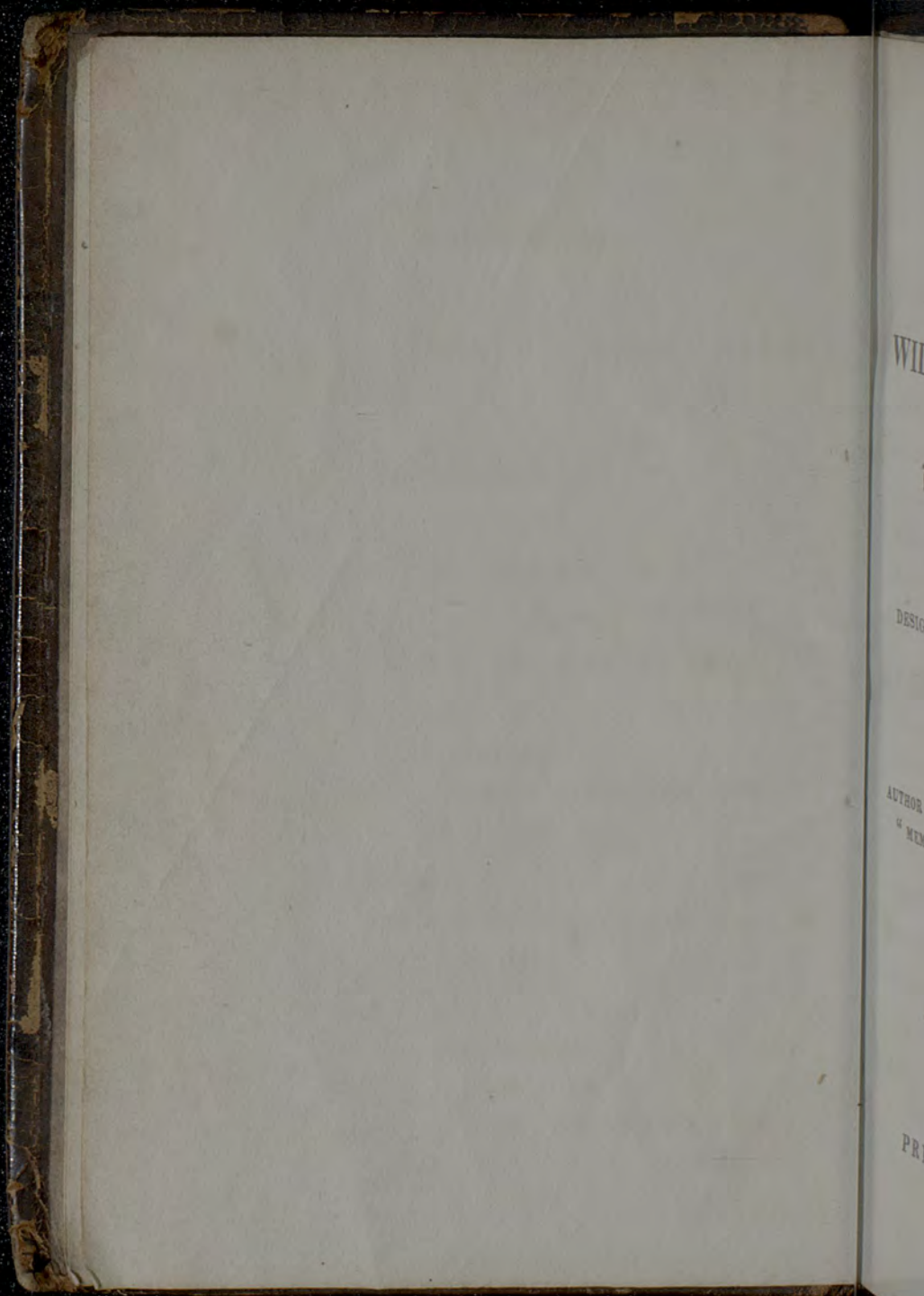
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THE
HISTORY
OF
WILFORD AND MORETON;

OR
Virtue the True Nobility.

AN INTERESTING TALE,
DESIGNED TO PROMOTE THE LOVE OF MANKIND.

BY
T. HENEY,
AUTHOR OF "LIFE AND REIGN OF GEORGE III.;"
"MEMOIRS OF THE DUDLEY FAMILY," &c. &c.

"The noblest minds their Virtue prove
By pity, sympathy and love:
These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine."

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1827.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

Printed by CHAPMAN & Co.
Sherbourn Lane.

PREFACE.

THE best employment of an Author is the creation of a stimulus for the advancement of morality and virtue. Men may be learned, may be acquainted with almost every science, yet be destitute of those amiable virtues which alone dignify their nature, and render them beloved. It is more pleasing, more gratifying to the heart, to see the exercises of charity, humanity, or sympathy, and to hear the acknowledgments of gratitude, than to witness the declamations or descriptions of all the Schools.

The Author of this little Book makes by it a small attempt to induce the rising generation to cultivate the love of their species before any thing else ; for the virtues of the heart, are, after all, the best property ; and benevolence the best merchandise. A consciousness of having done good or kind actions, will be a powerful and effectual solace under all circumstances ; besides, gratitude may come in at a

"Ah, my dear Emily," returned the afflicted merchant, "I would that I could hide even myself from your notice ; because then the circumstances that have caused my unhappiness would remain hidden also. I am indeed unhappy ; I see my children, and their beloved mother, reduced at a time not far distant, to a sad condition, and surrounded by perplexity and misfortune. I forebode the worst ; I have no stay ; can make no provision equal to their expectations."

"What, what," exclaimed Mrs. Wilford, "does all this mean ? 'reduced to perplexity and misfortune ?' Never, as long as life shall last, shall we be. Forget you that the eye of God is fixed upon every human event, even before it takes place ; and that good generally does, if wisely managed, come out of evil. Where there is resignation there cannot be perplexity ; and that untoward occurrence cannot be felt a misfortune, if it is readily submitted to. It is the temper of the mind which gives character and force to circumstances ; that which some call evil by others is called good. Recollect too, that the Divine Being does not rate us as men do ; poverty expels

us from them ; mental poverty is an attraction to to him. Submit, my dear Henry ; it is sufficient to for you that a reverse condition has been permitted ; in submission there is security and happiness."

These words, uttered as they were, obtained powerful effect : rising, the merchant clasped the excellent speaker to his breast, and exclaimed, " beloved counsellor, you are right ; your advice has recalled me ; I thank you. I arrogantly presumed to think that our prosperity was the effect of my own ingenuity and application ; it was rather the undeserved blessing of a superintending Providence. Hear me, Emily ; let us not now dwell upon cause or effect ; we must retreat ; must leave our connections and the society we esteem ; for we cannot now compete with them. I have arranged every thing with the small residue of our property, under the recommendation of an esteemed friend. I confess, however, that I have long struggled with losses, and difficulties attendant upon them ; my correspondents abroad have been dishonorable ; and my partner at home, perfidious, base, and dishonest. Wales, my dear Emily, has been

pointed to as possessing several advantages, for economy, enjoyment of health, and retired situations for the education of our children, without the temptations incident to pernicious examples. Will my Emily go?"

"Go?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilford, "most readily; place is nothing; every where, I am persuaded, I shall enjoy the love, the regard I covet. Exempt from a succession of visitors, from associations, that I must say often perplex me, I can give loose to the affections, the desires of a mother; and endeavour to lead my children into the paths that end in happiness and honor."

Altogether restored, feeling happy because he possessed virtue, though in the person of his amiable wife, and that that possession enriched him more than all his pecuniary wealth had done, Mr. Wilford, still holding the hand of his beloved counsellor, and with a face again the index of all the pleasing affections, left his room, and proceeded to join his children.

Preparations were immediately commenced for removal from the metropolis; a small house in the beautiful vale of Clwyd, in the north of Wales

was engaged ; and the few persons whom they honored with the name of friends were soon parted with. The children were promised a pleasant journey ; which to their buoyant minds was a thing exceedingly delightful ; they longed to see more of the world they had heard so much of. On the appointed day, a chaise stopped at the door ; and soon after Mr. Wilford, in rather a hurried manner, as if he wished to subdue the feelings which arose from quitting a house which had so long been the scene of domestic happiness, conducted his children, and lastly his beloved wife, and seated them in it.

Henry Wilford, his son, had considerably advanced in his tenth year ; and his mind had become inquisitive about most of the events that fell under his notice. He could not help observing the altered manner of his beloved parents ; there seemed a silence, a seriousness that pervaded their countenances, for which he could not account ; but early taught to submit to as well as love them, he ventured not upon any inquiry. His mind was enriched with the most amiable dispositions ; and he was at all times a most dutiful child, readily obeyed every

command, and felt the reward of a smile, and the affectionate pressure of the hand, sufficient. His carriage to the younger children also was most engaging; he presumed not upon age, as being the first-born; but lovingly lent his ear to all their observations, joined with them, and participated in all their little griefs and sorrows.

Occupied in noticing the beauties of nature and of art, the time passed agreeably away. The children taught to love rather than to fear their parents, innocently made their own remarks; and often directed the attention to objects more than ordinarily attractive. "O mamma, look there," suddenly exclaimed the little Emily, on the second day of their journey. The eyes of all were immediately fixed; a small group of children was perceived playing and gambolling before a small but neat cottage door. "What innocence, what brotherly union appear there," said Mr. Wilford. "See how carefully the elder boy conducts that rosy child, who is apparently making his first efforts at walking. Health and contentment seem to be in the possession of all. What a lovely scene! The cottage too and the surrounding garden; how

neat throughout the one, and how well arranged the other."

"We will alight, if you please," returned Mrs. Wilford, "and visit certainly this sweet home of contentment and peace. I propose too to stay a little, and inquire into the cause of this more than ordinary display of industry." Her wish was to relieve the length of the journey.

Mr. Wilford cheerfully consented; the children were delighted; and the whole party left the chaise. As they drew near the cottage, the jocund group stayed their pleasing proceedings, and silently awaited the advance of the strangers. On joining them, spontaneous low bows and curtsies took place; the eldest boy made his obeisance with great modesty and grace; and to the question, "do you belong to that cottage?" replied, "I do, Sir." Intermingling with one another, the whole proceeded and reached the door. Application of the hand of Mr. Wilford soon brought the industrious occupant before them.

Never had the visitors seen a greater instance of neatness, cleanliness, and health, than in her. "We have been highly pleased," said Mrs. Wilford,

"at the innocent sports of these happy children; and especially at the tenderness displayed by this good boy," turning to the eldest, "in his care and treatment of that lovely child."

The feelings of a mother were roused; tears of delight instantly appeared. "Yes, bless them," the cottager exclaimed, "they are all good and dutiful children. As for Billy there, the eldest, though I should not say it before him, a better child cannot be." A smile of pleasure occupied the face of the modest, diffident boy on hearing this. "From morning till night he is anxious to shew us his love and duty. When I send him on errands, he runs like a hare; and he is often back before I expect him. Then he speaks so tenderly to his little brothers and sisters, and directs and advises them so lovingly. I often overhear him in such a way, that I,—that I." Emotion now became too powerful; the affectionate, happy feelings of the parent prevented words.

Nearly similar were the spectators of this affecting yet delightful scene. The happy mother soon recovered; and commenced an apology for not inviting them into the cottage; the reason was, her

visitors had touched upon a chord that soon vibrated; every thing but a mother's love was disregarded. The party entered and sat down; and soon after perceived enough to rank her among the most excellent of her sex. There appeared "a place for every thing; and every thing in its place." Industry shewed its work every where; the brick floor delighted for its fine clear red colour; an old, highly polished, round oak table stood perpendicularly in one corner, and overhung was an equally highly polished oak cupboard, that appeared plentifully furnished. Simple fare too was pressed upon the gentry; a little milk for the children only was accepted. Half an hour was spent in viewing this residence of maternal and filial love; and in hearing and seeing the voices and manner of both; and then the party quitted it to return to the chaise.

"What happiness," said Mr. Wilford, soon after they were reseated, "dutiful children create!" Here the fond father looked affectionately on his own. "How happy that woman, and how happy her little ones; because they have done their duty! So true it is that the performance of duty brings

its own reward. What a proof besides we have seen of the good effects of training up a child in the way he should go; the children we have just seen must have been carefully trained; for such effects could not come without corresponding causes.

“ True,” returned Mrs. Wilford; “ and if careful training were general; general would be the instances of duty; general the scenes we have just witnessed. Alas! what evidence of neglect have we been compelled to witness; what boisterous, noisy, unruly children do we know; the plagues of the whole house in which they live, and very often the plagues of themselves!

Night now was perceived creeping on; it was an indication that the travellers should postpone the further progress of their journey. They directed the chaise-boy to a respectable inn; to which having driven them, he soon after took his leave.

CHAP. II.

EARLY the next morning the journey was recommenced; and the travellers renewed their observations on the pleasant scenes through which they passed. Gratification still continued with the children; and their papa, upon any vacancy or want of an object, kept it alive by several pleasing and well chosen stories. Half the day had passed on, when on turning a sharp angle of the road, the whole party were alarmed by sudden and loud screams. They came from a boy, who appeared just to have issued from a wretched, greatly dilapidated, adjacent cottage. On perceiving the chaise the screams immediately ceased; and the lad fell to play several grotesque tricks; his purpose evidently to gain money. A few pence were thrown to him; the ragged hat was instantly touched as an acknowledgment of the easily earned bounty.

"I dare say," observed Mr. Wilford, "our children may learn a lesson here; learn the sad consequences of family disunion or disagreement. Shall we visit this cottage?"

Mrs. Wilford, ever anxious to increase in her children the knowledge of human nature; and now to perceive the unhappy consequences evidently of filial disobedience, instantly expressed her willingness. Once more the party left the chaise. Different were the feelings of all as they proceeded; there was no delightful frontage to look at; no woodbine and honeysuckle were seen running with playful zigzag direction, no coat of clear white wash met their notice, nor no pleasant little avenue to lead to the cottage;—all was black, gloomy, and wretched. At the entrance they all stood aghast; the place appeared filthy in the extreme; and several children nearly naked were seen seated on the floor, evidently from want of the usual accommodations. A very aged woman presented herself, and curtseying lowly, entreated them to enter. With some minds such a scene would be altogether repulsive; but the visitors had learned to feel for, and shew compassion to, the forlorn and wretched. The whole party entered, and were with difficulty seated.

“ I am sorry for your situation;” said Mrs. Wilford.

"It is indeed a wretched one;" returned the aged woman, in a low tone, as if desirous of not disturbing a person who now was heard to be asleep. "But all is owing to one cause;—the bad conduct of my son-in-law—the husband of my dear daughter, who there lies dangerously ill. He has lately deserted his unhappy family; and the thoughts of that and her illness have overcome her. The children had little or no instruction from their unworthy father; and, I am sorry to say, the improper indulgence of my daughter (but tender love is her excuse) have suffered them to be hardened in every bad practice. But just now I desired the undutiful lad, whom no doubt you have met with, to go to the neighbouring village to get a little bread; he refused. Over and over I desired, nay begged of him, to go, but to no purpose; so I beat him."

Now a movement was perceived on the bed, and a feeble voice exclaimed, "John, dear John, how can you go on so! Look at the poor children."

"That is my poor daughter," said the aged woman; "she is light headed; trouble has over-

come her. Ah, poor thing, she was greatly deceived; for as I have told you, he turned out a sad, shameful fellow; and he cruelly neglected his children; they have now scarcely a rag to wear. My dear child endeavoured to make up their wants, by what is called charing at different farm houses; she worked too long and too hard; and that has caused her illness."

A thin dirty curtain that ran along from post to post of the bed was now slightly moved; and the invalid feebly called "Mother."

"Yes, my dear Sally," said the old woman.

"Have the children had any bread yet; has Jackey been to the shop?" the distressed woman inquired.

"My child," returned her mother, "here are I am sure tender hearted, kind friends: they are gentle folk."

"Be at rest," now observed Mrs. Wilford, "respecting the children; their wants will be supplied."

"Thank God," earnestly said the poor sick woman, "and thank you. My children are very dear to me; though now I feel I have not done as I ought to have done to them. I should have been strict with them, and taught them as well as I was able;

and sent them to the Sunday School, where they would be told their duty ; but I suffered myself to be overcome ; and let the work of the house hinder me. Ah, I sadly grieve."

" Grieve not now ;" returned Mrs. Wilford, " look, under the direction and blessing of God, to the recovery of your health ; and if you attain it, then commence the good course you are convinced you have neglected. But," added Mrs. Wilford, " we will not prolong a conversation that cannot contribute to your ease. We will leave and recommend you to look to Him who is the friend of the friendless, and a refuge in time of need."

Mrs. Wilford said no more ; Mr. Wilford slid a sovereign into the hand of the old woman, and the whole party retreated to the chaise, followed by prayers and blessings.

" Such," said Mr. Wilford, soon after their return, " are the consequences of the neglect of duty ; the husband should have remained to be the protector, the helper, the instructor of his family ; the wife should have pursued the straight forward road of right, regardless in a great measure of the whims and fancies of her children. She

could not expect fruit without planting the root ; nor the children to be dutiful, without the necessity and the rewards of it shewn to them. What a contrast between the two cottages we have seen ; how clean and agreeable the one, and uncomfortable, nay wretched, the other. The cause the different character of the mind. Ah, had it been cultivated in the latter ; had the parents themselves been rightly disposed, what an influence would have been obtained over the children ! The father industrious, and clean in his person ; the wife a copy of him ; and the children copies of them both. O that these things were generally minded ; what happy families, happy homes, and crowded hearths, all the dear own gathered together by sincere, tender regard, should we see !

Nothing particular happened during the remainder of the journey. The travellers at length entered Wales, that long refuge of independant Britons. Romantic and wild the scenery every where appeared ; here and there however industrious man had caused the rose to blossom instead of the thorn and the thistle ; neat small farm houses were seen embosomed in little surrounding gardens ; and the branches of the trees screened them

from the winds from the hills. Highly gratified, at length the beautiful vale of Clwyd stood in view; as they advanced, superlatively lovely every thing natural appeared, all grew in abundance. Art had indeed dug in the willing bosom, and she had bountifully given her products. The eye, in short, wandered over an extensive beautiful scenery; attractive objects were visible on every hand.

Inquiry was now made for "Sweet home;" sweet indeed to the tired traveller. Information was given with the courtesy peculiar to the Welchman; and the chaise finally wound round a small road which nearly encircled an extensive orchard, the umbrageous foliage of whose trees cast an agreeable shadow upon it; and in the intense heat of the day made it peculiarly inviting. The eye was fully employed, as the chaise next ascended a little rising ground. On gaining the summit, the house, their home, appeared with all its agreeable and pleasing appendages. It was of the cottage structure; and with considerable pains had been made ready for the new occupants.

The boy alighted, and pulled a wire which ran to the house; immediately came forth a young

man clad as a gardener in his best dress : he opened the gate and after bowing down to the ground, and smiling with the heart's best grace, bad his master and family welcome. David Griffith, such was his name, was a living specimen of the simple inhabitants of the vale ; you might look again and again into his fine ruddy open face, and see neither art nor disguise. David had nothing to hide ; truth was his mistress, and she guided him upon every occasion. He undertook to be leader upon this introduction, and to shew all the conveniences of the house, and beauties of the gardens. " The house must please," he said ; " the rooms were very nice and very pretty ; and Ellen had made them so by scouring and cleaning them two or three times over. In the kitchen Ellen appeared ; she presumed not to leave the place appropriated for her. She was clothed in the coarse woollens usually worn by the Welch industrious poor ; but she was clean and tidy throughout. She curtsied and blushed, blushed and curtsied ; but said nothing. Ellen knew her station, and that she must be spoken to by, and not to speak first to, her " petters." The

new mistress surveyed her simple servant in a moment; and could not help being pleased with her, different as was her appearance to the young women she had been accustomed to direct in the management of her domestic concerns. The pure air, and constant, fearless exercise, had given not a few charms to her naturally well formed face; the colour was deep as crimson, and the eye large and black as the sloe. But with all, Ellen was humble and unassuming; her whole manner seemed to say, "only command me, and I will cheerfully obey you."

The whole family were highly pleased with their new, simple residence. It was seated, as has been said, on a little eminence, and the scenery was picturesque on every hand. Below was seen the richest pasturage, divided and protected by well formed hedges. The little river Clwyd pursued its placid course; and here and there the boats of the farmers were seen crossing to their distant lands. The philosophic mind might fancy the early antedeluvian era returned; and that this was the residence of the first patriarchs and their uncorrupted families. Peace, happiness and plenty were conspicuous

throughout the whole vale; from morning till night no sound of discord met the ear from man or beast; union and harmony seemed to be the birth right and common property of all.

Here the reduced merchant obtained, after a short time; a tranquillity unknown to him in his prosperous days; he became reflective; and soon perceived that the true happiness is not centered in the accumulation of wealth. With the amiable Henry in his hand he would frequently explore the further beauties of the vale; and he never failed to obtain additional acquaintance, among the simple hearted peasantry, or the unambitious gentry who resided upon their own estates.

There was one among the more intelligent, who, from his first observation, demanded and obtained his esteem and regard. This was the curate of the small village which lay at a little advance higher up the vale than his own residence. Goldsmith, in his beautiful Poem, the "Deserted Village," might have taken him for his model; well he graced the venerable place; well was he beloved; and if his gown was not plucked to obtain a look, the poor parishioner was sure to receive the good man's smile and kind

inquiry. Rich was he though with little more than forty pounds a year; much of charity and compassion he gave away; and among the gentry he was ever a welcome guest; there too he was the divine, and never failed to teach by his language and the chasteness of his manner.

One day, Mr. Wilford and Henry had proceeded further than usual; suddenly the clouds gathered together with threatening aspect; a furious storm was apprehended. No other habitation appeared so near as the simple dwelling of the humble curate; Mr. Wilford was determined to intrude, and become better acquainted with a man so pleasing and exemplary. With a most benignant smile, and shake of the hand, he was made welcome; and ushered into a room which answered the double purpose of parlour and study. In it was found a young personage of gaudy exterior, who seemed to regard a book he held in his hand with sovereign indifference. He was a pupil of the reverend divine, and was no less than a member of the peerage, possessing the title of Baron Moreton. The visitors were introduced; but received only a cold and distant bow. He appeared

to be about the age of the amiable Henry ; but the countenance, though somewhat noble in the outline, possessed none of the lineaments that dignified and adorned the other. Mr. Wilford pitied the haughty little peer ; and attributed his want of the common manners to youth and improper domestic tuition.

Henry met with somewhat better attention ; the eye was fixed on the mild benevolent face, and a smile seemed to play upon that of the noble pupil. Distant as was his manner, yet Henry felt a new-born inclination towards him ; he thought he saw somewhat that by improvement or instruction might produce pleasing effects. For his rank or nobility he felt no particular respect ; he had never been taught to estimate mankind by their wealth or possessions, but in proportion to their exemplary conduct or virtue.

After some little time spent in interesting conversation, in which the humble minister displayed the excellent spirit of his religion, suddenly the sun burst powerfully upon the bedewed scenery, and the visitors shortly after took their leave. On their return home, Mr. Wilford made the in-

terview with the young Baron cause of considerable remarks to his beloved docile Henry. "The beauty of the mind is gone," said he; "poisonous wealth and interested flattery no doubt have nearly destroyed it. That mind might have felt, if taught, the commendable virtues; the praiseworthy excellence of condescension and kindness to the inferior might have been shewn, and the full power of gratitude to effect the accomplishment of wishes, itself could not procure. Now how repulsive is the manner, how haughty the countenance! How can love be felt? and how easily dislike upon the slightest exercise of either? My beloved Henry, continue to pursue the paths of benevolence and kindness to your fellow creatures you have long used; let the experience of the love and gratitude you have already received in return convince you, that upon similar conduct, similar pleasing consequences will follow." Thus moralizing, and thus listening, the tutor and pupil reached their home.

CHAP. III.

THE young Baron Moreton was an orphan, and had been nearly so from his earliest infancy. He was placed under the guardianship of his maternal uncle, the excellent, but in some respects the eccentric, Sir Watkin Owen, Bart. who enjoyed a princely income arising from estates in the vale, and copper and coal mines in the adjacent counties. Sir Watkin himself had sustained considerable loss in his affections; he was a widower and childless. In the first year of his marriage he was deprived of his amiable lady, who was at once the pacifier of the petulance of her husband, and the patroness of the surrounding poor: death took her away, and shortly after his birth, her promising offspring, a son and heir. Sir Watkin loved his lady, and in the warmth of his feelings determined to marry no more; and he kept his word. The son of his sister, who had married the Lord Moreton, whom she had seen and admired in one of her excursions to the metropolis, was suddenly thrown

upon his protection. His heart then on account of his recent loss, was open to feel the kindest sympathies; and he was resolved that the child should become his own, and receive his whole and undivided affections.

Self-willed, and often turbulent, though in possession of many amiable qualities, the Baronet suffered no interference with his management, or rather connection with his nephew, for management there was none. Hence the young peer, having no check, and daily receiving large portions of flattery from surrounding interested inferiors, became haughty, domineering, self-willed, peevish, and fretful upon the slightest contrary occurrence. Sir Watkin at length finding the ill effects of unrestrained indulgence, that his nephew had become entirely uncontrollable, and further that he had adopted disreputable habits, evidently the effect of undue association with the domestics, was resolved to put him under other management and controul. At first he entertained an intention of procuring a tutor to reside at the Hall; but conceiving that the place where he constantly exhibited so much command, and had often given, as he

had heard, imperious direction, was unfit for his nephew to learn the virtues, docility, humility, and obedience; he was resolved to request the amiable curate, Mr. Price, (already introduced to the reader) whom he well knew, and was able sufficiently to value, to undertake (to himself he had found) the arduous task. Accordingly, ever impetuous and immediate in all his designs, he soon after set out on foot, attended only by one servant, for the residence of the chearfully contented humble minister.

Astonished was the good man at the visit of the princely, often haughty baronet, and especially at the communication that he made. Though of immense wealth, and of constant intercourse with the higher, nay highest orders of society, yet Sir Watkin retained that sluggishness of carriage or manner he had adopted, from himself being an only son, and too much indulged in his earliest years. The introduction of himself, as well as his mode of communication, may amuse the young reader, they therefore will be laid before him.

“Well, Price,” exclaimed the baronet in the greatest good humour as soon as the door was

opened, "how do you do? Very warm, very warm indeed!"

Mr. Price humbly thanked him for the kind inquiry; and ventured to express his hope that he was in the same condition.

"Quite well, quite charming, thank'ee;" returned the baronet. "I say, Price, I am come here upon a business that I hardly know how to describe. But really, Price, I am plagued out of my life; such racketing, such noise, whooping, whistling, dancing, and singing, I never heard before.

The minister looked a little surprised. "I see you don't understand me," said the guardian of the hopeful nephew; "I mean then to say, that that boy Moreton is the plague of my life. He no more minds what I say, no, no more than as if I was speaking to the winds. Now, Price, hear me; do you take the young dog, and see what you can make of him. Coax him, I say, Price; tell him, tell him—but I don't know what to say, I will leave it all to you. I'll have no opposition, Price; leave money matters to me, do you only make him fit to be heard and seen—tell him to

“speak to his uncle as he should do, you know, Price. What a charming little place you have got here,” turning to the window, “hang me, if I couldn’t be happy here myself.”

After a little pause to gain breath, for he had spoken with great volubility, and rising at the same time, “Well,” said he, it is all understood, and to-morrow he shall commence. But mind one thing; don’t be cross to him, for I can’t bear the poor child”—Here tears began to appear in the sockets, which, shewed amidst all his eccentricities, the baronet was not destitute of the finer feelings of our nature. “I say, I can’t bear the poor boy to be spoken to sharply, for the sake of his poor mother. She was my sister, Price; and as good a girl as ever lived. I didn’t want her to make the choice she did; but she would, and there was no help for it. Good morning, good morning.”

Abruptly as he had entered, the baronet took his departure, leaving the poor curate astonished at his manner, and confounded at the honor intended to be conferred upon him. It never entered his mind, that a person so simple as him-

self, in his own view, should ever become a tutor of a lord.

The next day, it being superlatively lovely, the sun irradiating and enlivening every object, making one of Nature's grandest displays, the curate, looking from his window, perceived the young lord approaching, attended by a servant attired in a splendid, but heavy livery. His kind heart prepared for the reception, and he met the lordly entrance with the utmost benignity and kindest greeting. The servant acquainted him, that but for a sudden fit of the gout, Sir Watkin Owen himself would have conducted his young master the Lord Moreton; he was deputed, and was commanded to entreat, that Mr. Price would at all times be extremely kind, so that his lord might not fret or dislike his instruction. The mild minister promised the gentlest demeanour and language; and soon after the servant took his leave, engaging to return, agreeably to the command of his master, who then, though in the presence of the minister, imperiously ordered him to do so.

Left to themselves, book employment was the last thing to be thought of by the young blossom

of dignity; instead, he cast his eyes upon several pictures which ornamented the curate's best room, the parlour already mentioned, and they being too high for a clear survey, careless of the presence he was in, he dragged one of the "best" chairs, and mounted it to obtain a better view. Having looked at the picture for some time, descending from the chair, he exclaimed, "now for the rest." The curate had only to submit; his only hope being by occasional advice, and representation, to excite emulation in his breast, to reduce him to progressive order, and the necessary attention to receive the literary part of instruction; for it was fully evident to him that that would not be the only part, nor the least laborious.

To be short, a month passed away in which the noble pupil had become a little respectful in his manner, and had even condescended to take notice of a book. On the morning of the commencement of the second, Mr. Wilford and Henry were compelled to break in upon the daily entreaty, representation, and study, as has been related. Often afterwards did Mr. Price wish that his noble pupil was as dutiful, amiable, and

apparently impressible, as the youth that was that morning presented to him. He thought on the foundation already laid, he could build a most pleasing superstructure. Again and again was the mild open countenance before the eye of his mind.

Astonished as much was he as on the introduction of his noble scholar, when one morning Mr. and Henry Wilford once more presented themselves. The former soon acquainted him with the purport of his visit ; it was his desire to put his son Henry under the same guiding influence, and for the same purpose, as was the noble Lord Moreton. Mr. Wilford was aware on reflection, that he was ill suited to carry on a progressive literary education, both from lapse of time since obtaining his own, and his habits being so dissimilar to the tutorial mode. He wished to see his son Henry a finished scholar, apprehending that his capacity in that way would open an avenue for a future settlement. Having consulted with Mrs. Wilford, and obtained her ready agreement, (for it was her wish to have her beloved boy as much under her own eye as possible) he resolved in a day or two to solicit the excellent divine to receive him under his preceptorial care.

Mr. Price, after thanking him for paying him so much respect, observed, it would be necessary to obtain the leave of Sir Watkin Owen; for he knew that his notions were extremely high, and that even in scholastic society for his nephew he was as extremely careful. But he doubted not of his permission from a word or two that had occasionally dropped from Lord Moreton; the young nobleman had, he was sure, conceived a predilection for his amiable son; once more casting an eye of delight on the gentle placid countenance. It was observed, and created a modest smile.

Lord Moreton had not yet made his appearance, or this conversation could not have been so unrestrained. Mr. Wilford, after a pause, agreed that his visit should be communicated to Sir Watkin Owen, and shortly after departed.

Mr. Price, anxious to obtain so lovely a pupil, lost no time in representing to and soliciting Sir Watkin. His address was purposely made in the presence of Lord Moreton; who, on hearing the subject of it, instantly stepped across the room, and laying his hand upon the arm of his uncle, said, "I shall be so glad." It was instantly

determined upon, and leave was given to unite a poor (it was thought) commoner with a wealthy peer. A few days afterwards this union took place, and well was it commenced;—the commoner was modest, unobtrusive, and attentive only to the business before him, and unasked made no observation to the peer. Well pleased too was the observant tutor; he took notice of the child that had already laid hold of his heart; drew him closer; and was resolved that he would spare no pains to bring such promising fruits to perfection. He likewise hoped well from the influence of his example; from a manner so engaging, the happiest consequences were to be expected.

Soon as the last school hour ended, the young lord was the first to make his egress from the parlour. He bounded into an adjacent meadow with childish delight, and soon invited the commoner to participate in his sports. Participation took place, and the pleasure continued until the bell rang for dinner. After this repast, to which the noble lord, led on perhaps by his violent exercise, did ample justice, the sports were renewed, and were only stopped by re-entrance into school. During

the afternoon the attentive tutor perceived with delight the influence of his new scholar already commencing; his close attention was noticed by the peer, and it begat a little in him; he really said his lesson that afternoon in such a manner that called forth considerable commendation. The school at length broke up, all parties pleased with each other.

At the usual time, the noble lord's liveried footman appeared to attend his lordship home. He silently waited for the advance, but there was nothing visible in him more than a sense of duty; duty was read, but was evidently cold and apparently undesirable. Before the advance took place, David Griffith appeared to escort not his master, but his master's son home. At length the young pupils shewed themselves apparently united; pleasure basked on the faces of both, and there was every indication that a friendship had already commenced.

Lord Moreton had only slightly glanced at David, as he quitted the parsonage, and he conceived him to be an assistant to the divine. Onward they proceeded, conversing on the different

objects which met their notice ; when suddenly turning round, the peer perceived the honest Welchman following, and what was more than he expected or desired, in close conversation with his own footman. "Who is that man?" said he, returning with an inquiring look directed to Henry.

Henry looking, saw David at the due distance, but in apparent intimate association with the full laced liveried servant; he then replied to the question, and said, "it is our David."

"Have *you* no footman?" again inquired the lord, pertly.

"No;" said Henry.

"How many servants has your father? does he keep a coach; and has he a title?" once more asked the peer.

"We have only David and Ellen," returned Henry, innocently.

"Only that *ba*," quickly interrupted the arrogant sprig of nobility, "and a Welch ewe! Why then your father is not a gentleman."

This observation on the present condition of his father, greatly disturbed the amiable auditor ;

a feeling allied to sorrow covered his countenance, and his tongue refused a reply.

Soon as the lord had delivered, as he intended, his last degrading remark, quitting the side of his unassuming companion, and holding his head considerably higher, he proceeded onwards alone with a quick pace towards the termination of his walk. The new pupil was found to be poor; had no servant, and no coach; he was therefore unworthy of such noble association. Yet, after a few moments, the mild amiable countenance appeared again before him; he could at length not resist its influence; turning, he perceived Henry disconsolately following him. His heart smote him, and for the first time he felt sorrow for his conduct. He therefore slackened his pace, until Henry rejoined him; and so far suffered the power of sympathy to direct him, as with a face and voice, indicative of concern, to inquire if he were ill?

Henry, ever the representative of truth, replied that in health he was well, but his mind was discomposed; the truth was, his filial love, which was of the tenderest kind, had been deeply wounded.

"I am sorry," said the young noble; and then, as if seriousness was entirely disagreeable to him, he began to make several childish, out of the way observations. The remainder of the walk was pursued with comparative silence; Henry had been hurt; his mind was not joyous enough spontaneously to converse; and the other, little acquainted with the better feelings of the heart, knew not what to say. The manner of both at parting was therefore constrained and irksome.

CHAP. IV.

SIR Watkin Owen constantly made inquiry respecting the welfare of his darling nephew, scarcely less loved than if he had been his own child, from Morley, and always desired him to be free, and his information to be true. This man was faithful in the discharge of his duty; and a pleasing exception to those of his class, who often sacrifice truth and principle to what they conceive their interest and welfare. To the first question of this day he shook his head, and said his lordship had not, according to his humble opinion, conducted himself with that kindness he ought to have done.

"Why, what has he done?" exclaimed Sir Watkin hastily.

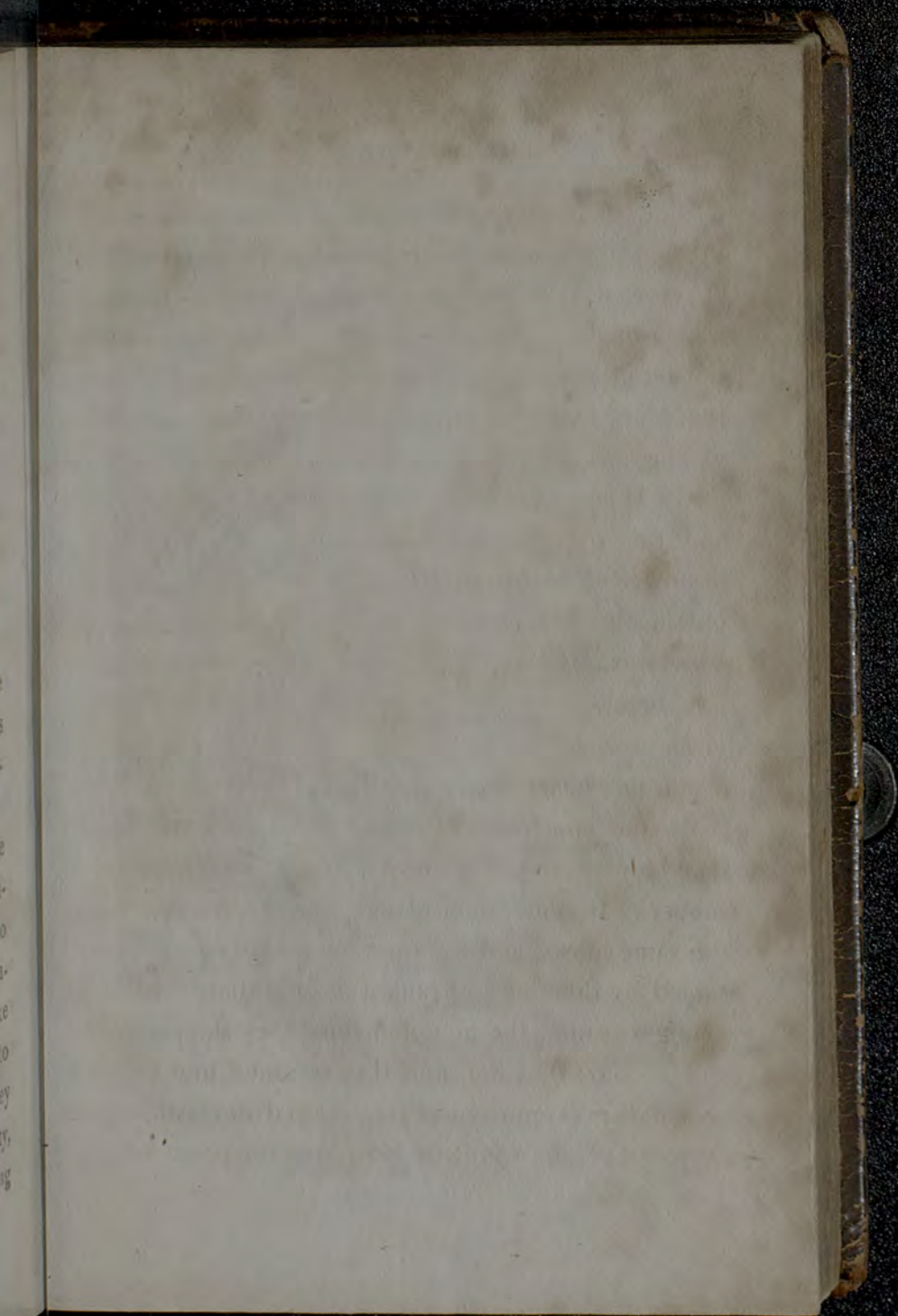
"You have, Sir Watkin," replied the honest servant, "desired me to be free, and ever to regard the truth. I am sorry then to say, that I heard his lordship tell the young gentleman who accompanied him, that his father was not a gentleman.

His lordship afterwards hastily quitted the side of the young gentleman, one of the most innocent I have ever seen ; and rushed forward, because, as I thought, he conceived he was inferior to him. I caught a view of Master Wilford's face, for that I think is his name ; it was very sad and cast down. His lordship I believe felt sorry, for he looked back, and seemed to wait for the advance of Master Wilford. The parting, however, Sir Watkin, was not so cordial as I could have wished. Not," added the manly reporter ;—" I check myself ; I go further and say more, than becomes me."

Sir Watkin during this excellent address, felt the inferiority of his nephew's nobility, and that he himself deserved blame, because he knew he had suffered such notions to be cherished and practised ; but not desirous of shewing how deeply he felt, and always willing to look at the bright side, he exclaimed, " Ah ! Lord Moreton made amends then for his *forgetfulness* ; he is young, and I hope will improve." Such are the excuses of those who will not bear fair dealing with that faithful monitor—conscience !

The next day the pupils met together, and greeted each other with considerable good will. It rejoiced the heart of the amiable divine to see a growing union between them; he felt it could not be otherwise; for obdurate he thought must be that mind that could resist the powerful attractions of the adopted child of his affections—the diffident Henry. Lessons were pursued with diligence; and the young noble, hearing the commendation bestowed upon his fellow pupil, was resolved to obtain the like by the same means. Kind assistance was given by the rejected companion of the day before; and the manner with which it was given opened for him a place in the hitherto impenetrable heart of the imperious peer.

At the conclusion of study, bounded forth the ready lord, followed by the meek and humble commoner. In short, they again applied themselves to the same sports, and for the time all distance occasioned by difference of rank was forgotten. Like young roes upon the mountain tops, they skipped to and fro; now they ran, now they returned, now they leaped; in every movement they shewed the elasticity, the joy of youth. Suddenly Lord Moreton perceiving





*The tender sympathy evinced by Henry
Wilford for Lord Moreton.*

a stile at a little distance, challenged Henry Wilford to leap over it. Conscious of his agility, and that since his residence in the country he had often performed such feats, he immediately accepted it; and taking a short run, bounded over it with apparent ease. The noble spectator was resolved not to be inferior to him, (and he had had his training from his association with the various persons whose duties were performed in the stable yard of Llewellyn hall,) he took a preparatory run, and made, as he thought, ascent enough to vault over; but unfortunately his foot caught the upper bar, and he fell with great violence on a log of wood that lay on the other side, and became insensible. The affrighted Henry hasted to do his utmost to recover him; he raised his head upon his knee; and in the greatest distress of mind, with little short of fraternal love, and sorrow depicted on his open, ruddy countenance, waited the return of life. Slow was the return; it was evidenced first by the movement of the muscles, then restoration by the full expansion of the eye. The little orb was fixed on that of the commiserating, sorrowful Henry;

and it read those sentiments to which its possessor had ever been a stranger, save from his doting uncle. He had been often similarly situated from taking fearful leaps, encouraged by his associates in the stable yard ; but his return to life had never been similarly hailed. In consequence, the tenderest love that such a mind as his could feel, then obtained birth within him. He felt a growing love before ; but now the sensation was brotherly, fixed, to be permanent as his life. Returning a portion of the look, he faintly smiled ; and grasping the trembling hand of Henry, conveyed it to his lips. Henry was rewarded as he wished ; he took hold of the young lord's arm, raised, and gently conducted him to a small clear pond which was perceived in the same meadow. Having washed and adjusted themselves, during which many remarks of regard were evinced on both sides, they waited the ringing of the bell to dinner.

The return to study was attended by a manner of the noble lord that had never been witnessed by the presiding divine ; it affected and delighted him. On the day before, there was a distance observed that bordered on haughtiness, or indi-

cated a full consciousness of the difference of their rank. Now there was not the least visible distance; body adhered to body; and often the delighted preceptor caught the smile of the peer fixed on the face of the interesting commoner. The cause of this wonderful change was inexplicable; it was beyond his comprehension. Now he perceived the entire manner of the ardent pupil copied; attention to lessons became unremitted; and they were delivered with correctness, which marked the birth of energies that he never conceived were even in embryo.

The arrival of Morley was announced to escort the morally new-born peer to his home, and shortly after David made his appearance. Astonished were both men at the scene that took place before them. The other day, they witnessed the respectful obeisance of the divine; the face only indicated seriousness; now he clasped both pupils to his breast, and with all the emotion of a father bade them farewell. The other day, the peer took his leave of his tutor with an indifference that was not concealed; now he respectfully took hold of his hand, fervently pressed it, and with a bow

quitted him. The other day, the pupils commenced and pursued their walk homeward without any appearance of cordial union; nay, there had been disunion, the noble lord had exalted himself, and flaunted away from the fancied ignoble, and because of such conduct despondency had marked the countenance of the latter. Now, soon as they had separated from their reverend tutor, the young lord seized the hand of the commoner, and with evident regard, opened a pleasing conversation with him; now he stopped and pointed to a natural beauty that had not been noticed before; and now tired of holding the hand, bent his arm into an angle, and locked that of his amiable companion within it.

On yesterday, the obedient servants had witnessed a comparatively cold separation between tutor and pupil; now great, as has been said, was their astonishment at perceiving the heart pleasing manner of the conceived tyrannical lord. They looked at each other, their surprise was mute; but their eyes and manner proclaimed their joy. Yesterday, they themselves pursued their attendant course, solely because it was their duty; now they did so, because it was their pleasure.

Again and again they noticed every new mode that the noble adopted to evince his growing, nay fixed attachment; and Morley more than once exclaimed, "Delightful! rare news, for Sir Watkin."

The associates at length arrived at their parting place; yesterday the spectators perceived a stiffness, a restraint they could account for; now they saw hand locked within hand, eye meet eye, both dancing with delight; and heard the words "good bye, Harry:" "farewell, my dear Lord;" for which they could not. Yesterday the men parted from each other with silent respect; now Morley whispered, "this is one of the happiest days of my life." Such the consequences of an exposure, a manifestation of the nobility of virtue!

In great good humour Lord Moreton reached the hall, and every living object that he met was received with a pleasing countenance. But a day or two ago obeisance was made to him with formal cold respect; on that day the glance of the peer created a pleasing warmth in the mind, and put to flight the sense of a thousand errors. Sir Watkin himself usually perceived a sulkiness or ill humour the occupants

of the face: now the whole countenance was lighted up; and his nephew approached him with evident pleasure. This was the dawn of those enjoyments, heartfelt pleasures, that made the last days of the Baronet tranquil and happy.

"What has happened to Lord Moreton?" asked Sir Watkin of Morley at the first opportunity; "he is the very image of pleasure!"

"O, Sir Watkin," returned Morley, "Mr. Price must be an excellent man; what have I seen this day; and all brought about in so short a time!"

"What have you seen?" anxiously inquired the Baronet.

Morley told him; and the description lost no colouring. The Baronet fell into rapture, and could scarcely contain himself. Resolved to hear the full particulars, he desired the usually run-away Lord to be sent to him. After the lapse of an hour his Lordship made his appearance, habited in a strange degrading dress; to which he had for sometime been accustomed, and to the adoption of which he had been led by improper society or connections, these were an undue association with

the inmates attached to his uncle's stables! His Lordship's conversion had but just been begun; old favourite habits he could not so easily part with; as yet he saw no reason for it. His approach was proclaimed by the violent smacking of a whip in the ante-room. The door was carelessly thrown open, and the transformed peer stood before the Baronet. On his head, which yet remained covered was seen a black velvet jockey cap; his shewy short coat was exchanged for a close stable jacket of a light green colour; his legs were inclosed in a pair of what are termed jockey boots; and to these were attached a pair of large silver spurs.

"Come here, Reginald," said the affectionate uncle, stretching out his hand, apparently no way surprised at his strange metamorphosis.

Reginald advanced, and with great good will inclosed his hand in that of the Baronet.

"I feel happy, very happy," continued Sir Watkin, "occasioned by your good conduct this day. Greatly am I indebted to Mr. Price for his attention; and I shall take an early opportunity to thank him."

Just at this juncture the inclination of the noble

listener was towards his customary pleasures ; and therefore in reply to these warm observations of his uncle, he merely said " is this all you wanted me for ? You have not to thank Mr. Price, I can tell you ; but some one else. I can't stop now ; they are breaking Jupiter in the yard ; and I would not lose the sport for the world." So saying, and without waiting for another word from his uncle, off he ran, smacking his whip, which greatly annoyed the auricular organ of the Baronet, which he evidenced by applying his hand to it by way of condolence, as well as to stop further admission. Using the familiar whistle of the stable men, the peer was soon out of sight.

As he retired, Sir Watkin sighed ; he hoped to have had an interesting conversation with his nephew, who from the last report had become more than ever dear to him. He thus admitted the lustre, the nobility, the power of virtue ; but he had not perseverance, nor courage enough to attempt the conversion of the young Lord himself. Indulgence, well meant at the first, had done too much ; the pupil would disregard the precept, because of his disregard of the preceptor !

CHAP. V.

The next day Henry met Reginald with every symptom of the tenderest regard ; his manner of the day before, with the look that accompanied the words " good bye, Harry," sunk deeply into his mind. He rejoiced because he felt, in that sequestered retreat from the great city wherein or near to which were all those whom he accounted his friends, he had obtained an associate, who might be rendered worthy of his highest regard and closest intimacy.

Attention to books was the same as the day before ; but the manner of both was increased. Henry had obtained, without any great exertion, merely by shewing the dispositions and conduct of virtue, and how really noble it is, the heart of the noble pupil ; and that pupil believed him to be a friend. He had begun to know the meaning of, and all that the word contained, and he adhered to him as a proof of his knowledge of it. The hours devoted to study passed away with rapidity,

so well, so pleasingly were tutor and scholars employed.

Recreation, notwithstanding the disaster of the day before, was again resorted to: in it there was unity, nay more, many evidences of the tenderest brotherhood. Now they bounded, every nerve was elastic, then they retrograded, again they pursued each other. At length they were compelled to forbear; a little stranger, whose approach had been unnoticed, and whose face indicated a considerable advancement to entire starvation, with a tattered hat declined to the ground, and voice feeble as the infant's, solicited their charity. Henry, the very soul of sympathy, looked at him with all the feelings instantly in motion; hastily the hand was applied to his purse; the only coin it contained, a shilling, was extracted; and with a gentle bending, as evidence of his pity, placed in the hat. Lord Moreton was a silent, inactive spectator: he appeared to take little interest in the scene; he rather wondered at the condescension, and above all the manner, with which the money was given. But what followed demanded and obtained his astonishment; nay, it worked wonders within him.

The little boy, powerfully affected at the compassionate manner of the donor, far more than at the gift, desirable as it was, could not resist the workings of his grateful mind ; a gush of tears instantly inundated his face ; and led on by his feelings, he forgot the distance between his benefactor and himself, and seizing hold of his hand, covered it with kisses, as well as with tears. Henry had never before been principal in such a scene ; never so much overcome. He also could not resist his feelings ; but urged by them he raised the little mendicant, and fervently pressed him to his bosom. Great was the influence of all this on the noble spectator ; he could remain silent or inactive no longer : new feelings, new ideas, now were begot within him, and as their first influence he resorted to his purse, threw a crown into the tattered hat that lay disregarded on the ground ; and then rushing towards Henry, threw his arms round his neck, and exclaimed, " O Henry, my beloved Henry ! "

Nearly exhausted by the pressure of both boys, and deeply affected by the unexpected tenderness of the now truly noble Lord, he could only say, " go little boy, go ; " and then extricating himself

from the embrace of his Lordship, he threw his arms in a similar manner round his neck, and exclaimed, "my Lord, my beloved Lord!" Seldom or never perhaps was there witnessed such a scene; never could nobility be more noble, nor a commoner more deserving of being so; and never was gratitude more exquisitely delineated, or more tenderly influential. The poor little plebian was the first to move from a spot to which the feelings of all had enchained them; he picked up the hat, wherein for the first time he perceived the crown piece. Again a portion of the former influence returned; tears issued plentifully, and with difficulty he exclaimed, "God Almighty bless you." Gratitude need not be long in proclaiming its sentiments; the poor boy could have said no more in describing his feelings had he staid and overwhelmed his auditors. Looking at one and then the other, as if he knew not how to part, he at length struggled with himself and then ran out of sight.

Some little time being spent in mutual endearments, the fellow pupils holding each other by the hand, paced the meadow in silence; thought being too much engaged upon the late scene, to com-

mence a new subject. At length Henry exclaimed, "Ah, the good that you, my Lord, may do to our fellow creatures, and especially to our poor neighbours!"

"What good can I do?" said the young peer, ignorant of his meaning; for benevolence was a subject of which he knew nothing; he was altogether unaware that "it is better to give than receive;" "I do not see how I can assist them; I cannot use any of their implements. Besides, do you wish me?"

"You misunderstand me, my dear Lord," returned Henry: "you recollect the late scene, would any part of it have taken place, if we had slighted the little boy?"

"No; I think not:" replied his Lordship.

"Would you have felt so powerfully and pleasingly affected?" again inquired Henry.

"I do not think, nay, I am sure I should not;" said the peer.

"Would his look, and his manner have been exchanged; would that sad appearance that I think we shall not soon forget, been turned into

that joyful countenance that made us so happy to look upon it?" further asked the little moralist.

"I think not;" replied the noble Lord.

"Then your Lordship perceives, that you make yourself happy by making others so?" was another question.

"I do now;" returned his Lordship; "and O how happy was that little boy, though he was altogether in rags! I could plainly perceive his toes naked, his shoes could not cover them." Had his Lordship been well acquainted with the condition of the poor, and that from necessity garments are worn by them until they fret away by old age, he would have expressed himself differently. "Yet as soon," he continued, "as you gave him the money; but no, my dear Henry, as soon as that tender eye was cast upon him, and that endearing manner shewn to him, he was altogether transformed. More than all was I affected by the embrace of my dear Henry; nothing but what I can hardly comprehend, I have never seen the like, could have induced him to encircle filth, and I don't know what within his embrace!"— Again, had his Lordship known any thing of those

excellent qualities, that make a man "half divine," these observations would have been unnecessary.

Henry heard the noble peer's affectionate encomiums; they pleased evidently by the gentle smile that affected the lips; he said however nothing; but still inclosing the willing hand within his arm, continued his walk, and felt supremely happy, not because he had heard his own praises, but because he had enlisted a powerful and wealthy personage, who he hoped would become a champion in the best of causes—that of Charity.

They had not extended their walk to any considerable distance, when the bell was heard proclaiming the arrival of dinner-time. Like twin brothers, or much like minded, they hastily retraced their steps, and presented themselves before the divine. Never was personal scenery, if it may be allowed, more lovely; two youths nearly of an age, with roseate health fixed on their cheeks, and vigour in all their movements, and evidently actuated by the same excellent though hidden spring, presented themselves before their reverend preceptor. The temper of the soul might be clearly

seen on their legible countenances; the humble curate looked in vain for the lordly imperious peer; he saw no more of his haughty superciliousness; instead he perceived the gentle docile scholar; and the unpresuming, courteous friend. To the moral preceptor he attributed all the change; good as he knew had been his own recommendations; yet he was conscious he wanted that winning softness that could attract and influence a heart like Lord Moreton's. The event of the following day proved that he was in the right; that the literary preceptor had but little to do generally with the moral preceptor. Delighted by their budding beauties, by the unity of sentiment that seemed visible on them, he could not resist the impulse he felt to embrace them. Drawing Henry towards him, and afterwards Lord Moreton, he entwined them within his arms, and bending his head, shed a copious flood of tears upon them. Such an embrace was not received without a return: the modern Jonathan and David, so they might be called, for so they had become, strenuously pressed the divine to their bosoms. Emotion became exceedingly powerful, and it was with difficulty the

three nobles in the peerage of virtue could separate to pursue their several engagements.

Similar attention to study begat similar results. Lord Moreton had begun to climb the ladder of learning, he perceived the various fruits that hung on either side, (the praises of his tutor, and the love of his associate) they delighted and excited him to a rapid ascent. Henry's mind was truly perceptive, he knew that scholastic learning was the key to general knowledge. He was excited, and continued to be by the wise conduct of the ancient worthies of Greece and of Rome, occasionally related by his father; and he was resolved to reach an eminence which should be at once an additional source of pleasure and reward to his affectionate parent, and afford a proof that virtuous pursuits are attended by results more grateful to the mind than the pageantry or magnificence that follows merely personal valour or political wisdom.

Both David and Morley looked to their daily escort of the noble pupils as their greatest treat and chief pleasure. The former had carried the growing virtues of the noble Lord to Llwyniog cottage, as the residence of Mr. Wilford was

called: "pless hur heart," said he, on his second report; "may hur live long, and pe as grate a man as hur uncle." Poor David had no notion of rank or precedence; already as to greatness the nephew was before the uncle; and as to rank in the scale of charity or virtue also much before him. David's apology was, Sir Watkin was esteemed a prince among his countrymen; for when he chose he could be generous, a patriot and munificent, as he was sure he knew to be lauded. But of real compassion which proceeds from the fountain of sympathy, he knew or cared nothing about it!

On this day's escort both men received additional pleasure. Now their chief employment was to speak of the growing virtues of their young masters. David said, "for his part he had never, no never had reason to complain of Master Henry; he was always so goot, so shentle, and he gave so little, so very little trouble; in short it was his telight to serve and opey him." Such the effects of virtue; such its influence upon hearts which, from want of education or moral instruction, were not likely to feel or be affected by it!

Morley could not say so much as David ; but he expressed his firm conviction that the time was not far distant, when all the virtues he now heard mentioned and more, would be in the possession of his master. "Now," he said, "he really loved his young Lord ; he seemed to think himself his fellow creature ; formerly, or but lately, it was his practice to address him with all the imperiousness of a tyrant, and nothing but the generality of such conduct in the world induced him to continue in his situation.

The associate pupils parted, and soon after an occurrence took place which procured considerable esteem for Lord Moreton, and filled his own mind with a pleasure to which he had been before an utter stranger. Left to himself, the event of the morning that had called forth so much sympathy, such a scene as he had never before witnessed, and such conduct by himself, for which he once saw no necessity, again appeared before him. Once more the boy with his swelled limbs, his face covered with tears, his grateful manner were seen. Again he perceived the heart thrilling demeanour of now his beloved Henry, whom he had elevated into equality with himself, and again his own conduct,

which pleased him much. He was resolved to continue such practices, that such consequences might follow. He soon had an opportunity. In the beautiful vale, the generality of the labouring part of the inhabitants are industrious, and shew on their persons, and in their dwellings happy, or pleasing effects. The latter exhibit delightful pictures; the red floor, the whitened wall, the polished table, call up sensations whenever they are viewed, which cannot be conceived by him who has never witnessed them. But the aged labourer, as well as the bereaved widow are left, or often so, to exist on the compassion of their neighbours; for the parochial rate is seldom carefully exacted, there being so few cases that render it necessary. They obtain often more than can be spared, and their grateful minds often hide wants which they knew must be satisfied by taking from the supplies of the children of their benefactors, or as they are called neighbours. One of these, a woman, tottering under the weight of years, having care and concern deeply wrought on her countenance, who had been deprived of the partner of her life many years by a sudden

accident in a coal mine, was noticed by his Lordship leaning on her oaken staff, and feebly approaching him. Immediately the propriety of contributing to her necessities, of altering the sad, serious look, struck him; he applied to his purse, and as she passed him, kindly (for the manner of the amiable Henry Wilford was then before him) placed half-a-crown in her withered hand. The nearly decayed optic had noticed the Moreton livery; and the aged widow apprehended that the youth was no less than the arrogant, haughty Lord, as he was generally termed. She curtseyed as he advanced, and expected as soon a convulsion of nature, or a phenomenon not to be conceived for occurrence in that part of the earth, as a charitable donation from his Lordship. Astonishment struck her motionless; she could scarcely believe the evidence of her own senses. Charity, or any thing like it, had been never known to emanate from the hall; Sir Watkin had been sometime known to give; but indifference to the condition of others had shut up the gates of his princely mansion, and marked his character. From less than all was charity expected from the young Lord: his dispositions, as has been

said, had become known, and he was believed to possess all the symptoms of the future tyrant. Deeply, and the more affected because of these reports, the aged woman as soon as she could deliver her sentiments, exclaimed in her native Welch, "May God Almighty pless you, my young master, and Sir Watkin, and all pelonging to you." These words were distinctly heard by Lord Moreton, though he had advanced to some distance before the power of utterance was recovered by the grateful receiver of his bounty: they created nearly the same sensations as he experienced in the morning; and he felt that there are pleasures to be obtained greater than those he had experienced among the domestics attached to the stables, or those whom he had favoured with his company in the house. Something within besides now told him, that he was becoming like the amiable Henry Wilford, who in his eye looked in every movement superlatively lovely; to be like him he considered the ultimatum of all his wishes.

Another individual was deeply affected, and that was the faithful, humble Morley; he had been chosen to attend his Lordship, because he had

early entertained an antipathy to the Welch; as in his opinion they wanted the sharpness, the quick, apt manner of their English neighbours of the same class, unaware that perhaps they made up the deficiency by native integrity and honesty of intention. Well did this unassuming attendant demean himself; he never descended to the buffoon to please; nor applauded the levities of his master to gain his favour; consequently while his Lordship commanded, he inwardly respected, or esteemed him. The spontaneous act of beneficence by his Lordship swelled the bosom of the excellent footman with pleasure; and as he proceeded, he busied himself in calculations on what a truly right honourable person he might become. Emotion was still powerful when he quitted his Lordship to retire to the domestic part of the hall; a tear yet lingered in his eye; the muscles of his face yet worked. All was observed by his Lordship; and not knowing to what to attribute them, he asked with considerable feeling, "what is the matter, Morley?"

"I 'am happy, my Lord," returned the attendant.

“ I am glad of it,” said his Lordship, “ but what has made you happy ? I saw nothing of your present manner when you came to Mr. Price’s ? ”

“ My Lord,” replied Morley, “ suffer me so much freedom as to say, that your Lordship’s own conduct has made me happy. I saw your engaging manner ; heard your voice so sweetly tuned as you addressed Master Wilford ; I was greatly pleased ; but my feelings cannot be expressed, on perceiving your Lordship’s condescension and charity to the poor old widow. I could not avoid because of it shedding tears ; and had not recovered when your Lordship made your kind inquiry.”

These deserved praises the young Lord heard with delight ; he became exceedingly bouyant, and waving his hand as a token of adieu, a thing he had never done before, entered the grand entrance of the hall.

Such the effects, such the influence, and the praises consequent upon noble actions. Nothing is more engaging in any individual than his or her mode or manner of condescending and dispensing bounty to the poor ; but the feeling becomes

inconceivably powerful, when charity is perceived dispensed by the young. Their manner because uncorrupted their heart, is so tender, so sympathetic; that the adult spectator must be indifferent indeed not to feel immediate love for the amiable donor!

CHAP. VI.

THE next day before the hour for undertaking his tuitional duty, Mr. Price was called to a poor woman who stood at his door. Her face was pale and wan, one arm appeared paralytic, and her whole person announced extreme poverty and wretchedness. Kindly the exemplary divine looked upon this daughter of affliction, and immediately applied his hand to his pocket to relieve her. But feebly curtsying, and in a tone equally feeble, she said, she came, to express her gratitude to the young gentlemen who the day before had relieved her darling little boy.

Now the minister became exceedingly interested; his beloved pupils were about to be commended, and that was a subject calculated to engage his undivided attention. He conducted the forlorn woman into his kitchen, and then in a tone approaching parental anxiety, desired to hear the particulars of the conduct which had begat her gratitude. Sorrow was for the moment forgotten; that best

quality of the heart, gratitude, took the command of the whole mind, and she with a glow, a voice and a manner which the curate expected not from so much bodily and mental depression and decline, repeated the relation of her fatherless boy. Delightful hearing! his beloved pupil, the child of his heart, was so good, or possessed such an heart, as even to *embrace* poverty, wretchedness, and perhaps repulsive filth! The embrace of the noble peer was also mentioned; again the heart thrilled with pleasure. He had then in his daily care he hoped, the future man who might be the benefactor and the friend of the surrounding Welch poor generally. His feelings were seen by instantaneous tears; clasping his hands, and with eyes elevated, he exclaimed in the presence of the greatly interested widow, and his faithful domestic, "I am thankful and happy that I have the moral cultivation of youths whose inclinations are so amiable. O! Vale of Clwyd! what happy days await thee; thy future wealthy natural protector will not slumber in carelessness, while for want of assistance thy energies become weakened; thy mind disordered from the non employment of

those energies; thou wilt recover entirely! May I live to see a great alteration in this beautiful spot, the poor not the only friends of the poor, or those who but just preserve a rank above them.

The good man ceased, and turning to the woman, said, "send your child, your boy, your grateful boy, for from your own report, I know him to be so; I will learn what he is; and if I find the dispositions on the side of virtue, he shall not want a friend; no, nor," continued the simple warm hearted pastor, rising and wiping a renewed tear which his feelings had again brought forth, "a father either!"

These words powerfully affected the auditor; all the mother rose in her agitated bosom, bursting into a flood of tears, she exclaimed, "Ah, then, I shall die happy; my little Neddy will gain all I wish. I feel, I have long felt that I am on the decline, though I have not been so patient under misfortune as I ought. Since I have lost my dear husband, my best friend upon earth, I confess I have fretted too much. Affliction besides, as you perceive, Sir, has come upon me. I was

obliged to take a long journey to arrive at the Vale to live with my poor old mother. I make her condition the worse; and being unable to procure a maintenance for myself and child, I suffer my mind to be altogether depressed."

The ready guide soon directed to the "Husband to the widow;" comforted the aching bosom; and the poor object of his counsel soon after took her leave, inclined to bear what future ills might befall her, conscious, from the instruction then given, that, so great is the care of the "Friend of Man," "a sparrow even does not fall to the ground unnoticed (disregarded) by him."

Scarcely had he composed himself, when his noble pupil, and shortly after the commoner, but more worthy of the other rank, arrived. Both noticed the strong emotion that occasionally worked, or moved the face, as they proceeded in their different studies. An incident read by Henry in his "Class Book," entirely overcame him; he wept aloud, and as well as he could, exclaimed, "my dear children, my beloved pupils, worthy of my highest love, for the nobility of your dispositions. I have heard of your benevolence, your

pity, your charity, yesterday to the forlorn little boy who solicited alms from you. O! glorious conduct! (I cannot help the expression) for like is it to his who, when upon earth, went about doing good, and who is "The King of Glory." O, if all the world were similarly minded, what delightful scenes would be perceived! There would be mutual love; and from general compassion and gratitude the days of innocence and happiness besides might be said to have come again. Continue, my dear pupils, your virtues, your godlike course even. Despise not the poor; obtain in due time eternal enjoyment, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, yes, and by visiting prisons! Judge what will be your pleasures, what the happiness and the gratitude, by what you have felt and seen! Go, now, procure the wisdom of books; understand nature, and mankind; then proceeding on attentive to these sciences, and especially that of benevolence, learning and practising it, wide as your inclinations and means, you will arrive at an happiness not to be described. Fear not deception; it will only cramp your inclinations; be satisfied if you see wretchedness. Tell the

subject of it, God wills it not, and relieve to remove it.

With unity and concord, and cheerful obedience, the preceptor and his pupils pursued their future daily course; the latter adding to their little store of literature, acquainting themselves with mankind by the experience of those who had been, and excited to great diligence in the cause of charity, by their tutor's recommendations. The little grateful boy, who shewed in such an interesting manner his gratitude to his benefactor, became an inhabitant of the parsonage. It was his delight to contribute to the pleasures of the docile pupils; and never had master a more obedient servant—wishes were anticipated, and commands were complied with to the utmost.

Henry Wilford became better acquainted with Lord Moreton; he perceived he was a froward child, not so much from imperious dispositions, as from the want of proper and timely direction of them. He lost no opportunity by every attractive history, anecdote, and representation of what had happened in the vale, to give the whole mind a bias to virtue. It pained him whenever the name of

Sir Watkin Owen was mentioned, to perceive an indifference to him which might be said to approach to the contemptuous, (so true it is that children are keen observers of the practices or non-practices of men; and will love, or dislike, applaud, or condemn them as they appear to them to deserve,) Henry was resolved to endeavour at a total change. The love of his father, was *his* best reward; it was an incentive to further practice. Besides, he perceived, that he added considerably to his happiness, whenever an extraordinary display of his talents took place; he noticed the fervent smile that lit up and pervaded the whole countenance. If he bore with the little waywardnesses of the younger children; if he directed them with love, and taught the management of the implements of their play or pastimes with affectionate patience, on looking on the face of his father, he perceived a tear trickling down, and powerful emotion heaving the delighted bosom. He knew then from the conduct of Lord Moreton, that Sir Watkin must be destitute of all this. He could account for his anger or peevishness exhibited to the servants if they came before

him, while he remained disturbed by the petulance, perhaps haughtiness of his nephew. To effect the happiness of the uncle and nephew, to make them sources of happiness to one another, therefore to bind them together by a ligament, the more delightful because the tighter drawn; he was resolved to seize every opportunity. These were not wanting. In their perambulations of the meadows which surrounded the parsonage, sometimes with the arm encircling the waist of each other, at others hand in hand, or one placed affectionately upon the shoulder of the other, Henry often led the way to serious conversation. In an admirable manner, because the affectionate son spoke of the loving, indulgent, yet wise father, he explained the nature of the joy that fills the bosom, if the parent and the offspring are tenderly united! He shewed besides the blank, or void, the unhappiness and wretchedness if this is not the case; and again he returned to the fond mutual affection of an united father and son. So warm was he in this latter description, so animated his manner, such a crimson glow pervaded the face; so tender the glances or language of the eye, that

the spectator thought him the most engaging object he had ever seen. The glow increased the personal beauty; the manner and the tone exhibited the inestimable worth of the virtuous heart; the one withal was so diffident, so mild; the other so tender and so mellifluous because so, that a mind even less indifferent than Lord Moreton's could not but be affected. The whole of the admirable representation sunk deeply within the mind of the auditor: he saw distinctly the superiority, the Nobility of Virtue. Thought carried him to Lewellyn-hall; he now perceived the cause of the gloom, the dissatisfaction, the unhappiness that were too visible on the face of his uncle: it was his own disobedience, unnatural indifference, and persevering obduracy. It should be so no longer; he would set about a reformation immediately; and he expected a portion of the happiness that had been described for his reward.

On his entrance into the hall, without resorting to his usual practice or preparation for a visit to the statbles, he pursued his way to the apartment usually occupied by his uncle. It was his custom to enter without any respectful indication that he

was at the door ; now, the lesson he had received together with his own reflections after he had that afternoon parted from his beloved, now nearly idolized companion, transformed him; he knocked therefore gently at the door. The baronet conceiving it to be one of the domestics, in his customary, not very agreeable tone, gave leave for entrance. Astonished was he beyond the power of description, at witnessing not an humble, fearful domestic, but his own darling nephew ! Never was interview more engaging ; the young noble raising his hat from his head, and holding it in his hand, approached in the most respectful manner to his uncle. The eye of the baronet witnessed this ; it called up powerful, nay, general emotion throughout his whole system ; the little orb instantly permitted an issue of a scalding tear, (so unused was he to the melting mood ;) but this was nothing to his sensations when the affectionate peer raised the large fleshy hand, and imprinted a fervent kiss upon it. This overcame him, and he sunk nearly lifeless on the back of his chair. Greatly alarmed, the observant unwitting cause of all, knew not what to do ; he wandered in his fright about the

room, puzzling himself what to do to effect restoration.

While this now amiable child was thus occupied, the baronet recovered, and filled to the utmost reception by the new and endearing demeanour of his nephew, he called loudly as his feelings let him, "Reginald, my beloved Reginald."

Reginald heard and flew; and falling into the widely extended arms, an embrace took place that had never before been given by either. As soon as speech was permitted, the happy baronet, asked with the large full eye fixed upon the young lord, "How, my dear Regi," (a name used when the baronet was in one of his not very frequent good humours,) "has all this happened? you have made me the happiest of men. Tell me, dear Regi."

"Ah, my dear uncle," returned the noble peer, "I have long been a naughty boy; and I do not deserve your kindness."

"Say not so, my beloved child," said the baronet, drawing Reginald to him, and again pressing him to his bosom, "but only tell me what has

occasioned this truly good, most excellent, pleasing manner of yours."

"Glad am I," returned the young lord, "that I ever went to Mr. Price's."

"So am I," quickly observed the baronet, and I shall not lose a moment more to express my thanks to him; to-morrow I will go to him."

"Mr. Price," said the peer, "is very good to be sure; is very attentive and kind; and his advice is very good. But, it is not for his sake that I am glad I go to his house. It is for the sake of one who now is dear to me as my life!" Here the grateful speaker, accompanied the word with the action; raising his hands, and clasping them loudly together, "So amiable, so good," he exclaimed, "is he, so tender, so mild, so loving! He, my dear uncle, taught me to love you, and the propriety and the happiness of obeying you. Never did I see our relationship in such a light before; now, my dear uncle, I will no longer be separate from you; I will stay with you, and all your commands shall be obeyed. But thank, O thank the amiable Harry Wilford, to him all is owing!"

The Baronet was actually entranced at this affectionate address; he felt as new born; a love, a sensation pervaded him, which he had no conception of before. Again a most tender, nervous pressure to his bosom took place; and after a moment or two, he exclaimed, "and did your fellow pupil tell you to love *me*, to obey *me*; to make *me* an object of your affection!—"

"He did," returned Reginald; "and he used such endearing sentiments as inducements; made it appear that you would become so happy, so kind, so good, that I was resolved when I saw you to put all he recommended into practice; and I now have attempted it."

The ancient princely Welchman ever impetuous could hear no more; he pressed his nephew's hand, and desired him to proceed to his apartment, and wait until his return. The young Lord did so, making his adieu in a manner additionally influential on the heart of the Baronet. Not a moment was lost, soon as he was alone; he rang for Morley, and derived information respecting the abode of the angelic boy, as he inwardly called him.

Morley told him; and added, knowing it would please his auditor, "O Sir Watkin, what an amiable child is my Lord becoming! But the other day—"

"I know it; I know it," exclaimed the Baronet; "I have felt his love; but do not stay me, good Morley," (a word never used before, which created infinite surprise in the breast of the worthy domestic).

"I shall go," putting on his gloves, and seizing his large heavy cane; "attend you carefully to my dear boy." These words affected the auditor; and a tear appearing in the eye of the speaker, which was an indication that he felt deeply so, he added, "Let all his wishes be complied with."

The affectionate, faithful attendant cordially promised entire obedience; and the Baronet set off to visit a family he had never spoken to; and which but for the warm report of his grateful nephew, perhaps he never would have condescended to.

Sir Watkin proceeded unattended through the meadows; and urged to quickness by the late scene, and a sense of what was due to the amiable cause of it,

he soon perceived the simple dwelling, as it reared its modest milk white front to view, not far distant. David was at work in the fore ground; and accidentally rising he perceived the magnificent lordly Baronet as if on the approach to the cottage. Down dropped his spade; "pless hur heart," he inwardly exclaimed, "what could it mean? Could Sir Watkin come inteet to so leettle a house as his goot master's? Away he ran, announced nearly breathless the advance of the prince of the vale, and hasted to put on his best coat, to be in readiness to answer the ringing of the bell. The amiable family accustomed to receive visitors of the most respectable rank, felt no perplexity, but calmly waited the entrance of the wealthy Baronet.

David was soon recalled to his duty, long before he could part with any portion of his agitation; the bell was pulled furiously. Away he flew; but the sight of the great Sir Watkin entirely put to flight the little self possession he retained;—he stood transfixed. The voice of the Baronet in the Welch language restored him; it was loud and somewhat imperious; perhaps from

being detained so long at the entrance of the little avenue. Admission was at length given; and the conductor, bowing, scraping, and smiling, led the way to the door where stood Mr. Wilford ready to receive his visitor.

The sight of the father of the amiable cause of the happy state of mind he then was in, reminded the Baronet of the purport of his journey;—all his good humour returned. Extending his hand, and with the air of an old acquaintance, he exclaimed, “Mr. Wilford, I hope you are well; I am greatly indebted to a little interesting member of your family; and I am come to acknowledge the debt.”

Mr. Wilford inclosed the offered hand within his own; suffered the strenuous shake; smiled at the mode of introduction the Baronet had used; and led the way to his little parlour, where stood Mrs. Wilford ready to shew her sense of the honour of the visit. Sir Watkin bowed with considerable dignity; and the curtsy was made with as great grace.

The visitor lost not a moment; “my dear good people,” said he, “where is he who by his effec-

tual example and endearing instruction has brought my own Reginald to his senses? I am become the happiest man living; for a little while ago, not an hour ago, you might have witnessed a scene in which my beloved boy had it nearly all to himself! It was so affecting, so tender, so truly powerful, that it quite subdued me. I conceived my obligation was due to Mr. Price, the good curate of our parish; no; it was to an infant tutor, to a little moral prodigy; in short, to your own beloved little boy! My heart is full, dear Sir; introduce him; let me embrace him, and so let me pay due respect to so much virtue."

"You do us honour, Sir," said Mr. Wilford; "and my child very much by your encomiums. If you will allow a father to characterize his child; I think he merits them; for the dutiful son will carry his dispositions every where; and every where delight, and be delighted. You have, Sir, filled our hearts;" taking the hand of Mrs. Wilford, "with an emotion, arising from sensations that cannot be described. Our children are among our highest enjoyments; and to hear of their virtues, increases our happiness! But, Sir, I am

desirous that my child should receive the reward you think due to his virtues—your kindness and commendation; they will serve as a powerful impulse for the increase of such practices; and induce him to be careful of his smallest actions, that all may correspond, and so to exhibit stimulation, a most beautiful moral picture.”

Though Sir Watkin was pleased with these observations, yet being really greatly affected, and desirous of thanking the instructor who had caused by his interesting recommendations, the greatest pleasure he had enjoyed since he had taken upon himself the guardianship of his noble relative,—he wished they had been shorter, and the introduction been hastened. As he had never condescended to hide his feelings, impatience was beginning to creep over the whole of his broad countenance; it was perceived, and Mr. Wilford bowing, left the room to introduce his beloved Henry.

Sir Watkin with considerable courtesy entered into conversation with Mrs. Wilford; his heart had been opened, and so happy had he become, that he was determined not to close it in a hurry.

He noticed the taste which had directed the embellishments that were attached as far as he had seen, to the cottage. As he spoke he directed the full eye upon the person addressed; never had he seen such an assemblage of virtuous attractions; for the face truly carried on it all the qualities of the heart compounded. He greatly admired, paused, and felt somewhat embarrassed. The entrance of Mr. Wilford, conducting Henry in his hand, relieved him.

Sir Watkin waited not for announcement of names; but rushing towards the interesting boy, encircled him in his arms; and with all the ardour of a father, pressed him to his bosom. There was another attraction to this besides virtuous qualities; if ever Nature had resolved to depict a master-piece of personal beauty, she chose Henry Wilford for this purpose. He was tall of stature; his hair was of the light auburn, and formed into ringlets without the manual or other aid; his face oval, light in its aspect; the cheek round, and whereon appeared the finishing stroke of the skilful Creator, the rose in its fullest bloom. The eye too was beautiful; through it might be

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*Sir Watkin Owen expressing his high sense of Henry
Wilford's moral instruction of Lord Moreton.*

seen the numerous qualities that had residence in the heart ; it was of the lightest blue, full, yet not bold in the glance ; diffidence appeared to direct it, and of course added greatly to its beauty.

Affected by this picture ; as well as by a sense of his obligations, he gave the embrace described ; and in a tone rendered peculiarly engaging by his emotion, he exclaimed, “ my dear, my beloved child, my noble boy, I thank you. You have laid me under everlasting obligations ; I will never forget them.” Rising he led the unassuming diffident boy towards his parents, and putting one hand on his head, and still holding the other, he continued. “ You shall, become my own, and from this day be *my* son. I adopt you ; you shall share equally with my other child, my dear Reginald, now truly dear, my affections and my—” He paused ; and again said, addressing the delighted father, “ Wilford, and you, Madam, give me your hands ; let the most endearing friendship take place between us ; let it be acknowledged now, and we will look to our duties hereafter. I feel I know not how ; qualities, dispositions, inclinations have taken birth within me, so excellent, I

feel, so pleasing, rather let me say so delightful, that I seem another man to myself, and to exist in another state of being."

The hands desired were cordially given and shaken, and afterwards a most interesting conversation took place; by which the foundation of a perpetual friendship was completed, and at the conclusion, Sir Watkin, the now generous, noble minded Sir Watkin, took his leave.

Such the effects, such the consequences of giving exercise, and preference to the nature, that is as the admirable Young has it "marvellously mix'd" with the bad! Such exercise renders the doer happy in himself; and makes the participator of the results of his actions particularly so; also the spectator an admirer of qualities that convince him better than argument of the existence of their cause—a God. In other words, virtue can and does perform all this! Is it not noble? and he who performs all, the highest, most illustrious nobleman?

CHAP. VII.

SELDOM was affection or love displayed more tenderly than by Sir Watkin, the next morning just previously to Lord Moreton's setting out for the parsonage. Most attentive had the young noble been during breakfast; and great and effectual was the influence he obtained. The Baronet thought he perceived new beauties in the face of the amiable boy never noticed before; his lamented sister sat, he imagined, in miniature before him; the eye was exchanging character; it was ceasing to be fiery in its glance; and imperious when the tongue was giving direction to the domestics; so he had seen it. It now shot its ray upon himself mildly; and it was a legible index he could read, that the heart was becoming tenderly attached to him. Delightful became the feelings of the once solitary observer, for so he was though surrounded by the evidences of wealth, and numerous obedient truly humble servants. 'Until the pleasing alteration in the conduct of the

young Lord, he often felt he was alone; he had no partner of his perplexities to lessen their power by her gentle recommendations; no companion to share with him the influence of the enchanting grounds that were attached to the princely hall; and to shew him the necessity and advantages of gratitude to the Great Donor, who had so greatly honoured him by making him one of his numerous stewards. He walked again and again through the delightful avenues peevish and fretful; his temper soured by the visible indifference, often total disregard of his nephew. He had besides no offspring to lavish his affections upon; no little play-fellow to gamble before him, and to lead the way to the extremity of the meandering pathways that abounded in his extensive gardens. He sat solitary too, and frequently unhappy, though the eye could not avoid noticing the splendour that surrounded him. He so sensibly proved that wealth only pleases the senses; but in no way, because not employed as it should be, procures happiness for the mind, or pacifies it on the occurrence of contrary circumstances!

Now he was obtaining the companion his heart desired : one who was beginning to entwine himself round his affections extensive as they might be. He should no longer he felt be solitary ; one individual at least would truly care for him ; would assuage the influence of trouble, tenderly apply the healing balm, and rejoice to contribute to his comfort. So the Baronet felt that morning ; for never had his beloved Reginald so lovingly demeaned himself. Instead of seating himself at an opposite corner of the table ; or instead of employing himself with several childish play-things, dangling his watch, or applying it to his ear ; that morning he seated himself on the couch on which was his uncle ; and instead of regarding him least of all the objects that were before him, he tenderly took hold of his hand, and looking into his face, said, " I hope you are well, Sir."

There was so much meaning in the look that accompanied the words ; and so much of the tone of affection in their sounds, that all filled the observant Baronet with such powerful emotion, that for a short time expression was denied. Tears filled the eyes ; and were the first evidences of his

feelings; clasping the truly noble boy to his agitated bosom, he at length in irregular accents, exclaimed, "my child, my beloved boy!"

The young Lord was thus shewing himself a true convert to the uncorrupted affections of his nature; Henry Wilford had become his model; the best dispositions appeared so lovely as he displayed them. Again and again he saw the pellucid drop falling from the eye on account of his own accident in endeavouring to leap the stile; again the embrace of the beggar boy, and that of his beloved companion, so strenuous, so honest was it, and so seducing an evidence of dispositions so good, because even wretched poverty was embraced, were before him. Again he heard the description of the almost daily close society, that Henry had with his father; instances of paternal and filial love were so exquisitely told; the eyes of the narrator brightening so radiantly as he dwelt upon the subject, that the noble auditor became strangely yet delightfully affected. He was resolved to do the like; he would also condescend to the poor and the wretched; he would sympathize with the unfortunate; hear their tale of woe, and hear the worst,

to relieve to the utmost: and not like the Levite, shun, while it was expected from his wealth he should relieve as well as verbally pity. He would to his father well demean himself; for he knew that by the appearance of his conduct, affectionate and dutiful, his uncle would willingly exchange himself into that endearing relation, shew similar tokens of love and feeling as his amiable fellow pupil's father had done, and was in the practice of doing; then the same effects might be expected to follow—the tenderest embrace, the most nervous pressure to the agitated bosom, agitated because delighted. Hence, the seating himself near to, and not as usually, at as far a distance as possible from his uncle, that morning to the astonishment of the Baronet. Hence his first essay at delightful union; hence a description of the altered mind by the kindest tonation of voice; and hence his opinion that the causes of that alteration were far the best for constant practice as harbingers of the best pleasures, or highest, most lasting enjoyments!

For sometime love had its play between the happy parent and the no less affected noble Lord; at length Henry Wilford shot across the memory

of the latter; up he sprung; and in much of his usual manner, exclaimed, "now for Henry and Mr. Price."

It had been usual for the young Peer to proceed to the door of the grand entrance alone; because he had quitted the presence of his uncle without regret, often without the least indication of respect. The Baronet suffered his silent careless manner on departure; because his heart was unaffected towards him as it should be, and often he wished to be. Now, on this morning, it was no longer so; the Baronet taking the hand of the highly pleased Peer, led him from the grand appartments, along the galleries, and into the hall, where were several domestics, who became witnesses of the pleasing scene. Open flew the heavy united doors, and the Baronet once more gave play to the sensations that affected him; he leaned on the head of the excellent boy for a moment, then fervently pressing his hand, bid him adieu. The object of his regard was not behind him: he conveyed the hand of his uncle to his lips, and followed it with the words, "Dear uncle, farewell!" The delighted Baronet returned

to his apartment inwardly saying, "Such the sublimity, such the majesty, such the influence of Virtue!"

There was a delighted spectator of this separation, and he was the excellent Morley; a man poor as to the exchanges for the continuance of his life; but rich, in the virtues, the praiseworthy dispositions of the heart. Tears were spontaneous from him; and it was with difficulty he prepared himself for his duty. Hastily the full drops were wiped away; and not daring to trust his eyes on his beloved young master, he waited for the advance.

On the commencement of the daily journey to the parsonage, this nobleman (in Virtue's peerage,) was totally disregarded, as entitled to notice from being of the same species. The young peer glanced on him, and without other indication that he knew him, proceeded on his walk; now it was different, because the heart was differently affected. Scarcely had they advanced twenty yards, when the amiable boy turned round, and in voice tuned by the greatest kindness, cried, "Morley!"

Morley's ear was open, it caught the sound, and soon it was conveyed to the feelings; additional regard and deference obtained birth within him. With agility he flew to the side of his master, and with the hand applied to the hat, waited for his observation or direction.

"Do you know the old woman, to whom I yesterday gave money?" was the inquiry.

"I know a little of her, my Lord," replied Morley.

"Why is she so poor?" again inquired the Peer.

His Lordship had not yet learnt the necessity of the opposite conditions of rich and poor; and unacquainted with the causes of his own income, feeling only the advantages, he expected that all persons enjoyed the same more or less. Hence, there was a mystery to him in the ragged hat, the torn coat, the almost shoeless foot; and hence his inquiry.

"I believe it is, my Lord," returned the attendant, "because from being deprived of an excellent husband, and being extremely old, she

cannot, she has not power, to exert herself sufficiently to procure her own maintainance."

"I do not properly understand you," said the charitable Lord, for charity occasioned his inquiry; but as I suppose now the want of money has caused the downcast melancholy look I perceived; and as it is a pity that it should continue, I wish that you could give to her this sovereign," extracting one from his purse. "Tell her not to be unhappy; and to call upon me, whenever she wants more!"

The sympathetic Morley was considerably affected at this original self-engendered mode of dispensing bounty; and as he conveyed the money to his pocket, could not avoid saying, the feelings, at the same time, shewing their influence by filling the eye with tears, "God bless you, my Lord!" He then bowed, and fell back to the distance usual with him.

Lord Moreton caught the eye of the faithful domestic as he retired; and had now knowledge enough of the human heart to be aware that it was to be taken as its interpreter. He was pleased; felt that it was from the influence of his own

conduct; and a consequent happiness afterwards sprung up, that occasioned the remainder of his walk to be altogether delightful.

The meeting of the virtuous trio was such as might be expected from the trials they had had of each other's qualities. Occasioned by the interview with the worthy Baronet, Henry looked now with a warmer feeling if possible on his little pupil; he was about to be his partner in the affections and cares of his guardian and powerful friend; they were to be drawn together by the same endearing influence; and were to be partakers in the benefits of the example of his love and tenderness. A brother's feeling was then experienced, and a brother's regard evinced. The hand of the Peer was taken, fervently pressed and carried to the heart and lodged there. This was witnessed by the sensitive tutor; it caused a thrill known only by those who have similar minds. The Peer himself felt all that was intended; and fixed a delighted eye on the beloved object; but said nothing—it was unnecessary.

For the first time, Morley stayed a little, and after this reception requested a short conversation

with the amiable minister; it was readily granted; and in a respectful manner, he thus delivered his communication.

"My young Lord," said he, "is unacquainted with the propriety of the different ranks in society; and I humbly think, as he is becoming the poor man's friend, he should know why he is so, that he may value him accordingly. Perhaps he now conceives that the noble, the great or wealthy, are the especial favourites of the Creator; it would, Sir, be doing him an essential service, would serve greatly to direct or guide his mind, if he were told that in his view all men are equal; and that it is only to carry on or preserve their moral government that the different distinctions are made."

The excellent auditor looked astonished at this language from one who was clad in the garments of the condition in which but little discrimination or intelligence is usually founded.

"At another time, Sir," said Morley, appearing to understand the expression of the eye, if it might be so called, "I will acquaint you, should it be desired, how these sentiments were engendered within me; now be pleased in order to

rectify my Lord's conduct, to form his judgment, to exercise his benevolent inclinations, and to instruct him in the necessity and advantages of the social divisions."

Altogether pleased with the modest unassuming demeanour of the speaker, and taking his address, as it was, as evidence of his love for his master, and therefore feeling respect because of it, he readily promised acquiescence; and tendering the hand, which was respectfully shaken, the moral philosophers soon after parted.

As much as could be wished, the pupils again applied themselves to their separate studies; never was tuition more willingly, more engagingly, because love actuated the affections, delivered; and never was application of the pupil greater, because reverence and esteem for the tutor urged them to diligence. These the principles, procedure to excellence was the natural consequence; and such it ever will be upon similar feelings, and similar exhibitions!

CHAP. VIII.

THE amiable youths had not long been engaged in their customary sports, in the adjacent meadow, when the little boy, who had experienced the commiseration and the nervous affectionate embrace of Henry Wilford, approached him, and bowing lowly, said, "Oh, Sir, come and see; there is a poor man with a wooden leg in yonder lane;" pointing to the other side of the meadow, "and crying sadly; pray come."

Henry needed little entreaty to undertake such an errand; taking the hand of the young lord, his eye requiring his accompaniment, he set forward eagerly, and desired the boy to lead the way. Crossing the stile, they descended into the lane, and pursuing its serpentine course, soon arrived at the spot on which was seated the poor man to whom they had been directed.

On perceiving them to stand, as if desirous of accosting him, the poor fellow, as quickly as he could, quitted the bank on which he was seated,

and bowing with great humility, said, "Your servant, young gentlemen;" at the same time drawing his sleeve across his eyes to wipe off the heavy drops that hung upon them.

Henry witnessed the action, perceived what it was to do, and emotion began on his own feelings; tears filled the sockets. "You are unhappy, poor man," said he; "will you allow me to ask why you cry?"

This might have been deemed impertinent, if the manner that accompanied the question, together with the aspect of the face and the tone, had not been noticed; the one evinced unfeigned sympathy, and the other was sounded in the softest cadence. Therefore the unfortunate man knew that to do him good, that preliminary question was asked.

"I am indeed unhappy," returned the sorrowful invalid; "but you have asked me so kindly, that I feel inclined to tell you why I am so. This delightful vale is my birth place; and many a happy year I spent in it. Indeed none more happy; for I was the delight of my father and mother." Here the tears sprung out again. "Excuse me, young

gentlemen," at length he said; "but they are gone; they are dead. I thought of returning to them, and becoming their comfort and support! For this purpose, as soon as I was discharged from the hospital, and had received my little pension, I was resolved to tramp down to them. Hard work it was; my stump became sore again; but that I did not mind; the thoughts of clasping the good old people to my heart, and to be clasped to theirs, held me up. You cannot think, young gentlemen, how I felt upon entering the vale after so many years absence; every step I took, my heart went pit pat, pit pat. I expected as I proceeded to meet with many an old acquaintance; no, I only saw new faces. I met with kindness to be sure; that good old custom remains: as often almost as my wooden supporter was looked at, I was asked to sit down to rest; and refreshment was pressed upon me. I knew by the old objects at last, and the scenery which had so often delighted me, I could not be far from home."

Here the affected speaker repeated the word home, several times over in an under tone, and sighed. After a short pause, he again became

sufficiently audible. "I came at last to the beautiful lane, in which stood our cottage; there was, sure enough, the beloved place; the same honeysuckle and woodbine I thought that my poor father took so much delight in to ornament our window. I could have run to the door, and burst it open to embrace all within; and those were father and mother, and my sister Nelly; but I could not; so I was obliged to stump to it. I couldn't get too fast to it; but I got too fast at last. I thought I had a right to open the door—it was the very same door I knew when I was the merest child; so, I lifted the latch; and expected to have seen my mother the first of the beloved family. You might, young gentlemen, have knocked me down; a strange woman appeared before me, who seemed surprised at my entering her house in the manner I did. I felt my lips quiver; tears filled my eyes; and I could hardly stammer out the question, "does Lewis Jones still live here?"

"The woman," continued the disabled historian, "in the Welch language, kindly invited me into the cottage, and to sit down. Supposing by my manner that I had a particular reason for

asking the question, she answered me very tenderly, 'Lewis Jones,' said she, 'a good, kind old man as ever lived, grew very infirm; and after a short sickness died, lamented by all in the vale who knew him. Nelly his wife fretted for his loss, and it was not long before she was buried by the side of him. Young Nelly, their daughter, met with an unworthy man, who came into the vale from the south; he won her heart; but soon after went off with a young woman a native of Caernarvonshire, who too had not long resided at a farm house in the neighbouring village. The poor thing took on sadly after this; was hardly seen to smile; she took besides to walk in lonely places in the vale; and having neither father nor brother, and their kindred being strangers to the vale, she didn't confide in any body. She had a mother, but he is supposed to be dead many years.'

I couldn't, young gentlemen, contain any longer. "No, no," said I, "my grief almost choaking me, and making my words hardly to be understood," he is not dead; he is here; he is before you! I suppose great alteration must have taken place in me; for the poor woman started back,

saying, "you Ned Jones; the little Neddy that I remember when a girl?"

"Yes, the same," said I; "and I can account for my absence; seven years I was detained by force among the blacks on the island Guataaire on the coast of Guinea; five a prisoner and slave among the Algerines; and five I lived at Liverpool with my uncle Robert, before I went to sea." The poor fellow was no chronologist; it will be perceived he reckoned time backwards.

"The kind woman," continued the wounded tar, "lifted up her eyes and hands in amazement to think that I had lived so long among the heathens" "as she called them."

Just at this moment, the bell was heard at the parsonage requiring their presence at dinner. Henry Wilford lost not a moment, and said to the historian, "do not be disconsolate; make your home in the neighbourhood; something may be done for you;" persuaded of his influence over his noble companion, and his over his uncle. "Besides, we feel, I am sure, interested with your history; I dare say you have undergone many sufferings?"

"Indeed, I have, Sir," said the forlorn sailor, "and as you desire it, I will stay a little time in the vale."

Henry put a shilling in the hard hand of the invalid; and Lord Moreton added half a crown, and off they ran to be in time for dinner; the grateful boy whom they had relieved having left them on the first stroke of the bell. Heartfelt blessings followed them from the somewhat appeased tar; who, from reflecting on the interesting instance of juvenile virtue and benevolence he had just witnessed, and that the lovely agents were most probably inhabitants of the vale, felt that now he could not leave it; to be near them, to obey them; to contribute to their pleasure, would afford him one of the highest enjoyments he expected to receive for the remainder of his life.

Swift as the hare, the youths ran to the residence of peace, tranquillity, and moral worth—the parsonage; and fortunately arrived before anxiety crept into the mind of the exemplary tutor.

On the re-union of tutor and pupils in the afternoon, after the latter had enjoyed their usual pastime in the adjacent meadow, they were escorted into the garden; and the former, after walking round it, and describing the various useful, often beautiful products that appeared generally throughout, led them to a *chef d'œuvre* of art—a delightful arbour. Its top was profusely covered with variegated flowers, artfully intersected, and its sides were similarly arrayed; so that at a distance the occupants of the seats appeared embedded, or decked with flowers.

After seating the young literary aspirants, the pious divine placing himself between them, thus began an address. "My dear young friends, I have postponed our usual literary pursuits, that I may offer for your notice and consideration a subject that highly concerns you; and in the management of which are centered your interest, welfare, and happiness."

The pupils looked submissively, and appeared ready to hear his commendatory observations; but they knew not on what they could be founded; they were anxious, because his manner was

altogether serious and solemn. The eyes of both desired him to proceed.

“The Divine Being, my dear pupils,” said he, “is the creator and disposer of all things; and in nothing is his wisdom more peculiarly manifested than in the government of mankind. Though in his esteem or love, all men are equal; yet, for the conduct, or carrying on of their affairs among themselves, he wisely ordained ranks or divisions distinguishable as links in a chain, yet all connected with and dependant on each other. If there were universal equality, then there would happen universal poverty; for each would, from self love, throw the necessary agency for the procuration of the comforts, or the requirements for the continuance of life, upon the other. Again, if all men were poor, then would happen universal starvation, or general extinction of the species; for there would cease to exist a stimulus to labour; ignorance would remain universal; and so render the distinction between the human and brute species scarcely discernible. Inquiry and energy were given to man as stimulants; the one to discover, the other to pursue; hence the properties

of the earth were discovered; and hence the more energetic founded his claim for social pre-eminence. So you see, my beloved boys, industry is the parent of wealth, and the ancestor of nobility; therefore virtue the true, because the origin of dignity. In brief, trace ancestry, and all men will be found equal; the energetic or properties valuable in the sight of all, therefore virtuous, will be found to be the first nobleman.

I am reminded here, "continued the amiable moral philosopher," of an anecdote which I will tell you. A number of the Portuguese nobility were once assembled together; the conversation was for a time carried on agreeably and friendly. At length a nobleman newly created entered, and with the utmost good nature addressed them with the usual compliments. Instead of shewing their nobility, all acted in concert, all continued silent, and looked on the intruder with the greatest contempt. One began to boast of his ancient descent; another that his family had been ennobled centuries before; another that he partook even of the blood royal; and another that no part of his family had been known to obtain support by any

exertion whatever as the cause, looking contemptuously as he spoke on the newly made noble. Undismayed, and without the least apparent irritation, the abused, insulted dignitary thus addressed them. "I cannot but be aware of your intention, my lords; it is to insult me; but for what? You, each of you, have complimented your ancestors as the causes of your rank. They would blush, I am sure, could they hear the unworthy, unmanly remarks of their descendants! Which is more noble, my lords; he who derives his nobility from another, or he who ennobles himself? Your ancestors ennobled *you*; *I* have ennobled myself; which then is the more entitled to distinction?" There was no answer; all were silent; and the recent noble, the ignoble a short time before, but proclaimed so by the authority of the head of his country, as a reward for his virtue or merit, remained triumphant!

This relation made a powerful impression on both the auditors; it encouraged Henry Wilford, to persevere in the noble course he had long pursued; and it was often afterwards thought of by the noble peer. In another, he was quite dis-

gusted at insolent, or imperious conduct ; and inwardly admired and admitted the superior nobility of the despised Don. He was now more than ever determined to obtain and secure the true distinction, by observing the practices which alone could enable him to procure it.

“ You perceive, my dear pupils,” continued the excellent moralist, “ that the noble may be ignoble ; and the ignoble, truly noble. Insolence or haughtiness is more conspicuous in the exalted ; and the heart contemns them, though for self interest the base may compel the face, the tongue, and even the manner, to betray a different feeling. But if the exalted are noble indeed ; if they shew the best ornament in their coronet, condescension to the poor and needy, then exalted are they truly, and worthy of universal regard, and as general deference. There are some of these amiable characters in the peerage of our country ; they give lustre and description to their dignity, and not their dignity to them. Heretofore in my life I have known a few of them ; and so conscious were they of the principles and foundation of the true nobility, that they carefully taught

them to their descendants: some of these too I know; their conduct and demeanour are worthy of their able instructors, and the rank they have a natural claim to.

“But my dear children,” the good man went on, “I set out by offering a few remarks on the different gradations among men. They were divinely appointed, independant of the causes among themselves; there shall be, it is said in the holy Scriptures, rich and poor to the end of time. The poor are, as it were, the hands to do, what the head of the rich, presumed to have the necessary intelligence, or knowledge of the subjects they connect themselves with, direct. This is the system, or the divine arrangement; poverty reclines to humility; and that produces obedience; hence by direction and by conformity, or obedience men become energetic, wise, rich, and powerful.

“But there are those,” the moralist proceeded, “among the poor, that have a claim on the rich, the maimed, the halt, the blind, the distressed from causes uncontrollable by themselves. They cannot be expelled from notice, without doing

violence to the finer feelings of the soul, or slighting the insinuations of the monitor within. What man, who values himself for having those qualities, the exercise of which, if unostentatiously made, are termed virtues, and has it in his power, can pass a human being, a fellow creature, nay more a part of the heritage of God, and not relieve him? What man who exalts himself for his moral excellences can see a naked brother, a member of the large human family, and not clothe him? How can the rich disregard prisons, and plume themselves for their tenderness of heart, which 'would melt if the eye saw extreme wretchedness or want,' and leave myriads to expire often in progressive mental torture? For such poor, as I have just mentioned, and my dear pupils, I would have you ever to bear in mind, the rich are stewards of the Divine Governor of the world. The aged poor *cannot* work, therefore they *must* be fed, or duty will be disregarded; the maimed cannot go alone, or do without aid, therefore they *must* be assisted. And so on, for every condition of wretchedness or privation, if not self created!

I mention these things, my beloved boys, “the amiable counsellor continued,” to show you the manner how you may become “rich in good works,” and consequently happy; and not to force you upon duties that will afflict your feelings, and subtract from your pleasures. My object is your happiness; for will not the charitable, the kind, the benevolent, be rewarded here and hereafter—here by the joys of the heart, and the returns of gratitude, and hereafter by participation in endless felicities? Then to be kind, to be charitable, to sympathize, will make you wealthy in the treasury of heaven; and when you lay your earthly treasures by, as all men must, and take to or be possessed of those in the better world, you will find that they have purchased for you a principality never to cease, or be destroyed, and a corresponding mansion eternal as the throne of God. “Be you then, beloved,” cried the amiable minister, clasping the attentive listeners to each side of his breast, “kind to all men; at all times; and let your kindness descend even to the brute; for so doing you will become noble in the esteem of the good, and regarded as princes by the

grateful poor." The good man ceased, and taking his pupils' hands in his own, led them to the house. They had not long been seated, when the punctual Morley appeared; soon after, on David presenting himself, the tenderly esteemed party separated.

CHAP. IX.

THE amiable youths had proceeded but a little distance, when Henry noticed his noble companion to be unusually reserved; looking into his face with all the anxiety of the tenderest friend, he perceived it to wear an appearance that bordered on sadness. He could not forbear, and with considerable alarm uttered the words, "my dear lord, are you ill?"

"My name, dear Henry," returned the young peer, pressing the hand he held in his own, which he had done from their quitting the parsonage, "is Reginald."

"Well then, my beloved Reginald," said the delighted auditor of words which he knew had sprung from the great love he entertained for him, and at the same time passing his arm round the waist of the peer, an endearing action that was noticed by the attendant footmen, and produced tears of delight from the eyes of both; "suffer

me to partake of your disquietude ; for I think you are uneasy."

"I am indeed uneasy," returned the noble peer ; "I was thinking on what our beloved tutor has this afternoon been telling to us ; of the duty of the rich to the poor. Ah, Henry, how little duty of that kind has been performed at the hall ! We have been sadly negligent ! I never knew a poor person to apply at the hall without being threatened to be whipt out of the vale. As for me, I could not bear the sight of them ; shame on me ! Many and many a time I passed the sorrowful or careful countenance, with my head raised as high as it could be, that I might avoid noticing it, and at the same shew my imaginary consequence. Foolish boy as I am ! But I will strive to alter ; and I hope my dear uncle will alter too ; the poor shall no longer be driven away ; we will do our duty ; then we shall I trust be happy. These are the things, my dear Henry, that make me sad."

Never was auditor more delighted ; never was communication more praiseworthy ; never did a new convert to these high, these excellent, these

heaven derived dispositions that dignify our nature, appear more engaging or more truly amiable!

"Oh, how I rejoice," exclaimed Henry; "Oh, this happy day; and Oh, the dawning of happy prospects for the wayfaring man, and the poor of the vale." Shortly after uttering these words, the amiable associates arrived at their parting place; and the parting was more than ordinarily fervent, and the pressure of the hand more than usually close and strenuous.

The baronet had spent the chief part of the morning in reviewing the recent conduct of his noble nephew, especially that before they parted on that day; all was delightful; he felt his affections expand, and his patience and forbearance with his willing domestics, because he was pleased, to expand likewise. Never was master more agreeable; never servant more voluntary or willing to perform his duty. The reception therefore of the young noble on his return from school was warm and affectionate by the uncle, and on the part of the attendant domestics additionally respectful, because he was the cause they knew of the kindness of their master.

Filled with pleasure, and delighted with his own anticipations, the baronet was prevented from noticing that, though a return was made with equal ardour, to the tokens of affection he lavished upon his nephew, a portion of seriousness, the effect of the pious minister's conversation of that day yet rested upon his now altogether exchanged countenance. Looking by accident, he was struck, and became instantly as serious; there was not the vivacity, the pleasing earnestness as was visible in the morning! What could be the cause? his fears took the alarm; and in a trembling voice, he asked, "what is the matter, my dear Reginald? Pray tell your uncle! Has any thing happened to my dear child?"

"Nothing, my dear uncle," replied the young peer, "only I am unhappy, because I have not done my duty, and because you have not done yours."

These words disturbed the baronet, and somewhat of his former irritation was about to shew itself; for he choose not to be dictated to, or his duty pointed out by a child, and that child under such weighty obligations to him. He was about

to express himself a little warmly, when looking into the face of the unconscious peer, he was disarmed in one moment. Instead of seeing as he had been accustomed to do, haughty indifference, or the leering laugh, another token of his supreme carelessness, he perceived a sorrowful, unhappy countenance; he saw the eye nearly full of tears supplicating his forgiveness, and the whole form divested of the least presumption. Again affection expelled anger; again the guardian became the uncle, and instantaneous was the action under the influence of the alteration; he rushed on the amiable boy, pressed him to his breast; while the tears were felt to fall plentifully on the self-suf-fused cheek.

After a few moments spent in mutual endearment, the baronet led his beloved nephew to a seat, and misunderstanding the meaning of his last words, thus addressed him.

“Do not disturb yourself, my dear Reginald,” said the baronet, thinking that his nephew alluded to his neglect of obedience, or attention to himself; “I shall pass over all, and remember nothing unpleasant; your present endearing con-

duct makes sufficient amends. I have only to add, continue, my dear boy, in the same pleasing course you have begun; and you will ever receive from me constant tokens of the tenderest affection."

"I now know, my dear uncle," returned the young peer, "that I have not deserved the least instance of your regard; for my mind acquaints me that I did not go the right way to obtain it. You have yet, my dear uncle, continued the amiable boy, taking the hand of his uncle and tenderly pressing it within his own, "shewed me innumerable kindnesses; and I now see that I have to add ingratitude to my other faults. But, dear Sir, I did not allude to my undutiful conduct to you; nor did I presume to charge you with doing any thing amiss connected with myself."

"What did my child mean then?" inquired the baronet, hastily interrupting him.

"Why you know, dear uncle," continued the noble boy, "that you allow me a very handsome sum for pocket-money. Now I have not done my duty with it; I have hitherto foolishly spent it in purchasing one thing and another as I

pleased, only to gratify myself, and be ornamented with what I bought. I imagined that I was some great person ; and whenever I rode or walked out, I looked upon every one I met as greatly beneath me. All this was occasioned by the money being misapplied, besides it increased pride within me."

As the young orator proceeded, the baronet looked at him with infinite astonishment, not knowing to what his self-criminations would tend ; and because there was something about the noble youth that awakened a sensation allied to awe in his breast. His eyes were intently fixed upon him as he went on, and the whole person was wrapt up in profound attention.

"Often and often," the young lord continued, "poor, aged people have passed me ; I scarcely noticed their sad looks ; I had no heart to feel. I suffered them to go on tottering and leaning on their staffs, and never gave them a farthing to help them. Oh, what an unkind boy I have been ! Oh, how greatly have I neglected my duty !"

These self-reproaches, and the causes of them, which served as a mirror for the attentive baronet to perceive himself, powerfully affected his mind,

but his love for the sorrowful self reprover held the superior influence. Rising, and throwing his arms round the young moral philosopher, he endeavoured to console him, and entreated him to forbear.

"No, my dear uncle," said the young instructor of the aged listener, "pray let me say all I can now, it seems to ease my troubled mind."

"Well, my dear Regi," returned the affectionate guardian, "go on."

"I now see, dear Sir," continued the noble lord, "why I have not been loved by all about me; why the smile of regard has not accompanied the obeisance paid to my rank. How could I expect the heart, when I never sought it? How could I require the conduct of gratitude, when I never conferred an obligation?"

Again the baronet felt the words of the noble youth sharper than a two edged sword; he sunk into profounder attention, and closed the eye fearful of the glance of the indirect accuser.

"I now see too," proceeded the excellent speaker, "the cause of the deference so universally paid to me; it is given to my rank, not to

my excellence. The way I shewed the first must cause me to be hated ; I had none of the other, therefore have not been beloved. The persons about me shewed me duty, but I never made it a pleasure. But Oh, dear Sir," said the excellent boy, tears springing in his eyes, "it shall be so no longer. I will not, cannot detain my large allowance to gratify myself, while so many of my fellow creatures appear to be unhappy, perhaps from pain and want. I will clothe the naked, as my beloved Mr. Price says is the duty of the rich ; I will give to the sick that they may be healed, and to the poor to relieve them, that I may be loved in reality, or that respect may be paid to my actions, as well as to my rank."

Had Lavater been present ; had any one skilled in discerning the thoughts of the heart, by tracing the lineaments of the face, been there, he would have seen the accused and the convicted at the bar of conscience—silence doing the duty of a jury ; and the suffused countenance that of the judge pronouncing sentence ! A variety of feelings crowded into the mind of the profound listener ; shame, vexation, and grief (for the

baronet was now awakened; his eyes were opened (he could see his duty) were among the chief; but love, increased love, even because of this endearing address, and because the noble moralist was a branch of his own house, was his own child, and adopted by his love, was supreme. This love bore down all before it; he once more pressed the youthful monitor to his breast, and exclaimed, "You are right, right, my dear Regi; it shall be as you say. We will be companions; will reach the heart, while we cannot the person; and we will attract our neighbours, and others to us more by kindness and aid, than by our rank or possessions."

The noble boy had obtained more than he expected; he intended only to criminate himself, and to represent his duty, and he had obtained a convert not to his own opinions and wishes, but to the best of all politics and doctrines, general philanthropy! Affected by the manner and the language of a guardian, so truly so, if the constant sufferance of the will of the ward be a proof, and promised compliance with his recommendations, another, the champion of virtue,

particularly philanthropy, threw himself into the expanded arms of his uncle, which were widely opened to receive him. Happy, happy embrace! because caused by hearts profoundly affected, exquisitely influenced by that spirit that moved (like as once upon the waters) upon them, and that spirit was the great First Cause himself.

After the feelings of the enraptured baronet, and his no less delighted nephew, from the most pleasing promises or intentions that he had heard from the chief ruler, and therefore chief protector of the inhabitants of the vale, were a little appeased, the young noble looking into the face of his uncle, said, "I wish to say a little more if you will allow me!"

Condemned as he had been, and justly he felt, yet so delightful were the language and the manner, and so delightfully too the affection for himself so legibly conveyed by the eye, which was altogether divested of its former fire, and was at once placid and serene, the index of a truly corrected heart, that he eagerly gave the desired permission for further procedure.

"You cannot think, my dear uncle," said the amiable boy, "how pleasing, how, I cannot say how, but I never saw any thing like, my dear Henry Wilford looked when he relieved a poor little beggar boy! Oh, how the eye was fixed upon what would create disgust in the unfeeling mind; and more how the arms were affectionately thrown round and pressed him."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Sir Watkin, with undisguised surprise written upon his countenance.

"Indeed they were!" returned the young lord. "This Henry did; but shall I tell you what did the little boy?"

The baronet influenced by roused feelings, with a tone of voice which was at once agitated and tender, said, "do so, my dear Regi; I wish to hear all that you have to communicate—I feel deeply interested."

"He," continued the noble reporter, "I suppose affected as I was, could not help throwing his arms, poor and wretched as he was, round Henry's neck. Oh, how he pressed him! and how the tears ran down his face. He had very bad shoes and stockings on; I could see his poor feet

and legs. Henry said the reason why they looked so red and thick, was because he was cold ; and why he took leave to embrace him was because he was thankful, Henry called his conduct gratitude. I hardly know what that means.——”

Conscience whispered to the heart of the baronet, nor himself either.

“ But,” continued the noble, “ it was one of the most delightful sights I have ever seen. Oh how pleasing, oh how delightful was it. So much did the whole, that is the conduct of my beloved Henry, yes, and that of the little boy affect me, that I could not forbear, I ran and embraced Henry ; he looked so lovely.”

The speaker was suddenly stopped ; the auditor could not hear the report even without emotion ; he seized the hand, and tenderly, and strenuously pressed him to his bosom, and exclaimed, “ my beloved Regi, my beloved Regi !”

Again the narrator proceeded ; “ well, so delightful did all appear, that I could think of nothing else after I had parted with Henry.”

“ Parted,” interrupted the delightful baronet ; “ why should it be so ? I will have him here !”

"Yes, do so, Sir," hastily observed the young peer, "and he can teach us both how best to spend our money."

If this had been said at another time, anger would have risen in the breast of the baronet; then, because happy, it was suffered.

The describer again went on. "When I was alone I could not help thinking on all I had seen and heard. Beautiful did Henry look; so I was resolved to resemble him. I soon met an old, very poor woman; she said nothing, because I suppose she was not grateful, but she was, I am sure she was, afterwards; and that convinces me that she would have been before, if she had had cause. Well, I put, just in the same way as Henry did, a piece of money into her hand; Immediately she began to shew her gratitude, and most pleasing was it. Tears came first; then as well as she could, she began to thank me, yes and bless me; and not only me, but you also."

"Did she indeed," exclaimed the Baronet, who felt that he had not deserved the blessing of the

helpless, grateful poor ; “ then she shall have reason. But go on, dear Regi.”

“ I have not much more to say, dear Sir,” said the Peer. “ This *I* will do ; *my* money shall be spent to do such things generally. Oh, Sir, when I have rode out with you, I have never noticed such a scene ; only witnessed the poor bowing and curtsying. Their countenances looked sad ; and I am sure must remain so ; for they had nothing given to them.”

The Baronet felt this repeated reproach, and that he deserved it.

“ Oh ! dear Sir,” continued the amiable boy, “ what a thing it would be if all the poor were to bless us ! How pleased you would be, if you heard gratitude from a great many voices as you passed them ; and saying, bless Sir Watkin, and all belonging to him ; that would be blessing me you know. Let us no more keep our money to ourselves : *I* will not keep mine ; I am resolved, when Henry comes, together we will go : and not only relieve the poor, but we will seek them ; and if you will accompany us we shall be the more happy.”

This was looking for too much at once; as well the poor would expect their beloved vale to be transmoved, as the haughty, unfeeling Baronet to visit their humble cottages; and pour in the oil and the wine; and assuage by the compassionate voice of the kind Samaritan. However, enough had been said to rouse him; he was resolved that an entire alteration should take place; that his princely mansion should not be a standing, constant mockery of woe. Self love excited him additionally; he had never heard the name of Sir Watkin proclaimed aloud in the vale, nor the wish that he might live for ever. This would please; besides he now felt it is better to be loved than feared; better to see the face proclaiming the willing servant; than indicating cold respect; or having that kind of appearance which he had often seen, and which he nearly as often suspected belied the heart.

To relieve, to restore harmony to himself, though his wish was not to dismiss the subject—matter of this conversation, he proposed a walk in the gardens, which was accepted by the noble boy, who affectionately taking his uncle by the hand,

led the way. No longer was nobility clothed in the garb of the buffoon; jacket, cap, boots and spurs were put away; the corrected mind made the gentleman, and the gentleman dressed himself accordingly.

CHAP. X.

No pupils proceeded to their studies with more delight than did Henry Wilford and the noble Peer. Sluggard like, they never "crept unwillingly to school;" because they were sure that they should meet with the considerate friend in the tutor, who did not expect the discretion of men to mark the conduct of children. This was one of the principles, exclusive of the scholastic, they were being taught; and the end was not expected while they were upon the road. The buoyancy of youth was admitted and approved; it served as an impulse to the necessary exertion for the increase of the bodily strength. The tutor only directed it, that the pursuits should be harmless, and contributory to the object to be gained.

After the expected additional exercise of book knowledge, again the pupils resorted to their favourite meadow. The minds of both had been meditating; but upon different subjects. "I have been thinking," said Lord Moreton, "on what the

poor man said yesterday about the Algerines; I should like to hear the remainder of his story; let us go and request him to proceed."

"I wonder," said Henry, "how he passed his time away among the black people. I will request Neddy to go into the lane and see if the poor man be there."

Bounding with elastic vigour, he soon reached the house, and requested the grateful boy to comply with his wish. Gratitude cannot do too much, nor too often; this was proved to be a truth; off he flew, and soon returned, and informed his expecting young masters, as he always called them, that the solitary tar was parading about nearly the spot where he was first perceived, and was desirous of seeing them.

Away they ran, and soon joined the unfortunate invalid. Some young gentlemen, whose hearts are not kind, would scarcely have saluted him, and perhaps in rather a high, if not a haughty tone, desired him to proceed with his history. But these amiable youths knew him to be a fellow creature, that his inferiority was only social, and addressed him accordingly.

Henry undertook to be spokesman, and asked him, "How do you? I hope you are well; and in mind more composed."

"I thank you," said the disabled tar, "I am more composed; last night I slept at David Davies' cottage, and felt comfortable because I had met with such kind, compassionate young gentlemen. Will you allow me to express my hope, that you, both of you, young gentlemen, are well!"

Henry and the young Lord readily acquainted him that they were well; and with no appearance that they were speaking to an inferior, a sad, wretched, forlorn, forsaken inferior. "My lord," looking at his companion "and myself," said Henry, "wish to hear, if you are pleased to tell it, the remainder of the account you have given of yourself; especially concerning your residence, or living among the black people, and the Algerines. I have read and been told a little about these people, that they are Mohammedans; and my papa has told me, that they do not acknowledge our Saviour to be theirs: but obey the strange commands of an impostor."

The start of the unfortunate auditor cannot be conceived upon hearing one of the young persons before him, addressed as "my Lord." He had never spoken a word to one, scarcely seen one, and he never expected to be called upon to give any information to one. He rose from his seat, a little hillock in the road, and would not be reseated, until Henry assured him, that they would be compelled to leave him unless he did so. With an evident tremor at length he agreed to reseat himself; and after frequent requests to proceed, he prepared to commence.

"It is as you have said, Sir, of the Algerines," observed the poor fellow, addressing Henry particularly; "and I have seen strange things among them; but I will tell you my history. In my tenth year, I left this beloved beautiful vale, and went to live with an uncle, the brother of my mother, in that great town Liverpool. I did not know when I was well off; and that I should make a bad exchange. But I did make a sad one. I no longer felt the sweet air of my native vale; heard no more the lowring of the boy. At first I was shy of my companions; but cattle; nor the songs of the milk maid and cow-

the shyness wore off; and I soon got into the practices of my play-fellows. I was first led into bad ways; then I led others; but I got punished for it. I gave my poor uncle a great deal of trouble; and young as I was and so bad, the poor old man would weep over me; first he beat me; then he entreated me, last of all he wept over me.

“ Oh! young gentlemen, I wish that you would think of what I say; love, love, I beg of you, love your fathers and mothers. Never, no never will you find tenderness like theirs. I disregarded mine too much in the vale, and my dear uncle: and I nearly broke their hearts. Do at all times as you are bid by them: for they know what is best for you; and their love makes them choose what is best—”

Both the auditors were powerfully affected at this simple address; and more at the tearful eye, and the earnest manner that accompanied it. The sad historian perceived the growing tears, the working of the face; and took them as the influence of his address. He continued, “ I got worse and worse; once I skipped and danced on the green near the church in the village, and not far from my father’s

cottage; and I was the happiest among the happy. There was no noisy mirth; no drunkenness, no quarrelling, all was neighbourly and attended by good humour. I got into houses with some of my companions bolder than myself, where there were a number of drunken sailors dancing as well as they could. Oh, what a sad exchange for the holiday-times in our beloved vale. Well, I continued in this way sometime; in vain my uncle spoke to me, threatened me, beat me, or wept over me. All would not do, obdurate wretch as I was. These men seeing I was strong of my age, enticed me and some of the boys connected with me, on board their ships. We were often detained till late hours; and often went home half 'toxicated. The scenes we witnessed there were pleasant to us; we at length went of our own accord. I was on board one day when suddenly I felt the ship move. I ran to get away; but the men would not suffer me. The vessel soon got out of port, and all was over. I went down below; crept into a corner, and cried bitterly. Then I wished I had listened to my dear uncle; again his tears, and almost his prayers were before

me. Oh, how I wished that I had never left my beloved uncle, my innocent companions, or my dear friends in the vale. In vain I cried, and lamented; the men found me out, and drove me on deck with the cat in their hands.

“The cat!” said his Lorship.

“A number of ropes, an please your noble Lordship;” returned the tar, “tied together, with knots here and there; that is a cat. I was compelled to go aloft, to sleep sometimes on the round top; to unfurl the sails, and to do whatever they bid me. We were a slave ship, bound to the coast of Guinea, to buy and to steal slaves. I expected some little pity; but the men from the captain downwards did not seem to know what pity meant. We had upon the whole a pleasant voyage, now and then we had a squall, which frightened me greatly; but the men did not seem to mind it—they talked and laughed, as if nothing was the matter.

“At last we got to the coast,” continued the sad historian, “and now all became bustle to prepare to receive the slaves. A number of men went on shore, and carried with them cutlasshis,

(cutlasses), swords, pistols, iron rings for the legs, and cuffs for the hands. All looked horrible to me; and the faces of the men looked as horrible! I was commanded to accompany them to look to the men, women, and boys, that they bound; and give an alarm with a whistle if any of their countrymen appeared to liberate them, while they went further up the country to get more. Oh, dear, young gentleman, what I then saw and heard," continued the interesting invalid, "no, never shall I forget it; and I think men must be fiends almost to carry on such doings! I did not understand their language; but I understood their conduct well enough. In one place were young men, sometimes calling names in the tenderest tone; the eyes of others struck fire, as it were, with anger. They had been thrown on the ground: now they endeavoured to rise, and then to burst off their cuffs. They cried with the bitterest cries; raised their pinioned hands to their bosoms as quick as possible, and now and then struck them in agony. In another place were a few fine girls, the very pictures of innocence and modesty. I could not help particularly noticing them; they

chiefly shed tears in silence; but now and then agony would burst out, and the tenderest, most heart piercing sounds were uttered.

“ While I was silently walking about from one party to another,” the sympathetic tar went on, “ I perceived a fine young black unbound, and very near me. I hastened to get at my whistle, for not thinking of danger, I had put it down my bosom, he prevented me. I just saw a kind of a club, or wooden thing whirling in his hand; the next moment I was laid prostrate on the ground and became insensible. On coming to myself, I found that I lay in a kind of out-house on the ground, with a parcel of skins of beasts, and long instruments, I found afterwards to be spears and darts.

“ I had not long been sensible,” proceeded the poor fellow, “ when a young female entered the place, and putting her hand to her lips, with the other she beckoned me to rise and follow her. I endeavoured to rise, but putting accidentally my hand to my head I found it covered with blood, and looking perceived the ground where I had laid covered with it too. As soon as the girl saw

this, she flew away like a dart. I was left to my own thoughts, and sorrowful enough they were: dearly was I paying for my undutifulness to my dear, ever dear father and mother, and my beloved uncle. I did not know, and wicked as I was, I did not care about the value of them. But I was not alone long; the kind girl returned, with some leaves in one hand, a little bag something like a bladder, and pieces of cotton cloth in the other.

“Tenderly putting my head on her knee, the other she had bent on the ground, she set about examining my head. I felt some sharp instrument applied to my hair, and soon large quantities fell at my feet. Next she opened the bladder, and pouring a little of a liquid that was in it into her hand, she washed the wounded part of my head, in the most motherly manner that can be conceived. I looked now and then on her large black eyes, and saw her tears falling plentifully down.

“Oh, young gentlemen,” said the grateful man, “it is a mistake to think that we in Wales and England here, have all the kindness, all the tenderness, all the love to ourselves, and that the poor

blacks have none. I shall always say, if you want to see the real tenderness, the real pity, the real concern for distress, go there, go among the savages, as we call them. I have found more savageness among white Englishmen, Frenchmen, and other white people, than I ever found among the blacks. Is it not enough," said the historian, growing warm, and thrusting his stick on the ground, "is it not enough to make them savage, for them to lose, brother, sister, child, lover, and their tender maids. Aye, there is the place for modesty, and what a girl ought to be; none of y'er shim sham nonsense, while the eyes of our girls deny what they say! But as I was saying, is it not enough to rouse the whole country to madness, to lose their nearest and dearest relations in the manner they do? Can they help hating an Englishman? as for the French, Porteguese, (Portuguese), Spaniards, and such like, I say nothing of them; they have not been born in the same country as ourselves—they are papists besides, and I understand their chief man among them, I have forgot the name, but their head parson I mean, gives them leave to do what they like, and if they will

give a sum to their parsons, why they shall be forgiven, and go to heaven at last—strange religion say I!”—

“But, gentlemen,” continued the kind hearted, untaught Welshman, “where was I? I am a strange hand at so long a story. O, I recollect, I was telling you about the kind conduct of poor Zora! I can only tell you, though she did all this for me, she was the daughter of one of the greatest chiefs among them. She was alone, as her father, mother, and brother were absent, hiding with the rest, the young women, boys, and children. She cleared the blood away with her soft fingers; drew the parted skin together; then put a leaf on the wound; and at last bound the cotton cloth round my head, all as tenderly as the kindest mother.

“After doing all this kindness to me, she took hold of my hand and helped me to rise. I could scarcely stand; she then, quietly putting her fingers upon her lips, led me from the outhouse, for I must call it so, as I do not think I should be understood if I were to mention it in the language of these people, and looking one way and then

another as if fearful of being noticed, conducted me, still holding my hand until we got to some distance. Then she came to and opened a little rude gate made of small pieces of trees; where I perceived a great number of skins hanging on lines something like ours, apparently to dry; (they were thus made impenetrable to a spear, or other weapon,) and nearly as many lay on the ground. This place was surrounded by tall trees, such as I never saw in our country; the leaves were very long; and many of them being together, the place was made a little shadowy*. Here she shewed me what to do; she lay down in the darkest part, and drew several skins over her. She then got up, went some

* Nature in this manner under the torrid zone, provides against the scorching rays of the sun. The trees are exceedingly tall, and so cast a shadow extensive in proportion, and occasioning a less influence of the intense fiery dart, create an agreeable retreat at all times. The immense leaves obviously contribute to this necessary decrease of the solar ray, and so of course add to the agreeable retreat. It becomes the object of the natives to plant these trees thickly about, or near to their dwellings as possible.

distance back again; and then returned making a loud noise, once more laid down and covered herself, so that she could not be seen, no one would have thought she was there. I do not know how it was, but I understood all this;—I was to hide myself, especially if I heard any one coming.]

“ While I was looking at another part of the ground where there were a great number of bones, out of which I found afterwards they extracted a great deal of fat substance, and made it into a liquid, which resembled oil, and burnt nearly as well, Zora left me; but very soon after returned bringing with her a sharp wooden thing, like our hatchet. She made a stroke at me, but with no design to hurt me; then fell flat on her face, next kneeled down; one hand was placed over her eyes, and the right was raised up as if petitioning. This too I understood; I bowed my head, as a sign of thankfulness; and for all this goodness, black as she was, yet beautiful though black, with cheeks, round and full, eyes large, and teeth even and white as snow, I could not help raising her hand, which was soft as velvet, to my lips. She

seemed pleased at this, but soon went away, pointing as she left me, to the skins.

"My situation," — just as the narrator had uttered these words, the bell was heard to ring demanding the attendance of the interested auditors. Instantly Lord Moreton desired the poor speaker to proceed in the evening to Lewellyn Hall, at the same time putting a crown piece into his hand, and to inquire for Morley. On saying these words away he flew, followed by the compassionate Henry, and reached the house in due time for dinner.

CHAP. XI.

Shortly after the amiable young lord had set out for the parsonage, the baronet taking paper, pen, and ink, wrote the following letter to Mr. Wilford, and dispatched it by his own immediate servant.

“ Dear Sir,

Lewellyn Hall,

I am very anxious that our dear boy Henry, your son and mine, should reside with my beloved Moreton and myself. You must agree; so must good Mrs. Wilford. Through him, I must repeat to you, an entire happy alteration has taken place in my nephew, and in myself. We are both children yet at the practices he so engagingly recommends; he must come to strengthen and complete what has been begun. I am not ashamed to own that I feel as new-born, influenced by principles in which once I saw no beauty. A new world has been opened to me—I am happy. Hereafter Watkin Owen will shew himself the friend, and not the imperious master of the unfor-

tunate poor that surround him. Can I do too much to *him*, and for *him*, who has introduced the happiness I feel? I cannot. Send him then, I pray you, that I may shew how greatly I feel his most excellent exertions; and that he may experience if there be any difference between a natural father, and one made by his own amiable qualifications and conduct.

“In a few days I shall send a little poney, his own poney, which shall be led to you by a faithful trusty man, his own servant. And in a short time after he has been with us, I hope to see you, Mrs. Wilford, and your amiable little family, that you may perceive how we go on; and give direction for practices, most delightful in their consequences, of which with a blush I own I know nearly nothing.

“Feeling assured of your compliance, and trusting that yourself, Mrs. Wilford, our Henry, and the other our children, enjoy as much in body as I am sure you do in mind,

I remain,

Most affectionately yours,

To Henry Wilford, Esq.

Watkin Owen.”

A servant in his full livery, for the principal trait in the character of the baronet was a fondness for ostentatious display, was dispatched with this letter from the magnificent and extensive hall, to the simple and comparatively insignificant cottage. David had sometime returned from his attendance on Henry to school, and was at work on the small lawn before the house, when he espied the emblem of dignity, the splendidly attired servant, approaching. His heart was warm, and he sincerely loved his master, (a proof that the human heart is the same every where, and that kindness will open it, and admit the door to its affections close in proportion to his kindness;) he became all agitation; "pless hur heart," said he, "what could it mean; what could it be about? Sir Watkin, great Sir Watkin loves master Henry; and well hur might, for he is peloved py every pody; and Sir Watkin loves hur master and hur mistress too, or hur would not send to the leettle pit of a place to his pig house, and above all hur would not cum hurself." These considerations put David into the best of good humours; and on the arrival of the gorgeous servant at the gate, and his

inquiry if Mr. Wilford was at home, said, "yes, to be sure, he is." Away he skipped, like his native goat, happy to be the harbinger of good news.

The servant introduced himself by bowing very respectfully while delivering the letter, and expressing Sir Watkin's hope that Mr. and Mrs. Wilford, and family were in good health. While the letter was being read, the servant was conducted about the gardens by the ready David. It produced powerful and most pleasing effects; compliance was agreed upon by the happy united pair, and a corresponding letter was immediately written and delivered to the faithful domestic.

Preparations were quickly set about; Henry on his return from school was made acquainted with the kind invitation of the baronet. It afforded him great pleasure; now to be near as well as dear to the promising young nobleman Moreton, formed one of his highest enjoyments. To feel too, the daily kindness of Sir Watkin, and to see his several acts of benevolence, which he hoped to do, were another. It was agreed upon that the day on which Henry was to be conducted to the hall, the school-duties should be dispensed with, and that in the

afternoon the removal should take place.

The day so anxiously desired by all, even by the amiable Mr. and Mrs. Wilford, who felt happy that in their seclusion and reduced circumstances, their beloved child had obtained so powerful a friend, arrived; and Lord Moreton to shew his affectionate regard for the amiable expected guest was resolved to proceed a considerable way towards the cottage, and wait for his coming. The beautiful poney, the gift of Sir Watkin, with all the splendid furniture with which it was bedecked, was a little in advance of him, and obtained the admiration of all the persons who were met or overtaken.

The servant mounted on a fine mettled steed, after the lapse of some little time arrived at the cottage, leading the little beautiful creature. He was perceived by Mr. Wilford, who to subdue his feelings, which rose the higher as the time approached for separation from his darling boy, walked disconsolately round his delightful little lawn. He hastened to carry the intelligence to Mrs. Wilford; but the approach was previously perceived by herself from her own room window. As Mr. Wilford entered the room, he found the mother and child in most

endearing attitudes; Mrs. Wilford hung upon the shoulders of her boy; tears plentifully fell down the cheek, and her head reclined on his bosom. Henry was covered with tears, while his arms were fondly thrown round the neck of his mother. With all the usual manifestations of love by one to the other of his family; this was beyond them all; the spectator found it difficult to enter and make the announcement. Mrs. Wilford perceived him, and conjectured the cause of his entrance; she was a woman of a strong mind; strong in her affections, and strong in the execution of her designs. She rose from the breast of her child, and taking his hand, led him to his father. "I give him to you, my dear," said she, addressing the agitated father, "I give him to you; I confide him to you; but rather, apparently correcting herself, "to Him who will ever be the guardian and the father of the lambs of his flock wherever they may be!"

Mr. Wilford could not say any thing; but silently led Henry to the lawn, whereon stood the poney protected by David. The subdued father assisted him to mount; and having adjusted him, shortly before parting, raising his eyes to heaven,

exclaimed, "God, bless and protect him!" He could say no more; Henry's eyes were suffused; and David, to relieve them both, with feelings nearly as acute, led the poney to the servant who yet remained at the gate. Henry before quitting his faithful and affectionate attendant, took hold of his hand, fervently pressed it, and said, "good bye, dear David." If much more had been said, David's reply would have been almost inaudible as well as unintelligible; affected as he was, he found utterance for "Got pless you, tear young master; may you pe happy at the hall; you will I am sure!"

Henry accustomed to riding in the prosperous days of his father, knew how to manage his little poney. The one became the other; as an equestrian Henry appeared a noble figure; the body was held erect and firm, and the eye indicated fearless mastery. His new servant was charmed with his new master; the face and manner at mounting begot his affections, and the management of his horse his admiration, while his condescending remarks as now and then he turned to

address him, served to rivet the regard already conceived.

Having made some advance, Henry was surprised at the appearance of his beloved associate Lord Moreton, who riding up to him, affectionately took hold of his hand, and as fervently pressed it. Together these two nobles proceeded; their little steeds seemed proud of their burdens; now they shook their fine flowing tails; now they rounded their fore legs, and when opportunity served pawed the ground. Well they might; for two nobler, more amiable persons never bestrode them! The riders were fine instances of youth, innocence, and beauty; a change of sentiments had made great alteration in the face of the young lord. There was no longer a haughty glance; no longer an imperiousness that contracted the upper part of the face; mildness had driven away all its disagreeableness; and he now looked the image of youthful masculine beauty, and the representative of the true dignity. Henry's face was beautiful, but it was of a different sort; there was an high dignity that sat upon the one, but a superlatively lovely meekness graced that of the other. The

faces of both were oval, the eyes large, the cheek full, finely rounded, and gradually sloping; but it was the character of the eye that gave the chief attraction to Henry—the observer perceived that that took his affections unawares, and claimed and obtained the preference.

There occurred a pleasing struggle between these two young nobles about their mode of riding. As soon as the amiable Moreton joined Henry, he wheeled his poney to, and proceed to ride on his left. (He thus tacitly acknowledged the greater nobility of Virtue!) The other altogether unassuming, aware that humility often evinces the true dignity, would not suffer this; he wheeled again to get the inner side. It would not be permitted; “no, my dear Henry, it shall not be;” said the noble lord, “you are the victor, approaching the capitol to be crowned and rewarded. The commoner must be chief; it is an honor to be attached to his side.” So it is an honor to be attached to the side of virtue!

This most pleasing contest, a contest not to obtain pre-eminence, but to make the greater show of love or esteem, was for sometime carried

on. It was occasioned by virtue, and was entitled to be compared with that of the best ages; it was more than Roman; worthy of a Damon and Pythias. It was at length ended, Henry agreed; and as the principal person rode on to the princely mansion. The converse partook of the most pleasing, entertaining, and profitable remarks; and so occupied, giving at the same time cause of much pleasure to the observant attendants, they reached the lodge, the superb entrance to still more superb grounds and mansion.

As the party wound round the extensive park, which was entirely picturesque, and greatly assisted by a numerous herd of deer, interspersed in different directions, some reclining on the ground, others brouzing, and others in pursuit of each other. Henry was astonished at the loftiness, extensiveness, and grandeur of the edifice, as it was perceived through the interstices of the trees as they passed along; accustomed as he had been to large houses, and to appearances respectable in proportion, yet this surpassed them all. A feeling for which he could not account crept upon

him as he approached it; it was awe mingled with admiration.

But it should have been told in its place, that his reception at the lodge by the worthy keeper was another acknowledgment paid to the nobility of virtue. Morley in the warmth of his feelings had reported the daily most pleasing moral exhibitions he had witnessed; had told that his young lord was becoming a convert to the best of principles, and to the feelings that should sway the master or ruler of an extensive establishment, in order to obtain the heart, and mentioned through whose instrumentality. The tutor and cause was expected; and no potentate could receive greater homage than was paid in the commencement by the lodge keeper. Bowing down to the ground as the party entered the gates, and soon as respectfully rising again, he fixed his eyes with all the affections that honor the heart visible in them on the right hand personage. None could then be more attractive; exercise in the pure air of the vale had given a more than usual ruddiness or vivacity to the whole face; this added to his fine equestrian figure, with all the excellent qualities of humility, and its associate

virtues visible on his face, person, and manner, obtained such an influence on the beholder as was of very rare occurrence. Henry understood the occasion of the voluntary deference; he modestly bowed, and as diffidently smiled his thanks. Lord Moreton was comparatively overlooked.

Now the servants rode forward, both striving which should proclaim sooner and louder the approach of Virtue. Henry's ascended the fine lofty Portland steps first, and made the announcement he wished. The heavy portals were opened, and the two young nobles admitted; the Lord Moreton still on the left of Henry, and affectionately holding him by the hand. Never was friendship better witnessed; never, the holiness, if the word may be allowed, of the feelings on which it was founded, better evinced; and consequently never were youths more lovely, and never was better effect obtained. The numerous servants that stood in the hall and passages were anxious to witness the first *entre* of the Prince of Virtue as he was esteemed; for one among their own order (the old widow woman already mentioned) had been relieved by their noble future master, and the

cause of such an unexpected change, so good, so virtuous, so happy in its consequences, must in their view be not only noble, but a prince, a chief in its peerage.

Respect kept them in due rank, as the amiable youths passed on to the apartments occupied by the baronet, bows and obeisances were general and voluntary. Nothing but virtue could have done this ; men may acknowledge rank, and shew it by visible deference ; but only moral excellence can ever give to the face the manner, the joy, the happiness that then appeared.

The excellent baronet would have been the first even at the very threshold to welcome the beloved boy to a place worthy of his moral rank and virtue ; but in the after part of the day before, his old enemy, gout had seized upon him first feebly, and afterwards violently. He heard the sonorous announcement of the approach of the adopted child of his affections, affections themselves but newly adopted, and desired to be wheeled in his chair out of his bed room into that in which he usually received his best and most esteemed friends.

He waited not long: the token desiring admittance was respectfully given; the servants flew to open the door to admittance to persons so much beloved, and the expected nobles made their entrance. Exercise had as before said, made the face altogether lovely; never was the person more pleasing, or better calculated to gain the heart and give play to all its affections. The heart of the baronet already disposed to love the new comer, now felt at the sight of so much youthful beauty an influence scarcely to be described. He stretched himself to the utmost, held out his arms to the widest extent to take hold of the objects so justly dear to him. The union of the two friends was enough, so engagingly was it manifested, of itself to beget the tenderest love; hand in hand, vivacity covering the whole face, and vigour affecting all the limbs, they approached their relative and affectionate friend; and having done so, both bowed profoundly.

The delighted baronet could not resist; with energy, he cried, "welcome, my dear boys," looking at Henry, and then at Lord Moreton, "wel-

come both of you to my arms and my heart for ever!"

The auditors were overcome; affected to the utmost, they sank into the expanded arms, and upon the bosom of their warm and sincere friend. Here was an union of great worth and virtue; juvenile excellence was the cause of it; it had undertaken the tuition of age; and age seeing the advantage, more the happiness that followed it, was resolved to put into practice all its heart pleasing recommendations. Better is it though late in life to come into the enjoyments that attend virtuous courses than to remain the slave of propensities that disgrace the best dispositions.

CHAP. XII.

The first few days were spent by the Baronet and his adopted children in shewing and examining the fine, noble structure they inhabited, and all the superb specimens of mechanical art, and a few of the fine it contained. The gardens also, and other pleasure grounds were exhibited; and the new resident pronounced in his own mind the place to be little short of an earthly paradise. This amiable boy felt no way elevated by his union with the present supporters of the illustrious name of Owen, who prided themselves as being the descendants of the famous Owen Glendour, so renowned in Welch story. He was guarded against the influence of sumptuous wealth; he knew that it is a temptation, which, if entertained, will poison and destroy the invaluable treasures of the heart, dispositions that proclaim their celestial descent, and their practice the cause of happiness to the possessor. He was aware too, that the possessors of riches are often found to be, by being

suddenly snatched from them, not the proprietors, but solely the occupiers of them; and their removal a proof that the right to them lies and remains vested in the Creator of them and all other things. He knew as well that they should be held with a due sense of the superior owner, who for kind providential designs to work the good of the world at large, deposes the occupiers for times during his pleasure to hold and dispose of them agreeably to the directions the humane, benevolent dispositions are ready to give.

This young moral philosopher had been taught, since his residence in the vale, especially by his discreet and able mother, the higher branches of the science. "Deserve, my dear child," she would often say, "to be ranked in the noble army of patriots; consider it greater patriotism to exalt the moral name of your country, than to procure the admiration of other nations by martial prowess, or political ingenuity, contrivance, art, or skill. The man of war is nothing more than a murderer of his own species, of members of his own family; and deserves to be ranked in a condition solitary for its disgraceful exclusion. Understand, my

dear boy, what patriotism means; it consists in increasing the moral strength of our country. How can this, or is it to be done? First, by condescension to our fellow creatures, our brethren, classed for the conduct of social affairs, in the lower ranks. Examine into the causes of human misery; see whether arbitrary power has not done it; for might is often a tyrant that will, if it can, destroy the dominion of right, especially if that right be unguarded; and poverty often leaves the citadel in a state of complete inability to resist. Relieve misery, I say, but do not stay there; prevent recurrence; and how? by creating employment for the relieved; by infusing into their minds notions of commendable independence, and shewing them that by the exercise of their own powers they may become so. Shew too that human or political afflictions are occasioned by departure from the laws of morality; a man has laws to bind himself, as well as the multitude about him. If he depart, then in proportion to his advance he introduces afflictions on himself, first known by the name of misfortune, then poverty, then the word I have first used. Multiply

men, and private ends become national. Convince the poor (for to relieve them is only to suffer misery to go at large to intermix with other stages of it, and then to return with seven-fold influence), that themselves more or less are the causes of their own unfortunate condition: let them not enwrap their talent in a napkin; rather let them go to the opulent, and with all the attraction of manner that becomes them, represent its capacities; entreat either employment, or a loan to procure it. "The poor," this excellent woman went on, "or our fellow beings so called, are the foundations of all national grandeur; their energies erect monument after monument. Then let the indigent, especially the inactive, be ever your first charitable or kind attention; for inactivity is the mother of misery. Set them on work, and so destroy the drones in the hive of our country. But in doing this use not so much argument as action at the first; assuage wounds, pour in the oil and the wine, bind up the broken heart; so you will gain it; and having gained, you may command it."

Thus taught, no wonder that the attentive disciple, whose heart was already disposed towards all the actions that dignify his nature, should infuse his opinions into the mind of his noble companion; and no wonder, such the companion's influence on his more than uncle, that they were often described, commented upon, and recommended to him since the residence of the little patriot at the Hall. Steps consequently were resolved upon; and plans laid for obtaining another character for Lewellyn Hall, that its inhabitants might be esteemed, loved, and admired.

Henry attached to equestrian exercises, because he was attached to his little poney for the gentleness, mildness, and docility, was generally engaged in them, and as often in the company of his entirely altered companion. One day, Henry having a charitable design in view, proposed that the next, Lord Moreton and himself should take a wider range than usual for their ride, and unattended, that their sympathy might by the human eye be unobserved. It was agreed to by the noble Lord; and mentioned when they were alone, by himself to his indulgent uncle. The anxious Baronet became alarmed; their fleet Arabians might take

flight; their riders might be hurt; a worse catastrophe even might take place; then he should be deprived of his beloved Reginald, and his little less loved Henry. He recommended with earnestness the attendance of their faithful and attentive servants. No; it would not do; it was Henry's proposal, and his recommendation was equal to a command. The affectionate Baronet submitted; the noble Lord appeared earnest in his resolution; and he loved him so much that he would not thwart his pleasure.

Early on the ensuing morning the beautiful Arabians were carefully caparisoned, all the ornaments to set them off properly displayed; and the riders mounted anxious to set them into motion; when to their surprise, and to the astonishment of the stablemen and their helpers, Sir Watkin appeared among them. Approaching his beloved nephew, and laying his hand affectionately on his arm, with a face glowing with agitation, he observed, "my dear child, fear has brought me to you; I entreat that you will not go unattended. What shall I do, if my Reginald, and my Henry

be hurt?" Tears now appeared; and they were equal to another sentence of affectionate remark.

During the utterance of these words, the stable-keepers felt as men, and could not help themselves shedding tears at witnessing such a public manifestation of love for the amiable youths. They knew, they had heard of their conduct, that it was charitable, humane, and generous, and they were sure that Sir Watkin must have become like-minded, for his former habits were entirely opposed to the exhibitions they had just seen. Influenced by convulsed feeling, occasioned by the display of love, and the consideration that their master was becoming their friend, they forgot prudence, forgot that silence became them while 'n his presence, and one looking at the other, the hats and caps of all were simultaneously raised, and they set up the cry of "Sir Watkin for ever, Sir Watkin for ever;"—three rounds of huzzas followed. Overpowered, overjoyed, the Baronet rushed from the scene, and retreated to his apartment in the happiest condition he had felt in his life.

There is a conduct then that will reach the heart sooner than command, recommendation, or per-

suasion : and this conduct is affection shewn to the relative, and kindness to the inferior. Let this be manifested ; and scarcely shall the command be issued, but obedience will be at its heels ; or let this be the general practice ; and it will become a firmer, a better safeguard of property than all the locks, bolts, or bars in the world. Man's gratitude will imprison, nay expel all sinister, all selfish designs ; property may be exposed to all the rays of the sun, and receive the lustre of its reflector the silvery moon, yet be surrounded by a guard that cannot, will not be attempted to be removed. But shut up the sympathies of the heart ; keep men in vassalage, and bondage, compel them to make bricks with straw ; and the destruction of their employers' property will afford them pleasure, nay they will accelerate its extinction. The young reader will do well then at all times to learn the lessons of kindness, forbearance, sympathy, and even love for those who may appear, for the prosecution of their wordly affairs, their inferiors. No appearance on the face of youth in general is more pleasing in the eye of a servant than kindness ; and in the utterance of commands than humility.

Greatly affected, nearly subdued, the young equestrians scarcely knew where they were, or what they were about to do. They were put upon motion; for the men after expressing and shewing their heart's regard for their master, seized hold of the reins of the horses of the known causes, as human causes of the conduct that had engendered it. Nothing would satisfy them; but they would lead the horses to the extreme boundary of the grounds attached to the park. Having arrived there, these men, these volunteers in servitude, looking most affectionately at the amiable youths, exclaimed with one voice, "God bless and protect you!"

For some time from this fresh and unexpected instance of regard, better termed love, so warm, so powerful, so unanimous was the display, that a considerable space of ground was rode over before the united companions felt inclined to exchange a word. But the beauties of the surrounding scenery produced a sudden burst of admiration from the noble Lord; they were proceeding on a road which neither of them had trodden before. "The scene is indeed beautiful," exclaimed the

equally delighted but more meditative Henry; "and, O what a specimen is it of the goodness, rather the love of God to man. See of what a lively green are those pasture lands, how gently the water in that brook glides along! Those tall trees too, how widely their branches spread; and how beautiful their green colour. Yonder farm houses how pleasingly they dot the scene; and how delightful the contrast of their snowy white colour and the green on which they are seated. There is a lane there," continued the amiable admirer of nature, "let us go down, and see whither it leads; notice the wild flowers how thickly they are strewn in the hedges!"

Lord Moreton agreed, and in the happiest mood possible, together they proceeded. As they advanced luxuriant Nature continued to please by shewing additional beauties; enticed by such attractions they pursued their way to a considerable distance, but were at length stayed by perceiving an old man disconsolately leaning on a gate that led into a meadow. All was harmony save this son of nature; the mind evidently caused the dissimilarity; nature itself was calm and serene; the

son of nature perplexed and cast down. So visible was the influence of the mind upon the countenance, that the feeling spectator could not resist the impulse to speak to him.

"Will you allow us to inquire," said Henry, "why you appear so disconsolate?"

In indifferent English, the poor man replied, "I be unhappy, very unhappy; pecause hur son is in trouple for hur rent. Hursel lent hur money to go into hur farm—now py pad crops and hur cattle dying, hur rent pe not paid; hursel can help hur no longer; hur wife is pad; and last year, hur had a pad crop; pesides hur don't think hur will pe ready for Sur Watkin's steward, and hur knows what to expect. Hur was porn in the house, and so was hur father, and hur grandfather pefore hur : all this makes hur unhappy."

During this address which was evidently dictated by a distressed heart, the sympathetic listeners felt powerfully affected. "Come, poor man," said the young lord; "come, shew us where you live; I will mention your case to Sir Watkin."

The unhappy farmer looked astonished at these observations; he had heard of the noble youth,

but had never seen him; had heard that he copied too closely the conduct of his unfeeling guardian. He expected therefore no symptom of compassion from any governing inhabitant of the hall; and conceived that the speaker before him was a forward impertinent boy for taking so great a liberty with so great a man as Sir Watkin, his wealthy landlord. But as both boys appeared deeply affected at his narration, and this greatly pleased him, and subdued much of his feeling, he resolved to comply with the wish of the impertinent speaker.

“ Hur will shew hur,” he exclaimed, “ follow hur down the lane.”

These uncourteous observations did not disturb the compassionate listeners; and they immediately complied with them. After proceeding to a considerable distance, they arrived at a gate which the distressed man opened and extended to admit the horses. Again they went on, and at length reached a neat, clean, small farm house. The riders dismounted, and the farmer, from the few observations that had been made on the road, conceived favourably

of them; he therefore respectfully helped them to dismount, and conducted their horses to a stable. Quickly returning, he led them to the house, and lifting the latch, threw open the door, and ushered them in as respectfully as he had treated them at their dismount.

The action flurried the poor woman, the farmer's wife, who was seated within, and was just recovering from the illness spoken of by her husband. Her astonishment was great on perceiving the noble youths, who from their recent exercise looked additionally beautiful in person; she attempted to rise, but could not. "Pray do not move," said the noble lord, in a voice of great sympathy; "we merely called to report to the utmost to Sir Watkin——"

The poor woman opened her eyes to their widest extent, so did her husband, at this additional instance of impertinence; surprise kept them silent.

"I think," continued the noble boy, "I can influence my uncle to forgive you your rent; and also to restore your son to his late comfortable situation."

Soon as the word *uncle* passed the lips of the lovely philanthropist, the farmer began to tremble in every limb. "What! had he all the time been speaking to a lord; had treated a lord so disrespectfully, and the great Sir Watkin's nephew too! He could not hope to be forgiven. Erect he stood as a statue; no inducement of his future landlord could reseate him. The poor woman also partook of her husband's tremor, and was rendered entirely speechless.

During the short conversation that took place, the door opened, and two young women entered; the first thing they did was an immediate approach to their mother, and in voices tuned by the tenderest love inquired if she were better? Henry noticed this instance of endearing filial duty, a tear started to the eye, which was turned upon that of the noble lord's. The illustrious boy had observed the manner and the language, and also the scaled eye of his beloved Henry; little did he expect so much love in a place so destitute, in his view, of the comforts of life. He felt in consequence a portion of regard in union with pity, and was re-

solved that all their sorrows, as far as human agency could go, should be done away.

The fine florid girls next approached their father, and seemed surprised at his statue like appearance. He explained all, by pointing to the noble lord; and in broken words occasioned by his agitation, exclaimed, "Sur Watkin, Sur Watkin, the young lord his heir!" Profound and instantaneous were the curtsies that took place; they too fell in as statues, and no entreaty could induce them to alter their position.

Henry looking on the poor woman perceived the tears flowing fast down the thin pale face; and instantly rising, exclaimed, "I cannot bear this, dear Reginald, let us go. Be sure," addressing the poor astonished farmer; "that you call soon as you can at the Hall, for as my lord has promised, your wants will certainly be supplied."

Grateful feeling engendered language peculiarly by its own; the happy father and the happy girls raising their hands to wipe the copious tears that prevented the sight of their benefactors, and then bowing and curtseying cried, "God pless you; God pless you, both of you, for ever and

ever." The auditors rushed out and proceeded to the stable; they had opened the door, had entered, and were leading out their horses before the poor farmer had power to follow them. At length he was seen coming towards them, the tears falling as fast as possible. They wished to prevent his assistance in mounting; but the grateful man would do something towards it. They were at length fixed; but before the ponies were put into motion, the noble lord slipped a sovereign into the hand of the honest farmer, and then to prevent thanks rode off as fast as he could, followed by the delighted happy spectator Henry. They returned to the Hall, happy in themselves, and to the joy of the anxious baronet, who had become fearful that some accident had happened to his beloved boys.

CHAP. XIII.

Agreeably to the noble lord's directions, the poor mutilated tar stumped his way to the Hall; and bowing to the servant, said, "the great lord that lived there had sent and desired him to inquire for Mr. Morley." To him he was forwarded, and to him he made nearly the same observations. The faithful man rightly conjecturing that his young lord's views were benevolent, conducted and seated him in a comfortable room that was occasionally used by the domestics: and soon after presented before him the best arguments in the world to satisfy an hungry man;—these were cold roast beef, bread, and a foaming jug of excellent ale. The poor fellow did honour to the feast; and being desired and pressed, satisfied appetite to its utmost wish.

In the evening of the day on which Henry was introduced as an equal resident in the Hall, he was led by Morley into one of the

gardens, where appeared his noble master and Henry desirous of hearing the remainder of his interesting story, as they called it. The biographer was conducted into a delightful alcove; where being with difficulty seated, such was his unpresumption and consciousness of his inferior rank, he proceeded to continue his narrative.

“ I have been thinking, your honors,” said he, “ where I was when your noble lordships heard me last.”

Reginald smiled good naturedly on the other noble lord.

“ I think,” continued the tar, “ I was in one of the grounds of my black, most kind friends, as I afterwards found them. There I sat trembling in every limb for some time; until I plainly heard some one approaching. I hoped to hide myself under the skins; but the movement of them discovered me. It was the young chief who had knocked me down, as I have mentioned. With fury in his looks, he dragged me into the midst of the ground where there was no obstacle to

do as he pleased with me. He left me for a moment, then came back with something like a club resting on his arm. He found me lying as I had been directed; my right hand petitioned for mercy. But I was a white boy, and they hated all the white people for the cruelty; yes, I must say, the horrid cruelty of some of them. He lifted my head up to take I suppose a last look; he appeared undetermined; my use of the manner of his countrymen on petitioning for pity I imagine surprised him. But seeing my white face, again fury was seen in his large black eyes; my face was the thing that made him think once more of all the cruelties that had been done to his innocent countrymen. Again he raised the massy club; one stroke of it had it hit me, would have deprived me of life. I now heard, as I thought, the cries of women, they appeared to be in agony; they soon joined us.—I once more raised my head, and perceived the kind, tender hearted Zora, and an elderly woman, who afterwards I found to be her mother, holding the arm of the furious

young chief. They petitioned, they cried, they struggled; at length Zora swooned. Instantly down dropped the club from the hand of the young chief; he immediately raised his beloved sister, and in the tenderest manner possible to be conceived carried her away. The old princess, for really your noble lordships, she was one, stopped a little time behind, and drawing from under a piece of white cotton which was slung across her shoulders and reached to her feet, a cloth, dyed black after their manner, put it on her face, and then gave it to me. I understood her; I wrapped a great part of it round my head, first making two slits for my eyes, with a knife I had in my pocket. The princess looked at me with surprise; I really don't think she had seen a knife before. Then I rolled two pieces round my hands, and when I had finished, waited further directions from the good, tender hearted princess. She next beckoned with her hand to follow her; I did so, trembling in every limb. The princess entered the outhouse I was first found in by

Zora; and led me into a corner where I saw what I shall call a mattress. It was something like one, but was soft as wool. I was directed to lie down, I did so; the princess then put her hand in the tenderest manner upon my head, just like a mother, and gently pressed it; after doing so she rose up and left the place.

I had seldom prayed, your honours," continued the simple historian, "more is the shame for me; but soon as I was alone I could not help getting upon my knees, and I petitioned our heavenly Father for his forgiveness, his care and protection in that strange, foreign land. Really, gentlemen, your noble lordships, I should say, I humbly beg pardon, I felt a pleasure crossing my mind that I cannot describe; I am sure it was an answer to my prayer. After this I lay down, and ill as I was from the great wound in my head, I soon fell asleep.

"I shall be too long, your noble lordships," continued the interesting narrator, "if I tell you all the things that happened after this, they were too many. I recovered by degrees;

the princess and Zora were with me daily; and no fond mother could have doctored or attended to me better. Still I was detained in the outhouse; my kind friends dared not bring me before the exasperated chief, and his fine, noble son. Zora, as often as she could steal from her fond doting father, and, Oh! gentle—, I mean your noble lordships, it would have done your hearts good to see the marks of love he afterwards as I myself saw, bestowed upon her. He pressed her to his black bare bosom; imprinted kisses upon her large, open forehead; for she was a perfect beauty, and so was thought by her young countrymen; and the last thing before he went a hunting was, he would stop, and cast the tenderest look upon his Zora; put one hand upon her head, then stretch the other to the sun. The sun, your noble lordships, is their God—poor things, they know no better; but one thing I will say for them, they are the sincerest people at worship I ever saw. Tears often rolled down the shining glossy face before he went, and with dif-

ficulty he got away. Zora was as loving as he; though she was not so eager; and the modestest thing I ever saw. She would take the hand of the old warrior, press it to her heart, and raise her fine eyes sweetly to his face—tears often spoke for her. Then you should see the son to the mother, the fine manly Alzomar—I know his name, for I learnt the language pretty well—Zora taught me.

“But where was I, your noble lordships, O, I was speaking last about Zora. She would often get a parcel of skins, and seat herself by my side; and teach me words I should say if ever I was joined to her family. Whenever I did not understand, her fine eyes were cast upon me, so—so—I don’t know how it was” Tears here sprung out by force; they inundated the face, and those of the spectators were similarly covered. “Excuse, pray excuse me,—I cannot, cannot, help it. To talk about tenderness here at home, there is nothing to be found like it. However,” continued the historian, “she taught

me somehow; and I was very thankful she did, for it was afterwards of great use to me.

“ I was one day musing upon all my dear own at home; I thought I saw father, mother, and Nelly, the kind, loving Nelly, all shedding tears on my account; and fancied they were seated in the nooks about the old chimney, and saying this and that kind thing; suddenly the old princess came upon me, carrying something like a collar in her hand. I stood upon my feet soon as she came in, and bowed my head as a token of obedience to her. She smiled, then taking hold of my shoulder, drew me towards her, and placed the thing which I took to be a collar round my neck, and tied it fast. Next she fixed the black cloth on my face in a better manner, and on my hands; and when she had done this, she went back a step or two, and bending her head lowly, one hand covered her eyes, and the other was laid on the ground. I directly thought this was for me to copy some where or other; and I was resolved to do so. The princess next took

hold of my hand, and, in the most encouraging manner, smiling and putting her hand affectionately on my shoulder, gently conducted me to her house. I trembled in every limb; for it immediately struck me, that I was going before the old chief; so we did. We first went through several apartments, which were nicely enough separated from one another; but had only a few rudely made stools, something like tables, and plenty of spears, and very fine bows and arrows placed in the corners.

"We were at last," continued the simple biographer, "brought before the chief. I had a view of him before I began to bow my head, and do as I had been told. He sat on the ground, his legs nearly across; his strong powerful son stood on his right, and two or three other blacks, or I will call them his countrymen on the left. He soon noticed me; immediately got up with astonishing quickness; and was about to lay hold of a long instrument, which I knew afterwards to be a spear; but the brave Alzomar stopped him, and pointed to the thing upon my neck, and

spoke some words which I afterwards understood to be, 'I have saved him, my father, so has my mother. Pity him; he is but a boy, and knows nothing of the cruelty of his countrymen.' For my part, I began the task I was told to go through—that and the noble Alzomar prevailed. The old warrior dismissed me with these words, which I shall remember the longest day I live:—'Go, boy, go,' said he; "thou art free! Stay in my house and prove my kindness! Let the cursed white men be told what we do to a white stranger in our country. We bind him not, nor drag him away to enslave him. If in distress, we take him in; we feed, we clothe him; and, as he deserves, we make him one of us. Go, now boy, go; and seek our kindness, our regard, our protection." He waved his hand; I went on a step or two; he quickly called me back, and in a voice that was loud and terrible said, 'Shew menot that face; nor to my countrymen; if thou dost I shall not be able to hold in the anger that it will call up; and thou wilt have less

exclaimed he in an agitated voice, "the excellent innocent, most innocent Zora was among them, and so was the noble, the bold Alzomar, who never fled before man or beast, he too was there! In vain the old chief and others rose to resist; all was useless; they were cut down, or shot dead on the spot. I was taken for one of them, and was hurried away with the rest. Oh, the pitious cries I heard as we advanced; among the voices I plainly noticed those of the old chief, and the princess. 'Alzomar, Alzomar, my noble boy, Alzomar, return;' cried the chief:—'the life of my life, and my support, come to me again.' 'My Zora, own dear Zora,' said the princess, in a shrill, shrieking tone, 'my child, my love, my life, return. Give, give me, monsters, my child; take *me*, take *me*, only spare my child.'" In vain they cried; the 'monsters' indeed were deaf; they were half drunk, and commenced several songs to drown every thing. These were men, your noble lordships; yes, and I blush to call them, Englishmen." The amiable auditors were deeply affected as the poor fel-

low repeated the words of the old chief and the bereaved mother.

“I will not, your noble lordships,” continued the simple and warm hearted reporter, “tell you of any thing that happened in that shocking place—a slave-ship; I will only tell you that I was at length landed in America, fully resolved, that happen what would I would never unite with such men again. I travelled to New York; and soon as possible went on board a fine noble vessel bound for London, anxious to get to my own flesh and blood, your honors. In a few days we set sail; and for ten or eleven we had fine winds, and a prosperous voyage. On the twelfth, as near as I can recollect, we had got into the European seas, when we saw a strange sail in sight: as she neared, we perceived by her make to be a large Algerine. We prepared for action; for those fellows hold faith with no one. The fight was began; we poured in broadside after broadside; raked them fore and aft, but all would not do—the men sprung up like mushrooms. At length they boarded

us—the fiercest fellows I ever saw! We were put into chains, and soon after under hatches in our own vessel, and carried in the night into a port in the Algerine dominions. We were Christians, so were soon after brought to market. Full an hundred of us stood like so many horses in a fair; and were wisked and turned about just like my poor father used to do our old spit at home. My companions were soon bought up; I remained because a better price was expected for me; as from being so long among my beloved friends the blacks, I had become lusty, and looked more than ordinarily strong and healthy.

“However I was bought at last; a noble looking man came up, viewed me sometime, turned me about, seemed pleased, asked my price, and directly bought me. I was placed in a carriage, and was driven for some miles from the certainly noble city we had left. We finally stopped before the most enchanting place I ever beheld, I almost thought I had got to one of the palaces we read of in the Arabian Night Tales. I know that book, your noble honors, I have read it with other

youngsters when we should be doing something better, the time I lived with my dear ever to be lamented uncle Robert, in Liverpool. Poor scholar as I am, I can give you no description of it; but it was grand in the extreme; the outside was of the purest white marble; beautiful flowers were seen growing at the top, indeed there was thereon, according to the custom of the country, a most delicious garden; and arbours and couches were placed here and there, for seats at pleasure. Thro' long and delightful avenues I was conducted, until we came to a small building that was hidden by the wide spreading branches of fine noble looking trees. Into this I was taken, unbound, and delivered into the custody of a man of a most ferocious looking countenance. He eyed me as these turban people generally do; but said nothing. I was a Christian dog, and so unworthy of notice."

At this stage the compliments of Sir Watkin were delivered to the young gentlemen, and a request that they would return to the house. They immediately complied, the noble lord desiring Morley to take charge of the disabled historian.

CHAP. XIV.

The influence of the young friends, and therefore the influence of moral virtue, on Sir Watkin was shewn in another way than has been related. It had been his custom to shut himself up for the greater part of the day; and to have no intercourse with his domestics save for the delivery of his commands. He knew but little of what daily passed in and about the immense fabric; and his abstraction made the domestics pursue their employments mechanically, and without spirit or pleasure. Now, with the endeared and endearing companions in each hand, or at his side, he would take frequent walks in the exterior parts of the grounds; and in the stead as he had once done, receiving the obeisance with a careless bending of the head, or none at all, every one met with a smile, a gentle salutation, or heard the words, "how do you Robert, John, or James?" as

it might be. This urbanity worked a surprising change in the human heart; there had been a languid insipidity in all the movements and obediences of the domestics; the face told no pleasing tale to the heart; now, since the change in the master, spirit and pleasure took the command of the whole person of the servant. When John was called, he presented himself with pleasure basking on his face; his whole form made up to hurry with rapidity to obey; if James followed, he enacted his part similarly or better; and all returned to their offices happy in themselves, and happy because they formed a part of the now altogether excellent and worthy baronet.

In their own way the young moral masters gave their old pupil further daily lessons; he consequently became progressively a better man. His charity besides began at home; the subject, as it might be, introduced either by Henry, or the young noble, he inquired after the immediate relatives of his servants, and upon being made acquainted with any want, or perplexing circumstances with which

they had to do, either relieved them himself, or referred them to his steward. Like the extension of a circle by a greater impetus, the altered conduct of the baronet took a wider range than the confines of the extensive mansion; in many cottages now gratitude proclaimed the benevolence, the kindness of their landlord; and now the little cot was viewed with additional pleasure, because it was the property of their generous benefactor.

A few days after the visit to the farmhouse, it was announced to Lord Moreton, that a poor man, apparently a farmer, waited in a lower apartment desirous of speaking with him. Himself, Henry, and the worthy Baronet then held a pleasing conversation founded on the affections of the heart, but making a respectful obeisance, he asked leave to proceed as requested. "My dear boy," said Sir Watkin, "I presume his business is not very particular; let the poor man be introduced, and let me hear his communication. I suppose it is another object

of your bounty; if so, we will join together to relieve him, if relief he wants."

These observations pleased the noble listener, he immediately agreed; and directions were given for the introduction of the poor petitioner. This was however a matter of exceeding difficulty; the unfortunate farmer began to tremble in every limb when he was told that he was going to be ushered into the presence of Sir Watkin; in fact, the domestic was obliged to push him forward, or the interview would have never taken place. As they advanced this exertion increased; and impelling and impelled the parties had nearly reached the anterior apartment that opened into the suite of rooms occupied by the baronet, when the foot of the domestic accidentally catching obliquely that of the farmer, both reeled, and after making considerable noise in their efforts to save themselves, both fell on the floor. The catastrophe reached the ears of Sir Watkin; who apprehending some serious accident, hastily advanced to ascertain the cause. The worthy

Baronet was naturally given to the exercise of the risible faculty; he had scarcely put his head out of the door, when he perceived the men rolling on the floor, each eager to rise first; and therefore each the cause of a second fall to the other. Instantly the laughable propensity commenced exercise, and violent was it; he burst into a loud laugh, and to such an excess, that tears came into his eyes, and he was unable to say one word, or make the least alteration of his position. With both hands affixed to each side of his immense rotundity, and still in his first convulsive fit he was found by his juvenile companions, who after a moment or two spent in suspense hastened to perceive what had occasioned the excessive laughter they heard. The disaster was perceived by both; but they were differently affected by it; Henry was swayed by the gentle dispositions; he noticed an accident had occurred, and that pain had been sustained; pity therefore obtained the chief influence, and he looked upon the fallen men with an eye of commiseration. Not so

the noble lord; immediately the risible faculty was excited in him, and he heartily joined with his uncle in making merry at the misfortune. But he was not long affected in that unbecoming way; ever attentive to the object for imitation, his eye caught the mild commiserative glance; instantly the feeling was exchanged, and that changed the look and the whole expression of the face. The noble boy instantly knew the poor man, and to set every thing right, looking up into his uncle's face, and affectionately taking him by the hand he observed, "I know, dear Sir, the poor man; pray let him be conducted into the room, and you shall hear what has brought him hither."

Sir Watkin agreed, and returned to his apartment, followed by his generous nephew, Henry, and the unfortunate farmer led by the friendly domestic. After the Baronet was adjusted in his chair, the noble lord advancing a step forward to his uncle, thus addressed him. "You will please to know, Sir, that Henry and I the other day rode a

little further than usual; we had advanced no great way down a beautiful lane, when we perceived this poor man leaning against a gate and appearing very unhappy. We made some inquiries, and he led us to his house; where we heard and saw enough to convince us that he is a worthy man, and his family worthy people. He is in distress, Sir, and his poor son is in distress too. Let us relieve him, relieve them all. What are we good for, if we have so much money, and do not use it as it should be?" The noble generous speaker here turned to the poor man, and asked him how his wife and family did?

The unfortunate man essayed to answer, he applied his hand to his mouth, coughed and hem'd, but could say nothing. A copious flood of tears fell, and they spoke for him, and most effectually too. All the spectators were reduced to the same condition; a little before the Baronet laughed heartily at the poor man, now he wept for him. Driving away the heavy drops as they fell, he essayed to speak, and with difficulty said, "poor

man! what has caused your trouble? Have a good heart; bear up; tell me, my good man."

These comfortable words encouraged the addressed; he now had power to say, "hur son pe in prison; hur stock will pe sould in a few days to pay hur rent, and hur little debts."——

"But," interrupted the Baronet and the young lord, both in a breath, "the stock shall not be sold; your son shall leave the prison, and soon be at home with his family."

Great and instantaneous was the influence of this kindness; the poor individual that an hour before was overwhelmed with trouble; who felt the affectionate sorrowful father; who saw in his mind's eye his beloved child incarcerated for no moral crime within locks, bolts, and bars, shut as in a dungeon, deprived of liberty, separated from his endeared kindred, to hear probably no more the voice of conjugal love, and the lisping prattle of his own infant self, his child, the offspring of wedded love; was now transformed into

another man! And what was his appearance? the pale face reddened; the eye clouded with grief, threw off the incumbrance, and emitted a glance that resembled the sun's meridian beam dispersing the vapours that momentarily hid it in obscurity. It became altogether activity; it danced with joy; darted its ray upon the benefactors before it, and showed admirably the heart pleasing pantomimic play of gratitude! The whole person besides was braced into energy; it was taller than a moment before: it was life revived—the man and the father of happier days returned, and showed the feelings once enjoyed. The action that followed obtained greater effect even than all this; the relieved threw down his hat, clasped his hard hands with vehemence together, raised his fine eyes (for the heart so affected never did they appear so handsome) upwards, his toes forming the only pedestal for the support of his person, energy had raised his heels from the floor, and with a voice equally as vehement, exclaimed,

"pless, pless you; may God apove pless you." Convulsion did too much; the disordered body reeled, and powerless fell at the feet of the overwhelmed spectators.

Never had the enlightened baronet seen such a sight; never expected such conduct—so powerful, so pleasing, so grateful, for a good only promised. He now saw clearly the way to obtain a contented, a thankful, an active tenantry; saw now how to increase his wealth, and secure it better than by all the exertions, and the cares of a thousand usurious stewards together. Deeply affected, and entirely speechless, he rose, and abruptly left the room. Soon after the house-steward entered, put a valuable paper into the hand of the nearly unconscious farmer, and then respectfully glancing on the overpowered, excellent, amiable causes of all, took hold of his arm, and led him from the apartment.

Soon as the power of speech was recovered, the noble lord looking affectionately on the subdued Henry, exclaimed, "Ah! the hap-

piness and the happy consequences of doing good: and O, the change that will take place in this house, and all the houses in the vale! My beloved uncle will become indeed a friend to the poor; he will, he has, opened his heart and his purse to relieve them. How delightful now will be our rides in, and even beyond our neighbourhood: the poor will bless us every where. We shall see no more drooping heads, sorrowful eyes, nor our neighbours in rags. My uncle will be kind; will inquire into their troubles; will remove them, and set them too on work to prevent them happening again. Methinks I see the altered scene; all hands are employed; and all faces covered with joy; truly, as the Scripture says, 'the valley sings for joy.' Come, my dear Henry," added the delighted, truly excellent young gentleman, "come let us seek my uncle—my, did I say? rather our uncle, our father, and our friend. Let us rejoice together; let us build for ourselves pleasing prospects, by doing acts of

kindness and good will, and let us take care to secure them." Henry still in tears, lent in his hand; and nearly silent together they left the apartment in search of the Baronet, to enjoy another feast of the affections.

CHAP. XV.

It was the custom of Sir Watkin, whenever he was powerfully impressed with any weighty subject, to retreat to an old arbour, that was fixed in the most solitary part of the gardens, and there to reflect until he came to a decision how to act as the case might seem to require. Hurried on by a variety of feelings that were occasioned by the interview with the poor unfortunate farmer, he traced his way to this gloomy spot, and soon fell into a profound reverie. Memory began to be busy; he saw again the numerous instances of misfortune, distress, and want, that he had witnessed since his coming into the possession of his title and estates. If he had but given a small part of his vast income, or immense wealth, to the subjects of the different species of poverty, that had appeared at various times before him, he might have swept away inconceivable trouble from their depressed minds. He had not done so; he had slighted them; he had presumed, conceiving himself to be

the exclusive proprietor of the riches he held in trust; he had arrogantly even demeaned himself; had all but insulted the objects he had seen. He might have exchanged the language of the face; that of the eye might have declared different things. He saw what might have been done by the heart affecting manner of the grateful farmer. "Now," he whispered to himself, "that man will love me always; he will gratefully mention my kindness wherever he may be admitted; and obtain for me a name, where before I had none, or worse than none. Besides, I have been told of the conduct of my oppressed tenantry; they have neglected the cultivation of their lands, have impoverished them, have destroyed the vital principle; and have gone to gaol to seal all rather than pay their rents due to me. Now this man will return me thirty fold, or it may be a hundred; he will conceive that he is working for a friend, a friend whenever he should again fall into distress; for one who has eased the troubled aching breasts of himself and dependant family, who has caused joy to exhibit itself in every apartment of his house; who has enlivened every face, who has exchanged cankering, consuming

thought, and given it a direction altogether different and joyous. What this man may do, and I trust, I believe will do, all may do, if all be similarly, as they require, assisted. This shall be the case; then by what a happy people shall I be surrounded! how grateful their conduct, and how various, and variously pleasing their methods of shewing it. Then I feel the bow and the curtesy will be voluntary, not forced; they will be paid to benevolence, and not to accidental wealth or property.] The face too will proclaim the joy of the heart; and the diffident smile be the index of a grateful mind. Thus proceeding, and thus seeing, thus hearing, and thus receiving, my life will become entirely happy, and not in the least languid as it has been! My wealth has hitherto excluded me from my people; it has entirely subdued feeling; it has bound the heart in fetters of iron; it has dressed me in the form of a tyrant in the face of the people, to whom indeed I am indebted! Their industry enriches me, they are indeed the donors of my wealth; without them my lands would be helpless at production; barrenness might and would have been theirs. Shame on me, the very people

whom I have shunned, neglected, and almost despised are the originators of all the good I enjoy ; they gave cause for the erection of the magnificent house I inherit—the beautiful grounds that surround it; the title even by which I am designated ; yea, the weighty position I maintain in society. Most ungrateful have I then been to these my benefactors ; I have slighted men who were filling my treasury with undeserved riches. Unthankful man as I am ; worse, barbarian as I am ; for I have seen these men, or their descendants before their own eyes, beloved to the utmost conception, in need, in distress, covered with sorrow, and have not relieved, relieved do I say, and have not paid a part of the perpetual demands they have upon me ! I will remove the load of ingratitude that oppresses me. I cannot bear my reflections—I it is, that am poor ; I it is, that should solicit ; that should court the favour of my tenantry ; and should bear the face of concern until I obtain it. I *will* court them ; I *will* assuage the wounded mind ; I *will* bind up the inflictions that misfortune or trouble has made ; my tenantry *shall* feel that I also am sensible of obligation ; and if they

gratefully pronounce their own, I will tell them that it is mutual."

Sir Watkin in addition to these reflections and laudable resolutions, fell into profounder study; thought pursued duty until he came finally to the determination to call in the aid of his new friend Mr. Wilford, who appeared to him a discreet, judicious, and penetrative man. Thus terminated his considerations; and he was about to rise from the damp, cold seat, and to return to the house, when he heard footsteps approaching. They were those of Henry and the young noble Lord, their great affection inducing them to go to the extreme boundary of the grounds in search of him. The baronet smiled at this proof of their love, thanked them in the kindest tone; and taking a hand of each led them into the other parts of the gardens, where he pleasingly descanted upon the properties of the different flowers, and natural productions that met their notice.

On the pupil's next day's visit to the parsonage, at their entrance on the little rising fore ground, that cast an additional air of grandeur on the house, they perceived the grateful little

Edward in tears. Immediately they sprung up to him, and Henry addressed him in a tone of great tenderness, and inquired, "What is the matter, Neddy?" why do you cry?"

The grateful boy, his tears greatly increased, and with a voice almost inaudible, exclaimed, "my mother, my mother, O, my mother! She will die; she will die! Kind master is gone down to her to do her good; but O, she will die; my poor dear mother will die!"

The auditors were greatly affected at this most pleasing though painful instance of filial love. "Do not cry," said the noble lord; "do not cry, poor Neddy; your mother may recover; I hope she will. Here, Neddy," added the nearly the peerless boy, "when you go down to the cottage, give this sovereign to the—your grand mammy; tell her to lay it out to do your mother good."

Neddy's tears fell afresh at this additional token of his noble benefactor's kindness. He took the golden stranger; and made a bow down to the ground; his tears were his only expressions; emotion was too powerful to permit the grateful sounds. His manner however procured additional

regard for him in the breasts of the commiserating spectators. It was the evidence of genuine gratitude; of affections good as a son; and good as an humble servant. The noble lord secretly then resolved to look to his future welfare; to interest his uncle in his behalf, that he might be taken from his uncertain (after the loss of his present firm friend the curate) condition, and put into the way of procuring a maintenance by the cultivation of his talents, aided by dispositions so eminently good.

While thus employed, the curate approached, and immediately apprehended what had been done by the agitated manner of his little domestic, and the sympathy visible on the countenances of his pupils. "Come little Neddy," said he, "do not be cast down; your mother, I trust will speedily recover. I have just now heard, my dear lord, of your repeated acts of benevolence to my little boy, his grateful mother, ill as she certainly is, and his no less grateful grandmother: with warm hearts, and loud tongues as they were able, they have proclaimed the number and extent, yes, the happy consequences of your lordship's bounty."—

The noble lord hearing his praises, covered his suffused face with his hands, and turned aside to hide his emotion.

The pious divine continued; "there has been several struggles between a mother and her mother; the latter would not partake of the bounty, loudly asserting, that it should be spent in procuring the necessary nourishment for the debilitated daughter. The other knowing her long continued obligations, and that she had often occasioned a scanty meal, and sometimes none at all, to her aged mother, would not listen to her forbearance; she herself refused enjoyment unless there were participation. Oh, what virtue there is in that humble cottage; what maternal, and filial affection I have seen; and what heart affecting delineations of gratitude I have heard! They deserve a better fate, I was going to say; no, I forbear; their condition is wisely ordered; having little of this world's good, they have little to bind them to it. They can sit loose to a condition, to a life that is not to be, that cannot be perpetual or eternal." Turning to his greatly regarded little assistant, and laying his hand on his head, he further went on, and said, "worthy

offspring of a parent so good ; be appeased, your beloved mother is in the hand of an overseeing, all knowing Father, and provident Friend. She cannot do but well ; she is resigned, tranquil, and I believe happy. I think she will live ; live to see and hear her beloved, dutiful Neddy, beloved, because dutiful, again and again. Bear up then, dear boy ; hope, for all things will end well. You shall ever have a deputy father, dear boy, if I may presume on the appointment, in me ; I will never desert you ; your own good, excellent, grateful conduct has occasioned these words ; they are but part of the reward it is entitled to ; my house shall be your home ; and my person and influence your protection."

During this address the little domestic especially evinced its powerful effect ; his feelings swam in liquid, the liquid of the best grateful affections ; he was carried away by the stream, and bending he clasped the knee of his beloved master, and fervently pressed it to his agitated bosom. The virtuous spectators were reduced to entire helplessness at this fine display of early gratitude ; the influence was shewn at once. Henry and the

noble lord both rushed simultaneously, and the latter himself embraced *him* who a little while before was clothed or rather unclothed, was seen in wretchedness, rags, and heart affecting misery.

This chapter must not be closed, without relating an interesting and endearing instance of filial love; it was by a most humble individual it is true; but it is therefore the more interesting, because poverty and its attendant distress are often alleged as the causes of the expulsion of most of the dispositions that do honour to the heart and the character; or to dispositions that describe what is natural affection, and what is sincere, lasting, social friendship. Little Neddy could not rest on his return to his duty under the direction of the worthy pastor's housekeeper; the idea of having in his pocket a golden coin, and that it might accomplish the cure of his beloved mother occupied his mind every moment. He first took up one thing, laid it almost as instantly down, and took hold of another: soon left that alone, and applied himself to a third. At length his manner was perceived by the domestic regulator, the kind housekeeper before mentioned, with evident regard in

her tone, she inquired, what was the matter with him?

Neddy colouring deeply, and without daring to lift his eyes up to his mistress, replied, "that he could now get a doctor to his poor mother; that he held in his pocket more money than he ever possessed in his life; that it was the gift of the kind, tender hearted young lord; that it should be laid out to recover his beloved Mary," as he sometimes called his mother; "that he wanted permission to take the money to her; and that he was afraid if time went on longer, it might be too late."

"Go then, my dear Neddy," returned the kind woman; "take it, my dear loving child, to your mother; and I pray that it may get in time to her."

Neddy was deeply affected at this fresh instance of his domestic associates kindness, he crept closely up to her, raised and kissed her hand; and snatching up his hat which hung pendant in the outer kitchen, away he flew on his errand of filial love. Soon he reached the little cottage door; there that same love caused him to make a sudden stop; he trod quietly lest he should disturb; and as quietly lifted the latch from the same motive. He per-

ceived his aged grandmother nearly asleep, from natural debility at her time of life; and from excessive weariness occasioned by attendance on her sick daughter. The dutiful boy approached her knee before he was perceived; his gentle touch roused her. "What, Neddy, my dear," she exclaimed, "is it you! Your dear Mary is a little better, I think; but I don't know; she is asleep."

Neddy was too intent upon the nature of his visit to wait for further observation; holding up the golden stranger to them both, he in his turn exclaimed, "see, dear grandmam; see what I have got to give Mr. Evans to cure my dear Mary; it is the gift of my dear Lord Moreton; won't he cure her, I am sure he will. Pray, grandmam, go to him; it is't far to his house; he is a kind man; and I do think he will make her well for all this money."

The tender hearted grand parent was astonished in the first place at the immensity of the gift in her view; for never since her husband's death had she seen so much within the confines of her humble dwelling; and greatly pleased in the next at this additional instance of her grandchild's filial love.

But she could not help smiling at his innocent simplicity; she knew that life and death are vested in superior hands to those of the village doctor, though his were the conveyancers of the necessary good for her daughter. Looking into the child's face, and seeing anxious love and expectation that his request should be complied with, written on it, she immediately replied, "dutiful, beloved Neddy, I will go to Mr. Evans immediately, and I think he will strive all in his power to bring our Mary back to us. O, beloved child, how good you are, you ought to have a mother's blessing for what you have done, only it will not be right to disturb her. I will tell her; but *I* will bless you, my child." Here the aged woman raised the decayed optic upwards, shewing a reverend aged face; and an eye that was at once the index of sincerity and truth, as well as of motherly love; then descending it again she placed her withered hand upon the head of the obedient, silent, affected and affectionate boy, and whispered her benediction. Seldom had a more interesting sight been observed; seldom had any of the children of poverty been more engagingly employed. A picture was

drawn that was worthy the notice of the most eminent or most luxurious artist.

The affectionate Neddy took an ardent look of his beloved mother—he lingered, he hoped the guinea was in the hand of the restorer. He essayed to leave the spot, somehow he could not; he looked again, he looked as ardently,—it was for the last time, he saw her no more;—Death did its duty, it obeyed the righteous mandate, it separated body and soul, and the latter fled to the happy mansion prepared for it.

CHAP. XVI.

Amidst all their little engagements the affectionate pupils forgot not the disabled tar, nor his interesting story: "I wonder," said Henry, "how he got away from those inhuman men, the Algerines, those enemies of the Christians, and enemies almost to all that is humane and good,"

"We will ask him," replied the amiable noble lord; "I doubt not but he will cheerfully tell us that, and all other interesting things that befell him." Accordingly in the afternoon a request was conveyed to him through the ready Morley; and he was conducted to the harbour wherein he had already given a further continuation of his narrative; and was with difficulty seated as before.

The auditors having seated themselves also, looked with an eye of expectation on the simple historian, "I think I told your honours," said he, "that I was placed under the guard or care of a very ferocious looking man. The next day I was led into a very beautiful garden, where a spade

was put into my hand, but quite unlike ours; and by signs I was ordered to do what another, that was at some little distance, ordered me. I bowed my willingness, and appeared to be all obedience. I was resolved to get this man's good-will if I could; I therefore worked very hard, received every command with a smile, and cheerfully performed all to the utmost. By degrees his watchfulness lessened; he would quit me at an earlier hour than usual; and I was suffered to go to my lodging place by myself. Years passed away in this way; there happened not the least alteration, nor did there appear the slightest chance of my getting away, or making an escape.

“ One day, nearly at the close of labour, lifting up my eyes from the ground, I saw a something that glittered very much. I went to the spot, and perceived a most beautiful picture set round with diamonds and pearls. I did not know what to do; I was in doubt whether I should take it or not. However without coming to a point about it, I took and placed it in my vest; for I was clothed, your honors, according to the custom of the poor of the country; for they hate the very dress as well as the

persons of the Christians. In the morning, for I was allowed no light by night, I thought of the treasure I had about me. I hastily viewed it, and perceived the likeness of the most beautiful female or lady I ever saw, or I think ever was. She appeared to be about twenty, her forehead high, clear, and white as alabaster; her eye-brows large and dark; her eyes fine, never except poor Zora's, have I seen the like; her cheeks fine beyond expression; and the smile that was on the lips, the most pleasing I ever saw. She was, that is the living lady, your honors, I am sure, the handsomest woman that ever lived.

"I was drawn away," continued the historian, "by the ringing of the great bell, calling all the slaves to work in different parts of the immense gardens and grounds, from the pleasing sight, so I hid my treasure in my bosom until the next morning. Just before that day's work was finished, I thought I saw a figure glide between the trees that stood in an obscure part of the gardens. I looked ardently and for sometime; it appeared again; it came near, at last it stood before me. Oh, your honors, seldom will you see so fine a man in this country:

dusky as it was I had a full view of him. He was tall, had a fine noble face, with an eye black as jet, and as sharp, lively, and pleasing as the hawk's. He appeared to be as light as a feather, as we say; and moved most gracefully to me. "Christian," said he, in so kind a tone, that he quite won my heart, "Christian," said he, "is liberty dear to thee?" "Yes, to be sure, it is," said I. "Then here I will see thee to-morrow at this time; and by and by will instruct thee how to obtain it. Canst thou feel for; canst thou assist to give freedom to another?" Of course, your honors, I said I did feel for another; and would do any thing in my power to gain him his liberty. After this the fine beautiful man waved his hand most gracefully; and then tripped out of sight in a moment.

"As I went to my dungeon, for it was nothing else, I could not help thinking of the handsome stranger, and what he had said: at last I said to myself, then I shall gain liberty for myself, and I dare say I may get to old England once more. And again, said I, and alone as I was the tears fell like a shower of rain from me, I may see old Clwyd

and the old cot too; and more, said I, weeping, and speaking aloud, and poor old father, mother, and Nelly besides. O how I longed for the next night; I was resolved to keep the secret; for I would not, I was determined keep faith with such people, they were worse than Jews, and if possible as bad as infidels. In thinking of home, father, mother, and Nelly, and of the old spots round the church yard I fell asleep; and dreamed of them all, and the handsome stranger besides.

"Well, your noble lordships," the simple tar went on, "the next day came, it went; and the night began to creep on. Now I was all anxiety; I looked every way for the noble stranger, but I looked in vain; nothing disturbed the scene; all was silent as the grave. At length I thought I heard slight movements; they came nearer, at last the stranger and another person stood before me. He paid me, that is the noble stranger; for the other appeared an inferior, and not remarkable for very good manners. 'Christian,' said he, 'may I depend on thee, wilt thou be faithful?' 'Will I,' said I, 'only try me; may that be my last moment, that I deceive you in!' 'Enough!'

said he, 'follow me.' We went on creeping on our toes, fearing almost our very selves, until we came to an immense large building which I had never seen before. Here they made a stop; the man I had only seen that morning then pulled out of his bosom, something like a black silk dress; and put it on the noble stranger; he on his part drew from his breast another like it, and gave it to the other, who offered to put it on me. I consented, and so we were all three dressed alike. Then the inferior stranger next removed some little boughs which were covered with leaves, that grew on the spot, and stooping, stamped lightly on something, it gave way, and he descended into the ground a little; the fine noble stranger followed next, and I followed him. We went down a flight of narrow stone steps; at the bottom in a corner, which we hardly perceived, we saw a small glimmering light; it was a lamp. The guide, who was the inferior, and whom afterwards I found to be an eunuch, the stranger had got over to his interests, seized it, and we all paced the floor or ground; every thing was silent as the grave. At length we arrived at another flight of steps; at their

feet in a corner the light was placed again ; and we ascended groping our way.

“ We were at last stopped ; for we had reached the topmost step. The eunuch now felt about with his hand for some time ; at last he found and pressed a spring. Immediately a space was opened sufficient to admit one person ; we all went through ; the part of a pillar, as it was, closed again, and there was no apparent mark of separation, all seemed close and solid. We had got into a most beautiful hall, or immense apartment ; lights were hung at different distances ; and a great way off we saw several persons.

“ The eunuch now whispered in my ear, and gave me the pass word ; ‘ all the persons you see,’ said he, ‘ are the same as myself ; you will be suffered to remain uninterrupted, if you give the word. It is a rule among us to let all go free whoever they are that give the pass word ; fear not, you are dressed as one of us ; and if you keep silence, you will not be discovered.’

“ I nodded assent, and onward we proceeded ; but as though we were strange to one another, until we reached the persons we had seen ; we gave

the pass word, each of us, for we were all examined aside, and were then suffered to advance. We arrived at last at the door apparently of a grand apartment; it was the entrance into the rooms where the ladies lived; the eunuch pulled a spring, which I am sure I did not perceive; the door opened of itself, we saw no one. Again we went on: and passed through several of the grandest rooms I had ever seen. Now were desired to remain where we were, and still to appear to have little knowledge of each other; and as though we were waiting to be called. The eunuch alone, again went on; he opened a door, and I heard noises of different sorts. I heard a great deal of wrangling, as if ladies, ladies above all, your honors, were quarrelling; and I believe some were even weeping, for I heard very loud sobs now and then. Next we heard sounds of the sweetest music I think I ever heard.

“ I suppose we stopped an hour; at last we perceived the eunuch coming towards us in company seemingly with another. They joined us; our eunuch, if I may call him so, put his finger upon his lips, the other trembled sadly, just like a leaf

in a high wind. Our eunuch whispered in the ear of the young noble; and the two eunuchs went on alone, we followed, at a great distance. At last we all met before the pillar again; our eunuch stooped, pressed it, and it flew open. We all went through, and went down the steps we had come up! We dare not speak, and we trod as silently as possible. At last we came to the other steps; these we went up, and by pressing a small board, I thought, an opening appeared, we went through, and got into the gardens once more.

“ Now the young noble clasped one of the eunuchs for a moment fondly to his breast; the other leaned on his shoulder. But they were put asunder by our eunuch, who again put his finger on his lips. We went on as swift as lightning almost; and through several gardens, and delightful grounds. The night was as dark as pitch: we could scarcely see one another; and kept together as well as we could. We at last stopped before a high wall; I think I never saw a higher. We could get no further; for my part I did not know what we should do. Our eunuch now spoke a long time with the noble youth; and he pressed the eunuch

to his breast. What they said I know not; the other eunuch seemed to feel for the one the nobleman embraced; but did not embrace him as well. At length our eunuch stooped down near the bottom of the wall; and a small hole immediately appeared. We went down about a dozen of steps, walked about ten yards in utter darkness; then went up other steps again. Once more our eunuch pressed a spring; an opening was made, and the young handsome stranger and the other eunuch stepped out upon firm ground, or into the open air. We were all free; for I was desired to follow, and to attend upon the noble strangers. Our eunuch now stroked my beard; prayed to the prophet for our welfare; descended the steps again, closed the trap door, and we saw him no more.

“ The noble stranger now led the way. We walked with fear and agitation for more than half an English mile; at last we came to one of the most retired spots I think in the world. We passed through a vast number of tall shadowy trees, and rapidly walked on, until we reached a small pretty building. The stranger tapped lightly at the door; it was opened by a kind Algerine wo-

man (for there are some kind people every where I do believe) who held a light in her hand. We did not go in; a peasant came out, went to a shed, and quickly returned conducting three fine blood horses. Not a word was said; the noble stranger squeezed the hands of the peasants; put a purse into their hands, then we mounted, and flew off like a shot.

“ I suppose,” the interesting, untaught narrator went on, “ we rode a hundred English miles that night. I was surprised that the Donna, (for the other eunuch was a woman, a lady, I should say, your honors) stood it, or rode it so well. We reached at last a small sea-port; instantly the noble leader applied something to his mouth, which sounded something like our whistle. We waited some little time, when we perceived a boat coming towards us; the noble strangers got into it, and I followed. But before we proceeded to the ship, which was a small Algerine vessel, one of the men first led the horses to the house where I understood they had been procured by the master or captain. We at last got on board, and the wind soon after becoming fair, we set sail.

" I learned, as we proceeded, a little of the history of the noble pair ; they were Spanish natives ; the young man the oldest son of a great grandee. They had been sailing in his yacht in the harbour of Cadiz, when the young noble, having forgot several musical instruments, undertook to go on shore for them. In the meanwhile a gale sprung up ; and the yacht was carried out to sea, and unfortunately fell into the clutches of an Algerine cruizer. The noble youth soon learned all ; he went again on shore ; procured an immense sum, and returned in search of his lost beautiful friend. He got a clue for money, followed it with great diligence ; traced almost every step after the lady's landing, and even got to the very place where she was confined. Eunuchs, your honors, pretend to be very faithful to their employers ; but money will corrupt the best of them, I know it. These men had themselves, or those before them, made secret entrances into the harem, or the place where the ladies live ; and could as they pleased take in and take out secretly any person they liked. They are yet jealous of one another ; and keep, if possible,

their engagements a profound secret from one another.

“ The vessel we sailed in, your honors, I have said was an Algerine ; on the second day we were spied by an English frigate ; a pinnace well manned, was sent to us, and after firing several shots we were captured. The noble strangers were not sorry, nor was I, you may be sure, your noble lordships. To be short, the frigate soon after met with a Spanish brig ; my noble friends, for most kind they were to me, were put on board her ; first however they embraced and thanked me for my services. I saw them no more, I doubt not now but they are happy, and comfortably married. I delivered the likeness of the Donna to the noble Don, soon after we got on board ; he received it with rapture ; and forced upon me many heavy pieces of Spanish money for my care of it.

“ I continued afterwards in the English frigate for two years ; we never all the time saw any thing like the beloved English coast. We fell in at last with a French vessel of superior force ; but we went to it ; and soon made her strike to the noble

old flag. That victory however cost me dear, I lost my limb by it; but that some how I did not much mind, so that we thrashed those rascally, lazy French. I was soon after sent home; put in a way to get a pension; I got it, and soon as possible hurried down to old Clwyd. The rest I have told your honors; but I cannot stop without again thanking your noble lordships for all the kindness, and kind gifts I have received from you." The naval hero ceased; and his auditors thanked him; the noble lord at the same time putting into his hand a purse containing a few sovereigns, as an earnest of his future attention; and as a reward for his trouble and the entertainment he had given his beloved companion and himself. In tears the grateful receiver deposited the gift in his pocket; and by his benefactors was then put into the way to find Morley, and his fixed new home, the part of the Hall he was then an inhabitant of. Soon after the auditors themselves left the harbour, and returned to the house highly pleased with what they had heard.

CHAP. XVII.

Immediately after the resolution which Sir Watkin had formed in the solitary arbour, he proceeded to his apartments, and soon after addressed and sent a letter to Mr. Wilford, and invited him and family to a temporary sojourn at the Hall. It was received with pleasure, because in addition to the kindness of the writer, there were the influence and attraction of a dutiful, affectionate child on fond, and as affectionate parents.

In a few days the removal from the cottage took place; and the amiable family was received in the most pleasing manner by the worthy baronet. He assumed the office of host; and his manner, words, and attentions assisted to set the minds of the invited perfectly at rest. The whole family soon felt entirely at home; the domestics contributed to afford every comfort, because they were known to be the causes of very many they themselves at last enjoyed. The gardens and other grounds were perambulated; the children

gambolled in them at perfect liberty; in short there was every evidence of a lasting union having taken place between host and guests.

Agreeably to his resolution, the baronet invited Mr. Wilford a few days after he had taken up his abode at the Hall, to a private conference. He told him how greatly he had neglected his duty to his tenantry; he was highly culpable; he might have stayed the progress of misfortune, by affording timely relief or assistance. He confessed, and he took shame to himself for having so done, that he had been arbitrary, as well as unfeeling, nay sometimes tyrannical. His eyes, and he was thankful for it, were at length opened; he saw his duty; he would immediately set about a reduction of misfortune wheresoever found among a people who ought to be dear to him, as they were the paymasters in a certain sense he would own, of the luxuries, the pleasures he enjoyed. "I earnestly entreat you, dear Sir," added the benevolent baronet, "to visit my people; examine into the causes of their misfortunes wherever you see them; and if they have not been occasioned by impropriety, note the names of the unfortunate down;—

all shall be relieved. Let, Sir, the industrious be encouraged; nay more, and it now first occupies my mind, it ought to have done long, very long ago, let the anxious fears of deserving parents be removed—the industrious young men and women shall be assisted in their views for their own settlement.”

Mr. Wilford altogether astonished at this praiseworthy communication, because it proceeded from one who but a few months before was remarkable for his total disregard of all feeling and sympathy, or of all concern for the unfortunate, was about to express his admiration of the intentions of the worthy baronet, when the latter stopped him, and continued; “I have acted an inhuman part, I feel that I have; I might, I could I think, have exchanged the face of sorrow for that of joy; could have eased many an aching bosom. But I neglected this imperious duty; I turned from the petitioning countenance; nay I threatened that it should be expelled from its home, no doubt the delight of its heart. Pray, dear Mr. Wilford, conform to my request; and I am sure you will pardon me for making it. Go, go, I repeat, among

the unfortunate, the distressed part of my tenantry; and learn what and how much will relieve them; there is no one I can confide in so well as you."

Mr. Wilford heard all with delight; these self criminations were evidences of a thoroughly awakened mind. He immediately promised compliance; indeed he said it would afford him great pleasure to be the harbinger of news so joyous, so well and sufficiently calculated to ease the perturbed mind. Agreeably to this promise in a day or two, properly instructed, Mr. Wilford set out; and visited every cottage, every farm house, every other dwelling in which it was apprehended misfortune had taken up an abode. Had the benevolent, the lover of philanthropy been there, there would have been the enjoyment of a feast; gratitude affected not only the heart but the person in various ways; a poor old widow might be seen on her knees with hands clasped, and eyes uplifted, praying for reward and blessing on her benefactor; the poor farmer, with care deeply written on his face, because he had to provide for a numerous family; because notwithstanding all his struggles he was fearful he should be obliged to quit the house that was

dear to him; and because it was his birth place, and the scene of all his children's advent into the world, might be perceived standing mute, totally inactive and unconscious from the magnitude of the gift, and the good about to be done for him.

This visit of the estimable agent completed the character that before an astonished tenantry were forming for their landlord; the grateful praised, prayed for, and blessed him; and even covered the reporter of his intentions with heart-felt thanks, and often benedictions. Always this amiable man quitted the humble dwelling powerfully impressed with the exaltedness of Virtue; and he felt if any thing would eternize a country or a people it was such conduct as this.

In a very short time after Mr. Wilford had rendered his account, all the needful good was done to the utmost; there was now heard and seen a most pleasing exchange;—the cow-boy and milk-maid were heard to sing; joy and pleasure were heard or seen in every meadow; the farmer traced his way to market, either on foot or astride his home-bred beast with pleasure visible on his open face; the house-wife pursued her course, her

whole person strung to harmony, and in union with the melody of a happy, grateful mind ; the children gambolled on the green before the little church-yard altogether happy, because there was plenty of provision at *home* ; and because the fretful parent had now something else to do than to scold, find fault, or correct.

Never were the breasts of the parent and future possessors of old Llewellyn Hall so happy as now ; the immediate domestics loved them ; they flew to obey every command ; pleasure pervaded the countenance whenever they were met ; and the humble men were no sluggards at paying respect by application of the hand to give the outer sign of it.

It would have done the heart good if the eye had witnessed the next audit after this most valuable display of general philanthropy—Sir Watkin himself presided. The industrious happy men came before him, every member of the body vigorous in motion, instigated by the main spring—a grateful mind. Rents were paid with cheerfulness, indeed with evident pleasure ; and thanks were expressed for the continued occupation of their

farms—their delightful homes. The bountiful landlord was now as loquacious as before he had been silent whenever by accident he had singly met them. To those who had been unfortunate he first addressed himself: “well, farmer Jones, Roberts, Williams, Hughes,” as it might be, “how do you do?” The baronet was thanked in a voice, great gratitude affecting the tonation. The next question was, “how is your good wife and children?” Again gratitude replied. A further query was, “how does business go on; is every thing pleasing at home?” Once more gratitude readily and thankfully replied. “At any time,” added the worthy landlord, “my good industrious man, you feel the necessity of help, or that you want money, do not hesitate; do not suffer the mind to be perplexed, and your energies depressed; come, come to me; tell me your case; and it shall to the full be assisted.” Every heart was affected on hearing these cheering, most delightful sounds; stubborn, athletic men, instantly shewed themselves children—tears sprung out unbidden, and the coarse handkerchiefs were drawn forth, and cough-

ing became pretty general, done to prevent notice of them.

Now the estimable landlord addressed himself to those of his tenantry who had not been partakers of his bounty. "I sit here, gentlemen," said he, "as a father among his children: glad am I that you have so well demeaned yourselves; that your care has been so constant, as to prevent the invited entrance of misfortune among you. But, gentlemen, I correct myself; misfortune will happen, will come upon the best of us. I thank you for your honourable discharge of the usual demand, I feel happy in having upon you. Your pleasing appearance here is a proof of the happiness that exists at your homes; I earnestly desire, that it may ever continue; I am sure you will do your utmost that may do so. But, my friends, I have said, misfortune will come unbidden; should it come among you, or among your children; and it be beyond your influence to controul; come, come to me, your landlord, your friend; and my purse and my counsel shall ever be at your service. At present, again I thank you!"

What heart could resist this? The addressed tenantry, as well as the unaddressed, shewed they could not; emotion became visible throughout the whole assembly; thanks issued from every mouth; and finally the audit ended with leave taking such as landlord and tenant had never seen before.

The influence, the example, the effects of juvenile virtues on a mind beyond the meridian that should have possessed the influence; and shewn the example and the effects, must not end here. The grateful tenantry set about to exhibit a public proof or instance of their feeling, and the new born regard they had begun to entertain for their excellent landlord. Every thing being prepared, leave of the house-steward was requested, it was instantly granted; the great gates were thrown open, and a considerable number of the tenantry was admitted on the lawn, that delightfully sloped before the house. The actors in the intended display were adjusted; all the instruments were properly fixed; and that for which they came commenced. A dozen of the most expert struck their harps, and the most acceptable airs to the patriotic