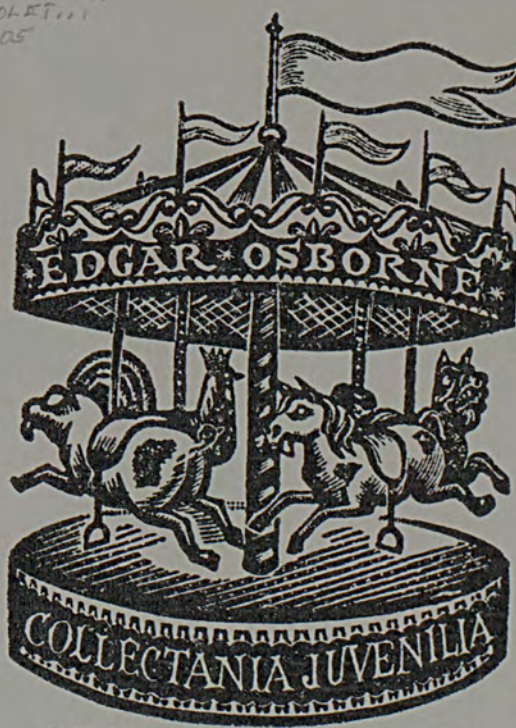

Harriet Dobson

A present from my sister

Margt. L

VIOLET VALE:

OR,

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY

MRS. PILKINGTON.

Dublin:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM WATSON,

CAPEL-STREET.

1805.

PREFACE,

OR

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

TO

VIOLET VALE.

AN Author who ventures to publish his works in a foreign country, may not inaptly be compared to a ſhip-wrecked mariner, caſt upon a ſtrange ſhore, as each muſt depend upon the liberal ſentiments of the inhabitants, for a favourable opinion, and the means of ſupporting life.

Though generoſity of diſpoſition, and liberality of ſentiment, are attached to no particular part of the globe, yet it muſt be allowed, that the people of Hibernia are, in a peculiar degree, poſſeſſed of both; and though not actually a native of that hoſpitable country, I feel a *pride* in ſaying my *anceſtors were.*

An unexpected change of fortune, ſuggeſted the idea of authorſhip; thoſe talents, which were cultivated for *amuſement*, have become the means of *ſupport*; and through their exertion, an aged mother has been ſupplied with the

 common

common comforts of exiſtence, for upwards of eleven years. A fondneſs for children, almoſt enthuſiaſtic, induced me to devote my attention to the improvement of their minds, and I have ſtudiouſly endeavoured to blend *inſtruction* with *delight*. The cold precepts of morality, at an early period of exiſtence, I knew, (from experience) were not likely to impreſs; whilſt a tale, calculated to attract attention, is not eaſily effaced from the mind.

Violet Vale, will, I flatter myſelf, embrace two objects; and will be found capable of conveying improvement and entertainment, at the ſame time; for by introducing each character to the acquaintance of my young readers, under the familiar form of converſation, they will imperceptibly fancy themſelves a party concerned. A gentleman of high repute, as an author in England, pointed out, that it required a ſupplement; or, in other words, a ſecond part, connected with, though not interfering, with the one which is now uſhered into the world. Should my feelings, therefore, be flattered by Violet Vale's meeting with a favourable reception, my young friends may anticipate the idea of peruſing a ſecond volume, in a few months; but I have not vanity enough to induce me to commence this undertaking, until I know whether my writings have the good fortune to be approved.

To

To patronage I have no claim; yet I have ſome illuſtrious friends in Ireland, on whoſe kind endeavours, to promote my intereſt, my hopes of ſucceſs are placed; and without whoſe foſtering friendſhip, I ſhould not have had courage to appear as an author, without being perſonally known.

No. 40, Allſop's Buildings,
New-Road, 1805.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THOUGH Introductions are generally ſuppoſed to be written from intereſted motives, or in other words, for the purpoſe of extending the ſize of a book, yet ſome little preface ſurely is neceſſary, when an Author firſt ventures to make her appearance in the world, at leaſt in a country, where ſhe has not hitherto preſumed to publiſh any of her works.

Various are the viciſſitudes human nature is expoſed to:—an unexpected turn in the wheel of fortune, compelled the author of the following ſtory to convert thoſe talents which had been cultivated for *amuſement*, into a means of *ſupport*.—Flattered by the favourable opinion of ſome of the firſt characters in Ireland, ſhe is induced to offer a ſpecimen of her writings to the public at large: yet ſhe would not have preſumed to expoſe them

to the eye of criticiſm, had not her endeavours to improve the youthful mind met with general applauſe.

The converſations which take place between an attached mother and her children, will be found to contain much uſeful inſtruction, though ſimplified in ſtyle, for the purpoſe of rendering them more impreſſive than if the language had been more technical, or refined.—*Philoſophy* is a ſtudy which not only expands the ideas, but naturally directs them towards the great Creator of the world; and whilſt it improves the underſtanding, imperceptibly refines, and purifies the heart. The ſtories introduced upon a *Saturday evening*, are not written merely to *entertain*, as each will be found to convey a moral leſſon to the young and inexperienced mind. —An *abſent parent*, ought at all periods, to attach the thoughts of affectionate children: but by making him the ſubject of converſation on *one* particular *night* in the *week*, Mrs. Howardine cheriſhed the growth of filial attachment, and at once blended duty with improvement and delight.

Such

Such is the general outline of this little publication; and if the author's intention ſhould fortunately ſucceed, the maternal advice of Mrs. Howardine, will extend its beneficial influence far beyond the precincts of Violet Vale.

M. P.

London, April 3rd,
1805.

VIOLET VALE:

OR,

SATURDAY NIGHT.

CHAP. I.

ATTRACTED by the influence of a chearful fire, the amiable offspring of the benevolent Mrs. Howardine had arranged themſelves around it on a gloomy evening in October, for the purpoſe of liſtening to one of thoſe intereſting narratives with which their mother generally entertained them upon a *Saturday Night*.—A loud rap at the door announced the arrival of the poſtman: a large packet was delivered into Mrs. Howardine's hand, when each of the children evinced their *filial affection*, by expreſſing a hope that it contained intelligence from dear papa.

Expectation was painted upon every countenance, although an univerſal ſilence prevailed;

for they were too well inſtructed to offer any interruption whilſt their mama was peruſing the packet which ſhe had juſt received.—"It is *not* from your papa;" ſaid Mrs. Howardine, folding up the letter, in a diſappointed tone of voice: "it informs me that your couſin Matilda, is arrived in the laſt fleet from Bengal."

"I hope ſhe has brought me ſome gold and ſilver muſlin!" exclaimed Ellen, (who was about eleven years of age). "I hope ſhe has brought me an *ivory fan!*" ſaid her ſiſter; "and I hope ſhe has brought me an *elephant!*" cried the manly little George.—"Whatever ſhe may have brought, not any thing ſhall be *preſented*;" replied Mrs. Howardine, looking diſpleaſed: "I expected you would have rejoiced at the idea of embracing ſo near a relation, inſtead of anticipating the *advantage* which each of you were to receive."—The two girls felt the force of their mother's obſervation too ſeverely to be able to make any reply; but George, who was not quite half the age of Ellen, did not comprehend *how* he had *acted wrong*. "Why mama," ſaid he, "you know I have always *wanted* an *elephant*; and you told me that many of them came from Bengal; but if my couſin has brought one for me, upon my honour I will give her my little horſe."—"I know you are a generous fellow, George;" replied Mrs. Howardine, "but you ſurely forget an *elephant's ſize*; and it was very *ſelfiſh* to think of the *preſents* your

your couſin was to bring you, rather than of the pleaſure which her *company* would impart."

Tears ſtood in the eyes both of Ellen and Auguſta, which their affectionate mother perceived, and after a few more remarks upon the illiberality of their wiſhes, ſhe kindly forgave an unintentional fault. Though the captain of the ſhip had offered to ſend Miſs Cavendiſh to *Violet Vale*, (which was the name which had been given to Mrs. Howardine's romantic retreat), ſhe did not chooſe to truſt her to travel the diſtance of ſixty miles, under an Aſiatic ſervant's care; but reſolved to ſet off for Portſmouth on the following morning, for the purpoſe of receiving her youthful charge.

Mr. Cavendiſh and Mrs. Howardine, were the younger branches of a noble family; and as the principal part of the fortune was ſettled upon the *elder ſon*, they had little to ſupport the ſituation they were born to ſhine in. The one married a captain in the navy, and the other reſolved to ſeek *affluence* far from his native home. —The perſon of Mr. Cavendiſh was remarkably handſome, and attracted the affections of a daughter of an Indian chief: the young Matilda was the only offspring of this marriage, and was to each of her parents an object of delight. Long had Mr. Cavendiſh wiſhed to place his darling under the protection of his ſiſter, but her mother could not bear the idea of parting from her child, and ſhe was nine years of age

when ſhe arrived in England; though not the ſlighteſt cultivation had been beſtowed upon her mind.—Her face was at once beautiful and intelligent; but there was an haughtineſs in her manners peculiarly diſguſting in a child: this, Mrs. Howardine attributed to an improper mode of education, as, from her brother's letters, ſhe was convinced ſhe had been completely ſpoiled.

During the voyage, Miſs Cavendiſh had been intruſted to the care of a Mrs. Danvers, a lady who had reſided in India ſeveral years, and who inſtead of endeavouring to counteract any falſe impreſſions ſhe had imbibed from too much indulgence, rather encouraged her in folly and pride.—Had Matilda been the *daughter* inſtead of the *niece* of the amiable Mrs. Howardine, ſhe could not have received her with more affection and warmth: but the careſſes which were beſtowed upon her, ſeemed to make not the ſlighteſt impreſſion; for nature had not endowed her with a ſuſceptible heart. Mortified at the inſenſibility of Matilda's conduct, Mrs. Howardine could not help expreſſing to the lady who had the charge of her, the ſenſations which it had inſpired. "O my dear madam," (ſaid the weak Mrs. Danvers), "you ought never to notice the actions of a child; beſides, Miſs Cavendiſh really has been accuſtomed to ſo much *elegance* and *indulgence*, that ſhe is diſguſted with the accommodation of our inn."

Mrs.

Mrs. Howardine was so completely *disgusted* with the folly of this weak woman, that she resolved to leave Portsmouth on the following morn, convinced that her niece would derive no advantage from such a companion, who instead of *reproving*, would *encourage* her *faults*.—Partial as Matilda seemed to Mrs. Danvers's society, yet she took leave of her with an indifference scarcely to be conceived; a new wax doll her aunt had bought, occupied all her attention, and she even coolly asked if she was to be attended by Indiana her maid. Joyfully would Mrs. Howardine have avoided that incumbrance, as she perceived that Indiana's *servility* would only augment Matilda's *pride*; but she was fearful that a child who had so recently been separated from its natural connexions, would be unhappy without the society of some being to whom it had been used.

To win the affections of her niece, was Mrs. Howardine's first object, although she was persuaded it would prove rather an arduous task: however, during the journey she seemed perfectly contented, and before they reached Violet Vale, had fallen into a profound sleep.—George was in bed, but Ellen and Augusta, had waited to receive their cousin. Every toy in their possession was displayed; but Matilda paid no attention to this mark of affection, and scarcely returned their sisterly embrace. Matilda and Indiana slept in an apartment adjoining Mrs. Howardine's,

Howardine's, who was awoke by the loud voice of her niece at a very early hour. "I *will* have my *palanquin*," vociferated the young lady, "and if you do not order it *this inſtant*, I'll go and tell my aunt."

It was in vain Mrs. Howardine informed her no ſuch mode of conveyance was to be procured in *England*, or promiſed that ſhe ſhould walk out with her couſins as ſoon as the fog was diſperſed. "I wont ſtay in this place," ſhe exclaimed, ſobbing with paſſion, "if I may not go *out* as ſoon as I am up.—"My deareſt Matilda," ſaid the patient Mrs. Howardine, "if I was to ſuffer your wiſhes to be gratified, you would catch a violent cold; for though in the country you came from, morning is the time for amuſement, yet the climate is very different with us. —I will convince you (ſhe continued), in leſs than five minutes how hurtful it would be for you to go out;" and raiſing up the window, ſhe put out a muſlin handkerchief, which ſoon was completely moiſtened with the fog.

By this experiment, Matilda's attention was attracted, and ſhe gazed upon the handkerchief with a look of ſurpriſe, when her aunt taking it in, deſired her to feel it. "Oh dear! it is quite *wet*;" ſhe exclaimed.—"And you would have been in the ſame ſituation," ſaid Mrs. Howardine, "had I permitted you to go out." "Would any body have thrown water over me?" enquired Matilda. "No; it is merely the effect of what

what we term *dew* or *fog*."—"That is very odd indeed;" ſaid the aſtoniſhed Matilda, unaccuſtomed to have her underſtanding convinced; "but where does the wet come from? how could it get upon the handkerchief? and why ſhould it make people very ill?"

"I will endeavour my dear girl to explain this matter to you;" ſaid the intelligent Mrs. Howardine, drawing Matilda upon her knee: "and as ſoon as you are able to read *well*, I will procure you a variety of entertaining books which will explain the *cauſe* of every thing that you *ſee*.—Fogs, however, are a body of weſtern vapours, which at this time of the year in particular, riſe out of the earth; and from the coldneſs of the air they hover around us, until, as the day advances, they are attracted higher by the ſun."

"But *how* does the ſun attract them aunt?" again enquired Matilda, whoſe expreſſive countenance was lighted up with an engaging ſmile. "I will ſhew you," ſaid her aunt, dipping the handkerchief into a baſon of water, and then holding it near to the fire.—"It ſmoaks! it will be in a blaze!" exclaimed Matilda, catching hold of Mrs. Howardine's arm. "No my love," ſhe replied, "it is not *ſmoak*, but a moiſt vapour, attracted by the heat of the fire; and if I hold it long enough, it will be completely abſorbed by it: in the ſame manner the ſun, acts upon a fog.—You would certainly get cold if

you

you were wrapped up in this wet handkerchief, and you would be equally liable to it from the dampneſs of the air: therefore, whenever I refuſe to gratify your inclinations, depend upon it, I ſhall always have ſome good reaſon which you may not comprehend."

This deſire of obtaining information, afforded Mrs. Howardine real ſatisfaction, as ſhe flattered herſelf with the hope that by proper management Matilda might become an intelligent child. —When the hour of breakfaſt arrived, a baſon of milk was prepared for her, which however ſhe refuſed to taſte, and inſtantly threw herſelf into a paſſion with Indiana becauſe ſome coffee had not been brought. "You ſhall have coffee this *morning*, becauſe I conſider you as a *ſtranger*," ſaid Mrs. Howardine; "but it is not a proper breakfaſt for little girls, and it is ridiculous in you to be angry with poor Indiana, who only acted obedient to *my commands*." "But ſhe is *my maid*," replied Matilda haughtily, "and mama told me I had a right to be angry with her when I pleaſed: and the Miſs Lukeingtons often uſed both to *bite*, and to *beat her*; for Indiana, you know aunt, *is only a ſlave*." "*Only a ſlave, Matilda!*" repeated Mrs. Howardine: "and is not a *ſlave* endued with the *ſame feelings* as *yourſelf?* Whilſt Indiana remains under *my protection*, no one ſhall treat her with *unkindneſs*, or *diſreſpect*." "Tank you good miſſes!" ſaid the grateful Indiana, whilſt tears of ſenſibility ſtarted into her

her eyes: "me love—me ſerve—me do every ting you bid me—me never heard ſuch kind word—no never in my life."

Matilda looked at her aunt, then at Indiana; "*bring* me ſome *ſweetmeats*;" ſaid ſhe in an authoritative voice. "I am ſhocked at hearing you ſpeak in that arbitrary manner, my dear Matilda; aſk *civilly*, and whatever you want, you ſhall have." Matilda, however, obſerved a ſullen ſilence; the ſweetmeats of courſe, did not appear. When breakfaſt was ended, Ellen and Auguſta invited her into their play-room, and the gloom on her countenance very ſoon diſperſed. When the clock ſtruck *ten*, Ellen informed her couſin, they muſt leave their amuſements and go to their mama, as at that hour they always attended to her inſtructions; but at *one* they ſhould have the pleaſure of joining her again.

"And what are you going to do?" enquired the diſappointed Matilda. "*Read*, *write*, *work* and *draw*; then hear mama explain a variety of things to us, which but for her kindneſs, we could not comprehend."—"I ſhall hate this *vile* England!" in a petful tone of voice, exclaimed Matilda; "I hope my aunt dont mean to keep me ſo many hours; but papa promiſed I ſhould not be tormented by any body, and that if I did not like it, I ſhould not be *made* to *learn*." "Then you will be a *dunce*," ſaid George, "and every body will laugh at you, juſt as they do at

Charlotte

Charlotte Price: ſhe cannot read ſo well as *me*, can ſhe Auguſta? She is always playing with her brothers juſt like a *Tom-boy*."

Mrs. Howardine, who had entered unobſerved by the little prattler, told him it was very ungenerous to expoſe the faults of his friends "She is *no friend* of mine, mama," ſaid he, colouring with confuſion; "and *indeed*, ſhe is a very great *dunce*." "That may be her *misfortune*," (replied his mother), "for her mama is in a very bad ſtate of health; and if I was incapable of inſtructing you, perhaps you would be as great a dunce as Miſs Price. But my dear Matilda," continued ſhe, "are you inclined to come into the *ſchool-room* this morning, or would you rather remain here, and amuſe yourſelf?"

"Papa told me I ſhould *never go to ſchool*!" exclaimed Matilda, at the ſame time burſting into tears. "I merely call my library a ſchool-room, from inſtructing my children in it, but we will change the appellation, if you are frightened at the term."—Matilda, however, preferred entertaining herſelf with her couſins' play-things, and looking over the pictures ſhe found in their books; but as to *reading*, that was what ſhe had an unconquerable averſion to, as well as to every ſpecies of work. Whilſt ſhe was thus employed, Indiana was occupied in unpacking, and arranging her young miſtreſs's apparel in different heaps, for the inſpection of Mrs. Howardine, who was aſtoniſhed at the

immenſe

immenſe quantity they had brought. Neither *ſilver* or *gold muſlins*, were ſent as preſents to the young ladies, but ſome of the fineſt ſprigged ones that India could produce; and, to the *delight* of *Auguſta*, a couple of beautiful *ivory fans*. For the diſappointments George felt at not receiving an *elephant*, he was compenſated by ſome large jars of ſweetmeats, and half-a-dozen pieces of nankeen; and never was a trio more completely happy than the three grateful children of Violet Vale. Unfortunately for Matilda, the day turned out ſo rainy, that it was impoſſible for her to walk out, and as her mind was completely barren of every kind of uſeful knowledge, when the novelty of the play-things was over, the time hung heavy upon her hands.

"How vexatious this rain is, mama!" ſaid Ellen, tired of endeavouring to entertain a companion who was too indolent to be long amuſed: "had my couſin but have come to us in the *ſummer*, ſhe would have been delighted with our *aviary*, our *garden*, and our *flowers*."—"You forget my dear Ellen," replied Mrs. Howardine, "what farmer Thompſon told us laſt Sunday as we were walking from church. Did he not ſay, that for want of *rain*, the land was parched up ſo completely, that it would be wholly unfit for the reception of the grain?—How kind, how courteous is it then in providence, to pour this refreſhing ſtream upon the earth, at the moment when

when it required the returning influence of theſe ſoft and ſalutary ſhowers."

"I *hate rainy weather*, and ſo does every body in India," ſaid Matilda, in a fretful tone of voice; "and I wiſh there was not a ſingle drop in heaven." "In heaven!" replied Auguſta, in an *ironical accent*; for to the failing of *irony* ſhe was naturally prone, and it was with difficulty ſhe could be prevented from indulging it, although ſhe had frequently been puniſhed for the fault.—Matilda, who felt piqued at the manner in which her expreſſion had been repeated, inſtantly appealed to her aunt; who informed her that rain certainly did not deſcend from the heavens, but was a vapour attracted from the earth, ſeas and rivers, which collected, and formed clouds. "In no inſtance does providence diſplay his kindneſs to us more completely," ſaid Mrs. Howardine, "than in the *advantages* we derive from *rain*. Could the labour of man, do you ſuppoſe, water whole tracts of country? or where could a ſufficient quantity be found?"

"In the *ſea*, to be ſure, aunt," replied Matilda; "for I never ſaw any thing but *water* for many, many months: and the ſlaves you know, could be ſent to fetch it, for mama uſed to ſay they always behaved better when they were *hard worked*." "Idleneſs," rejoined her aunt, "is the mother of imperfection; employment is beneficial to the body, as well as the mind; yet I fear many of thoſe unfortunate beings, whom you

you ſeem ſcarcely to conſider as fellow-creatures, are by the inhumanity of their taſk-maſters, literally *killed with work*. Your idea Matilda, for example, of their watering a whole tract of country, by conveying that liquid from the ſea, even if they had no great diſtance to carry it, would be attended with inſupportable fatigue." "And would not ſalt water, mama, deſtroy vegetation?" enquired Ellen: "for when I was at Ramſgate, you know it killed one of my plants."

"That was becauſe you uſed too large a quantity of it;" replied Mrs. Howardine: "for where the ſea only occaſionally overflows paſture lands, it has been found rather to *improve* than *empoveriſh*, and ſome farmers ſcatter *ſalt* over their freſh ſown corn fields." "That muſt coſt a great deal of money mama, ſurely." "Not a *great deal*, my love, for they do not uſe quite two buſhels to an acre of land; and as it enriches the ground, of courſe their crops are more *abundant*, and the expence is then amply repaid."

"It is a pity the ſea is *ſalt*, though, mama; becauſe it taſtes ſo *naſty*;" ſaid George, climbing on his mother's knee. "No George," replied Mrs. Howardine, it is one of the peculiar marks of the wiſdom of the Almighty, for it is that very *ſaltneſs*, that makes it ſo valuable to us. Have you forgotten how ill poor Auguſta was laſt ſummer? yet you know the ſea-air and bathing, completely reſtored her health. Beſides

was

was it not for the uſe of ſalt, the poor mariners would be half-ſtarving, for it is *that* which preſerves their meat during a long voyage. It likewiſe digeſts the food in your ſtomach, and adds to the pleaſant flavour of every thing that we eat." "I love ſalt mama; though I cannot bear *ſea water*; and I am ſure they do not taſte alike: but I want to know how that *naſty water*, is made into ſuch a *nice thing*, as *ſalt*."

"*Naſty*, my dear boy, is a term which a *gentleman* never makes uſe off; and it is very improperly applied to any of *God's works*; but ſalt is produced by boiling the ſea-water, and adding to it other ingredients, ſuch as alum, reſin, ale, and wine-lees: you ſhall read the proceſs when you are a little older, and then you will be highly entertained. Though there is a ſtring of ſalt-mines within the boſom of the ocean, yet there are likewiſe a number of extenſive *ones*, upon land; the moſt noted of which, are thoſe of Cracow, in Poland, and of Catalonia and Cardona, in Spain. Near Northwich, in Cheſhire, a very excellent one was diſcovered in the year one thouſand ſix hundred and ſeventy, or ſeventy-one; and if we pay your grand-papa a viſit next ſummer, I will take you to it, for the purpoſe of ſhewing you how it is worked."

The converſation was interrupted by the entrance of a footman, who informed his miſtreſs that a poor woman begged to ſpeak with her a few words. "Deſire her to walk in," ſaid the condeſcending

condeſcending miſtreſs of the manſion: "I dare ſay Ellen, it is your poor old penſioner, *Dame Greaves*." It proved however to be a total ſtranger, who approached Mrs. Howardine, with a melancholy air. "I beg pardon madam," ſaid the poor creature, "for coming in ſuch a figure, but the roads I aſſure you are ancle deep in mud." In a tone of kindneſs, ſhe was deſired not to make any apology, but to deſcribe the occaſion of the very dirty walk. "I hope madam I ſhall not offend by my *parſumption*, but your kindneſs is talked of, both *far* and *near*: —to be ſure madam, I dont *belong* to *this pariſh*, and ſo mayhap ye may think that I am very bold; but I thought as how, I would try to make a *friend* of *you*, for God knows I have not *one* in the world."

"Do not diſtreſs yourſelf, my good woman," ſaid the ſympathizing Mrs. Howardine, obſerving the poor creature ſhed a torrent of tears; "but tell me in what manner I can be ſerviceable to you, for I have always a ſatisfaction in affording the unfortunate relief."—"Heaven bleſs and reward you, for it!" exclaimed the grateful creature, dropping a courteſy down to the ground, "but Maſter Jobſon told me, as how you had behaved to him like an angel, or I niver ſhud have had art enough to have acted ſo bould. You muſt know then madam, my poor dauter, who only married a working labourer, (though he is as good a *arted* fellow, as ever broke

broke bread) laſt night became the mother of *three children*, and all with the bleſſing of God, be likely to live. But, my honoured lady, we had only prepared for *one* little *crature*, little thinking as you may ſuppoſe, of having *three*; and one of the poor babes is only wrapped up in my flannel petticoat, for ſhe had neither *gound* or *peticut*, to kiver its ſkin. Neighbour Jobſon it was, who 'viſed me come to *you*, my honoured lady, and I have walked in all the rain a matter of ſix miles; but I neither cares for *wind* or *weather*, if I can but get a friend for my poor dear, and only child."

Tears trickled down the checks of this affectionate parent, whilſt ſhe was endeavouring to intereſt the heart of her auditor in the welfare of her child, and the little Howardines who had liſtened to her with ſilent attention, were unable to prevent the precious drops of ſympathy, from ſtarting into their eyes. Matilda had placed herſelf oppoſite the poor creature, and whilſt ſhe was relating her ſimple ſtory gazed upon her with a contemptuous ſtare; then turned her eyes towards her benevolent relation, as if to aſk how ſhe could *condeſcend* to *converſe* with a perſon ſo *inferior* to *herſelf*.

"I will inſtantly provide you with neceſſary apparel for theſe helpleſs little innocents;" ſaid Mrs. Howardine, "for I have *three* complete ſets, which I lend out, for a month; and I am much obliged to Maſter Jobſon for giving me an

opportunity

opportunity of rendering a ſervice to any creature who wants.—It is true, I had them made for the poor of my *own pariſh*, but theſe children have a claim upon every humane heart. Do you, my good woman, go and take ſome refreſhment in the kitchen, whilſt I order the ſervant to get the neceſſary things prepared."

The poor creature retired obedient to her patroneſs's orders, with a countenance illumined with gratitude and joy. Ellen and Auguſta, remained whiſpering for a few minutes, and then informed their mother they had a favour to aſk. A brother of Captain Howardine's, had a few days before Matilda's arrival, been ſpending a month at Violet Vale, and being informed that a capital fair in the neighbourhood was approaching, had preſented each of the children with a guinea, for the purpoſe of ſpending it there; and the favour which they required of their mother was, to *give* this *preſent* to the poor *woman*, inſtead of laying it out in toys.

Alternately did Mrs. Howardine embrace her generous children, and ſilently acknowledge her gratitude to the Almighty for having bleſſed them with ſuch feeling hearts. "I muſt reflect a little, my dear girls (ſaid ſhe) how we can effectually ſerve this poor creature; but your kind *intention towards her*, affords me true delight." The neceſſary apparel, was ſoon collected, an inventory taken of it: ſome grits, ſugar and ſpice were put in a ſmall baſket, with a bottle

tle of wine for the purpoſe of making caudle; and in addition to theſe acts of kindneſs, Mrs. Howardine preſented her with a ſeven ſhilling piece.

Matilda beheld theſe acts of benevolence with an apathetic indifference that gave her aunt the moſt ſerious concern; but ſhe reſolved to make trial of her real diſpoſition, knowing that ſhe had plenty of money in her purſe. "My dear girl (ſaid ſhe) I fancy you have been ſo much accuſtomed to *affluence*, that you can form no idea of the diſtreſſes which are attached to the poor; or I think you would have offered that unfortunate woman, ſome trifling preſent for thoſe poor little babes."—"Mama never *gives away* her money, replied Matilda; and Papa told me, that poor people in England could *earn* a *great deal* by *work*; beſides, I did not like that woman, I aſſure you, her ſhoes and ſtockings were ſo dirty, they made me quite ſick."

Mrs. Howardine then expatiated upon the *duty* of *charity*, in *mild*, but impreſſive terms; and repreſented that this dirt which had excited ſo much diſguſt and antipathy, was the effect of bad roads, and a very long walk.

CHAP. II.

THOUGH Mrs. Howardine was not a woman of *large fortune*, yet each day bore teſtimony of ſome benevolent act; and ſo refined was the gratification ſhe experienced, from becoming uſeful to her fellow creatures, that if deprived of the ſatisfaction, ſhe would have exclaimed, with Titus, "*I have loſt a day*"! She did not think it merely ſufficient to *lend clothes* to the *poor infants*, for that was an act of charity ſhe had for a length of time performed, ſhe likewiſe ſupplied the mothers with every thing that was neceſſary during their confinement, and the things were returned to her at the end of the month. By this humane act of benevolence, which did not coſt her more than twenty pounds, ſhe had the ſecret ſatisfaction of knowing that both mother and baby were for a month comfortably ſupplied with clothes: but *three children* at a birth was an extraordinary circumſtance, and demanded the peculiar kindneſs of the *humane*; ſhe therefore reſolved firſt to pay a viſit to the poor woman, and then to make a collection among her friends. She ſent to a neighbouring inn for a pair of horſes on the following morning, as during Captain Howardine's ab-

ſence, ſhe did not keep any of her own, and accompanied by Matilda and her own daughters, ſet out for Dame Richardſon's abode. The little cottage ſtood at the extremity of a common, incloſed within a ſmall garden, filled with potatoes and greens, but kept in as perfect order as if the owner had been rich and great. The door was open—a little girl about ſeven years old was ſitting near it, nurſing another who appeared unable to run alone; and a lovely boy, whoſe countenance was expreſſive of health and good humour, was playing in another part of the room.

If the neatneſs of the garden had attracted Mrs. Howardine's attention, the order of every thing in the humble dwelling, ſtruck her with ſurpriſe. "Do you not think, (ſaid ſhe) Matilda, theſe poor people *deſerve encouragement?* there is *no[illegible]ng*, my love *here*, that is likely to turn you *ſick.*" Matilda felt the reproof, but made no reply to it, for the poor woman who had diſguſted her the day before, at that moment came down ſtairs; every part of her dreſs was clean to a degree of niceneſs, and at the ſight of her benefactreſs, her countenance was illumined with joy. Mrs. Howardine had promiſed her young companions a ſight of the little infants, if their mother was well enough to allow them to go into the room; and they ſoon had the happineſs of receiving permiſſion to follow her up ſtairs. One of the little innocents was lying at the

the breaſt of its parent, the other two were in the cradle in a ſweet ſleep: at ſight of them, even Matilda appeared to be delighted, for ſhe never before had beheld ſuch a ſcene. The nurſe kindly offered to take them out of the cradle: each, by turns, was permitted to kiſs the little babes, and they would willingly have ſtaid the whole morning, had not Mrs. Howardine been fearful they would diſturb the invalid. With the Clergyman of the pariſh, ſhe had ſome ſlight acquaintance; ſhe therefore ordered the carriage to drive to his houſe, having firſt beſtowed ſome further teſtimony of her liberality, not only to the poor woman, but to the nurſe.

Mr. Middleton, which was the clergyman's name, was gone to pray by one of his ſick pariſhoners; but his daughters, two grown-up young ladies, offered to ſend for him home: but Mrs. Howardine rather preferred waiting unt[illegible] arrival, not willing to interfere with ſo chriſtian-like an employ. The table at which they ſat, was ſtrewed with a variety of pieces of ornamental little paintings upon ſattin; there were *pincuſhions*, *houſewifes*, *workbags* and *pocket-books*; in ſhort, a ſufficiency of thoſe kind of articles to have furniſhed a ſmall ſhop. Mrs. Howardine admired the taſte and ingenuity of the young ladies, concluding they were *preſents* intended for their *friends*; but whilſt ſhe was complimenting them upon the manner in which they employed them-

ſelves, ſhe obſerved a bluſh of confuſion over-ſpread their face.

" We do not occupy our time *thus*, madam, merely for *ornament*," ſaid the elder Miſs Middleton, in a heſitating tone of voice : " our father's income is *ſmall*, and we could not bear the idea of being an entire burden to him ; therefore, by the ſale of theſe articles, we are enabled to ſupport ourſelves : we ſend them once a month to a principal ſhop in London, and this happens to be the day : we expect the coach to paſs; will you then be kind enough to excuſe me a few minutes, as my ſiſter or myſelf always pack them up".

" Make no apology to *me*, my dear Miſs Middleton," replied Mrs. Howardine, in an affectionate tone of voice, " it is not poſſible for me to ſay how much admiration your ingenuouſneſs has excited ; or how amiable I think the motives which induce you thus to occupy your time : if my friendſhip—if my intereſt can be of *any* ſervice, *both*, allow me to aſſure you, will be at your command ; and I rejoice that chance has been the means of introducing me to two young ladies, whoſe conduct calls for my higheſt eſteem." The father of theſe deſerving girls entered the room at this moment, which prevented them from making more than a ſlight reply ; when Mrs. Howardine informed him ſhe had taken the liberty of calling, to enquire whether any charitable plan had been ſuggeſted for the

the ſupport of the poor woman and her three little babes.

" *Charity*, madam, I am ſorry to ſay, does not *flouriſh* in this village; it wants a promoter, generous like yourſelf: the two principal families ſpend the greater part of their time in London, and gaiety and extravagance is only thought of, when they are here." Mrs. Howardine then enquired the character of Richard, and had the ſatisfaction of hearing he was a ſober, honeſt, induſtrious man; and that both his wife and her mother were deſerving of every aſſiſtance that benevolence could give. Mr. Middleton then informed her he intended to ſummon a veſtry, for the purpoſe of knowing what the pariſh would allow; though he had not any idea they would grant the poor creature more than three ſhillings a week. Previous to taking leave of this amiable family, ſhe gave them a preſſing invitation to Violet Vale. When the children got into the carriage, they could only talk of the beauty of the Miſs Middletons, ſo much had they been ſtruck with the ſuperiority of their charms.

" They are very lovely girls, I allow," ſaid Mrs. Howardine, " but *beauty* is a very ſlight recommendation with *me*; it is their *manners*, which I admire, and the application they make of thoſe accompliſhments, which by taſte and education they have acquired." " But is it not very *mean* of them, aunt, to *ſell* their

things?" enquired Matilda: "ladies never do such things in Bengal." "I believe it my dear girl," replied Mrs. Howardine, "becauſe ladies in that country are generally as *rich* as they are *proud*. So far from its being *mean* to diſpoſe of the fruits of their *taſte* and *induſtry*, it is a mode of conduct for which they muſt be admired: their father's income, you heard, was a very confined one, and he could enjoy few of the comforts of life, if he had *them* to *ſupport*."

"Then do *you ſell* your *work*, aunt?" aſked the inquiſitive Matilda. "No my love; if I *wvs*, that would be *mean*; as *providence* has kindly bleſſed me with a fortune ſufficient to gratify all my wiſhes and wants." "Yet mama, I have heard you wiſh yourſelf *richer*," ſaid Auguſta. "Never for my *own ſake*," replied her mama; "but when I have witneſſed diſtreſs, I have been anxious to alleviate it, more perhaps than I had the power."

"What do you mean to do, mama, for poor Mrs. Richardſon's little babies?" enquired the benevolent Ellen, in a ſympathetic tone of voice. "Suppoſe you and Auguſta were to adopt the ſame plan as the Miſs Middletons, and give them the produce of your work." "Oh mama, what pleaſure that would give us"! both the ſiſters in one voice, exclaimed. "Should not you, Matilda, like to make them ſomething?" "No, but I will give them ſome of my frocks."

"That is very kindly intended indeed my dear Matilda; (ſaid Mrs. Howardine, embracing her niece,)

neice); but your frocks are made of much too fine materials for children in their ſituation of life; we muſt however do ſomething for theſe poor little creatures, and I ſhall call and conſult Lady Charlotte Smith." This was joyful intelligence both to Ellen and Auguſta, as the Miſs Smiths were their intimate friends, though they had not ſeen them for more than a fortnight, in conſequence of their having been ill. Colonel Smith's houſe was not more than half a mile diſtant from Mrs. Howardine's, and an intimacy of the moſt friendly kind prevailed. Lady Charlotte had diſpleaſed her family, by refuſing to marry a man of large fortune, and preferring a ſoldier, whoſe chief poſſeſſions conſiſted of integrity and worth. Though their income was confined, their domeſtic joys were unbounded; Lady Charlotte wholly educated her daughters—the Colonel was tutor to his boys; and this delightful taſk at once proved a ſource of gratification to them, and a means of occupying their time.

Louiſa Smith was about a twelvemonth older than Ellen, her ſiſter Charlotte and Auguſta, were born on the ſame day; Henry was nine, Edward a year younger, and Frederick nearly the ſame age as George. A fortnight had appeared almoſt a century to theſe amiable children, who were in the habit of ſeeing each other generally every day; and the greeting was as warm between them, as if they had retuned from

an Eaſt-India voyage. Matilda, whoſe heart was incapable of participating in ſuch emotions, gazed with aſtoniſhment at the ardour of theſe young friends; but Ellen was too well inſtructed in politeneſs, to treat her couſin with the ſlighteſt neglect:—ſhe not only introduced her to Louiſa and Charlotte, but requeſted them to ſhew her their very nice play-room, which was an apartment fitted up with great ingenuity by the Colonel, who was extremely fond of mechanical purſuits. There was a doll's bed-chamber, parlour, drawing-room, and kitchen; and chief of the articles with which they were furniſhed, this attached parent had made, as he not only was an excellent carpenter, but had likewiſe got a very nice turning machine.

Whilſt the young people were amuſing themſelves with this innocent recreation, their mothers were forming a plan for the future ſupport of the helpleſs babes, whoſe induſtrious parents with the utmoſt exertion could never have been able to have brought them properly up. "I have been thinking all night of theſe poor children," ſaid Mrs. Howardine, "and the firſt idea that ſtruck me, was to take one of them myſelf; but I have ſeen many evils ariſe from bringing up children in a ſituation beyond that in which they were born; and beſides, in ſhowing kindneſs to *one*, I ſhould be guilty of injuſtice to the others, who perhaps might be feeling all the pangs of want." Mrs. Howardine then related the manner

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in which ſhe had found the Miſs Middletons occupied; informed her friend that ſhe had propoſed to her daughters that they ſhould amuſe themſelves in the ſame way, and give the produce of their taſte and induſtry to the parents of the new-born babes. "Suppoſe (ſaid ſhe) for a novelty, we *all* employ ourſelves; I think in the courſe of three weeks we could furniſh materials enough for a ſhop; or what ſay you to diſpoſing of our workmanſhip at the approaching * fair?" "I like the idea much," exclaimed Lady Charlotte, "and what a treat it will be to our dear girls! the Miſs Colebrooks likewiſe I am ſure will aſſiſt us, for they have a great deal of feeling as well as taſte".

As Lady Charlotte never adopted any plan without the concurrence of her huſband, Colonel Smith was ſummoned to give his approving or diſſenting vote, and he was not only pleaſed with the idea, but declared his reſolution of contributing to its ſupport. "Henry and Edward, though, muſt have ſome concern in the

 undertaking

* A plan of this kind was actually adopted at a celebrated fair in Eſſex, laſt September; and the benevolent ſuggeſters of it collected near a hundred pounds, for two poor women in the neighbourhood, who had three children at a birth. The ladies in the vicinity of their humble dwelling unitedly reſolved to hire a booth, the women and children were exhibited, for ſixpence, and for their benefit they ſold different pieces of work—there were card-racks, fire-ſcreens, houſewives, pincuſhions, pocket-books, and an indeſcribable number of various other things.

undertaking, (ſaid the Colonel) or they will be very much hurt; they both are very tolerable workmen, and can not only *turn*, but inlay a ſmall box." Lady Charlotte promiſed to call immediately upon the Miſs Colebrooks, and Mrs. Howardine determined to invite the Miſs Middletons to her houſe; for tho' it was agreed that all the children ſhould attend the ſale of their ingenuity, it was determined that theſe young ladies ſhould act as miſtreſſes of the booth; and never was joy more ſtrongly depictured than it was upon the countenaces of this party of children, when they heard in what manner a ſum was to be collected for the ſupport of the three little babes.

Mrs. Howardine fortunately had ſome materials by her, but it was neceſſary that a variety of others ſhould be bought; however this difficulty was overcome by the aſſiſtance of the Miſs Middletons, who happened to have a variety of articles in the houſe. Theſe were purchaſed at the original price they coſt them, and an order for a freſh aſſortment diſpatched to town, and each began their work with that eager gratification which to be truly deſcribed muſt have been felt. The Miſs Colebrooks became inhabitants of the *Cavern*, an appellation which was given to Colonel Smith's abode, from the ſtables and out-houſes being formed out of a cavern that ran under a high hill; the houſe was nearly hid

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by a wood which hung over it, and a more romantic ſpot never was ſeen; the windows were all in the *Gothic* ſtyle of *architecture*, and the entrance reſembled that of a church.

The children had reſolved not to ſee each other for the ſpace of three days, for the purpoſe of trying which party, during that period, could complete the greateſt variety of work. Lady Charlotte and Mrs. Howardine, aided them with their aſſiſtance: George and Edward Smith, were the only two unemployed, and the poor little fellows were quite unhappy at not being able to contribute their ſhare. Edward, however, inherited the genius of his father: by the aſſiſtance of his nurſe-maid, who was a very clever young woman, without his mama's knowledge, he made a card coach, and with an ardency of perſuaſion which was not to be reſiſted, intreated that it might be ſold. The elder Miſs Colebrook excelled in making ſmall figures; a coachman and footman were ſoon added to the coach, which lady Charlotte painted and varniſhed for him, and put a ticket upon it to ſay, that the conſtruction was a little boy's, not ſix years old. George, inſtead of being *pleaſed* at the ſight of the *carriage*, burſt into a violent flood of tears, and in the moſt piteous accents lamented his own inability to produce a ſimilar piece of handy-work.

"George," ſaid his mama, "I did not think you had been ſuch a baby; how ſhocked would

papa

papa be, if he ſaw his little ſailor *cry*; we are not all born with the ſame abilities. An *eagle* you know, could not draw a *burden*, and a horſe cannot fly. Providence acts towards us, as to the irrational creation: we are all gifted with ſome peculiar power; and inſtead of *crying* becauſe you know not how to make a *carriage*, you ſhould reflect whether there is not any thing elſe *you* could *do*. "I can draw *a ſhip*, mama!" exclaimed George, with a countenance beaming with ſatisfaction, and a ſmile of exultation ſpreading through his tears. "Do ſo then, my ſweet boy, and we will call it the victory, and draw your *dear father*, ſtanding upon the deck."

A variety of tender ideas ruſhed upon the child's imagination; the idea of drawing his *papa's picture*, became ten times more delightful than drawing the ſhip; he was immediately furniſhed with the neceſſary apparatus, and the ſhip was completed on the following day. A connnoiſſeur, of courſe, might have pointed out a variety of faults in it, yet it really was a maſterly performance for a boy of his age; he had always diſplayed a taſte for that ſcience, and whenever his father was at home, was continually requeſting him to draw ſhips. In leſs than a fortnight, almoſt a ſufficient number of articles were completed, to furniſh materials for the fair, and as the poor woman and her children, were even better than could have been expected,

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it was resolved that they all should be taken there. She had married at a very early period; her elder daughter, Peggy, was born before she was nineteen, and she was not quite six and twenty at the present time: though fortune had dealt niggardly, *nature* was very *bountiful*; she was as pretty a woman as ever was seen, and there was a gentleness in her manners, that at once excited an interest, which was encreased by the sight of her little babes. A light brown stuff was purchased for her by Mrs. Howardine; a neat muslin cap quilted full round the face, and a white cloth apron, with a large double muslin handkerchief, was the dress in which it was intended she should appear. A cradle with a double head, was bought for the infants, lined with fringe, at the request of Ellen, who made and contrived the whole of it herself.

Colonel Smith undertook to speak to a carpenter: the booth was made particularly warm, and a green baize curtain was so contrived as to conceal poor Mrs. Richardson and her infants, as she was only to be seen by those who purchased some of the things. At *first* it was determined that every person should have admission who thought proper to pay sixpence each; but upon reflection the kind patronesses of merit feared it would be impossible to refuse entrance to the lower class,and that the poor woman would be both exhausted, and fatigued. The joyful day at length arrived, which had been so long eagerly

gerly expected; the colonel attended the Miſs Middletons at a very early hour, who conveyed all the articles of taſte and induſtry, and arranged them in proper order for ſale. The cradle had been ſent the preceding evening, the carriage returned for the poor woman, her mother, and the three babes, who were dreſſed in frocks, made by Ellen, and Auguſta; and *finer*, or more *healthy children*, never were beheld. Lady Charlotte Smith's young party ſoon followed, attended by Mrs. Howardine's two girls and boy: and had not the booth been a very large one, the benevolent little party could not have been well contained. On the outſide ſtood Lady Charlotte's and Mrs. Howardine's footmen, with a number of printed papers in their hands, deſcribing the poor woman's ſituation, and the motive which had induced her noble and kind protectreſs to adopt the generous plan. They likewiſe ſtated, that the *greater number* of the articles had been made by young ladies, the elder of *whom* was not more than *thirteen*. Matilda, whoſe indolence appeared conſtitutional, and whoſe very amuſements, actually *fatigued*, animated by the pleaſure which every one ſeemed to enjoy from the laudable undertaking, had requeſted her aunt to let her contribute towards the general ſtock. Mrs. Howardine pleaſed at the propoſal, enquired whether ſhe thought ſhe could make a *work-bag*, if it was prepared ready for her to begin, and propoſed its being pink Perſian, covered

vered with ſome of the beautiful muſlin ſhe had brought. Matilda, however, did not ſeem pleaſed with the idea, but ſaid, ſhe ſhould like to make ſomething that would look *very fine*; and running up to Indiana, ſhe ſpoke in a low tone of voice.—" O yes, miſſee, me can teach you," ſaid the obliging creature, with a ſmile; " me wanted to aſk leave to make ſometink for de little babies, only me was fraid to diſoblige." Mrs. Howardine aſſured her that ſhe ſhould never be diſpleaſed with her for expreſſing her deſires; but on the contrary, ſhould always feel a pleaſure in gratifying her wiſhes and wants.—" Oh you good—you too good to poor black girl—me never did ſee ſuch good lady before, me cry when me heard me was coming to England, but me had more reaſon to laugh."

" And why did you diſlike the idea of coming to England, Indiana?" enquired Mrs. Howardine, in a kind tone of voice—" Oh," replied ſhe, ſhrugging up her ſhoulders, " dat I keep *here*;" laying her hand upon her heart. The Miſs Middleton's immediately offered her a choice of any of their materials; but ſhe informed them ſhe had ſome of her *own*, adding at the ſame time that ſhe could not work before them, therefore Matilda and ſhe, immediately retired to their own room.—Fillagree work, the Indians are very fond of, and Indiana excelled in the art: her miſtreſs knowing this, had furniſhed her with the neceſſary materials for the purpoſe

poſe of inſtructing her daughter if ever ſhe choſe to learn. *Emulation* produced more than *perſuaſion* could have accompliſhed; Matilda ſpent two or three hours with Indiana every day, and between them they produced a caddy, and a card-box, with two or three fanciful little vaſes for the reception of flowers.—How far Matilda deſerved the praiſe which was beſtowed upon theſe performances is doubtful: ſome merit, however, was certainly her due; and poor Indiana ſeemed to think it ſo great an honour to have inſtructed her young lady, that ſhe did not appear to require any other reward herſelf.

No ſooner were the papers diſtributed, than crouds of every deſcription flocked round the booth; each of the young ladies diſpoſed of their own workmanſhip, but the Miſs Middleton's were the receivers of the caſh.—With condeſcending ſweetneſs they enquired of every purchaſer, whether they had any wiſh to ſee the poor woman and her babes; and *curioſity*, or a better motive, acted ſo very powerfully, that not a ſingle being refuſed.—Who, that had a particle of generoſity in their diſpoſition, could behold ſo intereſting a groupe without diſplaying ſome liberality of mind? Half-crowns actually ſeemed to *ſhower* in upon *them*, and many of the gentlemen gave a ſeven ſhilling piece. This money, as ſoon as received, was put into the hands of the colonel, who was as much intereſted in the poor woman's welfare as his amiable

wife;

wife; by ſix o'clock in the evening, every article was diſpoſed of, from the Miſs Middleton's elegant performances, to George and Edward's *ſhip* and *coach*.

Mrs. Richardſon and her infants were immediately ſent home in the carriage, whilſt the amiable children and their parents walked up and down the fair. "Thoſe are the ſweet young ladies who will prove the making of dame Richardſon; God bleſs them ſay I, and their worthy mamas!"—This was repeated by almoſt every perſon who paſſed them, at leaſt by thoſe in an inferior rank of life; and though it muſt have gratified, yet at the ſame time it embarraſſed the benevolent little party, and called forth the bluſh of modeſty upon each cheek. After paying the expenſes of the booth, to colonel Smith's aſtoniſhment, he found he had ſixty-five pounds in his hands, and he reſolved during the time of the children's infancy to allow their mother out of it half-a-guinea a week.

That an act of ſuch benevolence ſhould have excited *diſſatisfaction*, is a proof of the depravity of human nature, which ſcarcely could have been believed; yet the poor, in Mrs. Howardine's *pariſh*, were *envious* of the *kindneſs* dame Richardſon had received. Ellen who heard this circumſtance from one of the tenants, inſtantly mparted it to her mama; "And why do you look unhappy at this piece of intelligence, my Ellen?

Ellen? Do you not feel a *ſecret ſatisfaction* within your own *breaſt?*" "I *did*, Mama;" replied Ellen in a mournful accent, "but is it not very vexatious to hear that what we did from the *kindeſt motive*, ſhould be *blamed?*"—"The perſon who has been benefited by it, is completely *grateful*, and that I aſſure you, is not always the caſe." "No! mama," exclaimed the amiable girl, in a voice of aſtoniſhment; "then I am *ſurpriſed* that you perform ſo many *kind deeds*; for I have often heard you ſay, that *ingratitude* is one of the *blackeſt* of *crimes.*"

"I perform them from *principle;*" replied Mrs. Howardine, "for it is the duty of thoſe who are bleſſed with *competence*, to promote the welfare of the poor; yet this return for intended acts of kindneſs, would have prevented an *irreligious* perſon from repeating them again. If thoſe whom I ſerve prove ungrateful, it does not exonerate me from fulfilling a duty, particularly *one*, which our Saviour both by precept and example, ſo ſtrongly enforced. I make many allowances for their want of education, and their not having been properly taught. The beſt of us, my dear girl, frequently act ungratefully to the benevolent author of every earthly good. How coldly do we receive the bleſſings he beſtows upon us! yet inſtead of withholding them, he graciouſly grants more. Never, therefore, heſitate about performing a kind action; at the ſame time, we ought to

make

make a distinction between *virtue* and *vice*. You know I enquired into the character of dame Richardson and her husband, before I interested myself so warmly in their concerns; and had I not found they had been deserving, industrious people, I should not have endeavoured to procure them the patronage of lady Charlotte and colonel Smith."

CHAP. III.

TWO months had now elapsed since Matilda Cavendish's arrival in England, without her joining the young party at the usual hour of *instruction*, except when she pleased; but Mrs. Howardine resolved not to pursue a measure she was persuaded would prove so injurious to the improvement of her niece. "My dear Matilda," said Mrs. Howardine to her, at breakfast one morning, "I can no longer suffer you to spend so many hours in *trifling pursuits*; you are now a great girl, yet have lost much time in *idleness*, for you cannot read so well as your cousin George. You were sent over to me for the purpose of being instructed in those useful branches of knowledge which it is necessary you should acquire, if you wish to render yourself respectable, or are even desirous of associating with persons in genteel life."

"But

"But it is so much *trouble* to *learn*;" mumbled out Matilda. "It is a great deal more, (replied her aunt), I assure you to *teach*; but as I am perfectly ready to instruct you, I expect in return, that you will attend; however, if you do not, I must candidly tell you that I shall send you to school; for I know too well the influence of *example*, to suffer any idle person to associate with my girls."

Though Mrs. Howardine had done every thing in her power to win her niece's affection, she had studied her disposition with the greatest care, and perceived that the only way of managing her, was by proving that she *would* be *obeyed*. A universal silence was observed whilst Mrs. Howardine was speaking; the countenance of Matilda was overspread with gloom, which little George perceiving, said, "cousin, *I* will teach you every thing I know." "I would rather go to school, than be taught by such a *baby*;" replied Matilda, in an angry tone of voice. "His offer was kindly intended, Matilda," said Mrs. Howardine, "for George is too good a boy designedly to offend."

Never did hours seem to pass half so tediously o Matilda, as when she was in the school-room, for if she was reading she could not sit one moment still. Her aunt flattered herself that by degrees she might acquire a fondness for application, and therefore did not notice her incessant moving from place to place. As the evening

advanced,

advanced, a coldneſs pervaded the atmoſphere. At an early hour the following morning, Matilda ruſhed into Mrs. Howardine's room. "Oh aunt," exclaimed ſhe, in a tone of aſtoniſhment, "they have been throwing *milk** over the top of the *houſe*." Auguſta, who had juſt aroſe from a proſtrate poſition, (as Mrs. Howardine made a point of always teaching her children their prayers), burſt into a violent fit of laughter, at an obſervation, which ought not to have excited a ſmile.

"I bluſh for you, Auguſta;" ſaid her amiable mother, in a tone of voice which the moſt *inaccurate ear* might comprehend; "it is not *milk*, my dear girl," running towards Matilda, "but drops of water which have been frozen in their deſcent from the clouds.—You muſt have *heard* of *ſnow*, though you never before *ſaw it*; if the air had been completely *froſty*, it would have remained upon the ground, but as we have lately had a great deal of wet weather, as it *fell*, it naturally diſſolved." "Then why did it not melt upon the houſe?" enquired Matilda; "becauſe you perceive the roof is ſloped, and the rain which fell yeſterday, could not remain upon it, as it would have done, had it been flat." "And does *ſnow*, as well as *rain*, do GOOD *aunt?*" aſked Matilda. "Whatever comes from the hand of providence, is intended to anſwer

* This obſervation was made by a young lady, upon the firſt appearance of ſnow, after her arrival from Bengal.

anſwer ſome *good deſign*; when the ſnow is any depth, it prevents the cold air from penetrating, and deſtroying the ſeeds which are planted in the earth."

"Then *God* is very *good* to us *indeed* aunt;" ſaid the thoughtful Matilda, as if a new idea had ſtruck forcibly upon her mind. "He is the parent of *goodneſs*, the patron of our *neceſſities*, and the diſpenſer of every bleſſing which we enjoy in this life?" Matilda liſtened to her aunt, with a degree of attention, which ſhe had never before diſplayed, and after having remained ſilent ſeveral moments, "aunt," continued ſhe, "I knew we were *made* by *God*; but papa never *told* me, that he was ſo *very, very kind*." "Your papa probably thought you were not old enough to *comprehend* his *goodneſs*;" rejoined Mrs. Howardine, "but a ſtrong idea of it cannot be too early impreſſed upon the youthful mind; do you not daily pray for the continuance of his bleſſings, and for the prolongation of your life?"

The ſudden entrance of Mrs. Howardine's woman prevented Matilda from replying. "Ma'am," ſaid ſhe, "a poor old man requeſts to ſpeak with you; he has ſlept in farmer Parker's barn, for he intended to have waited on you yeſterday evening, but he thought it would be an improper hour to call." "I will wait upon him in a minute;" replied Mrs. Howardine, adjuſting ſome part of her dreſs, and deſcending

the

the ſtairs; ſhe was followed by the children, whoſe curioſity had been raiſed by the report.

In the hall was ſeated a venerable figure, whoſe perſon, the weight of *years*, or *misfortune*, had ſlightly bent; his whitened locks were parted upon his forehead, and diſplayed a countenance overſpread with grief.—"Heaven bleſs you!" exclaimed the old man, riſing as Mrs. Howardine entered; "*time*, in *you*, Madam, has made but little change; though ſorrow in *me*, has produced ſuch an alteration, that I ſee you do not know poor *Dillington* again."—"*Dillington*!" repeated Mrs. Howardine, "what, my father's *ſteward*, Dillington?" "Yes, madam, yes, you behold the ſame; but oh! what misfortunes have I encountered; what a dreadful alteration have *twelve long years* made!"

Mrs. Howardine was ſo affected at the ſight of her old acquaintance, reduced as he was, by his appearance, to a ſtate of want, that in ſpite of all her efforts, ſhe burſt into a flood of tears. She invited poor Mr. Dillington to walk into the parlour, deſired breakfaſt immediately to be brought, and by a thouſand little kind attentions, endeavoured to make him forget the ſorrows which preyed upon his heart. His affliction appeared to be too deeply rooted, even for ſympathy or friendſhip to relieve, and frequently would the tears trickle down his furrowed features, in ſpite of his attempt to reſtrain them in his eyes. Though Mrs. Howardine was anxi-

ous

ous to know what had occaſioned ſuch an alteration in his circumſtances, yet ſhe was fearful of introducing a ſubject that muſt be productive of pain; but when the breakfaſt was removed, and he appeared to have acquired a little more compoſure, he addreſſed her in the following words:

"I ought to apologize, madam, for taking the liberty of appearing before you, friendleſs, and deſtitute as I now am; yet well did I remember your kindneſs even to his lordſhip's moſt menial ſervants, to doubt that I ſhould not receive it myſelf. After your marriage, and my honoured maſter's death, there was a ſtrange alteration in the family; my young lord was rather inclined to be *proud;* and his lady, I believe thought that a *ſervant* was not made of the ſame *fleſh* and *blood.*—My ſon, however, happened to be a great favourite, and as I got rather in years, I propoſed giving up my ſtewardſhip to him, on condition, that he would ſettle an annuity upon me for life. I ought to have known the world too well, to have truſted to *profeſſions*; yet what *parent*, madam, could doubt the *promiſes* of a *child?* particularly, as from an infant, I had always ſtudied *his happineſs*, and had been much more anxious to promote it than I was my own. It was neceſſary, however, to obtain his lordſhip's permiſſion; he kindly granted it the moment it was aſked, and William faithfully promiſed to pay me at quarterly

terly inſtalments, *one hundred* a year. My houſe and furniture I gave up to him, as he was on the point of becoming a married man, and I agreed to board at Totneſs, with an *old* and *particular friend*.—But alas! madam, *friends* are only to be met with whilſt the ſun ſhines bright, and the ſky is clear; for when the clouds of misfortune once gather round us, we look for their *aſſiſtance* in vain! I had about fifty pounds in my pocket, when I became an inmate of this *pretended* friend's family. Whilſt it laſted, he was attentive and kind; but it was ſoon gone, for I made him a number of little *preſents*, and received no remittances from my ſon. I wrote repeatedly; my letters were unanſwered: at length I threatened to apply to my lord. I then received ſuch a *one from him*, as I really thought would have broken my heart!—It contained ten pounds, however, and a promiſe, that every quarter day I ſhould receive the ſame ſum, on condition, that I troubled him no farther, and did not preſume to write to my lord.

"God knows, this cruel conduct completely diſabled me, even from holding a pen; for of all the ſorrows that can be inflicted, there is none wounds ſo deep, as the *ingratitude* of a *child*. I took to my bed on the day I received this cutting letter, and never expected to have riſen out of it again. But the meaſure of my woes was not completed, for I was treated with the greateſt inhumanity by the man I had be-

lieved to be my friend. An old ſervant who had lived with me in the days of my proſperity, happened to hear of the miſerable ſtate to which I was reduced, and with a kindneſs, for which, I hope heaven will reward him, borrowed a little chaiſe-cart, and drove me to his houſe. There I remained nearly a twelvemonth, without ever hearing any tidings from my ſon. I was too proud, I confeſs, to ſolicit his aſſiſtance, but I have repeatedly written to my lord. The letters I dare ſay, were never delivered to him; my ungrateful boy, moſt likely obtained them from the poſt: and now I come to that part of my hiſtory, which induced me, Madam, to apply for aſſiſtance to you.—The young man, who has indeed, ſupplied the place of *ſon* to me, had buſineſs which brought him within fifteen miles of this place, and I thought I could manage to walk that diſtance, but was obliged to take a couple of days; I paſſed laſt night in a barn, for I could proceed no farther, and I did not like to take the liberty of calling at an *improper hour*. The favour I have to requeſt is, that you will write to his lordſhip, and repreſent how *cruelly* I have been *uſed*."

"*Cruelly*, indeed!" repeated Mrs. Howardine, whilſt tears of commiſeration ſtarted into her eyes. "Oh my beloved children!" ſaid ſhe, gazing upon them with a look of tenderneſs, "may I never be deſtined to lament the day that you were born! Let the ſimple recital

of

of *facts* which you have just heard related, warn you against the greatest, the most *unnatural* of *crimes*. May the sorrows of that good old man, who unfortunately was too indulgent, make a *deep*, a *lasting impression* upon *your minds*."

The tears which rapidly rolled down the cheeks of the aged sufferer, bore testimony of the anguish which tortured his breast; and even Matilda, whose feelings were not very tender, could not behold his affliction unmoved. Ellen and Augusta sobbed with agitation; their mother's affecting appeal to them, had touched the softest string of their hearts: and little George fondly clung round her, promising to give her *all* his *money*, when he became a *man*.

Between Mrs. Howardine and her family, little intercourse had subsisted for a number of years, and never was a greater dissimilarity in the disposition of two persons, than between her elder brother and herself. As her father was dead when she married captain Howardine, she did not think it necessary to consult his heir: particularly, as she knew he would not give his approbation, unless she united herself to a man of *fortune*, or *rank*. To apply therefore to this brother, in behalf of the unfortunate Dillington, was to require a proof of friendship, which excited a repugnance not easily *overcome*; yet she felt it a duty incumbent upon her to conquer this *disinclination*, and without saying the

taſk was diſagreeable, promiſed to write by that day's poſt.

As Mrs. Howardine thought proper to be her own houſekeeper, the apartment uſually filled by perſons in that capacity, was unuſed: ſhe therefore ordered it immediately to be prepared for Mr. Dillington's reception, reſolving to keep him under her protection, unleſs an anſwer to her letter was returned. The children and their amiable preceptreſs, then retired to the library, for the purpoſe of purſuing the ſtudies of the day; but their minds were ſo occupied by the ſorrows they had ſo recently witneſſed, that it was with difficulty they could attend to their taſks. Matilda, however, ſoon forgot the misfortunes of poor Dillington; her ſenſibility ſeemed entirely benumbed by the cold, whilſt her couſins were *rejoicing* at the proſpect of a froſt.—"And will it be *colder* than it is *to-day?*" enquired the ſhivering Matilda, almoſt ſcorching her clothes by the fire. "Oh! I cannot bear this *horrid* England; it is the moſt *diſagreeable* place in the world.

"If you had left out the *firſt ſyllable* Matilda, I ſhould have then ſaid you were right. I wiſh I could tranſport you for a few days to *Siberia*, or *Lapland*, by way of reconciling you better, to our clime."—"And where is *Siberia*, and where is *Lapland?*" enquired Matilda. "The *former* is the moſt northern part of the emperor of Ruſſia's domain; part of the country is

colder

colder than imagination can depicture, and the inhabitants are a wild uneducated race. Lapland is a ſpot no leſs ungenial than Siberia; when you are capable of learning geography, I will ſhew it you on the globe; the country chiefly conſiſts of a chain of high mountains, eternally covered with ice and ſnow. The *ſun*, that glorious luminary, which animates all nature, for months and months together, there, never ſheds his light; vegetables and fruits are almoſt unknown in the country; the poor inhabitants live upon fiſh, and the fleſh of the reindeer."

"Why do they ſtay in ſuch a ſhocking place, mama?" aſked George, who was fond of liſtening to all inſtructive converſation. "Providence kindly, my dear boy, does not make it appear *ſhocking* to them; for though he has beſtowed upon them fewer comforts than the generality of his creatures, he has given them that moſt *invaluable* bleſſing *content*. Deſtitute, completely deſtitute, of what we ſhould conſider *neceſſaries*, yet theſe enviable beings never repine. Can any thing then, be a greater proof of the goodneſs of the Almighty, than that he ſhould ſo benevolently frame the diſpoſition of their minds?"

"Never call England a *horrid place again*, then Matilda;" ſaid the little fellow, in rather an angry tone of voice. "You ſpeak like an *Engliſhman*, George," ſaid his mama,

tapping him upon the ſhoulder, " for it certainly is the moſt deſirable ſpot in the world." " I have heard many perſons ſay, mama, that it is a very *unpleaſant climate*;" obſerved Auguſta, " and that even in *ſummer*, they did not know what clothes to put on; for if it was hot in the morning, and they dreſſed themſelves accordingly, yet before night, they were ſhivering with cold. For my part, I muſt own, I ſhould like to live in a country where it was *ſummer* all the *year round*."

" I believe Auguſta, there are diſſatisfied people in every country;" replied Mrs. Howardine, " but I hope not any of *my children* will add to the groupe. The change of ſeaſons it is, which makes a pleaſing variety, and leads the mind into a train of *rational thought*. Have you forgotten the delight which you experienced at watching the daily progreſs of vegetation during the enlivening months of ſpring? when all nature ſeemed trying to contribute to your happineſs; the hedges putting out a luxuriant foliage; and the birds chirping upon every twig?

" Oh no, I have not forgotten it indeed mama;" rejoined Auguſta; " and then we uſed to go and gather ſuch handfuls of *violets*—and ſtrew bread crumbs to the little birds, whilſt they were ſitting upon their neſts Ah! Matilda, you do not know how happy we ſhall then be; I wiſh with all my heart ſpring was come again." " You were this moment wiſhing, Auguſta, that

it

it was always *ſummer*; then you would be a ſtranger to the joys that *ſpring imparts*. Learn not only to be ſatisfied with change of ſeaſons, but with every ordination of a wiſe and beneficent God. Winter is the time for nature's refreſhment; it is the period in which ſhe ſeems to repoſe; the ſeeds then lie quietly buried in her boſom, and will become matured by this very covering of ſnow." "May I go and make ſnow-balls, mama? I know Thomas will play with me. I remember what nice fun we had laſt year; and then we uſed to ſlide upon the ice. Oh! I dearly love winter, for theſe were the pleaſures it imparted to George."

Though nature had endowed Matilda with an excellent underſtanding, yet *indolence* and *inattention*, were failings Mrs. Howardine found difficult to overcome; but as ſhe improved in her *reading*, ſhe began to derive amuſement from entertaining books. Geography in a ſhort time ſhe became fond of, as ſhe had been taught it with diſſected maps; and her kind aunt did not merely deſcribe the ſituation and produce of each country, but with ſome entertaining anecdote, always interſperſed her remarks. As my young readers, perhaps, may be entertained by Mrs. Howardine's plan of inſtruction, I ſhall endeavour to relate a converſation that paſſed ſoon after the cloth was removed, occaſioned by an obſervation of Matilda's, which had excited

a general laugh. A very fine turkey had been ſent as a preſent to Mrs. Howardine, by one of the neighbouring farmer's wives. "Mama," ſaid Ellen, "I wiſh you would breed Turkeys, for I think that they are the very beſt bird that flies." "*Breed them!*" repeated Matilda, with an emphatic accent, "why, couſin Ellen, do you not know that turkeys come from a country a great way off? I knew *that*, continued ſhe, even when I was in *India*, and the people of that country are *all* called *turks*." Auguſta, who was too much prone to laugh at any error, burſt into a violent fit of mirth; Ellen and little George were unable to reſtrain their viſible countenances, notwithſtanding a look they received from their mama.

Poor Matilda, who had felt proud of her ſuperior knowledge, was ſhocked at the ſudden check her vanity had received, and it was with the utmoſt *difficulty* that ſhe avoided ſhedding tears. "I bluſh for your couſin's *ill breeding*, my dear girl, (ſaid Mrs. Howardine) but whoever told you that *Turkey* derived it's name from a bird, were under a miſtake; the one which we have juſt eaten, is a native of the *new world*; you underſtand that it is *America*, which *that term implies*. Their breed, however has been encouraged in various parts of the univerſe: you have plenty of them, I know in Bengal; but even the firſt account of them we ever heard, was given by Oviedo, in

a work

a work publiſhed in the year 1525. This will convince you that the country could not have derived its name from a bird; for it was but yeſterday that I gave you an account of their famous prophet Mahomet, who died in the year fourteen hundred and twenty one."

"I remember *that* aunt, now you mention it, (replied Matilda) and you were going to deſcribe the ſituation of Turkey to me, when Lady Charlotte came in, but then you deſired me to place the map in my box." "Well my love, I then will begin with Turkey in Aſia, a country which in length extends a thouſand miles, its breadth is about eight hundred; and on the north, it is bounded by the black and circaſſian ſeas; on the eaſt, by Perſia; on the ſouth, by Arabia and the Levant; on the weſt, by the Helleſpont; which the poets deſcribe the famous Leander to have ſwam acroſs, for the purpoſe of obtaining an interview with the beautiful Hero, whom he moſt paſſionately loved; and by the Archipelago, which ſeparates it from Europe, the moſt *fruitful part* of the *globe*. It lies between 17 and 40° eaſt longitude, and 36 and 49° north latitude."

"So much for the ſituation of Turkey; will you have the *rivers*, or the *mountains* next?" "Oh the *rivers*, mama if you pleaſe;" exclaimed the little *ſailor*, "for they always remind of my dear papa." "But we have forgot to drink his health, George, (ſaid Mrs. Howarding) we

muſt not ſuffer any country in the univerſe, to baniſh the reflection of papa." So ſaying ſhe poured ſome wine into each of the glaſſes, and never was the health of an individual more fervently wiſhed. "The Euphrates is the principal river; and with the Tigris, and the Jordan, frequently mentioned in holy writ; the Karn, the Orontes, and Meander, are likewiſe noted in ſacred and profane works. Oympus is a mountain, famous in mythology; it is the ſpot where Jupiter is ſaid to have held his court, and the pagans uſed to imagine that its ſummit reached the ſkies. Taurus forms a chain of mountains; Caucaſus does the ſame; the top of the latter is always covered with undiſſolved ſnow, but the lower part is extremely fruitful, and abounds with corn, vines, and gums. Ararat is the mountain on which the ark is ſaid to have reſted, when the waters diſperſed after the flood; and from thence it was, that the righteous Noah ſent out a raven, and afterwards a dove. Lebanon, and Hermon, you muſt likewiſe remember, are frequently mentioned in the ſame ſacred book."

"How I ſhould like to viſit Turkey, for the ſake of ſeeing Mount *Ararat*, (ſaid Ellen :) I wiſh papa would take me there; and if I recollect right, the country is very fruitful, and produces every thing we could wiſh, or want." "You are very right, my love, (replied Mrs. Howardine) they have wines, oils, fruits and gum; with a variety of odoriferous flowers; and ſome

of

of the beſt and moſt uſeful drugs. Oranges, figs, dates, olives, and lemons, actually grow quite wild; their grapes likewiſe are peculiarly delicious, and aſparagus is actually thicker than my wriſt: in ſhort as you obſerve, it is a country where providence abundantly ſupplies every want. Coffee, you know is a produce of Turkey, as you have ſometimes written an order to the grocer for me; they are famous for their manufacture of carpets, and for a variety of ſilks."

"How *happy* the Turks muſt be, mama! (exclaimed Auguſta) why they have every thing that they can deſire." "And yet my dear girl, (replied her mother) I do not believe they are an enviable race. Hiſtorians repreſent them to be a gloomy ſet of mortals, and tell us that chearfulneſs ſeldom illumines their face; that their hearts glow not with the warmth of friendſhip, and that ſuſpicion is a failing to which they are particularly prone. They are extremely luxurious and effeminate, and indolent to a degree; or in a country ſo abounding with natural productions, they would be the richeſt ſet of people in the world. Their indolence however, may probably in ſome meaſure be occaſioned by their government, which is at once *arbitrary* and *ſevere*; for it is only in a *free country*, where labour becomes a *pleaſure*; and commerce completely thrives. Although their climate is a very fine one, theyare ſubject to that moſt dreadful

full of all diſorders, the plague, which deters Europeans from viſiting a country where the bleſſings of life ſo eminently abound."

"Did you not once tell me, mama, (enquired Ellen) that Mr. Howard the great philanthropiſt went there, merely for the purpoſe of adviſing them, how to treat that ſhocking complaint?" "I did my dear Ellen, (replied Mrs. Howardine) and it was an inſtance of benevolent kindneſs ſcarcely to have been conceived. He viſited all the priſons and lazarettos in moſt of the principal parts of Europe, merely for the purpoſe of benefiting the *ſouls*, as well as the *bodies*, of thoſe who were confined: for he not only made the moſt uſeful improvements in the conſtruction of the buildings, but gave their wretched inhabitants the moſt ſalutary advice."

"And where is that good man *now*, aunt?" (enquired Matilda.) "In the manſions of the bleſſed, my dear Matilda, (replied Mrs. Howardine) receiving the reward of a well ſpent life; he died at Cherſon, the capital of new Ruſſia, of that dreadful diſorder which he was ſo ſolicitous to cure. He caught the diſeaſe from a young lady about ſixteen years of age; and as the Ruſſian phyſicians knew not how to treat it, her friends implored Mr. Howard to give his advice, and with that kindneſs which in every inſtance marked his character, this noble-minded man unheſitatingly complied. Upon his firſt viſit,

he

he perceived the diſorder was extremely virulent; yet no ſelfiſh conſideration prevented him from exerting his ſkill: the complaint however baffled the art of the phyſician, who likewiſe fell a victo the benevolence of his heart. Such actions, my dear children, ought not only to excite our *admiration*, but they ought to make a deep impreſſion upon our hearts; and though very few have the power of performing ſuch *extenſive* acts of *benevolence*, as Mr. Howard, yet we *all* can be ſerviceable to our fellow-creatures in a more circumſcribed way.

The deſcription of this worthy man's death, ſpread a gloom over every countenance, which Mrs. Howardine perceiving, ſaid, "ſuppoſe we return again to the Turks." "You did not tell us, aunt, the name of the capital, or whether it was a very fine place". "*Conſtantinople*, Matilda, is the capital of the empire: it derives its name from the Roman emperor called Conſtantine the great, who was the founder of it; but in the year 1453 it was conquered by the Turks; until that period it belonged to the romans, but they were never able to retake it again. The emperor's palace which is called a ſeraglio, is a moſt magnificient abode; but the generality of the ſtreets are narrow, dirty, and confined: ſtill however there are a number of handſome ſquares, and fine buildings, particularly *moſques*, which you know are places of public worſhip, or in other words, mahometan churches."

"I ſhould

"I ſhould like to ſee a ſeraglio, mama, (ſaid George) very much." "That is a pleaſure, my dear fellow, your are never likely to enjoy, for the grand ſignior *there*, keeps all his favourite *ladies*, and no foreigner is permitted to have access to them. Even *females* cannot obtain a ſight of them, they are watched ſo cloſely by eunuchs and ſpies. Lady Mary Wortly Montague, whoſe huſband was ambaſſador, was, *I believe*, the only Engliſhwoman who ever entered the walls; and the circumſtance appeared ſo extraordinary, that when her letters (giving a deſcription of her introduction) were firſt publiſhed, many perſons doubted their truth; however ſhe *certainly enjoyed* the *privilege*, ſingular as it may appear."

"I ſhould not wiſh to have any acquaintance with them," ſaid Auguſta, "for I hate people who *never laugh*." "You always expreſs yourſelf too ſtrongly, Auguſta; *gravity* ſurely can never excite *hate*; and thoſe who have deſcribed their characters may have been prejudiced, for depend upon it there are amiable characters in every part of the world. They are accuſed of being *ſelf-intereſted* and *ungrateful*; yet I heard two inſtances which I will relate, as they happened to a gentleman of my acquaintance, who was at Smyrna in the year ninety-five.—He was a ſurgeon in the navy, and had exchanged ſeveral commodities with a Turkiſh merchant, to the amount, perhaps, of twenty or thirty

pounds

pounds; and not knowing that the ſhip was likely to receive ſailing orders, he did not have the articles immediately conveyed on board. Contrary, however, to his expectation, the ſhip was ordered under weigh, and he naturally concluded he muſt abide by his loſs; but they had not been ſtationed three weeks at *Gibraltar*, when the things were ſent after him by another ſhip. This certainly, you will allow, was *not a ſelfiſh action*, and proves that we muſt not always *implicitly* believe what authors ſay; or ſuppoſe, that in every country there is not a mixture of *good* and *bad*. The gentleman I allude to, was extremely ſkilful in his profeſſion: a Turk of rather inferior order, had a very bad leg, and hearing the ſailors frequently ſpeak in praiſe of their doctor's abilities, he intreated the favour of him to look at the wound. The leg was even worſe than the poor man had apprehended, but by judgment and attention, a cure was performed, and never were expreſſions of gratitude more ardent, than thoſe which the ſurgeon received from the Turk. During the proceſs of the cure, fees had frequently been offered, which were as conſtantly refuſed; but when it was entirely completed, the grateful fellow brought a fine embroidered purſe:—what it contained, I cannot tell you, for the ſurgeon refuſed every kind of reward; telling him the ſhip was to ſail the next morning, but that he would receive it at his return. It ſailed as he had foretold, and

they

they had proceeded about two leagues from land, when a boat was perceived in purſuit of the veſſel, and the ſailors rowing with all their ſtrength. The captain, who concluded it contained ſome freſh orders, inſtantly gave directions to veer about; but what ſhould this boat bring but a large baſket of freſh proviſions, for the ſurgeon, with ſome bottles of rich wine, different fruits, and choice gums; which the grateful Turk had been collecting from the time that he knew the ſhip was to ſail."

This relation of facts, for the circumſtances actually happened, excited a variety of obſervations not neceſſary to repeat. In this manner it was, that Mrs. Howardine rendered the ſtudy of geography a *pleaſure*, inſtead of proving a taſk of fatigue. The ſtories which ſhe told were always expected to be recollected, and ſhe referred to the ſpots where they had occured, in the courſe of a ſhort time; the incidents had impreſſed the *places* upon the children's memories, and they not only recollected the ſtories which were told them, but the particulars of every remarkable circumſtance, which had happened in different parts of the world.

CHAP. IV.

POOR old Dillington had been the gueſt of the benevolent Mrs. Howardine upwards of two months; and during that period, no anſwer had been given to her letter, or the ſlighteſt intelligence received of the moſt unprincipled of ſons. Comfortable as was the poor man's ſituation, yet he could not baniſh from his recollection, the ingratitude of his child; his appetite failed, ſleep forſook his eye-lids, and nature ſeemed to be undergoing a gradual decay.

A ſervant, however, in deep mourning, at length made his appearance; the letter which he brought was cloſed with a ſable ſeal; the coronet and arms, Mrs. Howardine knew to be lord Pelworth's, which was the title her elder brother bore. A variety of emotions affected Mrs. Howardine, at the ſight of the hand-writing of a relation ſhe had once tenderly loved, but whoſe unkind conduct, and diſtant behaviour had diminiſhed the force of ſiſterly love. Nature, however, had formed her heart of the moſt ductile materials; tears of ſenſibility ruſhed into her eyes, and opening the letter with indiſcribable eagerneſs, ſhe peruſed the following contents:

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. HOWARDINE.

" Your letter arrived, my dear Ellen, at a moment, when my mind was too much agitated by an impending misfortune, for me to be able to pay any attention to its contents; my poor Eliza had that morning been pronounced in eminent danger, and my daughter was not expected to live.

" Your affectionate heart, my dear ſiſter, will feel for ſuch a ſituation; grateful ſhould I have been for the ſociety of ſuch a friend, but the fever was extremely infectious, and I had no right to expect any ſacrifices from you. I had often heard that afflictions produce an alteration in the ſentiments. I not only feel the force, but the *truth* of the remark, and lament that I have ſuffered ſo many years to paſs over me, without cheriſhing the affection of a being once ſo dear to my heart. When affliction aſſails, when misfortune overtakes us, where are we to look for conſolation, but from conſanguinity's endearing tie? The pomps and vanities of the world appear inſignificant, at thoſe moments; and we want ſome ſympathizing boſom to receive the ſorrows of the heart.

" Such a friend, I *might* have *found* in my ſiſter, but perhaps, Ellen, I am ſenſible of your *worth* and *value* too late. Yet, can you refuſe to

receive

receive a *visit* from your widowed brother, and his daughter? Will you not try to assuage the pangs of grief? I have indulged the idea of seeing you ever since I lost my poor Eliza; but I had not sufficient spirits to write, and as the disorder in my family had been epidemic, I did not think it right to send a letter, until we were completely cured.

"Your account of Dillington, shocked and surprized me. What a deceitful, unprincipled wretch was his son! but the judgment of heaven generally overtakes such wicked creatures, whilst they think years will be allowed them to persevere in their crimes. Soon after he had obtained the office of stewardship, he requested me to let him a farm; informing me at the same time, that the tenant who occupied it, was actually ruining the land. I take blame to myself for giving credit to the story, and ordered the industrious farmer to quit; and as you will probably imagine, granted the vile informer a lease. The plans, however, of the wicked seldom prosper; a dreadful disorder broke out amongst his sheep; and a large stack of hay, which was rather damp, became heated, and in the night burst into a flame. So completely was he despised for his treatment to his predecessor, that not a creature in the village would afford him any help, and from a violent cold caught by exertion, this worthless man certainly got his death.

"I feel

" I feel it a duty to make the poor old man comfortable, and as long as he lives, will allow him a hundred a year, of which I beg you will inform him, and likewiſe of the death of his ſon. I have given the ſervant who conveys this letter, permiſſion to viſit his relations, who reſide within a few miles of Violet Vale; their names, my dear Ellen, are *Richardſon*, and from them I heard the account of your charitable deeds. Embrace all your little ones for me, and aſſure them of their uncle's future regard.

Adieu my deareſt ſiſter.

Believe me yours affectionately,

PELWORTH."

This ſimple relation of facts, contained volumes of inſtruction: Mrs. Howardine ſhed tears at its peruſal, yet they were thoſe of joy; ſhe lamented, it is true, the *death* of lady *Pelworth*, yet ſhe felt convinced, it was in a great meaſure through her influence, that ſhe had been deprived of her brother's regard. Pride was the leading feature in her character; ſhe would aſſociate with none but perſons of *rank*, and captain Howardine, who, though a moſt amiable man, preſerved the *open bluntneſs* of a *ſailor*, had by that mode of behaviour excited her diſlike.

The letter was anſwered with all that warmth of expreſſion, which a heart of ſenſibility would naturally dictate, and lord Pelworth and his daughter, both intreated, to come immediately

to Violet Vale. As ſoon as the ſervant was diſpatched, Mrs. Howardine ſummoned the children round her, for the purpoſe of making them acquainted with their aunt's death; but as they had never known, and ſeldom *heard* of her, it was not likely they could feel very much grieved. "You may all peruſe your uncle's letter," ſaid this amiable mother, preſenting it to Ellen, as ſhe quitted the room, for the purpoſe of giving directions to her woman, reſpecting the ſable dreſs it was neceſſary to put on. The young folks were all in deep converſation, when Mrs. Howardine returned: "Well my dear girls," ſaid ſhe, "have you all read the letter, which gives me the pleaſing account of my brother's renewed regard?" Yes mama," replied Ellen, "and we were juſt talking about it as you came into the room; we were ſaying how happy you muſt feel at the thought of ſeeing a brother, from whom you had been ſeparated ſo many, many years."

"I do indeed *feel happineſs*," replied Mrs. Howardine, "yet I hope you will never experience ſimilar ſenſations to mine. I rather hope, my dear children, that no untoward circumſtances will ever alieniate that affection, which at preſent glows with ſo much ardour in your hearts. The friendſhips of the world are too frequently founded upon *intereſt*; but that can have no influence upon fraternal and ſiſterly eſteem; cemented together by the bonds of natural affection,

tion, the ſoft ties of conſanguinity ſhould never be diſſolved.

" When the misfortunes of life fall heavily upon us, it is not from worldly friendſhips we can expect to find relief; this you may plainly perceive from your uncle's letter: he only hopes to derive a comfort from the ſympathy of a *ſiſter's heart!*" " I will love my ſiſters as long as I live; and you too Matilda;" ſaid George, throwing his arms around her neck; " and I will love *all* my *relations;* but I believe, mama, I ſhall always love *you* the *beſt.*"

Mrs. Howardine embraced the amiable little prattler, whilſt tears of maternal tenderneſs ſtarted into her eyes. " But do you not feel," ſaid ſhe, " my loves, for poor old Mr. Dillington? I ſcarcely know how I ſhall acquaint him with the death of his ſon."—" I think he is better *dead* than *alive*, mama;" ſaid Auguſta. I wonder you ſhould be ſorry for him." " Have you forgot there is a *future world*, my deareſt Auguſta? *There*, you know, the *wicked* will receive the puniſhment of *ſin.* His ingratitude to his father was indiſcribably ſhocking, and the judgment of heaven ſeemed to overtake him in this life: his flock you find, were deſtroyed by an epidemic diſorder, and the produce of his fields the fire conſumed."

" Mama," enquired George, " does God always puniſh children if they behave undutifully to their papas?" " Not always in *this world*," replied

replied Mrs. Howardine, "but *always undoubtedly*, in that which is to come. Honour thy *father* and *mother*; you know was an injunction from the Almighty: length of days is even promiſed to thoſe who obey the command." "I dare ſay, mama, that dame Graves was always good to her parents, for ſhe told me on ſunday that ſhe was ninety-ſix, and perhaps that is the very reaſon God has let her live ſo long."

At this moment, poor old Dillington entered; he had juſt heard that a ſervant from lord Pelworth's had arrived, and agitated by a variety of emotions he was ſcarcely able to totter to a ſeat.—Ellen flew forward to place a chair for him; the ſympathizing Mrs. Howardine actually turned pale, ſo much did ſhe dread the taſk of afflicting the breaſt of the poor old man with pain.

"You have no *good news* for me, I perceive madam, but I ſhall not much longer be a burden upon you; *ſuſpenſe* was what in a happier ſituation I never was formed to bear." "Our diſpoſitions my good friend are ſo far ſimilar; I would rather always know the worſt misfortune that could happen to me, than bear the pain of ſuſpenſe." "That is juſt like me, (he replied) ſo deareſt madam, do tell me the very worſt at once!"

Mrs. Howardine pauſed. "I ſee how it is; (ſaid he) my ungracious boy has been turned out of place; and I have no reſource but the *pariſh*: however

however I ſhall not trouble them long." "I thought you had a better opinion of me Mr. Dillington; do you think you ſhall ever want a home, whilſt I have a houſe? but my kind brother has rendered my friendſhip unneceſſary by ſettling upon you a *hundred* a *year*. Your ſon however is *ill*, I fear dangerouſly ſo." God only give him grace to repent: (exclaimed the old man, claſping his hands together): but madam do you think it impoſſible he can live?" Not any thing you know is *impoſſible* with the Almighty; (replied Mrs. Howardine) he could even raiſe him from the dead, but according to all human appearance he certainly *cannot live*."

The poor old man burſt into tears and inſtantly quitted the apartment; for near an hour Mrs. Howardine did not attempt to interrupt his grief, but as he had informed her how painful every kind of ſuſpenſe was to him, ſhe reſolved to make him acquainted with the whole fact. He anticipated the event even before it was imparted to him, but ſupported the ſhock much better than could have been been believed; lord Pelworth's generoſity deſtroyed the fear he had indulged of a workhouſe, and he felt delighted at the idea of being able to reward his faithful ſervant, for all the kindneſs he had received.

Pleaſed as Mrs. Howardine was, at the thought of embracing a brother, whom ſhe had not ſeen for ſuch a number of years, yet ſhe could not help fearing the ſociety of his daugh-

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ter might prove detrimental to her girls.—The concerns of a family generally afford converſation for the ſervants—Lord Pelworth's footman had been very communicative to Mrs. Howardine's maids; and through the channel of her own woman, ſhe had heard a moſt unſatisfactory account of her niece. Lady Pelworth from a fondneſs natural to a weak parent, would never ſuffer her daughter to be controlled; ſhe had a governeſs it is true, but the term was merely *nominal*, as ſhe was not not permitted to exert any power. Miſs Cavendiſh not only inherited the pride of her mother, but ſhe had a variety of failings lady Pelworth did not poſſeſs; ſhe was ſelfiſh to a degree, and completely void o feeling: at leaſt ſuch was the deſcription of her which the ſervant gave.

Mrs. Howardine was not *very apprehenſive* about her own daughters, though ſhe knew how ſtrongly the force of *example prevails*; but Matilda who was juſt beginning to profit by her inſtructions, ſhe feared would be materially injured by her couſin's advice. There was nothing however to be done, but to caution the young people againſt imitating any fault they might ſee; and pointing out the diſadvantages which every perſon laboured under, who did not endeavour excite univerſal eſteem.

In leſs than a week after the arrival of the letter, which had announced lady Pelworth's

death; Mrs. Howardine received a ſecond, to ſay, that on the following day lord P. intended dining at Violet Vale.

Mr. Dillington's health, contrary to Mrs. Howardine's expectation, upon the whole, rather improved; and concluding that as the houſe was not large, the apartment he occupied would be wanted, he propoſed returning to his humble friends. Mrs. Howardine immediately advanced his firſt quarter, then borrowed of a neighbouring farmer a one-horſe chaiſe, and Thomas drove him to Richard Johnſon's; which was the name of the young man in whoſe houſe he had been ſo hoſpitably received.

As lord Pelworth in his letters had ſaid that a wiſh of receiving condolence, was the motive of his viſit; his ſiſter had no idea that he intended to travel in any ſtile, and was not a little ſurpriſed at ſeeing an out-rider precede his maſter, about half an hour, for the purpoſe of informing her his lordſhip was within a few miles of the houſe. The young folks were all ſtationed at the window, eagerly watching the arrival of their gueſt, and when they ſaw a poſt-chaiſe and four approaching, ran to proclaim the joyful intelligence to their mama.—Mrs. Howardine expected her niece was too fine a young lady to diſpenſe with the attendance of a maid: but ſhe was not a little aſtoniſhed at perceiving *three females* in the *coach*. The meeting between the brother and ſiſter was truly affecting:

lord

lord Pelworth was unable to restrain his tears. Mrs. Howardine then turned to her niece and with maternal affection encircled her in her arms. "Miss *Mellish*," said his lordship with an air of dignified consequence, "my daughter's governess, Ellen, whom we could not well do without." "I am happy to see Miss Mellish," replied Mrs. Howardine, at the same time pressing her unoffered hand. Miss Mellish's appearance carried a letter of recommendation along with it; there was a timidity in her manners, that was interesting to a degree, and though not handsome, she had a sweetness of countenance, which is frequently more interesting, than the finest face. Far different was Clementina Cavendish, who had just entered her fourteenth year; her features, it is true, were perfectly regular, but an imperious haughtiness was strongly expressed; her figure was as tall as many girls of fifteen, and she walked remarkably well, but every action and look, betrayed a *self-importance*, peculiarly unamiable at her age.

After a mutual salutation between the cousins, Miss Cavendish walked up to her aunt, and in whispering accents, enquired where Miss Mellish was to go. "To go my dear?" repeated her aunt, astonished at the question. "Will you do me the favour ma'am to walk into another room?" Mrs. Howardine instantly attended her, and she introduced the conversation by saying, "I perceive ma'am your house is very small;

and if you have not an apartment for my governeſs, ſhe can go into the *houſekeeper's* room. "You, and Miſs Melliſh will ſleep in the ſame apartment my dear Clementina, for I can very eaſily put a *tent bed*." "I did not *allude* to *ſleeping* ma'am; (ſaid the heireſs of lord Pelworth,) I only wiſh to know in what room Miſs Melliſh was *to ſit*." "In the drawing-room of courſe, (replied Mrs. Howardine)—did you ſuppoſe I could be guilty of impoliteneſs to your *friend*." "I aſſure you ma'am I do not conſider *her* in that capacity; and ſhe is not accuſtomed to aſſociate with my lord."

Had Mrs. Howardine ſtudied her niece's character for a month, ſhe could not have become more completely acquainted with it than ſhe was by this illiberal remark. "Your father, (ſaid ſhe) I truſt will lay his dignity aſide a little, and *condeſcend* to the *levelling ſyſtem* of my houſe:" as ſhe ſaid this, ſhe opened the door without waiting for the young lady's reply. Not chuſing however to act in direct oppoſition to her brother's wiſhes, ſhe deſired Ellen to ſhew her couſin and Miſs Melliſh the apartment which was prepared, and then repeated to his lordſhip, the converſation which had paſſed. "Miſs Melliſh's appearance (ſaid ſhe) is that of a gentlewoman, and I am perſuaded, my dear brother, you would not ſuffer any other to inſtruct your child; as ſuch, ſhe is entitled to every attention from *your family*, and it is the only way of making Clementina, pay attention to her advice."

His

His lordſhip looked confuſed at his ſiſter's obſervation; acknowledged, however, that ſhe was perfectly right. "I left the arrangement of theſe things (ſaid he) to poor Eliza, who I acknowledge in *ſome* things had rather too much *pride*; Miſs Melliſh certainly is the daughter of a gentleman, though from the extravagance of her father, ſhe is reduced to a dependant ſtate. Suppoſe ſiſter we ſend for Clementina and tell her the reaſon, for this alteration in my domeſtic plans; when once ſhe ſees the propriety of it, ſhe will ſhew no repugnance to conſider her governeſs in the light of a friend."

Though Mrs. Howardine was hurt at the weakneſs of her brother, in conſulting the capricious whims of his child, yet ſhe did not oppoſe his inclinations, but ringing the bell, ordered the footman to requeſt Miſs Cavendiſh to walk down. "My dear Clementina (ſaid her father) your aunt and I have been *talking* about *Miſs Melliſh*;—ſhe certainly is a gentlewoman by birth; and, as ſhe very properly obſerves, from *ſuperintending your* education, ought not to be treated with contempt. It is my ſiſter's wiſh, that ſhe ſhould aſſociate with us; I entirely approve of the plan, and when we return to Pelworth caſtle, I intend ſhe ſhall *dine* at my *table* and be conſidered as a friend."

"As you pleaſe my lord; or rather as my *aunt* pleaſes;" replied Clementina, in a moſt unpleaſing tone of voice, which completely con-

vinced Mrs. Howardine the new arrangement had not a little piqued the haughty young lady's pride. The children all ſoon followed their couſin, but Miſs Melliſh remained up ſtairs. Mrs. Howardine went in purſuit of her, and found the unfortunate girl in tears. "You are *not ill*, I hope, my dear Miſs Melliſh?" ſaid ſhe, in the moſt ſoothing tone of voice. "No madam, (ſhe replied, endeavouring to conceal her emotion) but unhappily, I have very weak nerves." "Not any thing has occured ſince you came into my family, I flatter myſelf, to excite the agitation I ſee." "Oh, it is too inſignificant, ma'am, I bluſh at my own folly; but I truſt, I ſhall acquire more philoſophy in time." Mrs. Howardine was really affected at the intereſting girl's agitation, yet could not perſuade her to tell the cauſe; "I fear (ſaid ſhe) my niece has received *too* much *indulgence*, but I hope that her *failings* are not thoſe of the *heart*.—I am perſuaded you have not been treated with the reſpect you are entitled to, but you will find things very different when you return: I was aſtoniſhed at hearing you were not conſidered as one of the family, but I am ſure my brother acted from want of thought." It was with difficulty Miſs Melliſh could find words to expreſs her gratitude; that ſhe ſhould have excited the intereſt of a total ſtranger, called forth her ſurpriſe; for ſhe had been upwards of a twelvemonth in lord Pelworth's family

mily, without the ſoothing ſatisfaction of one *condoling word.*

The children were commanded not only to pay attention to their couſin, but to treat Miſs Melliſh with every mark of reſpect; and the amiable girl could ſcarcely fancy herſelf, the *dependant* being who was ſo mortifyingly introduced to the benevolent owner of Violet Vale. The young party retired ſoon after dinner; when Clementina entered the library ſhe went up to the piano forte, and rattling over the keys, with all the airs of a fine performer; "come Miſs Melliſh, (ſaid ſhe) give us one of your Italian ſongs." Without noticing the improper tone of voice in which ſuch an indulgence was requeſted, ſhe looked around for a muſic-ſtool; Ellen inſtantly ran to prcoure it, at which the ill-bred Clementina burſt into a laugh. "What are you laughing at?" enquired Auguſta, who did not feel affection, at firſt ſight, towards her new gueſt. "I am thinking, ſaid ſhe, how Miſs Melliſh would be charmed if you were her *pupils*; for ſhe is always telling *me*, I do not treat her with *reſpect*."

"Mama is ſo kind as to take the trouble of inſtructing us; (ſaid Ellen) but if we were to have a governeſs I ſhould envy you." "Oh you need not do that, (replied Clenentina) for I would willingly conſent to a *tranſfer*. Not that I would *exchange*; for I ſee very clearly you are all kept abominably ſtrict." "Miſs Cavendiſh!" exclaimed

exclaimed her governeſs, in a reproaching accent. "Ma'am" returned the unbaſhed girl, in the ſame tone: "have you any *commands*, to *honour* me with, my lady governeſs, or are you going to indulge us with a ſong?" Miſs Melliſh ſhook her head, without making any reply to her, and began ſinging in ſo harmonious a voice, that the children were ſo delighted and aſtoniſhed, that they would ſcarcely breath for fear of loſing a note. "Bravo! braviſſimo," exclaimed Clementina as ſoon as Miſs Melliſh had concluded her ſong. "Now (ſaid ſhe) I will give them a treat, if they will promiſe to be grateful, in the true *Bantinian* ſtile;" then ſeating herſelf at the inſtrument, her voice actually went through their ears, and ſhe ſo completely diſtorted her perſon, that the graveſt being muſt have ſmiled.

When Clementina choſe to lay aſide her airs of *importance*, there was ſomething in her manner that could not fail to entertain; yet ſhe was totally devoid of ſenſibility, and her breaſt was a ſtranger to filial regard. Amuſed as her couſins had been with her powers of mimicry, they could hardly help aſking each other, if this was the being who had ſo recently loſt her mama; and they ſilently turned their expreſſive eyes to heaven and acknowledged the goodneſs of the Almighty in preſerving the life of their own. Clementina ſoon ſummoned her attendant, to enquire whether the luggage was unpacked, and being anſwered in the negative, unceremoni-

ouſly

remoniouſly called her a *lazy wretch*. This was language wholly new to her couſins; abſolute *aſtoniſhment*, was depictured in their face, and George exclaimed, "oh fie couſin! if mama heard you, what would ſhe ſay?" "I fear my love (ſaid Miſs Melliſh) ſhe would *think* that no pains had been taken with Miſs Cavendiſh; you ought not to accuſtom yourſelf to ſuch language, in juſtice to *me*; I ſhall be condemned for every mark of your ill-breeding. I am perſuaded you feel pleaſure in giving me pain."

As *puniſhment* had been forbid on pain of ſeparation, the weapons ſhe had to conquer with were merely *words*; which very ſeldom made any impreſſion, on this ſtrange and capricious girl's heart. Upon being ſummoned to dinner, each of the children were loud in the praiſe of Miſs Melliſh's voice; and prepared as Mrs. Howardine had been, to derive gratification from that young lady's performance, ſhe was no leſs delighted than aſtoniſhed at her muſical powers.

It was not merely from the revival of ſentiments which had long been ſtrangers to lord Pelworth's boſom, that he formed the reſolution of viſiting Violet Vale; parliamentary buſineſs required his attendance in London, and he did not think it right that his daughter ſhould accompany him there: he therefore reſolved to requeſt his ſiſter to allow her to remain in the country until his return. It was impoſſible for Mrs. Howardine to refuſe complying with her

brother's wiſhes, repugnant to her inclinations as would be the taſk; for Clementina did not take the ſlighteſt pains to conciliate he aunt's good opinion, and did not even ſeem to feel a wiſh of inſpiring her with eſteem or regard.

Though nature had endowed her with an excellent underſtanding, yet ſhe was too indolent to pay attention to any thing ſhe was taught; and as Miſs Melliſh was not permitted to adopt any method of enforcing her inſtructions, they made but a tranſient impreſſion upon her mind. When Clementina heard ſhe was to remain under Mrs. Howardine's protection during her father's reſidence in town, ſhe did not even attempt to conceal her mortification, but burſt into a violent flood of tears. His lordſhip ever anxious to put a favourable conſtruction upon his daughter's conduct, attributed the effect of vexation to a very different cauſe; and wiping away the tears preſſed her to his boſom, charmed at what he conſidered a proof of *filial regard*.

Though Mrs. Howardine had ſeen too much of her niece's diſpoſition, to believe that natural affection had been the inſpirer of grief; yet ſhe could not bear to diminiſh the ſatisfaction her brother ſeemed to experience, at what he conſidered as a mark of *ſenſibility* in his child. The day at length arrived when he was to take his departure; Clementina's affliction was then at its height, and his lordſhip was ſo much hurt by the aparent diſtreſs of his daughter, that he

was almoſt induced to alter his plans. By the perſuaſion of his ſiſter, however, he ſtepped into the carriage, and when Clementina ſaw that her tears could not accompliſh the deſigned purpoſe, ſhe wiped them from her eyes, aſſumed a compoſure beyond what her aunt had expected, and in fact, was more chearful than ſhe had been ſince her arrival at the Vale.

"Is it not very ſtrange mama, (ſaid the *ingenuous* Ellen,) that my couſin ſhould ſo ſoon forget her papa? for ſhe told me if ſhe did not go to London with him, ſhe was certain it would *break* her *heart*." "You know my deareſt Ellen, (replied her anxious mother) that I have always endeavoured to make you ſee the failings of others in the moſt *favourabe* point of *view*; yet there are imperfections in human nature ſo extremely deteſtable, that it is abſolutely neceſſary to point them out. Among thoſe which excite the greateſt abhorrence is *deception*; a failing which leads to the practice of every vice: and I am grieved at obſerving that your couſin's apparent ſorrow, was merely the effect of an intereſted view. Towards me ſhe does not feel the ſlighteſt affection, our mode of life is very different to that which ſhe has been uſed; ſhe therefore wiſhed to accompany her father to London for the ſake of the pleaſures with which it abounds: to accompliſh this end, ſhe pretended to feel miſerable at the idea of being ſeparated from her papa, but finding her plan did not anſwer

ſwer the purpoſe, ſhe no longer affected a ſorrow which was not ſincere. I have the happineſs of being bleſſed with ingenuous children, who amply compenſate me for all my care, whoſe profeſſions of regard, are truly gratifying to my feelings, becauſe I know that they proceed from the heart."

"We do *love* you, *indeed mama!*" exclaimed the affectionate Ellen, throwing her arms round Mrs. Howardine's neck: "and if we did not, we ſhould be *wicked creatures*; but do you think that my couſin does not love her papa?" "I do not mean to ſay, that ſhe is deſtitute of affection for him; but I am convinced that her ſorrow has been occaſioned by her being left here, more than by the idea of being ſeparated from her too indulgent papa.—The deception which ſhe practiſed, has lowered her in my opinion: you know I have an utter abhorrence to every ſpecies of *art*; and had ſhe felt all the diſtreſs ſhe pretended, ſhe could not have appeared chearful the moment he was gone.—Nature does not endow all with the ſame portion of ſenſibility; your couſin is not poſſeſſed of a very feeling heart, or ſhe could not ſo ſoon have forgotten a fond and tender mother, who, I am ſorry to ſay, indulged her to a fault."

This converſation was interrupted by the entrance of the perſon who had inſpired it; who came to requeſt Mrs. Howardine to ſend a ſervant for the man who tuned her piano forte;

for

" for indeed ma'am," ſaid ſhe, " it is ſo horridly diſcordant, that it is not poſſible to play a ſingle note." " I will ſend for him on Monday morning," replied Mrs. Howardine, " for poor Thomas has got a very bad cold, and I ſhould be fearful he would materially increaſe it, if he went out in the rain." To conſult the health of a *ſervant*, was a complete new idea; and Clementina enquired, whether he had not got a great coat, as ſhe could not bear that a being ſo inſignificant as Thomas, ſhould deprive her of the pleaſure of practiſing a new ſong. It was with difficulty ſhe avoided expreſſing her vexation to Mrs. Howardine, at finding that the great coat was not conſidered a ſufficient defence; and ſhe told Ellen, that ſhe thought her mama perfectly *ridiculous* in making ſuch a fuſs about a common ſervant's health. Ellen was too honourable to repeat any converſation, but ſhe was hurt at the cenſure thrown upon her mama, and defended her with a warmth which would have delighted that amiable woman, could ſhe have overheard what paſſed.

Lord Pelworth happened to quit Violet Vale upon a Saturday: little George in the evening, reminded his mama, that they had not lately enjoyed their uſual entertainment, or in other words, that ſhe had not told them any ſtories upon a *Saturday night*.

" And why ma'am, do you tell them ſtories upon a *Saturday night*, in particular?" enquired Clementina.

Clementina. "Becauſe my dear," replied Mrs. Howardine, "I happen to be a *ſailor's wife*; and on board a ſhip it is a uſual practice with officers and ſeamen, to drink the health of their families upon a *Saturday night*. I truſt, that *every night* in the *week*, my children think of their father; but on this, I have always made a point of giving them a treat, and if any thing afforded them greater entertainment than *ſtories*, they would be welcome to enjoy it, if they pleaſed."

"Oh a dance! or acting *a play*; or a little *private concert*," exclaimed Clementina, "would be a thouſand times better than liſtening to any tale." "No, no," ſaid the children, with one voice; "I like mama's ſtories, and when ſhe has done, we have ſome negus to drink papa's health." It was in vain that Clementina aſſured them, they could drink their papa's health in negus after the *play*, *concert*, or *ball*; for they had felt ſo much pleaſure in liſtening to their mama's ſtories, that they would not relinquiſh them for all the joys ſuch amuſements could afford. The voice of *numbers* having *prevailed*, and the young party having formed a ſemi-circle, Mrs. Howardine drew a minature from her pocket, which was eagerly ſeized by little George, who after kiſſing it ſeveral times, diſplayed it to his couſin, eagerly enquiring whether ſhe did not think it very *like* his dear papa.

"Whilſt

"Whilſt *we* are enjoying the comfort of a good fire, and defended from the inclemencies of the weather," ſaid Mrs. Howardine, "your poor papa is perhaps, braving the dangers of a tempeſtuous ſea; and from the deſire of rendering *you all independant*, hazarding his precious health, as well as his life. Think then, what *affection*, what *gratitude* you owe him! Let the idea of his parental fondneſs ſink deep into your hearts; and never commit a ſingle action that could give him a moment's uneaſineſs, or be likely to diminiſh his parental regard."

"Never mama! never!" exclaimed theſe amiable children, with an united voice. "Nor *you* either; we would not do any thing to give *you* pain." "And Clementina," ſaid George, turning to his couſin, "*you* too have got a very *good papa*." Clementina acknowledged the truth of George's obſervation; but as converſations of this kind, ſeldom touched her heart, ſhe intreated her aunt to indulge them with the ſtory, which ſhe thought would be more entertaining than remarks.

THE REVENGEFUL NEGROES.

YOU may poſſibly, my dear Clementina, have read many more entertaining ſtories than that which I am going to relate; but thoſe with which I amuſe my little family are, I aſſure you, matters of *fact*. Many which I have told them,

and

and many others which recollection has in ſtore for them, are a mere relation of circumſtances, which your uncle ſaw occur; and this is one of the many advantages which ariſe, from viſiting different parts of the world. Slaves in the Weſt Indies, to the diſgrace of their maſters, are entirely left to the management of overſeers, who generally are an unfeeling ſet of wretches, which tyrannize over the unfortunate beings placed under their care. In one of the moſt cultivated parts of Jamaica, lived a gentleman of the name of Young; he came into poſſeſſion of his fortune, by the death of an uncle, at a time when he had by extravagance run through his own. In the general acceptation of the word, Mr. Young was a good hearted fellow; his houſe was always open to his friends, and he ſpent his money with that thoughtleſs extravagance, which, but for the unexpected death of this relation, muſt have brought him to gaol. The alteration in his circumſtances, had taught him to conſider *riches* as the only means of enjoying life; for he had found, that not one of thoſe friends, who had profeſſed the ſtrongeſt eſteem for him, would afford him the ſlighteſt aſſiſtance when the hour of diſtreſs arrived. Diſguſted with the world, and elated with his good fortune, he ſet out with all his family, to take poſſeſſion of his uncle's eſtates. "Make the *moſt* of my *lands*," ſaid he to his overſeer, "and *get* all you *can* by the exertions of my ſlaves."

Mr.

Mr. Young's predeceſſor was a man of indolent character, yet his heart was naturally humane; and the ſteward received poſitive directions never to overwork the men under his care. With the produce of his plantation, he always was ſatisfied: Mr. Mackintoſh, (his overſeer), therefore obeyed his maſter's commands, and though he paid the ſtricteſt attention to his *own intereſt*, he did not exact too much labour from the ſlaves. Upon the arrival of his new maſter however, circumſtances were totally altered: he was no longer able to purloin for himſelf; for Mr. Young calculated the portion of work each ſlave was capable of performing, wholly regardleſs of their being *ſick* or *well*. Mackintoſh no longer able to practiſe extortion with impunity, reſolved to encreaſe his fortune at the poor negros' expenſe; therefore, when they had completed their daily occupations, he compelled them to work upon his *own lands*. Early and late, they toiled for their unfeeling maſter, and at the ſame time were allowed only a ſcanty ſupply of food: for regardleſs of the comfort of theſe unfortunate creatures, he reſolved to *make money* by every means in his power. *Sickneſs*, was the natural conſequence of violent exertion, and many of thoſe who were incapable of ſupporting it, died: Mr. Young, of courſe lamented the loſs of theſe poor creatures, without attempting to diſcover the cauſe. This impolitic man's family conſiſted of three children, who were

were ſuffered to tyrannize over the ſlaves; in ſhort, they were taught to conſider them in the ſame light as the brute creation; and they treated them with an inſolence ſcarcely to be conceived.

" In an adjoining eſtate, lived a gentleman, of the name of Godfrey; never were two characters more oppoſite than his and Mr. Young's: the one ſtudied the happineſs of all thoſe who depended upon him; whilſt the other merely conſulted his own. Mr. Godfrey regarded his ſlaves in the light of his children: he not only conſidered their temporal, but their *eternal good*; he had them taught to read; ſupplied them with religious publications; and at once endeavoured to *preſerve* both their *bodies* and *ſouls*. To view theſe poor creatures at their daily taſks, was a moſt gratifying ſpectacle, and one, which has frequently afforded your father delight; for his ſhip was once ordered upon the Weſt India ſtation, and he ſpent many happy days in the ſociety of this amiable man. Each of his ſlaves had not only a comfortable habitation, but a portion of land, which they cultivated for their own uſe: content ſat ſmiling upon their ſable countenances, and a ſenſe of their own happineſs animated their grateful hearts. Mr. Godfrey had been the father of a very numerous family; but at the time of your papa's acquaintance with him, he had only one daughter alive, a lovely girl about fourteen, who was deſerving

of

of all his affection, for she possessed an excellent heart and a cultivated mind.

The female children of the slaves, were placed under Eliza Godfrey's protection; a room was built at the end of the garden, for the purpose of a school, and though there was a regular school-mistress, yet Eliza constantly heard them their tasks. She it was who rewarded the industrious, encouraged the timid, and repressed the bold; and so fearful were the generality of them, of offending their gentle instructress, that the greatest punishment which could be inflicted, was a prohibition from attending school.

Opposite as the disposition of the gentlemen were, yet from their two estates joining, a certain degree of intimacy between them took place; notwithstanding which, the miss Youngs used to amuse themselves with ridiculing the manner in which Eliza Godfrey chose to spend her time. Your father happened to call one morning after having been at Mr. Godfrey's house, and very naturally began praising the amiable Eliza, which absolutely provoked these unamiable girls. "Gracious powers, captain Howardine," said the elder young lady, "you surely cannot like that horrid stupid girl! Why she actually has not a single idea beyond that of teaching A, B, C, to a parcel of blacks." "That must be a most delectable employment;" exclaimed her sister, "for my part, I would as soon

ſoon aſſociate with a parcel of imps; and as to *inſtructing* ſuch *creatures* as *thoſe*, it ſeems as ridiculous as the account of Orpheus attempting to humanize the brutes."

"Your father, who generally expreſſes his ſentiments unceremoniouſly, replied to theſe obſervations in a manner that gave high offence. However they ſoon had reaſon to regret their treatment of theſe poor creatures, and to fly for protection to thoſe, whom they had ſo unjuſtly condemned. There are no ſet of beings more faithful than the negros, or more attached to thoſe, by whom they are *well uſed*: at the ſame time, they will not calmly ſubmit to ill-treatment, and the deſire of *revenge* ſinks deep into their hearts. The ſlaves on Mr. Young's eſtate, had long pre-determined to aſſaſſinate the overſeer, as their hardſhips inſtead of diminiſhing, daily encreaſed; but at length they reſolved to murder their maſter, and ſet fire to all the crops upon the eſtate. A female ſlave of the name of Yankee, unfortunately made an uncivil reply to one of the young ladies, which put her into ſo violent rage, that though the poor creature was near her confinement, ſhe inſiſted upon her being ſeverely chaſtiſed. The cruelty of this conduct excited the reſentment of the *whole body*. It was reſolved that vengeance ſhould be taken that very night, and they determined, not only to deſtroy Mr. Young and the overſeer, but not one of the family were to eſcape. *Fire*

was.

was fixed upon as the agent of reſentment; a peculiar dry ſeaſon ſeemed to favour the deſign: a thick ſmoke iſſued from the diſtant plantations, and about twelve o'clock, at night, the whole houſe burſt into a blaze. The worthy Mr. Godfrey was the perſon, who firſt diſcovered this dreadful conflagration: an old negro, who was *dying*, had requeſted him to pray by his bed, and he was returning home after having performed this pious office, when he beheld flames burſting from different parts of Mr. Young's houſe. After rouſing his domeſtics, he flew to the ſcene of danger; but in vain did he attempt to obtain aſſiſtance from Mr. Young's ſlaves, not even the invalids were found in their habitations, for they had carried them all into a neighbouring wood.

"*Death* muſt inevitably have been the fate of every ſoul in the family, but for the humane exertions of Mr. G. the houſe in a ſhort time was completely reduced to aſhes, and ſcarce a veſtige of it to be ſeen. Mr. Young in attempting to ſave ſome valuable papers, was burnt in a moſt ſhocking way; and the unfeeling girl, who had in a great meaſure been the cauſe of this calamity, in attempting to eſcape, fell down and broke her leg."

"But what became of *Mackintoſh*, mama?" enquired the little ſailor, as George was generally called. "He was found dead in his bed, my love, and it is ſuppoſed, that he was poiſoned,

ed, for his whole body was covered with black ſpots.—The family were removed to Mr. Godfrey's hoſpitable manſion, and treated with the utmoſt tenderneſs and care. In the kindeſt manner he pointed out to the half diſtracted ſufferer, that the misfortune which he deplored, had been in a great meaſure occaſioned by himſelf. The evil which was paſt, of courſe, could not be remedied; yet not a ſingle ſlave was to be found upon the eſtate; but at the requeſt of their maſter, the benevolent Mr. Godfrey and his overſeers ſearched the neighbouring woods. In ſpite of Mackintoſh's precaution, they had contrived to rob the granaries and warehouſes: a party of five or ſix were diſcovered completely drunk, and were conveyed home in that ſituation, without knowing they had been removed. Upon recovering from the ſtupifying effects of the liquor, they were terrified beyond deſcription, at finding themſelves bound; inſtant death was what they expected, but they reſolved to meet their puniſhment unmoved.

"The humane Mr. Godfrey after having left them to their own reflections, returned when he imagined the effects of the liquor no longer prevailed: and after expatiating for a length of time upon the enormity of their conduct, promiſed, upon their revealing the name of the perſon who had ſuggeſted the horrid idea, to endeavour to preſerve their lives. *Honour*, however, was far dearer than *exiſtence* to theſe untaught

untaught negro's; they unanimouſly declared they were ready to die; but as to betraying the truſt that had been repoſed in them, that was a crime they would never commit. There was a mixture of virtue and vice in theſe undaunted beings, that made a ſtrong impreſſion upon Mr. Godfrey's mind; and after a variety of judicious and benevolent arguments, he perſuaded Mr. Young to grant a free pardon to every one who would return. His remonſtrances not only prevailed in procuring them forgiveneſs; but he obtained a promiſe, that they ſhould be treated with kindneſs and care; and never again be ſubject to the cruel tyranny of an *unfeeling overſeer*.

" What *humanity* could never have obtained, *ſelf-intereſt* accompliſhed; for Mr. Godfrey repreſented that he would be ever liable to a ſimilar attack, unleſs by kindneſs he inſured their fidelity and attachment; and at length he reſolved to adopt a different plan. The advantages which aroſe from this meaſure ſoon convinced their maſter, that cruelty and oppreſſion defeated their own deſigns; for they worked much harder for indulgence, than they would have done for ſeverity; and labour became a *pleaſure* inſtead of a toil."

" And did the young ladies, ma'am, adopt Miſs Godfrey's practice," enquired Clementina, "and turn *ſchool-miſtreſſes* to the *little ſooty tribe?*"

" That I cannot tell," replied Mrs. Howardine; " but

" but they certainly could not have done better than to have followed the example of that amiable girl. I am ſorry to ſay, my dear Clementina, that you ſeem to conſider ſervants as a ſet of beings, formed of different materials to yourſelf; and I perceived you were diſpleaſed at my not permitting Thomas to go of an errand for you this morning, though it might have proved injurious to his health. How much ſatisfaction does a perſon of ſenſibility experience, at obſerving thoſe dependant upon them, ſerve from *affection* rather than *fear*; and though providence has placed his creatures in very different ſituations, yet we ſhall *all* be upon an *equality*, *you know*, in a *future world*. How frequently even in this life, do we behold ſuch viciſſitudes, as no weak-ſighted mortals could ever have conceived; men who have kept two or three carriages, reduced from affluence to poverty, and ſupported in an alms-houſe, at the public expenſe."

" That however," ſaid Clementina, " can never be *my caſe*; for I know that my papa is *immenſely rich*." " There you are miſtaken;" replied Mrs. Howardine, " for he certainly is not a *very affluent* man. It is *improbable*, I allow; but to prove that it is not *impoſſible*, a change in the miniſtry would at once deprive him of his preſent place, and he might ſuddenly become ſo completely attached to *gambling*, as to loſe all his fortune, and mortgage his *eſtate*. What then, Clementina, would be your ſituation; thrown

on

as it were, pennyleſs upon the world? For friends are too often the mere appendages of *fortune*, and *ſelf-intereſt* is the foundation of pretended regard." Clementina made no reply: but an unuſual gravity overſpread her features; which Mrs. Howardine perceiving, told her theſe changes were not likely to occur; yet that no one ought to pride themſelves upon the brilliant proſpects which ſurrounded them, as they could not *foreſee* what *misfortunes* might be in *ſtore*.

Though miſs Cavendiſh had not appeared to pay much attention to the ſtory, yet it had made a very ſtrong impreſſion upon her mind; and when ſhe retired with her governeſs, ſhe could not help expreſſing her happineſs at not having been born in a land of ſlaves, where, perhaps, ſhe might have been murdered, only for *ſpeaking a little croſs*.

CHAP. V.

THOUGH Clementina was far from ſatisfied with her temporary reſidence in her aunt's family, or felt reconciled to what ſhe termed a *ſtupid* way of life; yet as the gloomy weather

 ſubſided,

ſubſided, and nature began to put on a more chearful appearance, ſhe found that exiſtence was ſupportable even in *Violet Vale*. Bad muſt have been the weather which prevented Mrs. Howardine and her daughters, from viſiting and adminiſtering to the comforts of the poor. But in theſe charitable walks, they were never accompanied by Clementina: and Matilda had ſo long been accuſtomed to an eaſtern climate, that her aunt was fearful of expoſing her to the cold. Animated, however, by the power of that all reviving luminary, which excites vegetation and fructifies the earth, the two couſins no longer remained miſs Melliſh's companions, but accompanied Mrs. Howardine in her morning walks.

"How many pleaſurable ſenſations is the Almighty bountifully preparing for the admirers of nature!" ſaid Mrs. Howardine, ſtopping to obſerve the expanding buds upon a favourite buſh. "Is it an *exotic* production *then* ma'am?" enquired Clementina. "Yet there does not ſeem any thing extraordinary in its *appearance* to *me*." "Though there is not any thing *extraordinary*, it is not the leſs *admirable*;" replied Mrs. Howardine; "for objects which have become familiar to us, loſe their effect: and whilſt we are ſtruck with the beauty of a tree or ſhrub, tranſported from a foreign country, we pay little attention to thoſe, which flouriſh in our own. But can you tell me, Clementina," enquired

Mrs.

Mrs. Howardine, "what occaſions theſe expanding buds, at this period of the year?" "They *grow there*, ma'am, to be ſure," replied the ſelf-important Clementina, in a conſequential tone of voice.

Auguſta, who was too much inclined to ridicule ignorance, and who was by no means partial to her illuſtrious gueſt, exclaimed "We know they *grow*, without informing us, Clementina; a child of three years old could have told us that. Yet, I fancy you did not know that the ſun drew the ſap from its foundation, and made it circulate through every part of the tree: neither did you know, that it ran through a variety of ſmall fibres in the ſame manner, that our blood paſſes through the veins."

"I can amuſe myſelf much better," replied Clementina, "than in examining the *ſap* in the *ſtump* of an *old tree*." "You could never employ it better, depend upon it," (ſaid Mrs. Howardine), "than in admiring the wondrous works of a beneficent God. Your couſins, I have the happineſs of ſaying, derive the higheſt gratification from obſerving, that every *effect* is produced from a *cauſe*; but you might examine the *ſtump* of an old tree, my dear Clementina, for ages, yet never be able to find out the *ſap*; for it is from the loſs of that nutritious juice, that vegetation ceaſes: as it is at once the promoter and ſuſtainer of life."

"How do trees lose their sap, aunt?" enquired Matilda; who began to derive entertainment from attending to Mrs. Howardine's judicious remarks. "Sometimes my dear girl, from the bark having been injured; at others, from the circulation being completely stopped by the severity of the cold; and sometimes the vital juice is imperceptibly exhausted by the all-powerful effect of age. A period is put to the existence of the *vegetable*, as well as the *animal creation*, by that good and wise being, who first called them into life; but when our frail forms decay, we have the satisfaction of knowing we shall be translated to a world of never ending delights. The certainty of this, ought to fill our breasts with gratitude; we ought to adore that gracious being, who has promised us such rich rewards, if we do but persevere in the path of virtue; and act in obedience to *his divine commands*."

"I do not like to talk about *dying*;" said Clementina, "for it reminds me of my poor mama." "And surely you would not wish to *forget* her *cousin?*" said the amiable Ellen: "I should be sorry to be so *soon* forgotten, if I was dead." This remark was made in so reproachful an accent, that it was impossible not to have been felt; but the reply to it rather proved, that it had excited indignation, without making a proper impression upon the heart.

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"There is not any thing *gloomy* in the idea of *death*," my dear Clementina, ſaid Mrs. Howardine, "to thoſe, who endeavour to lead religious and moral lives; on the contrary, we ought to accuſtom our minds to look forward to it with thoſe ſenſations, which a traveller in a foreign country, anticipates the delights of home. How tranſitory is the longeſt life compared with eternity—and how rapidly does time fleet away! Yet how little do we prize the preſent moment, although the *paſt* can never be recalled. It is therefore neceſſary, my dear children, never to defer till to-morrow, what we ought to perform to-day; particularly if it happens to be an act of duty or kindneſs to our fellow creatures; for in that caſe, you would be guilty of an irreparable fault."

"Do you remember, Ellen," (ſaid Auguſta to her ſiſter), "what Mr. F—— once told us, about the plurality of worlds?" "Plurality of worlds!" exclaimed miſs Cavendiſh, in an aſtoniſhed accent. "I do not underſtand, aunt, what my couſin means." "She means, Clementina, that it is by no means probable, that theſe myriads of heavenly bodies, were merely formed for *our uſe*; but that in the boundleſs expanſe of creation, there are a number of different worlds; inhabited, perhaps, by a ſet of beings, endowed with intellectual powers, ſuperior to ourſelves. The earth, I truſt you know, is merely a planet; which, with ſix

others, moves regularly round that vivifying orb, the sun; therefore, we may naturally suppose, that each of these planets, is inhabited, and that those which are the farthest from the sun, receive light from the fixed stars."

"This is very *wonderful*! is it not miss Mellish?" enquired Clementina. "But you do not know half as much as my aunt; I am sure you are no more fit to be a *governess* than I am to be empress of Rome." "There has neither been emperor or empress of Rome, for a very long time:" said Augusta, ever delighted at displaying the knowledge she had obtained. "But I am sure I have often heard miss Mellish wish to instruct you, though you would never pay attention to any thing she said."

"You have no right to condemn your cousin's conduct, Augusta;" said Mrs. Howardine, in a displeased tone of voice, "and the next time I hear you take the liberty of doing it, depend upon it, you will most seriously displease me: for I know not any thing more completely disgusting, than a *self-sufficient* child." Miss Mellish's countenance was covered with confusion, at the impropriety of her pupils remarks; for she could not help fearing Mrs. Howardine should imagine, she did not even endeavour to inform her niece's mind. That amiable woman, however, knew that she was completely capable of instructing her pupil; and therefore intreated her not to pay the slightest attention to what she

said;

ſaid; and inſiſted upon Clementina making an apology; which ſhe did, with a very ill grace.

George, who had paid the utmoſt attention to the preceding converſation, ſaid "Clementina, I can tell you all the different planets names, if you like." "Do then, my dear boy:" ſaid his delighted mother; aſtoniſhed at his having even liſtened to what had paſſed. Gratified by the approving ſmile of Mrs. Howardine, George readily obeyed her commands; repeated the names of Mercury, Venus, the earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Herſchel, in an audible tone of voice; adding that the latter had derived its name from the famous aſtronomer, who had diſcovered its courſe. This intelligent child had merely obtained his knowledge from attending to the converſations which paſſed between his ſiſters and mama; which proves, how much knowledge may be imparted, without compelling young children to learn regular taſks. Yet, my little readers are not to imagine, knowledge can be obtained without application, for Mrs. Howardine's ſyſtem of education, was conducted upon a regular plan; certain hours were devoted to the ſtudy of hiſtory and geography; and others to muſic, drawing, and different kinds of work.

Clementina had remained ſome time ſilent, which was a general practice with her when ſhe was diſpleaſed; and as ſhe had apologized ſo ungraciouſly to her governeſs, Mrs. Howardine

concluded her taciturnity was the mere conſequence of her pride having been piqued. She was, therefore aſtoniſhed, at hearing her requeſt to be admitted into the ſchool-room, during the hours that her couſins aſſembled there; for as ſhe was attended by her governeſs, her aunt had not thought it right to interfere. This unexpected requeſt was inſtantly granted; and the warmeſt praiſes liberally beſtowed; but Clementina's pride had been wounded by the ſarcaſtic remarks of Auguſta; and ſhe could not bear the idea of having her ignorance expoſed. Drawing her aunt aſide from the young party; ſhe enquired whether ſhe had ſaid that the world moved round the ſun; "becauſe," continued ſhe, "I recollect once reading a little ſtory book, which informed me, that the ſun paſſed round the world."

"The author of that book muſt have been completely ignorant, my dear Clementina; for as the ſun is now known to be nearly a million times larger than the earth, common ſenſe will tell us, it would be impoſſible for a fiery orb of that magnitude, to move round our little ball. But I am delighted at perceiving you are deſirous of receiving inſtruction; and I am certain it will afford the higheſt gratification to your papa. I will ſupply you with ſome aſtronomical books, adapted to the capacity of young perſons. It is a ſtudy, which at once *improves* and *entertains*. It exalts the mind, and inſpires the higheſt

higheſt veneration for that *being*, whoſe omnipotent hand formed worlds, to us unknown."

Whilſt Mrs. Howardine and her niece, were converſing together; the attention of the young party had been attracted by a little boy, who was ſo intent upon counting the contents of a canvaſs purſe, and putting the money into his pocket, that he did not perceive he was obſerved. Ellen ran towards her mama and pointed to the young ruſtic, who appeared about eleven years of age: he had a ſpade in his hand; he dug a hole, whilſt they ſtood looking at him; and carefully covered the purſe with looſe earth.

A clump of trees, in a great meaſure, concealed the young party. The boy threw his ſpade acroſs his ſhoulder, and hurried away; Mrs. Howardine requeſted Miſs Melliſh to follow him, whilſt with a piece of ſtick, ſhe ſcraped the looſe earth from the purſe. He walked ſo extremely faſt, that it was with difficulty the party could overtake him. "Pray have you not found ſomething this morning, my little man?" ſaid Mrs. H. "No." replied the boy, unabaſhed by the enquiry, and without even taking off his hat. "Is not your name, Dyer?" was the next interrogation. "Yes;" was the anſwer, in a ſtyle equally uncouth; at the ſame time endeavouring to avoid all farther queſtions, by making a ſpeedy eſcape.

Deſerving as were the generality of the lower order, in the village, where Mrs. Howardine reſided; yet the Dyers were well known to be an indolent tribe: not one of the family ever paid attention to their religious *duties*, and a variety of petty offences had been laid to their charge. Mrs. Howardine's benevolence did not flow in an indiſcriminate channel; ſhe was the *encourager* of *induſtry*, and the *patroneſs* of *worth*: but her bounty was never beſtowed upon the *profligate* and *unprincipled*; and the Dyers were the only people, who had not derived benefit from the liberality of her heart. From what ſhe had witneſſed, ſhe naturally concluded the boy belonged to this unprincipled family; and upon his attempting to eſcape, ſhe caught him by the flap of his coat; and in an abſolute tone of authority, inſiſted upon ſearching his clothes. Three guineas in gold, and twelve ſhillings in ſilver, this *unprincipled child* reluctantly produced: and it was merely from the dread of being ſent immediately to priſon, that he would diſcover by what means it came into his hands. "I did na *ſteal* it," (ſaid he), ſo I *ceant* be ſent to priſon; for feather a long time ago, found a bank note, and he ſead, as how twas his ane propty, becaſe he picked it up in the high road." Sincerely did Mrs. Howardine pity the child of ſo unprincipled a father; ſtill ſhe inſiſted upon knowing how he came by the purſe; and at length ſhe learned, that it was the property of

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the *industrious Richardson*, who had dropped it out of his pocket, after having sold the butcher a fine calf. "And did you *see* him *drop it*?" enquired Mrs. Howardine. "Yes, to be sure, or I shud not ha' known it was *he's*; but feather always tould me, I must ketch as ketch culed, if I wanted to get forard in the *world*."

"Unfortunate child!" exclaimed Mrs. Howardine, "what unnumbered crimes may your father have to answer for! How many wretched beings are brought to the gallows, merely from not having been properly instructed whilst young! Then without any farther reprehension, she desired the ill-fated boy to accompany her home. As soon as she arrived there, she dispatched a servant, requesting to speak immediately with colonel Smith, to whom she related the circumstance which had happened; and entreated to be favoured with his advice. The colonel happened at that moment to be engaged with his recruiting serjeant; but he attended the summons in less than an hour; and informed Mrs. Howardine that the boy's father had enlisted on the preceding night; but that his wife had with tears been entreating he might be let off. Though Dyer bore a notorious character; yet colonel Smith had found it difficult to resist his wife's prayers, and had avoided giving her a positive answer until the following morn. But when he heard of his unprincipled mode of bringing up his children; and found, that he

actually

actually encouraged them in the practice of vice; he thought he was doing his family a ſervice, in not ſuffering the example of ſuch a wretch to contaminate their minds. So truly philanthropic was the colonel's diſpoſition, that he reſolved to take the boy under his immediate care, for the purpoſe of endeavouring to counteract thoſe impreſſions, which from his parent's example, he had unfortunately imbibed. The uncultivated ſavage could not have been more ignorant of his duties, than this neglected child: he had ſcarcely heard the deity mentioned, except in blaſphemouſly calling upon his ſacred name. Ever anxious to prove himſelf a uſeful member of ſociety, Colonel Smith took the little Joſeph into his houſe, had him taught to read and write, inſtructed him in religious duties; and at once ſtudied the welfare both of his body and ſoul.

The ſervant, who was ſent to reſtore Richardſon's purſe, ſoon circulated the ſtory through the neighbourhood; and the benevolent conduct of colonel Smith was condemned. "It is no *encouragement*," (ſaid many), "to teach one's children their *duty*; when *people* like the *Dyers* meet with *ſuch* friends!" The little Howardines heard theſe remarks through the channel of their ſervants; and of courſe, repeated them to their mama; who ſoon convinced them the colonel had acted in a manner that muſt call forth admiration in every humane and charitable heart.

"I have

"I have known many traits of colonel Smith's benevolence," said Mrs. Howardine; "but none have exalted him so highly, in my esteem, as his having taken that unfortunate child under his protection, for the purpose of endeavouring to save him from infamy and vice. In this instance, he has followed the example of our great master; whose life was spent in endeavouring to persuade the wicked to forsake their evil ways; and who informed us, there was more joy in heaven over one sinner that *repented*, than over ninety nine just men."

"Then will Joseph Dyer go to heaven when he dies, aunt?" enquired Matilda? "I sincerely hope he will, my dear girl; but had he remained under the care of his unprincipled father, I fear, if he had lived, he would have been just as wicked a man. At every period of life, *example* is more impressive than *precept*; but children are particularly prone to imitate the actions of those they love; and those parents who do not set a good example to them, are guilty of a crime at which nature and feeling must revolt; but on Saturday night, if you will remind me of it, I will tell you a story which will prove the truth of this remark. Not any thing material occurred until the wished-for evening.—Clementina began the study of astronomy, under the direction of of her aunt; but though she found entertainment from listening to her

conversation,

converſation, yet ſhe paid very little attention to what ſhe had to learn; and even the power of *emulation*, could not induce her to endeavour to regain the time ſhe had loſt.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

"In the village of———(ſaid Mrs. Howardine) which you know, Clementina, is not more than half-a-mile from my brother's ſeat, lived a miller of the name of Blackburn; who in his humble ſituation, was univerſally eſteemed. But Providence does not always ordain that competence ſhould be the reward of induſtry; for in ſpite of honeſt exertions, the miller was very poor; his wife, from ill health, was incapable of looking into the affairs of her family, and he had an aged father and mother to ſupport. The water which ſupplied his mill, from ſome caprice of his landlord, was directed into another courſe, and though it ſome days flowed as rapidly as uſual, at others, he was unable to work." "But how did that happen, mama?" enquired Auguſta. "The landlord had cut a baſon, my dear girl, in his pleaſure ground, and the water not riſing to the height he expected; he filled it from the ſtream which ſupplied the mill, by the aſſiſtance of locks. Frequently, when the neighbouring farmers ſent their corn to be ground with expedition, from the water having been turned into the landlord's baſon, the mill would

would ſcarcely move; when provoked and diſappointed, by what they attributed to inattention, they would no longer employ this worthy induſtrious man. It was in vain that Blackburn remonſtrated with his landlord, or told him he ſhould loſe all his buſineſs, if he could not regularly work his mill; the only reply he received was, that he ſhould ſtudy the beauty of his own pleaſure-grounds; and if he did not chooſe to remain his tenant upon theſe conditions, he was very welcome to reſign his leaſe.

The rent of the mill was of very little conſequence to Mr. Beſborough; he had built it merely as a picturesque object from his houſe; and as he knew that Blackburn had laid out a good deal of money to make his cottage comfortable, he was perſuaded he would not willingly give it up. So perverſely did things occur to this worthy creature, that when the mill was well ſupplied with water, he frequently had no corn, and his expences ſoon became greater than his profits; for his wife was entirely confined to her bed. His horſe, which had grown old in his ſervice, was ſcarcely able to do any work; he had not a ſingle guinea to buy another; and therefore was obliged to carry upon his back, the geater part of his corn."

"What an unfortunate man he was, mama! (exclaimed Auguſta) yet I fancy he will become very *rich* at *laſt*; for I think you called the ſtory

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the *lottery ticket*, and I ſuppoſe poor Blackburn got a *ten thouſand* pounds prize." "Whether he was fortunate in the *lottery*, is to be proved, Auguſta; but he certainly was ſo, in *one* inſtance, which I ſhall name; for his children were the beſt behaved of any in the village; and at once conducted themſelves towards their parents, with affection and reſpect. The elder girl, whoſe name was Fanny, was about fourteen, when her mother was firſt confined to her bed; your grandmother had placed her out at ſchool, for the purpoſe of having her qualified to undertake the employment of lady's-maid. This plan, however, was obliged to be relinquiſhed; Fanny was ſent for home, to attend a ſick bed, and to take care of her little brother who could ſcarcely walk alone. With filial attention, ſhe watched over her poor mother; ſuperintended the domeſtic concerns of the houſe; and at the ſame time, had her father's and three brothers' linen to take care of; therefore, you may ſuppoſe this deſerving girl had plenty of work. Frank, who was only ten months older than his ſiſter, aſſiſted his father at the mill; and as he was a ſtout lad, and always accuſtomed to labour, he ſaved the expence of hiring a man. As Jack had always diſplayed a fondneſs for gardening, my father employed him about the grounds; and he was ſo anxious to oblige, and ſo induſtrious and attentive, that the gardener paid him four ſhillings a week, though he was not eleven years old.

Still

Still however from the heavy expence of doctor's bills, and the having to maintain his father and mother; poor Blackburn could not get forward in the world, and ſoon became in arrears with his unfeeling londlord, who threatened to ſend the unfortunate man to gaol. Whilſt Fanny was at ſchool, your grandmama allowed her half-a-crown a week, out of which ſhe always found herſelf in ribbands and ſhoes. For about eighteen months, ſhe had received this perquiſite, and her parents concluded the money had been ſpent; inſtead of which, ſhe had prudently ſaved together between five and ſix pounds. Poor Blackburn had carefully concealed his embarraſſed ſituation from his family, though they had for a long time obſerved that he was unuſually *grave*; but if they aſked him any queſtions, he only anſwered with a *deep ſigh*.

Fanny had been extremely buſy one morning ſcouring out her ſick mother's room, and had not been down into their comfortable kitchen, for more than two hours;—as ſhe deſcended the ſtairs, ſhe was ſtruck with the ſound of ſtrange voices; upon opening the door ſhe beheld her grand-mother in tears, whilſt two ill-looking men were taking an inventory of every article of furniture in the room. Young as ſhe was, her terrified imagination ſuggeſted to her the nature of their employ; and ſhe ſuddenly exclaimed, "Oh! where is my dear father!

Surely

Surely you will not have the heart to ſend him to gaol." "Not if there is enough to pay his *landlord*; (anſwered one the fellows, ſurlily) but unleſs you are better off up ſtairs, than you are below, we muſt hand him off in ſpite of your whimpering; and pray what is there, ſo very dreadful in a gaol." Fanny flew up ſtairs without replying, and returned again in a minute, with a little painted box, and emptying near ſix pounds upon the table, dropped upon her knees, before the unfeeling men.

"Take that (ſaid ſhe) gentlemen, I beſeech you! but for God's ſake, do not attempt to go up ſtairs; the ſight of *you*, I am ſure, would *kill* my poor *mother*; indeed, indeed, you would break her heart."

"And how did ſuch a girl as you come by all this money? (enquired one of the men, counting it into a purſe) This does not look *well*, continued he, turning to his companion; what do you think of this matter Jack?" Fanny was no leſs hurt at the cruelty of this inſinuation than ſhe had been at the idea of her father's being ſent to goal; but ſhe ſimply explained by what means it had been accumulated; and again implored them not to think of going up ſtairs.

"If Lady Pelworth has been ſuch a friend to her, ſaid the moſt humane of the fellows, mayhap ſhe will pay ſquire Beſborough's rent; ſuppoſe we let the girl run to the caſtle, and in the meantime ſhe may give us ſomething to eat

and

and drink." Unfortunately for poor Fanny, the family at the caſtle were in London, or ſhe would have flown thither, unaided by their advice. Fanny, however, ſpread a clean cloth upon the table, produced a piece of cold bacon and the bread and cheeſe; and thanking the men for this mark of civility, drew a brown jug full of the beſt home-brewed ale. Slipping on her hat, and whiſpering to her grand-mother, inſtead of going to the caſtle, ſhe flew to the mill, terrified leſt her father ſhould be arreſted, if the value of the goods were not ſufficient to pay the rent. The miller, however, was gone with a ſack of wheat flour, to the houſe of a gentleman who reſided about two miles off; thither the poor girl ran upon the wings of apprehenſion; and tripped her foot againſt a ſtone in the road: ſhe fell, and cloſe to her hand lay a piece of dirty paper, which by the mereſt chance ſhe picked up; in it ſhe found a lottery ticket, and a *ten pound note.*

Tranſported at this unexpected piece of good fortune, from an impulſe of gratitude, ſhe dropped upon her knees, returned thanks to the Almighty for the means of reſcuing her father from the diſtreſs and horror of a goal. Tears of and delight, rapidly chaſed each other; ſhe pauſed for a few moments, to reflect whether ſhe ought to go in purſuit of her father or return; when ſuddenly a new idea occurred to her recollection;

recollection; *had she a right to devote this money to her father's use!* The deepeſt gloom overſpread thoſe features, on which, a few minutes before pleaſure had ſweetly ſhone; ſhe put the paper carefully into her houſe-wife, and went in purſuit of her father, with a very heavy heart. She had not proceeded far, when ſhe perceived him approaching, again ſhe burſt into a violent flood of tears, and with all the pathos of natural feeling, related the melancholy cauſe of her having quitted home. "God's will be done! ejaculated the diſconſolate Blackburn; but this, my dear Fanny, is what I long have feared." Fanny, then drew the dirty piece of paper from her pocket, deſcribed the joy ſhe had experienced when it was firſt found, "but father, (ſaid the amiable girl) I fear we muſt *not touch it*; yet perhaps you might be able to repay it in a little time."

"If it would make me as *rich* as ſquire Beſborough, I would not touch it, Fanny, (replied the honeſt miller)—thank God, I have not brought this misfortune upon myſelf! Yet when I think of your poor mother's ſituation, my heart feels ready to burſt." Fanny, in vain endeavoured to diſſuade her father from returning to his houſe, "I'll ſhrink from no man, my dear child, (ſaid he) I muſt break this buſineſs to your poor mother, though I would rather face the mouth of a cannon."

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They had not proceeded many yards, when the dejected Frank met them. "I beſeech you, father, (exclaimed the boy) not to go home; I think I can raiſe a little money for you, if you will keep out of the way a few hours." Frank's perſuaſions, however proved as unavailing as his ſiſter's; and ſeeing his father direct his ſteps down a lane that led to his humble cottage, he turned into the high road; his father knew not what were his intentions, but with a countenance overſpread with ſorrow, entered his houſe. The men had proceeded no farther with their inventory, but were ſtill enjoying themſelves over their bread, cheeſe and ale. "Well, have you got the money, my pretty girl?" enquired one, in a good humoured accent; "you ſee we have complied with your perſuaſions, for we have not been up ſtairs."

"All *I have* muſt go! (ſaid the unfortunate Blackburn, in a voice almoſt ſuffocated with grief;) and though I know there is not enough, I hope you will not take me to priſon, for what *then* will become of *my wife!*" "She muſt go with you to be ſure, as is a *wife's duty*; (replied the other of theſe unfeeling men) and if I had not thought as how her Ladyſhip would have *paid* the *money* for *you*, we ſhould not have ſtaid dallying here all this while; and now, Jack, I begin to thing to think it was all a *flam* the girl told us; for what ſhould her ladyſhip ſee in her face, to give her a matter of *ſix pounds*.

"Six

"Six pounds!" exclaimed the aſtoniſhed miller. "Yes ſix pounds, all but three and ſixpence, was locked up, in this here box; but that girl of yours, maſter Blackburn, ſeems to have a pretty deal of *pallaver*; I think as how ſhe'd cut a *mortal good figure* on the *ſtage*, for ſhe knelt and cried, juſt like one of the *player-women*; and to ſay the truth, ſhe has got a good looking face."

"Her *face* (replied Blackburn) I never thought of any conſequence, but thank *God Almighty*, ſhe has got a *good* heart. I have always endeavoured to teach my children their duty, and in ſpite of my misfortunes, hope they will turn out well." Then addreſſing Fanny, he begged ſhe would inform him, by what means that money came into her hands. When he found it was the produce of her own frugality, and that ſhe had ſaved it ſolely for the purpoſe of aſſiſting him; he burſt into tears, ſaid he was *happy* amidſt his *troubles*, as never was a *father* more *completely bleſt*."

"I muſt *ſhorten* my *ſtory*, or I fear I ſhall tire your patience;" ſaid Mrs. Howardine. "Oh no I never heard one, mama, I liked ſo much before; do tell us all you know about Fanny, ſhe was ſuch a *good* and *amiable girl*."

"Yes, amidſt all the poor miller's misfortunes, he was bleſſed with dutiful and *good children*; (replied Mrs. Howardine) who at once afforded him comfort and delight; but they had been

early

early inſtructed to tread in the path of virtue, and to place their reliance upon the mercy of a benevolent God. But to return to the hiſtory of the worthy Mr. Blackburn;—in the gentleſt manner, he imparted his diſtreſs to his wife, who from a violent rheumatic fever was unable to turn herſelf in her bed. The *mind* generally partakes of the *body's debility*; Mrs. Blackburn was wholly unprepared for the intelligence ſhe received; and ſo deeply was ſhe affected by it, that it was wonderful it did not prove her death. Upon taking an inventory of all the furniture, it was found that the value of it was not ſufficient to diſcharge the landlord's account; and it would be impoſſible for the power of language to paint the diſtreſs of this unfortunate family, at the idea of its ill-fated maſter, being compelled to go to gaol. Several of his neighbours, who heard of his misfortune, offered the half-diſtracted wife a room in their houſe; his father and mother of courſe were compelled to ſeek protection from the pariſh, as they were totally incapable of obtaining any ſupport. A farmer, who had always been upon terms of the greateſt intimacy with Blackburn, offered to join in ſecurity for the payment of the rent; but the hard-hearted Mr. Beſborough inſiſted upon having it without any delay. Juſt as they were going to remove the poor woman to this hoſpitable creature's houſe; Frank ruſhed in, accompanied by a recruiting ſerjeant, from whom

whom he had juſt received the ſum of *ten pounds.*

"There, father, (ſaid he) there is ten pounds for you: thank God, there is no need for you to go to goal; the captain, at firſt, ſaid I was not tall enough to ſerve his Majeſty, but this here gentleman, (pointing to the ſerjeant) kindly ſtood my friend. "Oh my poor boy! I can never take that money!" exclaimed the agitated father, burſting into tears. "Don't take it father; (ſaid the half-diſtracted Fanny) for if any thing ſhould happen Frank, I am ſure 'twould break my heart; do borrow that money which I found this morning; I can get a place to-morrow, and I will ſave every farthing of my wages to pay it again."

"I will never *touch that* money, (replied the honeſt Blackburn) let what will happen to me, or mine; but Fanny, my dear girl, you muſt go to maſter Jackſon, and let the *lottery ticket* and the ten pounds be cried." "Lottery ticket! (exclaimed the ſerjeant, in a tone of aſtoniſhment) why our captain loſt one, above a fortnight ago; and though he has quite forgot the number, he has taken it into his head it is come up a prize."

Unfeeling as the men were, who had been employed by Mr. Beſborough: yet the traits of filial attachment they had witneſſed even ſoftened their hearts; and upon the ſerjeant requeſting them not to proceed until he had been to the captain, they unreluctantly complied with

his

his requeſt. In leſs than an hour, Captain Maſon arrived at the miller's cottage; and upon ſeeing the ticket, acknowledged it to be his own, as it was wrapped up, in part of an old letter; but being a thoughtleſs young man, and having received a large ſupply of caſh from his mother, he did not even know that the ten pounds were loſt. "You are an honeſt dog, old *Wheatear!*" ſaid he, clapping Blackburn upon the ſhoulder, "and your villainous landlord deſerves to be *hanged*; however, I'll take care he ſhall not put *you* into *kimbo*: ſo gentlemen tell me what is *your demand?* But gad, I forgot to compare the number of my ticket with the newſpaper, and if I have got a good prize, my honeſt buck, then your fortune is made." So ſaying, he drew the paper from his pocket, and read in an audible tone of voice, 5-199, drawn on the fourth day, a prize of *ten thouſand pounds*; and whilſt Blackburn was ſtooping down to compare the ticket with the newſpaper, he clapped his two hands upon his ſhoulders, and uttering a ſhout of exſtacy, vaulted over his back.

What a change did a few hours produce in the ſituation of this family! Captain Maſon, who, though a thoughtleſs young man, poſſeſſed one of the beſt hearts in the world; and he was ſo ſtruck with the high principle and rectitude of the miller, that he was reſolved to prove, at once his patron and friend. He drew out a va-

riety of bank notes, paid the demand of Mr. Beſborough; at the ſame time declaring, he would expoſe the cruelty of his conduct to every perſon in the town; telling the men, they might inform their employer, he would give five hundred pounds to Blackburn, if he would conſent to reſign his leaſe. This promiſe was fulfilled in leſs than a fortnight; and as Mr. Beſborough had offered to take the miller's leaſe before, he did not refuſe receiving it, knowing that captain Maſon would prove his friend.

Five hundred pounds was more to ſuch an induſtrious creature as Blackburn, than *five thouſand* would have been to many other men; and about three miles from the village of ——— a mill became vacant, and the generous captain Maſon offered to become reſponſible for the rent. To this mill was attached five and twenty acres of excellent arable land, which of courſe, proved very advantageous to the tenant; as Blackburn was as well acquainted with farming as he was with grinding corn. As Frank's diſcharge was immediately given him by the captain, he aſſiſted his father in the cultivation of this land; and as Fanny's time was chiefly ſpent in nurſing her ſick mother, the miller found it neceſſary to keep a ſervant to do the more laborious work. The ready money, which had been given him, by the generous captain Maſon, enabled Blackburn to attend all the neighbouring markets, within fifteen miles round; and, in

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the courſe of four or five years, he had nearly *doubled* his five hundred pounds.

Fanny's character, as a filial and affectionate daughter, had become ſo generally known, that ſeveral opulent young farmers made propoſals for her hand. This amiable girl, however, reſolved never to marry whilſt her afflicted mother lived, who daily required more of her aſſiſtance, as independent of having loſt the uſe of her limbs, the pain ſhe endured was extreme. About ſix years, however, after the miller had removed to his new habitation, the ſufferings of his poor wife were brought to a cloſe; and in leſs than a twelvemonth after her death, Fanny married an affluent farmer, who was not worth leſs than three hundred a year.

"How glad I am of *that*, mama!" exclaimed the little ſailor. "But pray, what became of poor Frank?" "Frank," replied Mrs. Howardine, "was taken into partnerſhip with his father, and ſoon became tolerably rich. In ſhort, by induſtry and ſtrict œconomy, they ſaved enough to *buy* the *mill*. Jack, who had been placed under the care of your grand papa's head gardener, was no leſs tractable and induſtrious than your favourite Frank; and in a few years was taken into a gentleman's family, where for any thing I know to the contrary, he may be at the preſent time."

"Was there not a little baby, mama?" enquired Ellen: "you have not informed us what

became of him." "His ſiſter Fanny, took him entirely under her protection;" replied Mrs. Howardine; "and under ſuch an inſtructreſs, there is no doubt, but he became a good man. Yet, I have not heard any thing of the family ſince I quitted that part of the world; your couſin may, perhaps, be able to give you a farther account of them; as ſhe reſides within a few miles of the worthy miller's houſe."

"I never trouble my head, ma'am, ſaid Clementina, "about *millers* or *bakers*; and indeed my poor mama would have been very much diſpleaſed if I had; for ſhe uſed to obſerve, there ought to be *diſtinctions* in ſociety, and that the rich lowered themſelves if they became *familiar* with the *poor*."

"There ought to be *diſtinctions* in *ſociety*, doubtleſs;" replied Mrs. Howardine; "but I am ſorry to ſay, Clementina, you miſconceive in what they ought to conſiſt; for though, for example, you ought not to make a companion of a young woman in Fanny Blackburn's ſituation; yet her praiſeworthy conduct entitled her to your countenance and eſteem." "Why ma'am," rejoined Clementina; how could I poſſibly be acquainted with this paragon of excellence; for the circumſtances you have been relating happened before I was born."

"I did not mean to confine the obſervations merely to *Fanny Blackburn*; for I intended them to extend to every individual in her ſphere of life;

life; but you have irrecoverably loſt my good opinion, Clementina, by taking the liberty of making ſuch a remark; and as I ſhall never ſuffer myſelf to be treated *diſreſpectfully*, I beg you will immediately retire to your room."

Miſs Cavendiſh aroſe from her ſeat with an air of haughty effrontery, and quitted the room without uttering a ſingle word. "I am ſorry to interfere with your province, Miſs Melliſh;" ſaid Mrs. Howardine, "and I am ſtill more ſorry to perceive you have ſo little influence over my niece; but no cenſure is attached to *you* for the impropriety of her conduct; it is her *father* and *mother*, who *alone*, are to be *blamed*." Miſs Melliſh, in a very few minutes, followed her pupil, whom ſhe found by no means in a humour to liſten to advice; and ſo little ſatisfaction did ſhe receive, from the ſituation ſhe filled, in lord Pelworth's family, that ſhe reſolved to quit it upon her return. From her firſt arrival at Violet Vale, Mrs. Howardine had treated her with the affection of a relation, and the confidence of a friend; and the amiable girl reſolved to make her acquainted with her *future deſigns*. Though that lady, from the firſt moment of being introduced to Miſs Melliſh, had perceived, ſhe would never be able to acquire any command over her niece; yet ſhe was ſo pleaſed with the ſoftneſs of her manners, that ſhe could not bear the idea of depriving her of an employ: but when her opinion was aſked

upon the ſubject, ſhe ſaid, ſhe thought Clementina would never be likely to pay attention to a lady of her age; and propoſed immediately writing to her brother, and adviſe him to engage a governeſs, whoſe years would entitle her to a *greater* degree of *reſpect*.

As lady Charlotte Smith was very near her confinement, and had for ſome weeks been in a very delicate ſtate of health, ſhe found the taſk of inſtruction attended with much fatigue; and as Miſs Melliſh was ſtrongly recommended by Mrs. Howardine, ſhe reſolved to place her daughter under her care. Lord Pelworth's opinion perfectly coincided with his ſiſter's; and chance having introduced him to a lady about forty years of age; he inſtantly engaged her as governeſs to Clementina; and ſhe accompanied him to Violet Vale. Mrs. Dalton in the early part of life, had been accuſtomed to the care of children: but having married a man of large fortune, ſhe had mixed much in the gay world: but a fondneſs for gaming, had proved the deſtruction of her huſband's fortune, and compelled her to exert her talents to obtain a ſupport. In her perſon and manner, there was an indeſcribable ſomething, that actually *commanded reſpect*; at the ſame time, there was a ſweetneſs in her countenance, which it was impoſſible to reſiſt. Inattentive as Clementina had been to miſs Melliſh's inſtructions; yet, when ſhe heard ſhe was no longer to remain under her protection,

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her regret was extreme; but aided by the counsel of his sister, lord Pelworth was resolved to act decidedly; and miss Mellish became part of colonel Smith's family, upon quitting Violet Vale.

Upon lord Pelworth's return from town, he passed about ten days with his sister; and though his company had afforded her the sincerest delight, yet Clementina had rendered herself so completely disagreeable, that Mrs. Howardine felt happy when the moment arrived, that she was to quit Violet Vale. Though neither Ellen or Augusta, had been injured by her example, yet upon Matilda, it had produced a striking effect: she resumed all the airs of consequence she had brought with her from India; and in short, fancied no being so *great* as herself. The daily instructions of her aunt, which she had attended to with pleasure, Clementina had taught her to consider as fatiguing tasks. "It was necessary, perhaps," she said, "for the daughters of a *poor navy captain*, to learn those things; because, if he was to die, they might be compelled to get their own bread: but as to *you*, Matilda, who are the daughter of a *nabob*, it is a shame that you should be compelled to fag for three or four hours every day at your tasks." Such were the remarks of the unamiable Clementina; and it was not wonderful, that they should have made an impression upon a child, who, from the too great indulgence of her parents, was un-

grateful for the kind inſtruction ſhe received from her aunt. Though Mrs. Howardine was hurt at obſerving the alteration in Matilda's conduct; yet, ſhe flattered herſelf, with the hope of ſoon making her tractable again; and inſtead of puniſhing that negligence, which certainly deſerved correction, ſhe endeavoured by *kindneſs* to win her regard.

A dangerous fit of ſickneſs has often been attended with beneficial conſequences, even to perſons in an *advanced period* of life; for tottering as it were, upon the brink of eternity, it is only from the retroſpection of *virtuous actions*, that they can obtain any compoſure of mind. Faults, which in the ſeaſon of health, they had conſidered as merely trivial, preſent themſelves to the ſick man's imagination, in a very different point of view; and even the ſlighteſt infringement upon religious or moral duties, produces ſenſations of remorſe, in a mind debilitated by diſeaſe.

A few days after the heireſs of lord Pelworth had taken leave of her amiable relations; Matilda Cavendiſh was ſeized with an alarming complaint; and for upwards of a week, the phyſicians were apprehenſive that it would be impoſſible to preſerve her life. Unremitting was the care of the humane Mrs. Howardine; ſhe never quitted the ſick chamber either day or night; and Matilda became ſo attached to her aunt for this ſtriking proof of tenderneſs, that ſhe would

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not take any medicine if it was not administered by her hands. " I do not deserve so much *kindness*, aunt;" said the afflicted sufferer, when Mrs. Howardine one morning was lifting her out of the bed. " But if I get well, I never shall forget it: and will study day and night to do every thing that you wish."

" I trust my dearest girl, the Almighty will listen to my supplications," replied Mrs. Howardine; " and in a short time restore you to health. For doctor Bennet informs me, you are a great deal better; and when you recover, I am persuaded, you will make me ample amends. I wish you to be *accomplished*; but I am still more anxious to see you *amiable*. Happiness consists in *virtue*, not in *grandeur or wealth*; and it is only from a consciousness of having fulfilled our duties, that we can enjoy peace in this world, or felicity in the next."

Matilda felt the truth of her aunt's observation; frequently, during her illness had she condemned herself for having behaved with so much ingratitude to her indulgent friend and family; and firmly did she resolve to alter her whole conduct, if providence in mercy, restored her to health.

CHAP. VI.

THE beauty of the ſeaſon, aſſiſted Matilda's recovery; every day ſhe acquired an additional portion of ſtrength; and in the courſe of a week after the fever had left her, ſhe was well enough to accompany her aunt in a walk. The ſun appeared to Matilda, to ſhine with uncommon luſtre;—the whitened hedges ſcented the air with the ſweeteſt perfume; and the expanding violet raiſed its drooping head, and regaled her with its odour: whilſt the birds were chaunting forth their melody upon every tree and ſhrub.

"How happy I feel, aunt!" exclaimed Matilda. "This beautiful *day* has made me *quite well.*" "I hope my love, you are grateful to the great diſpenſer of every bleſſing, for his kindneſs in reſtoring your ſpirits and ſtrength. A day like *this*, Matilda," continued Mrs. Howardine; "would excite pleaſurable ſenſations in the moſt apathetic breaſt: for, there is ſomething in this ſeaſon, ſo peculiarly delightful, that we naturally adore and feel gratitude towards God."

George, who had been diſperſing ſome crumbs of bread amongſt the little ſongſters; approached on tiptoe, with his finger held up, and drawing

ing his mama gently forwards, pointed towards a nightingale ſitting upon its neſt. His countenance was overſpread with ſuch joy and exultation, that Matilda, in ſpite of the expanded finger, enquired what was the occaſion of his joy; when the ſolicitous bird, alarmed at the ſound ſo near her, inſtantly ſpread her wings and took her flight. "There, ſee what you have done Matilda;" ſaid George, in a tone of vexation. "Now I am ſure ſhe will never come back to her neſt: and perhaps ſhe will go into ſome other country, where ſhe is not likely to be diſturbed by ſuch a *naughty girl*."

"There is no fear of that, George;" replied Mrs. Howardine: "for you know birds always migrate at a certain time of the year; however, let us leave the ſpot, and I truſt in a few moments, the timid little warbler will return." "What is *migrate* aunt?" enquired Matilda. "To paſs from one country to another, my dear girl; for the ſame directing power which beſtowed underſtanding upon rational creatures, has kindly given *inſtinct* to them. The nightingale, for example, unable to bear the coldneſs of our climate, towards the latter end of Auguſt, regularly takes its flight; returns again to us in April; and ſoon afterwards, begins forming its neſt; but never lays more than four or five eggs."

I cannot think, mama," ſaid Auguſta, "how a bird is formed in the ſhell?" "It has puz-

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zled a wiſer head than yours, Auguſta;" replied Mrs. Howardine; "but it is produced by the warmth of the parent's breaſt. Naturaliſts, who have minutely examined this wonderful work of nature, inform us, there is a ſmall ſpeck in the yolk of a good egg, which, in about twelve hours after the mother has ſat upon it, changes its original circular form; and appears like a ſmall head: a variety of little veſicles afterwards ariſe from it, until this aſtoniſhing work of providence becomes quite complete."

"This is very extraordinary indeed, mama!" rejoined Auguſta; "but *how* is it that the *warmth* of the *mother* occaſions the *bird* to be *formed?*" "That is a queſtion, my deareſt Auguſta, which I am not able to reſolve. There muſt of courſe, be ſome means of imbibing the vital principle through the pores of the ſhell; but you might as well aſk me to explain the wonderful phenomenon which is produced by a grain of corn. When we put a grain of wheat into the earth, as ſoon as it has imbibed a ſufficient degree of moiſture, it ſwells and burſts open the outward coat; from it then ſprings a variety of fibres, which ſhoot down into the earth: theſe prepare nouriſhment for the ſtem which gradually riſes, and has at firſt, the appearance of a blade of graſs; but, we ſoon begin to ſee the ear forming, ſhielded with a ſharp point to defend it from the birds. This wonderful tranſi-

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tion we behold; and admire the great designer, without knowing the *means* by which it is *produced*; and the resurrection of the human body, is not inaptly said to resemble the transition which takes place, in a single grain of corn."

"We *see* this transition, *mama*;" said Ellen, who had been listening with the greatest attention; "but we never saw any one *rise* from the *grave*." "True, my dear girl," replied her intelligent mother; "but many persons witnessed the resurrection *of Christ*; and we know that we shall rise to life and immortality if we obey the precepts which he gave."

As the preceding conversation was beyond the little sailor's capacity; he amused himself by collecting a handful of violets for his mama; for the sloping fields which surrounded Mrs. Howardine's cottage, at this season of the year, were actually covered with that sweet flower. Augusta wove them into a wreath, and bound them round the hat of her mother. "There mama," (said she), "now you are dressed for a ball. How I should like to be the *princess Elizabeth*, and decorate the pillars in the library with wreaths of flowers." "I cannot make you a *princess*, Augusta;" replied Mrs. Howardine; "but like the amiable queen, I can gratify the wishes of my child; and though your ball will be very different to that at Frogmore, you shall have the pleasure of giving one

to

to your friends; but inſtead of artificial flowers being entwined round the pillars, you muſt be ſatisfied with thoſe which the garden and fields will produce."

"Oh how good you are, mama;" exclaimed both the children; "and there are plenty of flowers to form into wreaths, for our beds of hyacinths and auriculas, are coming into perfection; and the imperial crown flower is likewiſe juſt ready to bloom." The next thing to be decided was, when the entertainment was to be given. Auguſta was anxious that it ſhould immediately take place. But upon Mrs. Howardine's ſaying, "*remember your father*;" it was unanimouſly determined, that it ſhould be on *Saturday night*. As this juvenile amuſement was to be entirely under Ellen and Auguſta's direction; they requeſted permiſſion to conſult their friends, the Miſs Smith's; and during the few days which elapſed between the entertainment, they were never apart, after the neceſſary taſks of the morning were done. Mrs. Collins, which was the name of Mrs. Howardine's woman, filled the double capacity of houſekeeper, and lady's maid; and as it was to be a dance and a ſupper, ſhe kindly aſſiſted them with her advice. Greater part, however, of the jellies and confectionary were made by the young ladies, under the direction of Mrs. C. but the ball was obliged to be limited to twelve couple, on account of the ſize of the room. Colonel Smith

who

who delighted in promoting the happineſs of young people, kindly offered to lend Ellen and Auguſta ſome coloured lamps, which he had purchaſed for the purpoſe of teſtifying his loyalty when a public illumination took place. At the upper end of the library, hung a large portrait of captain Howardine; which was fancifully decorated with lamps, and the *choiceſt* flowers; for Mrs. Colebrooke, who had a very extenſive green-houſe, ſent her gardener with a large handful, on the morning of the ball. Over the picture was ſuſpended a crown of laurel, ſupported by a ſtaff, from which waved the Britiſh flag, painted upon white ſattin, by the elder Miſs Middleton; whoſe taſte materially aſſiſted theſe amiable girls.

The band of muſic might have ſounded ſhocking to the ears of a London audience, as it merely conſiſted of a poor blind man, and his two little boys; the father played the violin—the eldeſt ſon, a hand-organ, and the younger one, the tabour and pipe. Six families, with whom Mrs. Howardine was in the habit of intimacy, were alone invited to this juvenile treat; which, in fact, was conducted with as much order and regularity, as if it had been attended with an amazing expence. The pillars of the room were entwined with wreaths of violets and hawthorn, interſperſed with the few opening flowers the early ſeaſon produced; and upon entering the room, every perſon preſent was

ſtruck

ſtruck with the filial mark of attention, paid to the maſter of the houſe. Mrs. Howardine, who at the requeſt of the children, had not ſeen the preparation, was ſo charmed with their conduct, that tears of affection ſtarted into her eyes; and turning to Lady Charlotte Smith, ſhe ſaid in a whiſper; "how *grateful* we ought to be to *Providence*, for the *bleſſings* we poſſeſs!" "Yes, (replied her ladyſhip, in the ſame low accent,) our children indeed are every thing we could wiſh."

The dancing began exactly at ſeven, and concluded as the clock ſtruck ten; when a very nice ſupper was prepared, conſiſting of cold chickens, tongue, &c. with jellies, blamange, and a variety of other ſweet things. At the concluſion of the repaſt, after having drank the health of captain Howardine; the blind fiddler and his ſons were called in to ſing catches and glees; which completely delighted the young party, as they had excellent voices, and ſang perfectly in time. Henry Smith, who was a fine generous fellow, whiſpered his papa to enquire whether he might not make a ſubſcription for the boys; who, informed him that Mrs. Howardine had paid them very handſomely for the performances of the night; "but (continued he) if you can collect a few ſhillings by way of a *preſent* to the poor fellows, you have my permiſſion to apply to your young friends." Henry inſtantly availed himſelf of his father's permiſſion: yet Mrs. Howar-

dine

dine thought it neceſſary to inform her young gueſts the muſicians had been paid; and that what they choſe to *give*, was to be conſidered as a mere act of *generoſity*, not as a reward for the entertainment they had received. Thirty ſhillings however was immediately collected amongſt the young people, and preſented to the two boys; who, delighted at the ſight of ſo much money, exclaimed, "now father, you ſhall to-morrow change your violin." Colonel Smith immediately aſked *what violin* they alluded to; and found it was one which belonged to the pariſh clerk, which the poor blind fiddler had long wiſhed to obtain poſſeſſion of, but had not ſufficient to pay the clerk's demand. So much was the Colonel pleaſed with the conduct of theſe two poor *children*, for the elder was not quite *thirteen*, that a ſecond gathering was inſtantly made amongſt the ladies and gentlemen for the purpoſe of enabling the fiddler to exchange his violin with the clerk; and the money which had been collected from the young party, was equally divided between the two boys.

At twelve preciſely, all the carriages were ordered, and the company departed highly entertained; yet gratified as they had been, both by the ball, and the ſupper, the idea of having performed an act of charity, afforded them infinitely more delight. Auguſta had wiſhed her

mama

mama to ſend to the neighbouring market town, for a *band* of *muſic*; but to this propoſal, Mrs. Howardine would not agree; alledging that poor blind Dobſon and his ſons could play well enough for children; and that it would be an act of charity to afford them employ. "Oh mama; (ſaid Auguſta, kiſſing the hand of her amiable parent) how happy I am, that you did not let us get the muſicians from D— for then we ſhould not have had the pleaſure of knowing we had performed an act of kindneſs; and I am ſure, that made me feel quite as happy as the ball." "I do not *doubt it*, my dear girl; (replied Mrs. Howardine) for there is always a ſecret ſatisfaction attending every *good* and *virtuous act*, far ſuperior to that which we can derive from the moſt ſplendid entertainment, which is to be obtained by the moſt laviſh expence; however, my dear children, I will not detain you now, with *moral reflections*; as it is time that you ſhould all retire to reſt."

Though the youthful inhabitants of Violet Vale, were not more perfect than many other children, yet their failings were thoſe of the *head*, not of the *heart*; and ſo completely ſenſible were they of the indulgence they received from their affectionate mother, that they would have laid down their lives, to evince their regard. Ellen's diſpoſition was naturally *indolent*; and ſhe ſometimes, omitted learning her taſks, until within

a few

a few minutes of the time she was expected to repeat them, when her eagerness, then to acquire them, rendered her incapable of repeating a word. On the Tuesday after the ball, Ellen was in this situation; for instead of acquiring her lessons at a proper time, she was attending to her birds. Lady Charlotte Finch and her daughters, happened to call, for the purpose of taking a friendly cup of tea, with Mrs. Howardine; and the following day, lessons were totally forgot.

Mrs. Howardine had ordered Thomas to procure horses for her carriage, as she had some visits which she intended to pay; but never choosing to neglect the important business of *instruction*, instead of assembling them at the hour of ten, she summoned them at eight.—Augusta and Matilda were prepared to attend the mandate, as they had learned their lessons, the preceding day; but Ellen was actually petrified, at the summons; knowing she could not repeat a dozen words. The lesson she had to learn, was from Sturm's reflections, explaining the attractive power of the moon: Mrs. Howardine opened the book, and three or four times repeated, "well, my dear Ellen." Still Ellen did not attempt to articulate a word.

"Do you, or do you *not*, know your lesson?" enquired Mrs. Howardine: Ellen still remained silent, but burst into tears. "This habit of

indolence,

indolence, Ellen, is actually unpardonable;" ſaid the mother, in a tone of vexation; and at the ſame time, returned the book. With ſtreaming eyes, ſhe retired to the window, and inadvertently laid her hand upon a bee, who rouſed into reſentment, from the injury it had ſuffered, buried its pointed dart into her thumb. The ſudden pain, occaſioned a violent exclamation; Mrs. Howardine inſtantly flew to the ſpot, drew out the ſting, and applied a little laudanum; which, in a few minutes, abated the pain.

"Had you, Ellen, *imitated* the example of the induſtrious little creature, who has excited the pain you complain of, (ſaid Mrs. Howardine) this trifling misfortune never would have occurred; for you would not have had occaſion to retire to the window; neither would your eye-ſight have been obſcured by tears."

"Mama, (ſaid George) I recollect you once promiſed to tell me a *great deal* about *bees*; and I think, poor Ellen would like to hear it, now her thumb is in ſo much pain." "I have not time to tell you a *great deal*, George, (replied Mrs. Howardine) as it would interfere with our morning's employ; however, I will give you a ſlight ſketch of their hiſtory, as an example to thoſe who are *indolently* inclined. *Bees*, like the *beavers*, form a little community; ſome are diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of the *labouring bee*, whilſt others are called *drones*; each hive

contains

contains about ſeven thouſand of the former, and a hundred of the latter; and to theſe are generally added, four or five queens. When they begin to work in their hives, they divide themſelves into different companies; one roves through the gardens and fields, to find materials for compoſing their cells; another is employed in laying out the partitions; a third is occupied in making the pointed angles ſmooth; and the fourth remain in readineſs to relieve thoſe which find themſelves fatigued. The cells of theſe induſtrious little animals, are all formed upon a hexagon plan; and naturaliſts inform us, that honey-comb ſufficient for three thouſand bees to lodge in, is collected in the ſpace of twenty-four hours."

"But what is the wax made from?" enquired the curious little fellow. "It is the downy powder which you may obſerve in a variety of flowers, firſt digeſted in the little creature's ſtomach; which then forms a kind of mortar, for cementing their houſe. The honey is extracted from that part of the flower, called the nectareum, by means of a trunk or tube; and afterwards depoſited into their curious cells. Some hives have only *one* queen; to whoſe authority all the reſt bow: but when there are a greater number, each royal perſonage is attended by a ſeparate train; in that caſe, ſometimes diſſentions happen amongſt them, and the ſtronger body vanquiſhes the weak. Though it

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is the queen bee which *peoples* the *community*; if such a term can be properly applied; yet, the moment the eggs teem with animation, each of the working bees make them objects of their care; and are continually supplying them with a glutinous kind of nourishment, composed of honey and wax. So that these indefatigable little creatures do not only set an example of industry, but teach us to protect those who are unable to take care of themselves. I need not tell you, George, that honey spread upon bread, is a delicious thing for breakfast; but given as a medicine, it frequently produces a very beneficial effect: from it is likewise made a wine, you would think very pleasant, known by the name of *mead*. Wax is not only a material fit for candles, but for many purposes in medicine, and manufactories, it is of the highest use. In short, volumes have been written to prove the advantage which we have derived from bees."

"What an example of industry and application, do these busy little animals afford us? How curious it is to see them return from their excursions with their thighs laden with wax; and never, Ellen, do they defer till *the morrow*, the business which ought to be performed to-day; and I hope in future, you will benefit by the slight sketch I have given, and learn to make use of the *present hour*."

Though persons under the influence of disease, frequently make virtuous resolutions, and

break

break through them ſoon after the recovery of their health; yet in juſtice to Matilda, it is neceſſary to inform my young readers, it was not her caſe; for actually, from the period of her illneſs, ſhe became quite a different child. Her temper, which was naturally haſty, had been rendered overbearing, by the injudicious indulgence of her mama; but as ſhe grew older, and perceived the advantages of keeping it under *ſubjection*, ſhe no longer yielded to the impulſe of rage. To exquiſite feeling ſhe was a total ſtranger; yet, from frequently having objects of diſtreſs preſented before her eyes, and witneſſing the humane treatment they received, from her benevolent relation; ſhe began to derive a ſweet ſatisfaction from being *generous* and *kind*. *Pride*, however, was a failing in the character of Matilda; which her aunt found it impoſſible entirely to overcome; for unfortunately her advice was too frequently counteracted by the injudicious letters which arrived, by every fleet. As Mr. Cavendiſh had taught his wife both to read and write Engliſh. I ſhall copy one of the letters which this little girl received; not with the view of pointing out the folly her mama was guilty of; but to prove that it was not ſurprizing ſhe ſhould be both proud and vain:

MY DEAREST MATILDA,

"As captain Mackintoſh has kindly offered to convey a box to you, I embrace the opportunity of

of convincing you of my affection and regard. The ear-ring and necklace, were a gift which I received yeſterday from your father; but which I have perſuaded him to let me preſent to you: for though I cannot ſee my own dear Matilda, I wiſh her always to be *dreſſed better* than any other young lady of her own age.

" Always remember, my deareſt Matilda, that your mother is the daughter of an Indian chief; and that your father is the ſon of a *peer*.

" The recollection of this, I hope, will induce you always to aſſociate with perſons in a ſuperior rank of life; but I find from Mr. Cavendiſh, that Mrs. Howardine is rather deficient in *proper pride*. I ſhould not have made this obſervation to you, my deareſt angel; (as I know your aunt is very good and kind); but from the fear that ſhe ſhould introduce you into company that I ſhould not approve.

" The rubies you are to preſent to Mrs. Howardine; the topaz necklace is for your couſin E. the amethyſt bracelet give to Auguſta; and the gold-headed hanger will be a valuable preſent to little George, as you tell me, he is to follow the ſame profeſſion as his papa. The ſilver dreſſing boxes, I deſire, you will place upon your toilet; for I will ſpare no expenſe to procure *elegant trinkets* for my child. And

I dare

I dare say, your aunt will allow the diamond necklace, is the most beautiful thing she ever beheld. I have likewise sent you four pieces of gold and silver muslin, as I think you are quite old enough now to leave off your frocks; and I hope, that my dearest Matilda will always be most elegantly dressed.

Mrs. Howardine gives an excellent character of you to her brother; but I must not have you read *too much*, for fear of *spoiling your lovely eyes*; yet, I hope you take a great deal of pains to *dance gracefully*, for I long to see my Matilda open a ball. Music and singing, I likewise hope to find you excel in, as you certainly have a very *sweet voice;* and your father intends returning to England in less than a couple of years. What improvement do I then expect to see in my darling Matilda! My dearest girl, how I long to press you to my heart! Painful, indeed, has been this separation. None but a parent can know the pang it is to part.

"If there is any thing you wish for, only let me know it; I have no happiness equal to that of fulfilling the wishes of my child. If Indiana behaves well, and treats you *respectfully*, give her the piece of chintz at the bottom of the box.

"Farewell my best beloved Matilda; present my affectionate remembrance to Mrs. H— and believe me to be, with the tenderest affection,

Your attached mother,

O. C."

Such was the general ſtyle of Mrs. Cavendiſh's letters. Though Mrs. Howardine made a point of never expreſſing a wiſh of reading any that Matilda received; and as ſhe had informed her mama, that her aunt never peruſed their correſpondence, ſhe wrote in that thoughtleſs manner to her child. Delighted, however, at the ſight of her finery, the letter was a ſecond conſideration with this little girl; and upon Mrs. Howardine's obſerving that ſhe ought to have peruſed it before ſhe examined her treaſures, ſhe exclaimed, "will you read it to me, aunt."

It would be difficult to deſcribe the ſenſations of that amiable woman, at this proof of vanity and weakneſs in her ſiſter-in-law. But far different was the ſtyle of one Matilda received from her father, who ſpoke almoſt in terms of veneration of her aunt. No longer was Mrs. Howardine aſtoniſhed at the pride of Matilda, fed, as it had been with ſentiments like theſe; and folding up the letter, ſhe ſaid, "I am ſorry, my dear Matilda, that your mama's opinion and *mine*, ſo totally diſagree. The ſociety to which I have introduced you, has been highly reſpectable; nay more, the greater part of my acquaintance, are *allied* to *perſons* of *rank*. But that had no influence with *me*, in the ſelection, as I merely value them for the *innate virtues* they poſſeſs. Diſtinctions in ſociety are abſolutely neceſſary; you have frequently heard me ſay, I eſteem

eſteem our linen-draper's wife; yet I do not make a friend or a companion of her, becauſe it would not be right to be upon a footing of intimacy with perſons in that ſituation of life. Her heart is good, but her manners are unpoliſhed; and her mind has not been cultivated or improved; therefore, I could not derive any pleaſure from her ſociety, even if ſhe poſſeſſed all the riches of the *mines* of *Peru*."

"Did you ever ſee the mines of Peru, Matilda?" enquired Auguſta. "How came you to ſuppoſe your couſin had?" "Becauſe, mama, you know they are in the Eaſt Indies; ſo there was not any thing improper in the queſtion which I aſked." "Not very *improper*, but very *improbable*;" replied Mrs. Howardine: "for Peru is a large country in ſouth America; not in the part of the world you ſuppoſed. The intereſted Spaniards invaded this rich ſpot of territory, about five hundred years ago; and derive from it, an immenſity of treaſures, greater than your imagination, my dear children, can conceive. Its gold and ſilver mines appear inexhauſtible. It likewiſe is famous for the celebrated Peruvian bark; and there is an animal peculiar to the country, called the *Lama*, which ſupplies the inhabitants both with clothing and *food*. The mine you alluded to, Auguſta, was *Golconda*; which it is not unlikely, might have ſeen, as it is ſituated in Hindoſtan; and from thence, in all probability, her diamond

necklace came. Your couſin, however, did not follow your example, or offer any ſatyrical remarks on your miſtake: I therefore hope you will act with the ſame liberality, and not ridicule *her*, ſ ſhe advances an opinion wrong.

Though Mrs. Howardine did not make any further obſervation upon her ſiſter-in-law's letter, yet ſhe could not eaſily baniſh the impreſſion which it made upon her mind; and when Saturday night arrived, and ſhe was requeſted to tell a ſtory, of the following one ſhe immediately made choice:

LIFE's VARIATIONS;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF SELINA HILLINGTON.

"AT a period of life, when young men ſeldom know the value of fortune, Mr. Weſtbury, by the death of an uncle, came into the poſſeſſion of a very fine eſtate; which, from his being naturally of an indolent diſpoſition, was left entirely to the management of the perſon who received his rents. This man, whoſe name was Hillington, had roſe to the appointment of ſteward, from the humbleſt ſtation of life; yet

not

not from induſtry and application, but, from the practice of every ſpecies of art. Mr. Weſtbury's predeceſſor had been ſtruck with the handſome countenance of Hillington, when he was not more than twelve years of age; and he took him from a charity ſchool in the neighbourhood, as an aſſiſtant to his groom. As this gentleman was remarkably fond of horſes, he paſſed ſome time in his ſtable every day, and was ſo pleaſed with the ſhrewd anſwers he received from Jack Hillington, that he determined to exalt him to the poſt of foot-boy. He could read well, and write tolerably; but he was totally ignorant of accounts: his maſter therefore, kindly undertook to be his inſtructor, and was delighted with the facility with which he learned. *Cunning* was the leading trait in this boy's character; he not only contrived to obtain his maſter's confidence, but his affection and eſteem; and by the power of artifice and diſſimulation, roſe, from the employment of foot-man, to be receiver of his rents.

"Mr. Weſtbury's uncle had expreſſed his wiſh, when dying, that Hillington might be continued in that employ: and as the young man had an antipathy to every kind of trouble, he was delighted at meeting with a perſon ready to take it off his hands. He kept hounds, as being a faſhionable amuſement; though he was too inactive to partake of the ſports of the field. In ſhort, no Aſiatic was ever more averſe

to exertion, or considered the slightest employment as a greater fatigue. Hillington took the advantage of his master's indolence; and whilst the one yearly became *poorer*, the other was amassing a hoard of *wealth*, by practising every means of extortion; knowing that his master seldom saw the amount of his bills. This indolent mode of life, however, soon proved injurious to Mr. Westbury's constitution; naturally of a full habit, he was actually overpowered with fat; and at the age of two and thirty expired in an apoplectic fit. The estate fell into the possession of a distant relation, whose first measure was to discharge Hillington in disgrace; who reconciled himself by the possession of that fortune, which he had so shamefully purloined.

"He immediately purchased an estate in a remote part of the country, where his *origin* and *practices* were totally unknown; set up a carriage; commenced the fine gentleman; and determined to look out for a wife. As a boy, I informed you, that his beauty had first struck his master, and of *this* he was so extremely vain, that he thought it impossible for any female to be able to resist his charms. He had even the vanity to aspire to the daughter of a baronet but fortunately for the young lady, her father had different views; and his pride having been piqued at this rejection, he determined to make fortune the object of his pursuit. Chance introduced

him

him to the child of a wealthy haberdaſher, who, report ſaid, had realized a plum in trade; and though the young lady had fancied herſelf entitled to form an alliance with the firſt families in England, yet the fine the perſon of Mr. Hillington made an impreſſion upon her heart; and as he appeared in the character of an independant gentleman, her father did not offer any objections to the match.

Each party ſoon found that the magnet by which they had been attracted, in the courſe of a few months aſſociation, loſt its effect; the manly beauty which had ſtruck the young lady, was converted into *uglineſs*, and a diſſatisfied temper, embittered all the enjoyments of wealth. Neither had endeavoured to obtain a knowledge of the other's diſpoſition, for they were united after the ſhort acquaintance of a month; Mrs. Hillington was continually upbraiding her huſband with the parſimony of his temper; whilſt he condemned her fondneſs for expence. The lady would have her own way, in ſpite of her huſband's remonſtrances; Hillington-Hall became a ſcene of domeſtic ſtrife; in leſs than a twelvemonth after their marriage however, each parent was gratified, by the birth of a very fine child. The poor infant, inſtead of proving a cement to their affection, became a new ſource of conteſt to the authors of its birth; and various were the altercations which took place be-

tween them, even reſpecting by what name it was to be called. Mrs. Hillington, who had read almoſt every novel which the *Minerva Preſs produced*, was extremely anxious that her daughter ſhould be chriſtened after ſome heroine of romance; whilſt the father poſitively inſiſted, that it ſhould be called Sarah, in compliment to the author of his birth. *Sarah*, however, ſounded ſo ſhocking to the ears of this fine lady, that the child, perhaps, might not have been chriſtened at all, had not a friend, who was called in as umpire, luckily thought of *Selina*, as an appropriate name for the little girl; and having informed Mr. Hillington that it was merely a refinement for Sarah, he at length gave a reluctant conſent.

"At Miſs *Selina's chriſtening* the company were regaled with every delicacy, which was it in the power of *money* to procure; but amidſt all this profuſion, *chearfulneſs* was baniſhed, by the ſarcaſtic replies which paſſed between the maſter and miſtreſs of the houſe. From the moment that reaſon dawned upon the mind of this ill-fated heireſs (for Mr. and Mrs. Hillington never had a ſecond child) ſhe witneſſed nothing but quarrelling, and diſſention, between the authors of her birth. Each parent oppoſed the other's opinion; each aſſerted their right of doing what they thought proper with the child; ſo that in fact, the poor little creature ſcarcely knew who ſhe was to pay attention to, or which ſhe ought to

obey.

obey. As she increased in years, her mother became the favourite; for she indulged her in every childish caprice; and many a poor family might have been supported, even from the sums which were lavished upon toys.

Though, during the infancy of Selina, Mr. Hillington displayed the fondness of a father; yet perceiving his affection unreturned, he actually seemed to have taken a dislike to the child, as from his being naturally of a *selfish* disposition, he was provoked at the preference which she shewed to her mama. Mr. Brunton, which was the name of Mrs. Hillington's father, appeared equally anxious to spoil this *unfortunate child*. "Unfortunate, mama! (exclaimed Augusta) why I thought you told us she had every thing that she could desire."

"From *that circumstance* it is, that I term her *unfortunate*, (replied Mrs. Howardine,) for few creatures are more *miserable* than a *spoiled child*; as soon as one wish is gratified, they fret for the accomplishment of another, until they become dissatisfied with themselves, as well as the world, but Selina Hillington was peculiarly unfortunate in her parents; neither of whom possessed a cultivated mind; and what rendered her situation still more pitiable, she was not even taught her duty towards God. Her father, I have told you, was a most unprincipled character, who had amassed a good fortune, by very *bad means*;

for it was by abuſing the confidence which had been placed in him by his maſter, that he was enabled to purchaſe his eſtate. The education of her mother had been very much neglected, although ſhe had paſſed ſeven or eight years at ſchool; but it was in one of an *inferior deſcription*, where ſhe only learnt to value herſelf upon her father's wealth. The child of ſuch parents muſt certainly be termed *unfortunate*; her mother filled her young mind with the idea that people were only to be valued for their *wealth*; yet at the ſame time, encouraged her in every ſpecies of extravagance, and inſpired her with a love of *finery* and *dreſs*."

As Mrs. Howardine ſaid this, ſhe directed her eyes towards Matilda, whoſe dark complexion was overſpread with a roſeate hue; but without making any remark upon her evident confuſion, ſhe proceeded in the following words. "At the age of five years, a governeſs was engaged for Selina; dancing and muſic-maſters attended, of courſe; as Mrs. Hillington was anxious ſhe ſhould be more accompliſhed than the Miſs Macdonald's, who were the grand-daughters of a Scotch earl. Mr. Macdonald's houſe was a ſhort diſtance from Mr. Hillington's; the former cultivated about an hundred acres of land; for as his fortune was very ſmall, he found it neceſſary to turn farmer, although he was a gentleman in every ſenſe of the word. Hillington,

who

who prided himself upon the *extent* of his *riches*, and who was continually entering upon some new speculation, to increase his store, was provoked at observing the respect with which his neighbour was treated; whilst *he*, in spite of all his riches, was universally despised. Men of such contrary dispositions were not likely to form an intimacy: the same dissimilarity marked the characters of their wives, for Mrs. Macdonald devoted the greater part of her time to the improvement of her children's understandings, and in impressing virtuous sentiments upon their hearts. Small as was her fortune, still by a strict adherence to œconomy, she was at once the friend, and patroness of the poor; and whilst Selina Hillington was taught to consider them as creatures beneath her notice, the Miss Macdonalds were employed in making their children clothes.

"Was their mama a *mantua-maker*, aunt?" enquired Matilda. "There were few things, my dear Matilda, she did not understand; and instead of suffering her daughters to employ themselves in making *dolls* apparel, she taught them to make clothes for the *children* of the poor; and the old frocks which were left off by the young ladies, were converted into new-born infants robes. Thus, without any expense, Mrs. Macdonald was enabled to gratify the liberality of her disposition; from her dairy, the poor people were constantly supplied with scum milk;

and

and if a pig or a ſheep were killed for the uſe of the family, a diſtribution of the inferior parts was conſtantly made.

" Though Mrs. Hillington affected to deſpiſe her amiable neighbours, merely becauſe they could not vie with *her* in *expence*, yet ſhe aſſiduouſly courted their acquaintance, although ſhe pretended to treat *rank* with contempt. The Miſs Macdonalds were always dreſſed in the plaineſt apparel; whilſt immenſe ſums were waſted upon the clothes Selina wore: for her weak mother fancied that *external appearance* was the only means of obtaining reſpect.

" I forgot to tell you, that Hillington's father was a baſket-maker by trade; but not finding his buſineſs anſwer, he inliſted for a ſoldier; and his wife, from never having heard from him, naturally concluded he was dead. His mother, however, had paid the debt of nature, long before her ſon had commenced the *great man*; and the only amiable trait in his character, was that of treating her memory with reſpect: for you muſt recollect my having informed you, that he wiſhed his child to bear her name.

" Although no intimacy ſubſiſted between the two families; yet they occaſionally met; but their viſits were merely thoſe of ceremony, as it was impoſſible any degree of friendſhip could take place. Each of theſe gentlemen's houſes were ſituated about a quarter of a mile from the village;

village; and the neareſt path to it was through Mr. Hillington's park. Eliza Macdonald and her ſiſter Lucy, were one morning paſſing through it, accompanied only by their nurſe maid. At the entrance of it, they met Selina and her governeſs; the former of whom, at this time was in her eleventh year; and after the uſual ſalutation of the morning, ſhe very curiouſly enquired what their ſervant had got in her hands.

"Some clothes for Sally Dawſon, my papa's waggoner's child," replied Eliza; "which Lucy and I have entirely made: if you wiſh to ſee them, I am ſure Betty will open the bundle, for I cut them all out myſelf." "I wonder you ſhould *degrade* yourſelf by making *frocks* for ſuch *creatures*!" ſaid Selina, in a ſarcaſtic tone of voice. "I ſhould as ſoon think of making *jackets* for the man who *exhibits* his *dancing dogs*." As Selina made this remark, they were accoſted by an elderly man, whoſe appearance was not very prepoſſeſſing; but who begged to be informed, where Mr. Hillington lived. "What do you want with Mr. Hillington?" enquired the haughty Selina; "but I can tell you, he never ſuffers beggars about his houſe; ſo if you expect he will encourage you in *idleneſs*, you are *miſtaken* in *my papa*." "Are you the daughter of Mr. Hillington?" aſked the ſtranger; without uſing the appellation of *miſs*." "Did you ever know ſuch *impertinence*?" ſaid ſhe, turning to Eliza.

Eliza. "I ſhall not condeſcend to ſpeak to you again." "Oh God!" ejaculated the old man, deeply ſighing; "I have now reaſon to fear, that all I heard was true!" and then turning towards Betty, he requeſted her to inform him which was Mr. Hillington's houſe.

"Eliza Macdonald gazed with aſtoniſhment upon Selina: "Oh Miſs Hillington, ſhe exclaimed, how could you behave ſo rude! and ſcarcely knowing how to act, ſhe followed the ſtranger, and told him, that if he wanted any aſſiſtance, he had better go to her papa; "for indeed, my good man, ſaid ſhe, "I cannot help fearing that Mr. Hillington has a very hard heart. She waited not to receive the ſtranger's acknowledgments, but ran forward to overtake her ſiſter and the maid; and diſguſted with Selina's behaviour, took leave of her when ſhe came to the end of the park.

"I do believe mama," ſaid George, "that Collins lived with Miſs Hillington; for ſhe told me, ſhe was once nurſe-maid to a very haughty girl; and promiſed ſome time or other, to give us her hiſtory; but did ſhe not come to a very ſhocking end."

"Was I to tell you the *end* of the ſtory, before I came to the *middle* of it, you would no longer be entertained," replied his mama; "but Collins certainly was the young woman who lived with Miſs Hillington; though it is many years ago; and when ſhe firſt went to ſervice,

ſhe

she was in no higher capacity than nurse-maid."

"You always interrupt mama, George;" said the impatient Augusta: "I want to know what became of the old man." "It was with difficulty," replied Mrs. Howardine; "he could obtain an interview with Mr. Hillington; whose doors were always closed against the poor. The stranger, however, convinced him that he was no *common beggar*. In short, it was his *father*, whom he had long supposed *dead*; but to the disgrace of human nature, he denied even knowing the author of his birth; and actually gave orders to his servants to turn the poor old man out of his house.

"You doubtless, my dear children, all remember the story of the basket-maker?" "Oh yes mama;" they exclaimed, with one voice; "Well, Hillington's father in some measure resembled him; for he was shipwrecked upon the African coast; and by his ingenuity, rendered himself so much respected by the natives, that they would not suffer him to return. How many years he remained abroad, I cannot exactly tell you; but certainly, not less than thirty, or thirty-five; and during that time he realized a good fortune, and returned to England an independent man. The first enquiries he made were after his wife and children; all of whom, except *Jack*, he had the misfortune of hearing were dead; and the account of him was not very

ry ſatisfactory: as he was completely deſpiſed in his native place.

"As a ſudden exaltation of fortune frequently excites envy, old Mr. Hillington was unwilling to believe the reports he heard; he therefore determined to make a trial of the real diſpoſition of his ſon. Travelling in a ſtage, until he arrived within a few miles of his reſidence, he perſuaded the landlord of the inn to ſupply him with a ſuit of *old clothes*; and perſonating that poverty, from which induſtry and ingenuity had reſcued him, he applied to his unnatural ſon for ſupport: who, as I informed you, not only refuſed it, but ordered his ſervants to turn him out of the houſe."

"Perhaps, mama," ſaid the amiable Ellen," "Mr. Hillington thought his father was an *impoſter*; for he had not ſeen him for ſo many years; and never having heard from him, he had every reaſon to believe he was dead."

"Always judge thus, my beloved Ellen," ſaid the attached Mrs. Howardine, embracing her child; "and when it is poſſible to form *two opinions*, lean, as you have now done, to the favourable ſide. *Climate* and *years*, of courſe, muſt have altered the poor old man's appearance; but he mentioned a variety of paſt circumſtances, which muſt have *identified* him to his ſon. *Pride* it was, which completely conquered *natural affection*; and induced him to diſown the author of his birth. Actions like

theſe,

theſe, however, ſeldom go unpuniſhed. Univerſal was the contempt which his treatment of his father had inſpired; even the very children in the village exclaimed, when he paſſed them; "Who was it *turned* their *poor old father* out of *doors*."

"Wounded by conduct ſo completely unexpected, the old man, indignant, returned to the inn; related to the landlord the whole of his ſon's hiſtory, and in the bitterneſs of reſentment, repeated the converſation which had paſſed. The man, who was a truly humane character, ſhed tears whilſt he liſtened to the account, and poor Hillington, whoſe heart felt the ſoothing balm of ſympathy, inſtantly ſent for an attorney, and made his will. To the poor of the pariſh, in which he was born, he left half of his fortune, to endow an alms-houſe for *elderly men*; and to the humane inn-keeper, who had ſeven children, he bequeathed the other half. He reſolved to end his days in the place of his nativity; as he could not bear the idea of remaining in the ſame neighbourhood with his ungrateful ſon. But unfortunately, the ſtage he travelled in, through the careleſſneſs of the driver, was overturned, and by this accident, the poor old man broke his leg. A fever was the conſequence of this painful circumſtance, which in a few days put a period to his life; and by this event, the humane inn-keeper came into the poſſeſſion of between three and four

four thouſand pounds. Although Hillington, upon diſcovering the real nature of his father's circumſtances endeavoured to ſet the will aſide.

"The few acquaintance, which Mr. Hillington had, would no longer aſſociate with him; he therefore once more found it abſolutely neceſſary to remove; but the ſeeds of remorſe were not to be eradicated; and that gnawing vulture, a *reproving conſcience*, fed continually upon his heart. Riches were incapable of affording him ſatisfaction. His home was a continued ſcene of domeſtic ſtrife; and his daughter, inſtead of proving a ſource of comfort to him, treated him with the moſt unpardonable contempt. From her birth, ſhe had never been taught the practice of one ſingle duty; either of the religious or moral kind: and though nature had given her an untractable diſpoſition, it might have been improved, had any pains been beſtowed upon her mind. The father of this ill-fated girl died when ſhe was about ſixteen; her mother at that time was in an ill ſtate of health, and went to Bath for her recovery, but obtained no benefit from its medicinal ſprings. Whilſt her mother was languiſhing on the bed of ſickneſs, Selina was figuring away at the public balls, where ſhe became acquainted with an unprincipled rake, who anxious to obtain her fortune, made her an offer of his hand. Handſome in his perſon, and inſinuating in his man-

ners,

ners, he eaſily made an impreſſion upon her heart; and regardleſs of the duty which ſhe owed to her too indulgent mother, ſhe did not even aſk her conſent. As no ſettlement was made upon this imprudent thoughtleſs creature, the whole of her fortune came into her huſband's hands; who was not only a complete gameſter, but deeply involved in debt."

"A fine job they made of it, indeed!" ſaid Auguſta; "but ſure ſhe did not leave her ſick mama!" "Yes," replied Mrs. Howardine; "ſhe accompanied her huſband into Ireland, where he pretended he had a very fine eſtate: and there he left her to repent of her *weak confidence*, in leſs than three months. During that period, her mother had paid the debt of nature, and the unfortunate Selina was left without a ſingle friend in the world. For ſo proud and arrogant had ſhe been in the days of proſperity, that no creature felt the ſlighteſt ſorrow for her diſtreſs. The fine trinkets and jewels which ſhe had, her huſband had taken with him. Conceive, my dear girls, if poſſible, what muſt have been her diſtreſs, reduced from a *ſtate* of *affluence* even to want a morſel of bread!"

"I thought mama," ſaid Ellen, "the Iriſh had been remarkable for their hoſpitality; therefore I am aſtoniſhed they ſuffered the poor creature to *want*." "You are right, my dear girl, in the opinion you have formed of their character," replied Mrs. Howardine; "but hoſpitality

pitality does not consist in relieving every species of distress: if that were the case, benevolence would be the dupe of *imposition*; and the *worthless* be supported by the liberality of the *humane*. Mr. Connel, which was the name of Selina's husband, embarked for America, in a ship which sailed from Cork; in consequence of some nefarious transaction at the gaming table, which he feared would expose him to the severity of the law. Fortunately, in that city Mr. Macdonald had an uncle, who dying left him heir to his estate: and he happened to put up at the same house of entertainment which Connel had used before he decamped. The distress of her situation was made known to him, through his servant; and with that humanity, which marked every action of his life; he sent a letter to the unfortunate Selina, offering her the use of his purse. That the daughter of Hillington had married an unprincipled character, Mr. Macdonald had heard; but at the same time he was unacquainted with his connexions and his name. Judge then, what must have been his astonishment, when Selina solicited an interview, and in her he beheld his neighbour's daughter, reduced to a state of abject distress.

"To have taken a young woman of her unamiable dispositon into his family, would have been carrying benevolence to a ridiculous extreme; but he offered to assist her in any plan she could suggest to him, by which she might obtain a support.

ſupport. Although no expence had been ſpared upon her education; yet ſhe was as ignorant as any ſervant maid: for it was with the utmoſt difficulty Mr. Macdonald could read her reply to his letter, it was ſo vilely written and ſo incorrectly ſpelled. Her temper, likewiſe, unfitted her for being companion to a lady. Notwithſtanding which, he thought it the only plan ſhe could purſue; and having deſcribed her wretched ſituation to lady Suſan Colville, ſhe benevolently offered her an aſylum in her houſe. Her clothes were unfit for ſuch a ſituation; therefore, the moſt expenſive of them Mr. Macdonald adviſed her to ſell; and at the ſame time preſented her with a twenty pound note.

"Scarcely had ſhe been ſix weeks in this family, when lady Suſan was obliged to diſmiſs her in diſgrace: for the ſervants would not ſubmit to her imperious treatment; as ſhe actually put the whole houſe into a ſtate of ſtrife. Again was this wretched girl reduced to a ſtate of poverty. Mr. Macdonald had quitted Ireland, and ſhe was deſtitute of every friend; for her ungrateful behaviour to lady Suſan Colville prevented any other family of reſpectability, from taking her into their houſe. A ſet of ſtrolling players happened at this time to arrive at the place of her reſidence; ſhe immediately offered her ſervices to the manager, for half-a-guinea a week, and as her perſon and figure, were rather

ther prepoſſeſſing, after a few rehearſals, ſhe was engaged.

" Travelling from place to place, deſtitute of almoſt common neceſſaries, did this ill-fated being, paſs two or three miſerable years; until her conſtitution, incapable of ſupporting ſuch hardſhips, ſunk under the burden ſhe was deſtined to endure; and ſhe at length expired in an hoſpital, *unlamented* and *unbeloved!*"

" I thought, mama, ſhe would come to ſome bad end; (ſaid the little ſailor) what a *ſhocking wicked girl* ſhe was." She was very unamiable, George; (replied Mrs. Howardine) yet many allowances ought to be made for her faults; her education, you muſt recollect, was totally neglected, and ſhe was neither taught her duty to her *fellow creatures*, or to *her God*.

" Heigh ho!" exclaimed Matilda, ſighing, " I did not much likethat ſtory, aunt:" " and yet my dear Matilda, much *improvement* may be derived from it, if you ſuffer it to make an impreſſion upon your mind. In the firſt place, it will teach children, who have parents anxious for their *temporal* and *eternal* welfare, to feel grateful for the inſtructions which they impart; it will likewiſe convince them of the folly of priding themſelves upon *worldly poſſeſſions*, and at once prove the *inſtability* of all *human* affairs. It is alſo a leſſon to thoſe, who are a few years older than the preſent party, never to form a connexion without

without their parents conſent; for it was from the blind confidence which Selina Hillington placed in Mr. Connel, that ſhe was reduced to ſuch a ſtate of abject diſtreſs. From her behaviour to her poor old grand-father, you may likewiſe derive inſtruction; ſhe certainly loſt his fortune by the inſolence of her replies; for it is not natural to ſuppoſe, had ſhe even ſpoken with common civility, he would not have revenged the father's unnatural conduct, upon the child."

"I do not underſtand what you mean, aunt, (rejoined Matilda.)" "I mean, (replied Mrs. Howardine) that had Selina ſpoken as ſhe ought to have done, to the poor old man; in all probabilty, inſtead of leaving his fortune to the inn-keeper, he would have bequeathed it to her; for though her father had forfeitted all pretenſions to his kindneſs, yet had he diſcovered traits of an amiable diſpoſition in the child, it may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, that nature would have prevailed; or in other words, that he would not have left his property to a ſtranger, when ſo near a relation *merited* his *eſteem*."

"From the overbearing temper of this ill-fated girl, may be aſcribed the termination of their exiſtence; but for *that*, ſhe would have had an aſylum in Lady Suſan Colville's houſe, and not have been expoſed to thoſe hardſhips which the delicate manner in which ſhe had been brought up, rendered her unable to ſupport;

port; and in fact, were as much the means of her diſſolution, as if a piſtol had been put to her head. But it grows late, my dear children, (obſerved Mrs. Howardine) and you all look rather fatigued; ring the bell, and let us aſſemble the ſervants, that we may unitedly offer up our thankſgiving to the Deity for the bleſſings of the day."

CHAP. VII.

DURING the recital of Selina Hillington's hiſtory, Mrs. Howardine had frequenty heard the diſtant rumbling of an approaching ſtorm; but as the attention of her young auditors had been wholly abſorbed by the narrative, it had not reached their ears. Scarcely, however, had the family aſſembled to offer their adoration to that Being who guides the elements with his hand, than loud peals of thunder ſeemed to ſhake the frame of nature, and the livid lightning darted over their heads! Though the ſhutters were cloſed, and the candles lighted, yet the liquid flame paſſed through the room; and a favourite cat, who was ſleeping cloſe to the fender, was inſtantly ſtruck dead.

Appalled by fear, and ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, the children roſe from their knees, and ruſhed round their mama, whilſt the terrified

ſcreams

ſcreams of poor Indiana, greatly added to their alarm. "Be compoſed, my good friends, (ſaid Mrs. Howardine, to the ſervants) the death of the cat is produced from a natural cauſe; the ſteel of the fender acted as a conductor to the lightning; let us calmly retire into my room; and as the aſpect is different, we ſhall not witneſs ſo much of this awful ſcene. Rely upon the protection of the Almighty; (continued ſhe, alternately embracing her children;) this warfare of the elements is tremendous, I allow; but it is the *guilty* alone, who ought to feel terrified; we have, none of us, I truſt, willingly offended God."

Both children, and ſervants, ſeemed to acquire compoſure from Mrs. Howardine's collectedneſs; the whole family retired into her bedroom; the rain, in a few moments, deſcended in torrents, and by degrees the ſtorm diſperſed. A prayer of thankſgiving for their preſervation was then read by Mrs. Howardine, who pointed out that each might have met with the poor animal's fate; which called forth the moſt lively ſenſe of gratitude in every youthful heart.

The morning preſented a ſcene of awful deſolation; ſeveral elevated trees were ſhivered; others torn up by their roots; and poor Dame Graves's cottage, was entirely unroofed; whilſt ſheltered by a riſing hill, from the violence of the tempeſt, not a ſingle plant, belonging to

the amiable owner of Violet Valley, appeared in the ſlighteſt degree hurt. Senſations of gratitude were again called forth, by this mark of providence's preſervation: when Mrs. Howardine inſtantly diſpatched Collins, to enquire into the fate of poor old Dame Graves, and likewiſe to offer her an aſylum, until the cottage could be repaired. When Collins arrived at the ſpot, ſhe found many of the neighbours aſſembled round the unfortunate woman's houſe; for the rafter had given way, in the room where ſhe was ſleeping, and a heap of the rubbiſh and mortar, prevented them from opening the door. Part of the beam had fallen in an oblique direction, over the feet of the bed; and the old woman was ſo much bruiſed by this accident, that ſhe was unable to move. Collins immediately perceived that the greateſt care would be neceſſary, convinced that if any violence was uſed, the whole roof would fall; and inſtead of affording the poor creature any aſſiſtance, they would be acceſſary to her death. He inſtantly therefore diſpatched one of the peaſants to the ingenious Colonel Smith, who not being an early riſer, knew nothing of the misfortune which had occurred. With eager haſte, he flew to their aſſiſtance, and by giving proper directions, the rubbiſh was removed; and the terrified ſufferer carried down ſtairs by the colonel, and another man. Providentially, her hurt was of a trifling

nature

nature: her legs, it is true, were very much bruiſed, but every other part of her body was not in the ſlighteſt degree touched. She was carried in a chair, to Mrs. Howardine's: as much curioſity was excited to ſee her, as if ſhe had riſen from the dead; for *report* generally exaggerates *real circumſtances*, and the greater number of the village, had heard ſhe was *buried* under the roof.

The daughter of this poor old woman, had ſuckled Ellen, when an infant; as Mrs. Howardine caught a cold during her confinement, which fell in her breaſt, and deprived her of the ſatisfaction of nurſing her little babe. Next to her own parent, Ellen was attached to her foſter-mother, who died when ſhe was about nine years of age; and from that time, Dame G. became her penſioner, and out of the money allowed for her own private uſe, ſhe regularly paid her two ſhillings a week. Could any thing have been more amiable than ſuch conduct? Scarcely did this benevolent girl, ever ſpend even a ſhilling in toys, or any of thoſe trifling gratifications, ſo natural to children at her age. She ran out to meet the poor diſabled old woman, with tears of ſympathy ſtarting into her eyes; and when ſhe perceived the injury had been *trifling*, it would be difficult for the power of language to deſcribe her joy. Mrs. Howardine requeſted Collins to bathe the bruiſed parts with Steer's Op-

podeldoc; but Ellen inſtantly undertook the employment herſelf; although the poor old woman remonſtrated againſt an act of ſuch *degradation* as a *young lady like her*, to kneel down and bathe her legs.

"And would you not have done it for *me*, if I had met with an accident?" enquired Ellen. "To be ſure Miſs, (replied Dame Graves,) and I ſhould have been in duty bound; but for to think of a lady like *you*, to be rubbing my poor limbs for me, there never was ſuch a thing heard of in the world!" Ellen was reſolute; the old woman could not run away from her, therefore was obliged to ſubmit; but all the time ſhe was making a *thouſand apologies*, begging and entreating her to deſiſt.

As ſoon as Mrs. Howardine had breakfaſted ſhe walked through the village, when ſhe found that Dames Graves was not the only perſon who had received injury from the violence of the ſtorm; for ſeveral poor people had their cottages partially blown off. A ſubſcription was immediately ſet on foot, by the benevolent owners of Violet Valley; whilſt Colonel Smith not only undertook to collect the different ſums, but to ſuperintend the workmen, whilſt they were engaged in the neceſſary repairs.

After the uſual buſineſs of the day was over, the children's converſation naturally turned upon the effects of the laſt evening's ſtorm; but

as

as Mrs. Howardine's attention was engaged upon ſome new publication, each gave their opinion in a low tone of voice.

"What is it, that occaſions *thunder*, couſin? (enquired Matilda) Indiana tells me that it is the voice of God; and *that* was what made her ſcream ſo violently, becauſe ſhe was afraid he would ſtrike her dead."

"Indiana is a poor weak creature:" replied Auguſta, not ſuffering her ſiſter to reply;—"thunder, child, is occaſioned by a variety of cumbuſtable materials, which take fire in the bowels of the earth; but that girl, really is ſo truly ignorant, I have not patience to liſten to any thing ſhe ſays." Though Mrs. Howardine had not appeared to pay any attention to the converſation, yet not a ſingle word had eſcaped; and laying down her book, ſhe mildly ſaid to Auguſta, "before you *condemn* the *ignorance* of others, you ought to be *well informed* yourſelf; for your deſcription of the cauſe of thunder, is completely erroneous. Matilda, my dear girl, come hither to me."

"Out of the earth, ariſes a variety of exhalations, from ſulphur, iron, bitumen, and volatile ſalts; which from the ſun's attraction, become impregnated with the clouds; and when clouds of this nature happen to preſs upon each other, or are driven together by the force of the wind, the rarefied air burſts from them with

violence, and produces that alarming ſound. The flaſhes of lightning we behold, are the mere effects of this colliſion; for as the clouds are filled with inflammable matter, when they ſtrike together, they naturally produce a light; as it is known by experience, that a mixture of ſulphur and ſteel-filings, will, by adding a little water to them, inſtantly burſt into a flame."

"I am ſure, mama, (ſaid Auguſta) I *thought* you told me that *thunder* proceeded out of the *earth*." "But my dear Auguſta, (replied her affectionate mother) you are too apt to miſtake the nature of my remarks; yet at the ſame time diſplay a degree of *ſelf-importance*, wholly unfit for a child of your age. You told your couſin, you had *no patience* with *Indiana's ignorance*, without conſidering that the poor girl had never been properly taught; beſides, it is a received opinion, amongſt the Indians, that thunder actually proceeds from the mouth of ſome of their Gods; and you know, that until Indiana came to England, ſhe was totally unacquainted with the religion of Chriſt."

"I recollect once explaining the cauſe of earthquakes to you, and Ellen; and from thence, has originated your miſtake; but had you given your ſiſter leave to reply, to Matilda's enquiry, I doubt not, but her deſcription would have been like mine."

"Oh no, mama; (ſaid the diffident Ellen) I am ſure I could not have explained it in the

manner

manner you have done; yet I ſo far remembered what you ſome time ago told me, that I ſhould have informed her, that thunder was occaſioned by the meeting together of inflammable clouds."

"And a very good deſcription it would have been, my dear Ellen; for a girl of your age." "Will you tell me ſomething now about *earthquakes*, aunt; (ſaid Matilda) for I never heard any thing of them in my life." "It is an awful ſubject, Matilda, (replied Mrs. Howardine) yet I am always happy to obige you when it is in my power; and when you hear how terribly other countries have ſuffered from them, you will acknowledge, that the inhabitants of England, ought to think themſelves highly bleſt."

"In the boſom of the earth, are a variety of inflammable ſubſtances, which being humified by the effect of water or air, naturally acquire that degree of expanſion that they actually burſt. Theſe frequently produce that terrifying noiſe in volcanos, which excites ſo much apprehenſion in thoſe who hear the ſound; though at other times, it is occaſioned by the ſudden expanſion of confined air.

"Mr. Goldſmith, in his natural hiſtory, is of opinion, that earthquakes are produced by the latter cauſe; for he ſays that the air, confined in the bowels of the earth, naturally acquires elaſticity, by the effect of inflammable materials,

and will force a paſſage through, from many hundred fathoms deep. The chaſms which it forms frequently ſwallows up whole cities."—"Whole cities, aunt!" (exclained Matilda) what! ſwallowed up by air?" Here Auguſta could not contain her natural riſibility, and again expoſed herſelf to a ſecond reproof. "A chaſm, my dear Matilda, means an opening, (continued Mrs. Howardine) produced, as I informed you, by the aſtoniſhing power of confined heat and air, acting upon theſe inflammable materials, which lie deeply buried in the bowels of the earth. Do you, or do you not underſtand me?" "Yes, I think I do aunt, replied the child: but what became of all the people? I hope they did not die.

"The ſhock of an earthquake is ſo ſudden that *eſcape* is *impoſſible*. In the city of Antioch, forty thouſand perſons are computed to have been ſwallowed up at once; and after a lapſe of ſixty years, when that ill-fated city was rebuilt, and re-peopled, the ſame dreadful calamity happened again. Volumes might be written upon this awful effect of nature; memory at this moment, furniſhes me with a variety of inſtances, which almoſt freeze the blood. Sicily is a part of the world, which is liable to a double calamity; for the city of Catania was in the year 1669, nearly deſtroyed by an eruption of Mount Etna; and in leſs than thirty years afterwards

terwards, it was ſwallowed up by an earth-quake."

"I remember reading that account, mama;" ſaid Ellen, ſhivering at the recollection. "Do you recollect," enquired Mrs. Howardine, "in what book?" "There is a ſlight deſcription of it, mama, in Doctor Goldſmith's Natural Hiſtory; but that is not the one which I meant: I will relate it, however, to my couſin, if you think proper." "Do;" replied her mama; "for, perhaps, your memory may be more *accurate* than *mine*."

"A traveller, who was on his way to the city of Catania, perceived a black cloud, like night, hanging over the place; the ſea began to roar, and mount Ætna to ſend forth great ſpires of flame; the ſhock ſoon followed, attended by a noiſe ſo dreadful, that he thought cannon were firing cloſe to his ears. The motion of the earth was ſo violent, that he was under the neceſſity of inſtantly alighting from his horſe; but ſcarce had he put his foot out of the ſtirrup, than he felt himſelf raiſed from the ground; and turning his eyes towards the place he was journeying to; he beheld it enveloped in a cloud of ſmoak! The ſun was darkened! The beaſts ran about howling. The terrified birds flew from place to place. But, it would be impoſſible for me to deſcribe the ſcene of deſolation, which the ſpace of three minutes had produced!"

"You have described it very well, my dear girl;" said Mrs. Howardine; "but how grateful ought we to feel to providence, for not being exposed to such dreadful scenes: yet, how seldom do we reflect upon his mercies; or even offer up the *just* tribute of *praise*."

"Pray mama," said Augusta, "was not Herculaneum destroyed by an earthquake." "No my love, by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; which entirely overwhelmed the place, and buried that once celebrated city, in a mass of stones and liquid fire; which that dreadful volcano vomited forth."

"I hope papa never goes near that shocking burning mountain;" said George: who, during the preceding conversation, had been drawing another ship. "He has been there, George," replied his mother; "but he did not, like the great naturalist, Pliny, go too near the edge; for at the time of the eruption, which destroyed Herculaneum, that celebrated philosopher lost his life: merely from the suffocating vapour which arose from sulphur, forcing itself into his lungs. Thus you see, my dear fellow, we ought never to indulge our curiosity, where it is likely to prove detrimental to our health; although *that knowledge*, which can prove *beneficial* to our *fellow-creatures*, can never be acquired at too much pains."

"I am glad, however, we have no burning mountains in England, mama; and I cannot think of what use those shocking fires are under ground."

ground." "Depend upon it, my dear boy," replied Mrs. Howardine, "that whatever was created by the hand of perfect wisdom, was designed for some good; although our confined understandings are not capable of discovering their design. One advantage, however, appears perfectly clear to us; for they, doubtless, warm and cherish the ground: and promote that luxuriance of vegetation, which is observable in those countries, where they abound. Nature is *there* decked in charms so inviting, that the astonished eye gazes upon every object around it, with sensations of delight. The air is perfumed with the fragrance of flowers and shrubs, which shoot spontaneous; and the clustering grapes hang in immense bunches, upon every vine."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Middleton; whose countenance was overspread with a smile. "I come," said he, "madam to make you acquainted with my good fortune; which, but for your friendship and kindness, never would have happened to my girl." Mrs. Howardine assured him that she participated in his pleasurable sensations: yet at the same time, could not imagine how she could have been in the slightest degree concerned. "Why madam," continued he; "I should never have enjoyed my present happiness, if *you* had not taken my daughters to the fair. Do you recollect a young gentleman, who was one of lady Montague's party, coming three or four

times

times, under pretence of buying different articles, to the booth?" "Perfectly well:" replied Mrs. Howardine; "his name was Lyttleton; and he is juſt come into the poſſeſſion of a very fine eſtate." "He is ſo madam; and what is a much ſtronger recommendation to me, he is wholly unlike the young men of the preſent age. This gentleman, it ſeems, was ſtruck with the *beauty* of my daughter Charlotte; pardon me for making uſe of the term. But it was her attractions, which certainly, firſt made an impreſſion upon this amiable young man's heart. *Beauty*, unattended by *worth*, is a dangerous poſſeſſion; and I have always taught my girls to conſider it in that light; and inſtead of being vain of thoſe advantages, nature has beſtowed upon them, they have only been anxious to *improve* their *minds*. But, I am digreſſing from my ſtory: Mr. Lyttleton ſaw ſomething that pleaſed him in my girl; and he immediately imparted his ſenſations to Lady Montague, and requeſted her to learn whoſe daughter ſhe was. Her ladyſhip not only obtained this piece of information, for her nephew; but acquired a knowledge of the mode of life, which my deſerving girls purſued; and ſo much was ſhe delighted with the account ſhe received of them, that ſhe adviſed Mr. Lyttleton immediately to call upon me. He did ſo; and with that candour which marks the man of honour, requeſted permiſſion

miſſion to viſit at my houſe; for the purpoſe of obtaining a further knowledge of my daughter's diſpoſition; before he made an open declaration of his regard.

"To this propoſal, I could not offer any objection; I introduced him to my daughters as a gentleman with whom I had buſineſs to tranſact: and as it could not be eaſily ſettled, it was neceſſary that we ſhould frequently meet. As Charlotte had not the ſlighteſt idea of his intentions, ſhe treated him with the moſt eaſy unreſerve; and he had an opportunity of diſcovering the real ſentiments of her heart. Two months have now elapſed, ſince his firſt introduction; and I had the happineſs of obſerving, that my dear girl was delighted with the ſociety of our conſtant gueſt; and yeſterday, he made her an offer of his heart, fortune and hand."

The delighted father could ſcarcely have felt greater pleaſure at relating this piece of good fortune, than Mrs. Howardine did, in liſtening to the account; and upon enquiring what was Mr. Lyttleton's fortune, ſhe found, it was not leſs than four thouſand a year. "But I have a favour, madam, to beg of you;" continued Mr. Middleton; "my girls have been educated in a very retired way; and are wholly unacquainted with the manners of perſons, in a more exalted ſphere of life. I have to entreat, that *you* will, therefore, give them a few inſtructions, how they are to conduct themſelves in the ſtation

on

on in which they are to move; for Mr. Lyttleton, delighted at obſerving the attachment which ſubſiſts between the ſiſters, has inſiſted upon Maria's reſiding at his houſe."

Though Mrs. Howardine informed the old gentleman, his daughters required no inſtruction, as ſhe had been charmed with their unaffected manners, at their firſt interview; yet ſhe readily conſented to give them every information in her power; and was delighted at hearing, that Mr. Lyttleton's eſtate was not more than fourteen miles diſtant from Violet Vale. The party were all invited to dine at the vicarage, on the following day, for the purpoſe of meeting Mr. Lyttleton; whom the children were all eager to ſee. Not the ſlighteſt alteration was viſible in the manners of the amiable Charlotte; no aſſumed conſequence from her approaching nuptials, could be obſerved; but the ſame degree of diffidence marked every action, as when ſhe had only her own induſtry and taſte, to depend upon for ſupport.

With the converſation of Mr. Lyttleton, Mrs. Howardine was delighted; his mind was highly cultivated, his manners were polite; and to a fine perſon was added, an intelligence of countenance, which gave an impreſſive energy to what he ſaid. His attachment to Charlotte, was diſplayed by a thouſand delicate attentions; and extended to every one who ſeemed intereſted in her concerns: and to her father he behaved as

reſpectfully,

reſpectfully, as if he had been his ſon. Each of the children were charmed with the day's entertainment; and warmly participated in the approaching happineſs of their young friend. And Mrs. Howardine took the opportunity of pointing out the advantages generally ariſing from *virtuous conduct*; even in the preſent world.

"Though Mr. Lyttleton," ſaid ſhe, "was ſtruck with the perſonal attractions of Charlotte Middleton; yet it was the amiable character which ſhe bore, that induced him to make her an offer of his hand; and had his aunt not approved of his forming the connexion, in all probability he would never even have thought of her again. Lady Montague, of courſe, conceived, that a young woman, who had been ſo good a daughter, was likely to make a young man, of her nephew's diſpoſition, an excellent wife: for Mr. Lyttleton ſeeks happineſs in domeſtic enjoyments; not in diſſipating his fortune in theſe pleaſures, which frequently prove deſtructive to health."

The wedding took place in the courſe of a fortnight; and contrary to the uſual cuſtom, Mrs. Lyttleton had *three bride-maids*; as ſhe would not mortify Matilda, by inviting her couſins to fill the office, without making her the ſame requeſt. Tears of joy filled the eyes of the venerable Mr. Middleton, as he reſigned all parental authority over his beloved child: for he was

was convinced, he beſtowed her upon a man, capable of appreciating her merits; and who would treat her with that friendſhip which ſhe deſerved. After the ceremony was over, and the party had taken ſome ſlight refreſhment, they all were invited to dine at the bride-groom's elegant ſeat: Mr. and Mrs. Lyttleton in their own carriage, drawn by four beautiful grey horſes: the three bride-maids following, in Mrs. Howardine's chaiſe; in a hack one, rode Mr. Middleton and Mrs. Howardine, accompanied by little George.

Inſtead of laviſhing a large ſum upon an expenſive entertainment, Mr. Lyttleton gave fifty pounds amongſt the poor, who followed the carriages with their prayers and bleſſings, until the whole party were completely out of ſight. The ſame ſum was diſtributed amongſt the poor of of his own pariſh; where the bride and bride-groom were ſaluted with the ringing of bells; and though the ſound was not very harmonious, it excited ſenſations of joy, in thoſe, by whom they were heard. So kind a friend, and generous a benefactor had he been to his indigent dependants, that his very name was adored; and when they heard he had choſen a wife of a ſimilar diſpoſition, they ſcarcely knew how to teſtify their joy. About a mile from the village, the carriages were met by Mr. Lyttleton's tenants; who aſſembled for the purpoſe of congratulating him, and teſtifying their reſpect to

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the bride. "*Happineſs* and *long life*, attend the lord and lady of the manor!" they exclaimed in a united tone of voice.

Mr. Lyttleton's uncle, from whom he derived his fortune; did not practice the modern cuſtom of concentrating the lands of two or three farms into *one*; for he had not a ſingle tenant, who rented more than an hundred and fifty acres of land: therefore, they formed a numerous body; though not any could be called *opulent men*. When the bride-groom beheld this mark of genuine affection, "What a happineſs, my dear Charlotte," ſaid he, "is it to be beloved. I derive more gratification from this proof of my tenant's attachment to me, than I ſhould experience from the congratulations of the firſt miniſter of ſtate." Then calling the principal farmer to the carriage, he deſired him to take all his friends to the White Hart; where they would find a good dinner provided for them; at the ſame time, charging him not to forget to drink the *bride's health*.

Lyttleton Lodge was a modern ſtructure; indeed, it had not been built more than fifteen years; as the late proprietor had been obliged to pull the old houſe down; and the furniture, without being *too expenſive*, was of the moſt elegant kind. No tawdry gildings adorned any of the apartments every thing around, was elegantly neat; and the grounds and gardens were highly cultivated; and proved the owner of them

them to be a man of taſte. There were a ſufficient number of ſervants to keep every thing in perfect order: but no idle lacqueys were kept merely for ſhow; and as Mr. Lyttleton was his own ſteward, he expected his wife to ſuperintend his domeſtic accounts. Chearfulneſs and hoſpitality reigned at the table: every thing was handſome, without being *profuſe*; and juſt before the ladies retired after dinner, the bridegroom addreſſed his father-in-law, in the following words:

"Happineſs greater than *mine*, my dear ſir, at the preſent moment, I believe, no man ever felt; and I am more grateful to you, for the treaſure you have beſtowed upon me, than it is in the power of language to expreſs. Unfortunately, I have but *one living* in my poſſeſſion; and that, I have long promiſed to my worthy ſiſter's ſon; but whilſt I am enjoying every comfort, which affluence can afford me, my *father*, my much eſteemed father, *muſt not*, ſhall not want. *Life*, ſir, you will allow, is an uncertain poſſeſſion; this eſtate becomes the property of an unprincipled man, ſhould I die without an heir; it is not ſufficient that I ſhould leave my *Charlotte independent*; but I am bound to evince my attachment to the author of her birth; and this deed," continued he, "drawing a parchment from his pocket, with your permiſſion, I will put into Mrs. Howardine's hands; if it does not meet with your approbation, I

will

will make any alteration in it, that you may point out."

When Mr. Lyttleton ſpoke upon the moſt *indifferent* ſubject, to make uſe of the words of a favourite author, " attention ſat mute ;" and ſo much had every one preſent been ſtruck by the impreſſive ſerioufneſs of his manner; that no one attempted to utter a word: delivering the deed into the hands of Mrs. Howardine, with a ſmile of inward ſatisfaction, he hurried out of the room.

" Did my *ears deceive* me !" ſaid Mr. Middleton ; in a tremulous accent ; after a few moments ſilence, by all the party, had been obſerved ; " or is it true that this excellent young man means to weigh me down with gratitude ! Oh madam, you know not the full ſenſations of my heart." Tears fortunately came to the relief of the old gentleman ; he wept like an infant, upon the boſom of his child : yet, repeatedly kept directing his ſwimming eyes to heaven, grateful for the bleſſings beſtowed upon him by a gracious God.

Mrs. Howardine peruſed the deed which had been intruſted to her protection ; and found it to be a gift of ſix thouſand pounds, perſonal property, veſted in the funds, belonging to Mr. Lyttleton, before he came into the poſſeſſion of his eſtate ; two, out of the ſix was a preſent to Maria, that ſhe might not feel herſelf, (as was ſpecified), *dependant* upon a *brother-in-law* ; and

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at the death of the old gentleman, the other four were to revert to her. There was ſomething ſo truly noble, in this young man's conduct, that it was impoſſible for language to convey the gratitude it inſpired; and ſo completely were Mr. Middleton's feelings overpowered by it, that he was under the neceſſity of quitting the room. Charlotte's eyes gliſtened with pleaſure, at this generous proof of her huſband's regard; and tenderly embracing her ſiſter, ſhe expreſſed the delight this noble conduct had inſpired. Mrs. Howardine paſſed a week with the bride and bride-groom; each day ſhe was more firmly convinced of Mr. Lyttleton's worth; for his generoſity was not confined to his wife's relations, but he was the univerſal friend to diſtreſs. Affluence to ſuch a man, was a real *bleſſing*; for it was not laviſhed in fruitleſs expenſe; and though he lived in a ſtyle ſuitable to his income, yet he would not ſuffer extravagance or waſte.

The happineſs enjoyed at Lyttleton Lodge afforded ſubject for converſation, for many days after the young party returned; every creature in the neighbourhood, rejoiced in Charlotte Middleton's good fortune; ſhe was ſo *deſervedly eſteemed*, and ſo ſincerely *beloved*. Though an exaltation of circumſtances, frequently excites envy; yet, it is not univerſally the caſe: and it is more to be aſcribed to the improper conduct of the fortunate perſons, than to any *other cauſe*. That there are people in the world, who are naturally

turally *envious*, does not admit of a doubt; but depraved muſt be that being, who would not rejoice at the proſperity of the *deſerving*, or cheriſh hatred towards thoſe, who merited every good. It was impoſſible for malice itſelf, to have found any thing to diſapprove, in Mrs. Lyttleton's conduct; for the ſame gentleneſs and humility, guided all her actions, after ſhe became a wife, as when ſhe reſided in her father's humble dwelling; and by her ingenuity contributed to his ſupport. She not only relieved thoſe who applied to her for aſſiſtance; but ſought out objects who required her aid; not merely, amongſt the lower order of ſociety, but where the effects of poverty were more ſeverely felt. A hundred and thirty pounds a year, was the extent of Mr. Middleton's income, to ſupport two children and an afflicted wife; and well did ſhe remember the diſtreſs they were ſometimes driven to, even to procure the *neceſſaries* of *life*. Perſons therefore, of ſmall fortunes who were *compelled* to make a *genteel appearance*, ſhe ſought out with indefatigable zeal; and enhanced the benefit which ſhe beſtowed upon them, by the delicate manner in which her liberalities were conveyed.

CHAP. VIII.

A GLOOM had for ſeveral weeks hung over the inhabitants of Violet Vale, occaſioned by the ſilence of the maſter of that peaceful retreat; when a large packet was one morning preſented Mrs. Howardine, by a gentleman, who had been on board her huſband's ſhip. He not only brought the pleaſing intelligence of the captain's health being perfect, but of his ſhip having received orders to return; and the joy which this information imparted, it would be impoſſible for the power of language to deſcribe. So various were the queſtions, which the children aſked the ſtranger, that Mrs. Howardine began to fear he would think them ill-bred; but he was delighted with a curioſity, which reſulted from *affection*; and anſwered them with a chearfulneſs that quite won their hearts.

Buſineſs, however, prevented Mr. Dallas, (which was the ſtranger's name,) from prolonging his viſit; but ſo charmed was he with his friend's little family, that he promiſed to return

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and ſpend a week, at the Vale. This welcome packet happened to arrive upon a Saturday; the countenance of each child expreſſed a wiſh to know its contents: for, though Mrs. Howardine of courſe, did not *read* her letters to them, yet ſhe generally imparted the purport of what they contained.

"Well, mama," ſaid George, "have you not ſomething to tell us? But what makes you look ſo very grave? I thought you would have been quite happy at knowing papa was coming home to us, but you look almoſt ready to cry."

"I am thinking of the dangers your dear papa encounters for the ſake of his family;" replied Mrs. Howardine; "he has been within a muſket ſhot of a water-ſpout, and had it deſcended upon the veſſel, in all probability, we ſhould have never ſeen him again." Curioſity was encreaſed by the force of apprehenſion; a general exclamation of "Oh mama!" enſued; which was followed by a requeſt from Ellen, to deſcribe the effect of a *water-ſpout*; and Mrs. Howardine, in compliance with her daughter's wiſhes, read from her huſband's letter, the following account:

"With what joy ſhall I embrace my beloved Ellen and her children; every danger that I eſcape, ſeems to endear them to my heart: for the laſt ſix weeks we encountered a ſucceſſion of bad weather; and what alarmed my crew extremely,

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we have been within muſket-ſhot of a water-ſpout; this phenomenon of nature, you have frequently read an account of, but I am perſuaded, you will find amuſement from reading a deſcription of it from me, and your affectionate heart will glow with ſenſations of gratitude to that being, who preſerved us from its dangerous effects.

"As I was walking upon the deck, in converſation with one of my officers, we obſerved the ſea violently agitated about a muſket ſhot from our ſhip; the top of the water appeared of a whitiſh colour, and as far as this internal commotion extended, the water roſe above a foot. A hiſſing ſound attended this extraordinary appearance, which was ſucceeded by a column of ſmoak, which whirled round with great rapidity and aſcended into the clouds. Whilſt contemplating the threatening deluge, and endeavouring to avoid its effect, we perceived a ſecond vapour ariſing, which joined the firſt in the form of a croſs. I inſtantly ordered ſeveral muſkets to be fired at them, loaded with pieces of iron, which providentially broke the waters; and they deſcended to their original bed, with a terrifying noiſe. Had this attempt not ſucceeded, the conſequences muſt have been dreadful, as the wind lay in that direction, to drive it exactly over the ſhip."

"How luckly it was, aunt," ſaid Matilda, "that my uncle knew that firing pieces of iron

into

into the ſpout, would make the water fall." "There, my dear Matilda, you perceive the advantage of uſeful knowledge; your uncle had read an account of thoſe alarming water-ſpouts, and of courſe knew, that by firing into them, they ſometimes were diſperſed; but had it aſcended to a length beyond the reach of the muſket, dreadful indeed, muſt have been its effect; for if the weight of the water had not ſunk the veſſel, it certainly would have torn away the rigging and maſts." Ellen enquired whether her mama knew the occaſion of this ſingular phenomenon; and was told that ſome naturaliſts were of opinion, that it proceeded from the effect of fire forcing itſelf through the bed of the ſea; whilſt others aſcribed it to the power of ſuction, like the application of a cupping glaſs applied to the ſkin.

"How wonderful it is, mama!" ſaid Ellen. "Nature, my deareſt girl, is full of wonders; (replied Mrs Howardine) every cloud that moves, and every ſhower that falls, might excite an equal degree of ſurpriſe; but accuſtomed to behold them, aſtoniſhment ceaſes; and we view with indifference, thoſe objects which ought to direct our thoughts to God. To ſee water, which is heavier than air, riſing in that element, and deſcending again in dew, or refreſhing ſhowers, and watering thoſe plants which ſuſtain man's exiſtence, proves the beneficence of the Deity, and the greatneſs of his power!"

"I have often been aſtoniſhed, (ſaid Auguſta) at ſeeing hail fall in a ſummer's day, becauſe you told me it was drops of water, which the cold had congealed." "From the rarefaction of the air, in the heat of ſummer, (replied Mrs. Howardine) vapours naturally aſcend higher than at any other period of the year; in ſhort, they riſe into a cold region, and then of courſe become condenſed. Thoſe travellers who have deſcribed their progreſs up high mountains, inform us, that the air as they proceeded became more intenſely cold; now my dear girl, you will comprehend the cauſe of hail in ſummer; but always aſk me to explain what you do not underſtand."

George, who had not been preſent during the latter part of this converſation, came jumping into the room, with joy ſparkling in his eyes, to tell his ſiſters that Maria Middleton was come to invite them all to her brother's *harveſt-home*. The herald of theſe joyful tidings had ſcarcely finiſhed ſpeaking when, Miſs Middleton appeared, for the day having been favourable for riding, ſhe preferred being the bearer of the invitation, to ſending a card. Mr. Lytttleton was too much occupied with his labourers to accompany his ſiſter in her ride; and the object of his affection was indiſpoſed with a cold. The harveſt ſupper was to be on that day ſe'n-night, to prevent the labourers from keeping

keeping too late hours; for though Mr. Lyttleton was always the promoter of chearfulneſs, he was an enemy to every kind of exceſs.

Mrs. Howardine endeavoured to perſuade Maria Middleton to paſs the enſuing week at Violet Vale, but ſhe could not be induced to leave her ſiſter, in an imperfect ſtate of health. So grateful was that amiable girl's heart, for the daily proofs of affection ſhe received from Mrs. Lyttleton, that her chief converſation conſiſted of her praiſe; and in leſs than an hour after the cloth was removed, ſhe ordered the horſes; ſo anxious was ſhe again toreturn.

"How dearly Maria Middleton loves her ſiſter;" ſaid George, to his mother, as ſhe whipped her horſe and cantered away from the door. "I hope you will love *yours*, with the ſame ardency of affection, (ſaid Mrs, Howardine) and that they will feel towards each other, an equal degree of regard. Conceive, my dear children, what delight Mr. Middleton muſt experience, at beholding the tender attachment that ſubſiſts between his girls: ſuch a refined gratification do I hope to feel the force of, if it is the will of providence that I live."

"I hope you will live to be a very old woman, (rejoined the little fellow, fondly kiſſing his mother's hand;) and if you ſhould be lame, why then I will *carry you*; and if you are blind, I will *feed you, myſelf*." A ſmile of pleaſure

lighted up the countenance of Mrs. Howardine, at this artleſs proof of affection in her ſon; and thanking him for his kind intentions towards her, ſhe ſaid ſhe hoped neither of thoſe evils would be her lot; but if Providence lengthened out her exiſtence, he would mercifully grant her the uſe of her limbs and ſight. The happineſs which the two ſiſters enjoyed from mutual affection, afforded ſubject of converſation until near the uſual hour of retiring to reſt; when Matilda, in a whiſper, told Ellen, her aunt had forgotten *Saturday night*, but at that moment, Thomas entered with ſome glaſſes of *weak negus*, and ſlices of cake.

The health of the maſter of the houſe was drank as uſual, but with additional delight, as the idea of his ſoon joining the happy circles, imparted to each, ſenſations of joy. "Will you not tell us a ſtory to night, mama?" enquired the little ſailor, extending his eye-lids whilſt he ſpoke; for anxious as he was for the uſual entertainment, he could ſcarcely reſiſt the power of ſleep. Though Mrs. Howardine repreſented that it was too late for a ſtory, yet their united perſuaſions prevailed; and as *virtue* and *vice*, appear in ſtronger colours by being contraſted, ſhe gratified the wiſhes of the young party, by relating the following tale.

THE

THE TWIN SISTERS.

At Liverpool, a ſeaport in Lancaſhire (which at the commencement of the laſt century, was merely a hamlet belonging to the pariſh of Walton) lived a perſon of the name of *Warren*, who was one of the principal merchants' clerks; and though this place was once ſo inſignificant, it is now conſidered as the ſecond ſea-port in this realm. It is ſeated on the river Merſey, and has an excellent harbour, which was formed at great expence; it owes its preſent importance, in great meaſure, to the ſalt-works, and derives many commercial advantages from the Duke of Bridgewater's canal. The merchants principally trade to Africa for ſlaves, which they ſell again, on the Weſt India Iſles; they are alſo deeply concerned in the whale fiſhery; and merely from their coaſting voyages to London, the proprietors of many veſſels, become rich. But to return to my ſtory; Mr. Warren was a very *induſtrious man*; yet unfortunately for his family, fond of *ſpeculation*, and of entering into a variety of different purſuits. His ſalary was handſome—he had a good houſe to live in, as the gentleman whoſe buſineſs he conducted reſided a few miles out of town; and every body ſuppoſed Mr. Warren to be a *monied man*. His family was not large, for he had only two daughters, of whom he was not

a little proud; as it is impoſſible for two children to have been more beautiful; and what rendered them ſtill more remarkable, they were *twins*.

It has frequently been obſerved, that children of that deſcription, ſeem attached towards each other, by a kind of natural bond; but Caroline and Frances Warren, knew not the power of ſiſterly love. From the earlieſt age they ſeemed to feel an antipathy to each other, which in all probability, their parent took no great pains to remove; for Mr. Warren's attention was devoted to buſineſs, and his wife was incapable of exertion, from a bad ſtate of health. The children were therefore ſent to a ſchool in the neighbourhood, and ſeldom ſaw their parents but at the vacation time, when their father would declare that Caroline's beauty ſurpaſſed her ſiſter's; whilſt the mother would weakly admire the *luſtre* of *Fanny's eyes*. By theſe injudicious obſervations, in the preſence of their children, a rivalſhip between them was naturally produced; each felt vain of their own attractions, and mortified at hearing the other praiſed.

Fanny was certainly more amiable than her ſiſter; ſhe diſplayed greater fondneſs for her parents, and more ſenſibility of heart; and at the age of fifteen, when ſhe had the misfortune to loſe her mother, ſhe certainly evinced

the deepeſt concern. Caroline, on the contrary ſcarcely ſhed a tear upon the occaſion; it is true, ſhe lamented that it ſhould have happened, juſt at that time, becauſe it would prevent her from attending her dancing-maſter's ball. Thoſe dreſſes which ſhe had viewed with ſuch joy and exultation, were now obliged to be locked up in a drawer; and ſhe was continually aſking her young companions whether, ſhe did not look *ſhockingly* in *black*.

"She was more *unfeeling*, I think, than my couſin Clementina, (ſaid Auguſta) and I am ſure ſhe did not grieve much for the loſs of her mama; but I beg your pardon, for interrupting you, yet I have not common patience with that undutiful girl."

"That *misfortune* ſeldom comes *unattended*, (continued Mrs. Howardine) has long been a general remark; and in leſs than a twelvemonth after the death of her mother, one, which affected them much more deeply, happened to theſe girls. Their father, as I obſerved, was fond of *ſpeculation*, or in other words, of embarking his property in *uncertain ſchemes*, by which he was not only completely ruined, but deeply involved in debt. Caroline and Fanny were taken from ſchool, ſoon after the death of their mother, for the purpoſe of ſuperintending their father's domeſtic concerns; and the former, though very young, had received a propoſal of marriage,

from a gentleman of the name of Barrow, who had a very fine eſtate.

The uncommon beauty of this young woman it was, which had ſtruck Mr. Barrow, who was a very weak, thoughtleſs young man; but as his perſon happened to be very diſagreeable, ſhe poſitively rejected the offer of his hand. The unexpected turn in her father's fortune, made Caroline view Mr. Barrow's propoſals in a very different light; and as he renewed them the moment he was made acquainted with the calamity, ſhe unheſitatingly complied. Her father had obſerved her ſiſter was left unprotected, and Mr. Barrow kindly offered her an aſylum in his houſe; but the unnatural Caroline aſſured him, that if Fanny entered it, they ſhould never enjoy a moment's peace, as her temper was not only violent, but her heart actually depraved.

Humanity, however, induced the merchant who employed her father, to take Fanny under his care; but her pride and vanity became ſo intolerable that his patience was completely tired; for he was not a man of refined feelings, and made few allowances for the follies of youth. Reſolving at once to throw her off from his protection; he bound her apprentice to a milliner, for fifty pounds, and gave her miſtreſs fifty more with her, for the purpoſe of finding her in clothes.

From

From the period of Caroline's Marriage, until the time of the expiration of her ſiſter's apprenticeſhip, ſhe never even made the ſlighteſt enquiry after her health; though ſcarce a week elapſed, that her carriage did not drive through the ſtreet in which ſhe lived. Fond of expence, pleaſure, and oſtentation, it was aſtoniſhing the ſums of money which this unamiable young woman ſpent; whilſt her ſiſter knew not what it was to be in poſſeſſion of a guinea, and would have been thankful for the clothes ſhe gave to her maid. That beauty of which Fanny had been ſo vain, proved of but *ſhort duration*, for though when a mere infant her parents thought ſhe had the ſmall pox, it could only have been ſome eruptive diſorder; as ſhe caught the diſeaſe from her miſtreſs's maid, a ſhort time after ſhe was bound apprentice; and was entirely given over for ſeveral days. All hopes of marrying *highly* like her *ſiſter*, by this dreadful malady, were brought to a cloſe; and ſhe found that her future ſubſiſtence, muſt entirely depend upon induſtry, and work. What ſhe conſidered as a misfortune, proved beneficial; for as vanity had inſpired preſumption, ſhe had loſt its greateſt ſupport; a ſudden change ſeemed to have taken place in her diſpoſition, and ſhe was no longer untractable, arrogant or proud. Her miſtreſs was ſo pleaſed with the alteration in her apprentice's manners, that ſhe gave her many in-

dulgences which ſhe had never before received; and generally, of a Sunday, made a point of taking Fanny, when ſhe viſited her different friends.

The milliner, happened to be very intimate with a large linen-draper, who lived in the ſame town, and who having acquired a comfortable independence by buſineſs, reſolved to retire and leave it to his ſon. He had frequently ſeen Fanny Warren, before ſhe had the ſmall-pox, but the haughtineſs of her manners had completely diſguſted him; though he ſoon perceived the aſtoniſhing change, and began every day to think her more agreeable, and at length felt towards her ſomething warmer than eſteem. As he was an amiable young man, and very dutiful to his parents, he immediately acquainted them with the ſtate of his heart; and requeſted their permiſſion, to make Fanny an immediate offer of his hand.

"Have a little patience, Ned, (ſaid the prudent father) Fanny Warren is yet very young; beſides, it is only ſince the *loſs* of her *beauty*, that ſhe has behaved as ſhe ought; however, if ſhe continues to conduct herſelf with propriety, you need not fear having my conſent." The young man followed his father's advice, and carefully concealed his attachment until, about a twelvemonth after Fanny was out of her time; who ſtill continued to reſide with her miſtreſs, and conducted the chief buſineſs of the ſhop. Her civility to the cuſtomers, and her taſte

in

in millinery, rendered her a general favourite with the ladies that frequented the ſhop; and the old gentleman began to think his ſon could not do better, than take a young woman of ſuch pleaſing manners for his wife. Fanny received his propoſals with pleaſure, for ſhe had long felt towards him a ſincere regard; but as he had never expreſſed any affection for her, ſhe was fearful of encouraging the wiſhes of her heart: they were married, however, in a few weeks after the declaration, and ſhe made the linen-draper a moſt excellent wife.

Though Mrs. Barrow would not condeſcend to *own* a *milliner's apprentice* for her ſiſter; yet as Mr. Dawſon's father had realized money enough to retire from trade, and his ſon was allowed to be rapidly making a fortune, ſhe determined to pay a viſit of congratulation to his wife; the chief motive however was *curioſity*, as ſhe had never ſeen her from the time of her having the ſmall-pox. Though Fanny derived no gratification from her ſiſter's condeſcenſion, yet as her diſpoſition was totally changed, ſhe received her with a great deal of civility, without making any profeſſion of regard; in fact, it was impoſſible to have felt any affection, for a perſon who had treated her with ſuch unpardonable neglect.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrow were a complete faſhionable couple; for they ſeldom were ſeen in the ſame place; *he* ſpent the greater part of his time at the *gaming-table*, and *ſhe* was ſcarcely ever at home. The family was neglected,—the ſervants

vants were their own maſters and miſtreſſes.—Oſtentation and extravagance was diſplayed throughout the houſe; and in leſs than ten years after his inauſpicious marriage, Mr. Barrow was obliged to go abroad; and his wife, who unwillingly accompanied him in his travels, died ſoon after quitting England, from the effect of a damp bed.

Fanny's worthy huſband, by induſtry and application, ſoon became an independent man; the only anxiety ſhe had, was about her father, whom ſhe had never heard of, from the time that he broke; and ſhe naturally concluded that he muſt have died abroad. Upon quitting Liverpool, Mr. Warren embarked for the Eaſt Indies, in the military line; and being immediately ordered ſeveral hundred miles up the country, he had no opportunity of writing home. Fortune, who had hitherto frowned upon his undertakings, at length began to bleſs him with a ſmile, and after an abſence of fourteen years, from his native country, he returned to it, maſter of about nine thouſand pounds. Upon his arrival at Liverpool, he went to the houſe of an old acquaintance, where with ſorrow he heard the fate of his favourite child; but the high character this gentleman gave of Fanny, compenſated in great meaſure, for Caroline's loſs; and eager to embrace the only remaining tie upon his affection, he hurried directly to her houſe.

The

The meeting on both ſides, you will naturally conclude was tender; Mr. Warren was charmed with the warm reception he received from his ſon-in-law; and ſtill more delighted with his three lovely children, who were all eager to ſhew him ſome proof of regard. He took a ſmall houſe very near his daughter, obſerving that young and old people ſeldom agreed; but they paſſed the greater portion of time in each others ſociety: and he divided his fortune equally between her, and her children, when he died. And this addition enabled Mr. Dawſon, after having been twelve years in buſineſs to retire from trade.

"How different thoſe ſiſters were, mama, from Charlotte and Maria Middleton," ſaid Auguſta. "True, my love, (replied Mrs. Howardine) and in their different conduct you perceive the advantage which virtue has over vice; Mrs. Lyttleton is at once beloved and reſpected, whilſt Mrs. Barrow was univerſally deſpiſed. Her behaviour to her ſiſter was *unfeeling* and *unnatural*; diſdainful treatment towards any perſon, is a proof of a *contracted mind*; but towards ſo near a relation, it was the ſtrongeſt proof that could be given of depravity of *heart*. But it grows very late, and as to my little ſailor, I perceive that he is almoſt aſleep; we muſt not again infringe upon the hours of retirement, even for the amuſement of *Saturday night*.

Not

Not any thing material occurred to the happy circle in Violet Valley, during the ſucceeding week; their ſtudies went on with the uſual regularity, whilſt each looked forward with delight to Mr. Lyttleton's harveſt-home. The day fortunately proved propitious to their wiſhes—ſcarce a *cloud* was to be ſeen in the ſky; the whole expanſe of the heavens appeared covered with a beautiful ſapphire, and the ſun ſhone unuſually bright. A gentle breeze prevented the beams of that refulgent luminary, from overpowering the young travellers with heat;—nurturing drops of dew ſtill hung upon the hedges, and in many fields through which they paſſed, the ſcent of the corn-flowers, perfumed the air. As Mr Lyttleton's lands were in a high ſtate of cultivation, his harveſt was ended, when many of his neighbours had ſcarcely begun; and wiſhing to avail himſelf of the fineneſs of the ſeaſon, he had employed more hands than was neceſſary upon ſo ſmall a farm. In doing this, he was actuated by *two motives*, for he not only got in all his crops without any rain; but he gave the labourers whom he had employed, an opportunity of offering their ſervices to ſome other man.

The party reached Lyttleton Lodge about eight o'clock in the morning, for breakfaſt was the hour at which they were to meet, and though each of the children had taken a biſcuit, and a glaſs of milk and water, before they got into the

the carriage, they were all completely ready for that meal. The houſe ſtood in a beautiful park, though not a very extenſive one; a plantation of different evergreens veiled it from the ſun, fronted by an extenſive border of the moſt fragrant flowers; and through different openings in the ſhrubbery, you beheld a pellucid ſtreamlet which meandered through the grounds. On each ſide of the ſhrubbery, two immenſe weeping willow trees had been planted, whoſe pendant branches, by the aſſiſtance of little art, were formed into an alcove; round them were entwined the fragrant woodbine, and under them was placed a wooden ſofa with chineſe rails. In this enchanting ſpot, the breakfaſt table was ſpread ready, decorated with a variety of the choiceſt flowers. There the young party found Mr. and Mrs. Lyttleton; and under the oppoſite tree were aſſembled the labouring men and their wives. Hot plum-buns ſmoaked upon each table. The one was furniſhed with tea and coffee; the other with cans of home-brewed ale: a large cold round of beef was placed in the middle; at the one end, a peck loaf, and at the other half a cheeſe. Two fiddlers ſat in the centre of the ſhrubbery, whilſt a black ſervant of Mr. Lyttleton's played upon the French horn, in ſo great a ſtyle of excellence, that the whole party were perfectly charmed.

When each party had completely ſatisfied their appetite, Mr. Lyttleton preſented his young

young friends with four rakes, telling them that no perſon muſt be *idle*, as there were ſtill ſeveral loads of corn to be got in. Though Mrs. Howardine was always happy to contribute to her children's gratification, yet ſhe never ſuffered them to enjoy pleaſure at the hazard of their health; and therefore, deſired if the ſun became intenſe, they would return home immediately, as they were unaccuſtomed to be out in the heat of the day. It ſeemed, however, as if providence favoured the happineſs of each individual; for as the day advanced, the ſun veiled his beams in a cloud, the air was fanned by the moſt refreſhing breezes; and without being incommoded, they were able to proſecute their work.

About one o'clock, the young party were aſtoniſhed at ſeeing two lads, wheeling a large barrow towards the labourers, which was in part covered, and boarded completely round; it contained two or three wooden bottles filled with ale, ſome baked beef and plumb puddings, to prevent them from loſing time, by dining in the houſe. The ſmoaking beef acted as a magnet; all the labourers inſtantly aſſembled round the tub: each was preſented with a wooden trencher, and they ſeated themſelves on a verdant bank. Air and exercife had ſharpened their appetites: with chearful countenances, their labour was renewed, and they univerſally were of opinion, that the fields would be cleared by five o'clock.

To

To ſee the *laſt load* brought home, afforded ſome delight to the whole party; the heads of the heroes were adorned with branches of oak; on the top of the ſheaves of corn ſat five or ſix joyous lads and laſſes, waving boughs of the ſame tree, and ſinging the following ſong:

Labour for this year is ended,
See the produce of our toil!
Plenty's horn is now extended,
Barren fields again will ſmile.
Grateful for the bounteous treaſure,
Which the God of harveſt gives,
After labour then comes pleaſure;
Health to the beſt man that lives.
Health to Lyttleton the ſquire!
Health unto his charming wife!
May theſe ſheaves each year grow higher,
And ev'ry bleſſing crown their life!

This humble offering of poetic fancy, was the production of Mr. Lyttleton's own man; and ſimple as it was, it afforded a real gratification to the hearts of the amiable proprietors of the lodge.

When they came to the part of the ſong, where the health of their maſter and miſtreſs was the ſubject, a can of ale was handed round; and at the concluſion of the laſt verſe, the whole party gave three joyous cheers. Whilſt the happy groupe were employed in putting the wheat into a hovel, and arranging every thing in proper order in the barns; Mr. Lyttleton's gueſts partook of a cold dinner, in a marquee, which had

had been pitched upon the lawn; and about ſeven o'clock, they were not a little aſtoniſhed at ſeeing a large party of children enter the garden, dreſſed out in all their Sunday apparel, and with countenances overſpread with joy. Theſe were the ſons and daughters of Mr. Lyttleton's tenants, who had been invited in compliment to the young ladies, from Violet Vale, for the purpoſe of joining in a little dance; and as ſoon as tea was ended, they were ſaluted with the animating ſound of violins, and a French horn.

Syllabubs from the cow, fruits of various deſcription, with a freſh ſupply of plum-buns and cakes, were ſpread out upon a large table; where every perſon, who thought proper, might be moſt plentifully regaled. Whilſt the children were enjoying this amuſement, the ſervants were preparing a ſupper for upwards of forty perſons, in a ſpacious hall; at which, Mr. Lyttleton's man preſided, as conductor of this hoſpitable treat. Sirloins of beef, legs of mutton, plum puddings, and fruit pies; about half paſt eight, *ſmoaked* upon the *table*; and ſeemed to invite every one to eat. Such a profuſion of good things the party at Violet Vale had never witneſſed; curioſity for a ſhort period ſuſpended the dance; but the moment all the peaſants were aſſembled, Mr. Lyttleton gave a ſignal for them to retire; fearing their preſence might

might check that feſtivity, he wiſhed every one of the party to enjoy.

A ſucceſſion of jovial ſongs crowned the evening's amuſements; all was harmony, unanimity and delight; they were all allowed an ample portion of liquor, but no perſon was to be employed again, who ventured to get drunk. For the dancers another ſupper was provided; but not quite in ſo ſubſtantial a ſtyle: a cold fillet of veal and ham however, were nearly demoliſhed; beſides a variety of cheeſe-cakes, cuſtards and tarts; and at eleven o'clock preciſely, the young people returned to their reſpective homes. An order had been previouſly given by Mrs. Lyttleton, that whatever articles of the feaſt were not conſumed, ſhould be carefully preſerved, and on the following morning diſtributed amongſt the neighbouring poor; and the entertainment had been ſo truly hoſpitable, that not leſs than nine or ten families were regaled.

About ten on the Monday morning, the different labourers aſſembled to receive the reward of their induſtry and toil; each was paid according to their agreement, and preſented with an half-crown piece for their wives. This trifling mark of the *donor's generoſity*, was received with greater gratitude than the whole pay; and they reſpectfully retired, begging the Almighty, to ſhower down bleſſings upon the benevolent owners of Lyttleton Lodge.

Mrs.

Mrs. Howardine was earneſtly intreated to lengthen her viſit; but as Mr. Dallas had promiſed to return to Violet Valley, ſhe could not in politeneſs, be from home; for as he had not ſpecified the period, ſhe was even fearful he might have come on the preceding day; and the very idea of *appearing inattentive* to a friend of her huſband's was painful to a mind, ſo ſuſceptible as her's. The ride home was not quite ſo agreeable as the party could have wiſhed, for they travelled in the heat of the day; but when the children complained of this inconvenience, Mrs. Howardine directed their thoughts to the benefit, which thouſands at that moment were deriving from the power of the ſun; for though Mr. Lyttleton had completed his harveſt, many of his neighbours had ſcarcely begun to cut their corn.

The party had not proceeded more than ſix miles on their journey, when one of the traces happened to break; and the children were obliged to alight from the carriage; and walked the diſtance of a quarter of a mile, to a ſmall public houſe, which ſtood ſolitary, by the road ſide. This to *Matilda*, was a moſt *dreadful exertion*; ardently did ſhe wiſh for the indulgence of a *pelanquin*; where no broken traces could occaſion her the ſlighteſt inconvenience, and where a ſucceſſion of ſlaves, were placed at proper diſtances, to prevent every kind of delay. Mrs. Howardine liſtened ſilently to her niece, whilſt

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ſhe was painting out the indulgences, which perſons who reſided in India enjoyed; but upon hearing Auguſta wiſh to be carried in the ſame manner, ſhe ſimply demanded, whether ſhe ſhould like to be the bearer of George, in a palanquin? "Dear mama," ſhe replied, "how can you aſk ſuch a queſtion; why, I can hardly drag my own legs up the hill."

"And yet," ſaid Mrs. Howardine, "you are wiſhing a fellow creature to undergo the fatigue of *carrying you*; although you are much *heavier* than your brother, and of courſe, muſt prove a far greater load." "But mama, you know the carriers are *ſlaves*," rejoined Auguſta; "who are always accuſtomed to *hard work*; therefore, it muſt not be fatiguing to them, and I never heard that thoſe people minded the heat of the ſun."

"As you never converſed with that unfortunate race of beings, Auguſta, you can form a very imperfect idea of what they undergo; beſides, the chief knowledge you have obtained of Aſiatic manners, is merely derived from a child of your own age: but depend upon it, the poor Indians are no leſs ſenſible of the fatigue of bodily exertion, than Europeans in the ſame ſituation would be. Still I readily allow, that perſons accuſtomed to hard labour, naturally acquire an uncommon degree of muſcular ſtrength. This is no ſlight proof of the beneficence of providence, in adapting the feelings

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of mankind to the ſtation they are ordained to fill; I ſhould, of courſe, be exhauſted, if I was to ſtand the whole day at a waſhing tub; whilſt perſons accuſtomed to that employment, find themſelves but ſlightly fatigued."

Here the converſation was interrupted by the party's arrival at the public houſe, where the maſter readily offered his aſſiſtance to repair the traces which were broke. "Stumping Jack, bring a pail of water for theſe here poor horſes, for they be quite panting with heat," vociferated the humane landlord, in a jocoſe tone of voice. *Stumping Jack* inſtantly obeyed the ſummons; it was evident that he had derived his name from a *wooden leg*; with it however, he appeared to walk with as much agility as if he had not laboured under the loſs of a limb. Poor Jack was dreſſed in a ſailor's uniform; he had a deep indented ſcar over his left eye; notwithſtanding which, his countenance was truly intereſting, and whilſt watering the horſes, he whiſtled and ſung by turns. There was ſomething in the boy's manner, which pleaſed Mrs. Howardine; and throwing open a bow-window, ſhe enquired how long he had loſt his leg. "Pleaſe your honoured ladyſhip," replied Jack, "it is juſt two years, laſt candlemas, ſince my timber was ſhattered by a broadſide; howſomedever it was a lucky thing for *me*, that my main-maſt eſcaped, for Ben Brownright, the boatſwain's mate, by the ſame ſhot, loſt his life." "You are quite a philoſopher, I perceive," replied Mrs. Howardine; "and

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view the accidents human nature is ſubject to, on the fair ſide." "To ſee them on the *foul one*," obſerved the philoſopher, "anſwers very little purpoſe; and things are never ſo *bad*, but they might have been *worſe*; it pleaſed God, that I fell into the hands of a good doctor, or I ſhould have had two wooden legs to ſtump about upon, inſtead of one."

Mrs. Howardine delighted with the contented diſpoſition of this honeſt ſailor, entered into converſation with him reſpecting the action in which he had been engaged; and obſerving the deep ſcar over his eyelid, enquired, whether a *ſplinter* had been the occaſion of that wound. "'Twas a *ſplitter*, not a *ſplinter*," replied the facetious fellow; "for I thought me as how my very ſkull was *ſplit*. This here ſcar, pleaſe your ladyſhip, was given me by the maſter of the work-houſe, who threw one of the ſlates at my head; for I had the miſhap to loſe both father and mother, afore I was three years old; but God is good, and takes care of the fatherleſs; and bleſſed be his name, I have never wanted a bit of bread. I can't to be ſure, expect great wages; becauſe, as how my wound is not got healed; and ſometimes, I be'ant able to work for two or three days together, it is in ſuch mortal pain: ſtill, however, I never wanted for a belly full of victuals, and maſter lets me keep all the money I get."

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"Your master treats you very kindly, does he not?" said Mrs. Howardine. "Sure enough he does, madam," replied Jack; "I should be an ungrateful dog, did I not say so; but God has been always good, in *raising* me up *friends*." It was not only the contentedness of this boy's disposition, that pleased Mrs. Howardine, but the religious turn of his mind; for destitute as he seemed, of every *real comfort*, his grateful heart yet acknowledged the goodness of an Almighty power.

"As you are a sailor," said George, stretching his little neck out of the window; "perhaps you know *my papa*; his name is *captain Howardine*; and mama soon expects him home." "God bless his honour, and *you too* young gentleman!" exclaimed Jack, in an exulting tone of voice. "Why he was the *first captain* I ever sailed under, and a *braver officer* never walked the deck; and then so *good* and *kind-hearted*, that he was quite *adored* by all his *men*.' The children, in an instant, rushed from the window, and flew into the yard, to ask Jack a thousand questions about their dear papa; and Mrs. Howardine promised when her husband returned to the Valley to mention the accidental meeting which had occurred; and if possible, get a pension for him, though he had never been properly registered on the books, from his having been too young. Mrs. Howardine's friendship went still farther; she presented Jack with

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a ſeven ſhilling piece, and invited him to come to the Valley, as ſoon as he was able to take ſo long a walk; and the poor fellow's eyes gliſtened with pleaſure, at the bare idea of ſeeing his honoured captain, *once again.*

This accidental interview afforded an ample ſubject for converſation, during the remainder of the ride; and likewiſe opened a wide field for Mrs. Howardine to expatiate upon the different ſituations in human life; and to point out to her children, the virtue of contentment, and the duty of ſubmitting patiently to the diſpenſations of a juſt and beneficent God. "That poor uneducated boy," ſaid ſhe; "actually offers a leſſon to the well inſtructed; for he is not only ſatisfied with his condition, but reſigned to his maker's will; even the cruelty with which he had been treated by the inhuman maſter of the work-houſe, excited no repining thoughts in his breaſt; for he gratefully acknowledged the goodneſs of providence, in ſupplying him with a ſufficient quantity of food.

"Had we met with this young philoſopher, before the accident happened to our traces, I think neither of you, my children, would have complained of the inconvenience which you ſuffered, from walking a quarter of a mile in the ſun; for bleſſed as you are with the enjoyment of ſo many comforts, you muſt have drawn a compariſon between your ſituation, and that of this unfortunate boy's; and your hearts muſt naturally

naturally have felt grateful to that Being, who had placed you in ſo different a ſtate."

Violet Vale, as has been obſerved, was ſeated at the declivity of an eminence, and was likewiſe ſheltered from obſervation, by a beautiful hanging wood; ſo that in fact, this peaceful retirement was not diſcernable, until you entered a ſmall avenue which led to the houſe. George, who was ſtanding upon a little ſtool, which was always put into the carriage, for the convenience of one of the young party to ſit upon, when they entered the avenue, exclaimed, "Mama, it is lucky we did not ſtay at Mr. Lyttleton's, as Mr. Dallas is juſt this moment come, for Thomas, I aſſure you, is unſtrapping a large trunk, from behind the chaiſe." The poſtillion cracked his whip, the horſes obeyed the ſignal, and whirled the carriage round the court in a truly jockey ſtile, when a ſcream of delight burſt from the lips of the young party, and each exclaimed in a voice of rapture, "it is our dear papa!" Mrs. Howardine's ſenſations it would be impoſſible for language to depicture. An alarming paleneſs overſpread her fine face—the delighted huſband flew to the carriage, and at the ſight of him, a flood of tears proclaimed her exceſſive joy.

George flew into his arms, clung round his boſom, and would ſcarcely ſuffer himſelf to be diſengaged. "You are ill, my beloved," ſaid Captain Howardine, in the ſofteſt accent, at the

the ſame time releaſing himſelf from the embraces of his delighted boy.

"No my dear Edward, no; (replied the object of his affection) it is merely the effect of *ſudden joy*; bleſſed be the Almighty for reſtoring you thus to me, for never did I ſee you look half ſo well." As he handed each from the carriage, he preſſed them to his boſom; "And *this* (ſaid he embracing Matilda) I conclude, is my little niece; till her father returns, however, I muſt conſider her as my *daughter*, for every relation of my Ellen's, will *ever* be dear *to me*."

The ſervants had by this time all crouded round their maſter, eager to congratulate him upon his return; for Captain Howardine had always treated them with ſo much kindneſs, and attention, that he had not only inſured their *fidelity*, but their *regard*. After expreſſing his thanks to each, for their proof of attachment, and ſeparately enquiring after their welfare and health; this amiable man accompanied his delighted family into the library, and alternately embraced them again and again. Thoſe children who have felt the pain of being ſeparated from an affectionate parent, can alone form an idea of the happineſs which each individual felt at being reſtored to the arms of their amiable father, whom they had not ſeen for the ſpace of eighteen months. After the joy of meeting had a little ſubſided, innumerable were the queſtions which they aſked; and they were delighted at

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hearing their father had in ſtore for them, a collection of *entertaining* and *inſtructive* tales; not merely formed from a fertile imagination, but from incidents which had occurred during his voyage; and from the information which he had derived from different gentlemen of his acquaintance who had viſited the various parts of the globe.

Theſe ſtories, I beg leave to inform my young readers, they in all probability will have the pleaſure to peruſe; for Captain Howardine is too liberal a character, to wiſh to confine his knowledge within the precincts of Violet Vale; but would rather its influence ſhould be extended to the farthermoſt parts of the globe.

FINIS.