Collation Signatures L, M, N are transposed - but book is complete

Isabella Seymour

the gift of her

brother.

1808

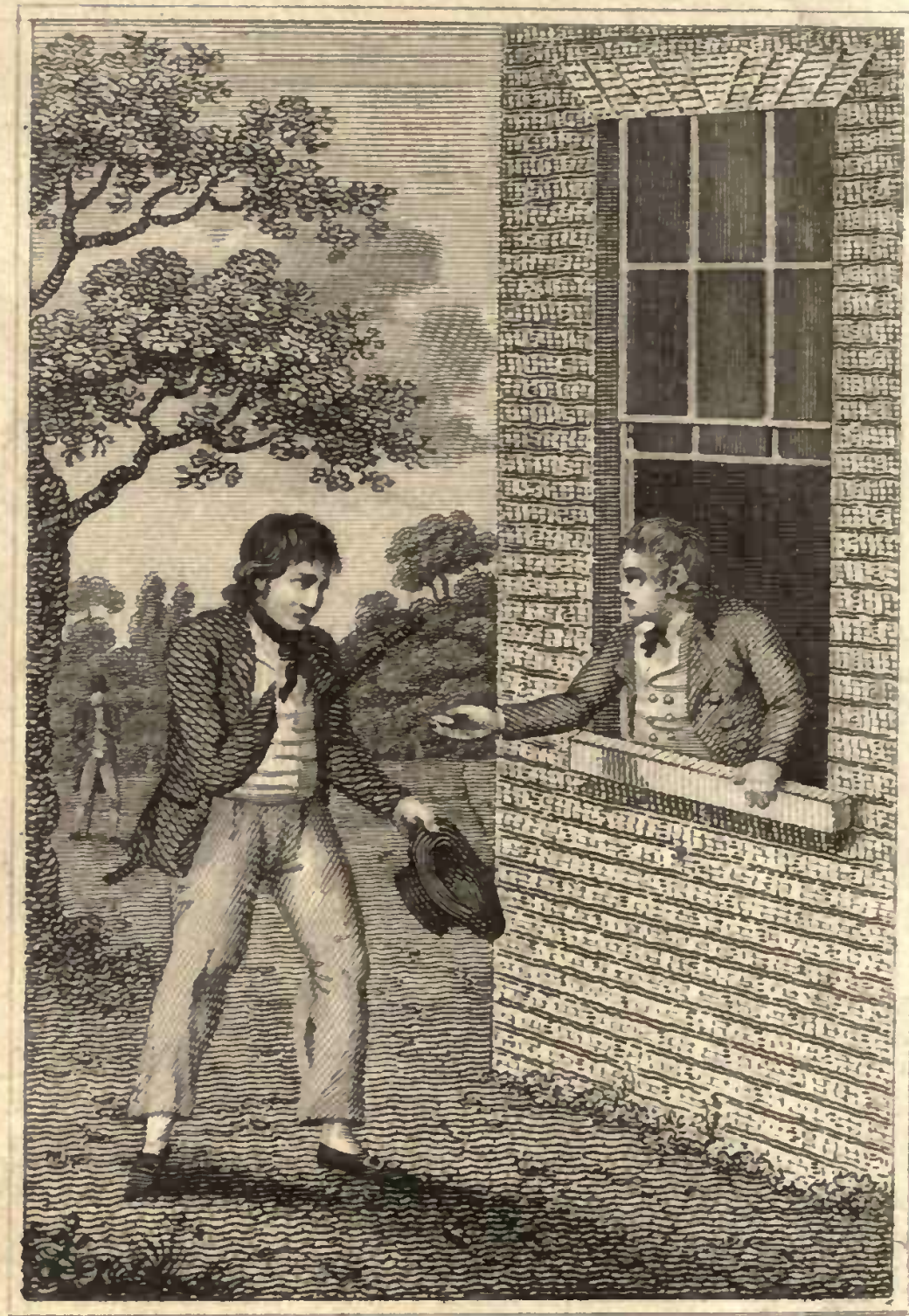
C. S. Gambier

the gift of

Mr F. C. Seymour.

Feby 1811

FRONTISPIECE.



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page 100.

Published Oct.1.1800. by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.

TALES

OF

The Arbor;

OR,

EVENING REWARDS

FOR

MORNING STUDIES.

COMPRISING A

Collection of Tales,

INTERESTING, FAMILIAR AND MORAL.

London:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,

IN THE POULTRY,

By J. CUNDEE, Ivy-Lane, Newgate-Street.

1800.

INTRODUCTION.

AT the death of a much beloved, and lamented wife, Mr. Dawson retired from the busy concerns of an extensive trade. The time was past when the hours of relaxation from business, afforded the truest pleasure in the affectionate conversation of her, whose happiness was his only wish, and for whom alone he had continued an anxious and laborious employment. She was partial to a life of rational gaiety, (if I may be allowed the expression) which was of course attended with expence, and as he knew no greater felicity than in her comfort, he rejoiced that his industry would enable her to enjoy it; while she repayed his kindness with grateful tenderness, and unceasing attention. She was now no more, and the society of that acquaintance in whose company she delighted, no longer possessed charms for *him*. Two twin boys of seven, and a fine little girl of six years of age, accompanied their father to his country retreat

treat, where by a willingness to be on friendly terms with all his neighbours, they were universally beloved, and found in a few respectable visitors, a charming and sufficient society. At the bottom of the garden, which was of considerable length, was an arbor formed by laurels, jasmines and honeysuckles interwoven, and which, assisted by the care of the former tenants, was now a most fragrant and complete shelter. This arbor appeared to Mr. Dawson the place best suiting the plan he had laid out for the amusement of his children; it was a place most inviting in itself, but with his intended addition, could not fail to be a proper reward for well finishing the morning lessons. He had written a collection of interesting tales, the morals of which were instructive and artless; and, in a spot like the arbor, where retirement rendered them more impressive, he judged they would be peculiarly entertaining, and at the same time improve the minds of his young hearers. When he first made known his intention, the promises of good behaviour, with the grateful kisses of his little family, were to him the most delightful acknowledgments. The evening appointed to begin the series of tales, arrived, every ear was open, every mouth shut, every eye fixed on the kind parent; who, before he opened the book, thus addressed them. "My

dear

dear children, I am much pleased to see your joy on this occasion, and most earnestly hope it may be the means of preserving that duty to me, affection to each other, and good behaviour to your acquaintance and neighbours, you now cherish.—Be assured while it is so, no exertion on my part shall be wanted for your entertainment. Your conduct will regulate the quantity. In the hope that I shall have occasion soon for a fresh supply, I now begin."

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TALES
OF
THE ARBOR.

THE GENEROUS REVENGE.

CORDELIO was the son of a labourer; his father had a large family, and earned but just sufficient for their support, yet always appeared so cheerful, and so truly thankful to that Providence which kept him in health and strength, that the clergyman of the parish used to give his children much good advice and instruction, especially Cordelio. He particularly enforced generosity, and forgiveness of injuries, after the more natural duties of filial

gratitude and affection, which his pupil seemed extremely willing to cultivate, and ever took great delight in his kind teacher's company. Cordelio was not proud, yet there was a certain disdain of the common amusements of poor children expressed in his countenance, and confirmed by his actions, which gained him no credit among his youthful neighbours.

Not far from the cottage where his father lived, stood the mansion belonging to the lord of the manor, whose only son, Frank, had indulged a long dislike to Cordelio, and never failed to embrace every opportunity of *plaguing* him (as he termed it), or of exposing him to the children of the neighbourhood. He was as far inferior to the cottager in nobleness of heart, as he was superior to him in person, or outward accomplishments.

One

One morning a favorite little terrier dog, belonging to Cordelio, came in the way of Mr. Frank, as he was riding out with his servant: deaf to the cries of the animal, (as it would occasion a new distress to his innocent enemy,) he cut off its tail, and tied its legs together, riding off with an air of exultation. Cordelio appeared just time enough to see who had treated his little favorite so unmercifully. In the first impulse of his sorrow, (for I cannot call it anger, being inspired by the sufferings of the little animal,) he vowed revenge; but as he grew more composed, he thought, and wisely, that to mortify his oppressor would be far more gratifying, particularly in so unexpected a manner as he intended it should be. An opportunity soon presented itself. An evening or two after the mean action, Frank returned home through the village, and was riding at full speed purposely to splash the young

folks who were cheerfully playing by the road side; when, on a sudden his horse started, and threw him into a vast quantity of mud, that had been placed aside for the convenience of foot passengers.

Cordelio was standing at his cottage-door when the accident happened, and embraced the present opportunity to *revenge* himself for his favorite terrier's misfortune. But how did he revenge himself? not by insultingly laughing at his situation, or jeering him at having obtained at last what he had so long deserved; but he ran to him, helped him to rise, entreated him to enter the cottage, and offered a suit of his own cloaths for him to wear during the remainder of his ride home.

Highly mortified, he accepted them; there was no alternative; his own cloaths were so bemired, he was forced to wear Cordelio's,

Cordelio's, or go without any: however, he had the generosity to offer money.

"No!" said Cordelio, "you do not owe me any thing; you owe my poor terrier far more than you will ever be able to pay; I shall receive nothing of you but my cloaths, which I shall be glad of as soon as possible, for they are my best."

Frank walked away much distressed, and, with the assistance of his servant, reached home sooner than he had reason to expect, for the mockery and laughter of the children who followed him was hardly to be equalled; such was their pleasure at this mortification of his pride.

A useful lesson we may surely draw from the above tale, so aptly describing the best method of revenge on a proud or conceited offender; a method, that at the

same time that it amply punishes him, must materially tend to correct his prevailling vice.

A youth once guilty of a mean action, lays himself open to the taunts and unlimited reproaches of any who discover him; and it is very fit he should so suffer, for degrading himself by so pitiful a crime; as it conveys an idea that he would do worse if he dared; and merely does this to shew his *desire* to do wrong; which is certainly most unmanly, and highly deserving of censure. There is not a more noble quality than forgiveness of injury, by returning good for evil. When an injury has been received, think, my young friends, how you can behave to the offender, to shew him the difference between your disposition and his own; the striking contrast may prove his amendment; and surely the height

height of your wishes must be the reformation of a bad young man.

I cannot close my remarks on this tale, without lamenting that youth is so prone to cruelty to animals: the *many excellent works that have been written on the subject, render any observations of mine superfluous, as the publisher of these tales can furnish the books that best tend to excite compassion for the poor sufferers. Mr. Dryden's couplet is an applicable conclusion.

Take not away the life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live.

* "Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master." "Pity's Gift." "Rational Brutes." &c.

THE

THE PUNISHMENT OF OBSTINACY.

SAM Herbert possessed many excellent qualities, and would have been universally beloved, had it not been for too great an inclination to persist in his own opinion, against that of his elders and superiors. He was, in general, good-natured and friendly; but these qualities were materially lessened in value, by that failing I have just mentioned, which caused him to be continually admonished by his friends, and frequently reproved by his acquaintance. When once he had made a resolution, (in which

which he was seldom very cautious,) no remonstrance had power to make him alter it; he could not brook disappointment, though near fifteen years of age.

Having been persuaded by some rash companions, to go to the Easter hunt at Epping Forest, he signified his intention some days before to his parents. They well knew the danger of the scheme, and how vast a hazard it was for a young man not used to ride, to trust himself on horse-back among so great a crowd, as generally assemble on Easter Monday. They were much distressed at his intention, and laid before him, with all the energy parental anxiety could inspire, the perils he was going to expose himself to; they enumerated the carelessness of ostlers, the general temper of hired horses, and the very uneven ground over which he would ride at full speed. Their kind advice was disregarded;

disregarded; he heard, but he heeded not; and when the day arrived, his heart leapt with joy as he saw his horse at the door.

He rode to the Forest amidst hundreds of others, though few of his respectable acquaintance; but that did not disconcert him; he trusted in his own skill, and thought it impossible to come to harm.

He was much delighted at the sight of the cart, wherein was the poor destined stag; but when he beheld it leap from thence, and nearly overthrow a young man on horseback, he was rather sorry he had ventured, and began to repent his expedition. However, he joined the "motley crew," and was for some time among the first in the chace, though that, probably, was owing to the quality of his horse, rather than to his management or dexterity. But now came the misfortune so much

much dreaded by his indulgent parents: he had scarce proceeded two miles, when he lost his stirrup, and being on full speed, and totally inexperienced, could not retain his seat; he fell with great violence, and it was with the utmost difficulty the followers were able to prevent their horses riding over him.

Several of the crowd passed within an inch of him, and as he was not stunned, though in the most extreme agony, he had time to reflect that his obstinate perseverance had drawn this misfortune upon him. How bitterly did he lament his headstrong disposition! how heartily did he repent disregarding his parent's advice! He was taken up, as soon as the throng of horsemen had gone by, and fortunately had not far to be carried, as a public house happened to be within sight of the place. Here he was examined by a surgeon, whom he begged

to inform him of the worst that had happened to him, his torture was so great. He was then told he had broken his leg in two places, and that it would be dangerous to remove him.

His family were immediately sent for, who came with all possible speed, ready to reproach the unhappy sufferer; but when they saw his lamentable situation, pity swayed in every breast, and every body compassionated him. They never left him, till he was able to be removed, and then accompanied him to town, where after a tedious confinement, he quitted his bed; but he will have cause for the remainder of his life to repent of his obstinacy, as he never can recover the use of his leg. He walks constantly on crutches, a dreadful instance of disobedience, and an example to all who follow so fatal a vice.

There is scarce a failing, but may procure a temporary pleasure to its possessor; but with the odious vice of obstinacy what pleasure can unite? what satisfaction can the possession of a quality create, so universally detested? To persist in a wrong method of transacting any affair; to keep a friend in suspence; or to delay clearing up a disagreeable embarrassment; in short, to give uneasiness where it can be avoided, surely must afford so little gratification in the practice, that one should imagine some uncommon point of very material importance to be gained, could only be an inducement to so unpleasant an attempt. Young people who practise this detestable failing, are not aware of the consequences that await it. Society shuns them, as unfit to join in any engagement; they are avoided even by their nearest connections; and never spoken to without reluctance.

The tale just related is a melancholy instance of the bad effects of inattention to the advice of those whom experience has made so able to admonish us, and whose counsels are the result of true regard to our interest. Young folks are apt to consider a refusal of any request as ill-natured, without reflecting on the motives that urge it; it cannot be otherwise than from a kind anxiety to keep them from harm or temptation, and it is ungenerous, and undutiful, to put on a different construction.

A NEGLECT

A

NEGLECT OF RELIGION

THE

FIRST STEP TO WICKEDNESS.

EDWARD was seduced from his apprenticeship by the artful insinuations of two young sharpers, who, by an hypocritical disguise of their dispositions, and appearing his sincerest friends, became acquainted with him, with the cruel intent of making him their tool in the career of wickedness they had entered upon, and afterwards the victim of their crimes, by unjust accusation. He had long withstood their frequent persuasions to run away from his master; but had, at length,

in an unguarded moment consented to their plan, which, though in prospect lucrative, was enough to fill the mind with horror. To pilfer and pick pockets was the vile resolution, and they swore to be faithful to each other. But it was not from mere entreaty that he had consented; his unsuspecting mind had bent by degrees to their inclinations, and had by slight breaches of duty become at last a convert to their schemes. When scarce fifteen, these associates first introduced themselves, and after a friendly chat, proposed an excursion on the ensuing Sunday.—Edward was startled; he had never omitted attending church twice every Sunday, and it would be impossible to attend the afternoon duty, if he accepted their offer. Never having before been laughed at for adhering to the rules of a virtuous conduct, he was much surprized at the effect his declaration produced, when he rejected their plan; however, they persuaded

suaded him to attend them; and for the first time in his life he spent the evening church-time in idly wandering among the fields, or seeking bird-nests. This first breach of duty led the way to others, and of a far worse nature, so that now he hesitated not totally to absent himself from church, to partake in the profane diversions of his associates.

Edward was soon an adept in their artful schemes, and various were his crimes, which for some time were committed with impunity; at last, however, one of his companions was detected with his hand in a gentleman's pocket, by one of the constables at the theatre. He jerked out a handkerchief, gave it to his comrade, and he whispering Edward, all three were secured.

On their examination Edward was discharged with much kind admonition; the other two were committed for trial. Edward was now left to himself, with the terrors of a guilty conscience for companions. How often did he look back with horror to the first day that he neglected church, for the sake of a party of, what he then termed, pleasure. "That," cried he, in an agony of despair, "was my first crime, and to what a multitude of others has that led the way!"

Not daring to return to his master or parents, he strolled that night to a stable-yard, and obtained leave to sleep there, or rather to *lie down*; for sleep is no friend to the guilty: destitute of money, friends, or even acquaintance, he began to give way to despair, and once indeed had dared to think of making away with himself. The next morning being Sunday, he entered

tered a church, I may almost say, involuntarily, for he was so weak and faint, for want of proper rest and nourishment, he could scarce direct his steps. He stood exactly opposite the preacher, and was much struck by the most applicable text, which was from the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth." Edward listened attentively, and heard a most excellent sermon on repentance: he heard, among other excellent and consoling remarks, that it is *never too late* to attempt a sincere repentance: he heard, and he resolved to attempt the laudable task. But to whom was he to apply? He had left his master so long, he did not dare return. He was thus meditating as he walked slowly from the church, when the very master he had left, met him and caught his hand.

Words

Words at that moment were useless; he drew him aside, and thus addressed him:—

"O my boy, you know not what I have suffered on your account. I saw the dispositions of your companions, and, you must remember, often warned you from their society. You were every thing I could desire, till that acquaintance took place; how could you then suffer yourself to be corrupted by bad advice? but you must have been a sufferer as well as myself; and to meet you coming out of a church is a sign of your repentance, where if you have listened to the sermon, you will not hesitate a moment in endeavouring to regain or atone for your mispent time."

Edward could not speak; truly penitent tears stopped his utterance, and he could only shew his wish to amend, and to be

again

again taken into favor, by a look of modest supplication.

His master then offered to take him again: "I hope," said he, "one year's misconduct, has not entirely obliterated the good advice you received during your stay with me. Come," continued the good man, "I will give you a trial however, and you may chance to regain the path of integrity you so foolishly went astray from. The sermon we have both heard, which teaches indiscreet youth to repent rather than continue a series of offences, likewise enjoins masters and parents to forgive their faults, when they behold that repentance sincere."

Edward followed him home, rejoicing at his good fortune, and blessing that Providence that directed him to the church. He has since completed the period of his apprenticeship

prenticeship in a very satisfactory manner, and continues to act in grateful acknowledgment of such uncommon generosity as his master shewed him in his distress.

It is to be lamented, that the propensity of making an holiday of the sabbath so much prevails among young folks: I mean *an holiday*, according to the common acceptation of the word; for it is, in fact, meant as an holiday of the most delightful recreation, when people may rest from their weekly labour or employments, and enjoy the pleasing duty of rendering thanks for the blessings of health and protection the preceding week, and praying for a continuance of the Almighty care throughout the next. It is a day on which all Christians should meet to shew their united gratitude, (independent of their daily prayers and praises to Heaven,) and by this habit bring up their children to observe

serve the duties of religion with fervent exactness. It is not, but that some people whom illness afflicts, or other necessities detain from church, may pray with the same ardor and true piety, or perhaps more so in those cases, at home; yet it behoves all to conform to public worship, as were we once to allow ourselves to relax in our religion, or fix our own time and conveniency for the practice of it, we should subject ourselves to a careless observance of it, at least, if not by degrees, to a total neglect. It is not to be wondered at, then, if a young man who once suffers himself from false shame to be deluded from his duty, by the artful persuasions of bad companions, lays himself open to every wickedness; when we know that by daily imploring not to be led into temptation, we shall be strengthened and protected, can we wonder that by our omission so to do, that protection is withheld from us? Most unreflecting

unreflecting people look forward to Sunday as a day of pastime; some carelessly, and some sinfully: the latter think if they enter a church but for five minutes, it is sufficient, as they cannot be taxed with having neglected divine worship; they have done worse, they have made a mock of it. Let me remind my young readers that Sunday is the only day in which time is allowed (to those whom business confines the remainder of the week) to think seriously of religion; and shall so precious an opportunity be lost? May the preceding tale direct them in their answer! and may they conduct themselves accordingly.

THE

THE

REWARD OF SINCERITY.

AMONG the various virtues instilled by the most affectionate parents into the mind of George Howard, there was not one he cherished with such an invariable attention, as candour. While yet a child, he listened with pleasure to its rules, and as he advanced in years, made it his inseparable guide. He had been early taught that real happiness consisted in an unblemished conscience, and that it was one of the greatest of crimes to misuse that inestimable gift of speech, which places us in so superior a station to

any other living creature; and surely we cannot term it otherwise than a direct misuse of speech, to substitute the artful disguise of dissimulation, for the sweetly flowing accents of truth. He was sent on liking, (as it is termed) to a retail tradesman; unfortunately, a man totally undeserving an assistant of such principles as Howard possessed. He had long endeavoured to obtain by trade enough to live upon, thinking to end his days in tranquil retirement, but the methods by which he sought to accumulate, were so contrary to the rules laid down by industry and integrity, and his ideas of gain so very erroneous, it really was no wonder, that when he had been in business ten years, he found himself scarcely better that when he began.

Not contented with a moderate profit, and a quick return of money, (both which a good article will ever ensure) he thought every

every shilling he could by any other means obtain, an addition to his fortune, not considering the detriment his business sustained by it; for, an inferior article being frequently imposed on a customer, at the first price, it was but natural they should complain, and not only that, but relate to their acquaintance the ungenerous treatment they received. Before Howard had lived with him a week, he beheld with regret the frequent little deceptions (for I can give them no better title), that were practised with a view to increase the profits of the trade. He shuddered at the idea of being even thought a partaker of the deceit; but resolved never to be led away by any enticement to practice it. His master would frequently laugh at him, when any scruple arose in his mind, which his open and unsuspecting temper would always lead him to mention, but it never had the wished effect on him, and he hesitated whether he

should or should not consent to become his apprentice. On the one hand his duty told him to avoid the temptation of deceit, but on the other, his reliance on his own resolution, strengthened by the excellent lessons he had received from his parents, and likewise the trouble it would create to them, to seek for him a new situation, overbalanced his laudable motive for wishing to leave his master; besides which, he had the vanity to think he might in time, by an unremitting attention, bring about a reform in the method of transacting business; of this he was certain, that if he could not convert his master, his master never should convert him. He had more than once been made the victim of his master's insincerity, and been accused by the customers of having imposed on them a bad article. This hurt his feelings, and he frankly told him, he could no longer bear even to be a spectator of such meanness, when by an upright and candid

method

method of dealing, business would evidently go on so much better. He pointed out the damage of offending a customer, and the consequent chance of an irreparable loss of character. His master plainly understood him, and had more than once been led to reason with himself in a like manner; but the mistaken notion of soon getting rich, destroyed every suggestion of conscience. Still business decreased, and notwithstanding all his endeavours, he found his accounts so much against him, he began to be really fearful of the consequences, when he was called into the country on very urgent business; where it was necessary to make some stay, and, from thence, as so good an opportunity presented itself, he agreed to proceed on a little journey he had long meditated; all which would take him about four months to accomplish. Howard heard of his intention with the greatest satisfaction, being resolved to seize

the offered time, and by every effort in his power, endeavour to retrieve the character the house had lost, by so shameful a neglect, as has been mentioned. Before the departure of his master, he desired permission to lay in a stock as near as could be guessed, sufficient to serve him during his absence. He soon obtained leave; "any thing was the best that prevented trouble," was the principal theme of his master's creed; and knowing him to be deserving of an unlimited confidence, he was left sole governor of the house. Howard was now in his element; of every article he had bought, he had ordered the very best in quality, and the next morning went round with samples to the most respectable of his master's former customers, assuring them of his endeavour, during his absence, to give them the greatest satisfaction. He was the more earnest as he loved his master, and pitied the erroneous notions he cherished.

Every body who had once seen Howard, or heard him speak, must have been struck with him; there was something so peculiarly soft and impressive in his manner, with such a tone of sincerity, they need but hear his style of assertion, to be convinced that nought but truth could flow from his lips. Every thing he recommended was found to answer the description of its quality; not an article would he suffer to be sold damaged in the slightest degree, and in every action of his life, shewed so fully the excellence of his principles, that he performed three times as much business in four months, as had been transacted in a twelvemonth previous to the absence of his master. The reason was obvious. A customer gave an order, and desired every article might be of the best quality; they were *assured* their commands should be attended to, and left the shop, satisfied they should find upon trial, their reliance

reliance on his word was not illplaced. How delightful must it have been to the feelings of Howard, to know that his efforts had reinstated the prejudiced character of the house! with what joy did he deliver to his master, on his return, an account of the receipts during his absence! and how highly gratifying was the acknowledgment made by his master, that he not only felt himself indebted to him for the increase, but for the preservation of his trade, and that he did not blush to declare, that he would from that moment resolve to adopt a plan that so amply rewards itself, in every future action of his life.

An apprentice, who upon his first entrance into his master's shop, shews a careful disposition, is sure to gain particular esteem. A studious endeavour to please can never fail; for, though he may not always be able to perform the task he undertakes,

dertakes, his desire to do to the utmost of his power will ever make amends for his incapability and his master will instruct him with an increased degree of pleasure. It is not a slow performance of any thing, that ensures care; (I hope no one will so misconceive me), but there is a kind of method in doing things, which ought to be regularly observed. A person may be quick, and yet careful; and it is often seen, that a slow person may be remarkably careless. Whatever you attempt, be it ever so trifling, begin it with the same care that you would bestow on a thing of consequence, for it is the neglect of many trifles that form an error of consequence; and imperceptible as the gradual omission may be, it must astonish a reflecting mind to consider the mischief occasioned.

If a young man at his first entrance into public life, either in business, or independent,

ent, makes it his leading principle to be candid, and undisguised in his remarks or professions, he will find as he increases in years his word held as sacred, nay more so than an oath; for those who accustom themselves to take an oath on every trifling occasion, lessen the value of so serious an engagement, and to forget its awful meaning, by perverting its original use. On the other hand, if he has once deceived, it will be found a most difficult task to regain that character one act of insincerity has lost. How frequent are the instances of fraud (for no less can it be termed) in endeavouring to pass bad money, because one has by chance taken it.—Is that a sufficient reason?—ask yourselves, my young friends, two or three questions on the subject, and attend to the replies of Conscience, which are always candid, always undisguised. "Did I not, when I found out I had been imposed on, indulge the meanest ideas of the person

who

who deceived me?—Did I not in the first heat of resentment (for we will allow a *little* resentment in such cases) call him all the names I thought the action deserved?—Did I not wish I might soon have an opportunity of exposing him, by publicly taxing him with the deceit?—When you seriously consider the disgrace of such an exposure, you surely will resolve never to risk a like occasion.—You will estimate your character at its true value, and never for a temporary gain, run the chance of losing what years will not restore.

THE

THE BARGAINS.

CHARLES Henderson had served his apprenticeship with the utmost fidelity, and to his master's entire satisfaction, who, dying the second year after the expiration of his time, bequeathed to him his business, together with the most unreserved consent to marry his only daughter, on whom he had often observed Charles look with an eye of partiality, though he evidently suppressed the avowal of his love from the most respectful motives. His attentions, though trivial, did not escape the notice of Mary, which

which her father likewise observed, and the prospect of their mutual affection was his chief consolation in his last moments; for as he knew the education they had both received, so he reflected with pleasure on the inexhaustible treasure such an acquirement is to a virtuous mind. He knew he had not much to leave; but he likewise knew that an established trade, when under the jurisdiction of a young man, careful by inclination, was a sufficient competency; for he had found by experience, the endeavours of the industrious are, for the most part, sure to meet the blessings of heaven. Bred up in the love of religion, an example of obedience, and filial affection, and an admirer of domestic duties, no anxious doubt for his child's future welfare obtruded itself into his tranquil bosom; he died resigned and contented.

An unremitting application to business soon proved to Henderson the good effects

of industry, and the care, and excellent management of his beloved Mary, was an equal proof of the benefit of œconomy, and a well regulated household. In few words, he felt himself possessed of a few hundreds more than his business at that time particularly called for; and, what was the truest source of his happiness, when he reflected on the means by which he had acquired them, conscience approved the examination. He had seen many of his acquaintance, who as well as himself had set out in life without a capital, and by unceasing attention to trade, procured themselves what they termed an independency. Mistaken notion! at the very time that their need was the most urgent, they neglected the cultivation of the source of their wealth:—a neglect ever to be regretted—a loss never to be regained. He had seen them, I observed, moving in a sphere infinitely beyond his reach; he had gazed; he had wondered; but till now his breast had been the abode of serenity; his

bosom had never heaved, obedient to the hasty, and irregular throbs of envy. He frequently pondered on the pleasures he enjoyed, and imagination would as often delineate those apparently within his power. Dissatisfied at the comparison, his thoughts were agitated, and he past some days in an unsettled state of mind. He weighed the inconveniences attending his absence from business, against the pleasure she should partake in a moderate relaxation from employment, doubting still which seemed to preponderate. The tender advice of his Mary would have made him relinquish every hope he had began to cherish, had not a most unfortunate interruption destroyed her affectionate endeavours. She foresaw the consequences of his ambition; it was a pardonable thought; but when urged, as he sometimes would, it carried him beyond the tradesman; it was impossible to connect the two pursuits, trade and pleasure;

and her arguments seldom failed to bring him back to calm reflection on the imprudence of the attempt; but *here* she was unfortunate. An offer of a horse and chaise from a neighbour going to remove, recalled with double force each former wish; it was a thing not to be refused; it was an opportunity not to be trifled with; in short, it was a most excellent *bargain*. It was bought: three days in the ensuing week were thought not ill bestowed to enjoy their new acquisition. Mary regretted the mispent time, but having ever made it a rule to seek her happiness in the reflection of her husband's, she made no observation on the subject. But soon she remarked a change in his behaviour, for which she could not account: the fact was this. He had not foreseen the unfavourable alternative that now presented itself. He must either purchase a snug box in the country, to keep up appearances, and lose every Monday and

Saturday

Saturday in the week, (days of the utmost consequence in business, I hope no tradesman will deny), or resign his long-wished indulgence—his one-horse chaise. Reasons on both sides of the question sprung up in his mind by turns, and gave rise to a long train of arguments. What was a horse and chaise without a country house? and what was the use of a country house to one confined in town? And again, how could business go on without personal attendance?—how could pleasure be purchased without trade procured the means?—and how could both pursuits be in view at one time? Indeterminate from the beginning, these reflections served but to destroy that serenity of mind he was once so entirely possessed of. He resolved to sell his chaise; he knew it could not bring him more than half the sum it cost him, of course his boasted bargain dwindled into nothing. He could not find it full employ without neglect of busi-

ness, nor could he bear the thoughts of parting with it at its present trifling value; in short, near three months was spent before his resolution was taken, to dispose of it, during which time it stood in a neighbouring stable-yard, at a certain sum per week. Alas! 'twas now too late; from well known circumstances the value of the chaise was now become a mere trifle. A third part of the purchase money was offered; it was refused; it was not prest again; a fourth was bid by an acquaintance, he begged a week's consideration; the buyer had availed himself of the delay, and now refused for that which cost him fifty guineas, to offer more than eight. What then remained? he saw it useless, and sighed acquiescence, bitterly repenting his yielding to the temptation of a bargain.

He now applied with more than common care to business; his industry received its merited

merited reward, and he soon found himself restored to his former enviable situation. How sweet was then the congratulating voice of his adored Mary! how grateful the reply he made her affectionate tenderness. He looked on her as the source and the preserver of his felicity, and dreaded lest some involuntary action might distress her. His real friends were not many; he had experienced the usual frailty of several ardent professors of friendship, and had confined himself to the society of a few select acquaintance, who, having past the trial with an unwavering perseverance, he thought a sufficient connection. They were not in higher circumstances than himself, if equal; but having from the first of their intimacy made it a custom to meet once a month at their respective houses, it had remained a rule regularly observed at the usual time. It was his turn to furnish the social repast, which as yet had ever been

been consistent with the situations of the company: but a rarity presented itself the week before, that made him once more yield to the temptation of a *bargain*. A turtle had been received in part of payment, for a debt of long standing, by one of his neighbours, who offered it to Henderson, or in fact to any one, for half its value; well aware of the expence arising from so unfortunate a possession, and which Henderson did not give himself time to reflect on; the thought of treating his friends with turtle was too gratifying to be relinquished, and he purchased it, without consulting or even acquainting Mary with his intention. Instead of the smile of joy, at the thought of such luxurious fare, instead of the expected exclamation of rapture at the idea of surpassing their neighbours, he saw with amazement (though she endeavoured to conceal it) her uneasiness at the recital. This vexed him; having been used to hear

her

her with gratitude acknowledge every little attention he paid her. This was a scheme towards which he promised himself not only her concurrence, but a more than common satisfaction, and he was not a little hurt at the reception of his present. Still she so evidently endeavoured to hide every appearance of concern, that he thought it most proper to let it pass unnoticed. But now approached the time for an explanation. The first thing thought of was an increase of number in the visitors; the reason given was, no one ever gave a turtle feast to so small a company. The number invited was between sixteen and twenty, most of them gentlemen; of course, it was necessary to prepare second and third removes, to preserve appearances with gentility; plenty of wine was the natural consequence, and the day passed with uncommon gaiety and good humour; but on the following

following day, when the bills appeared, and the whole cost was calculated, Henderson found to his great disappointment, the turtle he had purchased as an excellent *bargain*, had proved the source of an expence ill suited to his situation, and had literally cost him more than would have maintained his little family for a fortnight. This was not the worst; his fame was sufficiently spread; and there are not wanting those who gladly embrace the first opportunity that offers, of commencing an acquaintance, either by flattery, or some such mean introduction, where they expect to find their reward in good living. Of these he was forced to be the victim for some time, till, disgusted by a repetition of their fulsome compliments, he was no longer blind to their self-interested views, and peremptorily forbad them his house. He was now convinced that his best friend and most valuable counsellor

was

was his beloved wife, and that it is the most unprofitable profession in the world, to be a dealer in bargains.

The preceding tale presents a most useful lesson to young people, in shewing the impropriety of indulging their hasty propensities, without considering the consequences likely to ensue. How often do we regret losing an opportunity of purchasing an article at a price considerably lower than its real value, although we have not the least occasion for it, without considering that it must inevitably lead us to expence, to adjust, or make it useful! The numerous victims to this alluring bait, are daily encreasing; they snatch at the attraction, eager to secure to themselves some addition to their stock of lumber, to boast of their *bargain*, or to prevent any other from purchasing, what in a short time they will

will be glad to dispose of for a third part of the money it cost them. The tale being familiar, I hope will be sufficiently impressive with my young readers, to render any farther comments unnecessary.

THE

THE

FATAL EFFECTS OF PASSION.

ANTHONY and Marcus were deprived of their affectionate parents, at the ages of twenty and eighteen: they were called to their dying mother to take the last farewell, and to receive under their joint care, an infant brother. She besought them, tenderly, to be his protectors, till his years of childhood were succeeded by those of discretion, and to teach him what they had so abundantly been taught, "to love virtue, and to abhor every idea of acting contrary to its precepts." They promised

faithfully to fulfil the important trust; and their fond parent having again implored a blessing on their endeavours, closed her eyes, while giving the parting kiss to the little Julio. Anthony and Marcus were both apprentices. The former had but one year remaining of his time, and his kind master, knowing his situation, and how much his younger brother's welfare depended on his care, generously resigned to him his indentures, at the same time paying him a handsome, though a just compliment, for the integrity and attention he had displayed during his apprenticeship. Marcus had three years remaining, but as he well knew, that with Anthony for his guardian, his little brother needed no other protector, he continued his servitude with cheerfulness. How happy did Julio appear under the direction of Anthony! Every day he devoted his *leisure* time to his improvement, (for let not any one imagine he

he lived unemployed,) and was as a kind father to his little charge. Marcus at length completed his apprenticeship, and it was agreed between the two brothers, to remain at home, so long as Julio's youth called for their attention. Marcus was generous and affectionate, but too prone to be overtaken by those sudden gusts of *passion*, the effects of which are in general so dreadful. Anthony was mild and patient. Every little whim or caprice of Julio's, served but to remind him of what he once had been; and he was well convinced his parents had bestowed as much care on him, and received from him as much trouble, as he could possibly experience from Julio. Marcus, from infancy, had shewed a vast inclination for painting, and having embraced every opportunity of cultivating his favorite pursuit, he had acquired the art of taking likenesses in a very fine manner, by which means he greatly contri-

buted to the assistance of his brother in family expences. A nobleman having seen one of his portraits, was so charmed with the style of execution, that he immediately sent for him to take his likeness; which when he had done, he took home with him, to finish the various little decorations that usually accompany portraits; such as drapery, hair, and many other necessary graceful touches. As it lay on the desk, Julio came skipping by, brushed it off, and by an involuntary motion, put his foot on it. Having not long before returned from walking, the picture was quite spoiled. The enraged Marcus, without a moment's consideration, struck him to the ground by a most violent blow on the head, and the poor little fellow lay senseless, when Anthony entered the room. A cry of horror on his first recovery from a kind of lethargy, into which so dreadful a sight had thrown him, was succeeded by

a flood

a flood of tears on the body of his brother, who was, alas! a senseless corpse.

"What have you done?" said he to Marcus. Marcus was petrified. He could not answer; the crime of murder reflected ideas too piercing to bear. In an agony of despair he cursed his hasty temper, and in a paroxysm of frenzy, seemed bent on atoning with his own blood for that of his martyred brother. Penetrated with grief and remorse, as he became more cool, he omitted no experiment to attempt his recovery; and swore to endeavour, from that hour, to overcome so formidable an enemy as passion. But alas! too late he repents; the beauteous flower he had thus untimely cropt, was now quite faded, and vain were all his efforts to make it re-assume its pristine beauty.

Anthony, the mild, the gentle, Anthony, from that hour devoted every moment of his life to his poor brother, whose brain was affected, (from the consideration of the crime he had been guilty of); and he survived the innocent victim of his anger but two months, dying in the arms of his brother, and calling on the unfortunate Julio.

We may see from the foregoing tale, that by once yielding to the impulse of anger or passion, we know not where we may be hurried, or what crime we may be brought to commit. As it is the divine gift of reason that raises us so high above the brute creation, how unpardonable are we, wantonly to sport with so inestimable a blessing! We are sorry to be even *thought*, but much hurt to be *called* any of those epithets which insinuate a want of sense, although we know they are only un-

unguarded expressions of a moment, and yet we often for the merest trifles forfeit that claim to reason, we wish every one to allow us. Could *young* folks but acquire a habit of considering how little utility a passionate action, or a hasty reply, is likely to produce, I am well convinced, that however irksome and tedious it would at first appear, they would find themselves amply repaid for their trouble, as they advanced in years.

BENE-

BENEVOLENCE.

A TALE.

SANDFORD was an apprentice to an extensive tradesman in the city of London: his parents were but in low circumstances, and consequently could not afford him what is termed pocket-money; indeed, had it not been for the generosity of his master, who took him without a fee, (admiring his apparent ability,) he would have most probably been still immured in a little cot with his parents, in the country. His mother, though poor, had instructed him (from the first mention of his going to town) in the

the best method she was able to point out, of avoiding many snares which are spread to catch unwary youth, and strongly recommended a stedfast adherence to truth and fidelity; but above all, she begged him not to forget to bestow what relief he could afford, on his poor fellow creatures; as it was to Benevolence he owed the comfortable situation upon which he was going to enter. He remembered her words: indeed it was natural for a son, who had never been absent from his parent, to remember the parting words of one he loved so dearly.

During the first year of his time, he had various offers of being elected a member of societies, clubs, and other meetings, which his master had kindly cautioned him against accepting, whose advice he constantly followed.—By keeping himself free from characters he was unacquainted with,

and

and by saving the little gifts he received as Christmas-boxes, together with his monthly pay of two shillings, (which his master most generously allowed him, from the first day of his coming,) he had *laid by* a guinea and an half, in little more than two years, which was certainly very much to his credit, considering the attraction of the pleasures of London. He had pleased himself for many days, with the thought of sending his money to his parents, as he was sure they needed it more than himself; and his master had promised to convey it, in a packet he was going to send to that part of the country where they lived, on business of his own.——It wanted but three days to the time it was appointed to be sent, when a poor woman (who had long been an occasional customer at his master's house, but whom they had missed for some weeks) came hobbling in, the tears gushing from her eyes, and apparently in the greatest

distress. Sandford being alone in the shop, thus she delivered her piteous tale:—

"O! Mr. Sandford, to be reduced to this state, to the necessity of asking charity, is almost soo much for one to bear, who has always been remarked, as I have, for industry and neatness; but, Sir, when you hear my sad story, you will not, I am sure, refuse me a trifling assistance towards paying a debt, which if not discharged within two days, you will see me and my two children driven from our home, and begging in the public streets. You may perhaps remember what a frosty night it was, the last time I came here; on that very night, Sir, just as I got to my own door, my foot slipped, and I received a most violent sprain, by falling with great force, my leg being bent almost under me; since which time I have never been able to contribute, in the smallest degree, towards

the

the support of my little babes: the neighbours have all been very kind to me, till lately; when finding I grew worse instead of better, and thinking it impossible I should ever live to repay them, they deserted me; and my landlord threatened to turn me out of the house, with my poor dear children, unless I could procure five and twenty shillings, which I owe for a quarter's rent. I have been just able to crawl to one or two of my oldest friends, who have generously assisted me with a crown, but if I should not be able to procure the remainder by to-morrow night, what will become of us, Heaven only knows."

Sandford heard her with attention, and was much affected at her narrative; but at the instant he was on the point of putting into her hand a guinea, (and thus be himself the means of her deliverance,) the

thought

thought of taking it from his dear parents, checked the deed, and he hesitated how to answer the poor woman. The conflict, we may naturally suppose, was great, in so young, yet so sensible, a bosom. Duty dictated his parents' right to the money: Benevolence demanded the preference in favor of one who stood in more immediate need of assistance. The latter conquered, and he gave her the guinea, resolving to save every halfpenny he might afterwards become possessed of, till he had replaced it. She could not express her gratitude by words; she wept, she prayed, she blessed him a thousand times, while tears of the most unfeigned joy confirmed the sincerity of her professions: in short, he was even forced to hurry her from the house, which, however, could not be effected unperceived by his master, who entering at the time, inquired what had brought her there again, after so long an absence; but without giv-

ing him time to reply, asked if his money was ready to send to his parents, as he had an earlier opportunity of conveying it than he had before expected.

Sandford hesitated.—

"What!" said his master, "are you then sorry that you proposed sending your money to your father and mother? do you wish to retract your offer?"

The idea that his master indulged so unworthy a thought of him, was too much to bear in silence. "No, Sir," he replied, "I do not hesitate whether I shall send it or not; far be such meanness from me! But I"——he stammered—"I really have it not."——"Ho! ho!" returne his master, "you have perhaps made some purchase since I offered to"————Sandford would not suffer him to proceed, but

in

in as modest a manner as possible, related the whole affair, concluding thus: "I doubt not, Sir, but by the end of next year I shall be able to save my guinea, and I shall then send it to my parents with double joy." "No, my worthy fellow," said his master, "your recital would draw a guinea from a miser's purse, but Heaven forbid I should be of that number! Give me your remaining money, I will add to it what you so generously bestowed on the poor woman; and I shall shed tears of joy, while I write an account to your parents, of the noble act, whose hearts, I am well assured, will be elated with the most fervent pleasure, at the transport of possessing a son, an honor to society, and a blessing to them in their old age.

This tale shews us that, however engaged we may be in business, or other im-

portant pursuits, there is a duty to be attended to, of no less importance—that of Benevolence, when the distresses of a fellow creature call for our pity. Think, while you are in the midst of mirth and happiness, of peace and domestic content, a brave sailor, an affectionate widow, with an helpless offspring, an aged man, deprived of the most valuable of blessings—the sight, may be at your door, begging you to contribute a trifle to their support. You cannot in such cases answer, (as you would to the common idle vagrant) "the workhouse is open for your reception." Nor should you deny them on the plea of the master's absence, but kindly from your own purse, administer that comfort you can well afford, and which will be received by them with the purest sensations of gratitude.

It

It may easily be seen whether the object that presents itself is, or is not, worthy of your pity. Those, whose bodily defects plead for them, but especially the wounded sailor, should never leave your door unregarded. When you consider well the dangers he has braved, the hardships he has undergone, and perhaps at last escaped with the loss of a leg or an arm, you cannot refuse that small tribute of gratitude, duty would command, did not *charity* anticipate the pleasure. What can afford such real gratification to a feeling heart, as the reflection, that with a trifling sum, meant to be employed in a temporary enjoyment, you have been enabled to assist, nay perhaps to preserve, a fellow-creature. Let those who are possessed of the means of a HOWARD, walk in his steps, and share his immortal reward: but let not those on whom fortune has not smiled

with such apparent bounty, be discouraged; they shall not fail to share the recompence of Benevolence, though they follow his illustrious example at a humble distance.

THE

THE

GRATEFUL LIONESS.

WHEN the Spaniards founded Buenos Ayres, in 1535, they met with considerable resistance from the Indians, who indiscriminately killed all those who ventured out from the new settlement; so that although the colony were in the utmost distress for provisions, they found themselves under the cruel necessity of forbidding any person to seek them abroad, under pain of death.——A woman, however, whom hunger had inspired with sufficient courage to face death, found means to elude the vigilance

vigilance of the guards who were placed around the colony, both to defend it from the attacks of the Indians, and to favour any friendly supplies of victuals, which were sometimes attempted, though at the above-mentioned hazard. This woman, whose name was Maldonata, having wandered for some time through unknown, and almost barren, tracks, came at last to a cavern, whose gloomy entrance seemed to proclaim the savage nature of its dreadful inhabitants.

Fatigue, and want of nourishment, had rendered her so weak, it was impossible to proceed; and thus driven to the last extremity, she resolved to enter the cavern. She had heard that wild beasts frequently laid up a store of food, and there was a chance, though but a distant one, of the rude tenants of the cave being from home; and if it was not so, still death was her

only

only fate. Thus situated, she walked into the cavern with an undaunted air, determined to meet her fate with fortitude; but how vain would be an attempt to describe her surprize, at meeting, under the horrid form of a lioness, an humble and submissive animal, who approaching in a fawning and suppliant manner, as if fearful of alarming her, appeared by its plaintive cries, and piteous moans, to ask her aid to alleviate its distress. The astonished woman was some time recovering from the surprize into which so unexpected a reception had thrown her, but at length perceived that the groans of the lioness, were the cries of a mother imploring assistance. Maldonata summoned all her courage, and aided nature during the agonizing moment. The animal, sensible of the kindness, and as if at the instant inspired with a knowledge of her benefactor's greatest necessity, brought her provision, which,

though

though raw and unsavoury, was devoured with eagerness, by the nearly famished woman. Every day was this instance of gratitude displayed on the part of the lioness, and as often did Maldonata divide the food with the young whelps, who as they grew up, seemed by their gambols and playful endearments, to acknowledge the benefits they owed to her. But when age had given them instinct to seek for prey, together with strength to acquire it, they dispersed themselves into the wood, and the lioness, no longer recalled by maternal tenderness to the cavern, herself also disappeared. Maldonata being now left alone, and without subsistence, saw herself compelled to depart from a den, formidable in appearances but to *her*, till now, the tranquil abode of peace and friendship.

Deprived

Deprived of her protecting companions, she did not wander long, before she fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who dragged her, with the most insulting taunts, to the governor. He, more fierce than the wild beasts of the desert, ordered her to be tied to a tree, in the most unfrequented part of the forest, and left there to the fury of the monsters of the wood. His orders were obeyed; and two days afterwards, a party of soldiers went to learn her fate. But Providence, who had protected her thus far, did not desert her at this dreadful crisis. She had, from her first departure from the garrison, regularly continued her daily prayers, with her accustomed devotion; a practice Heaven never suffers to pass unnoticed by it's protecting power. They found her still tied to the tree, but alive, and surrounded by a lioness and her whelps, who, though almost full grown, had not forgotten their

mother's

mother's benefactress. The lioness seeing them, retired, as if to permit them to release Maldonata; but when they would have taken her with them, she approached, and confirmed, by her most gentle methods, and softest moanings, the prodigy of gratitude that this woman had related to them. The lioness and the whelps still followed them, shewing every sign of the truest sorrow at parting with so beloved a friend; and the governor being himself a witness of the extraordinary adventure, permitted her to live, as she appeared to have been so highly protected by Providence. The animals now seemed sensible of her good fortune, and after various demonstrations of joy and affection retired to their native wood.

We may draw from this tale an inference of the greatest utility; that a constant

stant practice in the duties of religion, will, in the end, (let our intervening troubles be ever so great,) prove our support, and procure us a never-fading reward.

It is a frequent custom with some people, to permit a misfortune of their own so entirely to engross their care, as to pass by the sorrows of a neighbour with an eye of indifference. It needs not a minute's reflection to convince us, how erroneous is such a maxim; as we should then more particularly administer that relief in our power to bestow, from the principle of self-interest, if not of humanity, (though that ought, nevertheless, to be the chief incentive); for it may happen, though you cannot assist yourselves, you may be of infinite service to each other. We likewise learn from the above tale, never to despair; that, if our situation be bad, in-

stead of an indolent and useless lamentation, we should exert our endeavours to surmount the distress, and that, in proportion to the extremity.

THE

SILK WORMS;

OR, THE

ADVANTAGE OF FORBEARANCE.

BY frequent entreaty, and a long series of good behaviour, Colin had obtained his mother's permission to keep a vast quantity of silk worms, that he might once behold the wonderful process from beginning to end, and then relinquish so unwholesome an amusement, well knowing that those insects, when kept in a room, are extremely prejudicial to health. He had purchased nearly two hundred eggs, and was particularly careful in watching them, and placing every little worm, as soon as it was

hatched, upon a young lettuce leaf, and as he had kept the eggs remarkably warm during the winter, and the beginning of the spring, he had the pleasure of seeing them reward his care, earlier than those of many of his schoolfellows. An infant sister, about five years old, often delighted to see him feed them, and would now and then venture to touch one, but with the greatest caution, apparently sensible of its tender frame; and as she knew the time he regularly changed their leaves, she was constantly at their side before him.

It so happened, he was delayed one morning by business, longer than usual, (and he had been taught that all recreations should yield to tasks, or other business) and his sister had waited till she was quite tired. She walked to the window that looked into his study; still she saw him intent on some apparently important task; she grew restless

less and impatient; and frequently was on the point of playing with the silk-worms, to pass away the tedious minutes. At length, however, he came, and such was her joy and earnestness, to see what she had so long waited for, that a too hasty touch threw down one of the papers, and killed twenty or thirty of the little creatures. Her cries at the accident alone affected her brother; he thought not of his loss, while she was in distress, and did his utmost to comfort her little trembling bosom; he dried her tears, promised her she had done no mischief, and assured her he had still enough remaining. He related the affair to a companion the next day, who said, "why did you not knock the little wretch down?" "Would that have replaced my silk worms?" cried Colin. "No! it would only have increased my distress."

From this short tale, we learn the great advantage resulting from mildness and serenity. An habitual tranquillity of the passions, renders us able to bear with calmness, what would overcome those who accustom themselves to the indulgence of them. Forbearance is particularly useful to young people; it signifies such an evenness of temper, that its possessor has the power to hear with patience all that may be alledged against him, (though perhaps unjustly), and can then make a defence with coolness and propriety, which must have a greater chance of carrying conviction with it. Daily occurrences call for forbearance, for in every station of life, trifles must arise to try the temper, which can only be subdued by patience. I do not mean to recommend cowardice, or a mean spirit, I only wish to convince my young readers that if we would sometimes call patience to our aid, our grievances would not be so many as we think them.

THE

THE ACCIDENT.

ROBERT and Frederic were the only sons of Mr. Stapleton. He had spared neither trouble nor expence in their education; and they both, by an attentive application to their studies, seemed anxious to reward his kindness. They were both well-disposed boys, and equally clever, though Mr. Stapleton had ever regarded Frederic as inferior to Robert in comprehension, and treated him with less attention on that account; though by his own assiduity he acquired as much as his brother

ther in every respect. It was from a love of reflection, and solitude, that Mr. Stapleton had imbibed this opinion of Frederic, which he had mistaken for a natural dullness; and of course, looked on Robert, who possessed great quickness and vivacity, as a far superior scholar. This very great sprightliness in Robert, had given rise to a carelessness of action, which sometimes approached near to deceit; not as an intentional crime, but as a neglected virtue: as thus—if he had been guilty of any folly or offence, he scrupled not to hide it, if possible, by an evasion, that often threw the blame on an innocent person. This habit, though perhaps many may think it comes under the rank of *school-boys' tricks*, is a most dangerous indulgence, and unless curbed with care, leads gradually to offences criminal in themselves, and fatal in their consequences. One morning, after having received a les-

son on the globes, the brothers were left by themselves in the study, when Frederic, with an unusual liveliness, (which he seldom attempted to exert, but in the absence of Mr. Stapleton,) drew out the globes, and in a formal pedantic manner, was burlesquing the method of teaching the use of them, when by a sudden jerk in turning one of them round, he broke a very essential part of it, so as to render it unserviceable (with regard to motion) in future. Every smile of pleasure was at once banished from his countenance, and a downcast sorrow took possession of his features. Robert, with an ill-timed affection, advised him to put on the cover, place it in the closet, and let the accident take its chance for a discovery; but Frederic could not submit to so mean an action; he alone was to blame, and could not bear that a servant, or indeed any one, should incur the displeasure he alone deserved. It was

true,

true, he had not intentionally broken it, but still he merited all the censure the mischance would occasion, and he scorned the least appearance of deceit.

Mr. Stapleton soon entered the room, and Frederic, boldly walking up to him, with an affectionate squeeze of the hand, related the misfortune, with a modest eloquence his father never before had thought him capable of displaying. "And will you, Sir, forgive me?" he exclaimed. "Forgive thee!" replied Mr. Stapleton, "let me embrace thee, a thousand times more dear to me than ever; yes, my Frederic, your frankness pleads for you, and I would not for my life check so amiable a quality; continue, my dear boy, this manly disdain of dissimulation, and ever be it your pride to obey the dictates of sincerity and truth."

Robert,

Robert, ashamed of his advice to his brother, now sympathized in their joy, and resolved to make the conduct of Frederic his future example.

Misfortunes, both trivial and important, are common to every one; the most careful are liable to them; but it is not the accident that incurs the censure, it is the omission of asking pardon, or shewing sorrow for the mischance. How much below the dignity of a sensible youth is it to endeavour to screen himself from the reproof he merits, to cast it on a person guiltless of the fault that occasions it! A confession of any accident disarms the anger that otherwise have been prepared for you; and it really gives more pleasure to hear such an acknowledgment come voluntarily from a young person, than a restitution of three times the value of the loss. A young man who has acquired a habit of deceit,

deceit in the most trivial things, will find it difficult to overcome as he advances in years: besides, if he is once discovered, years would scarcely be sufficient to restore his character; while he, who from infancy has made sincerity his constant guide, will gain belief in every thing he asserts, and confidence will be placed in every promise he makes.

THE

THE

REWARD OF GENEROSITY.

CLINTON was the next door neighbour of the gay Sir John Morton; he was a gardener, and though he occasionally worked for Sir John, he rented a small piece of ground under him, together with his cottage, for his own use. He was industrious, and for a long time found his garden yield him sufficient to support his wife and family: his children were constantly clean, and well-behaved, and never failed attending at church, where their attention was often remarked by the neigh-

bours, particularly by Louisa, Sir John Morton's daughter. It is not always that even the industrious find every thing turn out to their expectations, and so it happened one season to poor Clinton. Unseasonable weather, and one or other losses within the little sphere of his trade, rendered him incapable of being as regular in his payments as usual; a quarter's rent had been due five days, and he had never yet been known to exceed one. He called on Sir John, and related the reason, and most earnestly requested a month's indulgence. Louisa was in the room at the time, and by her looks seemed anxious to assist his entreaty, but a frown from her father forbad her to speak, and accompanied a cruel refusal to poor Clinton's request. Louisa pitied him; she knew him to be an honest man, and that he was only unfortunate; not guilty of drunkenness, or any other crime,

crime, by which he might impoverish his family; yet she hesitated to relieve him privately, as it appeared to her a breach of duty, and duty she had been taught was a child's grand principle. She slept but little that night, endeavouring to invent some means of assisting the poor tenant, without violating that obedience, that a son or daugliter owes even to a parent's *thoughts*, (where they may be easily known,) much more to commands. However, Louisa had *not* received commands not to relieve him, and having two guineas in her private purse, the long-accumulating hoard, for the purpose of additional decorations of her person at a dance that was shortly to be given in the neighbourhood, she resolved with the money to enable him to pay her father the next day. The deed soon followed her resolution; she called on him as soon as she arose, and insisted

the only recompense he should make her, should be to keep it a profound secret.—— This he was obliged to promise: but how little do we know the opportunities we may have of receiving from the poorest of our neighbours, the greatest benefits!

The very evening after the generous action, as Clinton was returning to his cottage, he heard the cry of "Fire!" Ever ready to contribute his assistance to any fellow-creature in distress, he quickened his pace, and anxiously enquired from whence the alarm originated; he needed no farther enquiries; he now beheld Sir John Morton's house in flames, and burning with almost unexampled fury. Forgetful, or indifferent, about *his own* possessions, he thought but how to be of service to his landlord. The flames seemed to defy the most desperate endeavours, and he

was

was lamenting his inability to save any thing of value, when the amiable Louisa appeared at the window in a despairing attitude, almost resigned to the dreadful fate that threatened her with inevitable destruction. The sight called his utmost courage; gratitude inspired him with strength and perseverance, and in spite of the volumes of smoke that surrounded him, and impeded his progress, he, at length, at the hazard of his life, restored his benefactress to the arms of her father. Sir John stared confusedly at him, and ashamed of his former conduct, put into his hand his purse, and promised to make him an additional gratuity: he could not for some time be persuaded to take it, till commanded by Louisa, who insisted on accompanying her father's present with some valuable token of gratitude.

Clinton returned thanks to Heaven for permitting him thus to requite Louisa's generosity; and lived many years, respected and assisted by her and her family, who often confest with pleasure the obligations he had rendered her should never be forgotten.

It is natural, at the perusal of an act of generosity or gratitude, to be charmed with the deed; in a like proportion are we disgusted at an act of meanness or illiberality: but do we feel an abhorrence strong enough to deter us from the same crime? for that is the benefit intended by the reciter, or author of such anecdotes. A generous action is in every body's power. The poorest man in the kingdom has opportunities to be generous, though perhaps not so often as the rich: it is not the gift of money that constitutes generosity: the brave youth who risks his life in defence

of

of a friend or neighbour, is generous in the extreme, because fear is banished from his bosom, (the natural sensation of man in cases of danger,) by the consideration of a fellow-creature's misfortune.

THE

MOCK DUEL;

OR,

REAL ABUSE OF HONOR.

FREDERIC and Thomas were school-fellows; they were both about thirteen years of age, and of course very high in the school. Had they alone been proud of their acquirements from study, they would certainly have merited praise; but they indulged a false pride, conceiving themselves of more consequence than the rest of the pupils, and looking down upon them with a degree of contempt; scarcely deigning an answer to any who accosted them, or asked them a question, and never associating

associating with them, or joining their innocent amusements. It was impossible this behaviour could long continue, without the united resentment of the scholars; and though they scorned the mean revenge of beating them, they longed for an opportunity of mortifying their pride, and punishing their ill-nature. Such an occasion was not long wished for in vain, as the sequel will shew.

It is not to be wondered at, that these two self-important heroes should be envious of each other; every additional piece of arrogance of the one, was an object of discontent, till the other had equalled him, by a like instance of vanity; in which one day failing to succeed, they quarrelled, and with all the silly pomp and conceit of challengers, determined pistols should decide the difference. In this important affair, it was absolutely necessary to engage a second

cond on each side, and after much apparent reluctance, two of their schoolfellows consented; having previously concerted a scheme to mortify the combatants, and take a full, though innocent, revenge, for their accustomed pride and haughtiness. After having, in vain, endeavoured to dissuade them from their intention, the hour was appointed, and they all adjourned to the garden, the duellists endeavouring to conceal their agitation, which now began evidently to shew itself, but the seconds, trusting, from the plan they had contrived, no danger could happen, urged them to the *field*, with every argument that could inspire courage. In fact, had it not been through fear of incurring the laughter of the whole school, they would gladly now have compromised the affair, but it was too late.——After much time spent in measuring the distance, tossing up for first fire, and instructions from the seconds,

they

they fired at once. At the same instant, each feeling something trickling down his cheek, dropped his pistol, exclaiming, he was "a dead man." Their seconds, instead of running to their assistance, could hardly keep bounds to their laughter, and when the fright of the combatants was a little abated, at not feeling any real pain, they confessed they had played them a trick, on purpose to mortify their vanity, and cure them of their conceit and pride; and that they had so contrived their pistols, that the snap should cause a charge of *red currant jelly* to have a better effect than a more fatal ingredient. Their faces exhibited a ludicrous proof of the truth of the confession, and they cheerfull owned it was no more than their former arrogance deserved, promising at the same time to endeavour to merit the friendship of all their comrades.

This

This tale teaches us, that to indulge a self-importance, is the only way to lessen ourselves in the eyes of those around us. If we really possess superior merit, no one will deny us our proper due of praise; but if our merit is merely artificial, in vain will every attempt be to gain the character we arrogate: on the contrary, it will tend to sink us lower in the opinion of our acquaintance. It likewise shews us the folly of pretending to value our honor in *one* instance, when we *often* wilfully injure it ourselves. It is not a readiness to fight on every trivial occasion, that denotes a true sense of honor, but a constant nobleness of behaviour, exemplified by frankness, manliness, and integrity. How much more does it redound to the honor of a young man to adjust a quarrel by a cool examination of the cause, (and if he has been in the wrong, to make an apology,) than to take away the life of a man, whom

whom he has perhaps already injured. But when boys presume to adopt so serious a method of deciding a difference, it is highly proper they should suffer a severe mortification, if not a public punishment.

THE

AFFECTIONATE SON.

IN a pleasant little village lived Mr. Colville and his two sons, William and Charles; the former thirteen years of age, the latter not quite twelve. Their mother being dead, they had long been entirely under their father's tuition, except when their uncle, who lived in the village, desired to have them; which he sometimes did for a month at a time. These two young men were of very different dispositions. Charles was open, generous, and humane; whenever he did a laudable action,

no

no one heard of it but by chance, and then he received their praises with a modest reluctance, that gained him the esteem of almost every body. William, though he publicly professed the same virtues, was artful, selfish, and mean; but by his cunning insinuations he so contrived to impose on his father, that he almost withdrew his affections from Charles, to lavish them on his beloved William. When parents become partial in their love towards their children, they prepare for themselves much anxiety and sorrow in their old age. Hypocrisy and injustice must create suspicion and discontent, and, though they may have coincided for some time, they will prove in the end each other's punishment. But to proceed—William was so elated at his father's pattiality, that he looked on his brother as no longer worthy his love, and used every means to influence his father against him. Charles bore all his malicious efforts

with patience; he never complained, though his uncle plainly saw that he was harshly treated, and therefore took the more notice of *him*, and neglected his brother William, not out of a childish piece of revenge, but because he could not bear to encourage or countenance deceit, and fraternal dislike. This so piqued William, he determined at all events to get his brother into some scrape that should cause his father to turn him out of the house; it was by degrees he had artfully prejudiced Mr. Colville against Charles, but he now resolved on a master-stroke of cruelty. Mr. Colville had given them both a crown piece on his birth-day, saying at the same time, "we shall see who keeps my gift the longest." It was not a fortnight afterwards that as they were standing at the window, which opened towards the road, a sailor approached with but one arm, and implored their charity, in the most humble and unfeigned terms of real distress.

distress. Charles shed tears at his recital, which drew from William only taunts and contempt. Charles took his crown from his pocket; which his brother observing, said, "Is not that my father's birth-day gift? Do you value it so little as to give it away before you have had it a month?" "No, William," he answered; "I have too much respect and duty for my father, to set so little store by his present; but I think he could not be offended, if I gave some of it to this poor sailor; I wish I could get it changed!" "You may wish," replied William; "I cannot change it, nor would I, if I could; if you are determined to part with it, you had better spend it." "Ah! William," returned the good youth, "this would make this poor fellow happy perhaps for a week; and when once I have spent it, the pleasure is over; whereas were I to give it him, the reflection of the good I had done him would be an unceasing

source of satisfaction." William made no answer, but left him abruptly. When he had shut the door, "There," said Charles to the sailor, giving him the crown, "take that; I wish it may be of service to you; it was given me by my father as a keepsake, but I am sure he had rather I should relieve the distressed with it, than shew it to him twenty years hence." He waited not for an answer, but shut the window immediately. Indeed the poor fellow's tears of joy at the sight of the money prevented his efforts to thank him; however at the very instant, Mr. Norris, Charles's uncle, came to the door, and enquired of the sailor the cause of his agitation. The conduct of Charles he could not enough applaud, and promised the man he would call on him, and examine farther into the state of his wants.—He went the same evening with Charles, having been directed by the poor sailor, and was introduced to a scene truly distressing.

distressing. In one corner of a miserable little room lay his wife upon a scanty bed of straw, sick, and unable to assist herself; four children were dispersed about the room, crying for food, while she was in the utmost agony for want of it herself. Mr. Norris was much distressed at so melancholy a sight, and having given them some money for present relief, promised to continue his bounty till the poor woman recovered sufficiently to earn her livelihood. He then took leave of Charles, after bestowing the highest encomium on his conduct, and promising ever to be a friend to him. When Charles entered the house, he observed his father and William talking very earnestly together; Mr. Colville said not any thing to him then, but at dinner behaved to him with more kindnees than usual, and was particularly cheerful the rest of the evening. After supper, however, he grew more serious, and asked William

to

to let him look at the crown-piece he had given him; he examined it with great attention, and then turning to Charles, desired to see his. Charles, with a look of mild affection, thus addressed his father:—"O, Sir, surely you will not be angry at my having given it to a poor sailor, who had a wife and four children, at the point of starving; who would certainly have perished, but for the timely relief you enabled me to give them." With a dreadful frown, the cruel father rose from his chair, and leading him to the house door, exclaimed, "Begone for ever from my sight; and on no account let me hear you remain in the village after to-morrow." This he said in so horrid a tone of voice, that Charles was forced to obey. It was fortunately a fine night, and he wandered slowly to his uncle's house. As all was quiet, and not a light appeared at any of the windows, he did not like to disturb them, so laid himself

self on the grass-plat under the shelter of a spreading tree, and soon fell asleep. In the morning, when Mr. Norris opened his window, he was much surprised at seeing a young man asleep on the grass, but still more so, when on advancing to the place, he found it was his nephew. He called his servants, who with his assistance put him into a warm bed, without disturbing him. In a short time afterwards, his uncle went into the room, where he found him just awake, and wondering where he was. "O uncle!" he exclaimed, "how kind you are to take such care of me, but I feel very well now: I think I could rise, and prepare for my departure." On hearing him talk of his departure, Mr. Norris thought he was delirious from the effect of the cold, so left him for the present. At breakfast, however, Charles related the whole affair; when he had ceased, Mr. Norris exclaimed, "Cruel parent! he will

soon

soon find how greatly he has been mistaken; I can read the real disposition of his favourite. And must you quit the village too?—from this day I will not own them as relations; but surely you may stay with me *one* night." Charles was resolved to obey his father's command, and Mr. Norris seeing him determined, provided him with every thing necessary for his departure; giving him at the same time much good advice, and promising still to continue his friend. Charles left his kind uncle early in the day, that he might arrive at the next village time enough to look out for a situation; and he fortunately addressed a respectable farmer who was himself in want of a lad. Charles had sense enough to know he was going to enter on a very different sort of life to that he had been indulged in hitherto, so cheerfully agreed to the proposals or desires of his new master. Mr. Leeson was a man of property, and

possessed

possessed a great share of humanity: he had observed Charles's linen, and was well convinced a country lad in search of a place, could not afford any so fine. When he had, therefore, shewn him his farm-yard, and told him what his employment would be, he took him into his parlour, and thus addressed him. "The conversation we had together this morning, and various little circumstances, confirm me in the suspicion that you are not what you wish to be thought. Now, if you have behaved ill to your parents, and run away from them, or if they have used you unkindly, make me your friend, and I will be so—I will not divulge your secrets, but give you my advice, or endeavour to reconcile you to them. Charles could not but embrace so generous an offer; he related the whole affair, dwelling particularly on Mr. Norris's kinkness to him. He told the whole with so much tenderness, especially where he thought his

father had acted unkindly, that Mr. Leeson was quite charmed with him, and promised him a constant protection. He had lived a long while in the most comfortable way with Mr. Leeson, rising in his favour, and nothing but a few thoughts and tender wishes to know of the welfare of his father, to counterbalance his felicity, when one day he was thus accosted by the gardener. "Sir, excuse me, but I am so sure it is to you that I owe my present situation, (nay, I may say my life,) that I cannot longer withstand expressing my gratitude. You may perhaps remember the poor sailor, whose wife and children you saved from starving—yes, sir, from starving—for I was that sailor, and but for your assistance we could not have lived another day; my wife and children are now enabled to contribute to their own support, and will be rejoiced to acknowledge their obligations to you. Pardon me, if I detain you longer; I have,

thank

deavours to assist you; what it can contain, to make it a cure for the ague, I cannot imagine; and more particularly do I wonder at my poor mother's giving it to me by that term, as I know she used to ridicule every instance of superstition."

"And you have never opened it?" said Mr. Manners.

"No, Sir;" she modestly but firmly replied.

"But I have—my dear;" he rejoined. ——She started. "My first motive," continued he, "I will confess was curiosity; but a wish to benefit my neighbours was the strongest cause, and how it has been rewarded this note will shew." He then presented both papers to her. When he saw she had read the note, he threw his arms round her, and while the tears

dropped on his cheek, he kissed her, exclaiming, "My niece, my child!" Mrs. Manners embraced her with fondness; Louisa with exstacy. Patty was unable to reply to their caresses but in silence. At length she presented the bank note to Mr. Manners—"This, Sir, and ten more if I had them," said she, "are yours.—I owe you more than I can ever repay." "I will take your gift, my love," said Mr. Manners, "and in return you must accept this" (presenting her with a draft on his banker for three thousand pounds).—"Louisa has one for double the sum, and on the day fixed for my daughter's wedding, will I present you to Mr. Belmont, whose parents I know will joyfully consent to your union."

Tears again flowed from all; and an affectionate pressure of the hand was all that Patty could offer; her heart was full,

but

but her eyes spoke gratitude more eloquent than words.

One circumstance I must not forget to mention; a letter was sent to Mr. Manners a few months afterwards, acquainting him with the death of Mrs. Clifford, in the workhouse belonging to some parish many miles distant; which likewise mentioned her having been previously ill for a few days, but unwilling to mention the names of her relations, till it was too late for them to assist her. This he did not think fit to shew to Patty, till a considerable length of time had enabled her better to support the distressing intelligence.

We may learn from this tale, how highly proper it is to pay an early attention to the advice and example of good parents; as it was from good habits alone that our little heroine came to her happy

fortune. Children may think they have plenty of time before them, to learn and to profit in, but they know not at what particular period their knowledge may be of most service to them; and will frequently be brought to lament their neglect, when it is too late to remedy the evils that consequently ensue. A child will be concerned at the loss of a trifle of money, or a part of it's dress, that may easily be renewed, but how lavish are they of their *time!* a treasure that no sums of money can repurchase when once it is spent. How idly do they spend it! how many let it slip unprofitably away, and are willingly blind and deaf to the remonstances of parents and guardians, whose experience has taught them to know it's true value!

THE

PROOFS OF REAL AFFECTION.

IT was the lot of Mrs. Snowden to be left a widow, at a time when her three lovely daughters stood most in need of a father's kind protection, and mild authority, to give effect to the affectionate advice of an indulgent mother. Mr. Snowden had not been able to amass even sufficient to leave his beloved family in the same easy circumstances which they enjoyed during his life, and his dying words regretted his inability. But a treasure infinitely more valuable, his widow found herself possessed

of. In the dutiful affection of her children to her, and the filial love they shewed to each other, she deemed herself sufficiently wealthy, to look with indifference on the more glittering, but less worthy riches, that usually are most adored. Her daughters were her only comforts; Theresa, Emmeline, and Harriet, her chief companions; in whose innocent and endearing conversation she would ever find a pleasure to banish that melancholy, solitude cannot fail to create. Their natural dispositions were certainly different, but such a spirit of unanimity constantly prevailed, that on a first acquaintance it would have been imagined that they had but one temper equally shared between them; for their only endeavour was to please and accommodate each other. With such excellent hearts, will my young readers imagine it was possible they could think wrong? Certainly it was more than possible; it was probable—

probable—a good heart may be easily deceived, or misled, if not attended by the prudent guidance of an experienced head; and a mother, while she sees with rapture the goodness of her children's hearts, will wish to direct every action by her advice, and exert every means in her power to preserve them in virtue.

In the neighbourhood where they resided, lived several families; but among the whole was only one, the younger branches of whom were remarked by the young ladies as deserving the familiar though innocent attention of a passing bow or curtsey.—Cheerfulness and good-humour seemed to be their characteristics, and it was impossible to possess greater recommendations in the eyes of the young Snowdens. Unfortunately, however, the acquaintance between the young folks was not so much encouraged by their respective

tive parents, as they expected and indeed wished—for frequent looks, and good-natured salutations, had formed an intimacy which, though it might certainly have been strengthened, it was difficult on a sudden to put an end to. Theresa, though she had never presumed to question her mother concerning her motives for disapproving the acquaintance, had more than once looked with displeasure when any hint on the subject was thrown out. Mrs. Snowden had observed it; but imagining it would not go farther, had never taken notice of it at the time. Yet unwilling to let her daughter cherish even a discontented thought, fearing it might in time (though perhaps unintentionally) amount to disobedience, she determined the first favourable opportunity, at once to forbid any farther intimacy with the young Brights.

It was not long before an occasion presented itself. Emmeline and Harriet were absent, and Theresa was sitting with her mother at work, in the parlour, when she thus began the following dialogue.—

Theresa. Mamma, I have a favour to beg of you.

Mamma. What is it? my love; if I can grant it with propriety, I certainly will.

Theresa. I declare I am almost afraid to name it, but I have thought of it very often, and cannot see the least impropriety in it.

Mamma. If you really cannot see any impropriety in it, why are you almost afraid to name it?

Theresa.

Theresa. Because—I am not sure—— that you——

Mamma. Let me hear it Theresa, and I will spare you your reasons—you know I never love to refuse the request of any of my daughters; I see with much pleasure they attend to my advice, and I am sure if they ever wish for any unreasonable indulgence, it is for want of judgment, and not for want of goodness of heart.

Theresa. O! mamma, how you delight me—I do indeed try to do every thing you wish me, and if the request I am going to make is improper, I shall be consoled for your refusal, by the kind assurance you have just given me.

Mamma. And now, my love, what have you to ask?

Theresa.

Theresa. You know, mamma, we walked out yesterday afternoon with Dinah—well, Charles Bright accidentally met us, and with the greatest politeness bowed, and passed.

Mamma. Passed!

Theresa. He returned almost immediately, and desired Dinah would present his best compliments to you, and request you would permit me to join a snug party in an excursion on the water to-morrow. Miss Janson, Miss Smart and her brother, and Emily Bright, are to be of the party—and Tom Atkins and himself are to assist as watermen—they talk of going to Richmond, and that will take the whole day even if we set out early—I think it would be charming.

Mamma.

Mamma. How was it that Dinah did not mention this?

Theresa. Because I desired—because I thought—I said I could mention it as well.—

Mamma. Or better, Theresa—was it not so?

Theresa. Ah! Mamma.

Mamma. My dearest girl! I need not assure you of my constant wish to give my children pleasure: but I do not love them so insincerely, as to endeavour to procure it at so great a risk. In a word, my love, I am sorry to refuse your request.—Your good sense will soon reconcile you to the propriety of it, assisted by one or two reasons I shall now proceed to give you: in the first place, I do not intirely approve of the party.

I have

my money to buy her shoes and stockings, or any thing she may want. Would you like to live with me, my love?" said she in the kindest and most gentle tone, addressing herself to the girl. "I want my mamma," said Patty. "But perhaps your mamma will not return," said Louisa, "and I am sure she does not love you so well as I shall, if you are a good girl." "O dear! I am so sorry mamma will not come back," said Patty. "I love her very much; why will she not come back?" It was thus she answered every kind solicitation Mrs. Manners or Louisa made to her, till Mr. Manners returned from town. "Heyday!" cried he, on entering the parlour, "whose little blue-eyed girl is this?" "Your's papa," said Louisa; "her mamma left her at our garden-gate, while she went a little farther, and either could not find her way back, or has ran away and does not mean to come

again; but that is not Patty's fault, you know, papa; and she is so good—and loves her mamma so——I think I shall be quite fond of her." "Why, my love, are you going to keep her!" "Yes, papa, that is—if—you have no objection——you know you have often said, you wish I had a companion—now though Patty is young, I shall soon teach her many things, I dare say." "I *can* read and spell," said little Patty.—"Can you indeed? my pretty creature," said Mr. Manners—"what can you read?"—"I can read in the Bible," she replied; "and I can read in small books too—Goody Two Shoes and Little Dick." Mr. Manners looked at Louisa; she knew his meaning and ran for her books, with which she soon returned, consisting of the "Governess," the "Rational Brutes," and several others equally amusing and instructive; when, to the surprize of every one, Patty read a page in each volume,

lume, most delightfully, minding her stops, and paying the greatest attention. She was much pleased at the praises she received, and said, her good mamma had taught her to read; in short, she so charmed Mr. Manners, that he said he would no longer hesitate to adopt her, and from that day to treat her as his own. The child appearing quite sleepy, Louisa put her to bed, by the side of her own, to which she likewise retired. One thing particularly pleased Mrs. Manners: while Louisa was kneeling before her, saying her prayers, she observed Patty burst into tears, and on asking her the cause, she replied, "Where shall Patty kneel? mamma is away, and Patty always says her prayers." Mrs. Manners with much pleasure placed her before her, and she said the Lord's prayer extremely well indeed, concluding with a short prayer for the blessing of quiet and

refreshing sleep for herself, her relations, and friends.

After supper, Mr. Manners thus addressed his lady: "The only reason I had for hesitating to grant Louisa's request, respecting adopting this little foundling, was the precarious situation of my poor sister.—Since the death of her husband, I have not once heard from her—nor do I know what family she may have; (for whatever number there may be, all of them will have a claim on my duty, and all of them I must support.) She has never written to me, since her imprudence in marrying again, against my consent; nor can I discover, as you know, notwithstanding my enquiries, where she is to be found; which renders it peculiarly necessary, I keep myself ready to discharge so serious an obligation, whenever I may be called upon."

As

As little Patty increased in years, she increased in goodness, and in person, and at sixteen years of age was much admired. One young gentleman of the neighbourhood was particularly struck with her mildness of speech and delicacy of manners, both of which she owed to the example of her affectionate friend Louisa, who was by this time a most charming young woman, and engaged to a gentleman of fortune at a small distance. The name of Patty's admirer was Belmont; he frequently visited Mr. Manners, and was of a very respectable family, and of excellent principles: he was very partial to Patty, but her want of fortune was a bar, though the only one, to their union: his parents could not by any means be brought to consent to call her daughter. Mr. Manners much regretted this obstacle to her happiness, but he felt himself bound by the strongest ties of duty, to keep himself prepared to assist

the young family of his sister, should they ever put in their claim to his benevolence Louisa's wedding-day was fixed; the festival was to be rural and very splendid. Patty was frequently thoughtful, but never melancholy, having been taught resignation as a very principal duty, and she well knew repining *could* not assist her situation, and that patience might bring about some unforeseen event, to facilitate her happiness. It was at this time, that Mr. Manners was taken very ill; and having the advice of several physicians, one of them gave it as his opinion, his disorder was a species of ague, and that it might be a long time before he would entirely recover. This was a most unfortunate occurrence. Louisa's wedding was to be celebrated in less than three weeks, and Mr. Manners was confined to his room. He was, however, attended almost constantly by his affectionate wife and daughter, nor was

Patty

Patty wanting in attention to him. A thousand ways did she endeavour to shew her gratitude for his kindness to her, and her goodness of heart was universally talked of. She would often sit by his bedside, with Louisa, and they would read to him, by turns, for hours. In short, she loved him with all the affection of a child; and he observed her rising excellencies with the fondness of a parent.

It was one afternoon, when Mrs. Manners and Louisa were sitting with him, that Patty ran abruptly into the chamber.—She had begun to speak, but stopped almost immediately, struck with the impropriety of her entrance.—"Speak, my sweet girl!" said Mrs. Manners, observing her confusion, and wishing to encourage her—"do not hesitate to say what you intended." "Excuse me, dear Madam," she replied, "but I know not whether I am

most

most sorry to have delayed so long, or glad to have just thought of, a circumstance that will, I hope, be successful towards restoring the health of my dear guardian." She immediately took from the lining of her gown sleeve a small packet of white paper, on which was written, " A charm for the ague" (though the words were scarcely legible). She entreated Mr. Manners to allow it to be bound to his arm, as it was impossible to do him harm, and the *idea* of it's nature might have the wished effect. He permitted her request to be complied with, charmed with this new token of her gratitude, and she retired completely happy.

A few days afterwards, (whether the charm had taken effect, or whether the plans of the faculty had operated successfully, the latter of which was the most probable) Mr. Manners found himself growing

growing much better, and continued amending, till he was entirely recovered. Patty's enquiries were unceasing, and she heard with rapture that her dear guardian's health was perfectly re-established. The succeeding evening, after Louisa and Patty had retired to their chambers, Mr. Manners took off his "charm for the ague," and expressed a very earnest desire to see it's contents, as he was confident if it was to that he owed his recovery, it must contain some kind of herb or drug powerful in it's nature, for that he had no faith whatever in *charms*, but had merely agreed to Patty's request, it was so affectionately pressing. Mrs. Manners was at first much averse to it's being opened, saying it was almost as bad as reading another's letter; but he persisted, that, as it was certainly many years old, it might conduce to the benefit of the community, should it contain drugs, or any thing else useful in so dreadful a complaint,

plaint. Mrs. Manners agreed, and the *charm* was unbound; when, to their great astonishment, they discovered a bank note of a hundred pounds, accompanied by a piece of paper, many times folded, containing as follows:—

"If my dear brother be not deaf to the cries of infantine sorrow—if my sweet babe find in his kindness, protection from the cruelty of the world, and a guide through it's intricate paths, may an unfortunate sister's prayers be heard at that high tribunal, to which they are most earnestly, though humbly addressed, and draw down blessings on his charitable head. The enclosed is the scanty saving of fourteen years hard labour, part of the practical contrition of a sincere penitent—to which she dooms herself while life remains. May her dear infant, the only surviving partaker of her mother's griefs—by a dutiful obedience, and

and filial love, pay the debt of gratitude her wretched parent has incurred to the best of brothers."

This was a discovery most joyful to Mr. Manners and his wife. It was impossible for any event to have occurred, more conducive to the continuance of his health. He could now not only look with rapture upon Patty as his niece, but would be enabled to do away the objection made against their marriage by the friends of Mr. Belmont, without fear of future claims, that might operate as a check to his generosity. He therefore resolved to celebrate the weddings both of his daughter and niece on the same day.

The next morning, at breakfast, Mr. Manners was very jocosely lavish in the praises of Patty's "charm for the ague," and finished by asking her how she came by

by it, and how long it had been in her possession. Patty, unprepared for the subject, and remembering the melancholy loss she had sustained in consequence of it (though by that means she had been taken into a family, every one of whom she loved with the tenderest and most sincere affection)—burst into tears; and it was a considerable time before she was sufficiently recovered to satisfy Mr. Manners's curiosity. At length, however, she faintly replied—"I can just remember, Sir, my mother sewed it in my frock sleeve the day before we left home, and made me promise to keep it as a "charm for the ague," and never to open it, or lend it to any body, unless to my best friend: I was old enough then to know how sacred a promise should be kept, and have most attentively observed it; having sewed it in every new frock or gown I have had, since, till your illness called forth my feeble endeavours

thank heaven! just overheard a conversation that materially concerns you, and hope to be the means of preventing the death of your father and brother." Charles anxiously demanded his meaning, and it appeared that he had overheard a plan to stop the carriage of Mr. Colville, as it passed an unfrequented road at a particular time, of which some robbers received intelligence; he was proceeding, but Charles would hear no more, only desired he would call him early on that morning, and accompany him, with pistols, to the hedge by the side of the road. The motive of Mr. Colville's journey may not be uninteresting to my young readers. When William perceived how easily he had succeeded in his design upon his brother, he thought he had attained full power to do as he chose, and proud of his own importance, he adopted so haughty a method of reply to his father, that he could not help taking notice of it: however,

however, he grew worse and worse, and Mr. Colville now seriously repented his unkind treatment of Charles, at the same time resolving to send William to sea, if he did not amend his conduct. Frequent were his promises of amendment, and as frequently broken, till at last his father told him he had spoken to a captain, who had agreed to receive him the very next day. Though this much surprised him, he said little, as he did not imagine his father was in earnest, but he entreated forgiveness. At length the chaise arrived which was to convey him to the part where the vessel lay, and William with his father got into it. The youth at that time began to think him serious, and with many promises of better conduct, solicited to return, but without effect. They had not advanced far on the above-mentioned road, when two footpads rushed from the hedge, and with dreadful oaths and threats, demanded their money. Mr. Colville not being

being quick in complying with the villain's request; one of them fired a pistol in at the window. At the same instant, a man flew from the hedge, and fired at one of the footpads, who immediately fell. He fired at the other, but the pistol not taking effect, he seized him by the collar, and tried to bring him to the ground, but the man being stronger than Charles, (for *he* it was) would certainly have overpowered him, had not the faithful gardener come to his assistance, and secured the villain.

Mr. Colville was a silent spectator of the whole, but his joy was extreme, at seeing his son Charles open the door of the chaise, and affectionately enquire how he did. He desired him and his faithful friend, to inform him, how it happened that they were so near at the time of his danger. When Charles had made it appear by his recital that his life had been saved from the instance of gene-

rosity for which *he* had incurred his displeasure, Mr. Colville could not enough express his sorrow at the unkind treatment he had given him; Charles could not bear to receive concessions from a father, and assured him he was perfectly happy, in having had an opportunity of regaining his good opinion, by shewing he still retained the greatest filial regard for him. But now came the truest instance of his nobleness of disposition; his brother sat motionless in the carriage, a victim to the robber's pistol, that he had fired in at the window. He lamented his death with unfeigned tears, though the chief part of his life was spent in endeavouring to do him mischief, but he was his brother, and no cruelty on his part could make the affectionate Charles forget the natural duties of forgiveness and brotherly love. His father now desired to be conducted to his benefactor, who received him with the truest joy, not having been

been informed of his intention; for Charles had kept it from him, knowing he would have been anxious to dissuade him from the dangerous scheme; Mr. Leeson had therefore been making many enquiries after him. Mr. Colville sent immediately to his brother, Mr. Norris, requesting his pardon, and immediate presence, and Charles had the happiness of being applauded by all, for the propriety of his conduct since his first innocent transgression. The faithful gardener and his family were made comfortable for life by the generosity of Charles's father, which indeed was but the proper tribute of gratitude, but hard was the trial when Charles was summoned to quit a family to whom he was become so dear. Mr. Leeson knew not how to consent that he should go, though he dared not deny a father so great a blessing, as a son possessed of such virtues as his beloved Charles

—he blessed him with tears in his eyes as he departed, and now looks forward with the greatest delight to the prospect of his becoming one of his family; for I must just hint that a reciprocal esteem had commenced between Charles and his eldest daughter, but should any thing farther transpire, it shall be the subject of a future tale.

From this tale we may certainly draw several very useful lessons. First, that partiality is a dreadful example from a parent to his children; that hypocrisy must certainly be discovered before it has long continued its triumph, and that an open and ingenuous disposition, with a firm and manly system of behaviour, will ever prove a young man's best protection. We have a charming instance of benevolence in Charles when relieving the poor sailor; a

deed

deed we cannot but admire, so seldom do we see humanity overcome the fears of being reproved. In the sailor we see the purest emotions of gratitude from his address to Charles at Mr. Leeson's, and his professions confirmed by the heroic act of rescuing Mr. Colville from the robbers. In William we see many vices; and it must be with abhorrence, when we read the end of all his malicious schemes; and his dreadful death. We cannot but pity any youth who goes the path directly contrary to virtue, when by the many instances of the good done by virtuous men, we are enabled to judge the loss that society has sustained; at the same time we cannot but reconcile ourselves to his fate, as he seemed so hardened in guilt, that his amendment was to be despaired of.—In Mr. Leeson we see a charming instance of humanity and generosity, in treating the poor youth who

who gladly hired himself as a servant, with all the friendship due to an equal. We cannot but highly applaud Mr. Norris's character, who so kindly practised what Charles's humane bosom dictated, and what his means would not allow, which brings us again to the character of the hero of our tale, with a few observations on which I shall conclude. He calls forth our admiration, whether we consider his humanity, brotherly affection, filial duty, (particularly where he related his history, or being taken into Mr. Leeson's house), or honour; let not that suffice, my young friends, let him be from this moment an object of your imitation. When you are advised to do wrong, be not ashamed to refuse, with a nobleness worthy the example you have just read of, and if at any time you are accused of actions you know you are innocent of, seek not by mean compliance to escape

escape a temporary reproof, but conscious of the integrity of your intentions, keep truth and honour for your guides, and your character will outshine the envious endeavours of deceitful tale-bearers.

A

CHARM FOR THE AGUE.

LOUISA was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Manners, and possessed, besides the advantages peculiar to an only child, a most excellent disposition. Her father and mother were rich, and loved her with the truest affection. She had been educated under private masters, and by the progress she had made in her various studies and accomplishments, she amply rewarded her parents for their care and expence. Yet was she not in the smallest degree proud of her superior abilities, but constantly

constantly maintained that propriety of conduct which shews real gentility and good education. They had a country-house not very far from London, as Mr. Manners was engaged in a large concern that frequently required his attendance there, but he usually returned to his family in the evening.

It was one afternoon, when Louisa was about ten years of age, that a little girl sat crying at the garden-gate. Louisa was walking by herself in the garden, and heard her voice at a distance, for some time, before she could find from what part it proceeded; at last she discovered her at the gate, apparently quite fatigued with crying, and exhausted by hunger, for she said she had not eaten any thing all day. Louisa delayed not a moment to desire she might be carried into the parlour, and that some bread and milk might be given

to her, which she ate with a very hearty appetite, and seemed extremely thankful. She appeared about six years old; she said her name was Patty Clifford, that her mamma had left her a long while, promising to return soon, and commanding her not to stir; she said she had travelled in the waggon for more than a week, and that she lived somewhere in Wales, but could not speak the name of the place. Mrs. Manners immediately perceived she had been left at the gate by her mother, with the intent of getting rid of her, and had nearly resolved to send her to the workhouse, but Louisa begged her mamma would not part with her. "See," said she, "how the tears drop from her pretty blue eyes; let her stay, mamma, I shall love such a nice little companion; and I have almost money enough to find her in clothes myself. If you will find her in bread and milk, mamma, I will save all

I have reason to think Mr. Bright does not wish his sons to form an acquaintance with my family, and of course, I would not suffer my children to join in any scheme with his, unknown to, or unapproved of by him. Again, I have ever considered an excursion on the water, under the guidance of young people alone, as likely to be attended with very great danger. They are apt to confide too much in the chance of escaping an accident, and are consequently unprepared to remedy it, by neglecting the first means of preventing it.

Theresa gently bowed, and was silent—Mrs. Snowden saw she was a little concerned, and therefore kindly left her to compose herself.

Two days afterwards, as Mrs. Snowden, Theresa, and Emmeline were sitting in the

parlor, waiting for Harriet to come down to breakfast, Emmeline, who had not heard either the proposal of her sister, or the result of it, thus addressed her mother :—

Emmeline. O ! mamma I have a favor to ask you, that I think you cannot refuse, particularly as I know you will partake the pleasure it will give us.

Mrs. Snowden. That I certainly shall, my love, if I approve the method in which you intend yourself the attainment of it.

Emmeline. A grand gala is to be given at Vauxhall, with illuminations, and every kind of beautiful embellishment—music and singing, and all kinds of refreshments —fireworks, and every thing that can make it charming ; now I have often heard you say you used to be extremely pleased at Vauxhall, and as we never were there, I really

I really think you cannot do a greater kindness, than to take us there on Tuesday next.

Mrs. Snowden. From the fine description you have given, my love, I am afraid you have thought of this proposal a long while, and it has made a little impression on your mind. I am rather concerned at this, because your disappointment will be the greater at my refusing your request: not but that I know your good sense is sufficient to convince you I am right in so doing, if your duty did not teach you to think so. Vauxhall is a place to which whoever goes, should go under the protection of gentlemen—and—

Emmeline. Well, then, I am sure—but I beg your pardon, mamma, for interrupting you.

Mrs. Snowden. Most willingly granted, Emmeline, but tell me, love, what were you going to say in answer to my observation concerning the necessity of going under the protection of gentlemen.

Emmeline. Why, that I know all the Brights are to be there, and that being neighbours, and as many gentlemen of them, as we are ladies, it would be delightful.

Mrs. Snowden. My dear girl! it would be my chief pleasure to grant you any indulgence, I could with propriety: but this I must refuse you; one reason I will give you *now*, and it is not unlikely that more will arise to shew the prudence of so doing.

Mr. Bright has had many opportunities of forming an acquaintance with my family

family, if he had been so disposed—he may, from motives equally prudent as I think mine, wish to prevent his sons from engaging in intimacy with young women of your ages, before their minds are rightly sedate, and their ideas properly enlarged. Young men of the best dispositions, (and I am persuaded they are so, in the main) may be led away by a desire of following that erroneous and dangerous system of fashion, which is ever changing, and never worth adhering to; and it is highly prudent in all parents to keep their children from hastily forming too early connections.

At that instant Harriet entered the room with a note, which she had just received, she said, from Mr. Janson's maid-servant who waited for an answer. Mrs. Snowden read it aloud, it was to the following effect.

"*Dear Madam.*

"I WRITE in extreme haste, and in great distress, to know if Miss Snowden joined our young party yesterday on the water, and if she did, whether she be yet returned? My poor girl is rendered incapable of telling me, by a shock she received from the oversetting of the boat. She was brought home to me speechless, and has ever since remained so — as for young Bright, he has not yet been seen by us— my youngest daughter has been attacked by fits, and Mrs. Janson is inconsolable— in short we are a truly distressed family."

Mrs. Snowden having concluded the note, cast a glance of much meaning at Theresa, who felt the force of it, not a little—Emmeline had left the room to satisfy Mr. Janson's servant, and Theresa, reading in her mother's eyes her joy at her daughter's escape, rose, and running into her

her arms, hid her face in her lap. "O mamma," she cried, while the tears ran down her pretty cheeks, "how much do I owe your goodness for preventing me from joining the party I so much desired! I did not think such a misfortune could have happened. Poor Mrs. Janson! what will she do?"

"What I should have done," answered her mother, "had I lost my dear girl—have blamed myself for giving my sanction to so dangerous an undertaking, and have thought myself in a great measure answerable for the accident."

It was on the following Wednesday morning, that Emmeline, at breakfast, remarked with a sigh, what a grand evening last night must have been, adding, that she could not help wishing her mamma would have allowed her to have been a

partaker

partaker in the enjoyments. " I wonder," said Mrs. Snowden, " that my Emmeline, after the objection I made to it, should again mention it with regret, she cannot suppose but that my experience is sufficient to judge for her better than she can for herself." " But is it possible" said Emmeline, softly, " that any serious accident could have happened?" " Without a doubt, my love," answered her mother. " Well now," she ventured to add, " I really should like to know what." She had scarcely finished the sentence, when Mr. Bright entered the room: " You will pardon my intrusion, ladies," said he, " but your servant, madam, (addressing himself to Mrs. Snowden) said you were at home, and my commission is of the utmost consequence. I have not seen my eldest son since last night: he accompanied his brothers, and some ladies to Vauxhall, and all I can learn, is, that one of the

ladies having been accosted by a young officer, my son knocked him down, he was immediately beset, much beaten, and hurried away among the crowd; since which time, the young lady has not been seen: I had heard him say, he expected to meet you and your family there, which made me take this liberty to ask if you had seen him, or heard any tidings of him."

Mrs. Snowden replied, she was very sorry for his distress, but he might have been perfectly sure Vauxhall was not a place to which she would have ventured with three daughters, unless among a very large party of friends. When Mr. Bright was gone, Mrs. Snowden looked earnestly at Emmeline, who felt the rebuke, and burst into tears; when her mother thus addressed her. "I told you, Emmeline, I did not doubt but more reasons would arise to shew the propriety of my having refused your

your request. You did not think any harm could have happened at Vauxhall, any more than Theresa thought it was dangerous to go on the water, but dispositions like yours require much attention; for, undesigning yourselves, you will never suspect others of guilt, and may become the victims of dissimulation. Continue my dear children to put that confidence in your mother, her love for you deserves, and behave in every respect as you would wish your own children to behave to you. "I am now going out, unless (continued she smiling) *Harriet* has some very particular favor to ask." Harriet replied, she was perfectly easy in the firm belief, that every fit indulgence for her would be provided without asking, and assured her mother of her constant obedience—her sisters repeated the assurance, and Mrs. Snowden left the room.

The

The application of this tale is, perhaps, sufficiently shewn in the speeches of this excellent mother; and it may but disgust, to endeavour to repeat it in different language.

THE

THE HOLIDAY.

IT was scarcely possible for a youth of sixteen to be happier than Augustus; under the care of the worthy Mr. Seaton; his business was easy, though sufficiently active to procure him a regular and tranquil repose, when the occupations of the day were at an end. He did not envy any of his acquaintance, though some perhaps were apparently in a better situation with regard to *pleasure;* the pursuit, in general, during relaxation from business. Among these was a cousin, a year or two older than

than himself, and whom he made his chief companion; having been prudently advised to refrain from forming too great a connection, to avoid the temptation of exceeding the rules proper to be adhered to by a young man in his situation. From frequent conversations with his cousin Charles, he had at length began to reflect on the difference of their conditions; and unfortunately too seriously for his future contentment. The placid smiles that used to bespeak the serenity of his heart, were no longer to be seen—the cheerful anecdotes of the day, were no longer recounted after supper, to Mr. Seaton and his affectionate family, who were all admirers of the good-nature and vivacity of Augustus; in short he resolved to endeavour to obtain a few holidays as well as his cousin. Charles approved his *spirit*, as he termed it, and Easter Monday being the first day of public celebration, he determined to re-

quest his master's permission to take the whole of the day to himself; and in case of Mr. Seaton's acquiescence, they agreed to meet at some spot well known to both.

When Augustus named his expectation to his good friends, assembled at supper—his master started. "I am not going to deny you," said he, "but I much fear, from the nature of your wish, you have increased your connection to your disadvantage, or this desire would not have proceeded from you, particularly for a day so replete, in general, with danger; my dear lad, you know not what you ask; innumerable are the snares laid to entrap unwary youth on that day, and you may think yourself fortunate if you escape with but one misfortune. You have, probably, made some engagement, for the day you mention—and your general conduct puts

it out of my power to *refuse* you any thing you desire, but the many instances that have occurred to mark Easter Monday as a day of much danger, make me wish to persuade you to put off your intention." Augustus thanked him much for his good wishes, but more for his permission, which last being granted, the advice he had received was thought on no more. The day arrived, and he went to meet his cousin Charles. He was dressed entirely in his best cloaths, and had borrowed a very smart watch-chain, as he had not yet a watch. Their meeting was affectionate, as it was the first they had ever had on this occasion; and they promised themselves much pleasure: but not having remembered at their first appointment, to plan their day's amusement, they were rather at a loss how to begin. That point however was at length settled, and they sat forward for Greenwich Park; not exactly for the *very*

great pleasure they expected, but, that it was customary, and they had heard much of rolling down Greenwich Hill, and expected to meet the greater part of their town acquaintance. It cannot be denied that they saw many faces they had before seen, but the class was rather of the lower order.—Their master's chimney-sweepers, brick-dust boys, knife-grinders, and in short, people of all descriptions, except those whose company would have done them credit. However, they mixed in the crowd, determined for once to partake of the sports of low life; but scarcely had they been among *the company* five minutes, before Augustus exclaimed "O my watch! my watch! I mean my chain!"—And, pointing to a man who was running away with it, declared he felt him snatch it from his fob. The man however had hinted to his companion, that the watch-chain was merely

merely worn as an ornament, and the report immediately spread, much to the confusion of Augustus, who was glad to get away as soon as possible, amidst the hisses of the surrounding crowd. The morning being entirely spent by the time they reached town, they determined to make amends for their loss of entertainment, by going to Astley's in the evening. Their intention was to have sat in the pit; but, when feeling for their money to pay for the admission, one shilling was all that Augustus had left, and Charles could collect but eighteen-pence. It was truly mortifying to think of sitting in the gallery, but there was now no alternative. The company into which they now entered, not excelling in any great degree the society they had not long before escaped, filled them with apprehensions for their future safety, but here they were more fortunate,

and came away pretty well satisfied. About half way home, however, they observed a crowd, and curiosity so far overcame prudence, as to induce them to stay to see the result. Here it was that their evil genius again was busy; among the crowd were pick-pockets, and other dangerous companions, and watchmen being called, they could not at that time discriminate between the good and the bad, and unfortunately included our young adventurers among a party they lodged in the watch-house.

What added to their distress was, being refused pen and ink, till the next morning, being taken for pick-pockets in disguise. *Then*, however, they wrote to their respective masters, and explained the whole affair; their letters were credited as soon as read, and Mr. Seaton instantly came and released them.

When

When Augustus had a little recovered from his fright and fatigue, Mr. Seaton thus addressed him:—

"Augustus, my dear boy! did I not too well prophecy this unpleasant termination to your day's pleasure? I am thankful it is not worse, and heartily hope it will be a sufficient warning against requesting a holiday on a public day. Think it not indulgence when your acquaintance relate to you their leisure time, and different amusements; they must tend to increase expence, and generally procure a very small portion of pleasure, even that but temporary, and frequently succeeded by hours of uneasiness. I was well assured you were wrongfully confined, but it was not possible for watchmen to distinguish at the moment; it will no doubt be a lesson of more advantage to you than advice, and as it is

but

but one day lost, I shall not say more, perfectly satisfied your good sense will direct you in future when to claim another holiday.

THE

FALL OF PRIDE.

YOUNG Morelove had passed four years at a school of great respectability, surrounded by a genteel acquaintance; most of his companions were happy in his friendship, and appeared concerned when the day arrived on which he was to leave their society.—His father had agreed with an eminent tradesman to take him as an apprentice, and thought it most prudent to allow him but a few days leisure previous to his entering his new master's habitation. Many, and apparently sincere, had been the promises

promises of his school-fellows, frequently to call on him, and he felt much pleasure in the idea of keeping up an intimacy with young men among whom he had spent much of his early life so happily. Soon, however, he observed a coolness in the conduct of those, who had declared themselves his truest friends; they were the sons of merchants of vast credit, and could not but imagine it was degrading their characters to associate with tradesmen; among these, Richards was the most altered; his father was extremely respected, and accounted rich, which instead of giving to his son a proper and becoming pride, to prevent him from degrading the character of a gentleman, taught him to despise those who could not dress as gay as himself, or boast so much leisure time. He was, like most people who encourage pride, ignorant and conceited, and valued himself for accomplishments, (as he termed them), that young

young men of sense would blush to be suspected of. While Morelove experienced the benefit arising from a strict attention to figures, Richards boasted his skill in hitting a sixpence with a pistol shot, at the distance of twelve paces. Morelove wrote an exceeding good hand, which procured him the praises and esteem of an affectionate master, while one of the principal employments to which Richards consigned *his*, was to take lessons of a celebrated boxer. In short, though Richards imagined himself to be held in high estimation by all who knew him, he was universally disliked for his vanity, and only noticed by his friends with the kind intention of reforming him. While Morelove who had not too great an opinion of his own abilities, gradually improved them by assiduity, and increased the good character his acquaintance were always ready to allow him. Richards would frequently call on him, it is true, but it was merely

merely with an intent to try to mortify him, by a comparison of their respective situations, though it never had the desired effect. The parents and master of this good youth, had not bestowed their advice in vain; their precepts had been attended to, and their example followed.

A week had elapsed since Richards had called, which was rather surprizing to Morelove, as he used to frequent the neighbourhood, though his joy was more than equal to his astonishment; nevertheless he was at a loss to account for the change.—Every day, however, he thought the less of him, and made his master's good opinion his sole pursuit.

The first opportunity that presented itself, he made enquiry after the family of his old school-fellow, but could not gain any satisfactory intelligence,—all that he could

could trace, was, that Mr. Richards had failed, and that his family were not to be found.—By a continuance of that assiduity that first gained him the esteem of his master, he had so increased his regard, that he at length was taken into partnership, and obtained his daughter, (an only child,) in marriage, with the entire approbation of all parties.

His master having attained the utmost of his wishes, to see his beloved daughter happily wedded to a man, for whom he had the most affectionate regard, and having realized a handsome fortune, (the just reward of indefatigable industry, and rigid integrity) retired from business, to a country house a few miles from town, from whence he could often visit his dear children.

It was in the third year since his commencing business, that Morelove read in

one of the newspapers, of a subscription for the relief of a family in the most miserable situation that could be described. Ever ready to contribute to the necessities of his fellow-creatures, he hasted to the habitation of the wretched petitioner. In a damp and unwholesome room, behind a small house, in one of the narrow streets of London, he found the poor object of his pursuit. —he was sitting dejectedly by his chimney corner, from whence issued a faint light, as of the dying embers of the morning fire :—at the opposite side of the room sat a young woman, with two infants crying on her lap, and in their imperfect, but distressing accents, imploring for food ;—the sight was melancholy, while he considered the objects merely as claimants on his benevolence, by that universal tie that binds mankind to assist one another ; but his surprize was not to be described, when, as the wretched father raised his eyes (to

see

see who could be drawn to his miserable residence), he beheld his once-respected friend, and school-fellow. It seemed as if it were but a dream, and he remained silent for some minutes. It was at length clear to his wondering eyes, that the tenant of this dark and dreary apartment, was no other than the formerly gay and wealthy Richards. The unhappy man gazed on the weeping eyes of his once-despised acquaintance, and had scarcely strength to crawl to his feet. Morelove raised him, but misfortune had so completely humbled him, he dared not again to raise his eyes. "Richards!" said this generous friend, "you cannot imagine my concern to see you in this situation,—I desire not *now* to hear the story of your distresses; it is enough that you need my assistance; when I see you next, I shall wish to know more, —he then placed five guineas in his hand, adding in a whisper, "this is not a place for

for the wife of the man I once was proud to think my friend — let me not see you here again to-morrow send for me to your new residence."—He left his address, and departed.

Early in the morning was the grateful Richards at the door of his benefactor—he ran to throw himself at his feet—Morelove prevented him—" O! can I hope for words," he cried, " sufficiently expressive of my gratitude; you have saved my life—for you have preserved my family; I lived but in my wife, and my dear babes, who must have fallen victims to the piercing agonies of hunger, had not your generous assistance restored our strength, and revived in my heart the desire of again endeavouring to earn a maintenance for my family, which I must confess, despair had entirely overcome."

Morelove

Morelove made him take his breakfast with him, and then desired to be made acquainted with the cause of the alteration in his condition, if the recollection of his sorrows was not too painful. "What can I deny you?" replied Richards—"my history is not a long one — I sunk from a life of elegance and extravagance, to a state of poverty, by unforeseen losses that robbed us at once of subsistence, and of a father's life—he could not sustain the shock, and soon fell a victim to grief. I was destitute —few acquaintance to whom I dared apply, and very scanty the means of subsistence for three months—I did at last find a friend, who procured me a situation, but, having ever neglected the means of contributing to my own necessities, my earnings from labor would barely support me—I sat up a shop a short time afterwards, and might perhaps have got forwards, but for a terrible fire which broke out near my little dwelling,

and entirely consumed my scanty fortune, scarcely allowing my wife and infant time to escape, and the only shelter I could afford to take, was the miserable spot where you found me. I am sufficiently humbled; and I thank God, can see and repent my former pride, my sufferings have been great, but they were just, and I trust they will be deemed punishment severe enough, to expiate *here* my early errors." Morelove embraced him—assured him of his attachment and constant assistance, adding his intention of settling him near his own residence. Richards again implored the blessings of heaven on his head, and with a bosom elated with the purest joy, conducted him to his new habitation.

FINIS.

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