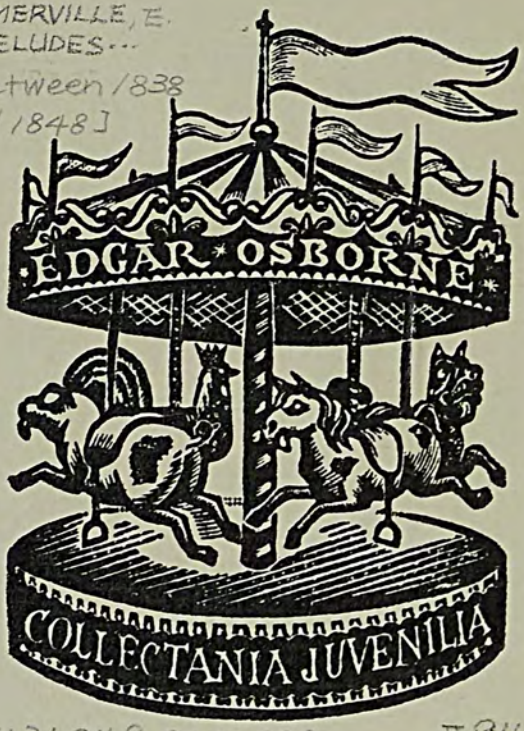
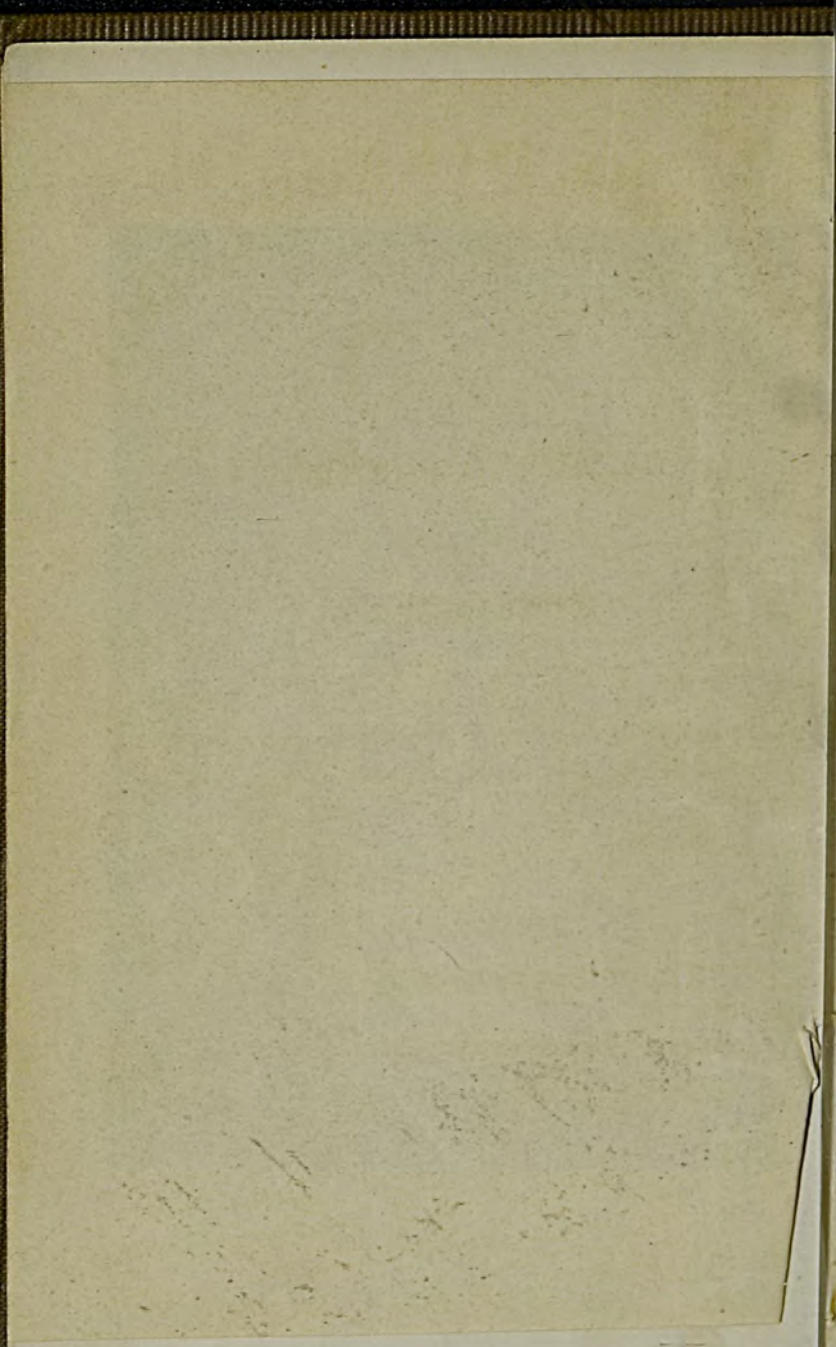


R. Farrier. pinxt. J. W. Cook. sculpt.

THE MAID OF SEVILLE.

Publd by R. Ackermann 96 Strand.

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



Pub.d by R. Ackermann & C.Thenston.

PRELUDES TO KNOWLEDGE

OR

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE

Conversations

ON HISTORY, ASTRONOMY, GEOGRAPHY, OPTICS, AND THE DIVISION OF TIME, &c. &c, ALSO MORAL AND ENTERTAINING STORIES.

BY ELIZABETH SOMERVILLE.

Author of "James Manners and his Dog Bluff," &c.

LONDON:

EDWARD LACEY, 76, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

LONDON:
Printed by W. J. Sears, 3 & 4, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

CONTENTS.

PRELUDES TO KNOWLEDGE.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—a Contrast on the Brothers.

MR. MORDAUNT lived on a retired spot on the banks of the Thames, at the distance of twenty miles from London. He was a widower, and had two children, Charles and Ellen. His family had some pretensions to be styled a happy one; for affection and harmony enlivened their domestic circle, and their benevolence and humanity made them respectable throughout the neighbourhood.

His income was not splendid, but partook of that happy mediocrity, which has always been held desirable; for it was amply sufficient to preclude want; though it would not, without prejudice, admit of luxury or extravagance.

Mr. Mordaunt's brother, Sir Charles, as being the elder, inherited large possessions, but the notions he entertained of grandeur and show, unfortunately for him, were too high even for his great income, so that in a few years he contrived to get rid of, what any rational being would think he deemed but incumbrances, health and fortune.

Adversity and sickness are most commonly our sincerest friends, as they in general bring us to reason

and reflection; Sir Charles, for the first time in ten years, recollected, with shame and regret, that he had a brother, who was an honour to society, as well as a tender parent. He was himself a nominal one; his deceased lady having brought him two children, a son and a daughter, for whom he had been too much the fine gentleman to interest himself; their superintendence therefore devolved on the servants, who are by no means competent to the formation of young minds. This circumstance, in his declining state, had its due weight, and made him resolve without delay to procure them a protector in the brother he had so long neglected.

The treatment which Mr. Mor-

daunt had received from Sir Charles, had not eradicated fraternal affection, nor aroused any sentiment but pity. On the first tidings of his brother's danger, he flew to his embrace, to console him, and to assure him that the children should ever experience, under his protection, the tender care and solicitude of a parent.

This assurance seemed all that was necessary for the repose of the too late repentant Sir Charles, who, the third day after this interview, died fully convinced of the folly of his mode of life.

Mr. Mordaunt immediately took his young nephew and niece, Edward and Harriet, home, and introduced them to their cousins, telling

them at the same time they were in future to consider themselves as brothers and sisters.

Charles and Ellen received them with the utmost affection, and strove by every little attention in their power, to alleviate that grief natural to infant minds on the death of a parent.

Unfortunately for Edward and Harriet, they had been brought up widely different from their cousins, and had never experienced the tender offices of affection; though they had been indulged in every extravagance, and taught to believe that the supreme good consists in state, grandeur, and pride, and that they were to consider themselves as superior to three-fourths of the

creation, who were only formed for the special purpose of serving and obeying the small remainder. As these sentiments were the only ones inculcated, no wonder the mild affections were subdued, or rather buried under a tinselled load of rubbish, which hourly increased its weight from the gross and fulsome adulation of low and ignorant dependants, who found their account in thus feeding their early vanity.

As Sir Charles had left his estate much involved, Mr. Mordaunt's first care was to curtail every expense but what was absolutely necessary for educating his nephew and niece; accordingly the servants were all discharged, and the horses, equipages, and furniture, sold to

pay the debts, besides which the large annual income was appropriated, a small stipend excluded, to the speedier payment of sums which Sir Charles had borrowed on mortgage.

The arrangement of domestic concerns at Mr. Mordaunt's was widely different from what Edward and his sister had been used to, of course so little suited to their taste, that every effort of their young cousins to please them was received with sullen silence, and the proffered service of Mr. Mordaunt's servants with haughtiness and pride; this was immediately perceived by their uncle, but for some days he chose to let it pass without expressing any displeasure, hoping that

when they should be once accustomed to other methods, their bad habits and impressions would be weakened, and at length completely lost.

Edward was in his eleventh year, his sister turned of twelve; Charles ten years old, and Ellen one year younger than her brother.

The improvement of the first two, notwithstanding their seniority, had not kept pace with that of their cousins; for Edward and Harriet had learned nothing but dancing and a little bad French. Charles and Ellen had attained more knowledge than is in general acquired at their early age, and made no small proficiency in all the fashionable accomplishments.

CHAPTER II.

Lesson for Pride—Story of an Insect Republic.

MR. MORDAUNT foresaw some difficulty in eradicating the pernicious weeds of idleness, neglect, and erroneous opinions which had so strongly taken root in Edward and Harriet, but he did not despair, as he meant to make instruction a matter of amusement instead of a painful task, and when he found reproof necessary, rather to convey it through the medium of example and moral reasoning, than by rigid enforcement. One day a servant of Mr. Mordaunt's had not brought Edward something he wanted quite

as soon as his impatient temper required, which made him break out into an unbecoming passion, and bestow an opprobrious epithet on the domestic, who, being an old servant, said he would acquaint his master of it.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" said the young gentleman—"I am Sir Edward Mordaunt." The man retired, but had no occ sion to complain, for Mr. Mordaunt had overheard the whole.

After dinner, at which the young people always formed a part of the company, the conversation turned upon exalted and shining characters, particularly who had been most deserving those appellations. Every one but Edward having given

his opinion, his uncle asked him why he did not offer his sentiments on the occasion. "I don't know any thing about it," said Edward, with that kind of reserve which people assume when they don't like their company, or are cautious of betraying their ignorance.

"But, Edward, you have doubtless read of the actions of some eminent persons, or heard others speak of them: come tell us which of all the heroes of antiquity or those of a more modern date, you would wish to resemble?" Alexander the Great," replied Edward. "And why would you wish to resemble him?" Because I should like to have the whole world at my command"

"I am afraid, Edward, that would not make you happy, unless you could first obtain a greater conquest, the mastery of your own passions, in which your great hero was himself defective. It is true, he found no difficult matter, with so inconsiderable a body of men as thirty thousand foot and five thousand horse, to defeat the vast armies of Darius, and to subdue, not only the countries then known to the Greeks, but a part of India itself.

"But what succeeded this vast overthrow of empires—a short lived triumph. After which his family were in their turns sacrificed to the ambition of his captains, who divided his dominions, and not content with the spoil, in a few years involved

themselves and their posterity in bloody wars, until at length part of the dismembered Macedonian Empire became Roman provinces. For princes who are insatiate of conquest are enemies to posterity, and by seeking to extend their dominions, sap the very foundation of their authority.

"This is a useful lesson for pride and ambition, the folly of which I think I cannot place in a more ridiculous point of view than by quoting a few lines from a justly esteemed author:—'We will fancy,' says he, 'yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire, his form and way of life excepted, is endowed with human passions. Observe

how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them! You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill; see how sensible he is of it; with what state he marches forward, and how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance. Observe another placed upon a little eminence, and looking down upon a row of labourers. He is the richest insect on that side the hillock, and has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth, he keeps a hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the emmet that stands

before him, and who, from all we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself. Before we finish this imaginary scene, we will draw the parallel still closer, and suppose death to come down on the mole-hill in the shape of a cock sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, and the pismire of substance and his labourers.'"

Edward felt the full weight of his uncle's lecture, and blushed: but it was not that kind of suffusion which attends ingenuous conviction, and is in general the forerunner of amendment, it was rather the shame that detected folly experiences when hardened in error, in which it still resolves to persist, and from which

it is seldom reclaimed unless severely scourged by those evils that are most commonly its close attendants.

CHAPTER III.

Virtue rewarded—Vice punished.

It was that season of the year, in which the bounty and humanity of the affluent are best exerted to assuage the severity of cold and penury—it was Christmas, and Mr. Mordaunt, as usual, bestowed his gifts on those who stood the most in need.

At that time he was also accustomed to present Charles and Ellen with a small sum to dispose of as

they liked, and never better pleased than when he found it expended to relieve the distressed.

"Well Charles," says Mr. Mordaunt a few days after, "have you laid out your money to advantage?"

"I hope I have, Sir," replied Charles.

"Is it to be a secret disbursement, Charles?"

"Oh no, papa, you have seen poor Giles Jenkins, whose father died about six months ago, and left poor Giles, his mother, and four young children."

"Well, Charles."

"Poor Giles, since his father's death, goes every morning, let the weather be what it will, above three miles to take care of a farmer's

sheep, which are not penned until late in the evening, he then returns home to his mother, and does every thing he can for her; at the end of the week he brings her his wages to help to support his brothers and sisters, though he only earns two shillings besides his victuals."

"Done like a good lad, Charles, but what has this to do with your money?"

"I am going to tell you father; it made my heart ache to see poor Giles shivering with cold in a poor tattered jacket, and scarce any shoes on his feet, and so I asked our Joseph to buy him a warm jacket, and some strong shoes, for I knew you would not be angry."

"Well, Ellen," said Mr. Mor-

daunt, "and what have you done with your money; I suppose you have been as great a spendthrift as your brother?"

"That she has," replied Charles, not giving his sister time to answer; "for her money has been laid out on Giles's brothers, and sisters, and I am sure they wanted as much as he did."

"Well then," said Mr. Mordaunt, "I suppose the sequel of this story will be that I must replace these sums, and with some small interest; your cousins too, I presume, have disposed of their money in much the same way?"

"Indeed, I have not," answered Edward; "I am not such a fool, for I wanted it myself."

"Crave your pardon," said Mr. Mordaunt; "I quite forgot that; selfish wants are many, and absorb all others; to these even misery must give place; for charity begins at home. Well, Sir Prudence, and may we hear how your cash has been expended?"

"Why, both I and Harriet have bought a great many pretty things that we wanted."

"But had not you and Harriet a great many pretty things before?"

"Yes, but they were all old, and so we were quite tired of them."

"Well, if that is the case, I believe I must beg them for a good boy and girl of my acquaintance, whose parents are too poor to buy such things; what say you Harriet,

and you Edward, will you make me a present of them ?"

Harriet and Edward appeared confused, and made no answer.

Mr. Mordaunt repeated his request.

" We can't," said Edward, after a pause.

" And why so, Edward ?"

" Because--because"--he at length stammered out—" we have burnt them; for they were in the way, and we had not room for them when we got the new ones."

" Your new favourites, I presume, then must be pretty indeed, if their possession could cause so rigorous an execution to be inflicted on your old ones. I should like to see them come, we will all go together."

Edward and Harriet appeared more confused without offering to stir.

"What is the matter now?" said Mr. Mordaunt, somewhat sternly.

Harriet at length sobbed out, "Why,—why, Edward, snatched one of my new playthings, and broke it, and so I broke one of his, he then threw one of mine into the fire, and I threw another of his, and so—and so—at last—they were all burnt." "You are both wicked and foolish children, said Mr. Mordaunt; "and I am grieved and ashamed at your conduct, which has been so disgracefully vindictive, as to fully justify me in resolving that your next quarterly allowance for toys shall be withheld, and that

those you have so illiberally destroyed shall not be replaced for the same period, nor even then, without a full contrition for the past, and a thorough conviction of future amendment."

Mr. Mordaunt then left them with a look that denoted how much he was displeased. Charles and Ellen accompanied their father, though their own innate good nature, and mildness of disposition, would have prompted them to remain with their disgraced cousins, who, they were well aware, had justly merited reproof and punishment; but they were too dutiful to hazard their father's displeasure, by even appearing to countenance what

they were convinced was dictated by rectitude and affection alone.

Indeed, the distress of Edward and Harriet was not of that nature to merit any commisseration ; it was merely that which the criminal experiences, who has only the dread of punishment before his eyes, without feeling any compunction for the crimes which drew upon him the deserved sentence.

CHAPTER IV.

Censure of Folly—introduces Recrimination, which is productive of a Battle, and ends in further Punishment.

After Mr. Mordaunt's departure, and a few minutes having been passed in sulky sobbings and tears, the misguided and spoiled children began to scrutinize their uncle's justice, and arraign it. "It was very hard," Edward said, "they might not spend their money as they pleased." "So it was," added Harriet. "For her part she wished papa were alive again, for he never troubled himself about them, they might spend what money they liked,

and do what they pleased with what they bought into the bargain." Having for some little time commented on this subject, in the same weak and foolish manner, they began to censure each other's conduct as the immediate cause of their present disgrace; from words they proceeded to scratching and blows, to which, however, their uncle's appearance at length put an end.

Mr. Mordaunt then found it necessary to assume more severity than he had ever before been accustumed to do, and ordered each to be confined in separate apartments; which measure at the end of three days made them both willing to express contrition; and this contrition procured them, though no re-

mission of their former sentence of punishment, at least liberty. But pride and stubbornness prevented any apparent uneasiness for this restriction for toys, and made them both reject with great haughtiness those proferred by Charles and Ellen.

They could, however, find no palliative to soften or ward off, what they esteemed a far greater punishment, their studies, which they were then obliged to commence, and which from a long course of indolence and false indulgence, appeared the most tremendous evil that could possibly befal them.

However strong their propensity to rebel, it was in vain to resist. Mr. Mordaunt was fully aware of

the many years of neglect that had thrown his nephews so far behind his own children, and was therefore resolved no more time should be lost. The instructors he had selected were judicious and competent, and that the young people might not imbibe impressions of terror, introduced as his friends to whom he had been greatly obliged for the improvement which Charles and Ellen had received. "And I have no doubt," continued he, "but Edward and Harriet will make a rapid progress in their studies, which hitherto have been much neglected, though from no incapacity of theirs, for I am convinced they have good parts."

Edward and Harriet, as their

habitual ignorance and stubbornness prevented the necessary exertion of mind, went on for some time very slowly; so that their teachers were often under the necessity of using more rigorous methods to enforce obedience and application, than were pleasing to them, or that they were in general accustomed to. The incentive of example too, and not unfrequently that still more alluring one to weak minds, of reward, had been tried without effect.

Mr. Mordaunt was much grieved to hear this report, which the preceptors gave of their self-willed and idle pupils; he, however, was still resolved to try whether the force of example, properly depicted, might

not bring about some change ere he adopted a different system, which he had in contemplation, should other methods fail in producing the desired effect.

Mr. Mordaunt's domestic circle being one day assembled, he introduced a topic concerning the various dispositions of children, and the propensity which some early exhibit for improvement. "It is also very unaccountable," said he, "that many who are blessed with sense and genius will not give nature fair play, but, like self-murderers, plunge themselves into everlasting disgrace and obscurity; though we ought not always to condemn without examining both sides of the question; for it sometimes happens,

that what I now censure arises from bad example and vitiated impressions, which in time take root too strongly to be eradicated. On the other hand I can produce examples of those who have had no other tuition than nature and reason, and in particular the example of Hermes Inismegistus, who was nurtured by a goat in a desert island, only the story is somewhat long."

"Oh, dear papa," exclaimed Ellen and Charles, "do tell us the story."

"What say you, Edward," continued Mr. Mordaunt, "shall you like to hear it?"

"Yes, I should," said Edward, especially if it is any thing like Robinson Crusoe and his island."

"I dare say it is about the very

same island," said Harriet, "because there are goats in it."

"As I cannot answer either you or Edward in so satisfactory a manner as you might wish upon that head, I had better tell my story."

CHAPTER V.

The self-instructed Philosopher, or Story of a Child nursed by a Goat in a desert Island.

"Hermes Inismegistus was of the race of the first Kings of Egypt. A short time before he was born, his mother went by sea to Lybia, on her return, when coasting along the shores of Africa, a sudden storm

Page 33.

arose, and the vessel was wrecked; she alone escaped, was cast upon an island, where she lived a solitary life until Hermes was born; soon after whose birth she died.

"The infant remained exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, and to the fury of the wild beasts, but Providence, who designed him for great purposes, preserved him in the midst of these misfortunes. A young she-goat, hearing his cries, came and sustained him with her milk till he was past infancy.

"For some years after he fed upon the tender grass with his nurse, but afterwards upon dates and wild fruits; for these appeared to him a more proper food. He

also perceived, by the first rays of reason which began to shine in him, that he was not of the same form with the beasts, and that he had more understanding, invention, and address, than they; and thence concluded that he was of a different nature.

" In process of time the she-goat died of old age. He was much surprised at this new, and to him strange phenomenon, for he had never observed the like before; he could not comprehend why she continued so long cold and without emotion; he considered her for several days, and compared all he saw in her with what he felt himself; he perceived he had a beating in his breast, and a principle of

motion, which no longer remained in her. Without knowing the names we have affixed to our ideas, Hermes reasoned thus: as that principle of life, which the goat has lost, does not return, it is plain she did not give it herself.

" Being endowed by nature with a wonderful sagacity, he sought a long time for the cause of this change; he observed that the trees and plants seemed to die and to revive every year by the retreat and approach of the sun; he, therefore, conceived that the sun might be the principle of all things, and accordingly exposed the inanimate body to its rays, but life did not return, on the contrary, he saw the body putrefy, then grow dry, and

at length fall to pieces, no part but the bones remaining. It cannot be the sun, thinks he, that gives life. He next examined whether it might not be some planet or star, but having observed that those had neither so much heat nor so much light as the sun, and that all nature seemed to languish in its absence, he naturally enough concluded the principle of life could not be in them.

"As he advanced in age, his understanding ripened, and reflections became more profound. He remarked that inanimate bodies could not move of themselves, that animals could not regain nor restore motion when lost, and that the sun did not revive dead bodies; from

which he inferred that there was in nature a great First Cause more powerful than either the sun or the stars, and that this great First Cause must of course give life and motion.

"Reflecting on himself, he observed that there was within something which felt, thought, and compared those thoughts together; weak minds wandering in vain and idle pursuits, or lost in amusement, never reflect; their noble faculties are benumbed, stupified, and immersed in matter. Not so our Hermes, he was directed by neither prejudice, or passion, from listening to the still voice of reason, that was incessantly calling him, he obeyed the divine whisper, searched more

and more into his spiritual nature, and at length attained the discovery of those truths which others gain by subtility of reasoning only. He afterwards reflected on the operations of his own mind, and at length concluded that he himself was not the cause of thought, any more than of motion, and that he of course must derive both from the same source, a great First Cause. This train of reasoning, the assurance that the great First Cause possessed intelligence, as well as power, naturally followed. A glimpse of these truths transported him with joy. 'If the great First Cause,' thinks he, 'possesses power and wisdom, he abounds in goodness too, and must be ready to succour those

who need his assistance, as I endeavour with my small power to relieve the animals that want my help; it must be so, my power, my reason, and my goodness can be nothing but emanations from his.'

"Man, surrounded by those that can give him no succour, is in a wretched situation, but from the moment he frames the idea of a being able to make him happy, nothing can compare with his hopes and his joy.

"The desire of happiness, so inseparable from our nature, made Hermes wish to see the great First Cause, to know him, and to converse with him. 'If the great First Cause,' says he, mentally; 'Be so good and beneficent, as I

imagine, why do I not see him? Why am I in this place where I see nothing like myself? Nothing that appears to reason as I do? Nothing that can give me any assistance?' In the midst of these perplexities his heart speaks, and with energetic fervour expresses itself thus: 'Life of all beings, make me to know who thou art, and what I am. O succour me in this my solitary and miserable state.'

"At that period Meris reigned in Egypt. He, being admonished in a dream of all that passed in the desert island, sent thither for the young philosopher, and perceiving the conformity between his story and the dream, adopted him.

"After the death of Meris, Inis-

megistus ascended the throne, and made Egypt happy for many years by the wisdom of his government."

"Is this all, papa?" said Ellen, finding her father had concluded; "I thought you told us it was a long story, and it is so very pretty, I am sorry it is finished."

"And so am I," said Charles.

"But if I have any skill in countenances," added Mr. Mordaunt, "I think I may venture to pronounce, that Edward and Harriet do not much approve it."

"Why I don't think it half so good a story as Robinson Crusoe," said Harriet; "for I did not hear you say uncle, that there were any pretty parrots, or any bowers with grapes in Hermes Island."

"No, nor any savages for Iris—what's his name? to shoot at;" added Edward.

"As for the last particular, Edward," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "I dare say my hero was as well pleased he had no such amusement."

"What did he do then while he was in this island besides talking to himself?" returned Edward.

"Distinguished himself even more than your favourite Alexander, by thinking and acting like a rational creature, although he had no model for imitation but the brute species, no book to consult but the great one of nature. If, under these disadvantages, the mind could expand and behold the Deity, how contemptible must those appear,

who, blest with strong intellectual faculties, and aided by the learning of ages, can shut their eyes to conviction, and obstinately reject both present and future happiness!"

Edward was by no means deficient in sense, and therefore thoroughly aware that both the story and the application were principally directed to him; but false pride and wilfulness would let him neither acknowledge an error, nor endeavour to amend it; rather wishing to appear more ignorant than he really was, that he might divert or ward off merited reproof or moral instruction; both of which he conceived highly derogatory to the dignity of Sir Edward Mordaunt. Had not these children in their early days

been totally left to the care of the usual fostering attendants, the arduous task of their future education, might, perhaps, have been less troublesome, but, joined to the neglect of their parents, an illiterate Swiss and his wife, who were equally weak, vulgar, and depraved, were placed at the head of the juvenile department. When the authority centered in Mr. Mordaunt, these wretches were soon dismissed, though not soon enough to prevent them from instilling into the tender mind of the young gentleman that he was Sir Edward Mordaunt.

CHAPTER VI.

The Ass's return for Cruelty.—A Comparison.

One day that Edward had escaped from, what to him was the most severe of all toils, study, he pursued his way to a neighbouring common, where an ass was quietly grazing. At the sight of the poor animal a new source of amusement immediately offered; he having made a kind of bridle with his handkerchief and garters, quickly mounted, and for some time rode up and down much to his satisfaction. His palfrey, however, not moving so nimbly as he wished, he compelled

the requisite exertion by the frequent application of a stick taken from a neighbouring hedge, but it not procuring the speed consonant to his wishes, he armed the heel of his shoe with a large pin. This was too much even for the patience of an ass to bear; which by a sudden jerk with its hind legs, pitched the little barbarian over its head, and lodged him in a miry ditch, where he received the deserved punishment of a broken nose, and his face was much disfigured with scratches.

In this dismal plight he was glad to hasten home, roaring and sobbing all the way through pain and vexation. The first person he met on his entrance into the house was his uncle, who seeing him in such a

Page 46.

condition, enquired the cause, a partial knowledge of which was with some difficulty obtained.

Finding that the young gentleman had pretty severely smarted, he forebore at that time any reprimand or punishment, contenting himself with saying, "He was sure the ass would not have behaved so rudely if he had told her he was Sir Edward Mordaunt."

The discovery of the pin in the shoe, which he had neglected to remove, however, betrayed the extent of his offence, and drew upon him the next day a more severe and marked reprehension for his inhumanity.

"You are," said his uncle, "proud and vain, and value yourself on all

occasions upon your title; but Sir Edward Mordaunt can have no pretensions to the name of a gentleman when he is cruel to a defenceless brute; he is lower than the most humble cottager, that commisserates its distress, and relieves it to the best of his abilities."

Edward was silent, and Mr. Mordaunt continued.

"Edward Mordaunt has no wants; God has dealt largely and kindly with him; and he has a soft bed to lie down upon, plenty of food, superfluous clothes, nay servants to wait on him. But these blessings are not ample enough, he cannot be content without blending the mean and cruel tyrant, with his boasted dignity. Oh, how great

the would-be imitator of the mighty Alexander must have appeared, goading a poor inoffensive animal !"

" Not so the poor, but self-ennobled Giles Jenkins ; he rises early from his hard bed, swallows his scanty morsel, and with clothes inadequate to keep out the cold, journies to his labour, but stops short by the way, and ruefully surveys the wretched object of your barbarity, whose drooping head, covered with snow, is vainly bent in search of a thistle ; unmindful of the weather he hastens hither to beg a morsel of hay, with which he returns. This trouble is taken for a brute he has no interest in but what humanity excites. Now draw the

contrast, and self-partiality must be strong indeed, if you cannot instantly pronounce which is the most exalted character!"

Mr. Mordaunt left him apparently much ashamed and mortified, and his shame and mortification were soon after not a little increased by the boys of the village, who, having got intelligence of his adventure, seldom failed, on his appearance, to set up a loud bray, unless they were silenced into respect by the presence of any other individual of Mr. Mordaunt's family.

Whenever any new instance of his bad behaviour recurred, Mr. Mordaunt, after remonstrating on its impropriety, seldom failed to

tell some story, whose moral pointed out the fatal consequence of vice and folly.

" The human species," said that gentleman one day, " have from the most early periods endeavoured to hand themselves down to posterity by some glaring mark of imbecility, or by some ridiculous vanity, though every thing must convince them that virtue only is permanent, and able to resist the shock of time.

" How many have endeavoured to gain a name by none but infamous actions, such as slaughter and desolation. Others have erected stately fabrics, and built vast cities, whose mouldering ruins, now kissing the dust, seem to say, ' Here

folly sleeps;'—what an epitaph for pride and human greatness! A few ages—then to be lost to remembrance! perhaps not even the site, like the once famed Babylon, to be traced by a curious enquirer!"

"By whom was Babylon built?" said Ellen.

"Babylon," answered Mr. Mordaunt, "the seat of the Assyrian Monarchy, is supposed to have been founded by Queen Semeramis, but Nebuchadnezzar adorned and gave it its principal beauties; some time or other I may, perhaps, tell you more about it, and likewise the story of Nebuchadnezzar, with which the account of that once-famed city is connected."

"If you have time, papa," said

Charles, " I wish you would tell us now."

" Aye, do uncle," added Edward eagerly.

" As I am pleased," replied Mr. Mordaunt, " to find you begin to have some curiosity out of the common line of frivolity, Edward, I shall oblige you."

CHAPTER VII.

Fallen Greatness, or Man reduced by Wickedness to the level of a Brute.

" After long and dangerous wars, Nebuchadnezzar, finding himself perfectly quiet, applied his thoughts

to make his capital one of the wonders of the world.

"It was situated in a vast plain, watered by the river Euphrates, the canals from which made the soil so fruitful that it produced half as much revenue as his whole empire.

"The walls of this great city were built of large brick cemented together, which in time became harder than marble, they were fifty cubits thick, two hundred in height, and formed a perfect square, twenty leagues in compass.

"A hundred and fifty towers, raised at certain distances upon these walls, served to defend them, whilst a hundred gates of brass, regularly disposed, daily opened to

an innumerable multitude of people of all nations.

"Fifty great streets run through the city from side to side, and crossing each other, formed large divisions, in which were stately palaces, delightful gardens, and magnificent squares.

"The Euphrates flowed through the middle of the city, and across it a bridge was built with surprising art; at each end there were two palaces, the old one toward the East, and the new one to the West; near the old palace was the temple of Belus, from the centre of which arose a pyramid six hundred feet high, and composed of eight towers, one above the other; from the top of which pyramid the Babalonians

observed the motions of the heavenly bodies; for astronomy was their favourite study, and made them famous to other nations.

"At the other end of the bridge the new palace stood, which was eight inches in circuit. Its famous hanging gardens, forming so many large terraces above one another, like an amphitheatre, to the height of the city walls. The whole mass was supported by arches built upon other arches, covered with broad stones strongly cemented, over which there was a layer of reeds, mixed with a kind of pitchy stuff, named bitumen; then followed two rows of brick, and, above all thick sheets of lead, which made the whole impenetrable to moisture.

" The mould that was spread at the top was of a depth sufficient to allow the largest trees to strike root. In these gardens there were long walks extending as far as the eye could reach. There was also every thing that could please the sense or delight the imagination, such as shady bowers, green plats, innumerable flowers, canals, basons, and aqueducts, as well to water as to adorn; together with the most surprising collection of every thing that was rare or wonderful in both nature and art.

" Immerged in pride and luxury, and led away by evil councellors, Nebuchadnezzar at length forgot that he was mortal, and grew to such a height of irreligion as to set up an

idol of gold in the plains of Dura, and commanded that it should be worshipped by all nations under his government

" To bring him to a due sense of his wickedness, he was admonished in a dream, that, if he still persisted in his idolatry, he would be assuredly punished with the most awful marks of divine vengeance; for such was the interpretation of his vision by Daniel, an inspired Hebrew, who was at that time a captive in Babylon, with the rest of his nation.

" The words of the prophet made some impression at first, but being surrounded and hardened by wicked men, he neglected the divine warning, gave himself anew to impiety, flattered himself it was a vain

illusion, and that being exalted above the sons of men no evil could approach him.

" 'Who is there like me?' said he one day as he was walking in his gardens; 'and who can equal my works, or presume to vie with me in splendour and glory?'

" An awful voice from heaven suddenly pronounced, Nebuchadnezzar! thy kingdom is departed from thee, thou shalt be driven from men, and shall eat grass with the beast of the field until seven years are past; and until thou acknowledgest that the Most High ruleth all the kingdoms of the universe, and giveth them to whom he pleaseth.

" At that very moment he was deprived of his reason, and seized

with raging madness; in vain did they attempt to bind him with chains, he broke his fetters, and, roaring like a lion, ran into the mountains; nobody durst approach him without the risk of being torn to pieces.

"During the term allotted for his punishment, he was sometimes permitted to enjoy intervals of reason, in which he bewailed his past offence, and sued for pardon and mercy.

"The time at length arrived for his recovery, his frenzy immediately ceased, and his reason was again completely restored. Before he returned to his capital he had resolved to pay a public homage to God in the same place where he had

given the notorious instance of his impiety by erecting the golden statue, on the plains of Dura.

"There, clothed with his imperial robes, he ascended an eminence whence he might be seen by all the people; his aspect, notwithstanding the dreadful condition to which his suffering had reduced him, was no longer wild or savage, but bore a serene and a majestic appearance.

"He, having taken off his diadem, prostrated himself to the earth, and pronounced the name of the Almighty. He continued for some time in silent adoration, then rose and addressed the assembly thus:

"'People of all nations, listen; it was here that you formerly beheld the extravagant effusions of my

abominable and impious pride; it was here that I attempted to usurp the rights of the divinity, and would have obliged you to worship the works of men's hands. To punish this wickedness the Most High condemned me to eat grass with the beasts of the fields for seven years. The time is accomplished. I have lifted up my eyes to heaven. I have acknowledged the power and justice of God, and my reason is again restored, for the Almighty is in truth the God of Gods, and the King of Kings. All the inhabitants of the earth are as nothing before him. He doeth according to his will both in heaven and on the earth. His wisdom is also equal to

his power, and his ways are full of justice. Those that walk in pride he is able to abase, and he can raise those whom he hath humbled. Princes and people render homage to his name.'

" The king having finished, the whole assembly uttered shouts of joy, and filled the air with their acclamations in honour to the Most High. Amidst these exultations, the no longer proud Nebuchadnezzar was conducted to his capital, and resumed the reins of government of the kingdom.

" In the year of the world 3442, he died peaceably in the 43d year of his reign. And the inhabitants of Arabia, by tradition from their

ancestors, show the places of his wild haunts while deprived of reason, even unto this day.

"This is one of the many instances of God's heavy judgments on pride. It has been transmitted to us by the most authentic of all records, and proves that high birth, immense possessions, dignities, or talents, are nothing without virtue; but, on the contrary, by administering fuel to the fiery and headstrong passions, often the immediate cause of destruction.

"Pride may very justly be deemed one of the greatest vices, and has ever been held in sovereign contempt by the wise and good; it has been remarked that the generality of those who are proud in

prosperity, are most abject and mean in adversity."

Mr. Mordaunt then concluded, and as his story had appeared to give much satisfaction to his young auditors, promised them another one next day.

CHAPTER VIII.

Meanness allied to Pride, or Humility not a cardinal Virtue.

After dinner as soon as the cloth was removed, the young people did not fail to remind Mr. Mordaunt of his promise, and that gentleman commenced his relation thus:

"Though I yesterday travelled

to Babylon for an instance of intolerable pride, and its consequent puishment, to-day I shall not ramble so far, but shall endeavour to contrast it with an abstract drawn from the annals of our own country; in the course of which abstract I think I can likewise make good my assertion, that meanness is an attendant on pride. This I intend to do in the person of Thomas Wolsey, the son of a butcher, or butcher and grazier. He was born at Ipswich, in Suffolk, in the month of March, 1471, and by dint of an excellent capacity, and through the great progress he made in learning, at the early age of fifteen, took to the degree of Batchelor of Arts, was then elected

Fellow of his College, commenced Master of Arts, and at length appointed Master of the Grammar School to Magdalen College, Oxford.

" In the year 1500, being in his 29th year, he was presented to the Rectory of Lymington; at that period he was put into the stocks at a Fair, held in a neighbouring town, by Sir Amias Powlet, a Justice of the Peace; this affront he never forgot. The occasion of this disgrace was said to be for getting drunk, and behaving in a disorderly manner.

" This, however, did not hinder his being soon after preferred as Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who procured him a

dispensation from the Pope to hold two benefices. In the year 1503, he went to Calais, as chaplain to Sir John Nephant; at Sir John's return to England, he so warmly recommended Wolsey to the King, that he was likewise made one of his Chaplains.

"That was what he had long wished for; he diligently attended, and endeavoured to ingratiate himself with his Royal Master, and with those who were most in favour, in which he succeeded so well, that he soon got the Deanry of Lincoln, and the following year two Prebendaries also.

"In the year 1509, Henry the Seventh died, and the Prince, only eighteen years old, to whom

Wolsey paid his court with the greatest assiduity, succeeded; and the Bishop of Winchester did every thing to promote his interest, that they might joyfully counteract the better the Earl of Surrey's power, who, being much in favour with the young King, raised no little jealousy.

"From that time to the year 1514, he experienced a most rapid and lucrative succession of favours from his Sovereign, which ended in his being promoted to the Archbishopric of York, when he soon built the magnificent Palace of Hampton Court.

"The young King during his father's life suffered much restraint, which when he attained power he gladly shook off, and gave a loose to

dissipation. His old and faithful counsellors, it is true, advised him to attend the duties of his regal character, but Wolsey, to ingratiate himself, persuaded him to indulge himself in his pleasures, and assured his sovereign, that, if he would invest him with proper authority, every thing should be directed, without any trouble, agreeable to his royal will.

" Much has been said by some writers concerning the virtue and probity of Wolsey, but what virtue and probity could that man possess, who for his own purposes persuaded and encouraged his Sovereign to neglect the duties of his high station.

" In the year 1515, he obtained

the principal object of his ambition, being made a Cardinal. Before that he had engrossed the whole administration of affairs, by causing to be removed from court all those whom he suspected were likely to share the King's favour with him; among whom were the Bishop of Winchester and the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk. The latter retired in disgust, being no longer able to bear the proud Prelate's insults. The Bishop of Winchester was the first cause of the Cardinal's elevation. About that time Archbishop Worham too, not chosing to wage an unequal contest, resigned the seals, and two days after Wolsey was made Lord Chancellor.

"He then assumed a degree of

pomp and magnificence that never subject had done before; his train consisted of eight hundred servants, and he had nine or ten Lords in his suite; his principal cook was daily clothed in sattin or velvet, and wore a chain of gold.

"At this height of power he meanly called to mind the affront he had received from Sir Amias Powlet, whom he caused to be confined for five or six years in the Tower; a proceeding, which had not even the form of a process to authorize it.

"About that time he received a commission from the court, which was the acknowledged head of the church of England, by virtue of which commission he erected what

was termed a Legantine Court, where civil and ecclesiastical causes were examined and prosecuted. One named John Allen he made judge of his court: this man exacted fines at his pleasure or took bribes to stay proceedings, and at length acted so ill, that it came to the king's ear, who sharply rebuked Wolsey; which rebuke, according to Lord Herbert's account, made him, if not better, at least more cautious.

"Notwithstanding this rebuke, Wolsey went on a considerable time longer in increasing his power and dignities, his principal study being to remove from the king all those whom he supposed might rival him in favour. To that end he had the address to cause the duke of Buck-

and ordered that what he then knew he would be no longer able to retain, should be delivered up to the king. The furniture and effects in this palace were of immense value. The walls of the gallery were hung with cloth of gold, silver, and tissue; besides which he had a prodigious quantity of velvet, sattin, damask, taffata, and sarsanet, and other silks of all colours, a thousand pieces of fine holland, and plate to an incredible amount.

"At the Cardinal's entrance into his barge he found the Thames on both sides crowded with spectators, who were assembled in hopes of seeing him taken to the Tower; in expectation of which sight the people expressed joy. He, however,

Page 77.

pursued his way to Putney, where he landed, and mounted his mule. On the other side of Putney he was overtaken by Sir John Morris, who saluted him in the king's name, acquainted him that he was as much in favour as ever, and at the same time presented him with a ring sent by his Majesty. Wolsey, overwhelmed with joy at the glad tidings, flung himself from his mule, with as much meanness as he had before exhibited arrogance, and knelt in the dirt.

"But notwithstanding that, and similar kind messages, it does not appear that the king had any real intention of restoring the Cardinal to favour; for a bill of indictment was soon after preferred against

him on the statute of premunire, and, his pleading ignorance of the statute, his lands, goods, and chattles were forfeited, and it was declared that his person might be seized.

"After this period, Wolsey continued languishing from the mortification he had received, and from being tantalized by the hopes, which the King not unfrequently raised; for when his troubles had occasioned a dangerous illness, Henry would send his own physician to comfort him, and to say that he was not in the least offended; nay, in some measure to corroborate those assertions, and to give him reason to expect a restoration to favour and power, on the 12th day of November, in the year 1630, a full and

general pardon was passed, and the revenues of the Archbishopric of York were promised to be restored; in earnest of which a considerable quantity of plate and rich furniture was sent to him, together with a sum of money, and leave to remove from Esher to Richmond.

"But these partial instances of favour serve only to point out more strongly the instability of fortune, and the fluctuating disposition of Wolsey's sovereign, who was soon after prevailed upon to send him farther from Court to York, the revenues of which were, however, restored, and another sum of money was given him.

"It should seem that adversity had at length been beneficial to

him; for from that period he is said to have discharged the duties of a Christian Prelate, and to have daily distributed large quantities of provisions to the poor; in short, he ingratiated himself with all ranks of people by his kindness and hospitality.

"Wolsey's troubles were not at an end, the Earl of Northumberland Sir Walter Walsh arrived unexpectedly, and arrested him for high treason, the King having been prevailed on by Wolsey's enemies, to permit this further persecution.

"The Cardinal, being then under an arrest, set out on Sunday, the first day of November, on his journey to London, and his departure was the occasion of much

pain and regret to the country people. —"The first night, he lay at Pomfret Abbey, and the second at Doncaster, his next stage was Sheffield Park, where, having fallen very ill, he was kindly entertained by the Earl of Shrewsbury for the space of eighteen days. There Sir William Kingston, Lieutenant of the Tower, was sent to convey him to London. The morning after, though weak and ill, he proceeded on his journey, and reached Hardwick Hall, another seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury's, the next day they travelled to Nottingham, his distemper still increasing, and the day following, being Saturday, he came to Leicester Abbey; he was then so weak as scarcely to be able to

sit his mule, with much difficulty he alighted, and said, 'Father Abbot I am come to lay my bones among you.'

"Immediately on his arrival he went to bed, where he continued till his death, which happened at eight o'clock next Tuesday morning.

"A little before his death he addressed Sir William Kingston, and desired him to commend him to his Sovereign, and concluded with these remarkable words—'If I had served my God as diligently as I have served the King, he would not have left me in my old age to sorrow and disgrace.'

"Such was the end of Cardinal Wolsey, who died on the 29th day of November, in the year 1530,

aged fifty-nine years and eight months. He was buried privately in the Chapel of Leicester Abbey.

"In his prosperous circumstances, he was proud, arrogant, and haughty, above all men of his time, though what is not unusual in those of that disposition, mean and abject in adversity; he was also rapacious arbitrary, vindictive, and revengeful, and never neglected an opportunity to retort with interest an affront or supposed injury, as may be seen in regard to Sir Amias Pawlet and the Duke of Buckingham.

"How dissimilar this conduct to that of Henry the Fifth, who when Prince of Wales, was deservedly committed to prison by an upright

Magistrate. With a magnanimity that will be recorded to the latest posterity, he rewarded the man who so nobly dared to enforce his father's laws, though on the person of himself, the heir apparent to the kingdom."

"Thank you, my dear papa," said Charles, when he found Mr. Mordaunt had finished; "If ever I am inclined to be proud, I will call to remembrance Cardinal Wolsey's fall, and the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. But, my dear father, cannot you tell us another story?"

"At some future period, perhaps, I may; and, in the interim, I shall indulge you with the perusal of some judicious and authentic histories, from which both you and your

cousins may select many patterns worthy of imitation; you, at the same time, will often meet with actions flowing from corrupt principles, but which, from their destructive tendency, and fatal termination, you will learn to avoid. The wisest and most virtuous, amidst the dangers and obstacles with which they are surrounded, stand in need of instruction and example. History supplies us with every kind of them. Tully tells us that history taught him to suffer the utmost extremities, and to despise all dangers for the service of his country. How many models of virtue (says he) are left us in history, and which are laid before us, not to be merely looked at, but

to be imitated; by studying them incessantly, and by endeavouring to copy them I have formed not only my mind but my heart."

"In the study of history," continued Mr. Mordaunt, "do not forget to consult your maps and charts, and to impress on your memory the exact period when any remarkable event happened; chronology and geography are so highly essential to the right understanding of what you read, that without them, a mere knowledge of circumstances will be but perplexed and confused."

CHAPTER IX.

An improving walk by Moon-light— Discovery and use of the Mariner's Compass, Telescope, Globes, &c.—Effects of Superstition— Eclipse and Cause, &c.—Utility of Astronomy and Geography, and of the whole Science of Physics—Signs of Reformation.

CHARLES and Ellen needed no other spur to their studies than inclination, but it was far otherwise with their cousins, neither allurement nor reproof having any other effect than to make them think all application a severe and laborious task, though Mr. Mordaunt endeavoured to entice them into a love of knowledge by exciting their curiosity, and by expatiating on the

various wonders of nature and of art.

For this purpose he accompanied them one fine evening into the meadows, and pointed out the glorious luminaries of heaven, shining forth with majestic pomp. "How numerous," said he, "are those globes! how regular their courses! How many noble, though to us unknown purposes, may they answer in their respective regions! How immense are their distances from our earth! How large then must their orbits be!

"On these works of the Almighty, though great and wonderful, man is neither forbid nor withheld from exercising the faculties which are so bountifully bestowed upon him; he

has free liberty to search into the astonishing mechanism of nature, and to enlarge his own ideas, to the glory of his Creator. To aid him in his attempts, the genius and the art of his fellow men, have been exercised at different periods, and their labours have been rewarded by the invention of the telescope, of the mariner's compass, of the globes, and of many other useful machines."

"Pray papa," said Charles, "who found out the mariner's compass?"

"It is not, I believe, thoroughly known, though the Italians affirm, that Flavis Gracæ constructed the first at Melphi, in Naples, in the year 1302. The French say the magnet was known to them since the twelfth century. The English

likewise lay claim to it; and few will dispute their having brought it to perfection by suspending it in a box; some give the honour of it to the Chinese, and say, that it was brought from China by Paul, of Venice, in the year 1260.

"But let who will be the inventor, it is certain that, for some time, the discovery of the influence of the magnet, served for no other purpose than to create astonishment in the unlettered multitude, who could attribute no other power than that of magic to those whom they saw suspend a needle, and cause it to turn which ever way they pleased, without imparting to it any visible motion.

"Such was the strange superstí-

tion and ignorance of this period, when the magnet was first applied to the purpose of navigation, that it almost cost an intrepid mariner his life, for by its assistance boldly stretching out to sea, instead of fearfully creeping along the shore, as was the customary practice, his voyage was so much shortened as to give rise to an opinion that it could only have been effected by supernatural agency. And his explanation of it could scarcely prevent his being burned for a wizard.

" This man was not the only one who suffered persecution for what ought to have procured him a liberal reward. Galileo too, about the year 1638, was, in order to escape the horrors of the inquisition, where

he was for a long time imprisoned, obliged publicly to renounce his opinion of the motion of the earth.

"In the year 1664, an ingenious mechanic was burnt for a magician, by order of the Parliament of Provence, in France, because he had shown the figure of a skeleton playing on a guitar; and numberless are the examples which history affords of unfortunate persons suffering death for the imputation of witchcraft."

"Poor creature," said Charles, "I think Mr. Lunarde, and the rest of the airenants, nay, even our ingenious Mr. Merlin himself, may be very glad not to have lived in those dangerous times."

"They were indeed dreadful

times, Charles, when Judges gave false judgment from superstition, and an ignorance of natural causes and their effects."

"But amidst the folly of those days it excites my astonishment, that such a man as James Howel should have faith in witchcraft, for he gravely relates instances, as vouchers of such belief, in his otherwise very sensible letters. In his time, he says, that so late as between the years 1645 and 1647, nearly three hundred witches were arraigned, and the major part of them executed in Essex and Suffolk only.

"In a letter, dated the 20th of February, 1647, he likewise says, that Scotland swarms with them

now more than ever, and persons of good quality are executed daily.

"Thanks to the Almighty, both England and Scotland have thrown off the trammels of superstition, and are governed by wiser and more humane rulers."

"Pray papa, was not Galileo, the Italian, whom you just now mentioned, the inventor of the telescope?"

"No, we are indebted to the Dutch for it; the children of a spectacle-maker at Middleburg, playing in their father's shop, gave the first hint, which Zachariah Jansen and James Metins, artists of the same town, improved upon, and by the new form they gave the instrument, assumed the merit of

the discovery; this was about the year 1590. And it is asserted, that from a bare relation of the business, Galileo, who was astronomer to the Duke of Tuscany, about the year 1615, formed his telescope by affixing large glasses in long organ tubes, by the help of which he beheld the whole planetary system in a more plain and distinct point of view, than it had ever before been observed by the naked eye. He soon made public an account of the starry regions, which his glass had made accessible to him; and his discovery began to evince the credibility of Copernicus's system in regard to the motion of the earth, and that of the other planets round the sun."

"I should like to learn astronomy and geography, papa."

"It would be a great neglect of one of the most essential parts of education not to study the whole science of physics, of which astronomy and geography form only a part."

"But will it not be attended with much difficulty?"

"No, for it requires only eyes and curiosity, and so far from being painful, it affords both pleasure and amusement, for gardens, fields, fruits, birds, beasts, fish, insects, &c. are as books open to youth, and all they want, is to have them explained, and their beauties displayed, in a proper manner."

"Pray, papa, what is the meaning of the word physics?"

"It comes from the Greek, and signifies nature, which, properly speaking, is the order of the universe, and the laws established by the Supreme Being, in what he hath created and preserved. M. de Fontenelle justly observes, 'that Nature is never so admirable, nor so much admired, as when she is understood.'"

"Will you assist me to attain that knowledge, papa?"

"With pleasure, my dear Charles."

Edward, who had been for the first time attentively listening to the whole discourse, suddenly ex-

claimed, "and me too, uncle; wont you teach me?"

"Yes, my dear Edward," replied Mr. Mordaunt; "and you cannot imagine the satisfaction your expressing a desire to obtain knowledge, gives me, though I never entertained a thought that your inattention proceeded from incapacity. Believe me, you will find the task not as you supposed a tremendous one, but as I told you before, a source of pleasure and amusement."

"Oh dear," suddenly exclaimed Charles, "what makes the moon look so dark on one side, it was not so a little time since?"

"It is eclipsed," said Mr. Mordaunt, and it was partly to ob-

serve it that I walked out this evening."

"What is an eclipse, uncle?" said Edward.

"An eclipse of the moon is occasioned by the earth's being between the sun and moon, which circumstance prevents the light of the sun from falling upon the moon and being reflected by it.

"If the light of the sun is kept from the whole body of the moon, it makes a total eclipse; when from a part only, it is a partial one.

"The moon moves about the earth, as the earth does about the sun, and has the centre of its motion in the earth; as the earth, the centre of its revolution in the sun.

"When the moon in its course

arrives at that point which is opposite to the sun, its illuminated force being then turned towards the earth, and perfectly visible, it is said to be in the full.

"A new moon is when she is between the earth and the sun, consequently its enlighted part is turned from us.

"The same appearance we should observe in our earth, could we be transported to the moon, only in a contrary position, our earth acting as a moon to the moon; for as the moon by reflection lights the earth, the earth more than repays her kindness by again reflecting light to it; though to a fifty times greater degree, our earth appearing to the moon fifty times larger. In new

moons the illuminated earth is turned towards the moon, and then the inhabitants of the moon have a full earth, as we in a similar position have a full moon."

"Oh dear," exclaimed Charles and Edward, "is the moon inhabited."

"Is it not more suitable to the wisdom, power, and greatness of God, to suppose that the fixed stars are all suns, with systems of inhabitable planets moving about them, and to whose inhabitants he displays the marks of his goodness as well as to us, than to imagine they were only formed for our sake?"

"What a different appearance, papa, the moon has when seen

through a telescope, to what it has when only viewed with the naked eye!"

"Certainly, and every other object is more distinctly observed by that means than by our simple view, but there are some telescopes that magnify objects in the proportion of one hundred, nay, two hundred times. Those of course exhibit the moon as it would appear were we one hundred or two hundred times nearer."

"I wish you would buy me and Charles one of those telescopes, uncle?"

"What particular purpose would you apply it to, Edward?"

"I could look at distant places

without being at the trouble of going to them."

"It is undoubtedly pleasing to view distant places from motives of curiosity only, but there are far greater advantages to be derived from its use; the soldier and the mariner, by its assistance, observe the number of the enemy, their works, preparations, &c.

"The astronomer by its help descries an appearance of mountains, vallies, plains, seas, luminous, and other spots, in the moon: he also observes stars too that were never observed before, distinguishes that part of the heavens called the milky way, to have its appearance from a multitude of small stars; by the telescope he counts fifty-six stars

in the collection called the Plesades, when the naked eye could only discern six or seven."

"Without the telescope we cannot properly observe comets, nor know exactly the beginning and end of eclipses of the sun and moon, the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, which may be observed in different counties at the same time, though the hours are different; these are ingenious ways for determining on globes and maps, the meridian of different places, after knowing at what distance they are from one another, and for ascertaining the quantity of each latitude by land, the true knowledge of which is so important to geography.

"Navigation, an art so useful to

mankind, likewise depends upon astronomy, which in his turn cannot dispense with optics. But come, let us now return home, for I suppose you are weary of this subject."

"No, indeed, papa, I have been very much amused."

"And I uncle," said Edward, "was never so pleased with a walk in my life; when shall we have another, for you to tell us more of these things?"

"Why, as I have remarked your attention, Edward, you may depend that we will repeat this on a similar subject very speedily; in the mean time let your practical studies keep pace with what you hear, by occasionally consulting your books and

your globes, in order to impress it deeper on your memory."

By awakening Edward's curiosity, Mr. Mordaunt at length discovered an incentive that urged him to a pursuit of learning, and that gentleman had soon but little to complain of, if we except that impatience which not unfrequently attends young minds, and prompts them to suppose they may presently attain the summits of knowledge without having recourse to those steps, which by degrees lead to its highest pinnacle.

CHAPTER X.

More Reformation—Division of Time—Its Use, and Abuse.

MISS HARRIET as yet appeared perfectly averse to instruction, and consequently quite indifferent about either cause or effect, because she had thoroughly imbibed one of the maxims of her old Swiss favourite:

"That the opulent, (as their money would always make the knowledge of others subservient to their pleasures) need not trouble themselves about learning."

Among the rest of this young lady's imperfections, Mr. Mordaunt had observed a great deal of pride

and egotism by means of which he obtained hopes of atchieving, through shame, what could not be obtained by more laudible motives.

In Mr. Mordaunt's vicinity the utmost harmony and cordiality subsisted, and that among not only the senior part, but junior branches, who were permitted by their parents to form weekly parties, for the purpose of innocent and rational amusement, and though their respective preceptors were of the party, the meeting by no means wore a rigid or restrictive aspect; on the contrary, it exhibited a perfectly familiar conversation, from which lightness and frivolity only were banished.

To this engaging and improving society, Harriet and her brother were introduced, though without the former feeling those agreeable sensations, which the periodical meeting afforded the other members, because she was obliged from her gross ignorance, to maintain a sullen silence, and as she could only answer the most common question, by saying "I know nothing about it, to show herself a mere nonentity."

For the first time in her life Harriet found out her want of consequence. The other young ladies and gentlemen were well informed, and though to their knowledge much politeness was joined, good breeding could not so closely veil their surprise, as to prevent Miss Harriet

from perceiving that, if she was not an object of contempt, she at least excited emotions of pity; a sensation not perfectly pleasing to the proud and ignorant.

This was an impression that Mr. Mordaunt both hoped and wished might take place, he therefore was not at all surprised, on consulting his niece's features at her return, to find she had felt a degree of humiliation to which she had been a perfect stranger; he, however, concealed his discovery, and addressed them jointly, saying "he supposed they had passed a very agreeable evening with such an assemblage of imformed and accomplished young people."

"I have been very much pleased,

indeed," said Edward, "though to to be sure there were many things that I did not understand; but then every one was good natured, and did not laugh at me for being ignorant, and asking questions, so I shall be happy to go again; I believe my sister and I were the greatest dunces there, and yet there were several younger than either of us."

Miss Harriet, at this confession of her insignificance, exhibited strong marks of depression, and burst into tears. This was the result Mr. Mordaunt had been anxiously awaiting, he therefore, with the affectionate soothings of a parent, soon found means to allay this little effervescence, by saying, "My Harriet shall soon make as brilliant

a figure as any of the party, from this time she shall be my own particular scholar."

When conscious we deserve censure, and meet but with affection, the heart that is not moved must be callous indeed. In young minds a laudable curiosity thoroughly excited, a sense of shame skilfully awakened, and at a proper time, a judicious display of kindness, more frequently reclaim from error, and stimulate to learning, than the most rigorous punishment.

This was never more truly exemplified than in the persons of Harriet and Edward, whose former characters now underwent a complete metamorphosis, because they were not only willing to learn, but anxious

to improve, and willing to submit to what they had before counted tedious and perplexing, namely, the preparatory steps and rudiments of science, without which they were then convinced the structure must be but very superficially raised.

Next morning, soon after breakfast, the young people repaired to Mr. Mordaunt's study, in order to claim a promise he had made them of explaining the divisions of time and its origin, which divisions, it seems, had formed a part of the conversation at the juvenile meeting. Mr. Mordaunt began as follows:

"In the infancy of knowledge the people were accustomed to assemble in high, open, and extensive places, to discover the new

moon, which was so called from the moment they first perceived it, and in honour of which they constituted a festival, and termed twelve revolutions of that planet a year. Other observators found this mode not sufficiently correct, and at a later period marked the annual course of the sun, whose route they distinguished by twelve equal constellations, or portions of stars under which it passes in that space of time, wherein all the variety of seasons successively return and begin anew. This space is three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and forty-nine minutes.

"The Egyptian year was only three hundred and sixty-five days, being less than the true solar year

by almost six hours, so that four such years are less than four solar years by a whole day. To remedy this error, Julius Cæsar ordered that every fourth year should have a day added in the month of February.

"The Romans divided their year into twelve parts, denominated calendar months, to which they gave particular names still retained by most of the European nations.

"The year is also divided into four seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter; these quarters commence when the sun enters into the equinoctial solstitial points of the ecliptic.

"The ecliptic is that great circle, in whose plane the earth performs its annual motion round the sun, or

in which the sun seems to move round the earth once in a year. This circle makes an angle with the equinoctial of twenty-three degrees, twenty-nine minutes and intersects it in two opposite points, which are named the equinoctial points.

" The two points in the ecliptic that are at the greatest distance from the equinoctial are termed the solstitial points.

" A month is a certain portion of time measured by the moon in its course round the earth, and distinguised by the terms periodical or synodical. A periodical month is while the moon is in its course from one certain point until it returns again to the same, which is twenty-seven days and some few hours. A

synodical month, the time between the new moon, and that next succeeding, which is commonly twenty-nine days and a half.

"A month is always reckoned by four weeks or twenty-eight days.

"The number of days in a Calendar month may be known by the following lines:

'Thirty days have September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty eight alone,
All the rest have thirty one.'

"A week is a system of seven days differently distinguished, in most countries they are named after the seven planets, and all nations that have any idea of religion, set

apart one day of the seven for public worship. The Christians fix on the first day of the week, on Sunday, being that day on which our Saviour arose from the grave. The Jews observe Saturday, the day appointed by the fourth commandment. The Turks perform their religious ceremonies on Friday, the sixth day of the week.

"A natural day is the time contained from noon to the same hour next noon. The artificial day is the time between the sun's rising and setting; to which the night, or the time the sun is sunk beneath the horizon, is opposed.

"The natural day is divided into twenty-four hours, each hour into

sixty minutes, and each minute into sixty-seconds.

" All nations do not begin their day or reckon their hours alike. In Great Britain, and most parts of Europe, the day commences at midnight, whence to noon they reckon twelve hours, and as many more to midnight, which make a complete day.

" Astronomers commonly begin their day at noon, and so to noon again, forming in that manner their twenty-four hours, and not twice twelve, according to our common computation.

" The Babylonians began their day at sun-rise, and computed to the sun-rise next day. In several parts they pursue a contrary

method: from sun-set they term the next hour the first, and so on to the twenty-fourth, or sun-set next day.

"These last are also denominated Italian hours; but by this mode of computation they sometimes lose, and sometimes gain a part of the natural day, in proportion to the sun's rising or setting. Their mid-day and midnight also happen at different hours, according to the seasons of the year.

"The Jews and Romans formerly divided the artificial days and nights into twelve equal parts, which are termed Jewish hours, and are of different lengths, according to the seasons of the year. A Jewish hour in summer being longer than one

in winter, and a night hour shorter. This method is now used by the Turks: their hours being styled the first hour, the second hour, &c., of the day or night; so that mid-day always happens the sixth hour of the day.

"These hours are also distinguished by the appellation of planetary hours; because in every hour one of the seven planets are supposed to preside over the world, and from them the names of the days, as aforesaid, take their origin.

"Thus much for the division of time. Time the most precious, most important, and most abused jewel that man possesses. Every body thinks the longest space infinitely too short, and exclaims

with the Psalmist, 'Lord thou hast made my days as it were but a span long.' Yet Seneca says with truth, 'Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining that our days are too few, and yet acting as though there would be no end of them.'

"Is it not a great reproach to the human species to say, 'That they do not know what to do with themselves; that they are at a loss how to dispose of their time; that the day hangs too heavy on them!' Many such shameful murmurs we often hear uttered by those who would find themselves much offended were you to call in question their

pretentions to the name of rational beings.

" The wickedness and absurdity of such expressions cannot, I think, bear even the shadow of controversy in its favour, especially when we reflect that these affected listless beings can have recourse to the labours of the mind, as well as to those of the body; that besides the avocations necessarily imposed on them by their respective situations in life, they have meditation, and the cheering and satisfactory duties of religion and humanity to employ and to improve them. They have also study, rational conversation, and in a word various pursuits of knowledge and virtue to make them wiser, and

consequently every succeeding day more happy than the former.

" I do not wish by any means to exclude, at proper times, useful, innocent, and rational exercise or amusement; on the contrary, I would rather have it so diversified and multiplied that there might be always something to which they could apply themselves, and to prevent their time being spent in total idleness.

" Hence a man that has a taste for music, painting, or architecture, is like one possessed of another sense when compared with one that has no knowledge of these arts. The knowledge of botany, of planting, of gardening, or of agriculture, is, when possessed by the man of

fortune, a great accomplishment, being eminently useful, and a considerable relief in our journey through life."

CHAPTER XI.

An accident—a new Character—Discovery of the true Philosopher's Stone—Anecdote of a Great Man.

EDWARD and Harriet's visit to their uncle's study became habitual, their books and teachers were not neglected on that account, and the uncle had no farther complaints to make; so that a complete harmony was established in the family, and all former feelings were buried in oblivion.

"Soon after this reform, whilst Edward was walking alone on a fine evening by the side of the Thames, which bounded his uncle's pastures, the boy's eyes being intently fixed on a book, he struck his foot against a small stump, and fell into a deep part of the river, luckily Giles Jenkins was returning from his daily labour, and at that moment passing the spot where the accident happened. In an instant the good natured sturdy lad plunged into the water, as if it had been his natural element, and presently extricated the drenched and half suffocated Edward, who in a little time was well enough recovered to return home, supported by Giles, and to recount particulars of this mishap.

During the recapitulation, the hero of the story having made a modest bow, would have withdrawn, but was prevented by Mr. Mordaunt, who ordered his clothes to be well dried, and that he should receive proper refreshment; after which holding out his purse, "Friend Giles," said he, "you and I must shortly be better acquainted, in the mean time take this earnest of my future friendship."

Giles drew back, looked Mr. Mordaunt full in the face, held down his head, and remained silent.

"What! Giles," said Mr. Mordaunt, "Do you refuse my proffered friendship?"

"No—No—" stammered out Giles, "I—I love you dearly, but I wont,

that is, I can't be paid for saving any one's life, especially when belonging to Master Charles."

"You are a most extraordinary character, Giles," said Mr. Mordaunt, but I don't mean this as a reward, for I plainly perceive, that to a disposition like thine, a good action is a sufficient recompence; however, take it to buy a new coat; or perhaps thy mother may stand in need of some trifle," continued he, seeing Giles still averse.

Giles wiped off a tear with the sleeve of his jackect, and he did not accept of the present, but bowed respectfully and retired.

A silence of a few minutes succeeded Giles's departure; after which Mr. Mordaunt, turning to his ne-

phew, said. "Well, Sir Edward, what do you think of this?"

"Are you angry with me, uncle?" answered Edward, "indeed I could not help falling into the water."

"No, my dear," replied his uncle, "I am rejoiced at your safety, and very much pleased with that noble minded lad, Giles."

"I was afraid you were displeased by your calling me Sir Edward; pray my dear uncle, don't call me so again, I don't like it."

"Why you used to be proud of that title; pray what has made you change your opinion?"

"Because I find out that if I have nothing else to be proud of, no one will love me. My cousin is called plain Charles, and every body loves

him; but he is a better boy than I. Did you not hear just now what Giles said about not taking any money, because I was related to Charles?"

"I dare say, Edward, if you had not been related to Charles, but only a poor boy like himself, he would have acted just the same."

"I am sure he would," said Edward, "for I remember that you once drew a comparison between me and him; indeed there can be no comparison but to my disgrace; he should have been Sir Edward, and I plain Giles only. Is it not a sad thing, uncle, that he should work so hard, and be so poor, though he is so good?"

"Providence, my dear Edward,

hath dispensed every thing to his own wise purpose; it does not therefore become us to scrutinize his dispensations, or to arraign them. Some are blest with affluence, with which they alleviate the distresses of the indigent, and, by employing the industrious labourer, mechanic, and artist, give them food. Were all mankind rich, our wants would be infinitely multiplied, nay, our distresses would exceed all bounds, for who would then act as husbandman, miller, baker, or butcher, or to whom should we apply to make our shoes, clothes, &c.? Every one therefore should be content in his respective situation; nay, even resigned under the pressure of poverty, or other inci-

dental evil; for from contentment spring order and harmony, justice and truth, mercy and peace; while from a want of it flow all the evils that afflict the earth. It in fact is the true philosopher's stone, which has been so much sought for in vain."

"I dare say, uncle, Giles is content, but if I could I should like to make him more comfortable."

"And what prevents you," added Mr. Mordaunt; I only wish to restrain unworthy pursuits, but when I perceive my nephew act as Sir Edward Mordaunt should do, far be it from me to prevent him; you will, when of age, inherit a princely fortune, and long before that period it will not only be clear from incumbrance, but there will be a

large accumulation to serve every humane and benevolent purpose."

"My dear uncle," exclaimed Edward, with rapture, "then poor Giles shall not go to hard work any more."

"Very good," continued Mr. Mordaunt, "but have you thought on any particular mode to employ him?"

"No, but I think you will be so good as to direct me, uncle."

"Well, then suppose you engage him for the present in little offices about yourself, in doing which he will have sufficient leisure to receive some useful instructions from your masters; in a few years this will, if he continues diligent and faithful, qualify him to transact your more

weighty concerns, and at the same time ensure him a comfortable and respectable establishment."

"How pleased am I, my dear uncle," said Edward; "and I never, that is, I hope I never shall make you angry with me again!"

"No Edward," added Mr. Mordaunt, smiling, "I trust we are at length come to a right understanding, in which case we cannot easily disagree; but how do you find yourself after your dipping, do you think you are able to accompany me to Mrs. Jenkins, that we may impart our scheme?"

"Oh, I should like it of all things!" answered Edward. And the rest of the young family being summoned, set out highly pleased.

A very little time served them to go to the humble abode of Giles and his mother, who received the pleasing intelligence with gratitude and thankfulness.

"You will come to morrow, Giles,"

Giles was silent, and looked grave.

Edward repeated "be sure to come to-morrow, Giles."

"I would willingly come to-night, so please you," said Giles; "but—"

"But what Giles?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Will it be right to quit master before he gets another boy?"

"No Giles," replied Mr. Mordaunt, and I like you the better for

your honest scruples, go therefore to-morrow, and give him notice."

Mr. Mordaunt having forced upon the mother the purse, which Giles had refused, quitted the joyful cottagers.

On their way home, Mr. Mordaunt observing Edward more elate than usual, said, " I am pleased to see the most amiable quality the human mind can posess, gratitude, so strongly pourtrayed in your behaviour this evening; and as I think it will give you pleasure, I shall relate a singular anecdote of a once exalted character.

" Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and favourite of Henry the Eighth, was the son of a blacksmith

at Putney, near London. The year of his birth is not known, and all the education he received was at a private school, where he learned reading, writing, and a little latin. When he was grown up he went into foreign countries, though how he was enabled to do so has never been ascertained. In the course of his travels he visited Florence, where he was in a most distressed situation, being in want of the common necessaries of life.

" Whilst in this unfortunate predicament, he met with an Italian merchant, named Francis Frescobald, who frequently traded to England. This man took pity on him, and made him an inmate of his house, where he was for some

time kindly entertained. He did not stop there, but furnished him with a horse, gave him new clothes and sixteen ducats, to bear his charges back to his own country.

" It happened many years after, when Cromwell was in a high station, and made a Lord, that this merchant having sustained some heavy losses in trade became very poor, and was obliged to go to England to endeavour to recover some money due to him there.

" During his stay for that purpose, Cromwell one day going to Court in great state, accidentally saw his old benefactor, whom he immediately knew, though the merchant had totally forgotten him, because

he was a stranger to his advancement.

" The grateful Cromwell, regardless of the spectators, and to the surprise of his attendants, immediately alighted, and very affectionately embraced his old friend. After some conversation in which Cromwell insisted he should dine with him that day, he repaired to Court, and then returned home, where, besides the merchant, the Lord High Admiral, and several of the nobility to whom he related the friendship he had formerly experienced, were assembled at his table.

" All the time the merchant remained in England he was entertained in Cromwell's house; he, for

the sixteen ducats he had formerly received, also gave Frescobald sixteen hundred, and besides exerted himself so warmly in the merchant's favour, that he recovered the money due to him."

The young people's comments on this story were of a nature to evince that they took no little interest in its benevolent and moral termination. And well pleased with their walk, they returned in that perfect harmony, which should ever distinguish those in particular who are united by ties of consanguinity.

CHAPTER XII.

Giles Jenkins and his Dog Dash—A Request, which is the means of introducing an inoffensive character—Story of a suffering Quadruped.

NEXT day Giles took up his abode in Mr. Mordaunt's family, for his former master, a good and considerate man, and though but a farmer, would rather sustain a temporary inconvenience himself, than prevent a diligent and faithful servant from enjoying a preferment he merited.

At that time Giles was near fifteen years old, but having from an early age been obliged to labour, could scarcely read in an old spelling-book, barely legible from its

soiled and worn state; it had been his constant companion, and literally his bosom friend; for its receptacle and place of rest was, when not used, within his waistcoat next his skin.

Giles had another friend, who at all times shared his humble fortune; for Giles was no churl, nor withheld his morsel, whether great or little; in return this friend proved deserving, and not like many, only a companion in sunshine; for they equally sustained the summer heat, and patiently endured the wintry blast. Distress formed their acquaintance. Humanity on the one part, and gratitude on the other, improved their connection, till at length, a critical inspection, de-

veloping the good qualities of each, produced a firm coalition between Giles and his dog, Dash.

From that time they were inseparable companions, Dash daily accompanied him to the sheep-fold, and took upon himself the principal trouble of guarding the flock, and keeping them together; in the evening he attended his friend home, and often made the miry road appear less heavy by his comical frisks and gambols.

Setting aside their different species, there was a wonderful similarity in the disposition of the two friends; for Giles was meek and mild, but spirited and undaunted with the froward and oppressive. Dash would lick the hand of those

that cherished him, but never was at a loss for a growling answer to the surly and brutal.

In general there is an alloy to all human happiness. Giles would have been completely happy in Mr. Mordaunt's house had Dash too been employed in the same light and pleasing servitude, but to loose sight all at once of his old and faithful companion threw a damp on his otherwise brilliant fortune. The spirits of Dash suffered the same kind of peturbation during the course of three days the friends were separated, though Goody Jenkins had endeavonred faithfully to discharge her promise of taking more than usual care of her son's favourite; it must be confessed she

was obliged the whole of that time to confine him to the house, in order to restrain his search after his old friend, whose absence he bewailed with such piteous whining, as made the good woman's dwelling far from pleasant or comfortable; and the animal's refusing every sort of food did not render it less disagreeable.

On the fourth morning, however, he contrived to gnaw asunder the cord with which he was fastened, and by the wonderful sagacity that particularly characterizes dogs, he made his appearance in the breakfast parlour, where Mr. Mordaunt and the children were assembled, with Giles attending them.

As every sort of form had been

omitted in Mr. Dash's education, the unpolished dog forced his way to his old friend, who could not devise any means to restrain his wild and uncouth transports. These transports, however, being in some measure allayed, the ashamed and confused Giles would have removed the intruder, had not Mr. Mordaunt, who disdained not even the honest effusions of an animal, desired he would let him remain. "Ah, poor fellow!" said that gentleman, "by the piece of rope about his neck, he appears to have been confined. Is he your dog, Giles?"

"Yes, Sir," answered Giles, confused, "but I am very sorry he has got loose, to be so troublesome; for he was tied up to hinder him."

"You see, Giles," replied Mr. Mordaunt, smiling, "though it is possible to break a strong cord, it is not easy to disunite the ties of grateful attachment. This animal seems to possess no small share of it; how long have you had him?"

"About a twelvemonth, Sir.—Poor creature, he had been very ill used, and suffered a deal of misery, which made me first take to him, and he is so good-natured, that no one can help loving him, for all he is so ugly."

"Good qualities do not always attend on beauty," said Mr. Mordaunt; "so Charles and Edward may accompany you to the cook, who at their intercession may possibly be prevailed on to furnish something

for your dog's breakfast; that business settled, if you can give him a very favourable character, he shall be retained, especially as you say he has been unfortunate, and as the young people seem interested in his behalf."

In about half an hour the young gentlemen, accompanied by Ellen and Harriet, returned to the parlour. "Dash has now had his breakfast, uncle," said Edward; "shall Giles come in? he says he is sure he can give him a good character; for he knows every thing about him Do, uncle, let us hear poor Dash's story, and let him stay with us."

Except forming their morals, and cultivating their minds, nothing afforded more satisfaction to Mr.

Mordaunt than giving them pleasure, he therefore acceded to their wish, and Dash and his friend were immediately introduced.

"Well, Giles," said Mr. Mordaunt, what have you to say in favour of Mr. Dash?"

"Sir," answered Giles, "I became acquainted with him about a year and a half ago, though he has been with me but a twelvemonth; to be sure, I can't say a great deal for his breeding, because the first time I saw him he was leading a poor blind man, who used to come begging through our village.

"The last time he came, the poor man was taking ill and died, and our overseers had him buried in a corner of the church-yard, where

the poor dog used to lay and howl till it made one's heart ache; though there were several people wicked enough to pelt him with stones instead of giving him any thing to eat, and at that time I had very little myself.

" At length, for want of food, he became so weak that he could just crawl, or get out of the people's way, when one day, just after I was hired to my last master, some of the cruel people tied a tin pot to his tail, and its rattling so frightened the poor creature, that he tried to run, but he soon fell down breathless, and broke one of his legs. By good chance I came from work just as this happened, and had saved a bit of my dinner on pur-

Page 151.

pose for him, but little did I think to see him in this condition. I, however, snatched him up, and carried him home, where I made him a bed with some soft hay, and then I bound up his leg as well as I could. I had my victuals now every day at my master's, some of which I always saved, and brought him; by the help of which, and good usage, he got well, and ever since has helped me to keep the sheep, and has been very careful that they should not stray, and that nothing should scare or hurt them; and then he is so good natured that he never bites any of them nor does he ever bark or growl at any body unless they begin first."

"A mighty good character, indeed, Mr. Dash," said Mr. Mordaunt, "and so you may remain with

your friend Giles, and assist him in attending these young people; which, I dare say, will not only please them, but be as much to your satisfaction as any of your former avocations." This permission was accompanied with a pat on the back, which Dash gratefully returned by licking Mr. Mordaunt's hand. That gentleman also received Giles's artlesss acknowledgments, as well as the children's thanks for this addition to their sports.

But recreation was not then the sovereign good; for Edward and Harriet's feelings had been thoroughly awakened; and they were always among the foremost to court and cultivate knowledge.

Mr. Mordaunt did not forget the

hint he had thrown out relative to Giles: he was put under proper masters to teach him English, writting, and arithmetic, in all which he soon made great progress.

One day Edward came to his uncle, and said he had a request to make. "What is it, Edward?" asked Mr. Mordaunt, "for I believe, I need not tell you it must be something very unreasonable that I can refuse."

"It is in favour of an animal formerly injured," said Edward gravely, "and which gave me a reproof I hope I shall be the better for all my life."

"I am sorry to hear you ever committed an injury, Edward."

"So am I now, uncle; don't you

remember your telling me how contemptible that person who wished to vie with Alexander, and could behave cruel to a poor animal, must appear? at the same time you drew a comparison to that— "

"Ought now to be forgotten, Edward," said Mr. Mordaunt, "so let me hear what it is you have to ask?"

"It is," returned Edward, "that you would let the poor ass I so cruelly treated be taken off that barren common, and put to graze in your grounds."—"But how can I take that liberty with another person's property," asked Mr. Mordaunt.

"It has no owner," replied Edward; "and I am sure, if you will

let Giles's mother tell you the story, you will not have any scruple.

"I have heard," said Mr. Mordaunt, "of Giles's humanity to the poor beast, and if Mrs. Jenkins can satisfy me that the poor creature is really abandoned, it shall not only pass the remainder of its days in one of my pastures, but be placed where it may retire in winter for food and shelter."

Edward lost no time in producing Mrs. Jenkins, who, as the ass's biographer, thus commenced the story:

"It is now something better than a twelvemonth that a gentleman came down to our village from London, and took lodgings for his wife, who he said was in a decline.

I was first hired to nurse her, and to be sure the poor creature was bad enough of all conscience. Before she died, an ass and foal were bought, that she might have the benefit of the milk: well, when she was dead, the husband made a fine funeral for her, and was so much affected with sorrow in the churchyard, that he could scarcely be got away; he, however, left his grief behind him, and went to a grand dinner, which had been provided at the principal inn in the village, and to which a great deal of company had been invited. From that time the poor ass and foal were turned out to provide for themselves. In summer they did well enough, but during hard weather the foal

perished, though Giles did every thing he could for it, and none but those who had hearts of stone could have been unmoved to hear the poor dam sorrowing and running up and down the village, but she was quite given up and forgotten by her master, and unpitied by almost every one.

"Poor patient suffering animal!" said Mr. Mordaunt, "thou art scorned and derided by those who have juster pretensions than thou hast to the name of ass, when meant to imply a term of reproach. Quiet and ease shall henceforth be thy lot; Edward Mordaunt shall rescue thee from misery, and give to real folly and prodigal knavery a lesson of soft humanity. But why name

I the prodigal! he has as little charity as the miser; his flinty heart is not to be touched with tenderness or pity; neither distress, nor innocence, nor merit can move him. That noble truth in Sacred Writ, 'There is a greater pleasure in giving than in receiving,' he never knew."

"And but for you, my dear uncle, I should have been a stranger to this pleasure."

"In your journey through life, you will find, my dear Edward, nothing afford so much satisfaction as relieving the distressed, comforting the afflicted, raising the fallen, and stopping the career of cruel fortune, or of more cruel man, in

in his assaults on the good and virtuous."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Brothers and the Blackbird.

"I am fully convinced, that too much cannot be done for the purpose of endeavouring to remove the effects of bad example, and cruel practices," said Mr. Mordaunt, "I will therefore relate to you the following story :—

"In the cold season, a poor Blackbird had taken shelter in Sir Armine's green-house. Animated by the genial heat, it was basking

upon an orange tree, and, warmed out of the cold remembrance of time and place, stretched out its wings, in a kind of Summer languor, over the branches, and had begun to pour a semi-note of gratitude and joy. Henry, the youngest son of Sir Armine, hastily ran round to shut the window at which it had entered, first closing the doors—'I have wished for a Blackbird, I know not how long,' whispered he, 'and it will be quite a charity to give that poor fellow good winter-quarters in the castle—I own it is almost a pity to disturb him now he seems so comfortable; but if he knew how very kindly I would use him, he would come a volunteer into my chamber.' 'Very kind to

be sure,' said John, the eldest, 'to make him a slave for life; to my thoughts he had better choose his own lodging, though the best to be had were in a barn, or in a hollow tree, and an independent warm here in the hot-house when he finds an opportunity, than be a prisoner in the best room of the castle, nay in the king's palace; so be advised, brother, and let him alone.'—John softly opened part of the window nearest the bird. 'No, I'll tell you how it shall be,' observed little James, 'give the bird fair play; leave the window open, and let Harry try his fortune; if the bird suffers himself to be caught, when the path of freedom is before his eyes, it will be his own affair, you know.'—'But the act of catching

him at all is arbitrary,' said John sturdily; throwing his hat at the orange, and other exotic plants, that grew in the direction of the tree where the Blackbird had been perched. 'Not at all, brother,' cried Henry, 'when it is only to convey him to a better place;' running as he spoke, after the object of his wishes, almost with the swiftness of its own wings. John kept always behind, in the hope of pointing its flight to the window; and James, the second brother, stood impartially in the middle, unless he stept on one side or the other, to maintain fair dealing. The Blackbird, meantime, alarmed by all parties, flew irregularly, from shrub to shrub, from window to

window, sometimes beating his breast against one object, sometimes striking its wing or beak against another, often being in the very path of liberty, and as often driven out of it. At length it sank exhausted to the ground, and was taken up, almost without an effort to flutter, by Henry, whose little heart, quick breathing lip, and high colouring cheek, spoke his triumphs; yet, amidst his exultings, he forgot not mercy: the fairest laurel of the conqueror is humanity; and the very instincts of Henry were humane. He smoothed the ruffled plumes of his poor little captive; poured over it every assurance of protection; pressed its glossy pinion on his cheek; detained it

with a soft trembling hand, and at length putting it, lightly held, into his bosom, ran with it into his chamber. 'He has fairly won the bird, brother,' said James, following. 'Certainly,' replied John, with a dissatisfied tone, 'nothing can be fairer than to run down a poor terrified little wretch, who has no power to resist; then seizing and dragging it to prison! It struggled for freedom, till it was almost gasping for breath; and I am ashamed that I suffered any thing to prevent my taking part with the unprotected in the cause of liberty. But this, I suppose, you and my brother will call foul play, just as you have styled his thefts a kindness! Yes, the kindness of a christian robber, who

steals the innocent savage from his native land, and covers him with chains!'—Dreading the loss of his treasure, Henry guarded it with a miser's care; kept it concealed in his own room; but treated it with the utmost indulgence, being at once its nurse and companion, and suffering no hand but his own to feed it. 'Alas! it droops,' said its protector—bringing it down one day into an apartment where his brothers were sitting—'What can be done for it, James?' questioned he, with tears in his eyes. 'Let it go,' interrupted John; 'it pines for the friends from whose society it has been ravished; it languishes for freedom: let it go, and it will soon recover.' 'Perhaps,' answered

James, 'it only wants more air, your chamber may be too confined: suppose then,' continued he,—willing to compromise betwixt liberty and slavery, 'you were to tie a silken string round its leg, and lead it now and then about the garden?' 'I propose an improvement to that idea,' said John—'clip one of its wings, and as you persist in refusing it its right to fly in the air, let it have the run of the garden; that on the south-side of the castle, you know, is walled round, and it cannot walk off.'—He reconciled Henry to this measure, by telling him that it would produce many good ends, besides restoring the Blackbird's health, and giving it a relish for its former enjoyments;

amongst other things, he assured him, that it would recover its spirits, which would enable it to whistle back its lost friends and relations. Henry could not resist this: the idea of giving joy to others, was a joy to his own heart; the action by which it was bestowed could alone surpass it.—In effect, the bird was all the better for its liberty; it hopped, pecked, twittered, and daily appeared to gain new visitors."

"There was in the walled garden a shed, where it nestled towards evening; but Henry, with soft steps, would take care while it reposed, to strew food on the ground, below, so that it always found breakfast ready in the morning; nor

was dinner or supper provision forgotten; so that what he picked up in the garden was mere amusement to relish exercise. The kind hearted Henry was *perfectly* satisfied with this plan: John was only *half* satisfied. James prudently suggested giving the growing wing another cutting. Henry agreed; for his favourite could now take half the garden at a low flight, though not top the walls. "Wait a little longer,' said John; 'He is so tame, and so well pleased with his present usage, that perhaps he will indeed be a volunteer amongst us, and there will be a thousand times the gratification in having his society with his own consent.' 'But if he should leave me?' said Henry.

'Have confidence in him; think how delightful it is to have friendship as a free-will offering: I should hate any thing I forced to stay with me, as much as it could hate me. Can a jail-bird love the jailor?'—'I have a good mind to trust it,' observed Henry; 'but I sometimes think it looks up at the wall very sly.'—'That is nothing but a way they have with them,' said John laughing. 'What is your opinion James?' questioned Henry. 'There can be, I should think, but one opinion about that,' replied James, taking out a little pair of scissars. 'O, he always was for cutting out, just like a girl; but act a more liberal part, my brother,' said John. Henry was over-ruled. The feathers grew, and the Blackbird flew away.

Henry accused; John defended; James meditated. The grateful bird, however, staid in the neighbourhood; sang better, and looked happier. Henry was, therefore, reconciled to his loss, and John was at length contented.

CHAPTER XIV.

Boldness of two Friars who endeavoured to dissuade King Henry the Eighth from a second Marriage.

At the earnest solicitation of Edward Mr. Mordaunt related the following interesting and instructive account of the "Two Friars:"—

"King Henry the Eighth, forgetting what was due to his own honour, his duty to his wife Catharine, and his daughter Mary, resolved to divorce his queen, and

marry Anne Bolyne, and for this purpose pleaded, after twenty years marriage, that she was of too near affinity to him, being a relation in a distant degree."

"The first that had the courage to object to this marriage was a poor friar named Peto, at Greenwich, who preached before the king, taking for his text the twenty-second chapter of the third book of Kings. He dwelt on the story of Ahab, saying, 'Even where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, there shall the dogs lick thy blood, oh king.'—He then spoke largely of the lying prophets who abused the king's ear. 'I am,' said he, 'that Micaiah whom thou will'st hate, because I must tell thee truly, that this mar-

riage is unlawful; and though it causeth me to eat the bitter food of affliction, and to drink the water of sorrow, yet what the Lord putteth into my mouth, I must and will speak.' He then, in the strongest manner, inveighed against the king's second marriage, denounced the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the court, and told the king to beware of the greatest curse of princes, that of being abused by flatterers.'"

"King Henry apparently bore this reproof patiently, but on the ensuing Sunday, being the 8th of May, he ordered Doctor Curwin to preach in the same place. This minister, willing to obtain favour, in his sermon sharply reprehended Peto, and even forgot his own dig-

nity so far, as to say the friar was a slanderer, a liar, a rebel, and a base traitor. He said much in commendation of the king's marriage, and, supposing his eloquence to have silenced friar Peto and his brethren for ever, he raised his voice and added, 'I call upon thee, friar Peto, thou that makest thyself Micaiah, thou that mayest speak evil of kings, but now thou art not to be found, being fled for fear and shame, unable to answer my arguments.'"

"As he concluded, he looked around, as conscious of triumph, when a friar of the name of Elstow, belonging to the same order as Peto, standing forward, with an undaunted voice, but great modesty, replied—

"'Know you not, good sir, that

my brother Peto is gone to the council at Canterbury, as he was commanded, and not fled for fear of you, for to-morrow he will return again. In the mean time, behold I am here as another Micaiah, and will lay down my life to prove all these things true which he hath uttered out of the holy scriptures, and to this combat I now challenge thee, before God, and all impartial judges. Yes, Curwin, *thou*, even *thou*, art one of the four hundred prophets into whom the spirit of lying is entered, for thou seekest to betray the king into endless perdition, more for thine own gain, and hope of promotion, than to discharge thine own clogged conscience, and the king's salvation.'"

"Elstow spoke so long and so

bold, that no one could silence him; till the king himself, standing up, commanded him to hold his peace, ordering at the same time that he and Peto should be convened before the council, which was done the following day. At this meeting the Earl of Essex said, that they deserved to be put alive into a sack, and thrown into the Thames. To this Elstow replied, smiling, 'threaten these things to the rich and great, who have their heaven in this world, we esteem them not: for, with thanks to God, we know the way to heaven to be as ready by water as by land, and therefore we care not which way we go.' These friars, and all the rest of their order, were banished soon after, and the religious houses universally suppressed. Dr.

Curwin was made Dean of Hereford, and soon afterwards Archbishop of Dublin."

CHAPTER XV.

The Country Journey—Tonbridge Wells—Mineral Waters, &c.

Mr. Mordaunt had long promised to take his children into the country to spend a few days with a relative of his. It was a fine morning when they started for that delightful and picturesque place of public resort, Tonbridge Wells. I shall not now attempt to describe the pleasure they all experienced in the journey; every thing was calculated to fill

their hearts with delight, and to animate their spirits; and they entreated Mr. Mordaunt to give them a description of the place to which they were going. As it was his plan always to accede to any request they might make, which was at all likely to yield instruction and increase their knowledge, by the recital, he began as follows:—

"Tonbridge Wells is the most ancient public place of resort (Bath only excepted) in the kingdom. It contains about 10,000 inhabitants, and is divided into four districts. Mount Ephraim, Mount Pleasant, Mount Zion, and the Wells. Among the clusters of houses in the above named mounts are many eligible dwellings, beautifully situate, and well

adapted for the reception of the company annually seeking a temporary residence at this truly delightful place of retreat. The great majority of the visitors is composed of families of the highest respectability. A limitation of intercourse to select society is, indeed, preserved here with a rigorous, but prehaps not an injudicious spirit. This preservation of family dignity, however, renders the place less attractive to the casual visitor, not regularly introduced. If this caution be borne in mind, and the traveller carry with him his credentials of respectability, in the form of an introduction to any leading member of a fashionable party, no place of public resort can be more

desirable than this, even to the traveller of quick passage, who pursues pleasure through a variety of her haunts in one summer. To families of high name, Tonbridge Wells presents a rare and gratifying temporary concentration of suitable society.

"The air of the neighbourhood is eminently pure and salubrious; whilst the rides, to those whose nerves allow them to look without trepidation on abrupt descents, and acclivities fearfully approaching towards the perpendicular, are delightfully various, and richly abounding in objects of picturesque attraction.

"Fortunately, as a celebrated writer remarks, Tonbridge Wells is not over crowded with population,

is not formed of narrow streets and lanes, of symmetrical, but flat and insipid, rows of brick houses, like many other watering places :—on the contrary, here the majority of houses are detached building, with gardens and lawns in the front and at the rear, and command either extensive views over a wild or cultivated country, or into the furze-clad common in their immediate vicinage. Here, nature, unadorned, but 'adorned the most,' presents various attractive charms for the gaze and inquiry of her votaries. Here, hill and dale, forest and cultivatived fields, commons, woods, meadows, and corn-lands, interspersed with the sober green of the hop, and its beautiful foliage and

Page 180.

pendant clusters, are alternately presented to the traveller, and afford to the eye and mind an endless variety of objects and scenes, which cannot fail to amuse the fancy, and excite the feelings."

"I remember to have heard that there are some celebrated mineral waters at Tonbridge, I wish you would give us an account of them," said Charles to his papa.

"They were discovered, it is said, by Dudley, Lord North, a distinguished courtier in the reign of James the First," continued Mr. Mordaunt. "This nobleman, having injured his constitution by fashionable excesses, within the space of three months after he commenced the use of these waters, his

health was perfectly restored, and his debilitated frame so completely invigorated, the he lived to the age of eighty-five."

"What makes these waters possess such extraordinary properties;" asked Harriet.

"From the experiments of physicians, it appears, that the component parts of this water are—steely particles, marine salts, and oily matter, an ochreous substance, a vitriolic spirit, too subtle for analysis, and a simple fluid."

"Oh, how unpleasant must be the taste of these waters; I am sure I should not like to drink any of them!" exclaimed Ellen.

"My dear," replied Mr. Mordaunt, "as you are not going to the

Wells because you are ill, there will not be any occasion for you to take any, unless you like. It is principally drank by those who are unwell, as it is excellently adapted to warm and invigorate the relaxed constitution, and to restore the weakened fibres to their due tone and elasticity. In a languid state of the circulation, and in nervous complaints in general, it seems to possess sovereign efficacy;—but as we have now almost arrived at our journey's end, I cannot enter into any further description of these Wells; no doubt you will have an opportunity of visiting and examining them for yourselves."

Mr. Mordaunt was most kindly welcomed by Mr. Thornhill, his

brother-in-law, and family; and the little folks were highly delighted with every thing they saw. Indeed, during the short time they remained at Tonbridge, there was scarcely any thing of consequence, or worth seeing, but Mr. Mordaunt allowed them to visit it.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Virtuous Villager—Instability of Beauty—Comforts of Piety in Sickness.

One fine morning, Frederick, the only son of Mr. Thornhill, after his lesson, was busily employed in his planting, and Caroline, his sister,

in her flower garden, untill called to dinner; after which, with Mr. Mordaunt and his children, they accompanied their mamma round the village, distributing their little presents of clothing and books to the most industrious and deserving. An air of more than usual melancholy saddened the features of many of the cottagers, and the monotonous tolling of the church bell arrested the attention of the whole party. "Who is dead?" said Mrs. Thornhill, addressing an old woman, who sat at her door spinning.

"Patty Merton, my lady," replied the old dame: "she was too good for this world, and heaven has taken her to itself; she was an angel even on earth, if meekness, industry,

and piety, could make her one, and now she will reap the harvest of her goodness."

"I knew her well," answered Mrs. Thornhill; "she deserved all you say: I thought her health was bad, but did not consider her so near her end."

"Ah! madam, you were indeed very kind; she did not forget you in her prayers: her poor old grandmother will sink to the grave with distress and sorrow."

"Not so, I hope," replied Mrs. Thornhill; "God will raise her friends, who, though they cannot compensate for the affection of her grandchild, may assist her in pecuniary matters."

"Patty was so attentive that the

most tender mother could not have been more careful of her child," continued the old woman; "she was always at work, spinning, knitting, or sewing, and all her joy and delight was to carry the money to her aged parent, who sometimes would be ready to weep at such proofs of tenderness; when Patty would throw her arms around her neck, and kissing her poor wrinkled cheeks, say, 'did not you struggle for me when I was a poor helpless orphan? and ought I not to do the same for you, when, by your assistance, I have become strong and able?'"

The young people were moved at this simple testimony of Patty's filial duty, nor did Mrs. Thornhill

listen without, in some measure, participating their feelings; and turning to the woman that addressed them, she said, "Go to Goody Merton, comfort her the best in your power, and tell her, that my children will take upon themselves the expences of the funeral of her grandchild."

The old cottager immediately hastened to obey Mrs. Thornhill's commands, while that lady, accompanied by her children, and her visitors, in silence proceeded homewards.

The death of Patty Merton had made an impression on the youthful party, which Mrs. Thornhill was not displeased to observe. "Life is an uncertain tenure," she

said, "the young and the old fall indiscriminately; in Patty's line of life there are few girls who were so well bred and intelligent."

"Indeed, mamma," replied Caroline, "I know not when I have been so shocked. There is not one in the whole village, whose loss I should so sincerely have lamented."

"And why so?" demanded Mrs. Thornhill.

"Because she was at once the best and the prettiest."

"God then, in his mercy and tenderness, we may judge, has called her early to her reward; saved her from the struggles of life, and spared her the temptation his wisdom foresaw she might hereafter have to encounter. As to beauty,

my children, it is so transitory, so fading a follower, that it is not worth a thought; a fit of sickness may, perhaps, destroy it; a fall, a burn, a cut, or numberless other accidents to which all are subject. But suppose all these avoided, age will wrinkle the smoothest brow, and deaden the brightest eyes; and poor and feeble indeed is that mind which cannot meet the natural decay of time unmoved, and which possesses no resources within itself to supply the loss of the toilet; but, lamenting the past, finds every hour of the present wearisome. I am sorry to say that I have seen some decayed beauties, in old age, using every art to conceal the devastation of time; I have seen the fruitless

task with regret, for to a thinking mind, it must excite pity, while, with the illiberal and malicious, it inspires contempt and derision."

"My dear mother, I am ashamed I mentioned beauty."

"And why so? a good person is a desirable gift from our Creator, but the man or woman who makes it the first object of their consideration is like the fool who decorated his house on the outside, to be admired by common gazers, and left it destitute within of all comfort to himself, or satisfaction to others."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Cruelty of punishing Children for the faults of their Parents.

With the permission of Mrs. Thornhill and Mr. Mordaunt, the children took a walk round the village; and Mrs. Thornhill requested Frederick and Caroline to visit their pensioners, and those they conceived to be in want.—On reaching Goody Merton's they were much pleased to find little Polly employed in learning to knit, and cloathed neatly in the dress they had sent her. Having expressed their satisfaction, and made the good dame a small present, they

entered several other cottages, where Caroline was delighted to see the infants clothed in frocks, caps, &c. which she had assisted to make, and whose parents impelled by gratitude met their young benefactors with a pleasure that delighted her. Her satisfaction, however, met with some alloy, for calling upon one of the cottagers, whom they had repeatedly assisted, they found her house dirty, her children's clothes rent, and herself lolling idly over the fire, taking snuff."

Addressing the woman, she said —"Martha, was my mother to see your children so torn and dirty, she would be much displeased; pray be more careful in future."

"*Lauk* Miss," replied the woman,

"if I had *knowed* you was coming they should have been as nice as hands could make them, but it's of no use to clean them, for if I wash and dress them to-day, they get as black as tinkers by to-morrow."

Little more discourse passed, and with evident disgust they left the cottage and returned home.

On entering the parlour, Mrs. Thornhill said, I fear you have not had a pleasant walk; Caroline, I think, looks discontented."

"Indeed, mamma," answered she, "I was quite delighted till I called at Martha Brown's, and she has put me so out of humour, that I am resolved never to give her any thing more."

"I am sorry to hear it.—Pray,

what has she done, that you pronounce so hastily a sentence against her children ?"

" Why, mamma, she is so dirty, and the children are all tatters; those little caps you said I made so well, are all torn, and their hair sticks up through the holes; their frocks had no strings in them, and their shoes were trodden down, and worse than all. their faces and hands were so filthy, that they were enough to make one sick."

" A very heavy charge indeed, and I fear a true one, for Martha appears an indolent woman; but, my dear Caroline, would it be just to punish the infants for the faults of their mother ?"

Caroline paused—" No mamma,

I think not, but it is very provoking to see them so nasty."

"It is so, my love, but we must use means to make Martha, if possible, more industrious; we must threaten to withdraw our assistance from her; but it, in reality, would be cruel to do so, as with such a mother, the children would be left to ruin. I have before thought on the subject, and my advice is, that when the children acquire an age to be employed, they should be apprenticed to sober industrious people, who may eradicate the faults imbibed in their infancy."

"I know you think right, mamma," answered Caroline, "for the poor children are, on second thoughts,

more to be pitied than those who have a better mother."

"You now consider the subject properly," returned Mrs. Thornhill; "but who else have you seen in your walk?"

They then informed her where they had called, and expressed their satisfation at the comfort Polly appeared to enjoy with Goody Merton.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I think I have heard you say," observed Mr. Thornhill to Mr. Mordaunt, "that you intend very shortly to take up your abode in the delightful village of Richmond. As you are better acquainted with that place than I am, and as I doubt not all would be pleased to hear a description of its various beauties and attractions, perhaps you will gratify us by giving us an account of them."

This request being urged by all present, Mr. Mordaunt began as follows:—

"There are few places in the

neighbourhood of London more frequented by its inhabitants as a place of pleasure and rational enjoyment, than Richmond. Unlike many other watering places, it offers no temptation to the lover of gaiety, and dissipation;—to the beauties of its scenery, to its natural charms alone, it owes all its celebrity: and whilst the pure and unalloyed love of nature reigns in the heart of man, so long will Richmond be visited and admired. As it is situate on the banks of the "Silver Thames," there is no pleasanter mode of reaching it, than by water. Its easy distance, renders it practicable to the rower, being only sixteen miles from London Bridge; while to those either

unable or unwilling to adopt this manly exercise, or to receive the aid of others, the steam boat offers speed, security, and pleasure."

"Is there not a bridge at Richmond, papa?" asked Ellen. "I think I have heard you say that it is very near my aunt Reynold's."

"You are right, my dear," replied Mr. Mordaunt. "It is an elegant structure, the first stone of which was laid as far back as the 23d of August, 1774, and it was finished in 1777, at an expence of about £26,000."

"The bridge, I have been informed," observed Mrs. Thornhill, "has been lately much deformed by an unseemly plain stone wall, on the Surry side, breaking the

Page 200.

line, and destroying the uniformity and symmetry of the ensign."

"I am sorry to say, that such is the case," replied Mr. Mordaunt. "The pretext set up for doing it is, to allow of the road over the bridge being raised, and made more convenient; but I am informed, upon very good authority, that this object might have been attained, without inflicting such dreadful mutilation on what was, before, one of the most beautiful objects on the river."

"Are there not a great many noble mansions and villas in the neighbourhood of Richmond, sir?" asked Frederick Thornhill.

"Yes, particularly on the banks of the river," replied Mr. Mordaunt.

"I think I have read," said Frederick, "in one of books, that Pope's Villa was situated near Richmond Bridge; was it sir ?"

"No, my dear," replied Mr. Mordaunt; "it was situated at Twickenham, a short distance from Richmond. Bnt, alas! the lovers of poetry, the admirers of genius, will seek in vain for the hallowed spot where dwelt the Muse's pride. The grotto alone, 'the Egerian grotto,' is the only relic of the Poet's mansion. To use the words of an eloquent author; 'The profane hand of its purchaser has destroyed every other vestige of the mansion of our immortal Poet. The willow which he planted, and which was so ornamental to the bank on which

it flourished, has long since, as it were prophetically, yielded to the storm which laid it low; and Twickenham has for ever lost the classic scene which was its boast and honour. Remembrance will oft haunt the shore, and figure the spot as it once was, when the Muses made it their favourite abode. It will, indeed, still live in its pictured representations; and what soul of sensibility will pass the place without regret, on seeing the altered spot; without lamenting that the place where Pope lived, composed his never-dying works, and breathed his last, should possess no mark to distinguish it from a place that had been inhabited by ordinary men. True, the poet, the

orator, and the statesman, whatever space they have filled in the world, must submit to the common fate, and nature makes no distinction in that last home, which she has provided for all her children. We sigh when they quit the earth which they enlightened, but we submit with a venerating tear to the inevitable allotment; and console ourselves with contemplating their expanded fame, which enrolls them among those who never die. Still, however, we cling to the memorials of them; we haunt the scenes which they loved, and we visit the tombs which contain their ashes; and we complain when time and chance, when unreflecting caprice, sordid

interest, or tasteless insensibility, deprive us of them.

'Fond memory haunts the hallowed spot, and asks the genius of the place, to point out the abode of Pope. She turns her eyes, and sees a plain white house and ugly pointed windows. With tears and fond regrets to see so changed a place, she leaves the spot to muse on those immortal works, which time and wasting age can never destroy.'

The grotto will still be viewed with feelings of veneration. Some bard, as if foreseeing that this would be the only relic left, has thus prophecied concerning it, in a poem called

THE CAVE OF POPE.

A PROPHECY.

When dark oblivion in her sable cloak,
Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;
And their high deeds submitting to the stroke
Of Time, shall fall amongst forgotten things:

Then (for the Muse that distant day can see)
On Thames's bank the stranger shall arrive,
With curious wish thy sacred grot to see,
Thy sacred grot shall with thy name survive.

Grateful posterity, from age to age,
With pious hand the ruin shall repair;
Some good old man, to each enquiring sage
Pointing the place, shall cry, "The Bard liv'd there,

"Whose song was music to the listening ear,
Yet taught audacious vice and folly, shame:
Easy his manners, but his life severe;
His word alone gave infamy or fame.

"Sequester'd from the fool and coxcomb-wit,
Beneath this silent roof the Muse he found;

'Twas here he slept inspir'd, or sate and writ,
Here with his friends the social glass went round."

With awful veneration shall they trace
The steps which thou so long before hast trod;
With reverend wonder view the solemn place,
From whence thy genius soar'd to nature's God.

Then, some small gem, or moss, or shining ore,
Departing, each shall pilfer, in fond hope
To please their friends on ev'ry distant shore,
Boasting a relic from the cave of POPE.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Method used to teach a Prince of France to read—The Amusement of reading—The generous Brother.

While sitting at breakfast, before Mr. Mordaunt, and his little charge, prepared for their departure from the house of Mr. Thornhill, Caro-

the house of Mr. Thornhill, Caroline Thornhill obtained permission to relate a story of the droll method which a tutor was obliged to adopt to teach a young prince of France to read; and she began by saying: "A young prince of France was, while a child, of so giddy and so untractable a temper, that he could not be persuaded so much as to learn his letters; but his tutor observing his love for soldiers, and whatever related to war, made use of it to overcome his antipathy to reading, by having the picture of his guards drawn in miniature, and marking them with the letters of the alphabet. These, after some time, he drew up into words, and managed with such address that his highness got through whole sen-

tences when formed into companies, and was not tired even with a long period in the shape of a battalion. By degrees these arts made the young prince take a liking to books, as well as to war, and the collection made for his study formed, afterwards, a part of the French king's library."

"I thank you, my love," said Mrs. Thornhill; "with a less ingenious tutor the prince might have remained a dunce all his life. When I meet with people that are not fond of reading, I cannot avoid a degree of pity for them, when I reflect how very restricted their enjoyments must be. Books are a source of never failing entertainment, as they bring us acquainted

with all periods of time. In our closets we can travel over the world, and learn the manners and customs of all countries. We can become acquainted with the great men of antiquity, and the dignified characters of our own times. We can be informed of whatever is curious on the earth, in the air, or in the water; in short, I think no one can want amusement, while they have health sufficient to read — But come, Caroline we wait for your story."

"Yes, mamma—A man in China being accused of some crime, fled to the house of a friend, named Lou-Nan-Kin, where he concealed himself, and who, notwithstanding the severity of the Chinese laws against

those who conceal criminals, would not betray his friend. The business, however, being discovered, Lou-Nan-Kin was imprisoned, and just on the point of being condemned, when his younger brother entered the judgment hall, and presenting himself before the judge, he said—'It is I, Sir, who have hidden the prisoner, and death is *my* due, not my brother's.' The elder maintained to the contrary, and a long examination took place, when the judge, who was a man of sense and penetration, questioned them so closely, that he at length brought the younger to confess.—'It is true, Sir,' said he, bursting into tears, 'that I have accused myself falsely, but I have very

strong reasons for so doing;—my mother is dead, and her corpse lies unburied; I have a helpless sister too, whom I cannot protect, and the little we have left my brother can turn to advantage, while in effect I can do nothing: I therefore humbly entreat you to let me die in his stead,—so shall my mother's corpse be laid in earth, the youth of my sister guided to virtue, and I shall, though dead to the world, live in his heart till we meet hereafter.'

"The judge was so pleased with the poor youth, that he immediately informed the Emperor of the story, who ordered a pardon to all concerned."

LONDON:
Printed by W. J. Sears, 3 & 4, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.