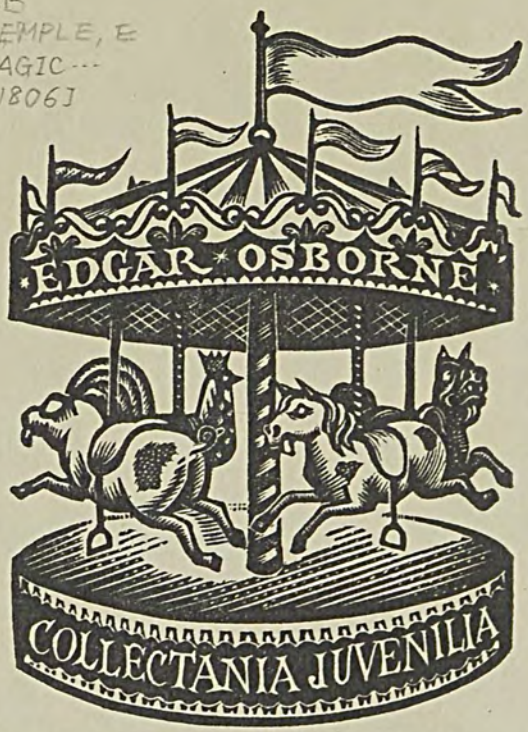

FRONTISPIECE

The Magic Lantern.

London Pub. Mar 4 1806, by Tabart & Co 157, New Bond St.

THE

MAGIC LANTERN;

OR,

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE

EXHIBITIONS

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

WITH ELEVEN COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF

SHORT STORIES, SUMMER RAMBLES, THE RED AND BLACK BOOK, &c. &c.

London:

PRINTED FOR TABART AND CO., 157, NEW BOND-STREET; AND TO BE HAD OF W. GIBBONS, BATH; M. KEENE, DUBLIN; AND OF ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

Price 6s. half-bound.

[Printed by J. Adlard, Duke-street.]

THE

MAGIC LANTERN.

MRS. MANLY, FREDERIC, CAROLINE, SOPHY, AND EDWARD, THEIR COUSIN.

EDWARD.

MY dear aunt, will you tell me why we never have any masters come here to teach us music, drawing, and writing, as the children have in those little books you lent me last week? is it because we live in the country, so far from town, that they would not take the trouble of coming to us?

MRS. MANLY.

There would be no difficulty in engaging them to come, if we could afford to

pay them an extraordinary price: but you know, Edward, we are not rich, far from it, and must think it very fortunate that your uncle is so well able to supply the want of the different masters you require.

CAROLINE.

If then papa knew nothing of drawing or music, or that he could not teach us geography, writing, and arithmetic, as he does, we should know nothing of the matter, and should be as ignorant as farmer Fairfield's children; and I should spend my whole time, as Sophy does, in mending my frocks and petticoats, putting my drawers in order, plaguing Mary about how to make butter and feed poultry, and running from one poor house to another with jugs of broth and little brown loaves!

SOPHY.

Well, sister, and is not that a great deal better than to sit poring over a book

whole hours; strumming the piano, and fatiguing mamma with questions about sharps and flats; or drawing a sheet full of ugly noses and eyes? I am very glad I have no taste for those accomplishments, for they make you forget every thing else: you are very charitable, and always ready to give what money you have to a poor person, when you meet one; but you never can find a moment to visit a sick family, or to listen to their complaints: you will not even give yourself time to brush your hair, mend your clothes, or dress yourself neatly. You know mamma always calls you slattern, and you are often sent away from table, when you come to dinner with your head like a mop, and your face and fingers stained with ink or black chalk.

MRS. MANLY.

Sophy, you are too severe upon your sister; though, I must confess, she has

brought it upon herself, by first attacking you. There is much to alter in both of you, for I dislike extremes in any way. Music and drawing are charming resources to people who spend much of their time at home, and see little company; and books afford a never-failing fund of instruction and amusement.—But if Caroline had paid proper attention to those I have put into her hands, she would have perceived that it is a very great fault to indulge in any one occupation, so far as to forget the duties of her station; I mean her religious duties, the assistance she may have it in her power to give to a poor neighbour, proper attention to her family, and to her own person, and to every branch of economy, which the confined income of her parents makes it necessary she should strictly attend to: and certainly, when the hours of a little girl, who is an early riser, and not very fond of play, are properly divided, there

is sufficient time for all; and nothing need be omitted.

As to you, Sophy, I am not more pleased with you than I am with your sister: you appear to think, that if you are very neat in your person, that if you mend your linen, know how to make cakes and gruel for the poor, and can read your prayers and your fairy-tale book, and write a good letter without any false spelling to your grandmamma, that it will be quite sufficient, and that you will never wish for more instruction. You do not recollect, that all you are aspiring at is to equal Mary, our servant; who is as *neat* as you are, reads and writes as well as you, and understands the care and management of a family a great deal better than you, perhaps, ever will do; and as you will, I trust, never have her constant employment, you will in a few years (when you lose your relish for playing in the garden, and running continually after the poultry, which fills up so great a portion

of your days) find your time hang very heavy on your hands, and will then wish you had attended to the lessons your papa and myself are so ready to give you, and will envy every one those resources you now slight and despise.

SOPHY.

Dear mamma, I will endeavour to do as you wish I should: I hope you will be better pleased with me before the spring of the year.

CAROLINE.

And so will I, mamma, do all I can to be exactly what you desire me to be: I will mend my linen, and never appear at breakfast or dinner without being quite nice and clean; and I beg your pardon, dear Sophy, for what I said, I did not mean to be ill-natured: come and read with me, and I will work with you.

FREDERIC.

I wish I could know all my papa knows, without the trouble of learning it: it is so very difficult to remember from one day to another what one reads, and what one has to learn; I understand immediately what I am told, but I forget every word of it in a minute, and then I have it all to come over again.

MRS. MANLY.

The reason of that is, that when you are reading, your thoughts are employed on some other thing, or that you never reflect on what your father has been explaining to you; but the moment the lesson is ended, you run away into the garden and fields, and think no more of it until the next morning, and by that time it is so compleatly gone that you cannot recollect a single word.

Your father is extremely grieved at your want of application; and really, my dear boy, it is unpardonable that with so good

a capacity you should neglect the opportunity you have of attaining every branch of knowledge necessary for a gentleman to be acquainted with. Had your father been as impatient and idle as you are, he would now have the mortification of seeing his children growing up without the least education, because he has not the means of paying masters to instruct them; and, in addition, have to suffer the bitter reproaches he would constantly make himself, for having neglected, when his father procured him masters of every kind, to fit himself for the delightful task of educating them himself.

EDWARD.

My uncle has been very well pleased with Frederic the whole week, and has promised that if we all continue good children he will show us the Magic Lantern which he has been so long making; and I dare say it will be very entertaining, for we shall not merely see the figures

dance upon the wall, but he will recount the histories of all the little boys and girls he has painted.

SOPHY.

Oh! dear, how charming it will be! and will papa begin to-morrow evening?

MRS. MANLY.

Yes, if you are all very attentive to your lessons in the morning; and if he continues to be pleased with you, it will be produced every evening, till he has exhibited all his figures, and told you all his little stories. Endeavour, therefore, my children, to show your gratitude to so good a father by listening attentively to the instruction he is so kind as to give you; you see how indulgent and good he is to you, and that he never misses an apportunity of procuring you amusement and pleasure, but on the contrary is al-

ways contriving some little play for your winter evenings.

And now, my dear children, it is time you should eat your suppers, and go to bed; you have all taken a great deal of exercise to day, and must, I am certain, be fatigued.

THE FIRST EVENING

EVENING THE FIRST.

[MR. MANLY *preparing the Magic Lantern;* MRS. MANLY *placing a Screen before the Fire; and* FREDERIC, CAROLINE, SOPHY, *and* EDWARD, *arranging the Chairs conveniently.*]

MR. MANLY.

NOW, gentlemen and ladies, you shall see *vat you shall see, di galanté show juste come from France.*

SOPHY.

Oh! papa, that is quite the old story: your galanté show is not a common one, I am sure.

MR. MANLY.

Well, then observe.—What do you see now ?

CAROLINE.

Oh ! what is that ? I see a little girl with wings, and somebody in a black robe and a long beard.

EDWARD.

And there is a Turk !

MR. MANLY.

What you see is a ball, composed of children in masquerade ; and the boy in the black robe, with the white wand in his hand, is a very naughty one, and might (by his meddling disposition) have made a breach between two families who were very much united, and lived on the most friendly terms, if he had had to deal with people of less discernment and good sense. I will tell you how it happened.

Charles Maitland being invited to spend the Christmas holidays with two of his schoolfellows, William and Edmund Owen, and having obtained his father's permission for so doing, they sat off in high spirits, accompanied by Mr. Wilmot (a clergyman who had undertaken the care of their education) and his wife, an amiable and sweet-tempered woman, who treated them with as much tenderness as if they had been her own children. They were all on horseback, for the distance was not great, and the weather mild for the season; and they trotted along very comfortably, chatting on indifferent subjects, till they missed Charles, who Mr. Wilmot found, on riding back two or three hundred yards, dismounted from his poney, and in deep conversation with two men who were drinking at the door of an alehouse. On Mr. Wilmot's enquiring why he had stayed behind them, and what he was doing? "Why, young master is

very curious, sir," said one of the countrymen: "neighbour Thomas and I are striking a little bargain, and talking of matters that do not concern him, nor would he understand them if I were to tell him; yet he insists on knowing what the bargain is, that he may tell us which of the two is likely to have the best of it. I can't help laughing for my part;—he had better go and learn his lesson, and leave us to settle our affairs our own way." Here the two men began to laugh heartily, and Charles, not a little ashamed, got upon his poney and rode after his companions, in order to avoid a lecture from Mr. Wilmot, which he was sensible he well deserved, though he could not get the better of his inclination to know every body's business, and to meddle and advise on every subject which came in his way.

Soon after their arrival at Mr. Owen's, it was proposed among other amusements

that there should be a masquerade ball for the children, to which all the young people in the neighbourhood should be invited.

Nothing was thought of but their dresses, and the different characters they were to appear in. A thousand little projects were formed of disguising themselves so as not to be known to each other; and parties were made for particular dances, groupes of gypsies, beggars, &c. Nothing was seen but whispering, huddling into corners, and hiding gowns, petticoats, turbans, and finery.

This was too much for Charles Maitland: he wanted to make one in every party, to know all their secrets, and to direct and order the whole business: he did nothing but stalk about the house, listen to every conversation, and pry into every ones plan of disguise, without thinking of his own.

In the course of this improper occupation, he had discovered that Edmund Owen

and his sister Emily were extremely taken up with an affair which had nothing to do with the masquerade, or any other of their Christmas amusements: it was something of a much more serious nature, and on which the future welfare of a whole family very much depended.

A very worthy woman was in danger of being left without support, owing to the ill conduct of her husband. He understood that the man was a person who superintended the education of children, and to whom Mr. Owen had long been a friend on account of his family, though he had never been blind to his bad qualities; but his patience was at length quite exhausted: the man grew more and more inattentive to his pupils, never went sober to bed, and spent that money with his dissolute companions which his wife and children stood in need of. He was, therefore, determined to give him no further encouragement; and, as he was a person

of consequence, and very must esteemed, in that neighbourhood, there was no doubt but his example would be followed by others, and that whatever step he took would be approved of.

It appeared to Charles, that Edmund Owen and Emily wished to contrive a private conversation with the person in question, to acquaint him with their father's displeasure, and to warn him of the risk he ran of losing his bread, unless he could determine to change his conduct; and he thought they would, probably, make but a bungling business of it, and that he was much more capable of doing it himself. He had no kind of doubt as to the person;—who should it be but Mr. Wilmot! Yet he thought it very strange,—he had never seen Mr. Wilmot in liquor, but how should he?—they always went early to bed, and he had quite time enough after that to go and join his companions; and as to teaching them, he was no judge of what he ought to do. To be sure he

had always fancied Mr. Wilmot was very strict, and that he kept them very tight to their learning, but perhaps they did not do half as much as was necessary! how should he know?—in short, it must be Mr. Wilmot, it could be no other person; and though he did not see the necessity of repeating all he had heard to him, he determined to be beforehand with Edmund and Emily in hinting to him that Mr. Owen's seeming friendship to him was not to be depended upon; that he had a very bad opinion of him, and would not suffer his two sons to return with him, but would, on the contrary, publish his bad conduct to all the neighbourhood, and had no doubt but that every child would be withdrawn from his house immediately.

If Charles Maitland had not been a silly boy, he would have known that the most improbable thing in the world was that Mr. Owen should receive under his roof, or have so long entrusted his children to

the care of a man of whom he entertained so bad an opinion; and the truth of the matter is that (as you will readily believe) it was not Mr. Wilmot whom his young friends were speaking of, but a poor man who kept a day school in the village, and to whom, as he could read and write very well, they had given the care of a Sunday school, with a good salary for his trouble, hoping it would encourage him to alter his conduct, and stay more at home with his family: but unfortunately the more he found the means, the more he drank; and Mr. Owen plainly saw that he never would be a proper person to be entrusted with any thing where a perfectly good example and regular conduct were so essentially necessary, and Edmund and Emily, feeling a great deal for his unfortunate wife and children, flattered themselves that he would attend to their advice, and that they should have the satisfaction of seeing him quite reformed and his family happy.

EDWARD.

I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting you, but I should like to know how Charles Maitland contrived to hear so much of Edmund's conversation with his sister: I suppose he put his ear to the key hole, or hid himself in some dark closet, or—

FREDERIC.

I should like to have caught him, I would have nailed his ear to the door, and I would have given him such a trimming, that I would have made him repent of his curiosity.

MR. MANLY.

You are much too violent, Frederic: he was curious and meddling, and you would have been cruel, so that to correct him of a fault you would have committed another.—But he neither listened at the key-hole, or crept into a closet; I will tell you, if you will be patient, how he

discovered, as he imagined, Mr. Wilmot's family conduct.

Having perceived, as I said before, that Edmund and Emily were often engaged in private conversations, in which no other person appeared to have any share; and finding all the hints he threw out of wishing to make one in the party were to no purpose, he, like a naughty boy, thought it would be better to find out what he wanted to know by art and contrivance, than to remain any longer in ignorance. Accordingly he began to reflect on the means, and after many hours spent in fruitless attempts to form some plan, he at length recollected the masquerade, which was to take place the following evening, and where he thought he might, by personating Edmund during a short absence, which he could easily manage, draw from Emily the whole secret which appeared to occupy them so seriously, and which he was quite miserable at being ignorant of.

His first care was to discover Edmund's

and Emily's dresses, and privately to prepare one of the same kind as Edmund's for himself. This was no very difficult matter, for William, seeing him so anxious to know it, and little imagining his motive, but supposing he meant to have a little fun, very good-naturedly told him that his sister would appear in a fancy dress, and his brother in that of a conjuror, making him promise, however, not to say he had mentioned it; and Edmund's being a very simple dress, he found no difficulty in getting one so exactly the same, that the two boys were not to be distinguished one from the other.

When the company was assembled in the great eating room, Charles sent in a note to Edmund, desiring he would meet him in the shrubbery, and if he was there before him, requested he would wait a moment. Edmund complied immediately; and the instant he went out, Charles went into the room, joined Emily, and in a low voice began to question her about

their secret; and so artfully did he manage the matter, that in five minutes he drew enough from her (who imagined she was talking to her brother to conclude that poor Mr. Wilmot was a very bad man, and to hope that Mr. Owen would write to his father to prevent his being sent back with him. Had he staid a little longer, he would, in all probability, have discovered his mistake, for Emily, who was very full of the subject, continued chattering, when he, perceiving his friend Edmund coming in at the door, had ran away to the other end of the room, that he might slip out and change his dress.

Emily continued the discourse with her brother, without perceiving the mistake; but he was too much amused with the motley groupe which surrounded him to pay any attention to her discourse. He asked her if she had seen Charles Maitland, and begged if she met with him in the crowd she would tell him he had waited in the shrubbery till he was tired, and

that he supposed he was only playing tricks with him. Charles Maitland was, however, otherwise engaged; he soon made his appearance in the character of a miller, with an empty sack thrown over his shoulder, and his clothes covered with meal, but his mind being entirely occupied with the project he had of giving Mr. Wilmot a wholesome lesson, and of warning him of the danger he was in of losing Mr. Owen's friendship, as well as that of all the families in the neighbourhood, he appeared not even to hear the wit and jokes which passed on his powdered hat and shoes, or any of the many questions which were asked him concerning his mill, &c.

Perceiving Mr. Wilmot alone in a corner of the room, he immediately went up to him, seated himself by him, and taking aside his mask, in the idea that his being known would give more weight to what he had to say, opened the business without any ceremony.

Mr. Wilmot (as may easily be imagined) was thunderstruck at what he heard, conscious how little he merited the slightest blame, and how very far his inclination lead him from the fault he was accused of, he could not conceive where such a report could have originated, or that Mr. Owen, knowing him so well and for so many years past, could pay attention to any thing so very ill-natured and malicious. He put a number of questions to Charles, who, as he had not the smallest idea of any mistake, and thought he was serving his master by communicating all he knew of the matter, told him he had it from Edmund and Emily, who had heard it from their papa, and who were very well acquainted with his intentions.

Some of the dancers coming up and dragging away Charles, Mr. Wilmot was left to reflect upon the extraordinary circumstances. If he was astonished at Mr. Owen's giving ear to a report so much to

his disadvantage, he was equally surprised at his hypocrisy, and knew not how to persuade himself that, believing him so worthless, he should have invited him so warmly to spend the holidays at his house, and have received him with so much apparent sincerity and friendship.

He grew angry, and sometimes thought he would leave the house immediately; but the next moment the whole story appeared so ridiculous, that he determined to have a private conversation with Mr. Owen as soon as they had breakfasted the next morning, and insist upon knowing who were his enemies. He wished to have questioned Charles still further, but he was in the midst of the dancing; and at supper he did not sit near him, so that he had no opportunity.

At breakfast, nothing was talked of but the amusement of the preceding evening, and all was gaiety and mirth. Mr. Wilmot alone sat gloomy and out of humour, and he waited impatiently to have an ex-

planation with Mr. Owen, which to his great joy he soon had; for observing that he took the road to the shrubbery alone, he immediately followed, and surprised him beyond measure by recounting the extraordinary intelligence he had received from Charles.

I scarcely need add that Edmund and Emily were sent for, and all was soon explained to Mr. Wilmot's satisfaction. With Charles it fared much otherwise: the faults in his disposition appeared in such glaring colours, that he was himself thunderstruck at perceiving the bad consequences which might have arisen from his indulging himself in them, and that his passion for meddling in other people's concerns had tempted him to act towards his companions with the most unjustifiable duplicity.

Mr. Owen wished to send him directly out of the house, and to make his father and mother acquainted with his conduct;

but he appeared so penitent, and Mr. Wilmot and his young friends pleaded his cause so earnestly, that he was at length forgiven: and I hope it proved a warning to him in future.

MRS. MANLY.

I hope, indeed, it did; for his fault was a very dangerous one, and he must often have made a great deal of mischief. Come, now to our music; it is late. I hope tomorrow evening your papa will indulge you with another exhibition and story.

CAROLINE, SOPHY.

Thank you, papa.

SECOND EVENING

EVENING THE SECOND.

MR. MANLY.

TAKE your seats ; I am ready to begin.

SOPHY.

All ready, papa.—Look, Caroline, what a pretty country girl ! I do not think she sees that poor little crying child among the bushes.

CAROLINE.

I do not think she does ; and she appears to be as merry as the other is sad : what a difference between their two faces !

MR. MANLY.

She is pleased because she is going to a gentleman's house, by appointment, to

fetch some comfortable things for her mother, who is very ill and infirm.

The young ladies of the family being caught in a heavy shower one evening near the cottage where she lives, were happy to enter it, and were very much surprised to find so much order and neatness in so poor a place. The mother had been endeavouring to spin, but had been obliged to put her wheel aside; Justina sat by her, knitting, and appeared to be talking with her and consoling her; whilst an elder girl, with a very discontented air, was idly lounging at the window. As they approached the door, they heard a voice say, "Pray, Mary, do not hurt my myrtle; you know how long I have had it, and that our mother likes to look at it; she cannot go out into our little garden, and she likes to see something in the window: you had better mend your cap."

The young ladies made no observations on what they had heard, but enquired kindly into the situation of the poor woman and

her daughters, and though she made no complaint of Mary, they soon perceived, by her conversation, that there was a great difference in the disposition of the two girls.—" Justina, with a little help from a neighbour now and then, kept their bit of garden in order;—Justina cleaned the room, and rubbed their little oak table so bright,—it was she who cooked their potatoes, and (when they could get a bit of meat) who made a bason of broth for her. —Justina was always happy to oblige as far as she was able: she would nurse a sick child for one, weed the garden of another, and help the haymakers in busy times for any of the farmers in the village; and as she never required payment for those trifling services, as she called them, and that her attention to her mother was well known, she was extremely beloved by all the neighbours, and never came home without a present of a small brown loaf, a few eggs, or some fresh vegetables." Mary heard all these praises of her sister

without quitting the window, or once turning round; and the ladies took no notice of her, but said they were glad she had a daughter who appeared so well inclined to nurse and take care of her; desired she would come to their house the next day, and that they would send her some things which they thought would be of service to her health, as well as some nourishing food, which she appeared to stand in need of; slipped a few shillings into her hand; and, telling Justina not to fail being with them at ten o'clock, the rain being quite over, and the weather very fine, wished her a good day, and departed.

"Thank God," exclaimed Mary, the moment they were gone, "we shall have something good to-morrow, I hope."

"Thank God rather," said Justina, "our poor dear mother will have something comfortable.—No, dear young ladies, never fear, I shall not forget." Nor did she; for the moment the village clock

struck nine, she turned the hour glass, and when the sand was half run, set forward on her walk to 'squire Howard's, which was above a mile distant from their cottage.

You now see her on the road; and as you know the errand she was going upon, will not wonder that she looks so pleased and happy.

She had often lamented that she had not a drop of wine to give her mother, and very seldom even a little nourishing broth; now she would perhaps have both. She was sure the ladies would give her some wine; she had heard them say she wanted something comfortable:—and who knows, thought she, if they should continue to be kind to her, but my mother may recover her health, and be once more able to walk about and enjoy herself.

In those pleasing reflections she hastened along, scarcely minding where she trod; and had she not been roused by the sob-

bing of a child, would have passed behind the bushes where it was sitting without perceiving it.

Anxious as she was to pursue her way, Justina stopped to ask the infant how it came to be left alone in that unfrequented path, but it was too young to be able to give any correct account of itself, and only repeated several times, "Tommy gone away, Patty gone away;" and it was impossible to discover, by the answers she made to the different questions put to her, to whom she belonged, or where she came from.

Poor Justina was cruelly embarrassed; she could not think of leaving the child in such a deplorable way, nor could she take her with her to Mr. Howard's, she was too heavy for her to carry so far, and she appeared already fatigued and could not have walked with her; besides that her tiny steps would not have suited the impatience the kind hearted girl felt to

procure every comfort in her power for her mother. She waited a long time, hoping to see some person belonging to the child; called as loud as she could, but to no purpose, it was in a lonely place, not a house any where, nor a creature to be seen!—What could she do?—She at length determined to return, and leave the child at the cottage whilst she went to the 'squire's, and this she did as expeditiously as she could, and surprised her mother by laying the little creature (who had fallen fast asleep in her arms) on her lap, desiring she would take care of it, and that her sister would give it a little milk and bread when it awoke.

Mary was extremely angry when she heard how Justina had found the child, and asked her what business she had to bring it there; said they had not common necessaries for themselves, and did not want any body to help them to eat up the little they made shift to get: but she paid no attention to her ill-natured remarks,

and only stayed to place the little stranger on the bed, where she covered it with her mother's cloak, and once more, with a light heart, sat out on her walk.

She arrived quite out of breath at Mr. Howard's: the young ladies wondered she should be so much later than they had appointed her, and said they did not imagine she would have loitered on such an occasion.

Justina could not bear they should suppose she would neglect her mother; and, therefore, to excuse her delay, told them her adventure, which pleased them so much, and excited their curiosity to so great a degree, that they determined to accompany her to her mother's cottage, that they might assist her in carrying what they had prepared for her, and at the same time have the pleasure of seeing the child, on whose account they felt themselves extremely interested, and bestowed great commendations on Justina for having taken charge of it, considering her own pover-

ty, and that she needed no incumbrances; but she very good-naturedly answered, that if she had but one morsel of bread she would beg for the poor child till she could find its mother, on whose account she was very unhappy, and had been reflecting all the way as she came along how distressed and frightened she must be. The ladies said they would procure a man or two to go round the neighbourhood, and endeavour to find her; and that they had no doubt but they should, without difficulty, discover who the child belonged to, as such a loss would soon be talked of and known in the village.

They were soon equipped for their walk. Justina had a nice warm blanket put under her arm for her mother, and a little basket in her hand; and each of the young ladies took charge of something, not forgetting a few cakes for the poor child.

On entering the cottage they found it awake, and crying for bread, which Justinia's mother (unable to move from her

seat) could not give it, and which Mary refused to do, because, she said, they wanted bread themselves.

The young ladies had no sooner cast their eyes on the child's frock, than they both immediately exclaimed, "surely 'tis little Fanny;" and the child immediately knowing them, answered, "Yes, Fanny, Fanny, hungry—bread, bread." It was indeed their nurse's child: but how the poor thing had wandered so far from home (above two miles) they could not imagine. A man was immediately dispatched to fetch the mother, and in the mean time it was refreshed with warm milk, bread and butter, and the cakes they had brought with them.

Justina's mother was also taken care of; and the ladies promised to see her very often, and that she should not want for any thing.

They now waited impatiently the arrival of nurse, who they concluded the man would find half distracted. Indeed,

the whole village was in motion, some running one way, and some another; the poor miserable mother flying through the fields and lanes, inquiring of every one she met for her lost child, and terrified lest she should find it drowned in some brook, or in the river which watered a meadow near her house.

Her two elder children, Tommy and Patty, whose imprudence and disobedience of their mother's commands had occasioned this distressing scene, stood bellowing and roaring at the door of the cottage, having said, in answer to the questions put to them concerning their sister, that they did not know where she was; and, as the brook and the river were all the neighbours appeared to fear, no one thought of losing time by examining them any further: and it was not till the men arrived and peace and happiness were restored to the poor woman's heart, that they discovered how it happened that little Fanny was found so far from home.

They were often employed by their mother to play with and amuse the child, when she was particularly busy, but were strictly forbidden ever to take her beyond the garden and field adjoining. Tommy and Patty had, however, set their minds upon a farther ramble one morning, when unfortunately the little sister was committed to their care, and, as they did not choose to be disappointed, came to a determination to take her with them, agreeing to carry her when she was tired. They accordingly sat off, and wandered much farther than they even intended to do; still they had a mind to walk in the wood which they saw before them.—What should they do?—Fanny was tired before they had walked a hundred yards from home, and they were both tired of carrying her. The best way would be to find a nice comfortable seat for her, give her some pretty flowers to play with, and leave her a moment whilst they went to see what the

wood was like, and if there were any strawberries in it.

Strawberries were to be found in plenty, and they were not disposed to leave any behind. Tommy began to fill his hat, Patty hers;—little Fanny was quite forgotten, as well as the windings of the path by which they entered the wood.

They rambled about a long time, and at length got out of it, nearly opposite to the part where they had entered. They had great difficulty to find the place in which they had left their sister: she was no longer there, nor could they find her by any means; and after calling her by her name several times, flattered themselves that some person passing by had carried her home, never once recollecting that she was not old enough to be able to tell where she lived.

I need not say how happy poor nurse was when she held her little Fanny once more in her arms, or how many thanks and blessings she bestowed on Justina for

the care of her. She said, she never should forget it; and she kept her word, for the next day she sent half a dozen new laid eggs to her mother, and a very pretty handkerchief for herself, which she had bought at the fair; and, as she was very much interested in their future welfare, called to see them whenever she had time.

Justina never wanted friends, and she had the comfort of seeing her mother quite restored to health before the end of the summer. She then opened a day school for the children of the village; and, as Justina was very well able to assist her in teaching them to knit and read, she had a great many, and they lived very comfortably.

SOPHY.

Pray, papa, tell me what became of Mary? I am sure she never could be of any use or assistance to her mother.

MR. MANLY.

It was not likely, indeed: on the contrary, she grew more and more idle and ill-humoured; and as nothing the cottage afforded was ever nice enough for her, and that she appeared to grudge Justina, and even her mother, every comfort, though she would not contribute by her labour to procure for them or herself the common necessaries of life, she was obliged to bind her an apprentice to a farmer in the next village, where, though she was very kindly treated, she soon found it was a rule that those who would not work were not to eat, and where all were employed it would be ridiculous to expect to be idle; nor did she dare treat her master and mistress as she had done her mother, and could not at times help reproaching herself for the ungrateful return she had made to so indulgent a parent.

FREDERIC.

But what do you think of Tom and

Patty? They surely deserved punishment. How could they, for the hope of finding a few paltry strawberries, leave that poor little baby by itself. If it had happened to me to do such a thing (which I am sure I never could), I would not have gone home till I had found her, if I had slept in a hedge.

CAROLINE.

I should have been afraid to do that.

FREDERIC.

Afraid!—of what? should I not have been as safe under a hedge, as in my bed. I have no fear of any thing, unless indeed of not taking care enough of what is committed to my charge.

MR. MANLY.

Very right, Frederic, always execute faithfully whatever you undertake.

THE THIRD EVENING

EVENING THE THIRD.

MR. *and* MRS. MANLY, EDWARD, FREDERIC, CAROLINE, SOPHY.

SOPHY.

OH! dear, how glad I am that those two girls are gone; I never spent two days more uncomfortably than the two last: they have interrupted all our pleasure.

MRS. MANLY.

Pray, Sophy, do not find fault with both the cousins. Miss Allen is certainly a very tiresome unpleasant girl, but Maria Peters is as good and amiable as her cousin is the contrary.

SOPHY.

So she is, mamma; but so disagreeable as the other I never saw any one: nothing

could please her, she was discontented and dissatisfied the whole time she was here; sometimes her bed was too hard, then too soft, always too warm or too cold, and then she was sure to dislike whatever she had for her dinner.

MR. MANLY.

Here she is in boy's clothes. Look, ladies and gentlemen, at the young man in the blue jacket, and tell me if he is not just such a creature as Miss Allen.

MRS. MANLY.

That he is, I will answer for it; and the other little fellow who is eating so contentedly, and who appears to have an excellent appetite, has just such a sweet happy countenance as Maria Peters.

MR. MANLY.

They were the sons of a gentleman, who lived on a small estate in the coun-

try, and who to save expence, which he could not well afford, educated them himself (as I do you, my children) in the best manner he was able.

John was a very fine well disposed boy, always good humoured, and pleased and contented in every place, and with every thing. William was not vicious or ill-natured, he was ready enough to oblige any one, and so charitably disposed that he would give away the only sixpence he had in his pocket to a person who he saw in want of it; but unfortunately nothing that could be done for him could please his discontented whimsical humour, and he tormented every body who had any thing to do with him by his continual peevishness and finding fault. If his meat was roasted, he wanted it boiled; when he had boiled potatoes, he wished them roasted; if he was told he might go out in the fields to take a walk or play, he could not think, indeed, why he was to be driven out into the fields when he had

no inclination to go, but would rather stay at home; and if he was desired not to go out, or at least not to go far from home, because there was an appearance of bad weather, it was extremely hard, he said, that he could not go an inch from the door, because there happened to be a black cloud in the sky,—he was not made of sugar, he should not be melted if it did rain a few drops.

"Here is your new jacket, master William," says Nicholas, his papa's old servant; "see how well it is made! come, let me try it on."—"Was there ever any thing so provoking," exclaimed he; "no, I will not try it on: I do not like a brown jacket, I wished to have a blue one."—"Oh, dear!" said Nicholas, "I have made a mistake, this is master John's; here is yours, it is a blue one."—"Oh, frightful!" cried William, "why a brown one would be better than such a nasty colour as that. You need not look so wise, Mr. Nicholas. I know I said I wished for a

blue jacket, but I did not desire a dirty muddy thing like that.

Nicholas told him it was the very pattern he had chosen, and that he must endeavour to be contented with it, as the tailor could not take it back now it was made.

The two boys were very fond of fishing, and having obtained their father's permission to go to a fine trout stream at the distance of four miles from their house, they prepared themselves accordingly: the rods were put in order, and their baskets slung over their shoulders; but where should they dine? it would be very late if they dined at home. "Would it not be better," said William, "that we should take some cold meat in our baskets, and dine by the river side?"

John said there was no occasion to load themselves with provision, for he recollected when he went with his uncle to fish in the same place, there was a neat little

public house, kept by a widow and her daughter, close to the spot, where they had had a very comfortable dinner. "Not extremely elegant," added John; "but my uncle and I were very hungry, and we enjoyed it as much as if we had had all the dainties in the world; and my uncle was very much amused by the awkwardness of our attendant, the poor woman's daughter: she was a great bouncing country girl with rosy cheeks, very talkative indeed, and laughed and chatted all dinner time."

William agreed to go and dine with his brother's merry acquaintance, and they set forward on their little journey with light hearts and cheerful countenances.

They had not walked more than one mile from the house, when William declared he would not have set out on any account if he had known it would have been so warm, that they should be tired before they got to the river, and consequently be in

no humour to stand broiling in the sun to catch a few trifling fish. "Well never mind that," said John, "Peggy has the prettiest little parlour you ever saw; it is close to the water, and the window is so shaded with jessamine that the sun never enters it, and we shall dine as cool as if we were in Mrs. Mansfield's grotto. If we are too much fatigued to fish, we may stay there till the cool of the evening, and then walk home again. I shall be very well pleased with our little jaunt, whether we fish or not."

"You are very easy to please," replied William; "but come along, we shall see when we get there how we shall best amuse ourselves."

Thus saying, he trudged along, grumbling all the way at the heat of the weather, the roughness of the road, and the flies which tickled his nose. John took off his jacket, and threw it across his fishing basket; William told him he looked

like a plough boy, but he did not mind him, he only laughed and walked on.

"I should like to rest a little while on this bank," said John; "look, William, what a fine spreading tree hangs over it, in half an hour's time you will be as cool as when you sat out.—Will you sit down?"

"Certainly not," replied William; "who ever heard of sitting in the open air to cool themselves. If we were in Peggy's shady parlour, I should have some hope of cooling myself."—"Let us then go on," said his brother, with the utmost good nature.

William proposed quitting the high road, and crossing a couple of fields, which would he thought save them a long walk, as he observed a turn in the road; and John being of the same opinion, they jumped over the stile, and, following a narrow footpath, soon found themselves in a kind of coppice on the side of a hill,

at the bottom of which ran a clear and beautiful stream. On looking about them, they perceived a small wooden bridge, and that the path on the other side of the stream led through an extensive meadow, which they doubted not would bring them once more into the road they had quitted, and they congratulated each other on having saved themselves so many weary steps, and having escaped so much of the dusty road.

They walked quickly down the coppice to the side of the stream, but, to their great disappointment, found that the bridge was broken, and the middle of it quite washed away. John proposed that they should pull off their stockings and shoes, and wade through the water to the other side; but, on examination, it appeared to be very deep, and so rapid, that he was afraid they might be carried away with it. William seeing a large limb of a tree lying at a little distance, asked his brother to assist him in bringing it to the water

side, and trying to throw it across the broken part of the bridge.

It was very heavy, and William wished a thousand times he had staid at home, instead of exposing himself to so much fatigue.—It was a very ridiculous jaunt, he said, and he wondered how they happened to think of such a thing.

"What is there ridiculous," asked John, "in two boys going a fishing?" and at the same moment his hand slipped from the tree, he fell back on the grass with his cheek on a stinging nettle, which, though he felt the smart, did not prevent his laughing so immoderately as he lay sprawling on the ground, that William was quite angry, and told him he had much better try to get over the stream than lay there playing the fool. John, always good humoured and obliging, got up immediately, and at length they dragged the tree to the bridge: but, alas! it was lost labour. John, who was first, directly perceived that it was too short, and told his brother

so, laughing heartily at the same time at their stupidity in not having observed it before they gave themselves so much trouble.

"I have no patience with you," cried William;" what is there to laugh at? is it not the most vexatious thing in the world that we cannot get over this plague of a streamlet?—Why, it is not two steps; but it is so deep that there is no venturing, and I suppose we must go back to the road by the way we came."

At this moment they were joined by a traveller, with a wallet on his back, who came down the coppice, as they had done, to cross the water, not knowing that any accident had happened to the bridge.

The man immediately saw the impossibility of getting over, and advised the two young gentlemen to accompany him to a village a little higher up, where he told them they might cross; and from whence, he said, he would put them in the way (by going over a bit of the com-

mon, and down a narrow lane) to arrive at the little inn where they were to dine, without meeting any more with the dusty road.

This good news smoothed the brow of fretful William, and he walked on by the man's side in tolerable good humour till they reached the village, where, crossing a stone bridge, they took the road to the common; and, following exactly the traveller's directions, in less than an hour came in sight of the trout stream, the good woman's neat little habitation, and smiling Peggy, who sat spinning at the door.

"How do you do, Peggy?" said John, "we are come to dine with you; I hope you have something ready, for I am so hungry that I do not know what I shall do if I have to wait."

"Nor I either," added William; "I am half starved.—What can you give us, Peggy?"

"Mother, come out!" cried Peggy

as loud as she could bawl, "here am young gentlefolk want some dinner."

"You are come in the very time, my sweet young masters," said the good dame, "I have a piece of pork and greens, and an apple pudding in the pot boiling, as nice a one as ever was made:—nobody makes a pudding better than Peggy. Then I have the best part of a cold tongue and a cold fowl, and Peggy shall go into the garden and gather you some currants and raspberries: will this do for your honours?"

"Oh, excellently!" replied John, "and the sooner we have it the better."

"You have not such a thing as a bit of roast beef to give us," asked William, "instead of the boiled pork?"

"No, sir, I am very sorry, but I have no beef."

"Cold ham is a much better thing than tongue.—Have you no ham?

"Not a bit, sir; but my tongue is a very good one."

"Apple pudding too! that is very bad. —I cannot imagine, dame Morris, why you did not make an apple tart rather than a pudding."

"Why, young master, for this reason: it was intended for ourselves, and we made what we liked best."

"Then you may eat it."

"Not all," interrupted John; "I hope dame Morris will let me have a piece, for I am very fond of it."

"You shall have all my share, master John," said Peggy, "you be so good natured; and I will go and lay the cloth directly, for you look as hungry as a hunter." So saying, she went into the house; and William desired his brother to show him the shady parlour he had talked so much of, saying he longed to take off his basket and sit down, never having been so much tired in his life: but

he no sooner entered the door than he began to find fault with it; it was too shady by half, the jessamine ought to be cut away, and the window be made larger. He was very much surprised that there should not be a mahogany table in the room; it would be very disagreeable to dine on an oaken one; and the chairs were too low for the table, he should have his chin in his plate.

"I wish I had my plate and my dinner before me," said John, "I should not trouble my head about the table or the chairs."

Peggy came in to lay the cloth, and William found fault with every thing. The plates were not of the kind he preferred—the knives and forks had black handles—there were no salt spoons, no bread basket—the bread was on a plate.

"Bless me!" exclaimed John, almost out of patience, "what does it signify, brother: every thing is nicely clean, and

we shall have an excellent dinner; what can you desire more?"

In came Peggy with the pork and greens. John put a large slice upon his brother's plate: "I could have eat roast beef or mutton," said William, "or even pork if it had been roasted; but this is sad stuff. I suppose I must dine on the tongue when it comes; in the mean time I will just taste this." So saying, he put a good piece in his mouth, and then another, till he had finished his slice, and then he sent away his plate.

The tongue and fowl being placed on the table, and John having helped him to a couple of slices of the one, and a large wing of the other, he said he had no doubt but that it was stale, and turning round on his chair, and throwing his arm on the back of it, declared he could not touch it.

Peggy, who was standing behind his brother's chair, had a full view of his

peevish cross countenance, and, recollecting what he had said of the pork, though he had eaten every morsel that had been put on his plate, could scarcely prevent herself from bursting into a fit of laughter whenever she looked at him, because she fully expected the end of it would be his finishing his second plate full: and so it happened; for John being too busily employed to mind whether he ate or not, and having no inclination to lose his dinner, though he liked to make difficulties, he very soon turned towards the table, and curling up his nose and the corners of his mouth as if he had been going to take rhubarb, he never stopped till he had entirely cleared his plate. Peggy laughed as she changed it.

"This is the most horrid stuff in the world," said he, helping himself to an enormous piece of the apple pudding; "I do not think I shall be able to swallow it."—"Never fear, master," said Peggy, "you will swallow it as well as

you did the pork, and the greens, and potatoes, and tongue, and chicken, and pickles, and cucumber. I am quite happy to see you eat so hearty. You made so many difficulties, just like sick folks, that I was afraid you was in a bad state of health; but I see you be well enough, only a little bit whimsical or so."

This speech of Peggy's completed William's ill humour: he said he had not half dined; that he was too much fatigued to fish, and would rather return home than do any thing else, wishing a thousand times he had not left it, and accused his brother of having brought him against his inclination.

John made little reply to his ill humour, only saying he also wished he had not come with him, for he was so difficult and hard to please that he made every one uncomfortable; and seeing a man on horseback at the door, whom he knew to be a farmer who lived just by them, he advised him to get up behind him, and ride home.

William, who was always happier in any other place than that in which he happened to be, caught at the proposal, and, as soon as the farmer had finished his beer, mounted behind him and rode off, without troubling his head about his brother, whom he left quite alone.

His father was very much displeased with him, and sent off his old servant on horseback to John, with orders to remain with him as long as he liked to stay.

Nicholas found him with his rod in his hand by the river side, looking as happy and contented as possible. Old Nicholas had not forgot to bring his rod; they spent a delightful afternoon; and John returned with his basket filled with fine trout, which he presented to his father for his supper.

EVENING THE FOURTH.

MR. AND MRS. MANLY, FREDERIC, EDWARD, AND CAROLINE.

CAROLINE.

WE are all here except Sophy, where can she be? I am very impatient to hear another of papa's pretty stories—do, Edward, go and bring her in.—Oh! here she comes.

FREDERIC *(pulling her in)*.

Come along, Sophy—but—look here, look here—why, what have you been about? your frock is stained with wine, or cherries, or—

FOURTH EVENING

MRS. MANLY.

Oh! fie, Sophy.—Nay, you need not tell me; I know extremely well how this has happened: you could not wait patiently until the morning to know what I had put into the basket for Mary Banks, but have been pulling every thing out to the very last parcel, I have no doubt, and have taken the cork out of the red lavender, merely to satisfy your curiosity and impatience.

SOPHY.

Pray pardon me, my dear mamma, I have done worse, for I have broken the bottle; though I did not know that any of the lavender had fallen upon my frock, if I had I should have been afraid to show myself.

MRS. MANLY.

I hope you would not have denied it: that would have been doing worse

than breaking a thousand bottles of lavender.

SOPHY.

No indeed, mamma, I certainly would have told you the whole truth; but I should have been glad if I had not interrupted papa, when he is so good as to amuse us, or made my brother and sister wait for what gives them so much pleasure.

EDWARD.

My dear uncle, I caught a glimpse of something very pretty; why have you drawn it away in such haste?

MR. MANLY.

Because I recollect having one which will be more apropos for this evening's entertainment. Sophy's accident made me think of it; and I hope, added to what has happened to herself, it will serve as a lesson to her in future, and make her see

the impropriety of giving way to sudden fits of curiosity, and that she will learn to wait patiently her mamma's time to be made acquainted with any thing she wishes to know.

But it is time to begin, that our Magic Lantern may not interfere with other matters.—I beg you will observe that young lady kneeling before a small work trunk.

FREDERIC.

Oh! how she is tumbling the things over! pray observe her. I am sure she has no business with that trunk.

EDWARD.

And I am very certain you guess right, Frederic; for her companion appears to be watching lest they should be surprised: and I think by her attitude they are in some danger of it, and that she is giving the alarm to the other.

CAROLINE.

So she does; but I am much mistaken if that other attends to the signal, for she is too intent upon rummaging to listen to any thing.

MR. MANLY.

I am glad I have been so fortunate in painting my figures; they certainly were meant to express what you describe, for Emma Clifford could not be prevailed upon to quit the trunk till she had got quite to the bottom of it, and had done the mischief I am going to tell you of.

It was Mrs. Clifford's custom to make a present to her children on their birthday, and it being within a day of that of Emma, her second daughter, she ordered her carriage and drove to the next town, where having purchased what she thought would be most agreeable to her taste, she returned home, and went immediately up stairs; not, however, unperceived by Em-

ma, whose impatience to know what pretty thing her mamma had destined for her birth-day present, had prevented her attending to any thing the whole morning except watching her return from the town, concluding she could have had no other reason for going, and that she had but to make known her wish in order to be fully satisfied.

Mrs. Clifford was not, however, disposed to indulge her curious disposition, and told her she must wait until the next morning, when she would receive a nosegay, and a present from each of the family.

Emma knew very well it would be vain to urge her mamma to show her what she had bought, after having said she must wait, and went down to the garden determined to endeavour to forget the longing desire she had to be sooner informed; but she could think of nothing else—she sauntered about from one walk to another, sat down in the arbour, admired the flow-

ers, went into the poultry yard, and looked at her bantums. But nothing would do; the birth-day present was all she could think of, and her head was filled entirely with conjectures of what it could be: sometimes she supposed it would be a new muslin frock; then perhaps it might be books, or a canary bird in a gilt cage,—no, it could not be that, for her mamma had brought it home in her muff, and she could not put a cage in her muff.—What could it be? it was impossible to guess! and how to wait till the next morning before she could satisfy her curiosity was, she fancied, equally impossible, though she knew not how to avoid it.

CAROLINE.

What a silly girl she was! certainly she could not avoid waiting, since her mamma did not think proper to tell her what she had bought; but the time would have appeared much shorter if, instead of sauntering about the garden, she had sat down

to her music, or had taken up a book. If she had done so, she would soon have found herself too much interested in what she was reading to think any more of the birth-day or the present till supper time; and then she would have gone to bed, have fallen asleep, and only have had time to dress herself in the morning, say her prayers, and meet the family in the breakfast room, before she would have received her present, and all cause for curiosity would have been over.

MR. MANLY.

You are extremely right, my dear Caroline; but Emma Clifford wanted resolution, and instead of fixing on some amusement which would have occupied her mind, and by which she would have subdued her silly curiosity, she did nothing but wander about, and suffered her thoughts to dwell on no other subject; till, scarcely knowing how she came there, or why she came, where she had no bu-

siness, she found herself in her mamma's room, standing before the work trunk, where she had no doubt but the present was deposited; and seeing two or three small keys tied together with a ribbon laying on the table, and concluding that one of them would open it, this naughty girl suffered her impatience so far to get the better of her as to determine on committing one of the meanest and most unworthy actions a young lady could be guilty of.

SOPHY.

Is it possible! surely, she would not dare to unlock another person's trunk?

EDWARD.

She might as well peep into a letter, and no one would do that. I am sorry for her, I did not think she was so bad.

MR. MANLY.

She never had been thought an ill-dis-

posed child, very far from it, she was greatly beloved, for she had never shown any evil propensity; but you see how dangerous it is to give way, in the smallest degree, to improper inclinations: had she seriously checked her curiosity the moment she perceived her mamma wished her to wait, she would never have been tempted to commit so mean an action.

The sight of the keys, however, made her forget every thing except the pleasure of being satisfied; but fearing she should be interrupted, or rather that she might be surprised, in the midst of her unworthy occupation, she thought she had best make her sister a party concerned in the business, that she might stand by the door, and make her a signal in case of alarm.

Miss Mary Clifford was a very sensible girl, and seeing the impropriety of her

sister's wishes, made no scruple of telling her so; and though she did not like to call up her mamma, knowing how extremely displeased she would be, positively refused having any thing to do with it, or even to stay in the room, and was endeavouring by the most earnest entreaties to dissuade her sister from doing what she said she was sure, even should it not be discovered, she never would forgive herself for, when she perceived Emma in the attitude you now see her in, and her mamma's trunk wide open.

Poor Miss Clifford, instead of quitting the room to avoid being accused, if they should be caught, of being as much in fault as her sister, now thought of nothing but saving her; and seeing no way of prevailing on her to leave the trunk but by frightening her, gave her a false alarm. Emma, concluding she heard some one coming up the stairs, and wishing

to bundle every thing in, that she might shut down the cover of the trunk, gave a sudden jerk with her hand, and knocked down a bottle of permanent ink which her mamma had bought to mark her linen with, and which, meeting with a small netting case, broke in pieces, and its black contents were scattered over every thing which lay near it: all was entirely spoilt, and Emma's birth-day present rendered quite useless.

She had wished very much for some lace to trim a muslin frock which her aunt had brought her from London; and Mrs. Clifford had been so good and indulgent to her undeserving child as to have bought her some fine lace for that purpose, which was now lost, and the netting box, which broke the bottle, was also designed as a present to Emma.

It was to be sure a great pity, for it was beautiful: it was lined with white

satin, and contained a number of pretty useful things in ivory, with a neat silver thimble, and a pair of highly polished scissars, as well as a small knife, with a silver blade and a mother of pearl handle inlaid with silver. The outside of the box was inlaid with different coloured wood, and, as I said before, it was the handsomest box of the kind that had ever been seen in that part of the country; but there it lay stained with ink, and so disfigured that it was almost impossible to say what colour it had been. Emma, hoping to save it, hastily drew out the sliding cover; but she made the matter still worse, for the ink now ran all over the white satin lining, over the ivory,—in short, it was quite spoilt,—and she now saw, with regret and dismay, the fault she had committed. She no longer listened, or feared a surprise, so much was she shocked at what she had done, and Mrs. Clifford came into the room whilst she was

still on her knees before the trunk, crying and wringing her hands.

As soon as she could speak, she, however, acquitted her sister of any share in her fault; and acknowledged that, on the contrary, she had said every thing she could to prevent her committing it.

The loss of her birth-day present was of little consequence to Emma, when compared to the pain she felt from her mamma's displeasure, and the continual mortification she had to suffer for a long time. Nobody liked to trust a little girl, who had not scrupled to unlock her mamma's trunk; nobody would leave a letter in her way, lest she should look into it: and they had every reason to suppose her curiosity would lead her even to break the seal of a letter, if she thought it contained any thing she wished to know. She was very unhappy, and repented severely of her fault; but nobody attended to that: she had made herself suspected,

and they would not for a long time be persuaded she was sorry for it, and had determined never to commit such a fault again. Such is the consequence of having a bad name.

FREDERIC.

I think she well deserved all she suffered, and am only surprised that she was ever received into favour again by her papa, mamma, or any of her acquaintance.

I know very well that I am often enough in fault, because I am apt to do a thing first, and think, when I have done it, whether it was right or wrong; instead of which I ought to reflect first: and I hope I shall very soon bring myself to do so; it would save me a great deal of vexation, for I never can go to sleep comfortably when I have, in my eagerness and impatience, done any thing I ought not to have done, and made my papa and

mamma angry with me. Of one thing, however, I am very certain; which is, that no eagerness or impatience will ever tempt me to open a lock belonging to another person, or to read a line that was not my own, though it was to lay a whole day open on the table.

EVENING THE FIFTH.

MR. MANLY.

CAROLINE, come here; you shall sit by me this evening: and I will shew you a young lady as untidy and careless of her person as yourself.

I must, however, confess that the moments Isabella did not employ in washing her hands and face, combing her hair, and pinning her clothes neatly, were not employed in any way that could possibly improve her understanding, or serve as the slightest excuse for her want of order. Your fault is that of not dividing your

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time properly, of giving all to one object, and not leaving a moment to bestow on any other; her's was that of trifling away her time, flying from one occupation to another, and finishing nothing. Now cast your eyes on my Magic Lantern; there she sits in her room, combing her hair, her frock half on, one shoe on her foot, the other on the floor at a distance, and every thing else in equal disorder.

MRS. MANLY.

Oh! I never saw a young lady's room in so much confusion in my life!—Disorder indeed!

SOPHY.

I would not have mine in such a litter on any account. Pray observe her pretty bonnet, so nicely lined with pink-coloured silk, and new ribbon to tie it; see how she lets it lay upon the floor, without troubling her head about; and, mamma, do

pray look at her drawers, there is only one of them shut, all the others are half open, and her clothes hanging out of them.

Pray, dear papa, do not vex Caroline by comparing her to this Isabella; for, though she certainly dresses herself in a hurry, she never leaves her room in such disorder.

EDWARD.

My dear uncle, will you be so good as to tell me who that pretty girl is, dressed in a green spencer, who appears so much surprised, and as if she was saying, "Well, I cannot help it, I must go without you."

MR. MANLY.

That pretty girl is Isabella's sister, who certainly was surprised at finding her in such a state, and said to her nearly what you have suggested. The truth is, she never was ready to go any where with her family, even though she had a couple of

days' notice given her. She never was ready for breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper; and even on Sundays, if her mamma and sister (for she did not pay much attention to her maid) did not stand by, and insist on her being a little more expeditious, and absolutely wait to see her dressed, she never was ready to go to church. One Sunday, when they imagined they had left her completely dressed, and that she was following them down stairs, they were surprised, after they were seated in the coach, that she did not appear: a servant was sent to call her, who found her in her room, (though she had been told that it was already late, and that the coach was at the door), her tippet off, and her bonnet on her lap, with all the ribbon unpinned, which she said she had that moment thought of turning, because it was probably fresher on the other side.

Another time, they were almost at the church door, when her mamma perceived

that she had on one red shoe, another blue: she said, the other red one hurt her foot, and she had changed it for the first she met with, without thinking about the colour.

FREDERIC.

I hope her mamma made her walk into church, and that every body laughed at her: if I had been there with the boys, I would have called her *Goody Two Shoes*.

MR. MANLY.

In any other place it would have served her right;—but at church, Frederic! I hope you will always remember, that you do not go there either to laugh yourself, or to excite laughter in others; and you might have supposed that Isabella was not allowed to disturb the congregation. She was sent back in the coach, with orders to retire to her room, and read till her mamma's return; but going up stairs, she saw

from the window that one of her chickens had entangled its foot in a little gate which opened into the garden, and she was sure her mamma would not be angry if she went back to liberate the poor thing: so down she flew to the hall, and from thence into a passage which led to the spot where the little prisoner hung in the gate.

Here she met Pompey, who growled as she passed him, because she trod (though very lightly) on his foot; but as she was not conscious of having done so, she was foolish enough to suppose the dog had done it to remind her of a promise she had made him the day before, and which, like all her promises, she had never thought of afterwards; so, determined to keep her word this time, away she went to get a piece of bread for Pompey, thinking the chicken would be quiet till she came to his assistance. Long before that time the poor thing had its leg broken,

and had bruised itself so much that it died immediately.

Her mamma found her weeping at the door, instead of reading in her apartment, and gave her a long lecture on her ridiculous and inconsequent behaviour, which she appeared to listen to with great attention, and promised amendment; but did not keep her promise, for no later than the next day she fell into the same fault she had so often been guilty of.

She had been called up at six o'clock, because she was to breakfast with a young lady who lived at the distance of half a mile from them; but thinking it was very early, and that she had quite time enough, she would amuse herself with just peeping for a minute at her silk worms,—then why not give a drop of water to her geraniums? and after that new dress her cousin's doll for her?—poor little Patty would be pleased! and she should not be a minute about it: but so many minutes were

employed with one thing and another, that at half past eight o'clock, when her mamma (finding she was not gone to her friend) sent her a summons to come immediately to breakfast, she was still not half dressed; and, throwing the doll into a drawer and the doll's clothes upon the bed, she scrambled on her own in so much haste, that when she made her appearance in the parlour every body burst into a fit of laughter, except her mamma, who was extremely mortified, because there were two gentlemen present who were quite strangers, and had only called to deliver some letters to her papa. Her maid had been so tired of waiting for her that she had left the room, and Isabella went down with her face dirty, her cap the fore part behind, her frock with one sleeve almost off (having torn it in her haste to dress herself), and tied round the waist with a ribbon which had been throwing about under the drawers, and behind the draw-

ers, and sometimes on the chimney piece, for above a month.

After she had been new dressed, and had had her breakfast, she still determined, with her mamma's permission, to pay a visit to her friend, because she was certain, she said, that she expected and would wait at home to receive her: but having crossed two fields, and got into a narrow lane, she found so many strawberries that she could not think of leaving them; and meeting with a little boy and girl, who had gathered each a small basket full, she desired to know what they were going to do with them.

They told her that their mother, who was going that morning into the town, would sell them, and that the money she received for them would be laid out in something they liked: "it would not be much," they said, "that they were sure of; but it might perhaps purchase a small white loaf, or a little rice and brown sugar

to make them some rice milk, which they were very fond of."

Isabella said she should like to go to their mother's cottage, and see what kind of a place they lived in; and as her maid thought she was sent out merely to walk, knowing nothing of her engagement, and supposing it of little consequence which road she went, she made no objection: so away they all went to Mary Dyer's cottage, where they found her very busy preparing to go to market, and loading her jack ass with vegetables for that purpose.

Isabella was extremely pleased with this new scene, and neither thought of her visit to her friend nor her own home; but after the good woman was gone, amused herself with asking a thousand questions of the children, and running about their garden, till it was quite dinner time, when, ashamed to pay her visit, and scarcely knowing what to say to her mamma, she slowly sat forward on her return home.

Her mamma was extremely displeased

with her, and still more so when she learnt that the young lady, after waiting breakfast a considerable time for her friend, was so thoroughly persuaded that some unforeseen circumstance must have prevented her, and that she should certainly see her before dinner, that she positively refused to accompany her family on a visit to a lady in the neighbourhood, though she knew very well that she should be highly entertained if she went, because the lady had always a large quantity of prints and drawings, as well as many other curious things to show them; and had spent a very melancholy day at home quite alone, and lost so much amusement, for an uncivil girl, who, suffering herself to be led away by every novelty she met with, never had it in her power to fulfil her engagements; and, by continually deferring till another moment what she ought to do immediately, never did any thing in proper time.

It was in the month of June, and the

weather fine and settled as it usually is at that season, when her papa and mamma made an appointment with another gentleman and lady, to spend a day on the water, with their children and a few friends. They were to be provided with cold provision; and, after rowing along the coast, and visiting several caves and remarkable rocks which lay in their way, were to dine on the beach in a beautiful little bay, and return home in the evening.

Their friend's house was near the coast, and it was agreed that they should breakfast there, and walk down to the sea-side to embark.

Isabella was delighted with the idea of this charming day, and could talk of nothing else. Her papa and mamma often reminded her of her trifling, and how very seldom she was ready when sent for on any occasion whatever; but she said she was sure she should be in time for this party, that she had two whole days to

prepare for it, and at any rate she would not lose so great a pleasure for all the world.

CAROLINE.

I cannot imagine what she had to prepare; or if she was allowed half an hour to dress herself, what more was necessary. I think that was quite sufficient, and that nothing could prevent her being ready.

MR. MANLY.

It might be supposed so, particularly as she had a maid to get her clothes ready for her every day, and to help to dress her; yet she had so strangely accustomed herself to trifle away her time, and to find something to do every day which she ought to have done the day before, that it is not to be wondered at if she could never truly say she was ready, and had nothing left undone.

The day before that on which the delightful and so much wished-for party was

to take place, her mamma desired her to carry some money to a poor woman, who lived in a small cottage in a lane close to their garden: it was to pay for the schooling of one of her children, and she was ordered not to forget to go with it immediately.

I would not forget it for the world, thought Isabella, but I have time enough; I will go and make Mary take out all my clothes, and put them together on a chair by my bed-side: even my bonnet and gloves shall be there, for we are to go very early, and I am determined for once that I will not be accused of being too late.

Her music master arrived, but she was so busy with her maid that she could not go down to him: he was a good-natured man, and waited an hour for her, when she appeared in the parlour, and went through her lesson.

I have always an hour to spare, thought she, between my music and my drawing lessons; so the moment Mr.

Smith has done with me, I will go to Jenny with the money for her little girl's schooling. But she made a very wrong calculation, she had lost the hour in teasing her maid without any necessity, and Mr. Smith had scarcely finished when her drawing master entered the room. This vexed her sadly—she was inattentive—she had so much to rub out, and so often in the same place, that she made a hole in the paper: her master was angry, but, unwilling to let it be a lesson lost, he said he would stay with her half an hour longer, which was a civility she would very readily have excused, for by the time he had done with her it was the dinner hour.

As soon as the cloth was removed she slid quietly out of the parlour, intending to go up stairs for her bonnet, (for she was afraid to let her mamma know that she had neglected her orders), but was stopped at the door by a young girl, who in a very humble manner begged her pardon for be-

ing so troublesome, but said she had come the third time, by appointment, for some old linen for her poor mother's arm, which she had promised to give her. "You told me, Miss Isabella," added she, "that if I came yesterday exactly at three o'clock I might depend upon having it, but when I came, you said you had been obliged to write a letter which you ought to have done the day before, and you had not had time to look for the linen. I would not have returned to trouble you any more about it, miss, but my mother is indeed greatly distressed."

It was impossible for Isabella to send her away again without giving her what she came for; she therefore went back to her room to look for it, but she never knew where to find any thing, and was more than an hour putting together a handful of old linen.

She once more tied on her bonnet, but on going down stairs found it was beginning to rain, and in a few minutes it en-

creased to a heavy shower, which continued the whole evening, and entirely put it out of her power to go to Jenny with the money.

Her papa had often told her, that if she lost an hour in the morning, she might run after it the rest of the day without being able to catch it: she now felt the truth of this forcibly. She would have gone to Jenny the moment her mamma ordered her to go, but, as usual, she chose to do something else first, and now it was impossible to go out of the house.

Well, thought she, it is only getting up an hour the sooner; and if I do but carry the money to Jenny myself, as mamma told me I must, she will never enquire when I carried it.

Having thus settled the matter with herself, she went to bed very easy, and was up and dressed a full hour before the time appointed for their departure.

The morning was beautiful, and Isabella, gay as a lark, tripped away with a

light heart to Jenny's cottage. She found both the mother and the daughter in the garden, clearing a bit of ground of some cabbage stalks, that they might turn it to better account. "I do not think that is very hard work," said Isabella, "I am sure I could pull up those things as well as you do;" and, immediately jumping over the ditch, went to work, which she found no very difficult task, for the rain had softened the earth; but in less than five minutes she had made herself so dirty, that she knew not how to return home or what to do. Her muslin frock, so nicely clean and white when she left her room, was covered with mud; her pale yellow gloves in the same condition; and taking off her bonnet whilst she stood lamenting at the cottage door, without recollecting how dirty they were, she left the mark of all her fingers on the front of it. In the same instant Jenny's son, who was in a room immediately above the spot she stood

in, not knowing that any person was under the window, shook out an old sack, in which they kept the bran they feed their pigs with, directly over her head, and so completely filled her hair with it that it was impossible to say what colour it was of.

She returned home in the greatest haste and vexation, got into her room unperceived, and immediately prepared to change her clothes and clean her hair.

In the mean time the coach drove round to the door, her papa and mamma took their seats in it, and her sister was stepping in, when inquiry was made after Isabella. "She is the most provoking girl in the world," exclaimed her papa angrily, "she is never here when she is wanted. I will answer for it that she is not ready. Laura, go up to her room, and see what she is doing; but I command you not to stay a moment: if she is ready, she will come with you; if she is not, she

shall stay at home, for I will not wait an instant."

Laura found her in the situation in which you see her, endeavouring to clean her hair, and certainly very far from being ready to accompany her sister down stairs; but, as usual, thinking she had always sufficient time for any thing she liked to do, begged her sister to wait a minute, and she would go with her.

"It is impossible, my dear Isabella," said Laura, as she was turning towards the door; "and it would be to no purpose, for you have your hair to clean, your stockings and shoes to change, as well as your petticoat and frock: it will be at least half an hour before you can be dressed, and papa has commanded me not to stay a moment, so I cannot help it, I must go without you."

As she left the room the maid entered it, and found Isabella in tears. "Aye, aye! cry, miss," said she, "you never

do any thing in the proper time; and moreover, miss, you wanted to deceive your mamma, and make her believe you had obeyed her orders the moment she gave them to you. Now you will pay for your artful tricks by staying at home all day by yourself, whilst your sister is taking her pleasure." So saying, she flounced out of the room, leaving Isabella, overwhelmed with shame at receiving such a reproof from a servant, to dress herself as she could.

SIXTH LESSON

EVENING THE SIXTH.

MRS. MANLY, CAROLINE, SOPHY, FREDERIC, AND EDWARD.

SOPHY.

OH! here he comes!—Papa, I am very glad to see you, for I was afraid something had happened to prevent your coming, and that we should have the mortification of putting every thing away, without seeing the Magic Lantern, or hearing a pretty story.

MR. MANLY.

You must learn to be patient, my dear. I have been detained by a gentleman who

came to me on particular business; and I thought as you did for some time, that we should not have finished what we had to settle till it would be too late for an exhibition. Here I am, however, and ready to give you pleasure by beginning immediately.

CAROLINE.

Thank you, dear papa.—There, Sophy! what a pretty lady!—oh! and a little girl!

SOPHY.

And a milk-maid.

MR. MANLY.

I have much to recount before I arrive at the part of my story from which I have made my drawing.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanly, a gentleman and lady possessed of very good property, resided in Kent on a fine estate in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, and had been

married two or three years before they had any children. The birth of the little Elizabeth gave them so much pleasure, that the day on which she was carried to the village church to be christened, all the neighbours and tenants were feasted at the hall with the utmost liberality, and there was so great an appearance of festivity and mirth, so much joy in every countenance, that a stranger would have been at a loss to know which of the party was most interested in the happy event.

About this time Mrs. Stanly took a young woman into her service, the daughter of a miller who lived at a small distance. She was a very pretty girl, and the most affectionate creature in the world, so that she soon loved Elizabeth, who was entrusted solely to her care, as tenderly as if she had been her own child; and Elizabeth, as she grew up, became so attached to her maid, that there was nothing she would have refused to do to serve her, or even to give her pleasure.

Whatever she was doing, if Patty desired her to leave it, she did so, and did it immediately:—for if there is merit in obedience, it is doubly meritorious when a child obeys without hesitation.

Patty spent five happy years in Mrs. Stanly's family, at the end of which time she became the wife of a worthy young man, who rented a small farm at the distance of a short mile from the hall: it was indeed so near, and the road to it so agreeable, that scarcely a day passed, when the weather would permit, that Elizabeth, accompanied by her new attendant, did not pay her a visit; and Mrs. Stanly seldom took an airing, without coming round by the farm on her return, that she might see how Patty went on, and how she liked her new occupations; and was very much pleased when she observed that, although she had never been accustomed to any business of the kind, she took so much pains to gain information from her mother, and from her neighbours, that she

was very soon perfectly acquainted with the best method of managing her little dairy, feeding her pigs and her poultry, and cultivating some scarce and valuable flowers, which the gardener at the hall had, with his lady's approbation, furnished her with: and as this was an occupation she had always much delighted in, and was tolerably well skilled in, she found as many purchasers at the market town for her rare and beautiful nosegays, as for the rest of her merchandize.

Patty was the happiest woman in the world; she felt no sorrow during the first three years of her marriage, except what arose from the loss of a little infant, who died five weeks after its birth. Her husband was very fond of her, and she loved him sincerely; every thing prospered with them; and Elizabeth, who frequently visited them, seldom went without some little present from herself or her mamma.

Patty became the mother of a fine boy,

which she, as well as her husband, doated upon; and when the business of the day was over, they almost quarrelled which should have it to dandle and play with. When Patty was busy, it was consigned to the care of Rose, a poor orphan, whom she had with the greatest humanity clothed and fed upwards of two years; and Rose, who was now fourteen years of age, and felt the utmost gratitude towards her benefactress for the kind and gentle manner in which she always treated her, was more anxious lest any accident should happen to her little charge, than she would have been had he been the first prince in Europe.

The father of this poor girl had died whilst she was an infant, but her mother had some property: the cottage she lived in was her own, and was neatly furnished; she was the neatest needle woman in the county, and contrived to live very decently: when one fatal night, by an unfortunate accident, the house took fire,

and though Rose and her mother escaped with their lives, they could preserve nothing else. The cottage, with every thing in it—furniture, clothes—all was burnt to the ground. The poor mother was seized with fits, which carried her off in two hours; and Rose was on the point of being sent to the workhouse, when Patty came in the way, and having consulted William on the subject, who was just as humane and kind-hearted as his wife, they determined to take the poor orphan home with them, and bring her up to get her bread, without the hard labour (and even ill usage, if she should happen to be bound apprentice to unfeeling people) to which she might be exposed if they let her go to the workhouse. They never had any cause to repent this act of good nature, for Rose became a faithful servant to them, and their only consolation in the days of gloom and misery they had to go through, when neither riches or comforts of any

kind could have tempted her to abandon them.

Elizabeth was the first to observe to her mamma that Patty appeared to be uneasy, and said she had once or twice found her in tears. Mrs. Stanly immediately sent for her, and desired she would tell her if any thing had happened to make her uneasy; assuring her, at the same time, that if they had met with any little loss or disappointment, she was ready to advance a small sum to help them to repair it; and finally declared that Patty should not leave her, till she was informed of the cause of her uneasiness.

The poor young woman declared, with a flood of tears, that she did not wish to hide any thing from so good a mistress; and proceeded to acquaint her, that William had met with an old acquaintance at the market town, who had so filled his head with the great advantages of farming in the north of England, and the money

to be gained by different objects which he had mentioned to him, and which she, being entirely ignorant of, could not possibly contradict, that he was fully determined to sell every thing he possessed, let his farm, and remove his little family immediately to this happy spot where he hoped to grow rich in a few years.

"William has but one fault, madam," added Patty, "and would certainly be one of the best of human beings if he could get the better of it: but he is extremely obstinate, and when he has once taken any thing into his head, the whole world would not persuade him to give it up."

"Do not be any longer uneasy," said Mrs. Stanly, "I will talk to him, and shall find no difficulty in convincing him of the folly of quitting his happy situation for an uncertainty."

Mrs. Stanly was, however, very much mistaken in supposing it would be so easy to make William give up his new plan. She took the first opportunity of joining him

in one of his fields, and had a long conversation with him on the subject; but all she could urge against his removal was fruitless, he had set his heart upon it, and no consideration could induce him to change his mind. Mrs. Stanly left him in great displeasure, and William set about putting his new scheme into immediate execution.

Poor Elizabeth wept continually; she would have given all she possessed, all her little presents, every thing she most valued, to have prevented this imprudent removal: but William, with all the good humour possible, assured her that his only motive was to get money for his wife and child, and begged she would not say any thing to Patty to make her more unwilling to go.

The time for Mr. and Mrs. Stanly's going to London being very near, they determined to hasten it, that their dear little girl might not be in the country when William and Patty left it; and, pre-

tending sudden business, hurried her away, without allowing any time, even for a short taking leave, and as soon as they arrived in town, amused her as much as possible by driving through all the gay streets and squares, and showing her a thousand pretty things which she had never seen before. But nothing could make her forget her poor Patty and her little boy; she often talked of her, lamented William's obstinacy, and said she was sure if he had listened to her dear mamma's advice, he would never have had any reason to repent of it.

William was not of her opinion: he found a man who was willing to take the farm off his hands, with all the furniture, just as it stood in the house, and all the stock, reserving nothing but the tilted cart, in which Patty used to go to market, and one strong horse; and in this vehicle he placed his wife, child, and the faithful Rose, with the box which contained their wearing apparel, and a small basket of

provision to serve them for their first day's journey. Patty took leave of her house and garden, shedding a thousand tears, which affected William so much, that if he had not been ashamed to go back he would have done it: but it was too late, he had sold every thing, and had nothing left to do but to try to comfort her, and hope the best.

They had a long and tiresome journey; little William was very unwell, and Patty overcome with fatigue, when they arrived at the farm where they were to take up their abode, and which did not in the least answer to the description which had been given of it. It was neither so fertile, nor in such good order as the one they had left, and William found he must sink a great deal of money before he could hope to make any thing of it: in short, he saw the end of his money before the end of the year, and that his dear Patty was ill, and growing worse and worse, without his having the means of procuring her the

necessaries she stood in need of. He could make nothing of the farm, and begged his landlord to take it off his hands; which he agreeing to do in consideration of a sum of money, William was obliged to sell the furniture he had purchased to satisfy his demand, and, in order to keep his wife and child from starving, hired a room for them in the village, and engaged himself as a day labourer to a farmer in the neighbourhood.

Patty endeavoured to keep up her spirits on her husband's account, because she saw that he was almost heart-broken; and Rose watched over her night and day, as if she had been her mother.

William had been too much mortified at the consequences of his imprudent step to write to any of his acquaintance, and Patty could not bear to expose her husband's folly, so that she had only written one short letter to her young mistress, on their arrival in the north; but as the distress of their situation increased, they both

agreed that they should be much happier in their own village, among friends and acquaintances, even in the state of poverty to which they were reduced, than in spending the remainder of their days among strangers. "But how shall I appear before Madam Stanly," cried William, "after having dragged you away, contrary to her advice, from ease and plenty, to wretchedness and want?"—"Oh! do not fear!" replied Patty, delighted at the thought of again seeing her dear miss Elizabeth, "she is so good, she will never reproach you: let us but contrive how to get once again there, and I shall not care how I live, or how hard I work."

William promised that he would endeavour, by some means or other, to comply with her wish; which made her so happy, that she soon recovered her health and spirits.

They sold the small remains of their clothes and the few other trifles they had preserved, and, having hired a cart to

carry them part of the way, sat forward on their return : but poor Patty was unable to travel so expeditiously as they desired, and they found themselves now and then under the necessity of resting a day or two on the road. Their money was soon gone; they were obliged to walk, and to dispose of part of the clothes they wore, in order to purchase common necessaries. At length, quite exhausted with fatigue, and half famished, they all arrived at a little town, three miles from the village and four from Mr. Stanly's house; and there William left Patty, Rose, and his child, in a public house, and assumed courage sufficient to go over to the hall, determining to try to see miss Elizabeth, and endeavour, through her, to obtain her mamma's forgiveness and pity.

The first person he saw happened to be the house-keeper, who had much difficulty to believe she saw William, the husband of her favourite Patty, standing before her, so much was he changed by grief and

and anxiety, as well as by the shabby dress he wore. He recounted all the misfortunes that had befallen him to this good woman; and finding that Mr. and Mrs. Stanly were in London, and not expected till the following month, he thought he had nothing better to do than to write to his mistress, and give her a full account of their distressful journey, and his sincere repentance, not doubting but she would take compassion upon them. This he did as soon as he returned to the town, and the letter reached Mrs. Stanly just as she was going to take an airing with her daughter in Hyde Park.

Patty had been nearly two years absent, and no one knowing what was become of her, Elizabeth was quite unhappy at the uncertainty of her fate; she had never ceased to think of her, and continually spoke of her to her mamma with all the affection and pity she thought she deserved. The contents of William's letter brought a shower of tears from her eyes.

"Oh! my dear mamma," said she, "what must she have suffered! my poor Patty, who has never been accustomed to hard living! but you will send her something immediately, will you not, mamma? I have a great deal of money in my purse; papa is always giving me money, and I have no occasion for it, so I had best send it to poor Patty to buy her some clothes: you see, by the letter, she is half naked."

"Very well, my dear," said Mrs. Stanley, "we will see what can be done;" and appearing to have no inclination to continue the conversation, but from that time to be extremely thoughtful, Elizabeth concluded she was meditating on some plan she had formed for the relief of her humble friends; but was greatly astonished at perceiving that for several days she was averse to talking on the subject, and only answered to her repeated questions, "We shall see."

This was very painful to poor Eliza-

beth, who thought on nothing but Patty and William; and she could not refrain from urging her mamma to be a little more explicit, but she could obtain no satisfaction. Mrs. Stanly's only reply was, that they were to go into the country in less than a fortnight, that she would then endeavour to do something for them, and in the mean time begged that she might not be teazed.

"Ah! my poor Patty," sighed Elizabeth, "I see plainly that mamma is still angry with William, and that you are to suffer for it—but how can it possibly be!—it is so unlike my dear mamma, who is so kind, so forgiving—I cannot understand it at all. By the time we go into Kent, these poor creatures will have remained a whole month in the same miserable condition in which they arrived at P., when William wrote that melancholy letter which made me cry so much all night. Oh! how I wish we were to set off to-morrow morning!"

The happy day at length arrived, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanly, with their daughter, arrived about dinner time at the hall, where Elizabeth's first thought was to enquire of the housekeeper and the servants when they had heard of Patty, but no one could give her any satisfactory answer. One did not know—another believed she was still at P.—and a third thought she was still in the north. All this appeared very strange to Elizabeth, who rose very early the next morning, in the hope of gaining some intelligence of those she wished to hear of.

After breakfast, Mrs. Stanly, no longer averse to speaking of Patty and her husband, proposed that they should take a walk to Woodbury farm, and enquire of the man, who she knew attended the market at P., if he could inform her of the place where William might be found: "for it is time," said she, "that we should think of these poor people."

Elizabeth thought that had long been her opinion, though she had not presumed to say so; but as she wished for nothing more anxiously than making the proposed enquiries, she was ready in an instant, and joined her mamma on the lawn, but unfortunately she found two ladies with her who were just arrived; and as they staid the whole morning, their walk to Woodbury was unavoidably postponed till after tea.

Elizabeth knew every step of the road to the farm, she had often passed over it when Patty was its mistress, and (now that she found her mamma no longer unwilling to talk on the subject which interested her so much) made many reflections on the cruel change in her situation, and the many distresses she must have endured.

As they drew near the little farm, they were very much struck with the flourishing appearance of every thing about it;

and Elizabeth was just going to observe that it looked as blooming and fresh as it did in William's time, when a young girl, with a milk-pail on her head, came out of a field, and was crossing the road before them. "That is certainly Rose," exclaimed Elizabeth: "Rose! Rose! is it possible! stop, stop—Rose!" and running up to her, came in sight of the farm-house, where, to her great astonishment, she perceived Patty sitting at the door, with little William on her lap, and his father standing by them, all neatly dressed as she had been accustomed to see them, and wearing the appearance of health and contentment.

It is impossible to describe the joy of any of the party; Mrs. Stanly's was not the least in the happy group, for the scene was her own contriving, and had succeeded beyond her hopes.

When she saw that William was obstinately bent on his imprudent journey to

the north, thinking it more than probable he would find himself disappointed, and sooner or later be happy to return to his native village, she employed a confidential person to take the farm off his hands, and to purchase all the furniture and live stock; paid him a yearly sum for keeping every thing in the exact order in which he found it; and his accounts being regularly brought in to Mr. Stanly's steward (who was in her secret), she had by her a sum quite sufficient to clothe William and his family, as well as to purchase many little things which their distress had obliged them to dispose of, besides having paid the man for his trouble, and all other expences attending the farm.

On receiving William's letter, she wrote immediately to the steward, directing him to fetch the unhappy man, with his wife and child, and the faithful Rose, from the miserable place they were in at P., re-instate them in their farm at Wood-

bury, and put into their hands the money they had saved for them: He was also ordered to tell William, that his mistress made him a present of the furniture and stock, hoping he was now cured of rambling; and that he should continue to hold the farm on the usual terms.

Patty was almost overcome by the happy change in her condition. When she awoke in the morning, she almost fancied she had only had an unpleasant dream; for she found herself in her own bed, and saw every thing about her which she had been accustomed to see. Her neat little parlour was just as she had left it; her dairy, her own cows,—even her little garden appeared to have the same flowers in it as when she quitted it: and she thanked God, with uplifted hands, for having restored her to so many comforts.

Elizabeth could scarcely believe what she saw and heard: she threw her arms

round her mamma's neck, begging she would forgive her for having, for a single moment, presumed to entertain any doubt of her goodness, and thanking her for all she had done for her dear Patty.

SEVENTH PAINTING

EVENING THE SEVENTH.

MR. AND MRS. MANLY, FREDERIC, EDWARD, CAROLINE, SOPHY.

EDWARD.

MY dear uncle, will you give me leave to ask you a question? You left us in such haste last evening when you had finished your story, that I had not time to do it.

MR. MANLY.

As many questions as you please, Edward; I am always ready to attend to them.

EDWARD.

Then pray, sir, tell me why Mrs. Stanly, who had so great a regard for Patty, never wrote to inquire for her; but left her two years in such distress, that it appears a miracle how she survived it.

MR. MANLY.

The reason was this:—After the few lines Patty wrote to her mistress on reaching the end of her journey, and which were immediately answered by Mrs. Stanly, she never heard a syllable from them; and having no idea that Patty would suffer herself to be so distressed without acquainting her with it, she concluded they were in a prosperous happy condition; and consequently, feeling herself slighted, was so much offended at their seeming neglect and ingratitude, that she determined to make no inquiry about them, saying, "Whilst all goes well, I suppose I shall hear no more of them: if ever they are

in distress, I have no doubt but they will know where to find me."

Mrs. Stanly erred very much in this opinion: and I hope, my dear Edward, it will serve as a lesson to you (and, indeed, to all of you) never to be rash in judging other people's actions, particularly when they are absent, and cannot have an opportunity of defending themselves. Patty's silence was occasioned by a very opposite motive from what her lady imagined: it was her dislike to be further troublesome to one who had already done so much for her, and to expose William to blame by describing the sad consequences of his imprudence.—But it is time to begin; and, now I have snuffed my candle, cast your eyes upon that nice little girl who lies there in the mud, and her sister up to the ankles.

FREDERIC.

I will lay any wager that the laughing boy on the tree is the cause of their acci-

dent; and I must say it was a very bad trick, and that he deserved to be punished for it.

MR. MANLY.

He deserved punishment, though not exactly for their falling into the mud, for that he did not foresee.—But listen:

His name was Harrington, and he was cousin to the two little girls. He was a very bad boy, though for a long time nobody thought so; for he was extremely artful, and contrived to throw all the blame upon his companions, whenever any mischief was discovered, and to appear to have had nothing to do with it, though he was generally at the bottom of it, and the person who had suggested the plan and set the others on.

Sometimes he led them into scrapes, and then reproached them with being so naughty, and left them to finish what he had so artfully induced them to begin: when they were discovered, he was sure

to be found with a book in his hand studying his lesson, or busy writing, in some retired part of the house.

The children of the family always dreaded their cousin's coming home to spend the holidays; they were continually in disgrace, and nothing they could say ever excused them, or threw the smallest part of the blame on Harrington: he never failed making his own story good, and clearing himself from every suspicion.

Mr. Seymour, his uncle, had the highest opinion of him, and often proposed him as a model of good sense and propriety of conduct to his son George. "Observe your cousin," he would often say, "do you not see that he has already laid aside his boyish tricks, and behaves as sedately as a man? when do you see him breaking down fences to get at a few apples, unhanging gates, and letting sheep into the farmer's corn fields, or any other mischievous tricks that you are continu-

ally doing."—"My cousin is the first to talk of doing such things," replied George, "otherwise they would never come into my head; but he—"—"My dear George," interrupted Harrington, "I have often told you stories of boys at our school who did such things, and observed how very bad it was to behave so: but are you obliged to do every thing you hear of, and follow the examples of all the mischievous boys you meet with?"

"No, surely not," said Mr. Seymour; and I desire you will attend to your cousin's advice, and endeavour to become as good a boy as he is."

George had for some time entertained great doubts of Harrington's goodness. He was now on the point of returning to school; but he determined that when he came home at the next vacation he would watch him narrowly, and, without carrying tales to his father, would contrive by some means or other to make him a witness to his art and duplicity.

Harrington went to school, and peace and quietness being restored, Mr. Seymour congratulated his son on the change in his conduct. "I knew," said he, "that if you would imitate your cousin you would become an amiable agreeable boy, instead of bringing anger upon yourself by getting into continual mischief."

George recollected perfectly that the very last scrape he got into had not been from any desire to do wrong, but because he could not bear to be laughed at, and that Harrington had (after having for near an hour said every thing he could to tempt him to do it) clapped his hands and laughed at him, saying, "Who's afraid? who's afraid?—ah, coward! coward! you dare not do it, George; no, you dare not—I defy you to do it:" and then, when he had seen him fairly embarked in the enterprise, had walked off, and left him to shift for himself, and bear the whole blame if caught; sheltering himself from all suspicion under the appearance of great ap-

plication, and was seated with a book in his hand by the parlour fire, when his father pulled him in by the arm, and threatened him so seriously with a severe horse whipping, that he thought, kind and good as he always was, he certainly should not escape that time.

Still, said George to himself, though I darted a furious glance at Harrington, I did not excuse myself by accusing him, for I deserved a horse-whipping for being such a fool as to be led away by such a wicked boy: but I will certainly blow him up next holidays; my father shall no longer be imposed upon.

Harrington's behaviour at school was exactly of a piece with the manner in which he conducted himself when at his uncle's: the boys were continually flogged for mischief he brought them into, either by urging them to it, or piquing their vanity, accusing them of want of courage or strength, or of fearing they should be discovered. Some of the elder boys, how-

ever, began to perceive his arts, and he got two or three sound beatings; and before the midsummer holidays the master had gained a pretty just idea of his character, and having written a long letter to Mr. Seymour on the subject, he gave it to Harrington to put in his pocket, desiring he would deliver it to him as soon as he arrived.

Harrington had some suspicion of the contents, and threw it into the fire, so that his uncle received him as usual with open arms, and presented him to a large party of friends he had at dinner as one of the best boys in the world; repeated a number of little anecdotes of his application to his studies, whilst others were scampering about and doing mischief; and finished by saying, he intended to send his son George to the same school with his cousin, that he might have an eye upon him: "for I must confess," said Mr. Seymour, "George is not at all like Harrington."—"My dear father,"

said George, "if I give you any occasion to be angry with me during the present holidays, keep me at school all the next as a punishment. I am determined you shall never more have any cause of displeasure against me: I shall not be such a blockhead as I have been," added he, giving a slight nod at Harrington, which he very well understood, though no one else did.

"Very well," replied Mr. Seymour, "I agree to your proposal; I shall be very happy and quiet with your two sisters when you are gone to school, and will have no boys here in the holidays to disturb us and throw the house out at windows. What say you, nephew?"

Harrington for the first time looked a little foolish, because George had his eyes fixed upon him all the time; but being certain that his uncle thought him the best boy in the world, he soon recovered himself, and told him he was always right.

George was extremely careful of his conduct, and his cousin could make nothing of him. One day as they walked by the river side, they perceived that the water had been turned into another branch of it, that it might be cleared of the mud and stones which prevented the boats from passing. The workmen were gone to dinner, and had left several barrows full of stones near the little stream which still flowed in the middle of the river's bed. "It would be fine fun," said Harrington, "if somebody was to overset all these stones into the water again! I wonder what the workmen would say!

George did not answer. "Will you do it," continued Harrington.—"Yes, to be sure," replied George, "whilst you go home and take up your book to deceive my father. If you think it would be such very fine fun," added he, "and that the workmen have nothing else to do than pick out the stones again, you had better do it yourself." So saying, he walked

away, leaving Harrington disappointed; for he had perceived his uncle coming that way, and if he could have persuaded George to begin, he could have slipped away whilst he crossed the little brake, and George would have been caught in the midst of his job: but he saw plainly that he had opened his eyes, and that he should not easily either tempt or pique him again to do any thing wrong.

He was very sorry for it; as, besides the pleasure he had in setting others on to mischief, he often wanted somebody for a cat's paw, to do things for him which he wished to do, but did not choose to appear in; and a very few days after their walk to the river, he would have given any thing to have had George in the same humour he had formerly been, when he was persuaded he might do any thing his cousin desired him to do.

Besides the gate which led into Mr. Seymour's fruit garden, there was a small door which opened upon a narrow brook,

where the gardener fetched water for the green-house, which was close to the side of it, and a plank was thrown across the stream for him to wheel out his rubbish into the lane.

The brook was now almost dry, for there had been no rain for several weeks, and it was merely a muddy ditch. Harrington was going down the lane, and passing the door, when a boy called the gardener, and told him he must run immediately down to the village on an errand for his master; and the gardener having been gathering some fruit for Mr. and Mrs. Seymour's dessert, put his basket down just by the little door, which he carelessly shut without fastening, and ran away to receive his master's orders.

Harrington had had but a glimpse of the fruit, but he knew it was the finest that ever was produced in the country: he could steal as much common fruit as he pleased, without being suspected; but

this had been gathered in the green-house and hot house, of which the gardener kept the keys. The basket was within ten yards of the spot he stood in, and he might have helped himself freely out of it, probably without being seen by any one: but it was not impossible but some of the servants might be in that part of the garden, or Mrs. Seymour might be taking her morning walk, and for the whole world he would not be caught in such a mean dirty action, though he would not have objected to commit that, or ten times worse, if he could have been certain of not being discovered.

It was useless to think of George, he had no hope of him; but seeing his cousins, Agnes and Susan, in the lane, he called to them to come to him, and told them of the fruit he had seen.

If I could but prevail upon them to go and fetch it, thought he, I would take it from them the moment they returned; and, as they would then be in my power,

I would threaten them, if they complained of me, to discover their theft to their father and mother.

I must now inform you that George, who was the darling of Mrs. Seymour's old house-keeper, had sometimes complained to her of his cousin's unkindness in drawing him into so many scrapes, and then leaving him in the lurch, and exposing him to his father's displeasure; and this had induced her to watch him so narrowly, and she had overheard so many conversations between the two boys, that she was as perfectly convinced of the badness of Harrington's heart as it was possible any one could be, and though she had, at George's earnest request, never mentioned a word of any thing to her master, seeing him arrive once more at the house, to bring sorrow and vexation (as she said) on her favourite, she determined to hold her tongue no longer, and accordingly acquainted Mr. Seymour with all she knew; and that not in the mildest

terms, for she hated Harrington as much as she loved his cousin.

Mr. Seymour was very much hurt at this information; but choosing to be certain of the truth, he watched, without appearing to do so, all his nephew's steps, and heard George reproaching him one night, as they were going to bed, with having attempted to draw him in to commit so ill-natured an action at the river side; he also perceived that what George said made no kind of impression upon him, and that he only laughed at it, without having a word to say in his own defence.

He happened fortunately (after dispatching his gardener to the village) to go immediately into the garden, and was on the other side of the hedge, where he could hear every word, when he first addressed his cousins, whom he had called, the moment he saw them, to come to him. "Oh! Agnes," said he, "if you had been here one moment sooner, you would

have seen such a basket of fruit as your eyes never beheld, and you will never taste a bit of it, for it is to be sent to your grandmother: it is but just inside the little door, and the gardener is sent to the village. I am not very fond of fruit, or I would soon have some of it."

"I am very fond of it," answered Agnes, "but you would not have me take away what is intended for my grandmamma!"

Harrington told her there was more than her grandmamma would eat in a week, and that they need not take all; urged them to step over the brook, and just peep at it, concluding they would not be able to resist the temptation if they saw it; and the young ladies, thinking there could be no harm in a peep, went directly towards the plank.

Harrington, always cautious, got upon the bough of a tree, that he might look over the hedge, and see what passed in the garden, by which means, if his cousins

were likely to be caught, he would have sufficient time to run away; but he was spared that trouble, and Agnes and Susan were punished for having for a moment listened to his advice. They had not advanced above half way, when the plank turned over, and the two nicely dressed young ladies, with their smart bonnets, yellow gloves, and purple shoes, were in the mud as you see them.

This was not at all foreseen by Harrington; but as mischief, of whatever nature, always pleased him, he laughed immoderately, without ever attempting to assist them.

Mr. Seymour, now fully convinced that he had been deceived in his opinion of his ungracious nephew, ran towards the little door, in order to help his daughters out of the mud, and let Harrington know that his wickedness was at length discovered. But at the moment he appeared, and before he had time to speak, the bough on which Harrington sat, being but a slender

one, broke, and down he came flat on his face, into the same dirty puddle in which he had been so diverted at seeing his cousins.

His mouth and eyes were filled with mud, and as Mr. Seymour refused to advance even a finger to assist him, he was some time before he could turn himself so as to get up; and as soon as he reached the house and was new dressed, Mr. Seymour, sending for him into the parlour, told him the horses were at the door to take him back to school, and wished him a good morning.

EVENING THE EIGHTH.

MR. AND MRS. MANLY, FREDERIC, EDWARD, AND CAROLINE.

MR. MANLY.

I SHALL begin this evening's amusement by telling part of my little story before I show my figures; and as you had enough of bad tricks in my last, I will now relate a few anecdotes of a brother and sister, who were unequalled in the county they lived in for amiableness of manners, benevolence, and generosity.

Obedient to the slightest wishes of their parents, and kind and indulgent to their servants, they were adored in their own family; and the interest they took in the

concerns of their poor neighbours, made them beloved by the whole village.

Their father and mother were not rich, and consequently could not indulge their children in every act of good nature and kindness they wished to do; but as far as their pocket money would go, they contrived to assist many a sick and distressed person, and when they had no more money still visited and comforted them as well as they were able, carrying them a little wine or broth, or whatever their mamma could spare without inconvenience.

One of their great favourites was old Martha, who was sometimes employed to weed the garden, or to assist the servants when they were particularly busy. Martha was very poor, but always neat in her person, and never complained; on the contrary, she always appeared contented and thankful to God Almighty that she was, at her time of life, still strong and hearty, and could, whenever she found

any one kind enough to employ her, support herself by her labour.

She lived in a cottage by the road side, and, having saved a few shillings, purchased what she styled a little shop, which she placed on a table, covered with a clean white cloth, at her door, and often sold a small toy, some gingerbread, or sugar candy, to people who passed in their way to the village.

Martha had a small garden behind her cottage, stored with useful vegetables, and a little sort of yard, where she kept a cock and hen, which had been given to her when they were but chickens by her young master and mistress, and she valued them very highly on that account; moreover, she had now and then a fresh egg for her supper, and hoped in the spring to have a fine brood of chickens to sell, and often did she amuse herself, as many people do, by reckoning them before they were hatched, calculating how

much money they would bring, and hoping by that means she might add to the little stock in her shop.

The spring arrived, and Martha took the first opportunity of setting her hen upon thirteen eggs, because she had been told she would have no luck without an odd number, and people in her station are often superstitious. Philip and Agnes were extremely diverted when she told them of it, and asked her if she did not think there might also be a charm in some particular number, as well as an odd one, which she assured them, with a wise nod, she thought very likely. This made them laugh very heartily, because they had both too much good sense not to see how very ridiculous it was to think so; but they were also too good-natured to let old Martha perceive that they were amused at her expence, and only said they wished sincerely that the thirteen eggs might produce thirteen fine chickens, and that

she might be able to sell them for a good price.

The poor old woman was however destined to undergo a severe shock; for on going the next morning, as soon as she was up, to visit her garden and poultry, she found, to her great surprise, the door open, and—sad to relate!—the cock and hen, with the whole thirteen eggs, besides her best apron, which was bleaching on the hedge, and her little tea-kettle, left by accident at the side of the well, were all taken away.

Trifling as such things may appear to those who live in affluence, it should be remembered that to a poor creature, who never earned more than six pence a day, they were very severe losses. She must pinch many weeks to replace her apron and tea-kettle; but the loss of her cock and hen, and all the hope of profit she had so long attached to them, that she had almost persuaded herself she saw the

money in her hand, grieved her so much that she burst into tears as she stood looking at the empty nest, and had not power to quit the place.

"Who knows," said she, "but the wind may have blown the door open, and they may be rambled out into the lane in search of food!—But what a foolish old woman I am! the eggs could not walk away, neither could my tea-kettle nor my apron! —No, no, too sure they are stolen, and I shall never be able to replace them."

Whilst she thus stood bewailing her loss, Agnes's maid happened to pass by the door, and hearing Martha's melancholy tale, endeavoured, as well as she could, to console her; but finding she could not succeed, went home full of the bad news to her young mistress.

Philip was soon informed by his sister of Martha's misfortune, who they found sitting in a melancholy posture by her little shop at the door; and who told them, with tears in her eyes, that she had

no heart to go out that day, but should stay at home and try to sell something, hoping by the next morning she should be more reconciled to her loss, and better able to do her work.

Agnes said she also hoped it, advised her to be more cheerful, and not to fail being in their garden the next morning, as she was very much wanted: this she promised to do, and they, wishing her a good morning, returned home.

Poor old Martha sold very little, and began to fear that all kinds of misfortunes were coming upon her at once. She went to bed in very low spirits, but reproached herself for it, and determined to hope for better days; called herself an ungrateful woman, undeserving the favours she had received from God, who had hitherto given her health and strength to gain her living, and would still, no doubt, if she trusted in him, continue to provide for her in some way or other. This comfortable reflection composed her to sleep, and

she did not awake till the sun shone in at her little casement, and told her it was time to rise.

I am rather late, thought she, as she dressed herself, and the gardener will be angry; but my drop of milk will soon be warmed for my breakfast—I have no tea now!—to be sure that is a sad change!—but I must be contented.

Thus, endeavouring to suit her mind to her present circumstances, she went down stairs, and hearing a kind of bustle in her little yard, opened the door; when, to her great astonishment, the first objects which met her eyes were a fine cock and hen, exactly like her own, and thirteen young chickens just hatched. "This is witchcraft," cried Martha, shutting the door in haste.

CAROLINE.

Oh! there she is, poor soul! how frightened she looks!—But, papa, did she really believe it was witchcraft?

MR. MANLY.

No, no, she was not quite so weak as that, though a little superstitious: it was only her manner of expressing herself when any thing happened unexpectedly.

Turning towards the window, she met with another surprise, and her eyes were dazzled with the sight of a new shining copper tea kettle, and a nice white apron; both so much better than those she had lost, that she stood motionless with wonder and amazement, when Philip and Agnes jumped in from the garden, and asked her if ever she had known the lucky number so quickly hatched, or an old tea-kettle become so suddenly bright.

Martha now guessed who had done her this piece of kindness, but could not find words to thank them as she wished: she could only shed tears. At length being a little recovered, she asked her young benefactors how they had contrived to get the kettle and apron into her house, and

the poultry into her yard, without her hearing them.

"Easily enough," answered Philip: "if those who came with a wicked intention could manage to get in, why could not we do it, who wished to serve you, and at the same time procure a pleasure for ourselves by witnessing your surprise. Your garden hedge is not very difficult to pass, Martha, and my penknife soon pushed aside the fastening of your little casement, which enabled me to place the tea-kettle and apron where you found them. We spent all yesterday in searching for a cock and hen as like your's as possible, and at length met with what we wanted at farmer Wilson's, and the hen had just hatched seven chickens: we determined to procure six more, thinking that thirteen chickens would soon console you for the loss of your thirteen eggs. Having the whole family in a basket, and being once in the garden, we had

only to open the door and set them at liberty in the yard; and we had but just finished our work, when we heard you moving and opening your window. We then hid ourselves behind the great gooseberry bush, down there by the apple tree, and had the pleasure of enjoying all your surprise; but my sister laughed so much that I wonder you did not hear her, and particularly when you exclaimed that it was witchcraft, and ran into the house."

"It was very foolish of me, master Philip," said Martha, "for certainly I do neither believe in witches nor fairies, or any such nonsense, no more than I do in ghosts or goblins; and I was as sure that all the things came there by human hands, as I was that human hands had stolen the others, though the hearts of those they belong to must be so very different. Surprised and astonished I certainly was, for how could I suppose that such a terrible loss would be so soon not only replaced,

but that I should be richer than I was before! Never more will I complain or fret and vex myself, because every thing will not happen to my mind; it is very wicked to do so, but I hope God will forgive me."

Martha once more regaled herself with tea for breakfast, and then went cheerfully to weed in Mr. Fortescue's garden; and Philip and Agnes amused their papa and mamma with an account of their morning's employment, which pleased them so much that they doubled their allowance of pocket money from that day, as an encouragement to them, and that they might have it more in their power to do good than they had hitherto had.

They were delighted with this addition to their little income, and proved to their papa and mamma, by the use they made of it, that they had not mistaken their dispositions. They had for some time paid the schooling of a fine little boy in

the village, whose mother, being a widow, had not the means of doing it, though the child shewed the strongest inclination to learn, and they now found themselves so rich that they could afford to send his sister to school with him. She was a nice little girl, and learnt to read and work so well that she was, some years afterwards, taken into Mr. Fortescue's family to wait on Agnes; and, being a faithful and honest servant, and of a most affectionate and grateful disposition, never quitted it.

These amiable young people continued all their lives as they had began it: obliging to every body, and assisting, as far as they were able, those who stood in need of it, they never went into the village without being received by its inhabitants with every mark of gratitude and joy.

FREDERIC.

A very pretty story indeed, papa! I wish we had such a Philip and Agnes in

our neighbourhood ; they were good creatures, that is certain ;—yet, there are many who would be as good as they were, if they had the means of being so. It is easy enough to be kind and charitable when people have plenty of money, but without that how is it possible ?

MRS. MANLY.

There are many people in the world who have money sufficient for themselves, and to make numbers, who have scarcely bread to eat, comfortable and happy, yet their hearts and their purses are so shut up, that they will not part with a single guinea, unless for their own gratification and pleasure ; but there are others who, not having the quarter part of a guinea to spare, find the means of relieving the afflicted. Of the last I once met with an instance, and will relate it to you, as it will prove the truth of what I have advanced.

A poor girl,* who lived in one of the public streets in London, maintained herself and her mother, who was a cripple, and otherwise incapable of helping herself, by making old silk and cotton stockings into gloves and mittins, which, though it produced but a scanty pittance, kept them from wanting bread.

Chance brought her acquainted with another poor woman, whose situation was still more deplorable than her mother, for she was bed-ridden, and had neither child or friend to help her. The trifling allowance she received from the parish did little more than pay her lodging, and she wanted every comfort, and even the necessaries, her situation required.

Sally, the poor glove-maker, was truly concerned for her, and grieved that her own and her mother's poverty was so

* This is a real fact: the author heard it from a person who lived in the street in which it happened, and who knew the young woman.

great, as to exclude all possibility of sparing the smallest trifle to assist her. She thought, and thought again, whilst she sat at her work, on every means to relieve her, but without success. At length, after discarding several ideas as impracticable, she stopped at one which she flattered herself might answer; and telling her mother she had business out of doors, which might perhaps detain her an hour or two, she determined to sacrifice that portion of time (which was very precious to one in her situation) to endeavour to do something for her poor neighbour; and, beginning from the door of the house in which she lodged, she went into the first shop in her way, and asked the master of it if he would be so charitable as to give a penny a week to save a poor creature from dying of want, if she took the trouble of calling for it every Saturday evening

She was fortunate in her first setting out, for the person she spoke to was a

man of humanity; and, hearing the story, and filled with admiration at the scheme Sally had fallen upon, promised to give her even more than she asked, and sent her to the next shop, with a message from himself to the person who kept it, which secured her success; and in this manner she went quite to the end of the street on the side on which she lived, and returned home on the other: and though there were, no doubt, many who would not have taken the trouble to send a penny to the poor woman, very few indeed refused to give it once a week when called for, because none doubted the truth of her story, her humane neighbour at the first shop having written a short account of her motive for soliciting the charity at the top of a sheet of paper, and put his own name at the beginning of a list of subscribers, which was filled before half the two hours she had allowed herself were nearly expired.

Her next care was to make a little bag,

strong enough to hold so many pence; and every Saturday evening she went out on her pious errand, and always returned with a sum sufficient to support the poor woman in plenty the following week.

Thus did this good creature, by a little exertion, and by giving up an hour or two of her time once in seven days, save a fellow creature from lingering out the remainder of her life in want and misery; and she was so delighted with the success and encouragement she met with, and brought home her bag of halfpence with so much joy, and so light a heart, that, though there can be no doubt but that she will meet with a more glorious recompence hereafter, she feels herself already amply rewarded.

EVENING THE NINTH.

MRS. MANLY, CAROLINE, SOPHY, FREDERIC, AND EDWARD.

MR. MANLY.

AS I have exhibited Miss Allen in boy's clothes, I will now show you Charles Maitland in petticoats: for though Anna differed from him in some respects, their dispositions were very much alike in many others, and the impertinent curiosity and meddling of both were extremely disagreeable.

SOPHY.

And here she comes!—oh! no.—I see a soldier, a woman, and a child, but no Anna. I do not understand your story

NINTH EVENING

from this. What can a soldier have to do in it ?—I have no idea of what can be coming.

MR. MANLY.

I hope you will understand it when you hear it : but you have no patience, Sophy. —I am now going to begin.

A party of young ladies, attended by a maid servant, arose with the lark, on a fine spring morning, to go and breakfast at a farm-house, at the distance of two miles from the town in which they lived. They had crossed the road, and reached the end of the first field, when one of them insisted on returning, and told the servant she would not on any account proceed a step farther, her cousin Anna having informed her that her papa and mamma had designedly sent her out of the way, because they were that morning to set out for London, and wished to avoid the disagreeable ceremony of taking leave.

The servant assured her it was a mistake, and endeavoured to persuade her to proceed; said that it was a pity to make her friends lose so charming a walk; that Miss Anna was always making mischief and giving trouble, by prying and listening, and picking up a bit of one conversation, and a bit of another, and repeating things in that manner which had nothing to do together.

The young lady was not, however, to be pacified; she would not, for the whole world, that her papa and mamma should go to London without taking leave of her; said she was certain she should never see them again, and insisted so much on returning immediately, that it was impossible to oppose it; and, to the great regret and disappointment of the little party, in less than a quarter of an hour, instead of finding themselves in a pleasant wood, where they had hoped to collect a basket full of strawberries to eat with their breakfast, they found them-

selves again at the entrance of the town from which they had departed with so much gaiety and pleasure.

Arrived at the house, the young lady was surprised at finding her mamma, in her usual morning dress, just come down stairs, and her papa with her in the breakfast room, reading the newspaper, without any appearance of hurry or preparation for travelling. On acquainting them with the cause of her sudden return, Anna was desired to explain the reasons she had had for alarming her cousin by such a piece of intelligence; but it was not easy for her to give a clear account of the matter, for she had made it up, according to her usual custom, out of bits and scraps which had no relationship, and so strangely put together, that it was hardly possible to suppose she herself believed what she was saying.

In justice, however, to Anna's heart, it must be acknowledged that she never had any intention of making mischief, or

giving pain to any one; but her passion for prying into other people's affairs, and her extreme love of tattling, and of appearing to know every body and every thing which concerned them, where they came from, where they were going, what business they were going upon, and what they had said to such a one, what to another, and repeating every thing she could pick up, without recollecting how she had mixed and confused it in her head, had gained her the name of a mischief maker, and one who paid but little regard to truth.

Hearing a lady one day tell her mamma that Mr. Banks had sold his house and furniture, and was gone to Jamaica; and, in the course of conversation, happening to mention that her cousin Lambert had taken his two little boys from school, which she thought a great pity, she told every body she met during her evening's walk, that Mr. Lambert's sons were gone to Jamaica, and that their papa had sold

his house and furniture to Mr. Banks, which had displeased Mrs. Howard extremely: and she knew it to be true, having heard that lady tell her mamma of it.

Another time perceiving her papa and mamma engaged in conversation, and feeling a strong inclination to know what subject could engage them so much, that they did not appear to remark her going in and out of the room, she walked gently up to the window, where they stood together, pretending to look for something in her work-basket, and had the pleasure of hearing her papa say, "she is the most amiable of all the children, and I am strongly of opinion that she had better be educated at home, than be sent to any public school."

Anna, concluding she certainly must be the amiable child he was speaking of, was going to thank her papa for the favourable opinion he had of her, and for his intention of keeping her at home;

when her mamma, perceiving her, desired she would go and look for the newspaper, and bring it to her immediately. She went, in obedience to her orders; but, vexed at being obliged to leave the room without hearing a little more of a conversation in which she imagined herself so much concerned, she ran from one part of the house to another like a wild thing, and in her eagerness to return overlooked the object of her search half a dozen times before she found it.

Anna was extremely deceived when she supposed herself to be the child to whom her father alluded: it was his deceased brother's children, to whom he was appointed guardian, of whom he was speaking, and debating on their future destiny; and, at the instant Anna re entered the room, observed that John was a sad boy, and that his domineering spirit must, by some means or other, be subdued; that he had an idea of sending him out to India, as by quitting his home for some

time, where he found too many who, rather than dispute a point with him, gave up their own opinions to his: and, by living among strangers, he would learn to know that nothing is to be got by obstinacy, and that those who take upon them to dictate continually to others are the very persons who meet with the most contradiction.

Anna did not lose a syllable of this speech, and, throwing down the newspaper upon the table, flew directly into the garden, from thence to the shrubbery, and never stopped till she had found her brother John: for she no more imagined the John in question was her cousin, than she did that the most amiable child in the family could be any other than herself; and having communicated the news with as much eagerness as if it gave her pleasure, though at the same time her heart was grieved at the thought of parting with her brother, in whom she had never per-

ceived any of the disagreeable qualities ascribed to him, she sent poor little John weeping to his papa, of whom he begged to know what he had done to offend him, that he should determine to banish him from his home to so distant a country as India; and assuring him, that if he was angry with him there was nothing that he would not do to regain his pardon, and be permitted to stay with him.

The mistake was soon cleared up to the great delight of John; and Anna, being severely reprimanded, appeared extremely penitent—but she soon forgot her sorrow: and the pleasure she felt in being the first to carry a piece of news, or to repeat the conversations she often listened to without perfectly understanding, preventing her foreseeing the disagreeable consequences which often followed her imprudence, she soon after gave a strong proof of the little attention she paid to the remonstrances of her friends, by giving so severe a shock

to a lady, at whose house she was on a visit with her mamma, as occasioned her a long and dangerous illness; which, had she not fortunately been blessed with an excellent constitution, might have been attended with fatal consequences.

She made so many promises, before her mamma would consent to let her accompany her on her intended visit to her friend, of being cautious of her behaviour, of never listening to conversations, or showing any desire to know what did not concern her, and, above all, of never repeating any thing she heard by accident, that she really hoped she would give her no cause to repent indulging her; and for some time after their arrival in the country, she conducted herself so well, that, though she at first watched her very narrowly, and checked her by a sign of disapprobation whenever she perceived her likely to forget herself, she at length left her to herself, and attended more to her

friends; and Anna, who was heartily tired of the restraint she had suffered by having been so watched, soon returned to her old occupation, whenever she was out of her mamma's sight, asking all sorts of impertinent questions, and repeating every thing she heard from one to another.

EDWARD.

What an incorrigible girl! she was enough to set the whole world at variance.

MRS. MANLY.

She was so indeed, Edward; and I think her mamma, knowing her disposition, was very much to blame to take her with her into another person's family; for having so often deceived her, and never having kept any of her promises of amendment, she had certainly no reason to expect she would now be more exact than she had hitherto been: for my own part, I con-

fess I lose all confidence in the promises of those who have once deceived me.

MR. MANLY.

It would have been well if Anna's mother had had your firmness, but she was weak enough to believe what she said; in consequence of which she brought much mortification and pain upon herself, which she might otherwise have avoided.

The lady, at whose house they were staying, had a son in the army, at that time on an expedition to Holland: she was, as may be naturally supposed, extremely anxious about him—he was the constant object of her thoughts; and the friends who were with her, endeavouring to make her see his situation in a less dangerous light than she imagined it to be, he was the chief subject of conversation; and the colonel, the colonel, so often rang in Anna's ears, that she had no idea of there being any other colonel in the world than the one in question.

Perceiving two young ladies go into an arbour in the garden one evening, as she was walking near the house, and wishing, according to her usual custom, to hear their conversation, that she might have something to entertain the next person she met with, she slipped round by another walk, and crept gently behind them; but was for some time disappointed, for they spoke so very low that she could not hear a single word.

At length one of them, rising to go, said, "I must write a letter before supper, so I will leave you my book to entertain you; and remember that we certainly will go to-morrow morning, and that we meet at the entrance of the wood."

"Very well," replied the other lady, "you may depend upon me: at six o'clock I will be there without fail."

So will I, thought Anna, for I am determined to know what secret expedition you are going upon.

She left her hiding place immediately, and went into the drawing room, where she had the greatest difficulty to hold her tongue, and longed to tell the company that the two young ladies had appointed to meet at six o'clock the following morning, to go to some place which she had not yet discovered the name of, and which she was sure they would not have known for the world, because they had retired to the most private arbour in the garden to settle their plan

It was delightful to have all this to tell; but she recollected, that if she was so hasty she should never know where they were going, and must moreover confess that she had listened to their conversation: she therefore determined to take patience, and for the first time retired to her room with something untold upon her mind, and, which is equally surprising, the weight of such a secret did not disturb her rest; on the contrary, she slept so soundly that when she awoke it was

two hours past the time she had intended to have been up.

She started from her bed with the utmost speed, was dressed in a few minutes, and flew to the wood. It was too late for the discovery she wished to make; a little boy, of whom she enquired, told her that two ladies had been there, but they had been gone through the wood, and over the hill, quite out of sight, a long, long time before she came.

Anna was so vexed that she almost shed tears; she never had met with such a disappointment, and was meditating on what she should do, when hearing voices near her, and hoping she might pick up something or other to talk of at breakfast, she followed the sound till, through a little opening among the trees, she perceived a woman sitting on a bank, in conversation with a soldier, who stood before her with a little child by his side. The woman appeared very much fatigued and unwell; she spoke in a low voice, so that

Anna could not distinguish what she said; but the soldier's answer was distinct enough. He begged her to be comforted, said they had not much farther to go, and that she well knew the colonel's bounty to him, when he was dying, would secure them for ever from future distress.

"The colonel!" exclaimed Anna, starting from her hiding place, "is the colonel dead?"—"Dead!" repeated the man, extremely surprised at her sudden appearance, "yes; he died in my arms in the field, and a better man never commanded a regiment," he added; but the latter part of his speech was lost upon Anna, for she staid to hear no more than the news of the colonel's death, with which (fearing it might be known, either by newspapers or private accounts, before she reached the house) she flew like lightning into the breakfast room; and, in her haste to be the first to communicate the melancholy tidings, never considered the

dreadful consequences it might occasion, but repeated, almost breathless with eagerness, every word she had heard from the soldier.

The shock was so great that no one had the power of recollecting the little probability there was that the colonel mentioned by the soldier should be him whose safety interested them so much. The lady of the house was conveyed to her bed in strong convulsions, a physician was sent for, and the whole house was thrown into confusion.

In the mean time the old butler, who, though he loved his young master tenderly, was more calm than any of the family, went out in search of the soldier, who, though he had quitted the spot where Anna had seen him, he easily overtook; and, enquiring into the particulars, found that he was lately arrived, not from Holland, but from the East Indies, and that the colonel he spoke of to his wife

had been killed in an action in that country.

This was joyful intelligence to every one; but the shock the poor lady had received affected her so much, that her physician despaired of her life for several days, and she was many months before she perfectly recovered her health.

I need not add that Anna's mother suffered little less on this occasion, and she saw so much danger in the dreadful propensity her daughter indulged herself in, that she carried her home immediately, fully determined that, till she got completely the better of it, she should never see any body out of her own family, or be suffered to stir beyond the walls of their garden.

SOPHY.

Oh! now I perceive why the soldier is there; and I suppose that dangerous Anna was behind the trees.

MRS. MANLY.

Her mother treated her with too much lenity: she deserved to be shut up like a wild beast, for it is impossible to foresee all the mischief which such a creature might occasion, if left at liberty.—But I believe it is near supper time, so help your father to put his lantern away.

TIENTH DEVELOPING

EVENING THE TENTH.

MR. AND MRS. MANLY, FREDERIC, EDWARD, AND CAROLINE.

MR. MANLY.

I WILL this evening recount to you a few anecdotes of children of the same family, but of different dispositions; and hope I shall be able to prove to you that, even under very distressing circumstances, with a little exertion and willingness to look on the best side of every thing, instead of repining, and by an earnest endeavour to make oneself contented and happy, it is possible to be so in almost any situation.

You will also learn from some parts of

my little tale, that improper pride only exposes the person who possesses it to mortification and ridicule, and that they become much more despicable in the eyes of people of sense and judgment than those they affect to look down upon.

Hartley was a respectable farmer in Herefordshire; he was the happy father of four fine children, one boy and three girls, but had the misfortune of losing his wife some time after the birth of the youngest. His mother being a widow, and still healthy and strong, he invited her to come to live with him, to superintend his household affairs, and to assist him in the care of his children: she readily complied with his request, and became so fond of them all, that their own mother could not have been more so; and the children were so grateful to her for the care she took of them, and the kind and indulgent manner in which she treated them, that they loved her with as much tenderness as they did their father.

Hartley had a sister, married to a linen-draper in the next town; she was god-mother to Constance, his second daughter, and, having no children, begged she might have her, saying she would treat her in every respect as if she was her own child, and give her a suitable education; and as it appeared to be a very advantageous offer for his daughter, he thought it would be imprudent to make any objection, though he loved all his children, and it cost him some pain to consent to her leaving him; but consoled himself with reflecting that the town was but a very few miles off, and that he should see her every market day.

As soon as Constance arrived, her rustic dress was exchanged for what her aunt called smarter clothes, and for the first time in her life she was told of fashions and fashionable things. She was sent to a day school in the neighbourhood, to learn to dance and sit prim, to speak French, and work satin stitch.

Mrs. Young was one of the best hearted women in the world, and loved her brother and his family sincerely; she was friendly and obliging to every one, and was very much esteemed in the little town she lived in, not only by her equals, but also by her superiors, to whom she behaved with the greatest respect and attention whenever they went into her shop. But this good woman did not perceive that she was imprudently filling her niece's head with pride and nonsense, and that the conversations she daily held with her about her dress, her dancing, and other things of the like importance, not only served to make her despise her father's line of life and country manners, but would soon make her look down upon him also, as well as her brother and sisters.

Far from having any such idea, this ill-judging woman, having lost her husband, who left her entire mistress of all his stock in trade, as well as his plate and furniture, took the first opportuny of

telling Constance that she would at her death leave her every thing she possessed; and as she would have a very good fortune, she had nothing to do but learn every thing necessary for a young lady to know, and always dress herself as smart as possible.

There was no occasion to repeat this lesson to Constance, she was very well inclined to obey her aunt's orders; and, her little heart swelling with pride, she began to form plans for being from home every Friday (which was the market day), or if she could not always contrive an engagement with any of her young companions, at least she managed so well that she never suffered any of them to come to her aunt's house at the time there was any probability of their meeting her father, brother, or sisters. She would not for the world that any of her acquaintance should see her father with his dirty shoes and dusty hat, or her awkward brother

and countrified sister, who sometimes came with him.

Mrs. Young had not the smallest notion of any such reason: she was always glad to see her brother and his children, without bestowing a thought either on their dress or their manners, and Constance took care to hide her sentiments from every one.

It would have been a dreadful grief to poor Hartley, had he had the least suspicion of his daughter's disgust whenever he appeared before her, or of the bad consequences that were likely to attend her change of life—but he did not live to see it: an unfortunate year, added to his having very imprudently bound himself in a sum of money for a person who absconded and left him to pay it, entirely ruined him. The shock was too great, and the idea of leaving his children in so much distress, threw him into a fever, which terminated his life.

The little farm was immediately seized upon and sold, as well as the furniture of the house, and Hartley's children were left without a single sixpence; for the money he had been saving for them, and to which he hoped every year to have added a trifle, was also gone.

Mrs. Young's good heart manifested itself on this occasion; she paid the expences of the funeral and mourning, and declared she was ready to assist her brother's family as far as lay in her power; but, though she was in very good circumstances for a person in her line of life, it was not to be expected that she should divide her income among so many.

The children clung to their poor grandmother, and begged that, whatever happened, they might never be separated from her; and she, on her part, loved them too tenderly to desire they should leave her. The house she inhabited when her son invited her to reside in his family,

and which was her own property, she had let at the time; but it happening now to be vacant, she lost no time in removing to it. She had a tolerable good garden adjoining to the house, and two small fields, and having had no occasion to make use of the rent she had received during her residence with her son, she had the means of purchasing a couple of good cows, and several other articles likely to turn to account, and make them tolerably comfortable.

Her grandson was fourteen years of age, and his eldest sister thirteen; but the youngest, being only eight, could not be expected to render her much service, though she promised to do every thing she was desired to do, and to make herself as useful as possible.

"I dare say you will all three do so," said the good woman, affectionately embracing them; "if we are idle, we shall be driven to great distress and want; but if we exert ourselves, and determine to

make the most of our time, depend upon it that God Almighty will reward our industry, and we shall be happy."

She had no occasion to say any more to excite these good children to work; they were up with the sun, and always busy till evening, when they assembled round their cheerful fire, and talked over their day's work; and when Edward and Jane had given their grandmother an account of what they had been doing in the garden, and their hope that it would be very productive in the spring, and bring them a good deal of money, little Fanny was always anxious to show the stocking she was knitting, and how rapidly it advanced.

Sometimes when the wind and rain beat against their casement, and they, round their fire, neither felt cold or hunger, their grandmother taught them to observe the comfort of their situation, compared to that of thousands of their fellow creatures, and to join with her in praise and

thanksgiving to God for giving them wholesome food and a comfortable home; and she often amused them, whilst she sat at her wheel, (and whilst Jane was mending their clothes, Fanny knitting, and Edward either mending the nets which he kept to defend his gooseberry and currant bushes from the small birds, or was employed in making little baskets, which was a favourite occupation with him), by recounting the wonderful tales she had read in her youth, and which they were never tired of hearing.

Thus they went on, happy and contented; and the summer was so favourable to them, that they had more cream and butter to sell, more vegetables and flowers, and more poultry, than any of their neighbours. They never failed to attend the market at N., where, having disposed of their merchandize, they were sure of a good dinner and an affectionate welcome at their aunt's, who was always pleased and happy to see them; though they

could not but perceive that their sister Constance was mortified whenever they appeared, and particularly so if any one happened to be present, even her aunt's maid servant. She sometimes asked Edward why he came to town with such thick shoes, and Jane why she wore such an old-fashioned bonnet, and offered to give her one of her's, if she would keep it to put on when she came there: but Jane said it would not suit with the rest of her clothes, and that she was very well contented with her own; that it was thought good enough for her to go to church in, and therefore it certainly must be fit to go to market.

"Constance," said Mrs. Young one day to her niece, "I have something to propose which will, I am sure, give you pleasure.—What do you think of a dinner in the country?"

"My dear aunt! you know that I shall be delighted!—How good you are to think of such a thing!"

"Well then, Constance, to make the day the pleasanter, we will invite your school-fellows, the two Miss Fords, to be of the party, and we can all four squeeze into a chaise for once."

"Better and better, my sweet aunt!—I shall not sleep to-night: but when shall we go? and—I had forgot to ask, where are we to go?"

"To your grandmother's."

Constance was thunderstruck:—carry the Miss Fords to her grandmother's, to see her at her spinning wheel, her sister milking the cows, and her brother digging in the garden!—Impossible!—Then the inside of the house! so unlike her aunt's parlour next to the shop; the oaken table, clumsy chairs, and shabby pictures!—Constance thought her aunt's chairs, daubed over with paint of every colour, the handsomest in the world, and a few miserable engravings, because they were hung up in gilt frames, things of such taste as could scarcely be met with.

Mrs. Young, having been called into her shop just as she had told her niece where she intended to dine, did not perceive her change of countenance; and, thinking she was doing her the greatest favour in the world, fixed on the next day for their little jaunt, sent to invite the two Miss Fords, and ordered the chaise to be ready at nine o'clock, that they might have a charming long day of it; and, that nothing might be wanting, as well as to avoid putting her grandmother to expence, which she knew she could not afford, she dispatched a boy with a basket filled with provisions, a couple of bottles of sweet wine, and some cakes for little Fanny.

Constance, much as she could have enjoyed the little party, determined never to expose herself to the mortification of letting the Miss Fords witness the mean way in which her near relations lived: she had but one way to avoid it, which was, by affecting to have a violent head-ache, and go to bed, and to declare herself a great

deal worse the next morning, and unable to rise.

Her poor aunt was exceedingly alarmed, the party was broken off, and this proud artful girl punished herself by confining herself two days in her bed, when she might have spent great part of that time very pleasantly with relations who were really dear to her, though her vanity made her ashamed of them.

Soon after this time she formed a great intimacy with a little girl of her own age, who lived in the same street with her; she fancied that she was very fond of her, but her partiality did not arise from any particular merit in her, but merely because she was the apothecary's daughter, that she wore smarter bonnets and finer frocks than any of her school fellows, and that her father lived in the best house in the town. To this girl she paid all imaginable court, and whenever it happened that she was invited to drink tea with her, gave herself so many fantastical airs that every body laughed at her, except her poor

aunt, who looked upon it all as gentility and politeness.

One day that she had had the honour of spending the day with Miss Simms, having a great longing to tell her of the fine clothes her aunt had promised to buy for her against the breaking-up ball, she proposed a walk into the fields; and it being equally agreeable to the other, who having discovered that the country boy and girl, who were going every week to Mrs. Young's, were brother and sister to Constance, longed to mortify her by letting her know she was not ignorant of it.

These two charming friends, each wishing for an opportunity to mortify the other, were soon out of the town, and had crossed a field or two before either could communicate what she had to say, because they both were eager to be ill-natured.

"Do hear me for a moment," said Constance, determining to be heard, "I

tell you my aunt says, cost what it will, I shall have the most beautiful feather"—"Look! look! look!" interrupted Miss Simms, delighted at the unexpected meeting, "here comes your brother!—How do you do? I am glad to see you; so is your sister Constance, I am sure.—How does your other sister do? why did not you bring her with you?"

Constance had seen Edward the instant he came round the trees, and giving a sudden turn, hoped her companion would have turned with her, and not have noticed him, for he was not coming towards them, but crossing into another path which led to a village at a small distance: she was however quite disappointed, Miss Simms, who held by her arm, neither chose to turn or let her go, but pulled one way as much as she did the other; and Edward, the moment he saw his sister, came towards her, though he could not help perceiving how much she wished to avoid him, and he knew his dress would mortify her, for he had his working

waistcoat on, and his old hat, and carried a basket on his back, with which he was going to fetch some provisions for his grandmother from the village they saw before them.

FREDERIC.

Poor Edward! I can fancy that I see him looking mortified at his sister's unkindness; and I should certainly have loved and respected him in his working dress a thousand times more than I ever could her, notwithstanding all her finery.

SOPHY.

So would every body who knew their dispositions.—I need not enquire which of the two girls is Constance: it must be that one which is turning from Edward, and endeavouring to drag the other after her.

MRS. MANLY.

I should have known her without that circumstance by her finery and tawdry dress, a sure mark by which you may always distinguish people who have more money than taste from others.

CAROLINE.

Pray observe her yellow hat and feather, her blue sash, and pink shoes!—Do you see what a fine coral necklace and gold chain she has round her neck?—she looks like a rainbow—But I long to hear the end of her story.

MR. MANLY.

It will soon be brought to a conclusion, as well as her finery.

Miss Simms, who had long thought Constance gave herself too many airs, and was delighted at this opportunity of exposing her, no sooner returned home but she repeated, with every embellishment she could think of, the history of this meeting; and Constance, hoping by pride and arrogance to make people forget her mean connections, gave herself more airs than ever; till at length she became the object of every one's ridicule, and was despised and neglected by all her acquaintance and school-fellows, who grew tired of her impertinence, and laughed at her airs; and the day was now very near when

she was to pay for all those she had shown to her brother and sister.

Mrs. Young, instead of giving all her fortune to Constance as she had promised, took it into her head to marry again ; and her new husband, loving nothing in the world half so well as money, had no relish for idle nieces in his house, which he took care very soon to let her know.

He was a very morose bad tempered man, and told his wife bluntly that she should send Constance to her grandmother, being determined that she should stay no longer with them to eat the bread of idleness ; that she had no business to have ever taken her from her cows and her pigs, to make a fine lady of her, and insisted on her being packed off immediately.

Constance was thunderstruck at this dreadful news, but neither her's or her aunt's tears availed, and two days after she was sent into the country with some of the market people, in a tilted cart, and set down at her grandmother's door.

She was received by her family with great kindness, but it was not in their power to support her in the way she had been accustomed to live in; nor could they afford to keep her in any way unless she would contribute towards it by assisting them in their daily occupations; and this, however irksome to her, our fine young lady was obliged to submit to; and soon found that those she had despised were so much more contented and cheerful than she felt herself, that she could not help envying them their lot, and wishing herself as happy.

I am sorry to tell you that this is the last evening I shall be able to amuse you, my children, in this way for some time. I have no more figures to exhibit, nor shall I have any ready these three or four months; but if I continue to be as much satisfied with you as I have lately been, I shall employ my first leisure moments in preparing some further entertainment for you.

THE END.

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