THE

PANORAMA OF YOUTH.

Walker and Greig, Printers,
Edinburgh.

THE

PANORAMA OF YOUTH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

If in the bosom of ingenuous youth
I've stamp'd one useful thought, one lasting truth,
'Twill be a fairer tribute to my name
Than glitt'ring fortune, or than empty fame.

SECOND EDITION.

VOLUME I.

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tinguishing and protecting passport to the world; but this *protegée* of her favour will yet be accepted, by those who honour her memory, with a grateful and sacred interest.

The high consideration and deference which her Grace's character and rank were entitled to, would have restrained, while living, those sentiments which a sense of her excellencies must ever excite.—But she is no more! and the feelings of grateful admiration *cannot now* be mistaken.

In the hemisphere of rank and fashion, the Duchess of Devonshire was the leading star, whose resplendent rays illumined the path of all

who moved within its circle; but it was in the more private traits of her Grace's character that its benignant influence shed its blessings around. At Chatsworth (that palace of the Peak) she was ever most honoured, and most beloved; displaying that happy union of dignity and courtesy which are the essentials of genuine nobility; soothing with her bounty the sufferings of poverty, and cheering the desponding heart; inspiring modest merit with confidence, and honouring genius and talents with her approving smile: whilst the affability of her manners, and the elegance of her mind, created a fairy scene

amidst the wilds of Derbyshire. *There* it will be long remembered, that, when in the bloom of life, and the world at her feet, she resigned its allurements, to fulfil the sacred duties of a mother; setting an example of exalted virtue to the highest ranks, worthy of her distinguished character. At such a shrine, gratitude, reverence, and sincere sympathy, may surely be allowed to pay their mournful tribute, acquitted of even the suspicion of flattering one, who, when living, was superior to it, and who is now, alas! insensible to every feeling that the most respectful devotion could express.

The remembrance of that condescension which favoured the following pages must ever rest deeply impressed on the heart of her, who remains, most respectfully and most gratefully, the obedient humble servant of the Illustrious Family of Cavendish.

MARY STERNDALE.

Sheffield, April 1806.

PREFACE.

THE delineator of THE JUVENILE PANORAMA *does not offer her "Sketches of Youthful Life" to the Public, without an acknowledgment of her temerity in attempting to follow the steps of a* BARBAULD, *a* SMITH, *and an* EDGEWORTH. *But as the young are ever eager for novelty, the following Tales may be acceptable to them, though undistinguished by those talents which have marked the successful efforts of her predecessors.*

That the pictures are drawn from real life, by the pencil of an affectionately devoted Mother, who resides in the midst of a large family, and surrounded by such children as she introduces to the Juvenile Panorama, may be a recommendation to those Parents who wish the early impressions that their innocent offspring receive should be taken from Nature: and though the combination of the whole is imaginary, yet, that the dramatis personæ *may act and speak like the children that every well-regulated family presents, the Author trusts there will require no apology for her not having diversified her characters by the introduction of Vice. It is painful to represent, what it is deplorable to observe. It is pleasanter to produce an example than a warning.*

Could her wishes guard the young and innocent from its contagion on the varied stage of life, as she has avoided painting its hateful features on her canvass, how would she rejoice! But at least she will not accelerate their acquaintance with the worst view of human nature; for at whatever season it presents its hateful mien, it will be then, alas! too soon.

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PART II.

Sketches of Youthful Life.

THE

JUVENILE PANORAMA.

To a good and benevolent heart, this world cannot present a more beautiful sight than a happy and united family: a father who devotes his time and abilities to the interest of his children, and his *heart* to their happiness; a mother who lives in their comforts and enjoyments, who regulates their duties, directs their improvements, partakes their sports, and soothes their sorrows; and children who look up to them

with reverence and affection, who listen to their admonitions with respect and obedience, and whose tender love towards each other forms the most perfect finish to the picture of earthly happiness. Such a family was Mrs Villars's. Ah! how much would such happiness have been blighted, had their children been disobedient, obstinate, or selfish! How different then would have been the fate of this interesting family! now happy in themselves and respected by all who know them.

Their eldest boy, Alfred, was thirteen; and Eloise a year younger: two other boys, and two younger girls, completed the innocent group. With the strictest attention to their morals, their habits, and improvements, Mr

and Mrs Villars delighted to promote their harmless pleasures: yet their amusements did not consist in associating with troops of surrounding children, or in purchasing expensive toys or pernicious sweetmeats; but in rural walks, accompanied by their mamma and a servant;—the elder children interested by the description of the various plants that adorn the hedge-rows in spring, summer, and autumn, or the history of the brilliant butterfly that Archibald or his sister Clara had chased; while little Emma was not the least delighted by having her flaxen hair fancifully decorated with a garland of wild flowers by her eldest sister.

In the neighbourhood of Mr Villars's residence were the remains of an an-

cient baronial manor-house, now fallen into decay, but formerly the habitation of one of the most distinguished noblemen of Elizabeth's reign: to him had been entrusted the painful task of guarding the unfortunate and interesting queen of Scotland; and at this place many of the lingering hours of her captivity had passed. Alfred and Eloise, whose reading had already made them acquainted with her melancholy fate, were very fond of extending their walks to the eminence on which it stood; to sit on its broken walls, survey its ruined towers, and view the surrounding landscape, extensive and varied;—their mamma, leading back their imaginations to the time when these cultivated heights were covered with woods, these grass-grown and

ruinous courts, peopled with the vast retinue of a powerful nobleman, and these broken staircases, that now the most adventurous foot scarcely dares to tread, were the access to the apartments of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and to the prison of his beautiful captive; whose confinement under his care, was soothed by the liberal treatment of a truly noble spirit, equally just to the confidence reposed in him by his sovereign, and to the divine claims of misfortune; for which posterity shall reward his memory, when his rank and power have ceased to influence. Then would the youthful enthusiasm of her auditors delight their maternal historian! "Here, perhaps, mamma, poor Mary walked; and out of that window she looked in vain for succour from

unfeeling Scotland!"—"*Queen* Mary, brother," said Eloise.—"But, my love," observed Mrs Villars, "it is not unusual to speak thus of kings and queens. Do we not often say, George the Third?"—"Yes, mamma," replied the mild little girl; but I would pay all the respect I could to the unfortunate." Mrs Villars kissed her darling, charmed to observe the dawnings of that delicacy and tenderness of feeling, which, in a truly amiable mind, gives more than pity, and bows its own spirit to calamity. The next time Alfred spoke of the royal sufferer, he said *queen* Mary.

Winter, too, had its amusements, and those very pleasing to the little circle. When the avocations of the day were over, Mr Villars would delight to hear

from his children the events of theirs; the progress of their lessons; and how little Archy had tied two iron rods to his shoes, to be like Alfred's skates; and that their mamma had promised, when Emma was gone to rest, she would tell them a tale, if it would be agreeable to papa. Of this they were soon assured; and the five elder, Alfred, Eloise, Henry, Archy, and Clara, were seated round the hearth, expecting the promised pleasure.

These little extempore tales were greatly prolonged by the various remarks made by the children, and the explanations they required. This tale, so entertaining, was the reward of the day, the day well spent.

"This," said Mr Villars, "has been your mamma's reward; I now will be-

stow mine. My happiness depends on the virtues of my children, and it is but justice that I contribute to theirs. I have heard there is a very amusing panorama to be exhibited to-morrow. —" Oh," said Alfred, " what is the subject?"—" Stay!" said his papa; " what would you wish it to be?"—" Lord Nelson's battle of the Nile," he replied.—" And you, my Eloise?" —" Either London or Edinburgh; because *you* know *who* lives there."—" And you, Henry?"—" I do not know," said the gentle boy, " what a panorama is."—" But I do," said the roguish Archy.—" Indeed!" said his papa. " And pray, my little knowing one, what is it?"—Almost stifled with laughing he answered, " Why, it *is* a panorama."—" *I* knew that," said Henry gravely.

The little party all laughed, for they were accustomed to the droll sallies of Archy, who was the little merryman of the family; but Mrs Villars observed, as Archy was already acquainted with what his papa meant for his instruction and entertainment, he had better retire to bed, and leave to his less enlightened brothers and sisters the explanation they wished. Poor Archy felt the reproof. With great vivacity of temper, this little boy possessed the most affectionate disposition; and the tone of his mamma's voice brought the ready tear to his eye. "Pray, mamma, let me stay. I did not mean to do wrong in what I said; only to make them laugh."—"I believe it, my Archy; and as such overlook it. If I thought it possible

you could treat your kind papa with premeditated pertness, how much would you lose of your mother's heart!"—"Indeed I did not," said Archy; "and I hope papa will tell me, as well as the rest, what it is."

"A panorama, my dear Henry," said Mr Villars, "is a word derived from the Greek, and means *taking in the whole at one view.* The deceptive art of painting is so extended, that you imagine yourself looking upon a real scene, rather than a pictured one: the disposition of this large picture, and the peculiar direction of the lights, contribute still farther to aid the effect of realizing its objects.

"This is not the view of lord Nelson's battle, as your fighting fervour wishes it, Alfred; nor Edinburgh, nor

London, which my Eloise's affectionate fancy visits; but it is a Panorama of Youth."——"Oh!" said Eloise, "you, mamma, possess the original then."—The parents smiled, and Mr Villars proceeded.

"You shall all visit this to-morrow; and, what will greatly prolong your pleasure, every part of the picture has a history attached to it, which is to be purchased; so you will have tales for the whole winter, which your mamma will read, to those who are good, on the evenings she is at leisure."

On the following morning the children were prepared to attend Mr and Mrs Villars; but the weather being very cold, it was thought better that little Emma should stay at home,—being too young to receive any other

pleasure than that of accompanying the rest. Of this deprivation she appeared so sensible, that Clara, with the most tender consideration, offered to remain with her. So frequently did this sweet little girl evince such proofs of her amiable disposition; and every instance of her self-denying temper, for the peace and enjoyment of others, endeared her still more to her affectionate family.

The exhibition-room was spacious; and the panorama was in five compartments.

The first represented a very animated landscape. In the back-ground was a distant view of a large city: its numberless churches and different elevated buildings, with the majestic dome of St Paul's, pronounced it Lon-

don. To the right, the Thames glided silently along; with here and there a boat on its surface, containing some little party that looked happy. This river had quite a different character from what it assumes when it approaches the metropolis of the commercial world.

Immediately in the fore-ground, surrounded by verdant scenery, a lady and a young girl were walking. The countenance of the former expressed the most benevolent complacency; and all the tender affections beamed there. The little girl, who seemed about eleven or twelve years old, had a pleasing figure, and nature had given her agreeable features; but they were marked with an air of sullenness and dissatisfaction:—every thing smiled

around but this little girl. All the children inquired what could be the cause of her discontent. The proprietor informed them, the explanation of all they saw would be given in the book which he should present to their mamma at their departure.

"Here are so many pleasing objects in the picture," said Alfred, "I shall look at that sulky girl no more."

"Do you not think, mamma," says Eloise, "that the lady, kind as she looks, has an expression of sorrow on her face?"—"I think she has, my love. You will all observe, my darlings, how ill-temper deforms the features, and recollect, when you feel inclined to be sullen, that you will appear to others as this little girl appears to you."

The next picture presented the inside of a handsome room. A lady of a most cheerful aspect was seated by a work-table; from which she appeared to have turned, to attend to a little boy. The child was a very interesting one: light-brown hair waved over his open forehead, and his eyes sparkled with intelligence. He stood full in front of her; and she held each of his hands in hers, at the same time bending towards him with affection and information in her looks. A gentleman was seated on the opposite side of the room, who appeared to have shut the book he held in his hand to view with looks of pleasure the boy and his mother.

"That is a fine little fellow," said Alfred.—"I should love," observed

Henry, " to know what he is saying to his mother."—" I dare say," replied the little chatterer, " he is saying, Do, mamma, let Archibald Villars play with me this afternoon: you do not know what a nice little boy he is."

" We shall all know in proper time," said Mr Villars: and they passed on to the third picture, which exhibited several figures, and attracted the eager attention of the children. On a wicker chair, in a very wretched cottage, sat a lady, who, with the compassionating look of an angel, was attending to a young woman, who appeared the image of want and famine: grief and misery were expressed in her pallid face, as she related her distress to the lady. In another part of the cottage was a young girl, entirely occupied by giving

comfits, from her pocket, to a half-dressed child that sat on the floor: and in a line with her was another, of the same age, who, though nursing, soothing, and fondling a sickly-looking infant, appeared to listen with looks similar to the lady's to the tale of sorrow the cottager was telling.

All the children were influenced by the same feeling,—sympathy for the sufferers. "I am sure," said Eloise, "the lady will relieve them: her very looks speak it."—"That is a sweet little girl," said Henry, "who nurses the baby."—"So she is, Henry," replied Eloise; "I am sure I could love her. The other little girl seems more amused by the child she is playing with, than grieved by their distress."

"Come, my loves; in the hope these unhappy objects have met with a friend, we will proceed to the next picture," said Mr Villars.

It was very different to what they had seen before, but very attractive. The scene was not an European one. The plantain-trees afforded a grateful shade to the fore-ground. At a distance was seen a plantation of sugar-canes; and in the centre of the picture appeared several negroes carrying a litter, on which lay an aged negro woman. By her side walked a very handsome negro man, whose gestures were almost approaching the wildness of joy; and his face was turned towards the litter with expressions of transport. On the face of the female, affection triumphed over

pain and illness, which the artist had with wonderful skill pourtrayed in her figure. At some little distance was a gentlemanly European, who looked upon the whole scene with as much pleasure, though more moderated, as the animated negro did.

The children thought, as a picture, this was the most striking; but they could not make any comments on it, and said they longed for the story that would explain it.

"There is but one more," said Alfred. "Not in this room, young gentleman," said the owner, "or that can be exhibited to-day: but I possess one or two others equally entertaining; of which I will inform your papa, when they are open for inspection."

The last was a sweet picture, very well executed, and appeared to the children (as indeed they all had done) a real scene. It was the inside of a cottage: the time, evening. All that humble life requires for comfort was there. A bright fire threw a rich and glowing light on every object it contained. To judge by the closeness with which the tortoise-pussy, and her kitten, crept to the fire, you would fancy you heard the storm rage without doors, and the driving sleet beat against the little window. At the corner of the hearth a neat and venerable old woman was seated: her silver hair just appeared from under the clear lawn that bordered her cap; over which was a small black hood, that tied under her chin. A wheel stood

beside her, but unemployed; for her attention was given to a young girl, about fourteen years old, who sat on a low wicker chair beside her. Though dressed in the simple habit of a country girl, she was a most interesting object: the bloom on her cheek would have conveyed the representation of health, had not the extreme delicacy of her figure and complexion contradicted the idea. She might have sat for the picture of Pity sheltering in her bosom the affrighted dove pursued by the hawk. The aged speaker (for she was speaking as plain as canvas *could* speak) was attended to by her youthful hearer with looks of the tenderest interest; and on every sweet feature sat a sympathizing sorrow.

The whole party viewed this picture in silent admiration. "Oh, mamma!" said Eloise, "how comfortable seems the cottage!—the very cat appears to enjoy itself."—"Yes, my dear; and even the playful gambols of the kitten are suspended for warmth and rest."

"What a nice old woman!" said Henry: "I think she is like my grand-mamma Villars."—"Oh!" said Archy, "Henry always talks of his grand-mamma, because *she* says that *he* is the best boy: and I know what that is for,—it is, because he is so quiet."

It was with reluctance the little group were withdrawn from this picture. Once more they walked round the exhibition; and then, receiving the promised book, returned home,

most grateful to their papa and mamma for the pleasure of their visit.

The stories were laid aside this evening, as Mr and Mrs Villars were engaged; but on the succeeding one the children assembled, and, seated by the side of their mamma, listened to their papa's reading the first story, which was entitled, "the Museum."

THE MUSEUM.

Mrs Harvey was the widow of a brave officer, who was killed on board one of his majesty's ships, fighting for his king and country. He left two little girls, twin sisters, who, with their excellent mamma, lived in a small village near the metropolis. They were nine years old when their father met his glorious death; and had been the constant objects of their mother's care from their earliest infancy. In the absence of her husband, Mrs Harvey had lived in the most perfect retirement,

devoting herself solely to the improvement of her children. A loss so severe as his death served to draw her affections (if possible) closer to her girls, and made a life of privacy still more agreeable to her feelings.

Lucy and Eliza Harvey, now eleven years old, were the darling objects of their mother's care: every wish of her heart was centered in their happiness, and they repaid her unremitting attentions by the docility of their dispositions and the quickness with which they received her instructions. Though very much alike in person, and both favoured by nature with good understandings, yet their habits and acquirements were very different. Eliza's amiable qualities arose from the possession of a very compliant dispo-

sition, and the pleasure she experienced in performing her duty: Lucy had no bad propensities, but her virtues were the effect of her mamma's care, which her carelessness and negligence made perpetually necessary. They both possessed feeling hearts, great affection for each other, and unbounded love for their mamma; whose goodness made a deep impression on their tender and susceptible minds. They each revered truth, and never on any account departed from its dictates. The one pursued the instructions her mamma pointed out, with cheerful observance: the other *wished* to be as good as her sister, and equally to please her mamma; but perpetually departed both from precept and example.

One day of the week Mrs Harvey assigned for the inspection of their wardrobe, and, when they were younger, continued with them during this necessary employment. For some months past, this charge had devolved upon themselves; and the careless little Lucy had to undergo frequent punishments and mortifications for the neglect of it. She possessed quick intellect, but no stability. She could repeat her task after reading it once or twice over: she would then throw away her book, and run to play, laughing at her sister Eliza, who, retired to the stillness of her own room, gave her whole thoughts to the acquirement of her lesson; and, though she would read and re-read it, her memory would refuse its aid when she closed the book.

After an hour's walk or play, she would return to the object that dwelt on her mind, and again and again apply to her task; whilst Lucy, *imagining* she could say hers, gave herself no further concern. The following morning the lessons were to be said. Eliza's pains had not been lost: frequent repetition had impressed it deeply on her memory; and she went through the whole with clear and distinct readiness. Not so Lucy: hers had passed through her mind, like an arrow through the air, leaving not a trace behind: she hesitated; her confusion increased; and she felt too much ashamed even to offer for an apology, "she was sure she could have said it yesterday."

Mrs Harvey had promised her daugh-

ters that they should see the British Museum,—a favour for which they were very grateful, and which they very anxiously expected. The day previous to the one she had fixed for this desired holiday, was the one weekly appointed for the inspection and repair of their clothes; and when talking over the plan of the day, their mamma charged them to have every part of their dress in readiness the evening before, that no delay might occur in the morning, as they should walk to town. No more was said on the subject; but in the preceding day, Eliza (who always kept her mamma's instruction in her mind) was just seated at her work, when Lucy, breathless with haste, entered their little play-room. "Come! Eliza," she said;

" come with me! the rose-tree in your garden has three full-blown roses upon it: there will be one for each of us, and one for mamma, for dear delightful to-morrow."—" I am very glad to hear it," replied Eliza; " but I cannot go now, for the tucks of my frock are all unsewed, and I am sure I shall be an hour repairing them."—" Pshaw!" said Lucy; " there will be time for that: beside, my frock sleeve is torn, and all the strings out; but I should be sorry to make an hour's work of it."—" But I," said Eliza resolutely, " will finish, now I have begun: In the afternoon I shall have nothing to prevent me from playing in the garden."

Away ran thoughtless Lucy, calling her sister " Lady Graveairs."

In a few minutes the little girl returned. "You must come, Eliza: the blackbird's nest has young ones in it; and the gooseberries by the summer-house are turning red: I never had so nice a run in my life."—"As I have nearly finished," replied Eliza, "I had rather not go. Do stay with me, and mend your frock sleeve; then we can go together."—"But," said Lucy, "it may rain after dinner; and rainy weather will better suit for work."

Off again ran the wild girl. Eliza persevered, till her work was completed.

In the afternoon she accompanied her sister into the garden, where she enjoyed the rose-tree, the blackbirds and the gooseberries, without alloy. The time wore away. Eliza, who always

grieved when her sister was in fault, reminded her of her torn frock: the answer was, "Oh! it is time enough yet."—"Have you found your glove?" asked Eliza: "No; but I think I know where it is; I dare say it is at the bottom of the wardrobe."

Evening came, and the sisters returned to the house. After their early supper, Lucy was absent from the dining-room. "Where is she?" said Mrs Harvey; "tell her I wish her to remain here: I hope she has every thing ready for to-morrow." Eliza would hope so too, if she dared; but, alas! she knew to the contrary. Lucy was turning over the wardrobe in search of the lost glove, and, when she saw her sister, she exclaimed, "Oh, Eliza! my frock has *such* a rent I do

not know how it is to be mended! Besides, I have no twist for strings; and I dare not ask mamma to-night for any." Eliza was sorry, but she could not assist her, and mournfully delivered the message, that she was not to remain up stairs. All hope was over for to-night. But the elastic spirits of Lucy never forsook her: she said she would rise early in the morning, before her mamma, and set all to rights. Talking and thinking of the expected pleasure kept her longer awake than usual; and in the morning, the maid, who came to inform them that their mamma had risen, found them both asleep. The first idea that occurred to Lucy was not the pleasure she expected, but the difficulties she had to encounter. "What will you do with

your sleeve?" asked Eliza. "Oh!" answered this ready little girl, "I am to wear my white spencer: the long sleeves will hide it and the want of strings too."—"But the glove?" said her sister. "I will take hold of mamma's arm with that hand which is without a glove; and when I come home, I will take off my frock, as if to keep it clean, and mend it any day."—"Ah!" said Eliza, "it is that *any day* which causes all your trouble!"

The little girls descended, ready for their excursion, and apparently as neat as their mamma could wish; but as Mrs Harvey adjusted the frill of Lucy's spencer, the conscious girl trembled, lest she should explore the torn and untied frock. Happily, as she thought, this fear passed over; and

even the want of the glove was unperceived, by the manœuvre she had practised.

As they walked along, enjoying the morning, which was a lovely one, and the idea of their expected pleasure, a secret uneasiness hung upon the spirits of Lucy: her conscience told her she was undeserving her mamma's indulgence. As they had crossed several stiles, Eliza, with an attention Lucy's heart had likewise prompted, assisted Mrs Harvey over them; but Lucy dare not offer the same, as the gloveless hand must then have been discovered.

When they were nearly arrived at the Museum, an elegant equipage passed them, and stopped at its entrance. A lady of a noble appear-

ance presented her ticket of admission. Our little party immediately followed, and shared in the amusement which the sight of so many wonders of nature and art afforded. Lucy, who was apt to forget the prohibitions given her, was desirous to touch what imparted such pleasure from viewing: her mamma, in a tone of reproof, exclaimed, "Lucy Harvey!" The little girl instantly recollected herself, and desisted. The lady who had preceded them turned to Mrs Harvey at the sound of the name, and, after respectfully looking at her some time, said, "Will you pardon my inquiring if you are not the widow of lieutenant Harvey, who served on board the Thunderer?" The remembrance of her loss prevented Mrs Harvey from

immediately replying; but lady St L. convinced her conjecture was right, took Mrs Harvey's hand, and, expressing in the most sympathizing manner her sorrow for having awakened painful recollections, added, "often have I heard my lord St L. speak of the gallantry of his first lieutenant, and express a wish to befriend his family. The last time he went out, he deputed this charge to me, and I am happy in having met with an opportunity that will enable me to gratify his wishes and my own." Mrs Harvey received the kindness of lady St L. with grateful respect; and the morning passed most agreeably, with such an addition to their society.

At parting, her ladyship told Mrs Harvey she should take an early op-

portunity of calling on her; and added, "You must suffer me to take these sweet girls home with me for the day: I will take care to return them safely in the evening."

Ah! poor Lucy! now your punishment commences, at the time you thought your mortifications were past. Lucy had been delighted with the elegant manners of lady St L.; and the impossibility of accompanying her, in a torn and untied frock, rushed to her mind. Her mamma, who had granted permission, saw with surprise her fallen countenance; but Eliza, who knew the cause, drew aside Mrs Harvey, and told it to her. Her ladyship was then informed, an indispensable reason prevented Lucy from accepting the honour; but Eliza should

accompany her. The steadiness of Mrs Harvey's manner precluded any further remark; and poor Lucy had the vexation to see her sister go away in the coach of their noble friend.

Mrs Harvey made no comments on the circumstance; but as they returned home, she several times addressed herself to Lucy, concerning the different objects which presented themselves on their way; from whom she received no answer. "I perceive, Lucy," said this good and kind mother, "you are sullen, out of humour, and in your mind offended with me; but take time to reflect, and you will find yourself only to blame. You must recollect how I have represented to you the propriety and comfort of keeping your clothes neat, and in

regular order. Independent of my general cautions, you were particularly reminded against this day. I proposed you a pleasant excursion, and I wished it to prove so: your own indolence and carelessness have counteracted my intention: and is this the reward I am entitled to from you? Sullen looks, and no replies to me when I speak to you! Take care you do not weaken my affection by such unreasonable conduct. I do not intend punishing you for this fault; accident has saved me the pain: I say pain; for such indeed it is, to a tender mother, to inflict punishment, however merited. What now remains for you is, to be determined to combat with your indolent habits, and procrastinating disposition; and, to

show me your resolution is sincere, submit to your present mortification with resignation, and regain my good opinion by a cheerful submission to the salutary punishment you have justly incurred."

Lucy had good sense, and a wish to act aright: this day had proved a severe lesson to her; but the impression it made was of good effect, for by perseverance, and determined struggles with wrong habits, she happily conquered them: the daily peace she possessed, and the approbation of her mamma, amply repaid her.—How happy was Mrs Harvey in the virtues of her children! Her girls were the comfort and pride of her life; their future tenderness and attention supported her advancing years: and lady

St L. was the constant patroness, the never-failing friend, of those treasures, which the brave lieutenant with his dying accents had recommended to her lord.

A GOOD ACTION MEETS ITS REWARD.

ARTHUR STANLEY possessed an inquiring mind, and a disposition for improving it.—"Pray, mamma," he said, after returning from the writing-school, "do tell me if my copy is not an improper one: '*Good actions always meet with their reward.*' Now, if that was true, people would not have occasion to complain so often of ingratitude."

"Your copy *is* a just one, my dear Arthur: good actions always meet

their reward: not always from the persons benefited; they, it is to be lamented, too frequently forget the friend that served: yet there is one way by which those are unfailingly recompensed who perform kindnesses to their fellow-creatures,—the approbation of their own hearts, the reward of conscience. A Christian has the noblest motive for performing this duty; for a duty it *is*, since God has commanded us to do good unto all men: And it is so delightful a duty, that I should think that the performance of it needs no enforcing. Still, Arthur, a good action seldom passes without its reward in this life."

"But, mamma, if I do a kindness to a very poor man, how can he repay me, who has nothing for himself?"

"No one is so low in life, my dear boy, but he may render you some service, or be sensible of your kindness: even the brute creation are capable of gratitude, and sometimes practise it, to the shame of the man who neglects it. The story of Androcles and the lion, is a proof which you well remember. It is not only by great and signal services this duty is to be performed, but every day and hour presents opportunities for your kind assistance to your fellow-creatures,—all children of the same 'Father who is in heaven,' brothers and sisters of the same family, all hoping for the same habitation above the sky. I will relate to you an instance that occurred to your uncle Edward, when he was a boy of ten years old. It made a deep impres-

sion on him. Even when he returned last from the West Indies he spoke of it, and observed, it had such an effect on his mind at the time, that, trifling as it was, he had never forgotten it; and he thought he had derived advantage from the recollection of it through life.

"Passing along one of the busy streets of this large town, he met a labouring man (a poor man, as you would have called him) very heavily laden with a large box on his head and a bag of apparently great weight under his arm. As he passed Edward, the string of the bag gave way, and the half-pence, with which it was filled, rolled on all sides of the street. The distress of the man was inconceivable: if any were wanting, his

character would suffer, and of course he would lose his employment: Incumbered with the box on his head, he must have lost many, but for the activity of your uncle; who, unasked, assisted him, with the most willing diligence, in collecting from the channel, and every corner of the street, the dispersed half-pence. The street was fortunately more free from passengers than usual; and when they had collected, as they thought, the whole, Edward accompanied the man, by his desire, to his employers, who were perfectly satisfied with the account, which the boy confirmed.

"As he was returning from their warehouse, Edward observed a stranger riding a very spirited horse, which required all his skill to manage. At

that moment, a sudden gust of wind blew off the gentleman's hat: the passengers walked on; some unnoticing, others laughing. The hat blew further and further; the horse, startled by the circumstance, was more unmanageable; and to dismount was almost impossible. Edward had pursued the hat from the moment it blew off, and, when almost hopeless, caught it.

"These two circumstances passed without any further remark than being mentioned as a reason for Edward's being so much beyond his usual time of returning from school.

"A very crowded theatre was expected the same evening. Edward had obtained permission to attend it; but when he arrived there, he was told it was impossible to be admitted.

The boy begged very earnestly; and one of the door-keepers, who knew him, said he thought there was one box he might be squeezed into. As he opened the door, the company exclaimed with one voice, 'No room here.'—'Could you not,' said the civil man, 'take in this little boy?'—'No, no,' they said;—but at the same time, one of the gentleman, turning to the door, recognized in Edward the child who had assisted him in his distress of the morning: he immediately requested the company to admit him, adding, if they were much incommoded, he would go into the pit; 'for,' said he, 'this good boy must not be sent home again.' By all giving way a little, Edward was admitted; and was treat-

ed and attended to all the evening by the gentleman and his friends."

"Yes," said Arthur; "there was nothing unlikely in a *gentleman* returning a favour; but the poor man, for whom he had done so much more, what could he do?"

"Suspend your remarks," said his papa, "and hear all your mamma has to say."

"Some weeks after this," resumed Mrs Stanley, "Edward went to visit his friends in the country, with orders to return on a particular day. The time passed very pleasantly, and the day arrived too soon. His friends wished him to prolong his stay, and told him he had a sufficient excuse to offer his father, as the great quantity of rain which had fallen must have

swollen the brook so as to render the little foot-bridge that crossed it impassable. 'But,' said Edward, 'there is another way.'—'True; but it is so great a round, your papa would never desire you to walk it.'—'I must try,' said Edward: 'I promised my papa; and go I must.'—Two roads crossed just at the brook, which, when Edward reached, he found utterly impassable: the little bridge was under water, and only the hand-rail to be seen. He stood musing whether to return or go the round,—at the thought of which his spirit sunk. At that moment a man appeared on the other road; and seeing the boy stand by the brook, said, 'Ah! my lad, there is no passing that way.'—Edward began to lament: the man, approaching, recollected the

good child who had assisted him in the street of B.: he came to him, heard his difficulty, and, though a contrary road to the way he was going, though the water was high and rapid, and though he would have to return through it again, he hesitated not a moment, but, stripping himself, he took your uncle on his shoulders, and landed him safely on the other side."

"Oh dear!" said Arthur; "I see *a good action will meet its reward.*" Whenever I write the same copy, I shall think of my dear uncle Edward, and what a good boy he was: and I too, mamma, will be good."

"I hope so, my dear Arthur; and then your mamma will be happy."

THE COTTAGE;

OR,

THE PURCHASE OF PLEASURE.

In one of the most pleasant villages of Yorkshire resided Mr Mildmay. He was the clergyman of the parish, and the affectionate father of his parishioners: he was the defender of the injured, the friend of the distressed, the stern reprover of vice, and the kind encourager of virtue: From his pulpit he pointed the way to heaven, and the whole practice of his life proved him a faithful guide.

To give the character of Mrs Mildmay, is only to say she was worthy of such a husband, and was considered by him as the greatest temporal blessing Heaven could bestow.

The loss of an infant daughter, the only child that had ever called forth a mother's fondness, had awakened the most tender interest in her affectionate heart for children; and she had no sooner made known her wish to superintend the education of two little girls, than numerous applications were made to her by those to whom the virtues and talents of Mrs Mildmay were known.

A Mr Powis, who had recently accepted an official situation abroad, and whose lady meant to accompany him, was made very happy by Mrs

Mildmay accepting the charge of his beloved Mary, in his absence; and Mr Archer, who had to lament the death of a valued wife, felt most grateful to Mrs Mildmay for her offer of supplying the place of a mother to his Harriet.

You are now to imagine these two little girls inmates of the parsonage at Elm-Wood, and received as the adopted children of its amiable owners.—Harriet was an engaging child, and generally excited the admiration of Mrs Mildmay's visitors: Mary was the gentlest of human beings; her tender heart and obliging disposition were shown by every action of her life; and every one who knew her, loved her so much, that they never thought of admiring her.

In the mind of Harriet there was a degree of selfishness that caused Mrs Mildmay some uneasiness; it had been heightened by the most injudicious indulgence; and even now, Mrs Mildmay could not refuse the visits of an old nurse, who had been a favourite with the late Mrs Archer, and as such, was retained in the house with many privileges: every visit she paid Harriet, she brought her an increase of pocket-money, of toys, and trinkets, from her papa; all of which, she was told by this weak old woman, were only proper for a young lady of Miss Archer's fortune. Mrs Mildmay took great pains to counteract this mischief, by representing to Harriet that it was the proper use of a large fortune, not

merely the possession of it, that would make the owner respected.

Mrs Powis had deputed Mrs Mildmay to supply her Mary with a liberal allowance of money, with this only restriction, that she should be accountable to Mrs Mildmay for its expenditure. Mary's purse was always open to a tale of distress; the generosity of her disposition, and the tenderness of her heart, would frequently impoverish her; and the impulse of feeling would lead her to break the resolution, which her respect and deference for Mrs Mildmay had excited, that of submitting her charities and benevolence to Mrs Mildmay's approvance. Harriet would sometimes give, when asked; but she was so habituated to think first of herself, that she could gene-

rally find, as she thought, a good reason for withholding her benefactions. She would recollect how fond she was of oranges, and of cakes; and that the last half-guinea her nurse brought was sent by her papa expressly for the purchase of them. Then, she was determined to save *this* half-crown, it was so pretty a one; and the *other* she wanted for some gold paper.

Just at this period both the little girls were very economical, as the fair of the neighbouring town was approaching, to which they had each an invitation to pass the day, and go to the play at night; and each hoped to be the purchaser of many of the pretty things which such places generally present.

The season of the year was now very inviting, and Mrs Mildmay desired her little pupils to prepare for a long walk;—an intimation that gave them great pleasure: They loved their instructress, and never thought her society so delightful as when she accompanied them in a rural ramble. She had heard from one of her servants a most distressing account of a poor woman, who lived a few miles from her house, in an adjoining parish to Mr Mildmay's: to this place she purposed going, and Harriet and Mary accompanied her with alacrity.

The morning was one of the most delightful of the spring: the air possessed that reviving sweetness peculiar to the season; the hedges were bursting into leaf, and the banks were

covered with the first flowers of April —primroses and cowslips; violets, hiding their blue heads under every leaf that offered them shade, but betraying their hiding-places by their fragrance. Mary's heart was the seat of benevolence, and this morning every tender feeling bloomed with nature. Harriet could not refrain from laughing at the unequal pace of Mary, who sometimes stepped on this side, sometimes on that, to avoid treading on the insects that crept in her path. The lane they were passing was crossed by another, that was separated by a gate, over which a poor ass was hanging his head, and seemed to look with a longing eye to the more verdant bank from which it was divided. Mary said, " See, Mrs Mildmay, do

you not think that poor animal wants to get here? Does not its face seem to ask it?"—" I could almost fancy he does," replied Mrs Mildmay: " had you not better open the gate, my love, and give him his choice?" Mary performed it with readiness. Harriet said, " Miss Powis has such strange fancies! I never could see any expression in the face of an ass, but stupidity."—" Yet, see, my dear Harriet," replied Mrs Mildmay, " Mary has some skill in the physiognomy of animals, for the poor fellow is feeding most luxuriantly on the young grass."—" But, my dear Mary," added Harriet, " have you no feeling for the sweet primroses, and all the pretty flowers? You said, only this morning, you could kiss them, you loved them so much." Mrs

Mildmay relieved Mary, by taking the answer upon herself.—" Miss Archer, it is our duty to sacrifice those indulgences which only contribute to our pleasures, when they would interfere with the demands of necessity, or the claims of humanity. I should be sorry to see this ass trample over my flower-garden for a dinner; but those in this lane (though very sweet and pleasing) are the free gifts of nature, which she offers alike to all her children. Greatly as Miss Powis loves flowers, yet I should be sorry to see her possess that *affectation* of feeling, that absurd sensibility, which, like the character we were so much amused by yesterday,

" Would weep o'er the withering leaf of a rose."

Mary felt the most affectionate grati-

tude to Mrs Mildmay for her defence, and Harriet experienced a sensation of shame, not unmixed with regret, for she felt the well-meant rebuke. Mrs Mildmay thought Harriet's observation was uttered in a satirical accent, and she intended her answer should convey a reproof.

They now approached a cottage that stood alone on the moor. "Here, my children," said Mrs Mildmay, "you will meet with objects that will call forth all your compassion, and exercise your feelings in a manner that will ensure you the approbation of God and your own hearts."

They had now reached the door. With the respect that amiable minds always feel for the unfortunate, however humble their station, Mrs Mild-

may gently rapped; and it was immediately opened by a young woman, who, pale, sickly, and half-clothed, excited the pity of our benevolent party: She held to her breast an infant, who in vain sought nourishment from its half-starved mother: a child of two years old was sitting on the ground; and, to add to the shock of Mrs Mildmay, some straw, spread on the floor, evinced what a wretched bed these poor creatures had to rest on. One stool was all the furniture the place possessed.

Mrs Mildmay was too painfully convinced of the misery she saw, to hesitate a moment on her errand. She came the messenger of comfort, and she was eager to apply the balm: *she seated herself on a fixed bench in the*

window, and requested the cottager to take the other. "Give me the baby," said Mary; "I will take care of it: poor little thing," she cried, "it is a nice boy!"—As she paced up and down the room with it, forgetting her fatigue in the only offers of service she could at that moment make, Harriet had bestowed the contents of her sweetmeat-box on the other child, who amused her by the pleasure it showed.

"Your distress appears very great," said Mrs Mildmay; "be assured I will relieve it as much as I can: tell me how long you have been in this situation?" The poor woman's tears interrupted her narrative.—"My husband, madam, was a carpenter, and supported his family with decency and comfort whilst it pleased God to give

him his health. About a year ago, just before that poor baby was born, he began to decline, and could not work as formerly: bread and provisions were very dear; and the doctor who attended me when I lay-in, said nourishment and rest would do him more good than physic. All that he and I could earn would barely support us and the two children; there was nothing to spare for what the doctor ordered: he would not let me buy those things which perhaps might have done him good. I was almost heart-broken to see him going, as it were, every day. At last he kept his bed, and I was forced to run in debt, for all we had was what the parish allowed. He died—and left me and these poor children.—Once we had a pretty fur-

nished house; but I was obliged to sell several things during his illness. I was very unhappy to think I had nothing to bury him with: it was the last thing I could do for him; and he would have done any thing for me:—I sold a chest of drawers, and some other things, to pay for his coffin. When the landlord heard this, he said I should strip the house, then who would pay his rent?—so he came, and took every thing away, bed and all, and told me to prepare to follow in a fortnight. He said I should be thankful he did not turn me out of doors. There is no place for me but the work-house: I think I could go there; but if they take my children from me, they would kill me at once."—"But," said Mrs Mildmay, "have

you no neighbours? does not farmer Smith live near here? could you not procure employment or assistance from him?" "Ah, madam! I was so unhappy as to offend Mrs Smith, and very sorry I was; but if it was to do again, I could not help it. She wanted me to assist her for a week before the feast: at that time my poor husband was not fit to be left, so I refused; and she has never forgiven me: She says it is pride that keeps me from the work-house, and she pays the poor-rates, which is enough for her."—"Did you never hear of Mr Mildmay of Elm-Wood?" said Mary, her voice almost stifled by sobs. "Yes," replied the woman; "but, my dear miss, we were not of *his* parish, and so many are helped by him!"—"Of his parish!"

said Mary, looking at Mrs Mildmay, whose eyes, meeting hers, seemed to say, " every child of sorrow is not only of his parish, but of *his* family."

Mrs Mildmay then gave her what would relieve her present distress; to which the little girls begged to add something more: she told her to come to-morrow to Elm-Wood, when she would consider in which way she might best serve her. The widow was overwhelmed with gratitude, and parted from her benefactress with tears of thankfulness.

Mrs Mildmay consulted her young friends in what way she could best relieve the cottager. Harriet immediately said, " Allow her as much a week as will maintain her and her children."—" There is more genero-

sity than discretion in that, my dear: Mr Mildmay would not choose to do it, if he could afford it; we must remember there are other claimants on our assistance. *This* we will do, till she is able to work; and when that is the case, I will endeavour to employ her. The little cottage on the green is empty: if Mr Mildmay approves it, we will fix her there. We must teach the poor to assist each other; therefore every one of our milk pensioners must give up a small portion, to help a fellow-creature more distrest than themselves.—But how are we to *furnish* her cottage?" said Mrs Mildmay, looking expressively at the children. "Oh!" exclaimed Mary, "how glad I am I saved my money for the fair: I never was so rich in my life; I have

fifteen shillings: that sum, I hope, will buy something for the cottage." —" My dear child," replied Mrs Mildmay, " consider how long you have expected the pleasure of going to the fair: are you sure you can resign it without regret?"—" I am quite sure. When the poor woman was telling her story, I wished I had it then with me, that I might have given it her."— " And I," said Harriet, " will ask papa for some money for her; but you know, ma'am, I promised Miss Sanders to spend the day with her at the fair, and it will be rude to disappoint her: —it will be the same thing as if I gave *her* my *own* money." " To *her* it will, Harriet," sighed Mrs Mildmay, who saw with regret how little prompt generosity there was in the disposition,

whose power was so ample.—"*My* papa is a great way off," said Mary; "but" (taking Mrs Mildmay's hand) "my mamma is here."

They arrived at home. Mr Mildmay heard the account with the truest compassion, and entered on their benevolent plan with alacrity. The morning brought the widow and her orphans: that day they were fed at the parsonage, and assured in a few more *they* should be of Mr Mildmay's parish.

Mrs Mildmay's kindness extended to the feelings as well as to the wants of the distressed. She found the person who had bought from Jennet's landlord the furniture he had seized: Mary's fifteen shillings redeemed the bed; Mrs Mildmay advanced what

more was requisite for the purpose of absolute necessaries; for she wished to know the merit of the object, before she bestowed more than their present distress claimed. Words cannot describe Jennet's happiness, when she was conducted by the two little girls to her comfortable home, and when she saw it furnished with what was once her laudable pride. A short time recruited her health and spirits: She was so active and industrious, that her friends at the parsonage were soon convinced, nothing but sickness and misfortune could have reduced her to the state in which she was first presented to them.

But *to-morrow* is the fair!—now, Mary, it is to prove whether you understand "the purchase of pleasure."

Harriet is all hope, all expectation; every step is a jump; her holiday clothes are spread on the sopha; the contents of her purse are counted again and again; her papa's chaise is to fetch her early in the morning; and her sleep is disturbed by the activity of her mind.

It is morning: Harriet is dressed, and accompanies her nurse to Miss Sanders's. The day was as fine as Harriet could wish, and she cast not one

"Ling'ring look behind."

"Mary, my love!" said Mrs Mildmay, "to-day is your own; pass it as you please, and where you please: I wish you to be happy, and know the reflections of your own mind will promote it."—"May I," said Mary, "go

wherever I please?"—"You may, my love."—"What! and stay out all day?" Mrs Mildmay paused a moment, whilst she balanced her sense of Mary's discretion, and then confidently replied, "Yes, my love; *all* day." Mary kissed her hand, and, with an alacrity equal to Harriet's, disappeared in a moment.

The evening is arrived, and Mr and Mrs Mildmay are expecting their children. Harriet returns the first—not the gay little girl she set out in the morning:—wearied and spiritless, she seated herself beside Mrs Mildmay. "I hope you have had a pleasant day, my dear Harriet?" said Mrs Mildmay. "Not very," she replied; "the fair was *so* busy, and the sun *so* hot! We could not get to the door

of the theatre for the rabble, who have torn my frock in such a manner! My papa, too, who promised to be there, had business in another place. But there is something worse than all."—"What is that?" said Mrs Mildmay, somewhat alarmed. "I bought a beautiful wax doll; Miss Sanders's servant put it in the carriage; I was not quite ready; and some of those bad people, who are always at fairs, took it away, we suppose, for we could not find it. I gave a guinea for it; all that I had been saving so long"—and the tears trickled down her face.

Whilst Mr and Mrs Mildmay were endeavouring to console her, Mary entered, tossing her little work-bag round her arm as she ran to her friends. "Where have *you* been, my love?"

asked Mr Mildmay.—" *All* day at Jennet's cottage ;—and such a happy day it has been !—Shall I tell you how I have spent it?"—" Pray do," he said, " for I feel desirous to know what kept you there all day."—" I did not regret," said Mary, " that I did not go to the fair, though I felt rather sad when I saw Miss Archer's chaise turn out of the Elm walk ; but I thought of Jennet's bed, and was happy in a moment. My dear Mrs Mildmay gave me the whole day ; and packing up some worn-out linen, and a frock she had told me to take for my doll, I ran to the cottage. Jennet was spinning at the door, and the children playing near her ; they all came to meet me : I wish you had seen how pleased they were, when I said, ' I shall stay *all* day with you.' Every

thing in the cottage was so clean and nice! 'Jennet,' I said, 'all that is in my work-bag is my own; Mrs Mildmay gave them me for my doll: now, I can sew, but I cannot cut out; you must do that; and then we will work together.'—You know how thankful she is, and how she cries when you are good to her; and so she did today; but I told her we *must* be merry, for it was *my* holiday. You would be surprised to see what a nice frock little Jennet has out of my old one; and a tippet, and other things, I have brought home to finish.—It was so pleasant sitting at the door! The large sycamore-tree shaded us from the sun; and Jennet told me the history of her bed. 'Ah!' she said, 'my dear Miss Powis, how cruel I thought it when *that* bed

was taken from me! I spun it when I was in service. My poor dear John used to sit beside me, and often said, "Jennet give over—you have worked enough to-day;" but I spun forward, saying, if ever I should have a house of my own, what a good bed this will be! It is again mine, and God bless the friends that restored it to me!'—I never," repeated Mary, "had so happy a day in my life: I quite forgot the fair, till I met the chaise as I came home.—I think Jennet's eggs are the best I ever ate; and her bread and butter are as good: I had a charming dinner!"

"You are a charming girl, my Mary," said Mr Mildmay. "Yes," said Mrs Mildmay, "and have shown you know the true way 'to purchase pleasure.'"

THE

TRIUMPH OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

" Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."
POPE.

E'en *he* shall teach the filial debt we owe;
And savages the bright example show.

THE little boy I have before introduced to my young readers, was never so happy as when he could engage his mamma to answer his questions, and explain his doubts and wonders.—" Well, my Arthur," said she to him as he entered her sitting-room, " what has given that inquisitive length to your face? what is it I am now to

resolve?"—"I was thinking, mamma, of my uncle Edward's black servant Perseus: you remember how fond he was of *me;* and I have heard my uncle say, that Perseus would not fear fire, or water, to serve him. Then how quick he was, in doing whatever he was asked! So I was thinking, if all black-a-moors were like him, they must be men as well as we; and it must be very wicked to beat them so barbarously as the scholars say they do where my uncle Edward lives."

"I am very glad, my dear boy," said Mrs Stanley, "you do not form your opinions too hastily, but submit them to the direction of those more experienced. Your scholars, my Arthur, are but improper judges of the general actions of mankind; but an

abhorrence of cruelty is what I hope *you*, and all *your* companions, will ever possess. For the honour of humanity, I trust the dreadful accounts we have heard of the treatment of negroes, are aggravated; but I fear the principles of the slave-trade are founded on injustice and oppression. The manner in which they are taken from their native home is clearly proved, and is contrary to the dictates of Christianity, and that honourable love of liberty which Englishmen are so justly proud to possess. At some future period I will give you the melancholy history of the poor negro from Guinea, from the date of his earliest sufferings,—at least those inflicted by Europeans. That they are men, endowed with the same feelings, and

sensible to kindness and oppression, as well as we, there can be no doubt: No one can believe to the contrary; not even those men who may assert it as a poor excuse for their barbarity, or to answer the purposes their avarice may suggest. You, and I, my Arthur, would not have their reflections for all their wealth. But all are not such: your uncle Edward, who has prospered greatly in the West Indies, I am sure would never be guilty of cruelty; and the affection Perseus showed for him was a proof he was a kind master."

"I am very glad to hear it, mamma; I have grieved all day about them," said Arthur: "Pray tell me, if you have heard my uncle say how they *were* treated."

"I will inform you, my love, how my brother's negroes live, and those of many other respectable merchants in the island of Jamaica; and I will tell you one anecdote, that I am sure will please you, and from which we may learn an important lesson.

"The negroes have separate habitations, placed near each other, and adjoining the plantation of their employer. Each house, or cabin, has a little plot of ground attached to it, from the culture of which the negro derives pleasure and profit. Saturday and Sunday are allotted them: on the former day they work in their little garden, and on the following they are suffered to sell its produce,—market being only open on that day for the negroes. They go down the

river in boats laden with fruit and vegetables, to the towns and settlements on its banks, returning in the evening with their money and purchases.

"But the most interesting part of the negroes' character, is the love they bear their parents, particularly their mothers. If two of them quarrel, when resentment is at the highest, and its bitterness can be no longer restrained, one will say "Curse your mother!" This is not to be forgiven; nothing can heal this wound to filial affection. If a negro is accused of barbarity, or even the murder of another, he will say with calmness, as though the cause had justified it, "he did curse my moder!" Your uncle adds, that interest forbids the separation of the child from its mother: if purchased by the

same master, they soon reconcile themselves to their fate; whereas, on the reverse, they pine and grieve for a long time. He observes, at a sale of negroes these poor wretches show themselves nice judges of the human face: to a man of a kind and benevolent countenance, they will, by every possible gesture, express their wish to go with him; and shrink with averted looks from the harsher features of others.—But the story I will tell you, proves still more that, in mind, the negro is indeed "a man," and ought to be considered as "a brother."*

* These particulars of the negroes were given to the writer by a gentleman of respectability, who had resided twenty years in Jamaica. The *principle* of filial affection which the story of Zambo evinces, is strictly true; the narrative is

"Soon after your uncle was settled on his estate, he had occasion for an additional slave. At a sale he met with the one he sought for: he was young, active, and handsome: the price fixed upon him was very high; but my brother could not resist becoming his purchaser. Zambo accompanied his new master with quiet resignation, but on his face was expressed feelings of the deepest sorrow.—The slaves on your uncle's plantation, were industrious, contented people, forgetting, in the kindness of their master, their loss of freedom. None was more indefati-

imaginary, and only a vehicle for the sentiment. Frequent instances occur of negroes devoting the whole gains of their exclusive industry, to purchase the freedom of their wives, though they themselves remain in slavery.

gable than Zambo, for his master and for himself. He was ever laborious; yet his little cabin displayed none of those gaudy embellishments his neighbours were so fond of exhibiting: he sought no self-indulgencies; neither were the profits of his labours ever expended. Grief appeared to have deadened every wish, every energy, but industry. Your uncle was greatly interested for him, and imagined some peculiar circumstances, attending his separation from his native country, had given his mind an incurable wound. The whole plantation respected him; and a young female slave, called Orella, loved Zambo as a sister: She would offer numberless kindnesses to him, and sought to divert his attention, sometimes by the gaiety of her

innocent heart, sometimes by the tender soothing of her sympathy; but the impenetrable, the silent sorrow of Zambo was unmoved.

" After he had been some years on the plantation, my brother, with great surprise, saw him enter his house: every feature was lighted up by joy, and his whole appearance the reverse of what it had ever been. ' Oh, my good Buckra,' said he, ' Zambo so happy! Zambo jump for joy, sing for joy, cry for joy!'—and the tears kept pace with his assertions. After your uncle had moderated his transports, he learnt from him, that, previous to his purchase of Zambo, his mother had been bought by the overseer of a distant plantation. This weight on the pious negro's filial heart

had bent him to the earth: all the fruits of his industry, all his self-denial, had tended to this point, the purchase of his mother's freedom: He had now completed the sum, and applied to his generous master to assist him with his counsel. Your uncle immediately advertised for information of a female negro, who had been bought at such a time, of such an age, known by the name of Quasheba: the advertisement was soon answered; and my brother accompanied his slave to the place directed, wishing to render every assistance to so noble a transaction. The man they had to deal with, was sordid and avaricious: Unmoved by your uncle's representation of the affair, he demanded the full price Quasheba cost him, though conscious

her value had decreased by years and labour. For this, her son had been prepared, and was provided: the bargain was made. When your uncle learnt poor Quasheba was on the point of death, and was of no value to her owner, he represented to Zambo, that it was now too late to render his mother any service, and that it would impoverish him without benefiting her;—but the winds and the wild waves would have listened as soon as Zambo: 'No! his mother should *die* a free woman at least: he had sworn it by the Great Spirit when they parted, and he would throw away the money if he did not buy her freedom.' My brother ceased from further expostulation; but his entreaties and persuasions brought the planter to

abate half the purchase, *and Zambo assisted the slaves whom he had hired, to convey his mother on a litter, with the triumph of a hero returned from victory.* No longer was his cabin neglected: he purchased a bed, cordials, medicines, and accepted the services and attentions of his neighbours with thankfulness. Poor Quasheba lived but a few weeks; but those were not spent in vain. As she blessed her son, she told him, the Great Spirit would protect him; and his father, whom she was going to meet, would bless him. Oh! how contented she died, in the arms of her beloved Zambo! The last offices of humanity were performed by this exemplary son; and when the days of mourning were passed, he sought

his Orella: your uncle promoted their marriage; they are as happy as you can imagine;—such a son must be a good husband and father. When your uncle was last in England he told me this; and said Zambo was then saving the profits of his labour (though not with such scrupulous self-denial), for the freedom of his Orella."

"Oh, mamma! what an affecting story!" exclaimed Arthur. "I am sure I love *you* as much as Zambo did *his* mother; but I cannot work for your freedom, because you never can be a slave."—"No, my Arthur; but if I were to live to see you grow up ignorant, undutiful, and worthless, the weight on *your* mother's heart would be heavier than the chains of slavery."

JESSY OF THE VALE.

"Happy they who find an early tomb!
Their life a sweet and April day,
Their death *eternal* bloom."

DEEP hid amidst Northumbrian dales,
By Wensbeck's lonely flood,
Which winds unseen amongst the vales,
Old Bertha's cottage stood.

In this lone dell, one op'ning glade
Admits the summer beam,
Through arching rocks and mountain shade,
Impending o'er the stream.

'Twas in this secret, shelter'd spot,
An humble flow'ret grew;
And all would envy Bertha's lot,
Who Jessy's virtues knew.

Her life had fourteen summers seen;
And time flew sweetly by:
Her life had all a summer been—
No fears or grief came nigh.

Her cheerful aid she daily lent
To ease a mother's care;
And oft to Heav'n her pray'r was sent,
That mother's life to spare.

For she had learnt the piteous fate
That waits the orphan child;
And she had heard the woeful state
Of innocence beguil'd.

With Bertha, times had better been,
Though humble now her store;
For life's proud day had Bertha seen,
And read in ancient lore:

And oft, when wintry winds blew cold,
And loudly roar'd the flood,
A grievous tale old Bertha told—
"The Wanderers in the Wood:"

And many a British tale she knew,
That charm'd the ev'ning hour:
How sad! how cruel! but how true!—
"The Princes in the Tower."

Of a fair maid by love deceiv'd,
The mother, too, would speak:
Soft drops of pity, as she griev'd,
Stole down fair Jessy's cheek;

And, "Oh! kind Heav'n!" she faintly sigh'd,
"May Jessy never know
What woes the orphan may betide
When parents are laid low."

Thy pray'r is heard, sweet innocence!
That grief shall ne'er annoy:
Rejoicing angels call thee hence
To realms of endless joy.

E'en *now* the bloom on Jessy's cheek
The canker was of youth:—
Her mind so fair, her heart so meek,
Her pure and spotless truth,

Nor her fond mother's pray'rs and tears,
This lovely maid could save:
The only hope of Bertha's years
Lies in an early grave.

The neighbours, as they weeping view'd
This lily cold and pale,
By tears their fond affection show'd
For Jessy of the Vale:

And often, by a waning moon,
Poor Bertha seeks the sod,
Where, re-united, she shall soon
Meet Jessy—and her GOD.

PART II.

SKETCHES OF YOUTHFUL LIFE.

THE youthful part of Mrs Villars's family had received so much pleasure from their former visit to the Panorama, that they heard from their mamma the intelligence of another exhibition with delight. Their affectionate behaviour to each other, and their dutiful attentions to their parents, gained them a ready permission again to attend the gallery, which had amused them so much before, though

the subjects were more adapted to the ages of Alfred and Eloise, than the rest of the family.

The picture first presented to their notice, was a most magnificent display of Alpine scenery; and the effect was as grand as the art of painting could produce. Mountains on whose heads the clouds rested, and rocks whose points aspired to heaven, excited in the minds of Mr and Mrs Villars the sublimest sensations, and in the children's silent wonder. Old woods climbed half way up the mountains' side; which, opening in the centre, discovered a vale of a circular form, in the midst of which was a beautiful lake, graced with a little wooded island. At the foot of lofty hills, upon a low promontory stood a small

and neat village—the white tower of its church glittering in the morning sun, which was the time of the day the picture fully expressed: it appeared just to have risen over the eastern barrier of the valley, and tipped the sacred fane, and the aerial summits, with its rosy light gold. On the left side of the promontory, by the projecting foot of a lofty mountain, stood a gentleman: his looks were expressively turned to a small house on the opposite side of the valley, which, like a blackbird's nest, was surrounded, except in front, by woods. The lake spread itself before it; and its white walls, and flowery roof, were reflected in its shadowy expanse, which the beams

of the sun had not yet rendered dazzling.

The whole party were enraptured with the scene. "I am sure," said Eloise, "the gentleman has left some one he loves in that house."—"Would you wish to live there, my children?" asked Mrs Villars. "Oh yes, mamma, with you and papa," they all at once exclaimed. "I," said Alfred, "should never be tired of fishing in that lake?"—"And I," said Eloise, "should delight to trim that garden in which the house stands."—"What would *you* do here, Henry?" asked his sister. "I should love to read in that island, if I knew how to get there," he replied. "And what would Archy do?" asked Mr Villars. "I would climb up *that* mountain side, and help

that man to catch his sheep."—"What man, my boy?"—"Why, that man in the farther side of the picture, quite a great way off: Do you not see him, and his dog, and a long stick in his hand, with a hook at the end of it?" They had all, but the little rover, overlooked the shepherd and his flock in the far-distant back-ground of the picture.

"Ah! what a happy place it seems!" said Eloise: "who, mamma, would wish to live in a town?"—"A town, my love, *has* its conveniencies;"—"But no pleasures, mamma."—"Yes, Eloise; the pleasure you are now enjoying: there are no panoramas in the country."—"But there are *real* woods, and hills, and lakes."—"True, my darling," sighed Mrs Villars, whose

heart languished for a rural life, though circumstances compelled her to live in a town.

Of this picture they never would have been weary; but the proprietor led them on to the next.

" This picture," said their conductor, " represents a view in the north of Yorkshire, which I dare say you all, my young friends, know to be the largest county of England. The northern part of it is remarked for the neatness and beauty of its villages, and few travellers pass through them without making the observation."—" Surely," said Alfred, " this cannot be taken from nature; it is too lovely."—" Ah, brother," exclaimed Eloise, " have you forgot what your favourite Thomson says?—

"Your remark is very appropriate," said Mr Villars; "for we, who are such worshippers of all *her* works, would rather expect that the imitation should fall far short of the original, than that it should be too 'lovely to be natural:' but I think Alfred's remark has a latent propriety, which I dare say he can explain."—Alfred replied, "I think, papa, I did mean more than I said; but Eloise is so very, very quick."—"And what did you mean?" asked his father.—The boy hesitated, for his expression did not keep such rapid pace with his feelings as his sister's did:—the party seemed to expect his explanation; and the proprietor, who was entirely devoted to the amusement of the

young, waited with the greatest patience all their remarks.—" A village," said Alfred, " cannot be called a production of nature, though it *is* a rural object, for the houses are the work of man; and where there are so many together, it is seldom that they are so placed as to form a beautiful landscape, though they may appear a pleasant village: yet when it is to be painted, there must be a great deal left out, and frequently something added, to make a picture that will please a judge of painting."—" Indeed, young gentleman," observed the owner of the gallery, " you speak *like* a little judge."—" Though," said the boy, smiling, " but little *of* a judge, sir."——Eloise, who never let a remark of her brother's escape her,

whispered Mrs Villars, " who is quick now, mamma?"

All this time the younger ones had been admiring the picture in silence, and we must describe what attracted their attention, and caused the following exclamation from Henry—" Oh! look, Eloise,—here is the lady again who was so good to poor Jennet :"—and so, indeed, it was. The picture was quite a contrast to the preceding one:—it represented a soft and undulating country, gently broken by waving copses, green hedge-rows, and smiling meadows: The fore-ground was verdant turf; and in the distance, small village-houses were seen: The taper spire of the church rose from a gentle ascent in the back-ground; and the principal object in

he front was a small cottage, shaded by two spreading walnut-trees, under whose branches were seated a gentleman and two ladies: he was tall, and of a dignified aspect; but the benevolent expression of his face would encourage the helpless and the hopeless to ask his succour.—

"His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And Charity itself was in his face."

The elder lady was just as she had appeared in the former painting, only the expression of her face was changed from compassion to admiration. Betwixt them sat a young woman, apparently of eighteen years of age: Her face was oval, and a soft sorrow hung upon every feature; her form was elegant, and her dress simple; her hair was most gracefully wrapped

round her head; but "the pale cast of thought" that her countenance expressed, rendered her an object of great interest to Mr and Mrs Villars. The whole view was gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, which had just sunk below the horizon, but had added its glowing tints to the rich colouring of autumn.

Archy said to his mamma, "I am sure I shall love to hear this story, though it is not meant for little boys, if there should be any thing in it about the little girl who would rather give her money to the poor, than spend it at the fair."—"You shall hear them all, my love, if you are good," answered Mrs Villars. "Will you, papa," asked Alfred, "permit us to come here again, after we have

ead the stories? I am sure every object will then have double effect: I long to see those again we have read of, for I feel so well acquainted with them all now."

Mr Villars gave a ready acquiescence, and they proceeded to the next, and last picture. It represented a deep and narrow defile, that suddenly sunk among mountains of the wildest aspect. In the valley, every sylvan beauty was epitomized: its sides were partially covered with the mountain-ash and hazle, and the verdure was of a deep and vivid green: at its bottom was a sparkling stream, the banks of which were fringed with alders; slips of narrow meadow-land ran on each side of it, luxuriant beyond description. Slowly wandering by the side

of the stream, was a little peasant girl; a straw hat, such as is worn by villagers, hung at the back of her head, the whole of which was exposed to view; her brown hair parted in rich curls over her fair face, and her eyes were intently fixed on a ballad she held in her hand. The time of the day was expressed by the glow of noon brightening every object: it gave added lustre to the cheek of the little girl; it painted with a higher colouring every leaf, and tinted with a richer brown the haycocks that spotted the emerald meadow. Under the shade of a projecting rock, a gentleman was seated: his book was closed in his hand, and his attention was fixed on the little wandering reader.

Greatly as the whole party had been pleased with the preceding pictures, this was decidedly the favourite. Could Mrs Villars have forgotten the pensive face of the sweet girl in the former picture, she would have thought, with her children, this one deserved the preference; but to souls like hers, "the mind-illumin'd face" was, of all other objects, the most pre-eminent: but she withdrew her recollections from it, and dwelt with delight on the picture before her. The descent to the valley was so abrupt, the objects of it so very lovely; such a fairy scene, amidst mountains so wild, so barren, and so bare; that it appeared like the beauty of Juliet "on the cheek of night"—"like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

The warmest approbation was given to this charming picture. "Is there really such a place?" said Eloise. "Just such a one," answered the proprietor: it is in Derbyshire; and this is a view from nature. I have frequently been surprised, that, among the many wonders that county offers to the tourist, this singular valley should have been overlooked."—"But," said Archy, "if ever I am a man, I will go and see it."—"And will that pretty little girl be there?" asked Henry. The gentleman smiled, and replied, "When you are acquainted with that little girl, you will not wish her to remain always there."—"But I am sure," said Eloise, "she never can find a sweeter place."—"She never found one that she loved better,"

ıe said. "But are you not anxious ıo know more of her?"—"Oh yes," exclaimed the whole party. "Then," said the proprietor to Alfred, "this book contains the histories of the three pictures you have seen this morning; and when you have read them, you may again inspect the paintings. Should this gallery, which is entirely devoted to the amusement and instruction of amiable young people, meet the approbation of their friends, I may visit you another year with a new selection."—Mr and Mrs Villars assured him of their wishes for his success in a scheme that afforded themselves and children so much pleasure.

The evening is arrived; and Mr Villars, seated by the table, where Mrs Villars and Eloise are at work,

re

DELIA'S BIRTH-DAY.

How sweeter than Arabian gales it is,
To have a grateful child!*

AMONG the vales of the north, one more than all attracts the traveller of taste and feeling: There are many

* Perhaps my youthful friends may not be acquainted with the affecting line of which this is a parody; but their future readings will inform them how piercing was that anguish which forced it from the heart-broken Lear. Ah! may they never feel in themselves, may they never excite in another, one momentary pang, that will cause them to exclaim,

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child!"

ore extensive, and surrounded by ocks and mountains more terrific; but Grasmere unites beauty with sublimity; and whilst the sylvan borders of its lake invite him to repose upon its banks, he views the tranquil scene before him, lost in the admiration of its numerous beauties. Like a polished mirror, its glassy surface reflects the surrounding hills, fringed with wood, and clothed with all the rich luxuriance of summer; and it is tinted with the azure hue of heaven. The opposite shore projects, with a gentle slope towards the water; on it stands the little village of Grasmere, the white tower of its church rising from the midst of it. A few neat and humble cottages are spotted around. All have their green turf in front, and all their

spreading tree that shades their doo
Nearer to the water's edge, and sur
rounded by a low inclosure, stands a
small white house: though its roof is
lowly, and its windows only case-
ments, yet an air of peculiar neat-
ness surrounds it, that attracts the
attention of the traveller. Flowers of
the richest hues grow in profusion be-
fore it; the lake is its boundary in
front; the honeysuckle, that grows
around the door, climbs up even with
the roof, which it covers with its
flowers. The garden terminates with-
in a few yards of the water, but has
no separation from the green turf that
slopes almost imperceptibly to the
bankless lake. A spreading beech-
tree shades this simple lawn, under
whose [illegible] stands a rustic

arden-chair; and a neat gravel walk eads directly from the house to it.

Whilst the "traveller" was gazing with rapture on this sweet and tranquil scene, the door was opened from within by a peasant girl, who was loaded with cushions, and carrying a small table. These she brought to the seat under the tree at the bottom of the garden; and placing the cushions on the chair, returned to the house.—Again the door was opened, and an elderly gentleman appeared, and slowly approached the seat, supported on one side by the female peasant, and on the other by a young girl apparently fifteen years old. The appearance of the latter was greatly superior to the inhabitants of the country: but her [illegible] was

evinced by the ease of her manner and the chaste vivacity and intelligence of her face. Her habit was simple as the village girls; but no ball-room dress, in the eyes of the traveller, ever appeared half so elegant. Every expression of pain or weariness, shown by the invalid, was answered by looks of sympathy from his gentle attendant. She re-adjusted the cushions, and he was seated; his little nurse placing herself by his side; and the servant returned to the house.

Never was a sweeter picture seen: it was one of the loveliest afternoons of June; nature was in her prime, and all her works rejoiced. In the face of the gentleman the most affectionate feelings were expressed; in that of the young girl happiness, ten-

derness, and attention were mingled. She drew from her pocket a book, and began to read; though frequently she paused to change the position of a pillow, or to take the hand of her auditor, which she rubbed, as if to alleviate his pain.

The tea-tray was placed on the table by their servant, when the traveller caught their attention: They spoke several times to each other, and then to their attendant, who, coming close to the water's edge, and speaking through her closed hand, said, "Would you please to have some tea?—a little lower down lives the boat-man; he will bring you over." An invitation to so interesting a party was irresistible: the traveller arose from his grassy seat, and [illegible]cribed:

he was soon landed on the other side. —" Who," asked he of the boat-man, " are the owners of yonder white house?"—" Angels from heaven!" said the man.

He walked through the village, and was met at the little gate of the garden by the daughter of his inviter. " My father, sir," said she, " imagines you are a stranger, one of the many whom the beauty of our lake invites to ramble here: if partaking of our tea will repay you for crossing it, he will be happy in your company."—" I am a stranger, and a traveller, young lady, and one who accepts your invitation with pleasure."

They now reached the sylvan tea-room. The old gentleman said, " Excuse my [illegible] little worth

now; but you are welcome—sit down: and Delia, my love, give us some tea." —The repast was exquisite: the urbanity of the gentleman, the attentive sweetness of his daughter, their easy conversation, and the marked affection they evinced for each other, sunk deep in the heart of the traveller, which was cast "in nature's kindest mould."

"I am sorry," said Mr Stuart, "I cannot ask you to sleep here to-night, —our only spare bed is occupied by a gentleman who is botanizing in the neighbourhood, and is, like yourself, a stranger; but if you will partake of our dinner to-morrow, I will treat my gout with a glass of wine: *it is my Delia's birth-day:*"—adding, whilst tears filled his eyes, "Oh, sir! in your prayer of to-night [illegible] to heaven

for her happiness; for with her rests all my earthly joy!"—"Dear father!" she exclaimed, "are not *you* the blessing of your Delia's life?"—"Father!" he repeated with emotion.—Delia arose: "Sir," she said to the stranger, "will you assist me?—the air is cold; and my father," added she, smiling, "forgets his infirmities in the society of a friend." It was evident she wished to change the subject. Mr Stuart was removed to the house with the tenderest care; and the traveller took his leave, promising to return on the morrow.

He lodged at a little inn a few miles below Grasmere, and arrived there at the last hour of twilight. His landlord met him at the entrance, apologizing [illegible] into

their only little parlour, engaged by the stranger for his own use during his residence among the lakes. "It is the surgeon of the country," said the landlord; "one of the best of men: our child is very ill, and he is so good as to stay here the night, and wait the effect of his medicines." The traveller rejoiced to have "one of the best of men" for a companion; and they derived mutual pleasure from the intercourse.—"You, sir, being a resident here, can inform me who are the owners of the small white house embowered with honeysuckles, on the borders of Grasmere water,—a gentleman and his daughter, who have most hospitably entertained me this afternoon?"—"I am glad I can," replied [illegible] has in-

troduced me to an intimate knowledge of them—and to know, is to honour them. I will relate to you their history: it was told me by Mr Stuart, when I attended him during a tedious fit of the gout. It will be no breach of confidence, as he delights to spread the praises of Miss Evelyn."—"Is not, then, Delia his daughter?"—"You shall hear," said Mr Hunter.

"Mr Stuart, as his name implies, is of the north country, but was fixed early in life with a merchant in London;—he became a partner, and prospered. From his conduct here, I am sure he must have been an honour to the character of a British merchant. During his prosperity, the widow of one of his correspondents waited upon him, [illegible] of her

husband's, who had died insolvent, and whose life had been spent in scenes of gaiety and extravagance, and she was left with two infant daughters. Mr Evelyn had offended his friends, by marrying a woman who had only beauty and virtue to boast of, and to them she dared not look for assistance: with Mr Stuart these were powerful recommendations—her distress affected his generous heart; and he soon became her protector, and the father of her children. When he said he was a happy husband, I knew he must have been a kind one, for no one can enjoy happiness themselves, without promoting that of others who depend upon them. The vicissitudes of commerce reduced Mr Stuart to bankruptcy; he [illegible] this

misfortune reached him; and he ha
continued to her children all the care
and affection the fondest father could
bestow.

"The two Miss Evelyns possessed a small fortune, left them by a relation of their father; and a sister of his was a woman of fashion and fortune. To this lady Mr Stuart wrote, and represented to her his utter inability to support her nieces in the manner he could wish: though to separate himself from them would be amongst the bitterest of his sorrows, yet, in justice to them, he claimed her protection. A very kind answer was returned to his appeal, desiring the girls might be sent to her at Bath, where she should remain the whole seas[illegible] com-

nenced. And now I will give you the remainder in Mr Stuart's own words, which made too deep an impression on me ever to be forgotten.

" ' I received Mrs St Leger's letter on the day that my generous creditors had signed my certificate, and returned it to me with assurances of their conviction of my integrity, and concern for my misfortunes. After dinner, my two girls were sitting beside me, sad enough to be sure, when I presented their aunt's letter, telling them what cause they had to be grateful for such a friend, and, though my heart sunk at parting, I rejoiced at their future prospects, being such as even my former situation could not have given them. I read the letter, and tho[illegible]

When I had concluded, Charlot said, "What a good aunt! I am sur we shall be very happy with her: Shall we not, sister?"—"I hope *you* will, my Charlotte," replied Delia; "but *I* will *never* leave my dear, dear father," running up to me as she spoke: she threw her arms around my neck, and wept upon my breast. As soon as I could pacify the charmer, I endeavoured to convince her that my distress would be increased by her participation, and said all that my anxiety for her future advantage could suggest; but she was not to be moved from her affectionate, her generous purpose. "To-day, sir, we will not speak of it; I will devote it to Charlotte, and assist her for her journey; and then I will tell you what has filled

ıy little head ever since that dreadful etter came which brought the news of your misfortune."

"'Charlotte prepared to comply with her aunt's request; and, when the moment of parting came, the dear child wept to leave a father and sister who had always tenderly loved her; but her first letter, which soon arrived, dwelt with the ardour of youth on the gaiety of Bath, the splendour of her aunt's establishment, her kindness to her, and all the pleasures that awaited her. As I found Delia *resolved* to remain with me, I had not resolution to attempt pursuading her to the contrary. Ah! what a balm to my sorrows it was, to have this dear child my comforter!—A gentleman, with whom I had [illegible] habits

of friendship, purchased, at the sale of my effects, my small but select library, and a sweet-toned piano-forte, which I had bought for my girls. These he presented to me. My creditors would not suffer several little personalities, that contributed to my comfort during the severe attacks of the gout, to be sold: these, and still greater proofs of their esteem, were very consolatory to me.

" ' A few days after Charlotte left us, the before mentioned gentleman called upon me. " Mr Stuart," he said, " you possess an angel of a daughter."—" Indeed I do; and most happy I think myself in preserving such a treasure."—" A treasure indeed!" he replied, " which you do not yet know the full value of." He then

roceeded to inform me, that the day before, Delia had called upon him, requesting his assistance in sinking her small fortune in an annuity for her life. "I told her, no one could better assist her than yourself in such a business."—'He, sir, is unacquainted with my intentions: I *beg* your assistance; I must not be opposed, and by him I fear I should.'—'Your life, my sweet young lady, blooming with health, will be thought too good a one to be made a bargain of.'—'Ah, sir! I little understand these things; but I see now, that age and infirmities will be more advantageous to the purchaser; and I rejoice that a larger sum can be raised upon it, for it is for Mr Stuart's comforts I am most anxious; let it be for his life.'—'And

when he dies, my dear, who will su
port you?'—'Providence, and my ow
exertions: but I hope his life may be
prolonged many years.'—"I promised
her my assistance, but determined,
before I proceeded in the business,
to acquaint you with the affair."
Whilst we were together, Delia en-
tered. Her dear face was covered
with blushes when she saw my friend.
I drew her to me:-"My child! I
know all your goodness; you must
not be the victim of my calamity—"
But I will not dwell on the affec-
tionate obstinacy of the darling: she
conquered, so far as the purchase
being made on her own life. "And
now, my father," she said, "we will
retire to some part of the kingdom
where [illegible] of life are

eap. I am sure we shall be happy; your health will be better; and amongst woods, fields, and flowers, your Delia will never sigh for the noise, and dirt, and crowds of London."—On this plan we mutually agreed; but, with all our economical arrangements, our little income would scarcely have sufficed, had not Providence still kept us in its care:—I received intelligence of the arrival of a ship at its destined port, that was believed to have foundered at sea: I had goods on board her: these had been sold, and the letter advised me of the remittance: This, in justice, I offered to my creditors; but they all refused it, and added, they had given up every claim to my property, and were satisfied [illegible] they

had received. How satisfactory w
this mark of their esteem! We no
lost no time in preparing for our ex-
pedition. In my younger days, the
mountain recesses of Westmoreland
and Cumberland had touched my
fancy, and yet lived in my memory:
the children had often listened to my
description of them; and Delia was
delighted to set off with me for Ken-
dal, where we meant to take lodgings
till we found a situation we could *love*
as a home. The beauty of this lake
was not unknown to me. Fortunately
for us, a fanciful enthusiast had, in a
moment of imaginary disgust with
the world, fitted up this small house
in a superior style to the surrounding
cottages: the whim soon subsided,
and the [illegible] When

elia first saw it from the opposite hore, admiration and delight sparkled in her eye: "Oh, my father! that little paradise must be ours." It soon was so. The honeysuckle that now covers it, trailed on the ground; the walk was choked with weeds, and the garden was a wilderness; but the activity of Delia was surprising, and the willingness with which the peasantry offered their assistance, was very gratifying to us: These worthy people, whose wants are few, but simple virtues many, appeared rejoiced to receive us amongst them. It was the spring of the year; and nature assisted us in restoring our garden and walks to their former beauty. Delia arranged her books, her drawing[illegible] soon

fitted up, as you see it, an elegant little sitting-room. In a few weeks I was surrounded by every accommodation—a female peasant of the village gladly offered her services. We have the happiness to be beloved by our neighbours, and are sometimes useful to them: they, in return, render us many good offices; and we have a mutual satisfaction in each other.——But one instance, among many, of my Delia's tender solicitude for me, I must not omit:—A few days after we were settled, a hamper of wine, of excellent quality, was brought by one of the villagers' little carts from Ambleside, to which place it had been forwarded from Kendal. I was much surprised, and inqu[illegible]ew of

t. "It is for *you*, papa: Do not look so gravely on me. I know, sir, you *must* have wine: Do not you remember when you used to say, '*Delia*, this gout will not be quiet without its bottle of Madeira?'"—"Ah, my child! but remember those days, when I had a right to take wine, are gone: our small fortune will not now allow it; at least not at present: till we know what we shall want, and what we can spare, we must not, my love, contract debts, if we mean peace of mind to be our companion here."—"There is no debt contracted; this is paid for. Receive it, then, from your Delia: we will be very careful of it; but I am sure you will be glad it is come, for to-morrow is your *Delia's birth-day*; and [illegible] did

you omit taking it to her health. She is irresistible; and the hamper was opened *for* Delia's birth-day. On further questioning her, I found that several trinkets, and some dresses, which, in her present situation she said, were absolutely useless to her, added to her watch, she had disposed of in London for the purpose; and had commissioned our civil landlord at Kendal, who was greatly interested for her, to procure and forward it.—Delia appears the happiest of human beings; and can I love her too well? In the very spring of life, with every enjoyment youth considers as blessings offered to her choice, resigning them all to attend an infirm old man, who has no natural claim upon her, to [illegible]dom,

here there is no variety but that of nature and the seasons—yet not only contented, but cheerful and gay!—Her performance on the piano is exquisite; yet *here* is none to listen, none to applaud: still she continues to improve this charming talent; and when she sees me pleased with listening to the sweet airs of my native Caledonia, and her soft voice adding those strains that every countryman of Burns must hear with pride and pleasure, she is as gratified as though she had the applause of a crowded assembly.'

"Mr Stuart's history ceased; but I, like him, would lengthen it through the night, in praises of his child. Already, sir, you must have heard sufficient [illegible] tion

to them. I am always glad when th calls of my profession bring me t Grasmere, and I perceive they have pleasure in my society. Amongst the villagers they are adored: Indeed, in my practice I have often to thank Miss Evelyn for the assistance my medicines have received from her attention to my patients, whom I cannot see so often as I wish."

The "traveller" retired; and in the morning he found Mr Hunter gone. He was impatient for the hour of noon, and was at Mr Stuart's as soon as propriety would allow. Mr Stuart was seated in his arm-chair, and Miss Evelyn was absent. The "traveller" mentioned the pleasant companion he had met with the evening before.—

"[illegible] excel-

nt little girl; and I know all the worth of Miss Evelyn."—"Ah, sir!" replied Mr Stuart, "my Delia's worth no one can do justice to—not even *I*, who know it so well." He then directed his guest to observe the drawings that ornamented the room: they were sketches from the surrounding scenery, and the work of Delia. In the windows were placed geraniums, rich in scarlet flowers; and the more polished leaves of the myrtle bloomed by their side. There was an air of elegance in the room that more magnificent ones frequently wanted; and every little arrangement and ornament evinced the taste of Delia. She soon appeared, and received the congratulations of the day with grateful pleasure [illegible] nd

happiness pervaded every breast.—With what emotion did Mr Stuart raise the glass to his lips that was pledged to her health! and the traveller's was scarcely the less.

At this moment his acquaintance of the preceding evening was introduced. Mr Stuart and Delia rejoiced to welcome "the kind doctor from Ambleside."——"I left you abruptly last night," said Mr Hunter to the 'traveller;' "but I meant (knowing your engagement for to-day) to see you again: I have a memorandum of Miss Evelyn's *birth-day*, and if the whole vale of Grasmere bade defiance to 'death and the doctor,' I should still visit it." Delia arose, and said to her father, "With such company, sir, [illegible] round

ne village: I long to see a group of little children, that I am sure expect my visits." In her absence, of whom else could they speak? "As I find," said Mr Stuart, "you, sir, have learnt the little history of myself and child, I will give to your perusal two letters: the first is from my Delia's sister; the other is her answer:—I requested to see it, and having seen it, begged the copy. I have great satisfaction in preserving them, but would spare the dear child's delicacy, which might be hurt did she know I communicated them: yet I cannot refrain from adding still further testimonies of her excellence to one who has a heart to feel it." Mr Stuart presented from his pocket-book the two letters, which the "t

Their conversation was now more diffusive, and the stranger grew communicative. His hearers learnt that he was high in character, and a man of acknowledged taste, but singular in his pursuits; and though inhabiting a distant country, his name was not unknown to these insulated gentlemen. "In whatever way, sir, I can serve you and Miss Evelyn, now or in future, to do it will add to my happiness."—"I require nothing for myself, sir," said Mr Stuart, "but your kind remembrance; but, in case of my death, how desolate will be my child! —for from her aunt, whose kind intentions towards her may have ceased, I have little expectation."—"I accept the trust of Delia," said the traveller; "and [illegible] Hunter,

'you, doctor, will inform me when (which Heaven grant may be far distant!) it shall be required of me."—Mr Stuart raised his eyes, and his lips moved—but the thanksgiving was only heard by Heaven.

Again the tea was served on the banks of the lake. This night "the traveller" slept under the honeysuckle roof, and on the morrow he was to depart: He retired early, and as soon as he reached the privacy of his room, drew out the letters he was impatient to read. The first was from Charlotte, dated London.—

'My dear Delia,

'I fear you will think I have forgotten you, it is so long since I wr[illegible] is so

much employed, I scarcely can find an hour that I am at liberty. You, my dear sister, I expect, are quite the reverse, and scarcely know how to *employ* your time, which must hang very heavy on your hands, in so desolate a place, without one human creature but Mr Stuart.—I would endeavour to entertain you with an account of our engagements, but perhaps it may make your situation appear more dull, which I should be sorry for. This has been a very gay week with us:—On Wednesday my aunt had a rout: her rooms were quite filled; I never was so heated in my life. I had hurried all week to finish a gown I was working for her, yet could not complete it, at which she was great[illegible] after,

we were at a sumptuous dinner, and met a large party; but I was the only young person there, and was not much amused: The men talked only of eating, and the ladies (when not at cards) of lace. My aunt will not let me play, which mortifies me much; but a corner being wanted, I was obliged to be taken in. I lost *all, all* my money; and I do not know when my aunt will let me play again, to win it back.—The day after, we were to join lady C—'s party to Drury Lane;—but was ever any thing so unlucky! my aunt's headach came on, and she sent an apology for our absence! Her ladyship requested I might attend them, but Mrs St Leger did not choose I should go without her.—The other day, I was playing [illegible]tos, and

bungled sadly: I said, "My sister Delia played this charmingly." "Indeed!" said my aunt; "could she play? I thought she had been quite stupid, since she chose to bury herself alive, when she might have been brought out in the world."—On Sunday we went to hear the celebrated Dr A—— preach; but the church was so crowded with fashionable people, I could not attend to him. A young lady who sat with us whispered me all the time —"that is lord D——, and that is the duchess of A——." I was sorry she did so, for I have not forgot how grieved my poor mamma, who is dead, would have been, and Mr Stuart too, if we were careless and inattentive at church. I had intended buying you a new [illegible] losses at

cards; I cannot do it now till next quarter-day be passed. Be assured that my pleasures will not cause me to forget my dear Delia or Mr Stuart, who used to be so kind and indulgent to us, that I think when we all lived together in London I was the happiest. Now, my sister, I hope you will write, and describe the place you live in, and how you get your time over. I am, with love to Mr Stuart,

Your affectionate

CHARLOTTE EVELYN.'

"And this is what most young people call happiness," thought the traveller; "to me it seems a list of mortification. But what says my little hostess?" And he unfolded Delia's

answer, which Mr Stuart's grateful affection had preserved.

'After more than a year's separation, and almost as long a silence, how welcome was my Charlotte's letter! and the affection it professed, how dear to her Delia! But let me spare you, my dear sister, the generous solicitude you feel for my situation: I am sure it will give you pleasure to hear that I am quite happy, *never* dull, and that I have not found one hour heavy since I came to Grasmere. In compliance with your request, I will endeavour to describe the place I live in, if it be possible, and how time passes over *me*—not how *I* pass *it* over.

This sweet valley in which we reside, is one of the loveliest among the vales of Westmoreland: It is about four miles in extent; sheltered by lofty mountains, above which rise a line of broken rocks, that fancy could form into the proud turrets of some ancient castle; but all below is peace and sweet serenity. The form of the lake they appear to guard, is that of a crescent, and the two points of the semicircle enclose the happy little village of Grasmere. Ah, my sister! that you could see your Delia's habitation from the opposite shore, in front of its neat white cottage, roofed with blue slate (which must not surprise you, as it is the produce of this country—therefore easy to be attained), and inter[illegible] trees.

The garden surrounds the house; a... the seeds and plants I brought from Kendal flourish there, and in my windows: watering, weeding, and arranging them, is a delightful employment, which occupies my mornings in the summer. I rise early, and have finished my gardening, gathered a bunch of flowers, which is always placed on our breakfast table, and fed my poultry, before Mr Stuart rises. Ah, my sister! how happy I am to meet him at the foot of the stairs—to receive his blessing—to make his breakfast! We chat over it; he admires my flowers, and inquires after the health of my fowls: it is a sweet repast!—all the perfume of the morning's flowers fills my room; the lake glitters with the rising sun, and my he... ...with happiness!—

Stuart then reads to me (you must recollect how well he reads); I work —perhaps you will wonder at what,— for myself, for Mr Stuart, and sometimes for my sister, as the gown-trimming, which accompanies this, will show: I copied the pattern from a beautiful plant that creeps upon the rocks, and which I have only seen here;—and, rather than be indolent, I work for those in the village who are too old, or too young, to work for themselves. We have a good girl, who waits upon us, and is so active and so attentive, that your Delia is almost a lady.

'After dinner, Mr Stuart rests in his chair; and, with a strict charge to Patty to attend her master's summons, I ramble to the village, where

I have abundance of acquaintance, I think I may say friends, for they all serve me to the extent of their power. I listen to the tales of the old, and I relate them to the young. I never return without half a dozen little rustics, who attend me to the door of my home.

'In the long days of summer I take a more extensive ramble, amidst the surrounding hills, attended by two or three of these little mountaineers, who receive it as a high distinction to carry a small basket with provisions and my drawing materials. These youthful guides know all the passes of the mountains, and frequently lead me up their steep sides, amused by the fears I cannot refrain from expressing. They kn[illegible] of every lofty

rier, and of every lake, though unseen, that spreads itself at the base.

'Indeed the inhabitants of this country exhibit honest industry, and happy poverty, in a light I never before considered it. *Here* is no dirt, no profligacy, no crimes, which are too often the companions of poverty: their wants are few, and those are fully supplied. Bread, butter, eggs, and milk, are the chief articles of their provision: the last, the most excellent of its kind, in its purest state, is sold for a halfpenny a quart. You will wonder at this, who pay eight times as much in London; but here there is more milk than money; with you, more money than milk. Their flocks supply them with clothing; the [illegible] is spun,

woven, and knitted, in the coun
it is chiefly a russet brown, and u
dergoes no change but that of clean-
ing: thus the shepherd and his sheep
are clad alike. In this happy absence
from temptation, they are so fortunate
as to receive all the advantages from
education that can benefit them: every
village has its little school, where
children are taught to read and write,
to be honest and charitable. This
precept is enforced by the example
set them at home, where every pea-
sant makes the wanderer welcome,
and would blush to receive a recom-
pense.

'Sunday, my dear sister, is indeed
a *holy day*. What an affecting sight
does the little churchyard of Gras-
mere [illegible] ages, dressed

their best (for even their simple attire receives some addition for that day), approach with respectful seriousness the sacred building, which to them appears the portal to heaven. The venerable clergyman looks on all as his children, and suits his discourse to the capacities of his hearers. Ah! how impressive it was the last Sunday! What a cordial it must be to these innocent people, whose hearts are kind, but possessions few, to be told, "a cup of cold water, given to one of these little ones," is accepted by Heaven, and calls down a blessing on the giver. The rest of the day is spent in privacy and peace, by every family in the village. This gentleman (who is a man of fine sense and learning), with [illegible] from

Ambleside, are our occasional visi
and their society is quite a treat
my dear father. The traveller o
taste or curiosity, a wandering stran-
ger, sometimes partakes our tea or
dinner, which makes a pleasant va-
riety to our tranquil life.

'I could increase my letter by many descriptions of the country, and anecdotes of its inhabitants, but shall fear, my Charlotte, to tire you. Before I conclude, accept my thanks for your intention respecting the bonnet, and excuse my requesting your affectionate present may be music, the choice of which I leave to you. The large straw bonnet I bought at Kendal is yet all I require: it shades my face in summer, and screens it from the cold in
fashion, my love,

no influence here. Present my tiful and affectionate remembrances to my aunt, whose goodness my heart will ever cherish, and which only a superior duty could have caused me to reject. Mr Stuart, my dear and tender father, sends you his blessing. Oh! my Charlotte, what a felicity to see him so well—so, as he expresses it, so perfectly happy! and how thankful is your Delia, that she can in any way fulfil the dying request of her mother, "to return, with her utmost power, his goodness to her in her destitute state!"

'Write to me again, my Charlotte; for the affection of my sister adds to the happiness of her

'Delia Evelyn.'

"Oh! dear, good child!" said [illegible] "traveller," as he returned the lett[illegible] to his book: "so young, yet to have chosen so well! But thou art repaid; for, in the words of thy little song, 'Thy bosom's the mansion of peace.'"

In the morning, he found Mr Stuart in his chair, and Delia in the garden: he returned the letters, and confirmed his assurances of the former day. When breakfast was over, the "traveller" prepared to depart: numberless good wishes passed amongst them, and the word *farewell* lingered on their lips: Delia accompanied him to the door; and when he turned to look for her, as he passed over the village green, she waved her little white hand, and disappeared. Horses and [illegible] at Bow-

ss:—till he reached that place, he as an humble "traveller." He followed the soft margin of the lake, *which gave him the opportunity of keeping in view the little white house that had so kindly entertained him. The winding of the road will now intercept it:—"Once more let me look at thee, thou happy abode of honourable age and youthful innocence—alas! how seldom do they endeavour to promote the happiness of each other!" Whilst he is thus apostrophizing, it disappears.*

On the first projecting stone that offered a seat, the "traveller" rested; and, taking out his pocket-book, copied in it the memorandum already written in his heart—it was, Delia's Birth-day.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

And if the little world *within* shall smile,
It scarce imports a jot
Whether the great world smile or not.

On a fair spring morning, in one of the new squares of London, the gay and fashionable were exhibiting their elegant equipages, and more elegant persons, to each other's admiration, as they walked or drove to the houses of their friends. On one side the square, a morning concert was held at the house of a nobleman; and on [illegible] receiv-

the congratulations of her friends the rank she had just attained. Superb carriages were crowding upon each other; and pleasure and amusement appeared to occupy every mind. At the door of a genteel, though smaller house than the others, stood a very different carriage from those that attracted the attention of thoughtless gazers—it was a hearse!—Its sable decorations were just put in motion, by its driving slowly away, and taking the shortest turn out of the square; scarcely, as it passed, creating one remembrance of its solemn errand amongst the votaries of pleasure by whom it was surrounded. By feeling hearts, the nobleman and the young bride are forgotten: it is the house of mourning [illegible] how

soothing will be their sympathy!
The widow and daughter of Mr Sydney, whose beloved remains had just been taken from his house, were enclosed in each other's arms: their grief, for the loss of such a husband and a father, absorbed every recollection of their own destitute state. Day succeeded day, and each brought its pleasures and amusements; but the gay routine of dissipation could not banish from the memory of the tender and the good, the heart-broken widow and weeping orphan. During this interval of time, the agony of grief had subsided; but a deep and settled sorrow had taken possession of Mrs Sydney, and seemed to threaten with dissolution that delicate frame, wh[illegible] tender

entions of her lamented husband d contributed to preserve. Life appeared to her a blank:—in his loss she had felt how bitter was the sting of death, how great the victory of the grave. That the very means of existence for herself and Julia were buried with him, scarcely seemed worthy her consideration or regret: grief had reduced her to almost infantine helplessness.

Mr Sydney had possessed an employment under government, at once lucrative and highly respectable. The nature of it had occasioned his temporary residence in the island of Guernsey. There he became attached to Julia Floresti. She was an orphan; and the pensive attraction of her ht-

ened by the recent loss of an indu
gent father, first gained her the syn
pathy, and next the heart, of Mr Syd-
ney. When he returned to England,
he was accompanied by Julia—no
longer Floresti, but Sydney—and an
infant daughter.

Of a disposition the most affec-
tionate and indulgent, doating on his
wife and child, Mr Sydney failed to
practise those restraints of prudence
his situation ought to have dictated:
he lived in one of the genteel squares
of London, kept gay company, and
supported his wife in all the elegance
and indolence of a woman of quality;
and he spared no expense in the
education of his daughter. In con-
tributing to the happiness of two
bei[illegible]red his

vn: his present income was certain, nd he flattered himself that the emoluments of his situation might increase; never doubting but his little Julia would form a connexion that should ensure her a continuance of the affluence she had been accustomed to: —so easily does a sanguine temper arrange circumstances to its wishes; not seeing the impending storm, that may level in the dust the beauteous fabric raised on the airy foundations of hope. Mr Sydney contracted no debts; and though he improvidently expended all his income, he possessed the integrity to spend no more. Happily for Julia, she added, to the gentle virtues of her mother, and the principled worth of her father, a mind capabl[illegible]per

estimate of life. She knew, for sh
had seen, that only the prosperou
and the independent were received in
society, on those terms that could
make it desirable; that the possession
of wealth, not merit, was the passport
in the world; that the owners of af-
fluence gained by worthless means,
spent contemptibly, or hoarded mi-
serably, would be courted by those
who could slight the man that would
rather be nobly poor than meanly
rich. Neither did it require more
penetration, or experience, than Julia
possessed, to discover, that the only
distinction made in man by God, was
denied the deference that the fa-
vourites of fortune received—that ta-
lents were neglected, whilst gold was
worsh[illegible] would

ıffer the "light from heaven" to be ut out by the extinguisher of a wealthy fool.

Whilst her father lived, these opinions were formed. She had not, perhaps, considered them as ever relating to herself, but that she had formed them was now to her advantage; now was the time they were to benefit her practice. No situation could be more destitute than Mrs Sydney's;—a foreigner in England, and possessing no natural connexions in her native island, she had not one friend whose assistance she could claim, though her acquaintance had paid her due attention of condoling visits and common-place consolation.

Mr Sydney was the only son of an off[illegible] been

devoted to the defence of his country, —yet he died a lieutenant! He felt his services had never been repaid, and shrunk from the idea of exposing his boy to the humiliation he had endured. A sentiment of remorse and justice, induced those, who had neglected the father, to serve the son; and to that sentiment young Sydney owed his situation under government. By his death, his family were bereft of every resource: their furniture, and the whole of the year's salary, which the office wherein Mr Sydney was employed generously allotted them, was all they possessed; and the whole of their future income, was to be the interest of that sum which had been their annual expenditure. Mrs Sydney's

tomed to exertion: the early indulgence of her father was succeeded by the still fonder care and watchfulness of her husband; and the delicacy of her health contributed still more to enervate it:—the arduous task of determining on their future fate, devolved with double weight on Julia. To great propriety of manners, she added those accomplishments which are thought so necessary to a well-educated young woman; the possession of which would have qualified her to act either as private governess, or as an assistant to a public school: but Julia was only sixteen; and who would trust to the responsibility of that age, in such an undertaking?—Supposing that her youth would be [illegible]ies ac-

cepted in the place of experience, one insurmountable objection remained;—to separate herself from her mother was impossible: the very existence of Mrs Sydney depended on the care of unwearied attention; in their situation, who could bestow it but a daughter?—yet that daughter must exert herself to procure the means of life for both. Whatever way the distressed Julia looked, all was desolate and forlorn. But she possessed a mind that *would not* admit despair. From their acquaintance, they received formal offers of service, and abundance of advice; but they neither derived consolation nor assistance from them. All could recommend a situation for Miss Sydney; but when she spoke [illegible] silent.

Julia thanked them for their offers, impracticable as they were; but she was more convinced, that it was on herself she must rely; and on her own powers only she depended.

In a few weeks, the furniture of Mr Sydney was sold; the house shut up, and soon occupied by a more fortunate family; and no trace of his widow or orphan daughter remained. Amongst the tea and card parties by whom they were known, this caused a week's wonder. When that had ceased, they were forgotten;—the elder ladies not sorry that there would be no further claim on their compassion or assistance; the younger ones rejoicing, that so fair a competitor for admiration as Julia Sydney, was removed f[illegible]

It was in the afternoon of a beautiful autumn, that a postchaise, containing two ladies, entered the village of N—, in the north of Yorkshire. They had been greatly struck by its appearance, as they gradually gained the gentle ascent that led towards it; and their pleasure was increased on their nearer approach. A neat little peasant girl was passing on the road: she stepped quicker before them, and, opening a gate through which they were to pass, dropt an unobtrusive courtesy, and proceeded on her way. They could not fail to remark to each other, the difference between this child, and those they had met with on their journey through Lancashire and Yorkshire, where they had been sometimes am[illegible]nd in-

ommoded, by the troops of rustic beggars that assailed them from every village: some tumbling along the road, to attract their attention; others pushing themselves under the horses' feet; all clamorous for halfpence, and abusive when refused. The present object of their approbation received their little gratuity, as they overlooked and passed her, with modest thanks and grateful courtesies.

The carriage proceeded; and had almost passed through the village, the neat habitations of which had greatly interested them, when the axletree broke, and the chaise was overturned. Several people, from a small public-house by the road-side, ran to the assistance of the ladies, who were not hurt. They

were taken to the adjoining little
and met at the door by its mistres
All the attention of rustic civility was
offered to them, and they were shown
into a small and private parlour: its
white walls and "nicely-sanded floor,"
the brightness of its fire-irons, and the
polish of its large oak-table, bespoke
the cleanliness of their hostess, who,
making her humble courtesy, begged
leave to send them some tea. "The
chay, ladies, cannot be mended to-
night, and it is eight miles to the town
where they are kept. The black-
smith says he can mend it for you to
go on to-morrow; and if you please
to stay all night, I can make you a
good bed, and my husband will take
care of the horses." This account
beinn servant,

ladies did not hesitate to accept
ie offer, and thought themselves ex-
ceedingly fortunate that the accident
had happened at this place, rather
than on the long moor they had re-
cently crossed.

The tea was soon brought in by the daughter of the landlady, a pretty child of eleven years old. The ladies observed, with surprise, how different her manners and language were to the rest of the household: the mother, though very desirous to oblige, was uncouth in her address, and vulgar in her words and accent: she repeatedly told "Nancy" to "wait well upon the ladies"—an exhortation quite unnecessary, for the little creature was all assiduity and attention.—"Where did you le[illegible]tily?"

said Miss Dudley, the younger of ladies. "At school, ma'am."—"And where is your school?"—"Just by, in the town, across the green," said she, modestly retiring.

The accident that had happened was little cause of regret to Mrs Vansittart and her young friend, and the delay no inconvenience; and though they were women accustomed to every elegant accommodation, yet they did not fastidiously shrink from those the village inn afforded. The picturesque beauty of the village had attracted their notice on its first appearance; and after they had taken their tea, they prepared to walk for an hour before the sun went down. A very fine road divided a bright and vivid [illegible] houses were

attered, delightfully shaded by trees hat spread their branches above their humble roofs. A large piece of water, such as is often seen on commons, was here, by its banks being kept in order, and a paved opening on one side for the convenience of watering cattle, an ornament to the place, which had more the appearance of pleasure grounds than a village green. At a little distance, on a gentle rising, stood a respectable-looking house; at the back of which was a thick grove of old trees, and leading up to its front, a fine avenue of elms. To the left of the house rose the village church; its small gilt vane sparkling in the rays of the setting sun, like a resplendant star.

The ladies proceeded on their w
and, leaving the road, crossed t
angle of the green, and came sud
denly in front of a small cottage-
looking house, that arrested their par-
ticular attention. A garden, that ap-
peared in excellent order, surround-
ed by a low thorn hedge, run parallel
with the end of the house, into which
a small bow-window fronted: the cur-
tains, that were neatly drawn up with-
in it, were white as the stars of the
jasmine that decorated it without.
Before the house, upon the green,
grew two remarkable fine walnut
trees: around each was a circular seat,
painted white. The peculiar neat-
ness that surrounded it, the bow-win-
dow at the end, and a half-glass door
at i hat marked

om the habitations of the neighbouring villagers.

At this moment the door of a small building adjoining the house (in a line with it, but at the contrary end to the garden) opened, and a number of children appeared. Though evidently belonging to humble parents, their dress was clean and tidy, and they crossed the green with the greatest order and decorum. The ladies followed them, and observed, when they reached the road, the happy sportiveness of childhood, displayed by the gaiety and hilarity with which they sought their different homes. More than half had quickly disappeared: of one rosy boy that remained, Mrs Vansittart inquired whose was the house on the hill? "It is Mr [illegible] the

boy; " he is the parson: My da
says he is the best man in all th
world. He made this nice pond,
which used to be a great dirty place,
and children and horses were often
fast in it: he set the people to work,
and paid them himself—his own men
worked at it: and when it was done,
he said he wanted nothing for his
trouble and cost, but that it should be
kept clean, and that children should
not throw any thing into it. I do
not think there has been one stone
thrown into it since. My mammy,
and all the town, fetch water from it,
to wash with; and my daddy says, if
I was to throw any thing into it, he
would throw me in after; so I never
do." The history of the pond was
exh[illegible]en uninte-

ing to his auditors, for in its simple description they saw the benevolence of the patron, the respectful submission of the villagers, and the obedience even of the second generation. "And who," asked Miss Dudley, "lives at the house you are just come from?" —"The school-mistress, and a lady. That is the school where the door and windows are open." As the ladies were now speaking to each other, the boy replaced his hat, and, wishing them good-night, quickly followed his companions. They continued to admire the house, its situation, and the neatness and comfort that surrounded it, till they feared their observations might intrude on the inhabitants, of whom they had formed the most respe

On their return to their little h
they were met by the hostess: "Her
is a gentleman," she said, "waiting
for you: it is our parson. Ah! what
a good soul he is!—he came down as
soon as he heard the chay was broke."
The ladies quickened their pace, and
were met at the door by the gentle-
man she spoke of, and a young girl he
held by the hand. The benevolent
intentions of his visit were expressed
in his face, and they were understood
by those he addressed: further intro-
duction was unnecessary. "I have
heard of your accident, ladies, and am
very glad you are not personal suf-
ferers. Mrs Mildmay begs you will
accompany me to her house; the dis-
tance is short: and though we are
su... ...ert herself

your accommodation, yet we hope that you will favour us at Elmwood with your company, till the carriage can be properly repaired." Mrs Vansittart acknowledged the kindness of his attentions; "but indeed, sir," she added, "we have received such comfortable civility here, from the good woman of the house, that I should be sorry to appear to distrust its continuance."—"I will arrange the whole with her," he replied, and retired to the house; but almost immediately returned, accompanied by the landlady, who begged of the ladies to inform her what they would want at Elmwood, which she would take care to have sent up; at the same moment little Nancy requesting she might carry the [illegible]as

their dressing-box, and contained they would want for the night. The then proceeded towards the parsonage, accompanied by Mr Mildmay and his youthful companion, followed by little Nancy carrying the "pretty box." "This young lady," said Miss Dudley to Mr Mildmay, taking her hand, "is your daughter?" The little girl looked up to him with smiles of affection. "No, madam; there are those who have a nearer claim upon Mary Powis than I have, but cannot, I think, love her more." Mary withdrew her hand from Miss Dudley, and was at his side ere he had ceased to speak. "See, my love," he continued, "there is Mrs Mildmay, and our Harriet, coming down the elms: run before [illegible] your these

...es will confer on us." Gay as the ...rk, and almost as much on the wing, her elastic foot scarcely touched the ground; and the affectionate hand of Mrs Mildmay was extended to meet her.

Mr Mildmay introduced the travellers; and they experienced from Mrs Mildmay the well-bred reception of a polite woman, united with the cordial welcome of a kind one. Minds so congenial were soon acquainted: the polished ease of Mrs Vansittart and her friend met the elegant hospitality of the owners of Elmwood with gratified pleasure. With music and conversation the evening passed swiftly away. "We were delighted with the village," said Mrs Vansittart; "how neat ... how

beautiful the green!"—"and," add
Miss Dudley, "charmed with t
village school." Mary's smile met
Mrs Mildmay's. "Why did you
smile?" asked she. "It was you,
ma'am, that did," said the little girl.
"The same sentiment," observed
Mrs Mildmay, "inspired us both:—
I was thinking, if Miss Dudley was
charmed with the school, what would
she be with the school-mistress!"—
"Ah!" said Mary, running to her
maternal friend, "that was *just* what
I thought." The same sentiment now
inspired Mrs Vansittart and her friend:
it was an expression of inquiry for
more information of the school-mis-
tress. "Will you, my dear Mr Mild-
may, introduce her to the ladies? you,
wh describe

—" I will do my best to describe r," replied he; " yet I feel inadequate to represent those virtues that my heart does ample justice to: but I will relate the simple particulars.

" It is two years ago, or rather more, since the village school lost its instructress. An advertisement in the York paper invited a successor: the terms were limited; but some additional inducements were stated,—a comfortable house, and firing, free of expense; a liberty to add any number of pupils to those on the establishment; and that all the necessaries of life were cheap, in the healthful and pleasant village from whence the application was made. As clergyman, I possess several votes: but the trustees, kno

welfare of the parish at heart, give u
to me the appointment of a school-
mistress; it being the will of the be-
nevolent testator that a female should
occupy a situation that offers so com-
fortable an asylum to that unpro-
tected sex. Several candidates ap-
peared; and, amongst the number, the
subject of our present conversation.
You no doubt will imagine my sur-
prise, on the application of an elegant
young woman, whose first appearance
secured her a prepossession in our
hearts. Her mourning habit, the blush
of anxious hope on her youthful and
modest cheek, the sweetness of her
voice when she expressed her wish
for my support, its affecting tremor
when she acknowledged it was her
sole
our in-

luntary approbation. She anticipated our observations on her superior pretensions, (for, with proper confidence, she knew that she possessed them), by describing her particular situation: 'Providence, sir, threw your advertisement in my way: the quiet of the country, and the salubrity of its air, might restore the broken health of my mother: There, if I was accepted, I might live with her, and, as much as the duties of my engagement would allow, for her.—An ability to teach the first rudiments of education, a knowledge of the English language and those branches of needle-work that are necessary to every female, were required: this I feel myself competent to undertake. The wr[illegible]tune

would assist, but not support us: I therefore prevailed on my dear mother to let us seek this village; to let me make my appeal to its rector; and, if my application failed, we could yet live there, with more privacy and less expense than in London, till something else might offer. She submitted herself to my wishes, and by easy stages we arrived here a few days ago. The time since has been employed in repairing those ravages which so long a journey, and under such circumstances, have made in the weak frame of my mother: but the encouragement I have received from listening to the virtues of him to whose patronage I look up, the loveliness of the country, the sweet little house that is assigned to the [illegible] inde-

pendence (though humble) which it offers—make me tremblingly anxious for the success of my application. I fear my youth you will consider as an objection; but, ah sir! the tender claim I have upon me, for seriously fulfilling the office I undertake, I hope will influence my life with that steadiness and attention more experience might promise.'——

"She ceased speaking; but with us she had already made her election sure, and I felt the full force of the beauty of her character, and all reference was superfluous: there could be no doubt of the truth and sincerity of it, for heaven had imprinted it on her face, in colours deception could never borrow. I assured her my recomm[illegible] hould

be immediate; and Mrs Mildmay requested she might be introduced to the parent of the interesting suppliant. She informed us that Mrs Sydney was at the house of Mrs Hoskins, from whom they had received the kindest attentions, and where they meant to wait the result of their hopes. There, Mrs Mildmay accompanied her, feeling impatient to offer such assistance as Mrs Sydney's peculiar situation demanded, whilst I paid my promised visit to the trustees."

"Ah!" said Mrs Mildmay, taking up the relation, "how were mother and daughter formed to charm! Mrs Sydney appeared no more than five or six and thirty. I scarce ever saw any one so deli[illegible] so elegant. The anxi[illegible]

ter's absence had overcome her debilitated frame, and she fainted in her Julia's arms. On her recovery, Miss Sydney soothed her with the prospect of their wishes being complied with, and introduced me, as a friend, who, laying aside all ceremony, came to offer every assistance sympathy could bestow."

" I cannot describe to you," said Mr Mildmay, " the grateful pleasure that beamed in Miss Sydney's face, when I informed her, on my return, that the trustees of the school were disposed to receive her as its future instructress, deputing me to make every arrangement for her immediately engaging in it. Mrs Mildmay and myself wished Mrs and Miss Syd[illegible] till

some few alterations I should recommend in their future home should be completed. They gratefully declined the offer, though I saw how soothing a one it was to them: Mrs Hoskins had been so attentive, so watchful for their accommodation, that they wished not to leave their little inn, till the removal would be a permanent one: This, added to the delicate state of Mrs Sydney's health, induced them to refuse our wishes.

"We took our leave for the night, accompanied across the green by their hostess, who was warm in the praises of her guests, and delighted to hear Miss Sydney was to be school-mistress. Our interesting acquaintance occupied all our conversation; and on the morrow w[illegible] school-

house. Its situation was, as you have observed, exceedingly pleasant, and the house tolerable: the entrance was into a small room, and a door from it, to the left, opened into one a little larger, with a window fronting into the garden. From the first room, we passed to the small kitchen; and the stairs descended into it. Some money was in my possession, due to the school during its vacation: this the trustees allowed me to expend in any alterations I thought requisite and proper: My dear Sophia, with the generosity that distinguishes her sex, requested to add, from her private purse, what would contribute to render the house more worthy its destined inhabitants, to whom her kind heart w[illegible] immedi-

ately we collected our village workmen: the casemented window, in the larger room, was changed to a bow one; the entrance-door of the house was half-glassed; the small room it opened into was converted (if you will allow so high a sounding word) into a vestibule; a door was broken through the wall, on the right hand, into the school-room, which, though adjoining the house, had hitherto been unconnected with it. The garden was in a very neglected state; but, to use a phrase perhaps never bestowed on so humble a garden before, "it had great *capabilities*," and was put in the neatest order by our own servant. You would have observed with surprise the alacrity of the work-people I em[illegible] of Miss

ydney's manners had won the affections of Mrs Hoskins, who was the oracle of the village; the attention that she had bestowed on her little Nancy, when Mrs Sydney did not require her assistance, had excited her gratitude; her goodness to her mother—" poor creature! who was not long for this world"—called forth her admiration, and was expatiated upon with enthusiasm by their fluent and well-meaning hostess; and thus influenced, my parishioners were impatient to fix this " angel," as they called her, amongst them. Prompted by the most affectionate zeal, every assistance Mrs Mildmay could bestow was added. I superintended the whole; and our work was soon completed, to the ex[illegible] who

gave directions for the furniture s
wished, to a person I recommended a
York.

" You must now imagine this superior young woman fixed in her rural home, the mistress of a " village school ;"—she, whom nature had designed an ornament for the most polished society. To the duties of her situation, Miss Sydney paid the most unremitting attention, and to her mother the most filial devotion. The daughter of a neighbouring farmer offered herself, on Mrs Mildmay's recommendation, as a servant, requiring no other recompense than to partake of those instructions that had been neglected in her childhood. The winter was fast approaching ; and the hours ool, were

ccupied by Miss Sydney in finishing some elegant work, that a warehouse in London had confided to her tasteful industry, and that she had supplied herself with, as a resource in case her application to me should fail.

"Every day that we saw her, endeared her the more to us. How much we wished to enliven the never-varying routine of her time, by drawing her to Elmwood!—but we could not prevail upon her to leave, even for an afternoon, the parent who seemed to live but in her sight. A little plan of Mrs Mildmay's, assisted by our Mary, at length succeeded. Miss Sydney excelled in every sort of ornamental work: this fluctuates with fashion, and with the fashions of the day Mrs [illegible] inted;

—hers are the fashions " that pass in away!"—We were desirous that our two little girls should be instructed in every accomplishment becoming their sex and rank in life, and proposed to Julia their becoming her pupils. In this arrangement a mutual advantage would arise, for, by an acknowledgment consistent with Mr Archer's fortune, and with the liberal allowance Mr Powis had assigned his Mary, we could repay Miss Sydney's attentions in the most delicate manner. Still we wished to bring her here; and whilst we were deliberating on the manner, our sweet Mary proposed that Miss Sydney should come to Elmwood, to instruct Harriet; and in her absence " I will stay with Mrs Sydne[illegible] I can

se her pillows, and give her the rops Miss Sydney does." This proposal, so tenderly and sweetly offered, was gladly adopted; and the gentle little girl acquits herself so well, that we frequently have prevailed upon Julia to remain with us the whole of the afternoon that gives liberty to her little rustics.

"I greatly rejoice in having elected Miss Sydney: The morals and manners of my youthful parishioners are a striking proof how strongly gentleness and good sense will impress the minds of youth, however lowly their station. The first request our judicious and interesting school-mistress made, was, that her pupils should attend personally clean; and the children them[illegible] usci-

ous of the comforts of this practi
To the mother of one, who pleade
want of time to send her daughter
clean, "How then, my good friend,"
said Miss Sydney, "will you find
time to nurse her, if she is sick? and
there is no preservative of health like
cleanliness." In spite of the obsti-
nacy and prejudice, that too often
accompany the poor, the advantages
the children receive are so obvious,
every one feels, every one acknow-
ledges them:—at school, at home, at
church, they are all well-behaved. I
often question them, and find they
love their mistress with the affection,
and with more than the reverence
they feel for their parents. Yet Mrs
Mildmay never ceases to regret, that
Mi[illegible] situation

eath her. I grant, that, had her her lived, or could he have secured to her the affluence she had been accustomed to, I should never have wished her in her present situation; but we must remember, she was left destitute—

> "She, with her widow'd mother, ——
> ——————*was* depriv'd of all,
> Of ev'ry stay, save Innocence and Heaven."

Supposing she could have placed Mrs Sydney independent of her cares, how often have we heard her declare, she could not have lived divided from her; "that absence from her beloved parent would have weighed down all her energies." As an assistant in a public school, Miss Sydney would have been estimated by her talents; here, the wi[illegible]ely

the nobler distinction) have their
display: there, only the few allotted
her care would have been benefited
by it; here, she improves and melio-
rates a country; and posterity shall
bless her name. Her place *may* be
supplied in the one situation; no one,
I think, but herself, could fulfil the
duties of this, in the manner she does.
Fixed in the bosom of a beautiful
country, for which her taste and in-
clination have a decided preference;
seeing that parent, whom all her hopes
and pious cares are devoted to, sur-
rounded by every comfort, and par-
taking, by the management, economy,
and exquisite taste of her Julia, even
of the elegancies of her former life,
and enjoying in some measure a reno-
vate[illegible] her pupils,

pected by their friends; and, in addition, what is I am sure most precious to herself, possessing the almost maternal love of Mrs Mildmay;—why should it be a cause of regret that she partakes not of that society, of those amusements, of that style, which some minds, unfortunate in their construction, attach to happiness? Happiness has nothing to do with them. Alas! they too often give birth to "envy, malice, and all uncharitableness." Julia possesses too many attractions not to excite enemies in a world where all are stepping forward as candidates for admiration and the favours of fortune. She has resources within herself that delightfully occupy her leisure hours;—hours how dear to her!—for they a[illegible]er-

tions. Her books, her plants, her g-
den, music, and drawing, afford h
the sweetest satisfaction. Indeed I
look upon her as one of the happiest
of women, as I am sure she is one of
the best; and when I consider the
noble elevation of soul, that could
enable her to digest and practise a
plan that many of her sex, educated
as she was, would have shrunk from
with abhorrence, I look upon her as
one of the *wisest of women.* Though
Mrs Mildmay feels the truth of this,
she cannot help looking forward to a
different situation for her favourite.
Whilst Mrs Sydney lives, Julia must
continue where she is; but, in her de-
bilitated state, I think that cannot be
long"——"And," said Mrs Mild-
ma[illegible]t, so me-

…cholly to my young friend, takes …lace, I think I can offer her a situation that will replace her in the society misfortune has torn her from, and which she is destined to adorn: In a year or two Mr Archer will claim his Harriet: his great tenderness for her will not suffer him to give her a second mother; this he has declared to me: what a treasure, what a companion, friend, and instructress, will be Miss Sydney! how fortunate and happy will Harriet be, to ensure her as such! and Mr Archer's generous heart will place our beloved Julia in that situation in his family she ought to occupy, and nothing less than I would have her accept. There is another offer I mean to make, when the period I spe… …ta-

geous perhaps, but one my heart is interested in her acceptance of; it has the full approbation of my kind Mr Mildmay, and is one of my fondest hopes: it is, to live with us, to be unto us as a daughter: as such we long to receive her, as such we would have her ever to remain."

Mrs Vansittart had kept the most profound silence during Mr Mildmay's relation: She now, raising her eyes to Mrs Mildmay, said, "I must *know* Miss Sydney: can you introduce an entire stranger to her? for I could as soon intrude upon a duchess, as upon misfortune endued with so much dignity."—"I hope," said Mrs Mildmay, "you will prolong your stay at Elmwood: let us be indebted to an inci[illegible]ccident—

at has procured us your company, nd my Julia a friend. To-morrow we will take tea with her: I have long promised myself the pleasure; and Mr Mildmay will inform her in the morning of our intentions." This proposal was most readily acceded to, and they parted for the night.

At breakfast, on the succeeding day, Mr Mildmay invited the two little girls to accompany him on his walk: "I have a baby," said he, "to baptize, across the green: you will go forward to Mrs Sydney's, and tell Miss Sydney to perform all her whipping this morning, for the afternoon is to be holiday." Delighted with the permission, they prepared for the walk, and the ladies retired to write to those

friends who were not prepared for t
delay of another day.

With an interesting and elegant exterior Mrs Vansittart possessed a cultivated understanding, and a polished mind. From her person the charms of youth were fled, but its fading graces were replaced by the intelligence of her countenance, and an expression of liberality and candour that won the affections: her heart was as warm, and her feelings as ardent, as when the rose bloomed on her cheek, and her auburn hair possessed its sunny glow. There was a time when she might have been more an object of admiration, but she never could have been more interesting: By the young she was almost adored, for her cheerful
dulgence

d candour never failing: She de-
ghted in their society, and they as
eagerly sought hers. The history of
Julia touched her generous heart,
and she felt there were yet beings in
the world, worthy of those ideas of
human excellence she had loved to
cherish. She considered Miss Sydney
amongst the first order of them, and
was impatient to behold the young
woman who could thus resist misfor-
tune, lose her rank in life, yet retain
her superiority; who could rise above
the frowns of fortune, and prove that
it is mind alone that forms the *real*
pre-eminence of human nature.

Mr Mildmay, at his return, in-
formed the ladies, that their proposed
visit would afford the greatest pleasure
to his [illegible]"

he said, " is better to-day than usual; this circumstance, and the hopes of your society, animates the cheerfulness of Julia: she begs you will pay your visit early, that the whole afternoon may be indeed a holiday to her as well as her children."—Their own wishes met the request of Miss Sydney, and they left the dessert untasted, in their eagerness to comply with it.

They are now arrived under the shade of the walnut-trees that front the house; and Mr Mildmay introduces them to the entrance-room which he had distinguished by the name of vestibule. How are the strangers charmed with it!—its floor covered with matting, and the cool reflection from its pale-yellow walls. Down each pots,

ontaining beautiful plants; orange rees, as fine as they had been accustomed to see in green-houses; myrtles and geraniums, in full flower, and of a size and beauty that surprises them. In the opposite window to the entrance are placed cages containing birds, the frames covered with gold-coloured netting, the work of Julia.

But their momentary admiration is suspended by the appearance of the enchantress that presides over this region of taste. With an indescribable grace she presses the hand of Mr Mildmay within both hers; kisses those of Mrs Mildmay, that are held out to her; and receives Mrs Vansittart and her friend with the most winning ease and dignity. "Allow me to [illegible] said

she; and they followed her to the sitting-room. Mrs Sydney was reclining on a sopha, from which she never arose but to be removed to her bed: that she received her visitors without attempting it, she offered no apology: she knew they were acquainted with her inability from Mr Mildmay, and she saw, in the expression of Mrs Vansittart's face, that it was superfluous. They were greatly struck with her elegant appearance: sickness and grief, that had robbed her of the charms time would not have reached, had given the delicate and pensive graces,—more touching perhaps, because our softest sympathy is mixed with our admiration. Her dress, and the sopha on which she rested [illegible]eness;

and a small green silk bonnet shaded those eyes, whose brilliancy had faded on her husband's tomb. The hectic of her cheek gave a seraphic beauty to her face; and a sweet expression, that arose from the conscious pleasure that Mr and Mrs Mildmay's friendship afforded her, a *tout-ensemble* that struck Mrs Vansittart's feelings beyond all sh[illegible] had raised her expectations to.

The extreme neatness of the apartment could not fail to attract the attention of the ladies. Half the window was shaded by a green silk roller; and through the lower part of it, clusters of jasmine flowers "were peeping in."* The walls were stained green,

* "And starry jas[illegible]ing in to see."
[illegible]FIELD.

and the floor was covered with a cloth of the same colour. Small wicker baskets, containing flowers, were placed on stands in the corners of the room; and every thing it contained bespoke the elegant taste of the disposer. She herself was alone undecorated: her dark-brown hair was gracefully wrapped round her head, and she wore a gown of simple make and pattern:—but Julia *required* no adventitious ornament: the ease of her manners, her graceful movements, and the mind that spoke a thousand charms in her face, evinced of how little importance are the varieties of fashion to youth. Mary Powis, who was sitting on a low stool at Mrs Vansittart's foot, said, in a low whisper, "[illegible]dney's

reen abode."—"It is a sweet abode," replied Mrs Vansittart; and Julia observed, "It is the colour, Mary, that nature delights in; and you know how I love all her works: but in the adoption of it here, I was more particularly decided, as it is a colour my mother's eye loves to rest upon, and which she says often relieves it."—"Oh!" said Mary, "I, then, will have a green frock."—"Which is very ugly!" observed Miss Archer;—"But the impulse that dictated Miss Powis's choice, is *very beautiful*," said Mrs Vansittart.

"Ha!" exclaimed Miss Dudley (who was seated near the window), "here is the pretty little girl that opened us the gate yesterday, on our entrance to the [illegible]land,"

said Miss Sydney: "she is one of my little maids in waiting, and comes every evening this week, after school, to water my plants."—"How good she is," said Mrs Sydney, "not to consider her holiday as extending to a neglect of them."—"I never feared it," replied Julia.—"You were admiring my vegetable fam[illegible]y," she continued, addressing Mrs Vansittart: "I have great pleasure in cherishing them; for, independent of their beauty, they are all, or most of them, marks of the esteem of the villagers; who observing my fondness for them, have pressed my acceptance of them, as an offering, as they termed it, of gratitude: and they serve [illegible]her purpose besides an[illegible], for it is a hi[illegible]nd

eward of good behaviour, when I commit them to the care of one of my children for a week: This little girl will water them all, without leaving one drop on the floor, or making the least dirt; every faded leaf she will take away; and return home in the same quiet manner she has entered.—Yesterday, Miss Powis, your *protegee*, little Jennet of the Green, assisted Emmy; and very proud she was in having the post of honour allotted her. It was a reward for her giving a slice of bread and butter she held in her hand to the child of a soldier, who was passing, with its father, through the village. I was on the road, and b[illegible] it of her: I am sure *you* will b[illegible] she gave