

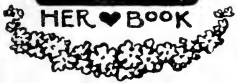


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DOLL.

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AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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By MARY MISTER,

*Author of "Tales from the Mountains," "Mungo the  
Little Traveller," &c.*

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THE  
ADVENTURES OF A DOLL.

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CHAP. I.

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THE TOY-SHOP.

**I**N a large shop, in the great metropolis of the British empire, I first opened my eyes on this changeful scene of life; and as the days of youthful beauty and vanity are now over, I may be allowed to describe, for the amusement of my readers, those charms which so long attracted the admiration of every youthful passenger. My face was fair as the finest wax could make it; a bloom, resembling the down of the peach, was spread over my cheeks; my eyes were the soft blue of a summer's sky, now opening with animating brightness, and now closing with languishing

softness: for I believe I was the first doll of my race, whose eyes had been taught to open and shut. A sweet smile seemed to play round my mouth; for my coral lips were just separated, to display my pearl-like teeth. Flaxen-coloured ringlets, soft as the thistle's down, curled in profusion on my head. My fair bosom, my round arms, my taper fingers and delicate feet, were all of acknowledged beauty. My figure was of the middle size. But my greatest charm was that peculiar expression of superior understanding, which enables me to recount this my eventful history, for the amusement of my young friends.

My possessor was a person of great taste, and gave to my elegant form every advantage which dress could bestow. A wreath of moss-rose buds encircled my head. I wore a transparent muslin frock, spotted with silver, over a pale blue sarcenet. Fine lace and pearls surrounded the bosom, and ornamented the sleeves. A string of pearls also hung round my neck, and decorated my arms. My stockings were of the finest silk; and my slippers blue, spotted with silver.

In this splendid circle I had many associates: some whose appearance was even more brilliant than my own; several of much larger size, and whose magnificence almost rivalled regal splendour. Yet, however they might attract and astonish for a moment, an approbation the most settled always rested on me; so that the more my countenance was examined, the more I was admired. And experience has since convinced me, that young ladies, as well as dolls, will always attract more praise by a retiring sweetness and modesty, than by all the glare of dress and beauty. Many times in a day was my price asked, but so exorbitant was it deemed, that I had not only to witness the sigh of disappointment, but to see the trickling tear bedew many a lovely cheek. One day, in particular, a very sweet girl, accompanied by a lady, who proved to be her governess, entered the shop. By the plain neatness of their dress and simplicity of manner, I discovered that they belonged to that class of people whom the world call Quakers. It may easily be supposed that I was the first object of attraction. When the young lady,

with a voice particularly sweet and diffident, asked if she might purchase me, the governess replied: "I also am struck with the great loveliness of the doll's countenance; but in refusing thy request, I wish to consult thy instruction rather than thy amusement." No pouting lip—no look of disappointment or vexation was shown by her amiable pupil, as she turned to select the silver thimble, for which she had entered the shop. A beautiful orrery drew the attention of the governess, who exclaimed, "This will, indeed, be a source of amusement to thy sisters as well as thyself!" And she ordered it to be packed up and sent to her lodging, paying for it a higher price than what had been demanded for me. I saw them depart with regret; for I was delighted with this little girl: the more so, as one of our young people who waited in the shop, remarked the great resemblance between her face and mine. Had I possessed the power, I would have thrown my waxen arms around her neck, and never more have left her.

My mistress at length began to fear that

my roses would be faded, and my silver tarnished, before she could meet with a purchaser; when, happily for her, but not for me, those fears were soon dissipated by the arrival of a customer from the country. The appearance of this lady was by no means agreeable, and she was accompanied by a very pert-looking girl, about ten years of age, who was her daughter, and who wanted every thing, yet could fix on nothing; tossing and turning the most valuable toys about, to the great hazard of breaking them; teasing the people to get up to the highest shelf, to reach down drums and swords, and things she could not possibly want; whimpering if her mother attempted to reprove her, and exposing her disagreeable humours to several ladies and children who were in the shop. Nor would my mistress have suffered her toys to have been thus roughly handled, had she not before had large orders from this lady, and knew she would not quit the shop without expending a considerable sum. But Miss was so difficult to please, that she could not

be brought to fix on any thing, till her mamma reminded her, that the ducks she had ordered on purpose for her would be spoiled, and that she should come again the next day, and have what she chose. Tolerably well satisfied by this, she ordered a quantity for her present amusement; and before her departure I was presented to her view. She was turning away to one of my more gaudy companions, when the mistress of the shop observed, how generally and greatly I had been admired, and that my high price alone prevented a purchaser. Delightful information, to be able to possess what others wished for in vain! She therefore insisted that I should be sent home with the toys; but as their visit to London was principally to buy fine things, and they were soon returning to the country again, I was ordered to be packed up for the journey. Miss, however, was so clamorous for me to go with her, that the mother was constrained to consent.



## CHAP. II.



### THE HEIRESS.

**I** NOW returned with the ladies to their home, and the first thing which struck me was the profusion of expensive toys which was scattered over the apartment. I am certain, as much money had been spent in useless trifles, in this one visit to London, as would have supported a poor family of children for many weeks. I had not before travelled beyond our shop, yet I have seen the poor beggar soliciting in vain for her houseless children, of ladies, who, whilst they refused to her a trifle, expended a guinea in some silly toy. But I hope, for the honour of the world, there are not many such hard-hearted ones in it.

The heiress, my new mistress, had been so

much spoiled by improper indulgence, and was so very ignorant, that she was extremely fond of low company, and would at any time leave her mamma's tea-parties, and the society of her governess and her cousin, to associate with the servants in the kitchen; and although my dress was suited to the drawing-room alone, yet she would take me with her, and frequently leave me on the dresser, or put me to bed in a basket where the housemaid kept the stockings she was mending, or other coarse work. It was by this means I had an opportunity of hearing the history of the family.

My own mistress was an heiress. Her mother had been servant, and then wife, to a grocer. He was a very frugal man, and left his daughter ten thousand pounds: another relation gave her five more, making, in all, fifteen thousand pounds.

In the family of Mrs. Harpur lived, also, a little orphan girl, who was sometimes acknowledged as a cousin, yet more often treated as a servant. Indeed, few servants would have submitted, so much as she did, to the whims

of Miss Harpur; but she was a rich heiress, and Emily Oakley a poor dependant, who, but for charity, might have been a beggar; and this was repeated so often, that it was not possible for her to forget it. Miserable, indeed, was the situation of this friendless little girl. The cruel Miss Harpur would frequently pinch her black and blue, and scratch her face and neck till the blood ran. All this she bore with uncomplaining mildness; for Emily had been early taught to pray, and to consider that in heaven she had a kind Protector. Yet, sometimes, when she retired to her little bed, she would weep, and call on her mamma, who was no more; again, she would reflect that many were without food or shelter, and her situation was better than theirs, and she would try the next day to bear her hardships more patiently.

Mrs. Harpur's house was within a few fields of a large boarding-school, where she intended her daughter should have been educated; but she would not try to learn, and fretted herself sick whenever it was urged. Her mother, therefore, being obliged to keep her at home,

engaged a sensible governess for her, who soon became so tired of her insolence, her obstinacy and perverseness, that she resigned the situation, and none but a very ignorant young woman would accept it. The masters who attended the school were engaged to instruct her. No: she would not learn; but Emily should, because, judging from her own feelings, she thought it would be disagreeable to her. Therefore, Emily did learn, and became a sensible and accomplished girl, whilst the other continued stupid and ignorant.

Miss Harpur had a great many sweet things to eat, and had wine and high-seasoned dishes at dinner: Emily had only the plainest food; but she had enough, and was far more healthy and active.

The heiress was often so cross, that her mother was glad to have her accept of any invitation, that she might have a little peace alone. She would cry because Emily could play and draw; and yet it was by her orders that she had been taught. She quarrelled with her because her name was prettier than

her own, and quite raved at her mother for having called her Rachel—Rachel Harpur! was ever any thing so ugly? Whenever she thought proper, Emily must work in her garden, in the midst of the rain; or she must take a lantern, and walk, after dark, down a dirty lane, to see a pet kitten, which she desired should be nursed at a cottage. When Miss had genteeler company, Emily was discarded, and it was then she would cheer her spirits with my society, and arrange my dress with the nicest taste; for it had been the most pleasing part of her employments to make me some lace frocks, and other fashionable things.

The mistress of the boarding-school was very obliging to Mrs. Harpur; for the house she inhabited belonged to her, and parties of her pupils often visited the heiress. After dinner they were brought into the play-room, where they would kindly notice poor Emily, who, wearing only the cast-off clothes of Miss Harpur, looked far more like a lady than she did. How dearly did this proud girl love to display all the riches of her baby-house, her

trinkets, and her elegant dresses; but the young people soon grew weary of admiring fine things, and, freed from the restraints of school, longed to enjoy themselves in some active amusements—a little dance, or a game at blindman's buff: but Miss Harpur indulged herself so much in eating and sleeping, that she was fat and inactive, and made a poor figure in those sports. She would, therefore, sit down, and complain of the head-ache; and Emily should not play, because she could not.

Although I slept in a bed of damask, and was dressed so splendidly, I was weary of belonging to so disagreeable a mistress; when, with her usual capriciousness, she at length grew tired even of me; and finding, also, that Emily was attached to me, my dismissal was determined on, and I, with all my elegant attire, was presented to one of the young ladies belonging to the school. Emily packed up my clothes, gave me a parting kiss, and resigned me to another heiress, but one who, in that title only, resembled my late mistress.

## CHAP. III.



## GOING HOME.

**I** REGRET that the holidays being so near, prevented my learning the manners and customs of a large school; but I had the greater satisfaction of finding that my new mistress was generous and good-tempered, as I observed, in packing up her things, she was disposed to give many of them to the maid who assisted her, on the pretence that she had not room for them in her trunk; which was, indeed, not so neatly disposed, as I could have wished it to have been. The house where, on my first arrival, such order had prevailed, was now a scene of general confusion. Trunks corded and piled up in the hall; locks repairing of

others, and servants bustling about. The young ladies scampering from room to room, expressing their hopes and fears of going first and last. Still happiness shone in every face, excepting in that of one young lady, who took no share in the bustle, and had now the unwished-for distinction of a seat in the parlour of the governess.

Her parents lived in the West Indies, and in England she had no friends but my mistress. The little Welch heiress, in the warmth of her heart, would have taken her home with her; but being denied this, she consoled her, the best she could, by giving her all her toys, and many other little things. I alone was kept back, for I was a declared favourite.

To enable me to support the journey in such an inclement season, (for it was Christmas,) I had a very elegant riding-habit prepared, with a white tippet, and beaver hat and feathers. Always generous, and therefore generally poor, she could not have purchased those for me, had not an uncle, who



was an admiral, called to see her, and made her a handsome present.

Our first day's journey was to terminate at a large town named Gloucester, and a coach had been engaged to take my mistress, myself, and five more ladies; but when we had performed little more than half our journey, we were overtaken by another coach, laden within and without with young gentlemen returning also from school. This party was quite as happy, and far more noisy than ours, and most extremely impertinent; for when, in going down the hill, the road being very wide, the coach kept by the side of ours, they not only called the young ladies many ridiculous names, but shot from a little kind of guns, bits of potatoes and peas, against the windows, to the great hazard of breaking them; and when one of the ladies ventured to let down the glass and peep out, a great dash of water, from a thing called a squirt, was thrown in her face, as they had bottles filled in the coach for that purpose. And they also dreadfully annoyed us by blowing horns and beating a drum;

but what was still more disagreeable, when the road became very steep, the young gentlemen on the outside of the coach got off to walk, and collecting the snow, which lay on the sides of the road, began dashing it up against the windows, and the ladies, some of them, got very wet. But I must confess they were themselves extremely silly, letting down the glass and peeping out, and holding up cakes and the limbs of chickens, to show how much better they were provided. I also was perched up at the window, and made to open and shut my eyes, and curtsy to these noisy travellers.

At length we reached the city of Gloucester, and both coaches drove to the same inn. The people of the house seemed to rejoice in their boisterous mirth, and spread a profusion of pastry and other delicacies before their young guests. The two parties were only divided by a thin partition, and a great many droll things were said to each other, and a vast deal of noise and laughter followed; till at length the mistress of the house entered, and advised them to go to bed.

They immediately complied, and I, disrobed of my travelling attire, reposed on the same pillow with my beloved mistress. I must confess, that, being of a serious turn myself, I was rather displeas'd with her, as I could not but observe that she was one of the most noisy of the party. I had not then learned how much joy is centered in a journey home.

The following morning, the party were most of them dispersed. One remained at Gloucester, and her mother called to offer to conduct the other young ladies to see the place, the coach not setting off again before two o'clock. My mistress, that I might be under her own care, wrapped a cambrick handkerchief about me, and put me in her muff; but, being a doll of curiosity, I had determin'd to have my share of the amusement, so I contriv'd to peep out at the end. I had never seen more of the world than what I had observed from our shop window; I therefore promis'd myself much pleasure, but greatly was I disappointed. I no longer, as I used to do, saw crowds of gay people,

or throngs of carriages. The streets were narrow and nearly empty; and, excepting in the shop of Mr. Whittick, I did not see one of my race with whom I could have associated. Even there, too, I was doomed to be affronted, and by one from whom I had no reason to expect it—from my mistress herself, who went in to buy me a pair of shoes, and placing me by a doll dressed like a sailor, declared her intention of making him my companion. Happily, she was dissuaded from her plan, and laid out her money in keep-sakes to carry home.

This shop was of no great dimensions, but it was perfectly crowded with a collection of the most elegant toys, which greatly interested our youthful party. My mistress appeared still more delighted to chat with the master of this splendid display; for he was well known to her, and to most of the families in South Wales; which country he frequently visited, providing ringlets and trinkets for the ladies, toys for the children, and dogs for the gentlemen.

## CHAP. IV.



## PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

**WE** were next conducted to a large and most magnificent building: the inside was still more splendid, and kept elegantly neat. I found that it was called a cathedral, a place where people assemble to say their prayers, and to return their devout thanks to a good and gracious Being, to whose bounty they owe every earthly blessing. Into such sacred places dolls are never suffered to enter; nor would my mistress have taken me, had she known whither she was going. She therefore kept me still closer in her muff, and walked with awe and reverence round this solemn pile.

From thence we were conducted to a place of a very different kind, that, also, was

a large building; but iron bars enclosed every window, and the ponderous gates, heavily chained, seemed to forbid all admittance. And who would wish to be admitted, when informed that this prodigious place was a prison? a place where wicked people are shut up, and punished for their crimes. And, strange as it may seem, some good people, also, might be found within these gloomy walls: men, who having borrowed money, or bought things of others, and had not the means of paying, were here shut up. This appeared to me a cruel and very singular thing; but as I do not comprehend why it was so, I will not take on myself to condemn it.

No sooner were the young ladies informed of what kind of place this was, than they all shrunk with terror, and hastened away, except my mistress, who possessed such a strange kind of curiosity, as to wish to go withinside. Her aunt was a great coward, and so were most of the Welsh ladies; and how proud she should be to boast to them of having dared to visit a jail. Her gouty

uncles would also be amused by her account of it; and if any of their poor, as was sometimes the case, should be inclined to pilfer, she would warn them, by describing the punishments of Gloucester jail.

The lady who conducted them smiled at these reasons; but at length consented, and returned to her house for a written order, which she thought necessary for their admittance; leaving there the rest of the party, who were astonished at the boldness of Miss Lewis. When the massy gates closed upon us, and we entered a room where vast fetters were suspended, she began to repent of her temerity, for I felt her hands tremble.

In this room we found the very young gentleman, with whose loud mirth they pretended to have been so much annoyed the day before; pretended, I may say, for I had discovered, that they also had been equally diverted. They smiled at the meeting, but preserved the utmost decorum; for they were conducted by a clergyman, who, perceiving the terror of my mistress, took her by the hand, and, as they looked into the gloomy

cells, whose solitary inhabitants abandoned by all the world, presented a most shocking sight, he explained to his young companions the crimes for which they suffered, and the dreadful disgrace and punishment which always followed those who wandered from the paths of virtue and honesty. Of those wretches, happily, there were but few, and their look was frightfully savage.

They now approached one of a different description—a young man of genteel appearance. He, as our reverend conductor informed us, had once been a promising youth, and the pride of his mother; but, employed in a bank, he had taken some money entrusted to his care, and spent it in idle amusements. Repentance came too late. He was now reading the Bible, from which he never raised his pale face; but the deep groans which he uttered, drew tears from all the youthful visitors.

The gentleman tried to cheer them, and introduced them to another kind of prisoners, the poor debtors, who were busied in various employments, and looked both clean and



comfortable. Some of them had their wives and children with them; and the latter were playing with great glee, although within the walls of a prison. Gladly would the young party here have distributed all their little wealth; but they were informed that in another part of the jail was a shop, where things made by the prisoners were sold for their use, and to purchase them was the best way of rewarding industry.

In their way thither, they passed another of the debtor's rooms, and hearing a great noise, attended by one of the people of the house, they ventured to look in. The man, in a state of intoxication, was quarrelling with his wife; and several ragged children ran up to the company and asked for money. The attendant who was with them said, the man must be punished, and no more friends be allowed to visit him, if they brought him things to drink: he did not merit their charity, for neither he nor his family had ever contributed any thing to the shop.

The master now coming in, ordered the

man into close confinement. He resisted, and the noise so much alarmed my young mistress, that, in her haste to get away, she let me fall. A heap of ragged clothes receiving me, she did not hear the accident. No sooner had she departed, than a girl, snatching me up, thrust me into a drawer with some filthy things, declaring her resolution never to give me up. Oh, what a change of fortune was this! What a miserable prospect was before me! to live with such wretches, and in a place so truly dismal. But no sooner did my dear mistress enter the shop, than she missed me; and, as I afterwards understood, expressed the great love she bore me, and the sorrow she felt for my loss, in such pathetic terms, that one of the young gentlemen determined to attempt regaining me. She recollected the place where I must have fallen. He ran to the spot, and she, with equal quickness, after him; forgetting, in her anxiety, all her terrors of a prison. The girl positively denied having seen me, and I began to despair of deliverance; when, fortunately, my mistress

espied part of my dress hanging out at the corner of a drawer. She pointed it out to her companion, who, in spite of the scratches and blows he received, both from the girl and her mother, courageously rescued me, and restored me to the arms of my weeping mistress.

She was so delighted with his courage and good-nature, that she told him her name, and that of her school. He had a cousin there, and she promised to be kind to her for his sake. In short, within the walls of Gloucester jail a friendship was formed, which I have every reason to think will continue through life.

They now returned to the shop, where my mistress bought warm shoes for her gouty uncle, some worsted bottle-stands for her aunt, and laces and garters for the servants.

In addition to those vast public buildings, we learned that Gloucester boasted also of a most excellent infirmary, which, I suppose, most of my young readers know is a large house, supported by the benevolent

contributions of the inhabitants of the county, for the reception of the sick poor, who have there proper food, skilful nurses, and the best medical attendance. It also possesses some comfortable alms-houses and charity-schools; and here, we were informed, had resided the person who so well merits the praises of posterity, by the institution of Sunday-schools.

Gloucester, also, is famous for cheese, and the whole county for the manufactory of woollen cloth: of the former, therefore, my mistress bought one in the form of a pine-apple, for her aunt; and of the latter, a fine red cloak for myself. She afterwards purchased so many shawls and ribbons, that the admiral's present was expended. That, however, she did not care for, as the man who drove the coach had been a servant in the family, and would not let her want for any thing on the road. He was expected in half an hour, and that time was spent in cleaning my dress, from the dirt it had contracted in my prison adventure.

## CHAP. V.



## SCENES IN WALES.

**M**ISS LEWIS and another young lady, being the only passengers in the coach, I was caressed and attended to as much as I could wish; and was shown, from the window, the lovely scenes of Monmouthshire, with which, surely, no doll was ever so delighted before. And if so beautiful at this dreary season, how much more so must it be, when the fields and hedges were green, and every thing enlivened by the summer's sun? At length, night closing on us, our young travellers, reclining their heads against the sides of the coach, contrived to sleep soundly, although dreadfully shaken by the roughness of the road.

We opened our eyes on a bright frosty morning, and the country which I every

where beheld, struck me with increased delight. To one accustomed, as I had been, to look no further than the opposite side of the street, these stupendous mountains, towering towards the skies, were a very grand sight. Nor was I less delighted with the rich woods, though now stripped of their foliage; —the beautiful valleys, and the little white-washed cottages, so thickly scattered over the whole. The dress of the women, in cloth jackets and petticoats, long blue cloaks, and men's hats, much surprised me. Their language, also, was strange: I had never heard it before.

We were now in Wales, and, I must confess, that the idea of travelling in a *foreign* country, added not a little to my consequence. We set down the other young lady, and the company who then occupied the coach being merely men of business, my mistress had nobody to divide her attention with me. We had frequently long hills, and she availed herself of the coachman's permission to get out and walk; and being of a very active and sociable disposition, she clambered up banks,

and scrambled over stiles, to pop into every cottage and farm-house within her reach. In the former we sometimes encountered a good deal of filth, as well as poverty, notwithstanding the whiteness of the outsides. The farm-houses were snug and warm; but as small as the poorest cottage I had ever been in when I lived with Miss Harpur. They were, also, very dark, some of them having no other light than what the door and a large chimney admitted. Many of the people were at dinner on a mess of savoury leek pottage, which my mistress did not disdain to taste, but was far better pleased to be regaled on oaten cake and butter. She could speak their language, and appeared to have something good-humoured and cheerful to say to them all. I, also, was shown to them, and much admired. She divided her cakes and sweetmeats with the children; and answered, with patience and good-humour, all the numerous questions which these inhabitants of the hills never fail to put to every one who comes in their way.

Such was the agreeable manner in which the hours of travelling wore away, when an incident occurred, which threw a still brighter gleam over them, and raised my beloved mistress still higher in my opinion. We had alighted at a solitary inn, to change horses, when a poor man, seated on an ass, with a wife and three children on foot, approached the door. Their story was soon told. He had been a dyer, in a large manufacturing town, where his wife had also kept a little school. The war, which had deprived him and hundreds more of employment, compelled him to seek for some other subsistence. He went to dig stones, when, part of the rock falling on his leg, produced so bad a wound, as to leave him for a time quite helpless. He was born in Pembrokeshire, which he had left early in life; but it was still his parish, and he had hoped to reach it without asking relief on the road; for they had a little money left from the sale of their furniture, and an ass had been purchased for himself. But the expences of travelling had been greater than they expected: their money was gone, and



they had sold their clothes, except a change for the baby. They had tasted no food the whole day, and now, with great humility, entreated a meal of the portly landlady who stood at the door. This she denied them with harshness, and said, if they did not instantly decamp, she would send to the next village for a constable. Mournfully they turned away, and heart-rending was the look of distress the mother cast on her infant, as she pressed her closer to her breast; whilst her other children, a fine boy and girl, clung to her, and, sobbing themselves, entreated her not to cry; whilst the groan of anguish which the father uttered, as he regarded his famishing family, never, Miss Lewis said, would depart from her memory. Her heart was almost bursting at this affecting scene; and how truly did she repent of the money she had spent at Gloucester. It was only the thought of a moment, for she hastily ran into the stable, and requested of the coachman the loan of five shillings; but seeing a half-guinea, amongst the silver he took from his pocket, she desired to have it. He willingly gave it

to her, and promised to find some excuse for delaying the coach half an hour, advising her to send the people to the hostler's cottage, which he pointed out to her. There she saw them seated by a good fire, and, re-entering the inn, purchased some cold meat, which she carried herself, the girl following with beer. As she descended the steps, one of her fellow-travellers gave her half-a-crown to add to her gift. She secured them a lodging for the night, and arranged their next day's journey, which was to terminate at Beech Hall, the name of her uncle's house; when, followed by prayers and blessings, she departed. Lightly now, indeed, did she bound up the steep ascent the coach had to pass; and grateful was the prayer she offered to her Creator, for having given her the power to perform so charitable an action. The commendation she received from one of the travellers, induced her to remark on the cruelty of the landlady—so unworthy a Christian, so unlike a Welsh woman. But she felt some satisfaction in considering that she came from London, where, the gentleman observed, they were so used to scenes of dis-

ress, and so subject to impositions, that the hearts of people in her station soon became hardened to all but their own sorrows.

The travellers returning to their conversation, Miss Lewis was left to her own thoughts, which were now busily employed in providing a home for the poor wanderers; for she trusted to the generous hospitality of her uncle, to retain them on his own land. She wished he had been a carpenter: then he could have made some new rabbit-hutches, and a variety of other things. She did not know what they could do with a dyer; but she recollected having heard some ladies complaining that they had to send so far as Hereford for that purpose, and even the country people might find him employment. A school-mistress was, indeed, a most valuable acquisition, so much and so long had they wished for one. Then she began to call over the name and age of every child in the parish.

Thus the day passed away, and evening was arrived, when we entered the town where our journey in the coach was to terminate. That Miss Lewis was returned, was soon loudly pro-

claimed throughout the house. The coach was surrounded, my mistress was taken into a parlour, and cakes and wine placed before her. The other passengers called in vain. Nobody was thought of,—nobody was attended to, but Miss Lewis. Yet I thought I saw a tear dim her eye, when she learned that her uncle's carriage was not there to meet her. Some mistake must have arisen as to the day, and the mistress of the house prudently advised her remaining till the morning; but the landlord said, if Mess Peggy had set her heart on going, she should not be disappointed, but should have the chaise, with his best pair of horses, and a steady driver. I before remarked, she had a good deal of courage, and was, also, perhaps, rather of an impatient temper; she therefore determined to encounter all the terrors and dangers of a winter's night, rather than not reach the home she so loved, and the friends who were so dear to her.

## CHAP. VI.



## WELCOME HOME.

**W**E had a distance of five miles to go, and the way was shocking, as we were now to quit the turnpike road; but it was still light enough for me to see that the surrounding country was most strikingly grand. The people seemed to be always travelling about, and we still met several, both on foot and on horse-back. My mistress knew them, and they all stopped to welcome her home. This, also, took up much time, so that it became quite dark before we had performed half our journey. From the black clouds which had so long rested on the mountains, the driver foretold a storm; and soon after, one so violent came on, of mingled snow and sleet, that the man could with difficulty

guide his horses. My mistress was continually letting down the windows, to encourage him to proceed; for as soon as they reached her uncle's, he should have a blazing fire to dry himself, and plenty of the best ale. He knew all this, and it was only for herself and his horses that he felt any fears. He did go on for some time, till at length he stopped, and said he had been so blinded by the storm, that he had taken a wrong turn, and dared not proceed any further. The tremendous sound of a water-fall, convinced her that he was right in this opinion; for she had often rambled as far as this place, which was not quite two miles from her uncle's house. In the midst of their distress they heard the sound of a human voice: a man accosted them, and assured them, that, even if they did regain the right road, they could never reach Beech Hall, as the rivulet they must cross was so much swollen by the late floods, that he could scarcely pass it the day before.

My mistress then proposed that the man should return with the chaise, and she would

scramble up the path and walk home. Being quite fixed on this daring scheme, the man returned to his cottage, which was not far distant, and bringing a cloth cloak, and wrapping us in it, desired a stout girl to carry us in her arms. Miss Lewis would not long suffer her to sustain so heavy a burden, but became herself the guide; sinking into bogs, scrambling over hedges, and wading through streams, till they reached a cottage close to a church. A church in so solitary a situation seemed very strange; but, as I afterwards found, it is not an uncommon thing in Wales. The girl trembled at the idea of going through a church-yard, and entering the dark wood which lay beyond it; my mistress, therefore, dismissed her, and pressing me still closer to her bosom, hastened forward. The wind howled mournfully through the leafless branches, the snow began to gather, continuing to fall in great abundance; and even the courageous Miss Lewis wept with terror and fatigue. At length emerging from the wood, a large

house, surrounded by gardens and plantations, met her delighted view. I was dreadfully alarmed at the barking of many dogs, who came rushing towards us; but at the sound of her voice, they fawned upon her, gambolling with joy before her.

She had reached her home, and pushing the door open, (for neither chains nor bolts stopped the entrance,) she entered a spacious hall. She bounded across it, and opened another door of a most comfortable room, where a large fire threw its cheerful light around. A plump, well-looking lady, was making tea; whilst a gentleman, with his foot resting on a cushion, was reading to her the newspaper. A sudden blast sweeping round the house, made him start, and cry: "Bless me, I hope our dear Peggy will not travel in a night like this." The next moment, the object of his solicitude was in his arms. Equally welcomed by them both, they still expressed great anxiety on account of her wet clothes; and whilst they were astonished at her courage, they blamed the



driver for not performing impossibilities, and bringing her to the door.

We were now taken to her room for a change of clothes, and her old nurse advised our going to bed. This she would not hear off, and soon returned to the parlour-fire; where, after a most comfortable cup of tea, she drew her low stool between her uncle and aunt, and related the incidents of her journey, the principal of which was our visit to Gloucester jail. At length, completely weary, we retired to rest.

I had heard some ladies at Mrs. Harper's talk so much about Welsh hospitality, that I arose the next morning in excellent spirits, carried alternately to the parlour, nurse's room, and the kitchen. I had easily an opportunity of learning the history of my young patroness and her family; for where there is no vice, there needs no concealment. The benevolent inhabitants of Beech Hall had no children, but equally beloved as one was Margaret Lewis, the sole surviving child of the sister of Mr. Hughes, and the brother of his wife. They had, also, nephews

and other relations who visited them. The last services of the old family nurse, had been to guard the childhood of my young mistress; and now, lame and nearly helpless, nurse Cadwallader had a warm, snug room, and plenty of good cheer, at Beech Hall, for the remainder of her days.

Miss Lewis arose at an early hour, and dispatched a servant for her luggage; and in the mean time amused herself by some interesting visits to her birds, her rabbits, her tame pigeons, and her little poultry-yard. Amongst so many favourites, I began to think I should be neglected; but she never once failed in her attention towards me. When the trunk arrived, and the servants crowded round the table on which it was placed, with what delight did she distribute to each their presents; and it was pleasing to remark, how much in the choice of them she had consulted their different tastes; but when a large, worsted, worked tiger, for the drawing-room, was displayed, all was wonder and admiration. It was declared exact as life itself, by those who certainly had never

seen one; and it was not easy to say for which the heiress was on this occasion most admired, her genius or her generosity. By the advice of old nurse, a person was sent off immediately to procure a frame for it, that it might be properly exhibited to the company who were shortly expected.

It was flattering to think how far was spread the report of our return, and the crowds of women and children who came, regardless of the inclement season, to visit my mistress. As they all brought presents, she had as many gifts as a king of Otaheite, when a rich ship arrives on his coast, and the presents were, also, almost as various. One old woman, who, with the help of her grandson, could just crawl into the wood, brought only a bag of nuts, but then they were particularly fine ones; another, a hoard of apples; and one, whose brother was a sailor, brought some beautiful shells and coral. The tenants' wives had things of greater value; the grandest of which was a small silver cup. Another brought a

china jug, or decanter, as the people of the country call them, with her own name and place of abode; and she had also a little pig, and such a quantity of chickens, ducks, and turkeys, that one would have concluded poor Miss Lewis had been nearly famished in her absence, or that she had brought home with her every member of Mrs. Selwyn's school.

All these good people were entertained; some in the parlour of old nurse; others in the kitchen, according to their rank: and none went away without a gift in return; for Mrs. Hughes had always for distribution, at this season of the year, coarse woollen cloth and flannel; also cheese and corn to the poorest; to the others, shawls, muslin and lace for caps.

I have heard that this custom of exchanging presents, is now almost peculiar to Wales. I confess I much approve of it, as it shows a social and liberal spirit. With all this variety of visitors, I divided, with the tiger, their warmest admiration.

The evening again arrived, and the snow began to fall in such abundance, that Mrs.

Hughes ordered every door to be closed, the cattle to be well foddered with straw, and the fires to be replenished. Then, drawing their chairs closer round the blazing hearth, they blessed God for the comforts they enjoyed, and hoped none of his creatures were exposed to a night so inclement. My mistress had intended to surprise them with the sight of the dyer's family, before she related their adventures; but her fears would no longer allow the concealment. Scarcely was the recital finished, before the large house-dog, (kept not to terrify, but to proclaim the arrival of strangers,) made them hope the objects of their solicitude were not far distant. Mrs. Hughes threw down her knitting, and left the room. Margaret followed, and Mr. Hughes, at length weary of solitude, and of ringing the bell which nobody answered, by the help of his crutch reached the kitchen, where a hot meal was preparing for these benumbed travellers, to whom dry clothes had been already given; and never, surely, did Miss Lewis look so lovely, as when chafing the limbs of the infant extended in

her lap. It smiled in her face, and, warm and well fed, expressed its sense of comfort by gentle murmurings. As soon as they were all seated round the table, my friends returned to the parlour. The tea-table now made its appearance, and never did a meal seem so delicious; so true it is, that by letting others participate in those blessings Providence has assigned to us, we increase our own enjoyment of them. When the children were put to bed, the man and his wife were invited into the little parlour of old nurse, where Mr. and Mrs. Hughes disdained not to take a seat; for they wished to examine more into their affairs, and in the morning settle what could be done for them. The man's leg had been badly managed. Mrs. Hughes would engage to cure it in a few weeks, with her own infallible ointment. She was much pleased with the look of the woman, who had been a laundress, and such a one she had long wanted in the neighbourhood. She had also been used to nurse sick people, although she did not pretend to great skill in surgery. With the

prospect of every kind assistance, the poor people were dismissed to repose.

Justly, indeed, did my dear Miss Lewis judge her uncle's heart, ever kind to the friendless and unfortunate, and doubly disposed to be so, where the object was honest and industrious; and, as the dyer had testimonials of both from his late master, here he was invited to end his wanderings. As every thing must be done in a hurry at Beech Hall, no time must be lost in looking out for a cottage for him; and it soon occurred to Mrs. Hughes, that the old woman who formerly looked after her poultry, and was now nearly blind, would be much better taken care of, if she had a room in a neighbour's house, and her cottage would do for the strangers. The white-washers and scourers went to work, and the green, where the old woman had used to rear her young broods, was railed in, to serve as a play-ground for the scholars; whilst posts were placed round it, for drying the linen of those who visited at Beech Hall.

The next day was a day of happiness for

my young mistress; for she had permission to furnish the cottage, from a large room where a vast quantity of old furniture was kept. Not that Mrs. Hughes liked to adopt the extravagant whims of the day; but when she began housekeeping, she had followed the fashions of the times, and they had grown old together. She loved to see things retain their station; accidents, however, would happen, and in the bustle of a large Welsh house, attention to repairing them could not be paid. Others were bought, and they were put by in a lumber-room; from whence she furnished the cottages of those servants who married from the family with the approbation of its mistress; and here, also, for the same purpose, were piled many pairs of blankets, patch-work quilts, and still warmer rugs. Not content with rummaging this room, she had her uncle's permission to lessen her aunt's stock of china and earthenware, which now crowded her closets. She smiled, as she beheld them decorating the dyer's cottage; and as I sat in the window, I surveyed with pleasure the



animated countenance of my busy and delighted young mistress. In defiance of weather, she went from cottage to cottage, to collect little girls for the school, which was to open on the first day of the new year. She then mounted on her little poney, took a wider range, secured the promise of business to the man; and told the tale of her meeting with this wretched family, in a manner so artless, but so affecting, that presents of corn, beef, cheese, and butter, were sent them in great abundance. Thus they took possession of their comfortable cottage, thankful to that kind Providence who raised them so generous a friend in the little Welsh heiress.

## CHAP. VII.



## CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

**I** HAD thought of Wales, as of a remote solitude, at least, I expected the peace and stillness of retirement; but not one of my old neighbours on Ludgate-hill could be more annoyed with noise and confusion, than I was in the bosom of the Welsh mountains. The servants were bustling about, and bawling continually to each other, and the noise of the most riotous set of young people I ever saw was incessant; for in a few days after our return, a large party of friends and relations had arrived. I was astonished to think how they could venture out in such weather, and through such roads. Prodigious was the preparation made for them. Never did I witness such a destruction of poultry, such

a profusion of luxuries. Well, thought I, this is Welsh hospitality with a hearty welcome, as I saw them all greeted with a kiss and a shake of the hand. It may have been seen, that I was a doll of a reflecting and sedate turn of mind, I therefore languished for this season of hilarity to be over; but, from a conversation I heard in nurse's room, I found that visiting, balls, or any amusement that was going on, employed nearly the whole time of the Welsh gentry.

The same love of society descends to the lower ranks: their weddings and their funerals draw together whole parishes at once; and rather than not go to market, a woman will lose a whole day, to take a few penny-worths of herbs or flowers to sell.

When our breakfast was over, the young gentlemen went out to some field amusement, and the ladies visited their humbler neighbours. I, in all my variety of dresses, accompanied them, and a thousand questions were asked about me; for their curiosity on every subject was very great, and this, I

have heard, is always the case with people who live a great way from the metropolis. Children are always the objects which interest me, and I was sorry to see how indolent those of Wales were. There was many a child of ten years old, that could neither knit nor sew. Idleness in youth is shocking, and I hope my sensible and amiable Miss Lewis, will, as she advances in life, endeavour to correct this evil in her own cottages; for she is a Welsh heiress with large possessions. One thing, however, much delighted me; it was their kind attention to each other under every misfortune, particularly that of sickness. It was wonderful to see the quantity of things sent: sugar, butter, bread, and every thing that was necessary, not only for the sufferer, but for the whole family. And never did the poorest inhabitant of the barren mountain, refuse the little pittance of meal or wool, to the wandering beggar.

These cottagers are not so active as those of England; but they are content on poorer fare, seldom tasting meat or beer. A pottage made thick with oatmeal, and savoury

with leeks, with the addition of potatoes, oaten cake, or barley bread, with skim-milk cheese, form their general diet. Attached to their own country, its language, and its customs, they are not partial to strangers. They never bear malice with each other, nor are jealous at another being preferred before them.

One custom struck me, as being peculiar to this country; it is that of making and presenting orchards, on the first day of the new year. My mistress had several of them, and, for the amusement of my young readers, they shall be described. A piece of board, about a foot long, is placed on four wheels, resembling those little carts which poor children draw about; small holes are bored all over it, on which they stick sprigs of bay, box, and other evergreens, and put on them small apples, raisins, and nuts; and in the middle is often perched a bird, made of wood, and painted a flaming red. An inferior kind of orchard is made of one large apple, supported by three sticks, not

larger than skewers; and the top of this apple is also stuck with evergreen.

I must now return to our young party at Beech Hall, who welcomed with eagerness every kind of amusement. Blindman's buff and hunt the slipper, were amongst the favourites; but part of every evening was devoted to singing and dancing, concluding with forfeits, which always produced a great deal of romping, noise, and laughing. Not even the night brought its usual repose; for seldom did we get into bed, without finding a bunch of thorns, or furze, or the bed-clothes fastened together, or some such silly prank. Sometimes we had to encounter the hideous grin and extended arms of a negro on our pillow; whilst the harsh horn, and shrill whistle, resounded from the outside of the door.

In the midst of this disagreeable bustle, it may be supposed that my situation was not exempt from danger and neglect. Of the latter I had not much reason to complain, for I still shared the bed of Miss Lewis; but I had once nearly lost my existence, from

the indulgence of her vanity on my account. She had dressed me most elegantly, and, that I might attract attention, had placed me on the middle of the parlour chimney-piece. Mrs. Hughes, searching amidst a variety of things in a flower-pot near me, for her scissors, threw me down on the gouty toe of her husband, who, catching me up, dashed me with such violence against the further part of the room, that it was a most wonderful circumstance my days were not ended. My weeping mistress carried me to nurse, who undertook to repair the injury I had received; but scarcely had I recovered from this sad accident, than one still more serious befel me.

Jack Hughes, a nephew of the family, who had often uttered a great many rude jokes about me, fastened a horrid thing, called a cracker, to my best dress, and then set fire to it. Dreadful, indeed, was the shock! My arm was torn off, my beautiful flaxen ringlets burned, and the whole of my elegant dress destroyed.

This terrible misfortune, the kind and clever nurse undertook again to repair, all but restoring my beautiful ringlets; but she advised my mistress to make me some pretty caps, and thought a pink stuff petticoat, and a coloured gown, would be very tidy for the winter. This advice gave offence, and she was answered, that I had no business to be tidy, for I was a fine lady; and a fine lady I should continue, even if she sent to London for a fashionable wig for me. But she followed the prudent advice of nurse, so far as to suffer me to remain entirely in her care, till my wicked persecutor, Jack, was again departed.



## CHAP. VIII.



## GENEROUS HOSPITALITY.

**I** WAS happy to find that these children of fun and frolic had always an open hand and a ready ear to the distresses of others. No wanderer was ever turned from the door. But what most gratified me, was to hear the wretched situation of Emily Oakley made the subject of conversation between my mistress and her áunt. The latter had been intimate with her mother, and to poor Emily herself she had stood sponsor, with her brother, the worthy admiral, and to him she immediately wrote. And oh, how delighted we were, in a fortnight after, when his carriage drove up to the door, to see Emily handed from it. He had found no difficulty in releasing her from her uncom-

fortable situation with Mrs. Harper, who was glad to get rid of the expence, and Miss was promised a still more obedient companion.

Emily was glad to see me again, and feelingly lamented the severe misfortunes I had recently experienced. She was still a dependant, still the companion of an heiress; but yet how changed her treatment. She had no longer the cast-off clothes of another. She had every thing neat and new, and had more attention shown her than any other young person in the house; for they had parents, near relations, or fortune. She had neither; and this worthy family were trying to make her forget it. In short, she experienced the most generous hospitality. But she was often glad to escape from the rude mirth of her companions, and attend to me in the apartment of old nurse.

I was rejoiced to hear that the company which had so long filled the house began to disperse; but, as the quiet of retirement was not to be experienced amongst the mountains of Wales, we were soon ordered to attend Mrs. Hughes on a visit to Caermarthen.

Emily, at her own desire, being left with Mrs. Hughes, and a lady, whose daughter, a sensible woman, accompanied us in our journey.

Mrs. Hughes was so well provided from her own excellent larder, that, instead of going to an inn, the horses were supplied with hay and corn at a small farm-house, whilst the ladies spread their repast before the cheerful fire of the little parlour. In one of these, we found the mother of the family lying in a very weak state; and I saw, with great pleasure, our party contenting themselves with milk, that they might leave for her the wine they had brought with them. This was not all; for Mrs. Hughes, who had some knowledge of medicine, enquired into her complaints, and promised to send her some things from Caermarthen, to which place we travelled on, with that cheerfulness and good-humour which always attend the performance of kind and generous actions.

It was evening long before we reached the town where we intended to pass the night, but we hoped to be able to procure beds at

the village we soon approached. It was a lovely scene; for the moon threw its beams on a fine lake, and at no great distance stood the ruins of a church. At the inn, however, or rather ale-house, the accommodations were wretched. The ceilings were low, and the fumes of tobacco from an adjoining room rendered it almost insupportable to Mrs. Hughes. Their own good things had been left with the sick woman where they dined, and Miss Lewis, hastening to the kitchen, to see what could be procured for her friends, found only barley bread, rancid butter, and tea and sugar of the coarsest kind. She wept with vexation; not for herself, for, accustomed to the plain and even scanty fare of Mrs. Selwyn's school, she could be content with any thing, and could even have here passed away a few hours pleasantly.

In the daughters of the house she discovered two neat little girls, who, cautiously touching my elegant dress, expatiated, in all the strength of the Welsh language, on my extraordinary beauty. It was a subject on which my mistress loved to listen, but anxiety

for her aunt made her again hasten to her; and she found her so much affected by the closeness of the room, as to be desirous of walking out, although the weather was intensely cold. So bright was the moon, that they were tempted to stroll to the water's edge, and even to the ruined church; but Mrs. Hughes, whose mind in her childhood had been weakened by the silly tales of ignorant servants, started at some rustling noise, and grasping the hand of my mistress, hastened away.

In again passing the lake, my beautiful hat was driven into it by the wind, which was suddenly rising, and blew in hollow blasts of the most piercing cold. My mistress had admired it more than any thing else my wardrobe had contained, and truly did she regret the loss; but in the next instant it was forgotten, on hearing the superior one her friend, Miss Lloyd, had sustained, who now missed from her side a gold repeating watch; to her more valuable, from having been the gift of a deceased friend. Away bounded back my kind Miss Lewis,

to the ruins. The noise which had before startled them, returned with greater violence. She retreated, but again recollecting the disappointment of Miss Lloyd, and knowing that they who try to be good to the utmost of their power have nothing to fear, she again courageously advanced, and, as she stooped to examine the weeds and matted grass, a large screech owl, disturbed in his retreat, flew in her face, and nearly knocked her backwards. On recovering herself, she smiled, however, at the cause of her terror, as she observed his white wings amongst the dark foliage of a fir-tree.

Her search was successful; and, on returning to her friends, she had the satisfaction of receiving and deserving their praises for her perseverance. But whilst Mrs. Hughes wondered at her courage, Miss Lloyd convinced her, it had nothing to do with that bold and confident manner so disgusting in young ladies, but was the result of a well-formed mind, and was generally accompanied by real gentleness of disposition. In

making these remarks, the speaker felt in her own mind, that, not all the good sense of Margaret Lewis would have preserved her from the superstition so prevalent in the country, had not a sensible guardian early removed her from all intercourse with low people, by placing her, at a very early age, under the care of Mrs. Selwyn.

More good fortune was in store for them; for, on their return to the inn, they found the servant of a lady whose house was at no great distance. She was well known to our party, and thither they would before have driven, had they not supposed she was from home. The servant had observed their arrival at the village, and informing his mistress of it, she lost no time in sending to invite the travellers. A short drive brought them to her comfortable mansion, where the tea-table, with all those elegant appendages which opulence procures, awaited their arrival. The elder ladies soon drew their chairs closer to the fire, and began to talk of old friends, and other times; whilst the

young ones took my mistress and myself to their apartment.

The manners of the school-boys in our journey to Gloucester, and the tricks of Jack, at Beech Hall, having rendered me very averse to forming any intimacy with young gentleman, I rejoiced to hear that those belonging to the present family were absent. The sisters they had left were very good-natured, and determined to amuse my mistress. They not only showed her all their own toys, trinkets, and clothes, but, with a maid to light them, I really think they looked into every closet and corner in the house.

When this general exhibition was over, they had time to sit down and admire me. The loss of my hat was mentioned, and one of them kindly promised to make me another. It was a green velvet, ornamented with a gold band and yellow feather. Although Miss Lewis had not that elegant and simple taste for dress, which distinguished Emily Oakley, (for, to use her own words, she loved to cut a dash,) still she



did not admire the tawdry mixture my new hat exhibited; but, unwilling to wound another's feelings, she accepted it, and placed it on my head with a smile, when she entered the carriage on the following morning.

## CHAP. IX.



## JOURNEY TO CAERMARTHEN.

**T**HAT beautiful shrub, the holly, is very common in Wales; so much so, that the gardens of the cottagers are frequently surrounded by it. It now appeared with peculiar elegance; for the red berries glowing through the sheets of ice, resembled rubies. The weather was uncommonly intense for this country, and Miss Lloyd, whose well-informed mind ever induced her to wish for the improvement of others, described to my mistress the customs and various amusements of our northern neighbours, to cheat away their long and dreary winters.

After the season of boisterous mirth which I had passed at Beech Hall, such conversation was a great treat to me; yet there Miss

Lloyd had been some time a visitor, and her good sense and pleasant temper, led her to accommodate her manners to those about her. Although she was no longer young, she could still join the sprightly song and merry dance of the family circle; yet better did she love to lead the enquiring mind of youth, to talk of distant countries and their inhabitants, to admire the wonderful inventions of man, and the still more mighty works of the great Creator.

Thus pleasantly passed the time, till the plantations of beech and fir, and other ornamental trees, bespoke the vicinity of some house of consequence. It was the residence of lord R. S. a gentleman, observed Miss Lloyd, who still preserves in his manners the polished *etiquette* of former times, and yet blends with it that affability so pleasant to those beneath him. I have now introduced his name, merely to interest you in an anecdote of his humanity, as related by Mr. Bingley in his excellent work.

Lord R. S. saw a coachman in London

unmercifully whipping, from his box, two half-starved and perfectly exhausted horses, which were trying to draw from the channel an empty hackney coach. The driver then alighted, and seizing one of the horses, beat him for a considerable time with the butt-end of his whip. He then proceeded to the other horse, the shoulder of which was completely raw, and had also a hole in it. Into this he deliberately worked the butt-end of his whip. His lordship entreated him in vain to desist, and properly determining to punish him for his brutality, he went to an office where the magistrates had the power of doing it, and made oath of the transaction.

Perhaps, continued Miss Lloyd, many people may think there was nothing extraordinary in this; but if we examine our own hearts, we shall most of us find, that we should have been content with merely re-proving the coachman, and bestowing our useless pity on the horses, the most useful, and yet the most abused of all animals.

Mr. Howard, whose life was spent in im-

proving the condition of the most wretched of the human race, used to buy all the old horses that he supposed were ill-treated, and turning them into his park, let them range there for life. Of this we may be assured, that he who is brutish to animals, is only restrained by the fear of punishment, from being equally so to his fellow-creatures.

This conversation brought us to a town delightfully situated, and greatly indebted for the beauties which surrounded it, to the tasteful decorations of Dynevor Park; but the streets were narrow, and so dirty that we were much surprised that the respectable inhabitants should permit it. At the end of the town we were gratified to observe preparations for building a school-house, at the sole expence of the noble lord whose beautiful domain was before us. As it is amongst children only I can look for my friends, it is natural I should feel an interest in their welfare, be their station ever so humble; and when Mrs. Hughes informed us that another nobleman's residence was near, who was equally anxious to better the con-

dition of his poor, Miss Lloyd expressed her surprise, that they did not unite with the other respectable inhabitants of the country, to remove that idleness so striking amongst the children of Wales, by the introduction of manufactories suitable to their strength and capacities.

We now entered one of the finest parks in the kingdom, to see an old ruin, which, we were told, was once the residence of a prince. Miss Lewis seemed to have changed her volatile mind, for one of a more serious cast, when she reached an elevated station, and looked on the vale of Towy, and the celebrated Grongar Hill, which sweet poem had lately been one of her school exercises. She was at length startled by a loud halloo, immediately under the place where she stood; and, catching at a fragment to save herself, I was precipitated to a great depth below, and entirely hid from her view, by the long grass into which I fell.

Jack, my old persecutor, had invaded the solitude of Dynevor Castle. He came to meet his aunt and cousin, and, at the same

instant, caught sight of a fox. Sportsman-like, he was always attended with dogs; and Margaret Lewis, silly Margaret Lewis, eagerly joined in the chase, bounding over the hill of Dynevor, and winding through its woods, till the ancient pile no longer echoed any sound. I was abandoned, and left to perish. Most truly did I grieve for the loss of my mistress, whom I never expected again to see; but I was not of a turn to despair, and I began to hope some others might be led to visit this spot.

I recollected, with pleasure, having seen a cherub-face look from the windows, as we passed the mansion. She, perhaps, in some morning walk, might find me; and then again, the season of the year forbade the hope. But Miss Lloyd leaving Mrs. Hughes to contemplate the chase, again returned to the ruin, and, attracted by the gold band of my hat, released me from my solitary situation. When my mistress, glowing from exercise, arrived with her bonnet in her hand, I was given to her, with some severe remarks on the neglect of a doll so superior to all her

race; but she soon vindicated herself from the charge of indifference; repeated her exertions for my sake in Gloucester jail, and finally reconciled herself to Miss Lloyd and to me.

We found Caermarthen an old town, but populous and wealthy; situated in a lovely country, but having few internal beauties to recommend it; for the streets are narrow, and kept very dirty.

My young mistress was received with the most affectionate welcomes, but this did not make her negligent of me; and in a place where fine clothes seemed a great object, she made my appearance as splendid as possible. New ringlets adorned my head; my cheeks were retouched with a delicate tint; my gold band and feathers were laid aside, and, in an elegant morning dress, I went with her and her friends to the parade, a walk commanding the most charming views. A little beyond were extensive iron-works, which Miss Lewis, with laudable curiosity, wished to visit, but was dissuaded from it by her young companions.



In our way back, we passed a large pile of building, whose use was proclaimed by heavy fetters suspended over the entrance! Miss Lewis, remembering the adventures at Gloucester, determined not to enter it; but she was told, that she would find in it few debtors and not a single criminal; at least, only for those petty misdemeanors, for which confinement and labour are deemed sufficient punishment.

Those shocking crimes, which, I heard, the idle amusements and expensive luxuries of the metropolis lead people to commit, were rarely known in Wales. Still there are many, which even children can be guilty of, that will bring on themselves loss of character, and misery on their parents. Must I again repeat, that the natural activity of youth will lead to every evil, if left to neglect and idleness? and never did I see a greater number of idle and dirty children, than every where infested the streets of Caermarthen. So disgustingly bold were they, that even young ladies were insulted; and, unawed by the elegance of my appearance, one of them

snatched my hat from my head, when in the arms of my mistress.

How grieved and surprised were we to learn, that this opulent and great commercial town, had not yet adopted one of those systems of education, which, in many places, have been practised with such success; but we were afterwards much gratified by hearing, that such a scheme was then in contemplation.

We visited the quay, and were much interested with the busy scene; vessels unloading their stores from other countries, and Wales, in return, sending her own produce to them.

I had heard that to a stranger, no sight was more pleasing than that of their excellent and plentiful market; but as it was not a season of the year for the cottagers to arrange their flower-baskets, my young friends were glad to escape from the crowd, and pursue their walk to the summit of a fine healthy hill, on which was a poor-house. As there was no manufactory to interest us, we soon quitted it, and regretted

that a situation so healthy was not appropriated for a infirmary, like that we had admired in Gloucester. Mrs. Hughes said, the kind benevolence of the inhabitants towards the sick, aided by the Dispensary, made it unnecessary; but Miss Lloyd replied, a little attention to the bad management of the poor, would convince her to the contrary. From the sensible observations of this amiable woman, I discovered, that, by a few public institutions, and, above all, by an attention to the morals of the common people, and by enforcing the duties of industry, sobriety, and cleanliness, Caermarthen might rank with the first town in the British empire.

I accompanied my mistress to several shops, which were, I heard, nearly as well supplied as those of the metropolis, and the people attending in them strikingly obliging. It was in one of these, which my mistress entered to purchase some books, that I was placed on the counter; when I was struck with the idea, that travels so extensive as

mine, ought not to be lost to the world, and that, at some future period, this shop might be graced with my memoirs.

It was not a season of the year for traveling, but dearly did the good aunt Hughes love change of scene. We therefore accompanied the lady, at whose house we were visiting, to Swansea, to meet some strangers from Bristol.

## CHAP. X.



## VISIT TO SWANSEA.

**T**HE distance from Caermarthen was not thirty miles, but the roads were so rough, and the season of the year so bad, that I almost regretted the resolution of my mistress, to make me the constant companion of her visits; and we were all, indeed, rejoiced, when Swansea appeared in view. It is a good town, well inhabited, and, in the summer, is much frequented for the sake of sea-bathing. I had never seen the ocean before, and I thought it a grand and impressive sight.

If this place is inferior in opulence to Caermarthen, it has, however, the proud superiority of possessing two Lancasterian Schools, besides a Humane Society, for the

recovery of persons supposed to be drowned; an institution which, Miss Lloyd observed, no town, with a river in its vicinity, ought ever to be without.

Our visit was to an aged lady, with whose appearance I was much amused, as she still retained the rich silks of her youth, and maintained that the present flimsy dresses no longer distinguished the woman of rank from the milliner's apprentice. I was presented to her, as a model of the present fashions; but, shocked at my opera-like figure, as she termed it, she gave my mistress some rich damask to make me a gown, and some point lace for a handkerchief. The present was received with a smile of the most perfect good-humour; for she thought of the handsome pincushions she should make for old nurse.

At the house of this lady we were introduced to a new character; at least, such a one as had not before come under my observation. It was a Miss Smith, who, by a most ill-judging relation, had been suffered to waste her whole time in reading romances; neglecting to acquire those accomplishments

which would have welcomed her into genteel society, and the still more essential duties of domestic life. As she was in delicate health, her guardian had consigned her to our Swansea friend, who was also his relation. Miss Smith, however, was generous and good-tempered; and perhaps diverting, from her very oddities, painful as they might be to those nearly connected with her. She was delighted to hear my mistress was an orphan, but terribly disappointed to learn she had an independent fortune, and friends to protect her. The Bristol heiress, as she chose to call her, afforded her still less satisfaction; for she had no chance of poverty or persecution, and the plainness of her person unfitted her for a heroine. She was not the only one disappointed in Miss Fry; for my mistress, always fond of strangers, had expected to find all the sweetness of Emily's disposition, with the sprightlines of her own; but she was proud, peevish, and silly.

An invitation was accepted to a gentleman's house, about eight miles distant,

who was connected with the husband of Mrs. Fry, and related to Mrs. Hughes. As usual, our reception was hospitable, and the dinner plentiful, at which Miss Fry exhibited the dreadful effects of unrestrained indulgence. In vain was it that her mother exclaimed: "Do, my love, my sweet Amelia, be advised, and do not eat of this thing or the other. Recollect how ill you have been, and what the doctor said." But Amelia, neither regarding mother nor doctor, continued to devour the roast goose and plum-pudding. Wine and fruit succeeded; and when the young ladies retired to the room allotted for their use, Miss Fry complained of being very sick. She must have been ill, or ill-natured, or she never could have pushed me from her with such contempt, when I was good-naturedly placed in her lap by my kind mistress; who felt something like anger stealing over her mind at this treatment, but it was instantly dispersed by the entrance of two young gentlemen. Four of the company formed themselves for a reel, whilst another rattled over the keys of a piano; and their



lively amusements continued, till broken in upon by the loud sobs of Miss Fry.

“This,” thought I, “is indeed a second Miss Harpur,” and so it proved; for when her mamma was called, she said, the music made her head ache;—she detested dancing; and was dull and unhappy, because nobody tried to divert her. “I am sure,” cried the fond mother, “these good-natured young ladies and gentlemen will sit down and play at cards. Do, my lovey, and I dare say, when we meet at supper, I shall hear that you have had a great many flushes, and pam at almost every deal. Don’t you think so, Miss Lewis?” winking significantly at my mistress, who looked very angry; for it was evident she was expected to cheat, in order to sooth a humorsome girl.

Thus compelled to an amusement they did not like, an harmless combination was formed; and Miss Fry had neither flushes nor pam, and seldom allowed a trump at her own deal. This could not long be borne; and truly did they repent of the joke, when they saw her carried to her room in real

hysterics. On getting better, she insisted on her mother's going to bed with her, although the evening was not far advanced. The astonished ladies returned to the drawing-room, and soon after, Mrs. Fry herself made her appearance. She said, she often cheated her daughter in this manner, for, having put some laudanum into her wine and water, she would sleep till morning and not miss her. Amelia, she said, notwithstanding they had a son, was the darling of her father's heart; but she had been sickly when an infant, and subject to fits, and the doctors had desired she might never be contradicted. Thus anxious was this weak woman, to find excuse for her folly.

In the morning Miss was persuaded to be quite well, that she might walk out and show her smart dress; but who, as she remarked on her return, had she found to look at it? Nobody but some stupid clowns. And the ladies were so rude as to go into a cottage to warm themselves, and left her shivering at the door; for she would not go in, lest she should catch some infectious

disorder, for which her mother had greatly praised her. But her presence would have been very inconvenient; for, to the poor family of that cottage, the young ladies had given the money won at cards.

After an early dinner, we were to return to Swansea. Miss Lloyd, Miss Smith, and another lady, in a chaise. Mrs. and Miss Fry had places in our chariot, for which we had post horses; but scarcely had we performed half our journey, before it was discovered that the driver was so intoxicated, that he had suffered the horses to draw us to the edge of a precipice. The ladies got out—a consultation was held—a cottage was found for the man, and a shed for the horses; but the evening was advanced, and it was dark as well as stormy. Mrs. Hughes had been that road but once before; but she supposed she could find the way to the house of an acquaintance, where she would remain till the next morning.

## CHAP. XI.



## A CASTLE WITHOUT A SPECTRE.

**T**HE other carriage had proceeded to Swansea, but Miss Smith, thinking there was something like an adventure, was so absurd as to quit her party, and join the wanderers in their excursion, which soon became as romantic as she could wish; for scarcely could they keep their footing in the dark and narrow lane, rendered more rugged by the late frosts. Poor Miss Fry lost her shoes, and was glad to be carried on the back of Mrs. Hughes's servant. My mistress, as she went stumbling after, tittered so much at her ridiculous attitude, that she made her cry; and her aunt, fatigued and frightened, lost her usual good-humour, and scolded her in return.

She now feared they had lost the road, and repented they had not taken a guide from the cottage. At length they emerged from the lane, and entered an open track of country, bleak and desolate. They called aloud, but no sound was returned. The wind howled dismally, and the snow began to fall. No shelter was near, and Miss Smith began to wish for the safety and comforts of real life. David, the servant, deposited his burden in the arms of her mother, and went to search for some habitation, but he was a stranger to that part of the country. After some time he returned, to inform them he had discovered a *castle*; but of what use was a castle, since none of them were inhabited? Mrs. Hughes observed, we might there get shelter from the storm; but possessing those idle and superstitious fears so common in Wales, she shuddered at the idea. Still there was nothing else to be done.

We soon reached the bottom of the eminence on which it stood, and rejoiced that no scattered fragments impeded us. She began to recollect where they must be, and

now, without trembling, paced the front of the building, which, dark as it was, they found to be entire. Voices were heard from within, and, as Mrs. Hughes placed her hand on the door, Miss Smith entreated her to beware, for, no doubt, it was the abode of banditti; but a stronger hand from within opened the door, and presented such a scene to our view, as seemed, indeed, to realize all the romantic ideas of Miss Smith. A large fire blazed in the chimney, which was surrounded by a strange group, with dark complexions and wild and uncouth dresses. A dirty, hag-like woman, was preparing supper in a large kettle, whilst a party of half naked children were gambolling on the floor. Mrs. Hughes addressed them in their own language, and found that this vast building, castle-like, had been erected by the master of the iron-works for the use of his men, and not less than thirty families resided within the walls. With the most respectful kindness they drew a table to the fire; placed on it oat-cakes, butter, and cheese, and invited them to partake of it.

Notwithstanding this explanation, Miss Smith doubted the reality, and looking towards the door, expected to see the tall captain, with his nodding plumes, enter.

Mrs. Hughes found that they could not reach the house where she intended to pass the night; but a decent inn was at no great distance, and thither, when the storm was abated, one of the men engaged to conduct them. In the mean time, Miss Lewis gratified the old woman, by eating a bowl of her savoury pottage, and permitted the delighted children to have a view of me.

In passing near these immense works, where the fire is never extinguished, Mrs. Hughes was prevailed on to enter one of those truly dismal places, rendered doubly terrific by the vivid glare of the furnaces, and the liquid fire of the pouring metal. The singular effect of the light, as it glowed on the faces of the men, and the heavy sound of the ponderous engines, made my trembling mistress forget for a moment, that all this was but the work of man, and I felt

myself pressed still closer in her arms; whilst the cries of Miss Fry, and the unaffected terrors of Miss Smith, hastened our departure. A comfortable village-inn, and the sight of a well-stored tea-kettle, restored their spirits, and sent all but Miss Fry content and comfortable to bed.

In the morning I accompanied my mistress and Miss Smith to Swansea, and soon after, the other ladies returned in the carriage. A week of visiting, without any incident worth recording, followed; when we began to think of taking our leave of this respectable town. But Swansea boasted a china manufactory, and Mrs. Hughes must select a hamper, although every closet and cupboard in her house were so much crowded, as to occasion a serious inconvenience to her. Still she must have more. Great, indeed, is the prevalence, amongst the females of this country, to hoard things they can never want. Often have I attended Miss Lewis in her visits to farm-houses, and witnessed with astonishment the hoards of blankets, quilts, and various articles of furniture, which



the mistress of the family had collected together; besides drawers filled with clothes which could never be wanted: but showy pictures and china are the greatest favourites, and crowd the envied parlours of the opulent. In general, however, those of the higher ranks have adopted the elegant taste of the metropolis. Still, more money is wasted in this way, amongst the wives of farmers and tradesmen, than in England; but I must at the same time add, that I think them more charitable and generous.

Miss Fry, with a true Cambrian spirit, wanted to purchase every thing she saw; and yet she had declared there was nothing worth looking at. At last she was drawn away by the promise of visiting a library, where some elegant toys and trinkets were sold. Her mother suffered her to spend a considerable sum of money, and seemed to think that would compensate to the mistress of the shop for the unnecessary trouble she gave, and the unpardonable haughtiness of her manner.

I began to fear that my own amiable mis-

tress had been infected by bad example, when I heard her object to the red morocco purse she had ordered to be brought down stairs, and afterwards wanted a purple one; but she caught the reproving look of Miss Lloyd, and, blushing deeply, put the purse in her pocket. She had seldom needed reproof for inattention to the feelings of others, and, although an heiress, had never carried herself proudly towards any human being. Miss Lloyd took the earliest opportunity of pointing out to her the glaring imperfections of Miss Fry, that she might, in her own conduct, avoid them; and condemned, with just severity, those parents, who, to save themselves at the moment a few unpleasant sensations, failed to correct in their children the first seeds of bad temper, and suffered them to grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength. Never did it show it itself more unseemly, than in treating with insult or unkindness, those whom fortune had placed beneath us. Strip Miss Fry, she observed, of that one advantage, opulence, and who would bear with

her helpless and peevish disposition. How different, placed in the same situation, would be her behaviour, from that of the mistress of the shop we have just quitted, and who has been so long and deservedly esteemed for her pleasing manners and obliging disposition.

“Trust me, my dear Margaret,” said Miss Lloyd, continuing the subject, “you will find that good-temper is that lovely and endearing virtue, which gives to the mind a constant gleam of happiness, and incites its exertions for the benefit of those around us. It is to be equally doubtful of our own virtues and the faults of others, to put the kindest construction on their words and actions, and to defend the absent with that honest warmth, which, in a female, must always be tempered with modest diffidence. It will teach us to yield our wishes, with cheerful obedience, to the will of others. You, I am certain, will never display that silly superiority of riches, that troublesome and teasing behaviour towards an inferior, which we have just witnessed in Miss Fry.

Possessing that irritability of mind, which is said to be so peculiar to our country, I have even seen you, formerly, at Beech Hall, give way to those bursts of passion, whose painful influence the servants severely felt; and ill was it afterwards compensated, by those presents your conscience dictated you to make.

“Passion is, indeed, a temporary madness, and they who are nearest and dearest, generally suffer from it the most. The ties of father, mother, brother, sister, are all forgotten; and by giving way to its dictates, the commission of the most dreadful crimes may be traced. Do you not remember the cottager’s little girl, whose neck you pierced with your nails? Long was the mark visible, and the view of it never failed to draw the blush of shame to your cheek, and tears of remorse to your eyes. But let them not flow now, my love; for, happily, this temper has been corrected, and you will candidly confess, that in subduing every expression of resentment as it rose in your heart, difficult as was the conflict, still greater was the satis-

faction and self-esteem which took possession of your mind.

“The cultivation of temper, is, indeed, the first of all duties, and becomes the greatest of all blessings. It heightens every enjoyment of childhood and youth, carries us through the trials of more advanced age, unites us to others by the strong ties of friendship and affection, and lays up for the closing years of existence, the richest stores of patience and contentment. In short, temper, rectitude, and benevolence, are all comprised in that one sentence: ‘Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.’ Let us remember by whom this sacred commandment was given, and bear in mind the patience and meekness of that divine character, whose bright example we are called upon to imitate.”

Impressed with the value of this excellent woman’s discourse, my mistress again joined the party, and soon after bid adieu to Swansea.

## CHAP. XII.



## COUNTRY CUSTOMS.

**T**HE strangers which we brought with us when we returned to Caermarthen, occasioned my mistress still more to enter into the circles of gaiety, and I must now confess, I had sometimes reason to miss the fostering care of the good old nurse at Beech Hall; for Miss Lewis, when called on to entertain the company with her sweet voice, or to join in the sprightly dance, would leave me to spend the night on the sofa in the drawing-room, or, perhaps, some rude servant would thrust me into a drawer: but then she would so feelingly lament her forgetfulness, that I was convinced, when we again returned to the quiet regularity of Mrs. Selwyn's school, she would be all that I could wish her to be.

I became every day more disgusted with Miss Fry and her mother; for, in their proud display of wealth, they dared to sneer at Miss Lewis herself, and protested, that the alderman could buy all her possessions, and boasted that he had already bought the large estates of one of their great men, which occasioned them an annual visit to Wales. But his friends and countrymen grieved to think, that the representative of any ancient family, should, by profuse hospitality, be driven to obscurity in another country, whilst a vulgar tradesman, or overgrown contractor, was rioting within the venerable walls of his ancestors. But the boast of the Bristol lady failed of its intended effect, for the Welsh had too much honest pride, and too much humanity, not to pity distress, under whatever form it appeared; nor could they endure to have their own native heiress lowered by any comparisons. Her parents had been deservedly respected by them, and the warm affection and gratitude of all ranks descended to their child. They had never distressed their tenants, never spent their wealth in a strange

land; but, content with the amusements of their own country, strayed not beyond the barrier of their native mountains.

The Welsh admire personal beauty even to a blamable degree. Who then would not turn from the sour, sallow countenance of Miss Fry, to look at the rosy, laughing Margaret Lewis? But Miss Fry was a stranger, therefore her amusement was studied, and every thing suitable to her age was presented to her with liberal hospitality. As the weather was fine for the season, we had some pleasant walks, and often met men with a curious kind of boats on their backs: a frame, covered with a well-prepared cloth to keep out the wet. I heard they were called coracles, and are used for catching salmon. They will only contain one man, and when at a distance on the river, one could fancy them to be fairies floating in walnut-shells.

We were much amused to witness, at this festive season, the windows of the houses belonging to the common people, not merely ornamented with holly and ivy, but the leaves of laurels and other evergreens, cover-



ed with gold. These were dispersed about the windows, which were also spotted with wafers of the gayest colours; and, no doubt, the Welsh cottager sits down as well satisfied with her own taste, as the proudest decorator of the finest ball-room in London.

I have before observed, that my own personal merit made me so great a favourite with Miss Lewis, that I was the constant companion of her visits; and though I might sometimes wish for a little more retirement, yet I was not sorry to have an opportunity of witnessing and recording, in these my adventures, some of the singular customs of Wales; trusting that all my young readers possess that laudable curiosity, which induces a wish to be informed of the manners prevailing in other countries: those in particular, which exist under the same government with themselves, but, remote from the metropolis, remain unchanged by its ever varying scenes and fashions.

A delightful walk, of more than a mile, by the side of the river, brought us to a village dignified with a bishop's palace; but

we were much disappointed to find it nothing more than a plain gentleman's seat. The cottage-lodge was so romantic, pretty, and neat, that we ventured to peep into it; but my mistress, wisely judging that his lordship had no time to bestow on such little people, and might not deem a doll a fit companion for a mitre, we soon retreated, without being alarmed, even by the sight of one of those formidable dogs, which are so often the terrific guards of country-houses.

On our return, we found the road filled, for a great length of way, by a funeral procession. The deceased was only of the middle rank, yet the attendants consisted of several hundred people, on foot and on horseback. As soon as the grave was covered, some females, about the age of the friend they had buried, stuck it with branches of laurels and other evergreens. Those interments generally take place in the morning, and, amongst genteel people, are never attended by any but gentlemen, for whom an elegant dinner is provided, and each, at departing, is presented with a large slice of cake sealed in

paper. But, amongst the common people, a liquor is given, called ebulon, prepared from the berries of the alder, and each mourner wears a sprig of rosemary. Vast quantities of this plant are seen in every garden, for it is alike given at weddings and funerals.

We next entered the church-yard of Caermarthen, where every grave was decorated with such flowers and greens as the season of the year afforded; and Miss Lewis observed, what a beautiful sight it was, on a Saturday evening in summer, to see mothers, wives, and sisters, collected together to clean and dress the graves of their relations. Many of the flowers are suffered to take root, and others are weekly placed there, and not even the rudest children in their sports will remove them.

The following morning presented a very different scene. I mean a rustic wedding. We had gone a few miles in the country, and poor Miss Fry, ready to take alarm on every occasion, fancied the French had again landed in Wales. I knew not what to think of

it myself; for some hundreds of people were galloping at a rate as if flying from an enemy. They were the friends of the bridegroom, and had attended him to fetch the bride, whom they were carrying away in triumph.

This vast company had been collected by means of printed papers, called bidding letters, dispersed about the country some weeks before. When the ceremony was over, the bridegroom departed to his own home with his friends, and the bride, with hers, to the house of her parents; where, seated with a large pewter dish before her, she received the contributions of her friends, whilst a clerk noted down each sum, to be repaid when called for on a similar occasion. I need not say, my generous mistress bestowed her gift; and I remarked it was not the only piece of gold, which, with crowns and half-crowns, were spread round the dish. The collection thus made, sometimes amounts to more than a hundred pounds, which generally settles the young people in a farm, or some way of business; and we heard, that

the evening before the wedding, the bride's friends assemble at her new residence, whither her furniture has been previously conveyed, and present cheese, corn, and many other things. Besides the money thus raised, cakes and ale are sold; and those females who have many friends, have often more of the former given to them, than they can carry home. The clergyman who officiated on this occasion, and with whose gentlemanly manners we were much pleased, told us, that, at a wedding the week before, twenty-two pounds worth of ale, and a hundred dozen of cakes, had been sold at the bride's house alone.

But lest I should tire my young readers with Cambrian customs, we will again return to Caermarthen, where a very distressing change in my life took place. Miss Fry had never paid me particular attention, till one day, when my mistress spoke of the general admiration I had excited, and the great affection she felt for me, declaring, my company alone would reconcile her to parting with her friends. Who could wish to

destroy the peace of another? yet such, I am sorry to say, was Miss Fry, who determined to possess me, the instant she heard this warm declaration of attachment towards me. She was mean enough to beg, then pouted and cried. Mamma next pleaded in vain with the Welsh heiress, promising to send her a large box of magnificent toys, and a much prettier doll, if she would only humour her sweet Amelia. But neither the tears of the daughter, nor yet the coaxing of the mother, could affect Miss Lewis, who, possessing a generous and independent spirit, protested she wanted no magnificent toys; if she did, her uncle could buy them as well as Alderman Fry; and as for a prettier doll, never one so lovely had ever before been seen.

Amelia was now in agony, and her mother wept in terror, for the effects of it. Mrs. Hughes, astonished at all this bustle, requested her niece to give me up, and, for the first time in her life, she dared to disobey; urging, certainly with some reason,

the selfishness of Miss Fry, whose large allowance of pocket-money enabled her to gratify every whim, without depriving another of her treasure; and a treasure I certainly was to her, for never did she so love a doll before. My very misfortunes made me more dear to her, when she recounted all my travels and adventures, particularly that in Gloucester jail.

Mrs. Hughes could say no more, but the lady at whose house we were, attacked her with more art and success. She was related to her, and beloved by her. She was, indeed, a very good woman, although in this respect my enemy. She had a large family of very nice children. Her husband was either a merchant or solicitor, I know not which; but it seems he was connected with Mr. Fry—was under obligations to him, and would be sorry to offend him. Miss Fry was so whimsical, that she would be tired of me in a few weeks; and then, her mamma had promised to return me again, with a beautiful carriage for my use. Poor Miss Lewis, with tears,

declared her fears of beholding me no more, but she could refuse nothing to the friends she loved. She pressed me to her heart, again wept over me, and resigned me. My distress, could I have expressed it, was equal to her own.



## CHAP. XIII.



## NEW SCENES WITH A NEW MISTRESS.

**M**R<sup>S</sup>. FRY seemed ashamed of her daughter's behaviour, for she was now disposed to hasten their departure; and, again dressed in my green habit, I was perched up at the chaise window with malicious triumph. Our journey was only to a village eight miles distant, from whence we were to take shipping to Bristol.

I felt more sorrow and regret than ever doll felt before, as I cast a last look at Caermarthen, the seat of friendship, social comfort, and hospitality. I had heard Mrs. Fry tell every body that she hated a nasty hack-chaise, and always travelled in her own carriage; but the alderman was gone with it to

London, in order to exchange it for one more modern.

I was surprised that they chose to venture to sea at this season of the year, but I discovered that Mrs. Fry's first husband had been master of a little vessel, and that she had been used to sail with him, and wait on the passengers, although she was now so great a lady. Indeed, she might still be considered as an attendant, such a slave was she to the whims and ill-humour of her daughter. Their own servant had been formerly of this country, but preferred peace and quietness in her mother's cottage, to the luxuries of Alderman Fry's kitchen.

Contrary winds prevented our sailing, and the Bristol ladies were compelled to submit to all the miseries of a village inn; but who but such discontented creatures could have deemed it misery? The rich cream and butter with which their breakfast-table was supplied, was more delicious than any they had ever had at home; and the fish and poultry, no nicely dressed for their dinner, was devoured by them with an appetite, which

showed how sensible they must be of their excellence, although they abused Welsh productions and Welsh cookery.

The evening proving wet, I had an opportunity of observing how heavily pass the hours of those whose minds have never been stored with useful knowledge. Instead of a few frivolous accomplishments, had Miss Fry been taught to feel for others, and to practise the duties of a Christian, she would have had a pleasing interest in observing the manners of these humble cottagers, and, where excess of poverty prevailed, have relieved it by a proper distribution of that wealth, which had been so amply bestowed on her. But when she did visit these poor people, it was not to cheer or relieve, but to laugh at their way of living, declaring that the pigs of England were even better fed than they were. Happily, their malicious design of rendering them discontented failed of its effect; for they still thought their own customs and their own country, the best in the world.

When Miss was tired of scrawling her ill-

spelt sentences on the walls, and disfiguring the furniture with her knife, she would absolutely quarrel with her mother, because she knew not what to do with herself. I had once thought, that the more children were indulged, the greater their happiness and their attachment to their parents would be; but I found it was quite the contrary, and that those are most happy in themselves, and most pleasing to others, who had early in life been accustomed to restraint.

The next day was too stormy for the ladies to embark, and, to pass away the tedious hours, they walked on the sands, where I had an opportunity of observing again the badly-disposed heart of one, whom my sad reverse of fortune had assigned me as a mistress. In the hollow of a rock, a company of merry little girls had formed their play-house. The blue muscle-shell and the whiter cockle ornamented the shelves, intermixed with bits of broken china. A cold potatoe, a bit of oaten cake, and some berries, formed their feast; and loud laughter and incessant chattering, showed that it was

a social, not a ceremonious meeting; but when the grand ladies approached, their play was suspended, and the strangers were greeted with humble curtseys. Severe as the season was, the children had neither covering for their heads nor feet, and the little clothing they possessed was of the coarsest woollen; yet, when Miss Fry beheld their healthy, happy faces, she could not but feel, that they had more joy with their simple shells and broken china, than she had ever had in her magnificent baby-house. One of the girls was asked her name. Amelia. Another, still more miserably shabby, pronounced hers the same. What a mortification! what an insult to Miss Fry—surely it could not be. Whilst they were doubting and wondering, the mother's well-known voice called the children, and away they bounded, to their savoury meal of leek porridge: food, in their estimation, fit for a princess, if it had the addition of scraped potatoes and oaten bread.

A woman confirmed the truth of the children's names, and mentioned others of a still

more elegant sound, amongst those of the very lowest class. Mrs. Fry was astonished at their impudence, and wondered the genteel people did not prevent such liberties. **Amelia!** how fond she had once been of that name; now she should hate it, and would never, in future, call her any thing but Miss Fry. This declaration appeased the offended young lady, who, pouring the dinner and all the fine ornaments into her lap, ran with them to the sea and threw them in. I was astonished at her maliciousness, and, had I possessed the power, I would have broken from her, and remained with the simple cottage-children.

The mother and daughter returned to an excellent dinner at their little inn, and the prospect of a fair wind for sailing. In better temper with each other, and with their fellow-creatures, they were now induced to climb a grassy mountain, to a vast ruin of an ancient castle; but both ladies declared it to be a most frightful place, and Mrs. Fry was positive no genteel people could ever live there; and they seemed

quite unmoved with the vast expanse of ocean viewed from these ruined walls. A little lower down they beheld a gentleman's seat, looking the very abode of elegance and comfort; and, as the eye wandered over the woody lawn, beautiful plantation, and well-sheltered gardens, Mrs. Fry was obliged to confess, that it was even superior to the alderman's villa at Mulberry Hall. It wanted nothing but some Cupids on the top, and some shepherds and shepherdesses about the lawn, to make it the finest place in the world. The family were at home, and how much more delightful it would be to spend the evening there, than in a little Welsh inn. Then again she strutted about the hill, in hopes that her waving plumes and scarlet pelisse would attract attention, and invite the lady of the mansion to approach. But all was in vain; and, cold and weary, they returned to the village.

The following morning the wind again veered about, and the ladies, tired of solitude, got into a chaise, and proceeded to a

small town called Tenby. Being terribly afraid of robbers, in a country where they never existed, we travelled only two short stages, and slept at a solitary inn, in a country so wild and dreary, that a reader of romance would have deemed it the very scene for midnight horrors; but I must confess, that nothing disturbed our repose, except the sullen roar of the winter's wind, and the barking of the house-dog. They therefore received the parting curtesy of the obliging landlady with tolerable good-humour, as we set off the next morning to Tenby. The road was bad, and the whole country uninteresting; but when we descended a steep hill, and the town of Tenby, with its white spire, appeared to be rising out of the ocean, even Mrs. Fry uttered an exclamation of delight; and they were still more gratified at driving to an excellent inn, and seeing several elegantly dressed people parading the streets. Visitors, however fastidious, could find no cause to complain of the accommodations which are afforded in this remote but polite watering place. Polite, surely, it must be deemed,



since dress and dissipation are as much attended to, as in any public place in England.

The ladies walked on the sands, said to be the finest in Europe; peeped into immense caverns, under rocks the most stupendous; visited and praised the accommodations of the baths; and, after all, they again sighed for something to do. They wished to attract notice. But how? for here fine clothes were so common, that their most elegant dresses failed to gain attention. Most fortunately for them, a lady of polite and lively manners, one day met with these forlorn strangers, and taking compassion on their situation, invited them to her house. What a distinction! and how delightful to visit a real lady, and to have a new title to talk about in their societies at Bristol.

Mrs. and Miss Fry were now the most humble, the most complacent of human beings; and, encouraged by the kind familiarity of the lady, I too was taken to her house, where I was much surprised, and

sorry also am I to add, in the end much insulted.

Covered with a large veil, I saw extended on the sofa, what I supposed was a young lady sleeping; but when the covering was removed, one of my own race appeared, with a figure as large as Miss Fry, and a face resembling that of a negro. That such complexions did exist amongst people of the human race, I had observed in London; but never did I think it was to be found in that of a doll. Happily, my mind was soon relieved from this painful error, as the lady confessed that a relation of hers had formed this creature, and introduced it into her drawing-room to surprise her friends. As I could not myself admire the joke, I began to moralize on the various whims of mankind, when a little pet marmozet was introduced into the room, and the mischievous rogue flew immediately at me, tore my lovely ringlets from my head, and rent my robe of spotted silver to rags. The lady of the mansion immediately interfered, and lamented, most pathetically, that one so charming

should be so abused; but the wicked Miss Fry was so inhuman as to protest it was of no consequence, so little value did she set on me. A young lady of more taste and good-nature, took me to her dressing-room, to see if she could repair the disaster.

The next morning, when I reluctantly returned to my mistress, I found her indifference towards me had been merely affected; for now she pouted and cried, and abused the marmozet she had the night before caressed, declaring that the black lace dress over white satin, was not half so smart as the one which had been spoiled; but good-humour was at length restored.

The ladies continued to be better pleased with Tenby than I was; for I had supposed, that watering-places were only the resort of invalids and their friends, and we should find there, early hours and simplicity of dress: the more so, as it was in a country so remote. But folly and fashion travel very fast, and Mrs. Fry found several genteel

people residing there for the winter, and that late hours and card-parties were very general; but, I suppose, like many others, they knew not how to pass away time.

In summer, they who are so happy as to assemble in this lovely place, I presume, amuse themselves in a more rational manner, and visit the numerous castles in the neighbourhood; one of which gave birth to king Henry the Fourth, and another of them had been the residence of Lord Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth.

We now hourly expected to depart, and were walking on the south sands, when the waves, rolling tremendously to the shore, so terrified Miss Fry, that she protested she would not go by sea from Tenby. Her mother knew that to reason with her was in vain, but, as usual, she coaxed and promised abundance of fine things. All this failed to sooth, and dreadful was it to see the effects of passion at this opposition. She cried and sobbed, uttering the most improper expressions. After tearing the feather from her hat, and scattering it in the

air, she dashed me on the sands, and said, the first beggar who came that way might have me. The agitated mother, taking the arm of her disobedient daughter, drew her towards their lodgings. I saw them depart; I no longer heard the sound of their voices; the tide came in with a dreadful roar; in a short time I must be swept away by the overwhelming waves. At length I heard the sound of a human foot. A gentleman approached: I met his view; but whether the piercing winds of winter had benumbed his faculties, or some untoward event had soured his mind, I cannot tell; for he certainly did not regard me with that benignity of aspect my appearance had been used to excite. He examined me very closely, as if to consider what use could be made of me; and I began to fear, he had some country farm, where he intended to place me, to keep the birds from the corn; a proposal so degrading having been once made to Miss Lewis, by that sad fellow, Jack Hughes. But after examining me some time, he deliberately took the pins from my dress, and placing them on the

sleeve of his coat, again threw me to the ground.

As he returned, he was met by a lady of a mild and pleasing countenance. He pointed me out to her: she eagerly took me up, and whilst she was admiring my attractions, I was anticipating the satisfaction of having a new mistress, when Miss Fry again appeared, and rudely demanded me. I was yielded to her claims, and we soon after sailed for Bristol.

## CHAP. XIV.



## VOYAGE TO BRISTOL.

**I** WAS now entering on a new scene, and to me a most terrific one. What a wonderful work of man is a ship! This was only a small trading vessel, and yet it cost four thousand pounds! The cabin was like a little parlour, with beds, not larger than an infant's crib, placed round it. The captain had a small closet to himself, and this bed, acquainted as he was with the consequence of Alderman Fry, he gave up to the ladies. The voyage, as might be expected at such a season, was most tempestuous. Miss was dreadfully sick, and her mother all activity and usefulness; that is, towards her own daughter; for I observed she paid no attention to a pale-looking lady, who was a passen-

ger, nor even noticed her little boy, who cast a longing look towards the cakes and oranges which Miss peevishly rejected. Her mother, used to such things, was perfectly at home, and had no dislike to the little dark cabin, and the rough manners of the captain.

At length we landed at Bristol, when a carriage in waiting conveyed us, not to Mulberry Hall, but to the alderman's town-house, situated in the narrowest street in the city. The first thing which struck me, was the different reception which Miss Fry met from the servants of the family, from that which attended the return of Miss Lewis. There, all was gratitude, happiness, and good-humour; here, fear, sullenness, and vexation. She had no gifts to distribute—no enquiries to make, excepting about things belonging to herself. And she discovered that her brother, for she was not an heiress, had killed her canary-bird, cut her kitten's tail, and thrown her best doll into the fire. When this tall, awkward boy appeared, a scuffle ensued, ending in scratching and biting. Such was the meeting, I am sorry to relate it, between



a brother and sister who had long been separated.

The company who visited at Alderman Fry's, appeared, like themselves, proud of their riches, and anxious to procure every luxury, and every indulgence; whilst to those beneath them they grudged the smallest comfort.

I have been informed, that in this respectable city are many characters most truly amiable: unfortunately, I did not meet with them. I had no more enjoyment at Mulberry Hall than in the city; for large parties, and the means of good eating, always went with us. But I was happy to hear that this opulent and respectable city could boast of many excellent public charities; none of which merits greater attention than the Asylum for the Blind. Solitary, indeed, before the forming of this excellent institution, must have been the lives of those who had the misfortune to lose their sight! Here, meeting those who have kindred sorrows, they find consolation, and are taught the art of making baskets. Employment gives a charm to existence, and

instead of being a burden, they can thus benefit society. Their work was surprisingly neat and ingenious. Mrs. Fry and her friends purchased some, and went next to a place where those men who are made prisoners of war are confined. Their great volubility of speech, animated gestures, and sallow complexions, created as much surprise, not unmixed with terror, as it was possible for me to feel. But their ingenuity was most admirable. Never did I behold such a collection of beautiful toys, made principally from straw and the bones of animals! They found a ready sale for these things, which enabled them to procure many additional comforts. I could not avoid being struck with the vast difference between their labours, and those of the prisoners in Gloucester jail. There, every thing was common, plain, and useful; but here, all was taste, elegance, and ingenuity. I have been told, that no nation on the earth have finer inventions than the French, but that it is the sedate, patient English who bring them to perfection.

Bristol has also produced some celebrated

characters. A low, uneducated boy, had astonished the learned world by his extraordinary abilities; but, unrestrained by religion or prudence, this resplendent genius found an untimely grave. A milk-woman, also, a few years since, surprised her native city by her poetical talents. But the proudest ornament, not only of Bristol, but of England itself, is Miss Hannah More; some of whose works had been presented to Miss Lewis, and I heard her sensible friend protest, that this excellent woman had done more than any other person, towards improving her fellow-creatures. Yet it has been said, that her early education was little, and her station obscure. O! may her glorious example excite my young friends to apply to instruction, and to love wisdom and virtue.

But I am called from this subject to one far less pleasing; namely, to Miss Fry, with whom and her governess I spent most of my time at Mulberry Hall. She did not admire green fields, and had no pleasure in the garden, except there was something to de-

vour, or in driving away the ragged children, who peeped through the iron gates at the fine ladies within. To a doll of my turn, this way of life was truly irksome; and I was only able to endure it, through the hope of being again restored to my dear Miss Lewis, for such was the promise given her.

Soon after arrived, on a visit, some near relations of the family—a widow lady and her daughter. I never beheld two such spare forms, contrasted with the plump and rosy Mrs. Fry. Their fortunes were also very small. They seemed fond of acknowledging it, and comparing it with that of the wealthy alderman, at whose plentiful table they fared most sumptuously. They were the most obliging, complaisant creatures I ever knew; and poor Miss Grant bore in silence many a sly pinch from Miss Fry, and many a brutish kick from her brother. This conduct procured them, at the end of their visit, a vast number of presents; and Miss Grant modestly requested, that, when I was quite done with, I might be bestowed on her. Mrs Fry desired her daughter to give me to

her then, saying, she might go to the shop and buy another; for money was no object to them, although it was to their poor cousins. Miss Fry, who had long been tired of me, willingly gave me up, and I really think was glad, by this means, to deprive Miss Lewis of having me again.

This was an annual visit, and Mrs. Fry, blending generosity with good management, collected all the bottoms of bottles of wine, and saved every old pack of cards; observing, they would do very well for her cousin's second-hand parties, as she chose to call them. Cast-off clothes were also bestowed, and I accompanied the delighted and richly-laden visitors to their residence, in a large market-town at a considerable distance.

## CHAP. XV.



## PARADE AND POVERTY.

**O**N entering my new abode, I was agreeably surprised to find, that its appearance was not only respectable, but even genteel: at least, that part which was appropriated to company. The bed-rooms were comfortless enough, and no fire blazed in the kitchen chimney. Their only domestic was a half-starved looking little girl; but when Mrs. Grant had a route, her washerwoman's boy, in a coat made from an old blue habit, with a scarlet collar, exhibited himself as footman.

The first morning after our return was devoted to unpacking and arranging their various treasures, and considering how they should be disposed of to the most advantage. Even my wardrobe was scrutinized; and, I

blush to relate it, my mistress cheerfully consented to have my beautiful dresses converted into tippetts for herself, and caps for her mother. Even my pearls were all collected into one string, to form a necklace for this unfeeling girl, who now dressed me in a style so paltry and so tawdry, that I should have been ashamed to have been seen by any of my former friends. I soon discovered that my present possessors were people of small fortune, and, unfortunately, had a strong propensity for those expensive pleasures the wealthy alone can obtain. In order to have a tea-party, they would not mind dining on potatoes; and, enjoying the splendour of a well-lighted drawing-room, cared not for the poor girl who was darning stockings by a farthing candle, in a cold, cheerless kitchen.

By various mean contrivances, these ladies managed to cut a very genteel appearance: but Mrs. Grant, I discovered, often won money at cards, and I was sorry to find that her daughter had the same evil propensity. No sooner had the elder ladies formed their

party, than Miss drew her little round table into a corner of the room, and loo or commerce began. The stake was small, but instead of happiness, it generally produced sullenness and discontent; and it never ended without some allusions to Miss Grant's discredit; either that she did not put down her share, or looked over her neighbours' cards. When the evening was over, I know not which most disgusted me, their wicked exultation over the losses of their visitors, or their murmurings and ill-humour at their own bad luck. On such occasions, little Betty was scolded for some imaginary fault, and sent to bed without her scanty supper; and I also was tossed into a corner. I was always in the drawing-room; for it was the custom to set me on the chimney-piece, and then the first young lady who *died*, which I understood meant losing her chance for the game, was to console herself with my company. And here let me strongly urge my young readers never to fly to that most baneful of all amusements, cards. If they play for money, it will teach them the crime of avarice; and



if merely to pass the time, how much better would it be employed by books or by drawing, or even in the rude but healthy sports of Beech Hall.

In this uncomfortable way I spent a tedious winter, and in the spring was taken to visit a maiden sister of Mrs Grant's, who resided in a remote part of the country. Judging of her from the part of the family I had already seen, I cannot say that I promised myself much pleasure from the excursion; still, I was so heartily weary of my present way of life, that any change was welcome, and I saw my green habit, and my hat and feather, again brought out with satisfaction.

## CHAP. XVI.



## CONTENT AND COMFORT.

**I**T was a sweet season of the year, and the spot we approached at the end of our journey, was, indeed, a most lovely one. On an eminence, about a mile distant, rose a large and splendid mansion; and the beautiful plantations and walks belonging to it, extended to, and, I may say, surrounded, the white cottage belonging to Mrs. Grant's sister. I knew not which most to admire, the pretty flower-garden in front, or the neat poultry-yard and plentiful kitchen-garden which lay behind. The whole place was crowded with fragrance and beauty, and the mistress, a neat and respectable-looking woman, met us at the gate. Her countenance and manner bespoke her worthy of her home; yet Mrs. Marriot was

the sister of Mrs. Grant, and her income was no larger. How then could she have comforts so superior? Because it was comforts only for which she sought. She did not love fashionable clothes or fashionable parties: she preferred the quiet of the country to the bustle of a town; and in this remote spot she had her neat cottage, her gardens, and two small fields, for as small a sum as her sister paid for an inconvenient house in a large trading town. True, she had no morning loungers; no evening parties in winter; no expensive excursions in summer: yet she was not without society. She was a welcome visitor to several respectable families, and to none more than to the inhabitants of the splendid mansion whose park her cottage overlooked. Yet to them she was never meanly servile, but returned their notice by the little attentions in her power. She sometimes assisted the young ladies in their drawing, and in their French studies; for Mrs. Marriot was accomplished. Yet no more had been spent on her education, than on her sister's; but whilst, from her own application,

she improved the little instruction which had been given her, the other wasted her days in idle and expensive amusements.

The family of the mansion often visited the mistress of the cottage, and twice a year partook of her neat and humble dinner; and the ladies declared, that the ham and chickens, and the custards, at Mrs. Marriot's, were far better than those they had at home. One of the fields yielded pasturage for her cow, the other supplied her with corn; and her little hay and corn harvest were cheerfully got in by neighbours, who profited by her advice in sickness and trouble.

Strange to tell, my young mistress did not enjoy this charming spot. She thought a tea-drinking in the meadow, and a syllabub under the cow, a poor compensation for the loss of cards, which the sensible Mrs. Marriot never suffered in her house.

The park-family were in London, but a clergyman's widow was the house-keeper, and always resided there. Mrs. Marriot took her relations to visit her; but Miss Grant did not admire gardens in a season when there was no

fruit, and soon grew tired of looking at fine rooms without company. Mrs. Marriot was pleased greatly to admire me, and seeing her niece at a loss how to fill her time, proposed that she should make me some new clothes, for which she would find her materials. As there was something to be got, she consented. One day, when she was so employed, I was most agreeably surprised at seeing a young lady step from a neat carriage and enter the parlour. I instantly recollected her, as the lovely Quaker, whose entrance into the toy-shop I mentioned in the early part of my history. Disrobed as I had been of all my elegance, she knew me again, and pressing me to her lips, declared the regard she had at first sight conceived for me. It appeared that this amiable young lady was well known to the hospitable Mrs. Marriot; indeed, her home was not more than ten miles distant, and she was now returning to it, from a journey of business she had gone with her governess, who had consented to her taking a snug cup of tea at the cottage.

I found she had been often there, and, gifted with the power of discovering merit, I was happy when her governess consented to leave her for a week.

Never were two little girls so unlike as the visitors of Mrs. Marriot. Miss Grant, tawdry in her dress, affected in her manner, servile to her superiors, and insolent to those beneath her, was a mixture of envy, pride, and meanness; whilst Miss Clarkson, content with her own simple attire, was all sweetness and gentleness, trying, with mildness, to check the malignity of the other, who, in their first evening's walk, spoke of her good aunt as a formal, cross old maid; the village, a poor, dull place; its inhabitants low and ignorant; and the amusements she had had, (reckoning amongst them the visits to the great house,) the most stupid in the world. Miss Clarkson was astonished that people's ideas could be so different. She regarded Mrs. Marriot as a most amiable and sensible woman, and so pleasing a companion, that she looked forward with joy to the winter, when she would spend

her annual visit of a month with her. And the cottagers were her kind and good-hearted friends, as it appeared; for they all came out to meet them, and had something to say to the pretty Quaker lady. Her visits to the mansion were also delightful to her. She was interested with the fine paintings, and listened with attention to the housekeeper's long stories of the family portraits, which won so much on the heart of the old lady, that she presented her with a beautiful collection of shells and fossils, which her son, who was an officer, had sent her.

All this was beheld by Miss Grant with envy; and she would have openly shown it, but for the dread of losing the presents which they never failed to get from one whose fortune, as I before said, was as small as their own. I have, indeed, every reason to think, that it was self-interest alone which brought them to the cottage. Mrs. Marriot truly loved Miss Clarkson, and observing her strong attachment for me, told her niece, provided she would resign me to her young friend, she

would present her with a new frock and white beaver bonnet. Eagerly did she catch at the proposal; therefore, leaving my old possessors to the bustle of packing up all that their rapacity could collect together, I most gladly accompanied my new mistress to her own home.



## CHAP. XVII



## THE FAMILY OF FRIENDS.

**E**SCAPED from a life of disgrace and misery, I felt all the joy my change of situation could not fail to produce. Thus happy in myself, every thing around appeared with double charms. If I had been delighted with the beauty of the cottage, I was still more struck with my new abode. The house commanded none of those fine prospects I had seen in Wales, for it was situated in a valley, backed with rich hanging woods, and surrounded by almost every shrub and flower, which display their beauties in every varying season of the year. It looked like the happy valley where Rasselas and his friends were excluded from the cares of the world. A numerous group of little girls, in their

neat and simple attire, ran out to meet my new mistress, and greeted her as their sister. I was introduced to their notice, and her early attachment towards me repeated, with the assurance, that, although I must be considered as belonging to herself alone, yet they should all, by turns, be allowed to nurse me, provided they never let me fall, or did injury to my dress. This being readily agreed to, I was consigned to the arms of a younger sister, who accompanied my mistress to all her favourite places.

I found a taste for gardening was cultivated by this lovely family, and great was Miss Clarkson's delight, to mark the progress of vegetation which her absence had produced. Her annuals were all springing green from the earth, and her roses putting forth their buds. Her visits to the cottages were still more interesting, where the aged welcomed her with smiles, and the children gambolled around her; and greatly was I pleased to see her trail a woodbine round the casement of an aged woman who was constantly confined to her bed, that, as she

lay, the sweets might refresh her; and carefully she weeded the bed of herbs, with which she loved to render her broth more palatable.

The amiable family with whom I had the good fortune now to be placed, were ten in number, the orphan children of a wealthy merchant. He was drowned in his passage from Holland. His wife surviving but a few weeks, the loss of the parents were supplied, as far as such a loss could be, by affectionate relations, and a most sensible and amiable governess. Never did woman better perform the important task committed to her care. Six charming girls were to benefit by her forming hand, and four promising boys were replaced in a distant school.

These good people, as I before said, belonged to that class which the world call Quakers. I cannot pretend to say what that religion is, but lovely were its effects on their lives; for it taught them gentleness of manners and simplicity of dress, whilst their

hearts glowed with the warmest charity and benevolence. It was not merely to relieve the wandering beggar at their gate, or to visit the sick cottager; but to examine minutely into their situations, and to amend by reproof, as well as to encourage by kindness; and the same basket which contained a cordial for the aged, held, also, a small Bible, which one of the young ladies read to those who had not the power of doing it themselves.

I supposed, that in a family living so retired, and where so many amusements were prohibited, that time would pass away heavily; but the contrary was the case, and I was delighted to find how actively and agreeably the truly benevolent could be employed.

In a retired grove, by the side of a gurgling stream, the kind governess had ordered a summer-house to be erected, for the entire use of her young pupils. It was surrounded by a neat green railing; within this, all had their separate flower-beds, cultivated by themselves. The woodbine and jassamine trailed

round the rustic porch, and the mignonette wafted its sweet fragrance through the windows. The entrance was a neat little room, prettily decorated with shells and petrifications, intermixed with transparencies and other drawings. Here they were often permitted to entertain their friends with tea and fruit. Behind this room was another, which looked into the thickest part of the grove; and this contained a well-chosen collection of books, drawing materials, and such toys for the younger children, as were suited to minds intended to be rational. But the greater part of their time, not spent in their different studies, was taken up in superintending and assisting in a school of poor girls; and out of a stated sum, given them for that purpose, they were allowed to provide them with clothing.

To people such as these, winter brought no terror in her train. With thick shoes and warm cloaks, they almost defied the inclemency of seasons; and when compelled to remain in the house, time passed equally profitably and pleasantly away. Delightful

was it, when the evening closed in, to mark this happy circle surround the blazing hearth, the governess reading some well-chosen book aloud, whilst the young ladies were employed at their needles, making little articles of dress for the poor, or small prizes for their scholars. And when the blast of winter howled dismally round their dwelling, they enjoyed their own comfort and security the more, in reflecting, that in such a night, no being in their little hamlet wanted either food or fuel; for what labour could not procure, benevolence supplied.

I was surprised that I was not made to adopt the plain dress of the friends, and long expected to see my little cap and brown bonnet prepared for me; but, on the contrary, I was more elegant and splendid than ever. In fact, Elizabeth Clarkson loved a little finery, and sometimes ornamented the bonnets of her school-girls with a bow of pink ribbon, but one reproving glance from her governess would always displace it. She seldom saw me, and when she did, had the kindness to appear not to notice my finery; for

Elizabeth was so good a girl, that she was entitled to indulgence.

In this family, a year of uninterrupted happiness was passed by me; a year in which not a single accident had befallen me; when a family much esteemed came to spend a few weeks with them. They were not Quakers. The master of the family was an officer. He had left the service with the loss of a leg, and was in other respects so much injured, that his life was one of almost constant suffering; but his retirement was sweetened by the society of a most amiable wife and two charming daughters. Respected and beloved by all who knew him, he was a welcome visitor at the Grove. Dearly did they love neighbour Sedley, who, laying aside the roughness of the sailor, aided the benevolent plans of the governess, carved toys for the girls, and built vessels for the boys.

The two sister visitors were as unlike each other as possible; but that I shall show hereafter: it is enough for me now to say, that in one point they both agreed, which was their admiration of me; and the governess, who,

with all her good qualities, had never thoroughly approved my admission, persuaded her young pupil to resign me to Sophia and Marianna Sedley; the latter of whom promised to send her in return an ivory spinning wheel, which had been made by an ingenious French officer, who had been a prisoner of her father's.



## CHAP. XVIII.



## THE WHIMS OF MARIANNA.

**M**R. SEDLEY had settled that I should be possessed a month at a time by her daughters, alternately; and never, surely, were months so differently passed. Sophia, as the eldest, had me first; and most striking, indeed, was the exact neatness of her dress and mine. For morning, I had my coloured frock, and being a great housewife herself, I had my pocket and pocket-handkerchief, a pincushion by my side, and an apron before me. In the afternoon I had my clean white dress, and sat in a little green chair in the window, whilst she was employed with her mother at her needle; but when company came, I was always introduced in the elegant attire with which the taste of my

last mistress had supplied me. I was never suffered to go out without my bonnet, tippet, and gloves, and was always put to-bed at the same hour. But when it was the turn of Marianna to possess me, who can describe the various and mortifying changes I experienced, or listen, without pity, to the account of my perils and dangers. To be sure, I was sometimes splendidly arrayed, shining one day in pearls and feathers, and the next left in my dirty night-clothes.

Mrs. Sedley was from Wales, the country I loved, and she had brought with her the servant of her infancy, who was also the nurse of her children; and it was the whim of Marianna, that Esther should dress me in her country fashion. Accordingly, when a party arrived, I was introduced and laughed at, in my mob cap, beaver hat, and woollen jacket.

The next month I came into her possession, I was a village school-mistress, in my home-spun gown and checked apron, with a rod in my hand, surrounded by rows of little rag dolls on benches, by way of scholars.

One time, in a patched bed-gown, I sat at a stall selling small pictures and pincushions: next, descending still, I was a beggar, with a ragged brat at my back: then a negro. The burnt cork, which was used to make this hideous figure, cost poor Sophia many a weary hour to remove; and she always resigned me with vexation, so certain was she of the absurd changes I must experience.

I had hitherto preserved a feminine appearance, but soon the old sailor who lived in the house had orders to convert me into a naval officer; and a blue jacket, trowsers, and cocked hat, were made for me. But how shall I relate the silly and contemptible character which was next fixed on for me. A butcher, of a most enormous size, brought meat to the house, and, unfortunately, caught the eyes of Marianna. Instantly my cocked hat was converted into a round one, the white edging taken from my blue coat, and a vast protuberance of rags and paper was placed before me. Over it was drawn a coarse apron, from which, by way of a steel, a broken bodkin was suspended.

The delicate Sophia could bear it no longer, for, having ascertained the cause of the roar of laughter in the kitchen, she related the affair to her mother, who sending for Marianna, and reproving her for her folly, insisted on her instantly resigning me to her sister. She complied with the most perfect good-humour, and skipped off to dance a hornpipe at the kitchen door, to amuse the old sailor, and a wandering messmate who had called to see him. I was not only disgraced by these appearances, but often exposed to real danger; for she had a vast deal of curiosity, and chose that I also should have the same.

One day, wishing me to look at a picture which was beyond her reach, she fastened me to the end of her father's crutch, and raised me for that purpose; but careless how she held me, I lost my seat, and fell into a pot of paint, although the man who was at work with it, warned her of my danger. Another day she must go and smell a savoury dish of soup, which the cook had placed on the fire, and putting my head too near it, a

spark from the fire fell on her hand, and I was immediately immersed in the scalding and greasy liquid. Hardly had I got the better of this sad accident, before I was exposed to the inclemency of a long stormy night, by being tied round the neck of a snow man, which she had assisted her cousin the midshipman to make; but I believe this was at the suggestion of the young sailor, for she was never designedly cruel, even to one that she did not suppose capable of feeling. But there was not a month while I was possessed by Marianna, in which I was not subject to some change of character, or some perilous adventure. Sometimes I was trotted about the house on the back of an old dog; and once, at the hazard of my neck, was carried over the roof of a barn, fastened between the horns of a goat. And yet, singular as it may appear, most fondly did I love the giddy Marianna; certainly not for her very strange treatment of me, but for that never-failing sweetness of temper and warmth of heart, which overpowered all her faults.

Her father's fortune was liberal, and his heart still more so. More than one brother-officer found a retreat from poverty in his comfortable home; and old Ben, a disabled seaman, was bade to smoke his pipe for life in his kitchen chimney-corner. Marianna was the pride, the delight, the consolation of them all; for she would give up her toys and her doll to wait on old Ben when he was sick, and has staid at home from a visit, without a murmur, to amuse, in the absence of her mother and sister, her suffering father. She was always excusing the faults of the servants, and seeing 'only the best parts of every one's character.

At length the volatile spirits and unceasing activity of Marianna, proved too much for her small and delicate form. Symptoms of a decline alarmed the whole family, and she was sent to a farm-house, in a more healthy part of the country, attended by old Esther and myself. Her health now appeared to improve.

When we had been here a few weeks, they had wandered towards an old ruined man-

sion, a short distance from the village. Esther sat down to have a snug chat at the cottage of a friend, whilst Marianna, with her little basket, went on to collect some beautiful mosses; for her mother was building a root-house, and never did she lose an opportunity of increasing the happiness of another.

A little cottage-girl, who had been sent to watch some cows in an adjoining meadow, wearied by the employments of the day, (for it was now evening,) had crept under an old arch and fallen asleep. She wore no stockings, and an adder of the most venomous kind had twisted itself round her leg. She screamed in agony: her cries were heard by Marianna, who, starting at the horrid sight, ran to the cottage for assistance, forgetful of her own weak state. But no aid was procured for the little sufferer. Her mother and Esther seemed petrified with terror, and had not courage to remove the reptile. In vain were the urgent entreaties of Marianna, who felt an equal aversion with them.

selves to the creature, yet could not bear to witness the agonies of the poor girl; therefore, taking a velvet tippet from her neck, and wrapping it round her hand, she with one desperate effort tore away the adder.

No joy flowing from the success of any of her wild projects, had ever given to the heart of Marianna half such satisfaction, as having done a service so essential for a fellow-creature. I marked the glow of happiness on her cheek, and heard the fervent thanks which she offered in her prayers, before her weary head reposed on its pillow.

Her disorder, so variable, sometimes elated her friends with hope, and again depressed them with fear. Her little whims and follies were forgotten: her kind and generous acts alone were remembered. Gaining friends wherever she went, the farmer's family did all in their power to amuse her, and the cottage children collected all the fruits and flowers of the season. Her friends from home were continually visiting her, and old Ben, tired of trotting backwards and forwards, yet never easy when absent, resolved



to take up his abode also at the farm. Such were the kind friends, for whose sake Marianna was anxious to recover her health.

Now wearied, but uncomplaining, she followed the plough, or went into the meadow, to drink the milk of an ass kept for her use. I was always with her, and sometimes a sudden flush of spirits would make her laugh at the recollection of the strange characters which her whims had made me assume. Constantly feeling for the sufferings of others more than her own, she often visited a poor little girl, the daughter of a cottager. She had fallen from a stile, and broken her leg so badly, that it was supposed by the surgeon that it must be taken off. Marianna, saying that her own kind friends supplied her with so many nice things which the poverty of Nancy's would not allow them to procure, insisted on sharing with her the oranges and other delicacies sent her in such abundance.

Little Nancy was of an obstinate temper, and refused to submit to any operation, although it was now known that her life could

only be saved by it. Vain were the tears of her mother, and vain were the prayers of her father. Marianna soothed and entreated, and, at length, so much was her kind heart interested, that she even offered to give me to her: me, whom she had so fondly loved, and never more so than now. Yes, she would resign me, with all my fine clothes, and the mahogany wardrobe which contained them. Nancy submitted, the operation was performed, and I reposed on the bed beside her.

## CHAP. XIX.

THE PEASANT'S COTTAGE, AND THE  
GIPSY'S BARN.

**F**OR the first time in my life I was the inmate of a cottage, or rather a visitor; fully convinced, in my own mind, that I should, by some means or other, be restored to my dear mistress; for she came every morning to visit us, caressing me in a manner which showed the strength of her attachment. Marianna ceased to visit us. She came no more! Days and weeks rolled away, and she came not. At length I witnessed the tears of the cottagers; the loud lamentation of their neighbours:—Marianna was dead! Old Esther, attached to every thing which had been dear to her beloved young lady, put me in deep mourning, and allowed one

of the cottager's children to carry me with her to the grave of the sweet Marianna, which she had neatly turfed, after the manner of her own country, planting it with the loveliest flowers she could select. And truly did she water them with her tears; whilst old Ben, who sat on the grass at the foot of the grave, sobbed aloud, pressing in his arms the favourite little spaniel of Marianna.

Poor Marianna! who will soothe thy suffering father now? Who will console the aged sailor in the hour of sickness, and cheer the little family of love with the lively sallies of innocent mirth? Long may the flowers which affection has planted, decorate the green turf which covers thy grave! There may the loveliest buds of spring exhale their sweetness, so emblematical of thy own disposition! And whilst I have the power to record thy worth, reproach shall never visit thy memory, nor fall upon thy harmless pleasantries. No time could make me forget a mistress so beloved; but it taught me to moderate my affliction, and happy would it have been, could it have subdued that pride,

which, I am ashamed to confess, I still possessed in a blamable degree. So long accustomed to people in higher life, I was much mortified at my present humble station; and as I sat in the casement window, between bottles of mint and balm, I was afraid to look into the lane, lest any of those who had known me in better days, should witness my degradation. Yet the honest people seemed sensible of my consequence, and treated me with respect. But Nancy, when she was able to sit up and knit, ceased to pay me much attention, and I was sometimes given to her younger sister, and paid visits with her, to such houses, and in such company, as never doll of my fashion was introduced to before.

Such were the vain and silly ideas which made my life a burden to me; but for such false pride as this, I soon met with the punishment I deserved, by sinking still lower in condition. The little girl who had taken me out with her, wearied by her walk, fell asleep on a bank, with me in her arms, when one of those wandering vagabonds called gipsies

passed, and a little dirty wench who followed her, received her permission to steal me; whilst this wicked mother took away the little girl's bonnet and shoes, and, no doubt, would have entirely stripped her, had not the sound of some person approaching made them hasten away. They had time, however to stow me into a wallet, with broken victuals and dirty rags.

Now, indeed, was I justly humbled for despising a state of honest poverty. What impositions, what wickedness did I now witness! By what a mistress was I now possessed! skulking about farm-yards for something to pilfer, and clamorous at the open casement for victuals, which she was too lazy to earn. The miserable state I had so justly dreaded in Gloucester jail, was happiness and respectability compared with this. The night brought to me still greater horrors. I was shut up in a close and filthy tent, or placed in the lap of my dingy mistress, as she and her companions sat carousing round the fire, feasting on some stolen animal, relating, in language shocking to my

ears, their past wicked exploits, and their intended depredations.

One evening, when a very large company had assembled on some particular occasion, they concluded with a dance in a barn, when a very pretty and well-dressed lad entered amongst them. At first he seemed startled at their appearance, but they coaxed him, and invited him to eat and drink, with such an appearance of good-humour and hospitality, that he told them he was the only son of his mother, who wanted him to go apprentice to a tanner; but it was such a dirty trade, that he did not like it: and then, she had refused to buy for him the little black poney, which one of them had offered for sale a few days before, and rather than endure such ill usage, he determined to run away and join the gipsies.

He was most loudly commended for his spirit. They promised to treat him like a gentleman, and that the black poney should be kept entirely for his use. At length, wearied by exercise, and by intoxication, this

brutish set sunk to sleep: but not the poor mistaken lad, who now began to be sensible of his folly, and lament, in audible sobs, the terror his mother must be suffering from his absence.

It was now that old Judith, the dirtiest, but most honest of the gipsy tribe, drew near, and assured him, that if he remained, he would be driven to do much more hard and dirty work than any in a tanner's yard; and so far from being allowed to ride the poney, he would be soundly thrashed, should he disobey one of their wicked orders. Then she reminded him of the agonies of his widowed mother, whose kind charity she had often experienced, and to whose house, as it was only a few miles distant, she would safely conduct him. He eagerly consented, and the moon shining very brightly, they arose softly and left the barn.

At the very instant of their departure, I was beheld by the old woman, who, tucking me under her cloak, declared her resolution of taking me with them. Any change was



welcome; and as we went on our way, I learned that she was well acquainted with the honest cottagers, and had been some time resolved to restore me to Nancy, when an opportunity offered.

The widow received her son with thankfulness and joy; and the old gipsy, nobly rewarded for the good deed, trudged on contentedly, telling fortunes at every farm-house in her way, till she carefully deposited me in the hands of little Nancy.

Her mother, who was a clean woman, was so disgusted at my abode with the gipsies, that she took off all my clothes, and threw me into a pail of water. When I was cleansed from the filth I had contracted, and my hair curled anew, in the best manner they were able, she took one of my best suits from the wardrobe, and declared that I was so pretty and so grand, that it was a pity I should stay with them. The farmer's wife with whom her husband worked, had been very kind to Nancy in her illness, and had also been the means of procuring her the assistance of a

great lady, to have her placed in a situation, where she was to gain instruction in the art of straw-work. The husbandman himself, on his return, was so struck by my elegant appearance, that he remarked, what a noble present I should be for his master's daughter; and both his wife and Nancy consented that I should be given to her.

## CHAP. XX.



## THE FARM-HOUSE.

**T**HE following day, the good woman of the cottage carefully wrapped me in a clean handkerchief, and with all that belonged to me, set out for the Grange Farm; and never, surely, did any doll ever meet with so flattering a reception. My new mistress, a very nice little girl, could never sufficiently admire me: first praising my features and complexion, and then my elegant dress, not forgetting to examine the wardrobe. She ran and introduced me to every person she could find in and about the house, not even omitting the little plough-boy, and the old thrasher in the barn. Her mother was also much pleased with the present of Betty Barton; and know-

ing I had belonged to Marianna, declared I should be doubly dear to them, for that sweet young lady's sake. She kept Betty to a hot dinner, and sent her home in the evening with a nice present of bacon, and a large bundle of clothes for her children.

I had never before lived in a farm-house, and I liked the kind of bustle which prevailed around me. Every day brought such a variety of employments, and these all seemed so useful in themselves, and so beneficial to others, that I thought the life of a farmer a very active and a very agreeable one. Here was no waste of hours in bed; and the first care of my young mistress was to dress me, and carry me in her arms, as she accompanied the maids to milk the cows in the meadow. I hope none of my young readers are addicted to that idle habit of lying long in bed. Let me assure them, if they have it yet to learn, that the most delightful part of the whole day, are the first hours of it; when the birds are singing on every hedge, the flowers smelling with sweeter fragrance, and every thing animated with a look of cheerfulness. It is

also a very great crime to waste in sleep, those hours which were bestowed on us for different purposes. After such a walk, how delicious to my mistress was the home-made bread and butter which she shared with her parents.

They had other children, but all grown up, excepting little Lucy, whose tender years and good-humour, made her a great favourite with her brothers and her sister; but as she had only one, and she did not live at home, it was some time before I was introduced to her.

When breakfast was over, Lucy was sent into the garden to pick vegetables for dinner, to go on errands into the field, or in such employments as suited her strength. I always went with her; and how pleasant was it to sit on the sheaves of corn, and view the reapers at their work! The laugh, the song, and the joke went round: all was good-humour and happiness. And Lucy would kindly assist the children to pick the scattered ears of corn, and treat them with a look at me.

When the day was closed, it was pleasant

to see the master of the family, seated on a turf bench, beneath a spreading tree at his door; his wife, his children, and his servants, all resting from their labours; and, after a comfortable and temperate meal, retiring by day-light to bed.

But some sad misfortunes interrupted this life of tranquil happiness. Her mother, wishing to employ Lucy in this busy season, desired she would let me rest for a few days, thinking it ridiculous for me to be tucked into a basket with bacon and cabbage, which she took to her father and brothers in the field. She complied, and I was left to solitude, in a very spacious room; for the house was an old mansion, and shockingly infested with rats. Hardly had I been left an hour, before one of these monsters seized me, gnawing my bosom, and tearing my beautiful hair in the most barbarous manner; and, no doubt, my existence would have now terminated, had not Mrs. Fairfield been suddenly sent for to the great house, and coming in for her best bonnet, found me in this piteous condition. Poor Lucy cried sadly, declaring

that I never should be out of her sight again; and so well did she keep her word, that I was rarely from her arms, excepting on Sundays, when her mother protested against my being her companion; and then, perched on the highest shelf, and surrounded by glittering pewter, I looked from my perilous situation on the family beneath me. Indeed, she was too apt to leave me in those high and dangerous places; for one day she desired the maid to put me on the shelf in the dairy, whilst she went on some errand. It was a busy day, and I was forgotten, till a mischievous cat, allured by the smell of some meat, came trampling along with such heedless steps, that she knocked her head against me, and down I fell into a deep pot of cream. I soon sunk to the bottom, and then heard the loud cries of my weeping mistress, wondering what could have become of me. At length the dairy-maid came, and began stirring about the cream with a white stick, till my silver-spotted dress appeared on the surface. I was delivered from my peril-

ous situation, and re-dressed in the most elegant style, for it was the harvest-home.

Their labour ended, their barns filled with riches, it was right they should rejoice. And truly did they do so; for here, relations, neighbours, and work-people, assembled to partake of a substantial supper, where beef and plum-pudding most prevailed. Then was a great deal of noisy singing, and last of all, the jocund dance. Never did I witness such a scene of mirth and revelry. I loved praise, when I knew it came from the heart, and these honest people regarded me with real admiration. A large company of the poorer kind came the next day, to end this plentiful feast. Thus it seemed, there was not an inhabitant of the hamlet, but partook of the generous hospitality of Farmer Fairfield.

A farmer's bustle is never over; for no sooner had the hay and corn harvest ended, than thrashing and ploughing commenced. But as my mistress had nothing to do with these, she went to school at the village, and as she attended so well to her learning, and was, in every respect, so good a girl, she was



allowed to take me with her; content as she was to let me occupy a place in the Dame's smart buffet, till the hour of her departure. I shall always recollect, with pleasure, this part of my life, when, in our little red cloaks and black bonnets, we trudged contentedly over the bleak common which divided us from our neighbours.

Lucy sometimes brought a companion home with her; when, seated in my little arm-chair, I also made one of the social party round the blazing hearth, whilst Mrs. Fairfield dispensed her tea and buttered toast, and expressed her satisfaction at my tidy appearance, in my dark frock and pink stuff petticoat. I was once very vain of fine clothes, but experience had taught me, that they were neither essential to the happiness or to the respectability of the wearer; but dirtiness is truly disgusting, and disgraceful to any female. It was pleasing to see how neatly Lucy, after every wash, put up her own things. Mine were done by herself, as she had had a very pretty iron given her for

that purpose, and had a little washing-tub and clothes-basket.

In this humble but comfortable situation, I had rounded nearly the year, when the sheep-shearing arrived, when, dressed in my best clothes, I was taken into the field to listen to the noisy mirth of the people, and the bleating of the poor sheep; who, divested of their cumbrous coats, again sprang to the meadow, rejoicing in their liberty. As all rural feasts resemble each other in social mirth and good eating and drinking, I might not have noticed this day, had it not proved a memorable one to me.

It appeared, Farmer Fairfield rented his land of a noble earl, and his countess one day calling with him, was so pleased with the eldest daughter at the farm, that she requested to have her as an attendant on her children. Mrs. Fairfield modestly urged the reluctance she had to part with her, and the great inconvenience it would be to her; but my lady had taken the whim into her head, and it must be gratified. The farmer's wife, therefore, hired an additional servant, and poor

Jenny, with a heavy heart, left her father's house. But the lady, not wanting in good-nature, would sometimes allow her to visit her relations, and to invite them in return, as often as she chose. The father also had his lease renewed on reasonable terms, and Jenny's grateful heart taught her to devote her whole attention to the little ladies she had the honour to attend.

It was on this feast-day that they were always permitted to dine at the farm; and never did I witness a more disagreeable set of children than these Right Honourables. At dinner they would eat of every thing on the table, and certainly poor Mrs. Fairfield had collected a profusion of rural delicacies. In vain did Jenny beg of Lady Georgianna not to eat ham, as the physician had forbidden her salt meat; nor should Master Henry have fruit pie. But they obstinately continued to devour, rather than to eat, every thing before them. Mrs. Fairfield and her whole family had enough to do to wait on them. They drank tea in a very pretty arbour,

surrounded by flower-beds, which were kept in the neatest order; for there, on a holiday in the summer, Mrs. Fairfield loved to entertain her neighbours. How grievous then was it to see these rude children tearing up the flowers whilst yet in the bud; trampling over the borders; and devouring, in its green state, what fruit they could find.

Jenny, now justly concluding they would be seriously ill, took them from the garden to the poultry-yard, where they took a fancy to ducks, chickens, rabbits, and even to some young pigs; all of which they insisted should be put into the coach, to go home with them. Mrs. Fairfield knew them well, and therefore had put out of sight her China birds and other curiosities, and strongly advised her daughter not to let me appear.

Lucy valued me highly, but she could not resist the triumph of showing these titled ladies that she possessed a doll as elegant as any they could boast; but she was punished for her foolish vanity, and her disobedience to the wishes of her mother; for I was immediately noticed, and Lady Charlotte seizing one

arm, and Lady Georgianna the other, I thought they would have torn them from my body. At length Jenny, who was the only person possessing any authority, settled that each should nurse me by turns. When the hour of departure arrived, they were desired to resign me; but they positively insisted on taking me home with them; not merely on a visit, but to keep me for ever and ever, as they foolishly expressed themselves. Jenny ordered one of the inferior attendants to take me by force; when such scratching, kicking, and screaming ensued, that Mrs. Fairfield insisted on her daughter's letting them have me. She, moved by the tears and sobs of her dear little sister, still persevered in trying to liberate me; till seeing Lady Charlotte nearly in a fit with passion, she was obliged to give it up; and, driven away in a fine coach, I soon lost sight of the Grange Farm, and its worthy inhabitants.

## CHAP. XXII.



## THE NOBLEMAN'S MANSION.

ON our arrival at my new home, the fond mother came out to receive her children; and when the baskets of poultry and pigs were put down in the hall, she was pleased to express her wonder at the children's folly, and the extreme good-nature of Mrs. Fairfield. Jenny, with much vexation, presumed to mention my detention, but she kindly promised that one equally valuable should be sent to Lucy; and Lady Charlotte, assuring her that she would treat me with kindness, the good girl became reconciled to my change of situation.

That silly vanity which led me to be ashamed of my humble abode in the peasant's cottage, I am sorry to say, still fol-

lowed me to the nobleman's mansion, and I spent the night in dreams of future grandeur.

The master of my present home, was an officer high in the public favour. On his return he would be presented at court. His lady, who now buried herself in the country, would accompany him, and, by means of her daughters, might not I also gain admittance there, and be the first favourite of England's future queen? for, at the time of my composing this history, Her Royal Highness was at an age to be pleased with dolls, and long had I been deemed the loveliest of my race. These visions of greatness were not dispersed with the morning's sun; for Lady Charlotte declared her resolution of keeping me as her own exclusive property, and that the beautiful doll her mamma had last bought for her, should be considered as my servant; and she was accordingly dressed in the cotton gown made for me at the farm.

My appearance was now more superb than ever, and I was drawn into the park in a

fine carriage, with a small doll behind, attired as a footman, in scarlet and gold; and I felt as much at ease, as if I had been accustomed to such things. Yet Lady Georgianna named me Dolly the dairy-maid, and the young lord called me Mrs. Curds and Cream. Titles have delighted wiser heads than mine; I may confess, therefore, without a blush, that I was charmed at the sound of Lady Charlotte, Lady Georgianna, and Lord Alderney; but it was not long before I discovered, that my lord could roar as lustily for bread and butter as any peasant's boy; Lady Georgianna was as great a vixen as my gipsy mistress; and lady Charlotte was crying every day, with pain and sickness, brought on by eating improper food.

When I found that neither rank nor riches exempted them from partaking of the same follies and sufferings with the lowest of their fellow-creatures, my natural good sense got the better of my vanity. I began to see things in their proper light, and I no longer wondered, that Jenny preferred her home at the farm-house, to the distinction of waiting



on right honourables in gilded apartments. Never did I witness such baneful effects from excessive indulgence, as in this family of lovely children, for they were all extremely beautiful; but their manners were forward and overbearing, and their tempers captious and passionate, owing, no doubt, to their ill-judging mother, who would never suffer them to be contradicted. They were too young to have masters; but they had a governess, if a governess she might be called, who was allowed to have no controul over her pupils, nor to correct them, when they impertinently sent up myself, or the kitten, to repeat the lessons she wished them to learn.

Lord Alderney was fond of fighting-cocks, Lady Georgiana had a collection of birds, and Lady Charlotte had several pet kittens; besides squirrels, dormice; and a monkey. Sorry am I to say, they were most of them kept to be tormented, or died through neglect. One pretty little dog particularly excited my compassion. His tormentors had been told, that bears were taught to dance,

by putting them on hot irons. Poor little Fido was carried into the laundry, and made to dance on the stove where the maids were heating their irons. His howlings and piteous cries were dreadful, but nobody dared to release him, till the good-natured Jenny, led to the place by the noise, gave him liberty, and expressed her surprise at their cruelty.

She was the head maid in the nursery, and did her duty, by trying to prevent the ill effects resulting from the indulgence of the countess. This lady was fat, indolent, and good-tempered; seldom took the trouble to contradict any one, and presumed not on her own high rank. She was therefore generally liked; but her children, young as they were, had less gentleness towards their guests, who were often lower in rank than themselves. They would put salt in their wine, or pepper in their tart, and many such silly tricks; and what was still more cruel and distressing, they would give them a nickname, from any thing they thought striking in their dress or persons.

It was not often that they dined at their

mother's table, for when she wanted them to appear best, they always behaved the worst. One day, in particular, when the wife of the curate, and her nice children, dined there, Lord Alderney had been ill, but he would eat of every thing that was improper for him. He was mean enough to grumble at his sisters having more on their plates than he had, and insisted on their changing with him. This being refused, he roared all dinner-time, regardless of the kind whispers and liberal promises of his mother, who, disgraced by the bearish manners of her son, felt mortified and ashamed, in the presence of the curate's wife, whose children always looked at their mother for permission to eat of the delicacies before them; and, on her hinting to the youngest that she had had enough pastry, her plate was instantly sent away.

The countess, vexed at the contrast between these children and her own, lost for a moment her usual good-humour, and wondered how people who had so much household work to attend to, could find time to

breed up their children with such form and ceremony. The worthy woman felt the unkindness, but dared not resent it; for much depended on the countess, from whose noble relations her husband was at this time gone to solicit a living. The tears started to her eyes: her children turned theirs, sympathizingly, towards her; and her little son drew closer and pressed her hand.

He was a nice little fellow, and his favourite dog, escaped from his confinement at home, and following a servant into the room, leaped on his master's knee. Lord Alderney protested he would have him to keep, in so loud a tone, that Charles could not pretend that he did not hear; but his colour arose, and his looks bespoke his resolution not to give him up, when he met the expressive eye of his mother. He remembered the interest of his absent father, resigned his favourite to the capricious little lord, and then went to weep in private; but he saw Jenny, who consoled him with the promise that the dog should not be ill used, and she would contrive that he should soon have him again.

Satisfied with this, he returned to the room, with a face glowing with such content and good-humour, that the countess called him a fine little fellow; and said he should go and fight under her lord, and have a sword and a red coat. Lord Alderney roared louder than ever, and said, Charles Heartly should not have a sword, but he would have one. Lady Georgianna replied, that a doll would be more suitable, and, placing me in his arms, desired he would undress me and put me to bed. Enraged at this, he threw me into the fire. Lady Charlotte, who had been ill all day, fell into a fit. Whilst Mrs. Heartly was exerting her skill to recover my poor mistress, her son, with equal humanity, snatched me from the devouring flames, where my splendid dress was entirely destroyed, and my beautiful hair again burned from my head. The young lord, crying himself weary, was put to bed, and Lady Charlotte recovering, they all drew round the tea-table, socially and comfortably.

The countess, sorry she had spoken unkindly to Mrs. Heartly, was now very plea-

sant and good-humoured; said she had no doubt but they would have the living; and described the pretty parsonage close to her father's park, where they should meet every summer. Casting her eyes towards me, she desired Sally Heartly to take me home with her, as I had been the cause of much dissension between her children.

## CHAP. XXII.



## A SHORT VISIT.

**H**APPY at any rate to get rid of my tormentor, I resigned my ambitious views, and became the contented inmate of a parsonage-house. Mrs. Heartly having a large family as well as a farm to attend to, found such full employment for her children, that, for the first time in my existence, I began to experience considerable neglect. The parsonage-house was in a most elevated situation, and, in this respect, they certainly could look down on their splendid neighbours in the valley, whose house was near the river, which made it so injurious to Lady Charlotte, in her present state of health, that she was sent to the parsonage for a few

weeks. Here she found a most skilful nurse in Mrs. Heartly, and a kind attendant in Jenny, who was nearly related to the mistress of my present home.

Lady Charlotte had not a bad heart, and, removed from her teasing brother and the pernicious indulgence of her mother, became cheerful and happy, and soon got better health. She began to relish Mrs. Heartly's plain joint and a pudding, and when Charles trotted round the garden with her in a wheelbarrow, she laughed heartily, and enjoyed the ride more than she had ever done in the finest coach. I became again the object of her care, and Jenny, with great skill, repaired, in a considerable degree, my own personal misfortunes.

The countess, anxious to repay Mrs. Heartly, was continually calling with presents, and sometimes brought her cross son with her; but Jenny, aware of my danger, always hid me from his view. At length I returned with Lady Charlotte, to new scenes of misery and danger; for, the first time the young tyrant found me alone, he had the



barbarity to cut off one of my arms, and, I suppose, would have torn me limb from limb, had I not again been rescued by my ever faithful Jenny. But the very next morning, a still more dreadful adventure awaited me; for this wicked boy tying me to the tail of a dog, the affrighted animal dragged me along the road; then plunged through muddy ditches and lanes, till a cottager's wife released me; when, washing me from the filth, she judged, from my remains of elegance, to what family I belonged, and again restored me to my mistress, who, shocked and disgusted at my wretched appearance, consented to her sister's request of having me buried. I was put into a pasteboard coffin, and, with much parade and mock solemnity, I was interred in the grove, and in a spot so shallow, that little Fido, who had witnessed the ceremony, soon released me with his feet, and I was once more exposed to the light, and lay extended on the turf. Jenny coming by, took me in her arms, and lamented my hard fate so audibly, that she attracted the attention of a young gentleman

who was passing in a naval uniform. It was the favourite cousin of my dear Marianna. He knew her attachment to me, and so did Jenny also know it; and it was owing to that, she had so loved and cherished me. "Beloved of my sweet Marianna," he exclaimed, "thou hadst once a kinder mistress and a happier home." His tears fell as he resigned me to Jenny, who, locking me in her own drawer, declared I should never again be in the power of children so undeserving of me.

I concluded myself shut up in oblivion for the remainder of my days, and the idea of perpetual solitude rendered me truly miserable. But in a few days I heard the lock of my prison give way, the drawer slowly opened, and I beheld a young lady of engaging appearance bending over me. I had not seen her before, but she was one of the dearest friends of Marianna. She was in fact her cousin, and sister to the young midshipman, whose manly sorrow for my disastrous fate had so much gratified me.

It seems, that it had been determined by these my humane and kind friends, to rescue

me from cruelty and neglect; for this young lady, carefully wrapping me in a cambrick handkerchief, deposited me in her muff, and descending, she found her mother had finished her visit to the countess. She followed her into the carriage, and I was immediately produced, and the deplorable situation in which her brother had found me was related. I think, at first, there was some objection raised against the manner in which she had become possessed of me; but it was easily proved, that Jenny, from my having been her sister's property, had a right to dispose of me. To have remained there, would only have been exposing me to insult and degradation. Pity and respect were my due; for I had been the darling of Marianna's heart, her companion in sickness, her solace in every sorrow which that sickness had produced. Her mother was convinced; and Miss Mapleton was as happy as every young lady must feel, whose conduct meets a parent's approbation.

## CHAP. XXIII.



## THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

**T**HE house I now entered presented an appearance of decorum, I may say, a solemn kind of grandeur, such as I had never before witnessed. It was the residence of a bishop, and truly and worthily did my noble master act up to that dignified station. His income was large, and equally extensive were his charities. The clergy came in crowds, not to visit, at stated periods, to formal dinners, and then to be proudly and ceremoniously dismissed: it was a cheerful and an hospitable feast, where every one was encouraged to advance his own opinion. And yet this dignified character lost nothing of the respect which was due to his exalted station; nor was scandal, or the least tendency to speak ill

of the absent, ever suffered in his house. If the misfortunes or the failings of others were discussed, it was only with the view to remove the one, or relieve the other.

The family of children was large, but not very young. All of them, excepting my mistress, were boys, and at public schools, or entering on professions. The first care of Miss Mapleton was to repair, as far as she could, the misfortunes which had befallen my person; but art could no more restore that enchanting beauty, which, in the early part of my time, had attracted such great and general admiration. My dress was now to be suited to my person; simply neat, but destitute of every kind of ornament. I confess I could not help feeling some kind of mortification. How can it be wondered at, from one who had so long shone the gayest of the gay? A little lurking vanity led me to hope and think I was still not entirely devoid of attractions; for Miss Mapleton was continually hanging over me, returning to me with pleasure, and leaving me with reluctance.

Her mother spoke to her on the subject. She considered the season of youth much too valuable to be thrown away in idle and unprofitable amusement, and, as such, she condemned the whole race of dolls. Unkind as I felt the remark, and unjust as I deemed it, yet, in other respects, I could not but admire this most sensible woman, whose active and useful existence was a real blessing to her own family, and an extensive circle of friends; for all the unfortunate came under that name.

I was not only attached to my present situation, for the sake of Miss Mapleton, but most fondly did I love the honest sailor; and I was very agreeably surprised, on the first school vacation, to discover in the youngest son of the family, the spirited lad who had rescued me from ruin in Gloucester jail.

Delightful was it to behold this large and united family together, when the bishop, laying aside his dignity, laughed at school anecdotes, or mingled in their innocent amusements; whilst the mother and daughters sat at their needles, equally beloved and reve-

renced by them all. Happy is the daughter who reposes her secrets in a mother's bosom, and virtuous and prosperous are the sons who seek in a father their adviser and their friend.

In this retirement I had time to reflect on the past, and to discover of how little value were mere personal beauty, the vanity of dress, and the admiration of the frivolous, compared with the sensible, the humane, and the active.

The same abilities which enable me to make these reflections, give me alike the power to relate this my adventurous life; and at the end of the last page, I concluded myself and memoirs confined for ever to oblivion, in Miss Mapleton's drawer; for, at her mother's desire, she had ceased to make me her companion; but one day, and it was in the Christmas vacation, I heard an unusual bustle in the room—my prison was again unclosed, and I was pressed to the heart of Emily Oakley. My friend the midshipman, and my jail deliverer, formed part of the group, and assisted her to trace out my eventful history.

I found from their conversation, that Miss Harpur had died from excessive indulgence and indolence. Her mother had not long survived her, and Emily was the heiress of their fortunes. She now was returning, to enjoy her prosperity with those who had protected her in adversity. She was returning to Margaret Lewis, the kind-hearted, the generous Margaret Lewis! Miss Mapleton and her two brothers were to be of the party, and joyous was the Christmas they expected to spend. I also was to go with them, to return to the friends who had cherished me—to the country which I loved: and if the splendid scenes of life no longer awaited me, yet I was going to Beech Hall, where misfortune was never insulted, nor real worth ever neglected. The attendance of Nurse Cadwallader, and the retirement of her little parlour, now best suited my decaying form.

Happy country! highly favoured Wales! may health and prosperity still smile upon thy valleys, and thy lofty hills alike exclude thee from sorrow and from vice. And



should any of my young readers visit its remote but lovely scenes, they will no doubt be desirous of an introduction to that once distinguished doll, whose adventures have been cheerfully compiled, with the hope of affording them amusement.

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