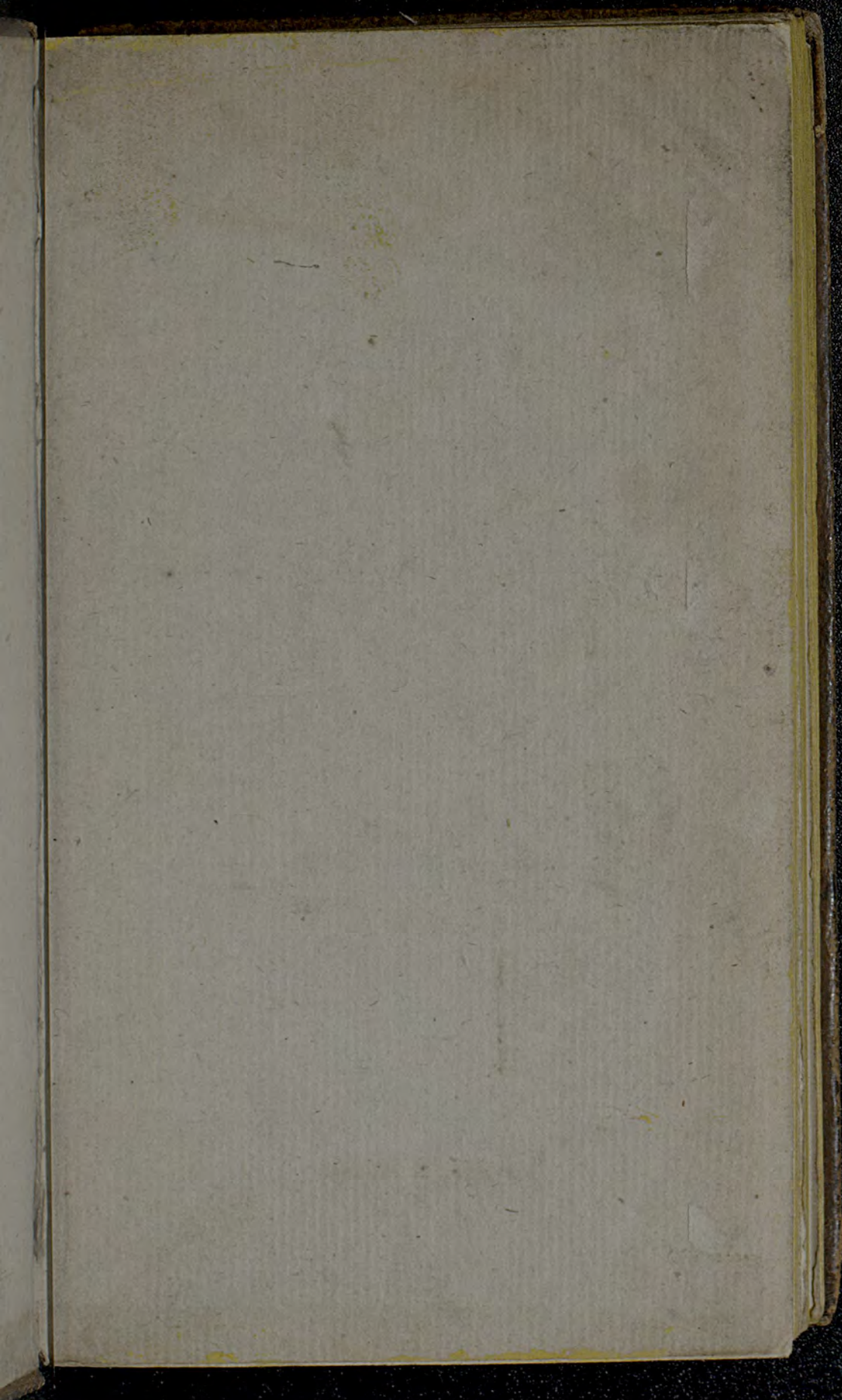


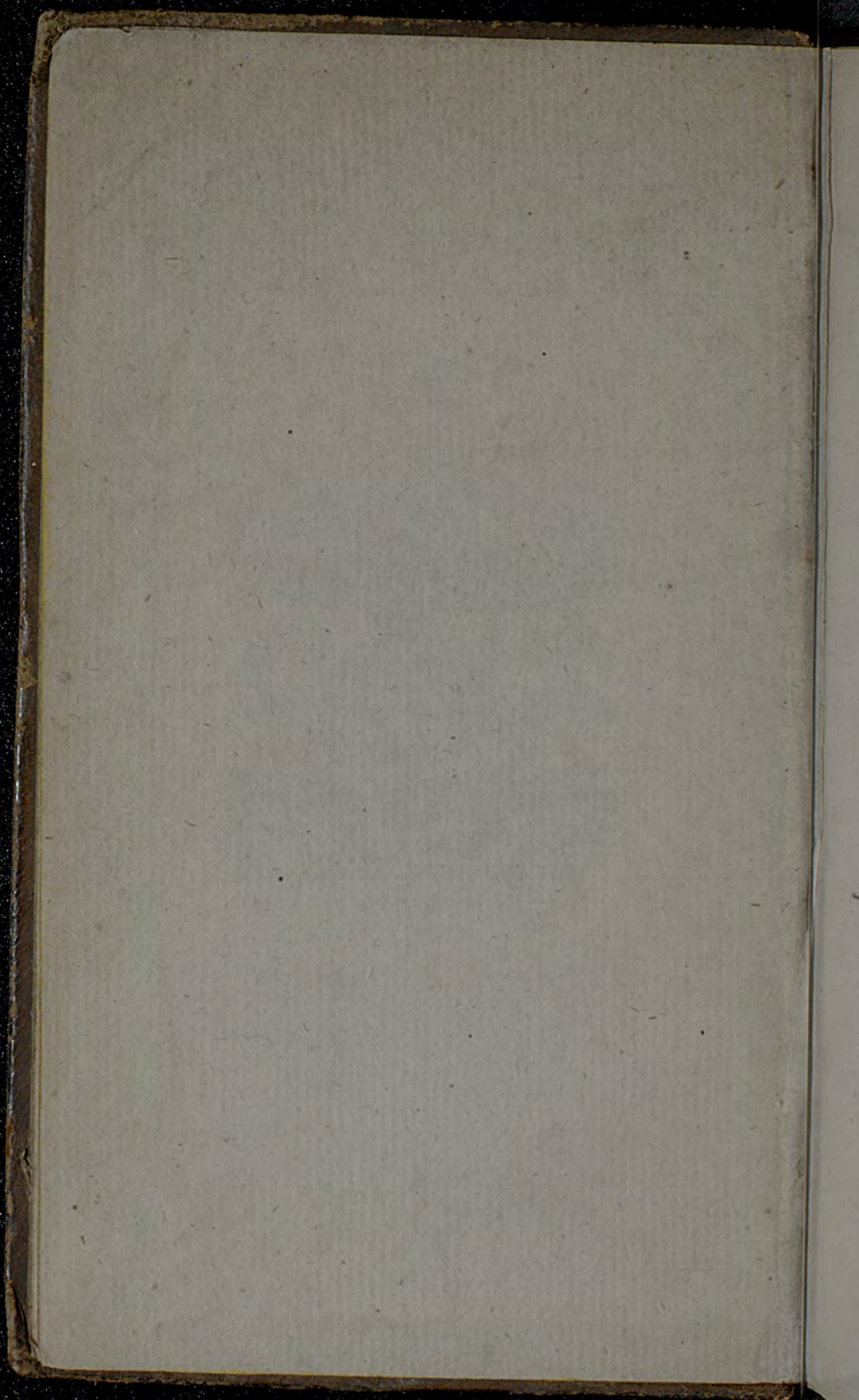
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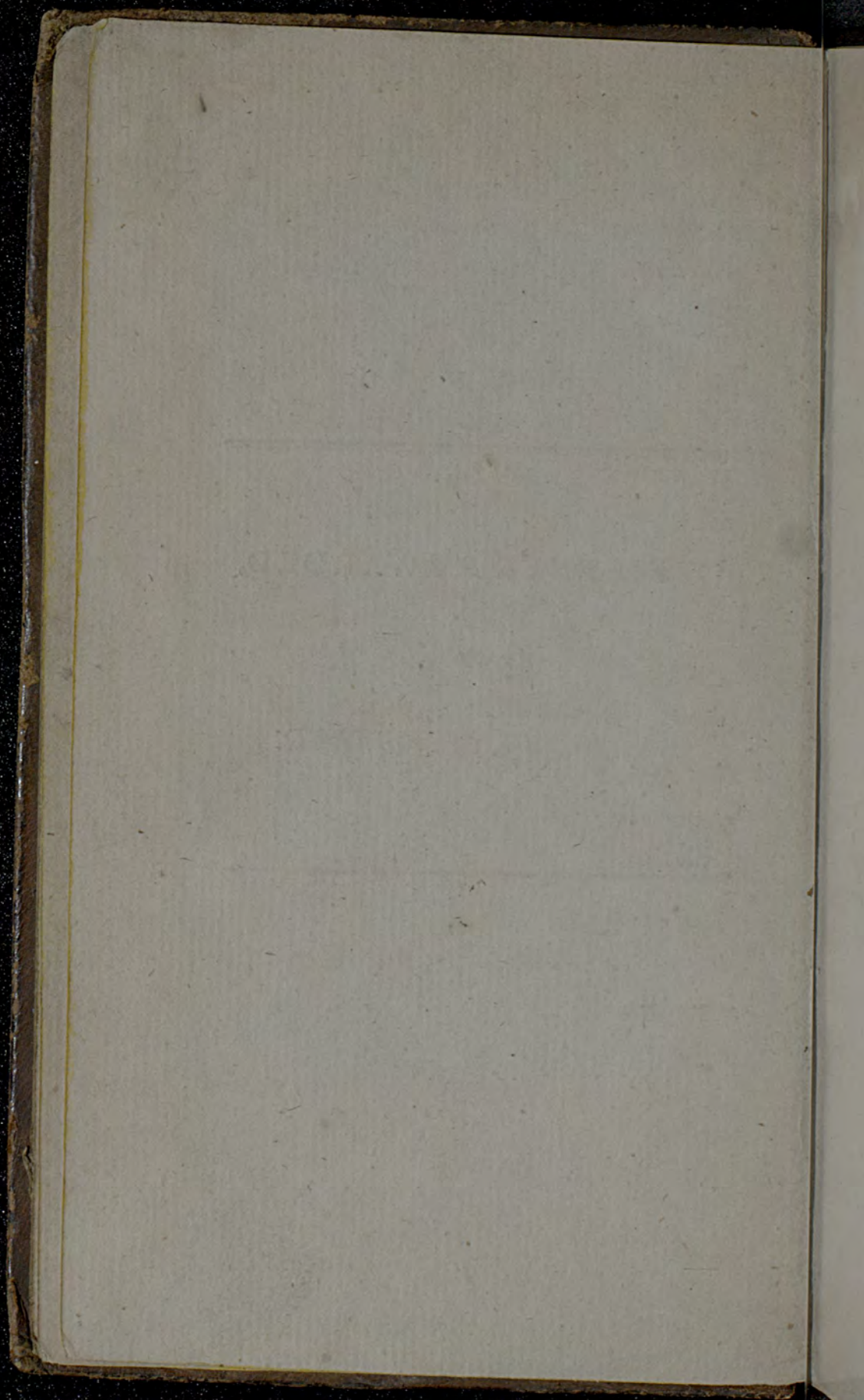


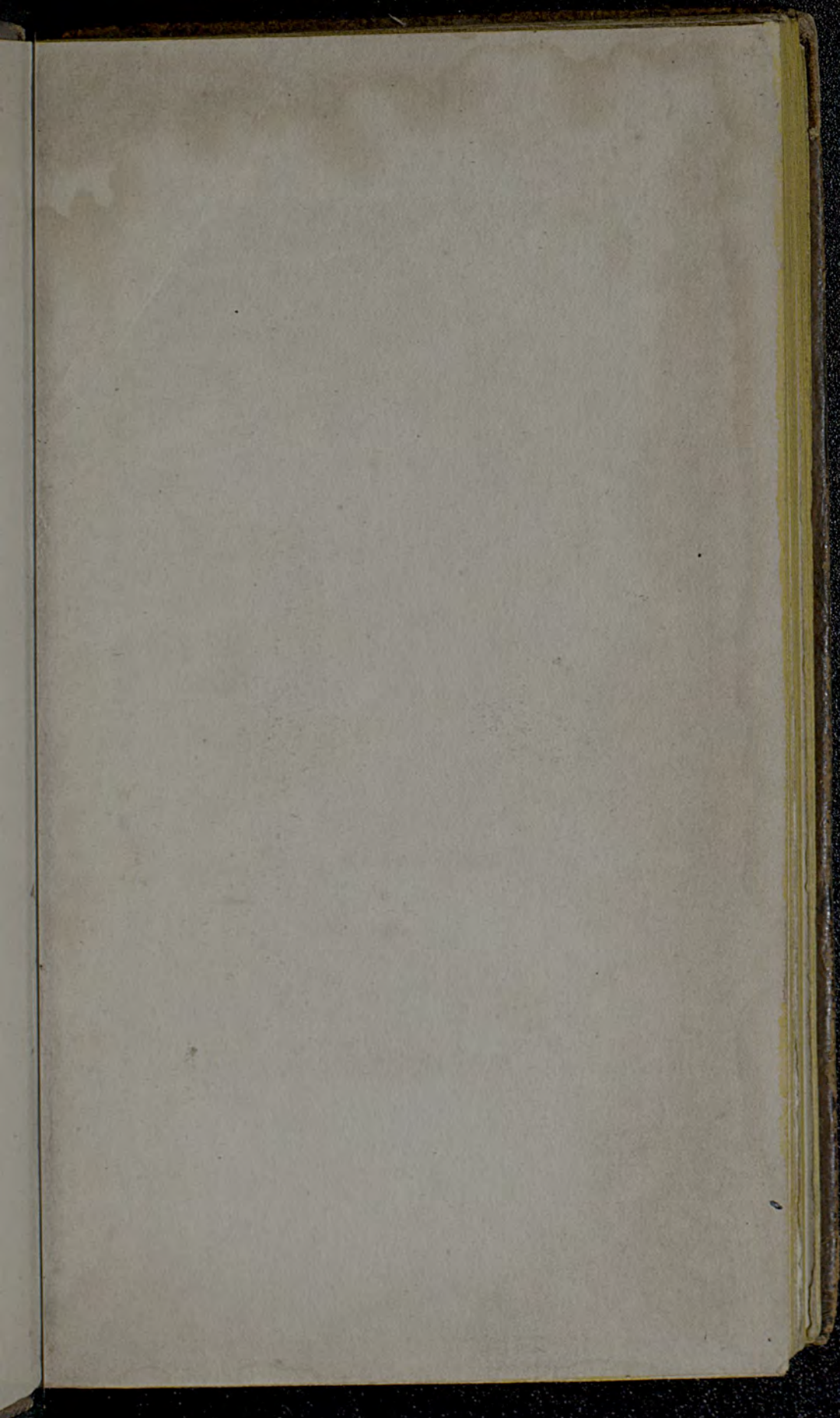


OBEDIENCE REWARDED,

AND

PREJUDICE CONQUERED.





Frontispiece.

Page 154



After Delon

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OBEDIENCE REWARDED,

AND

PREJUDICE CONQUERED;

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

MORTIMER LASCELLS.

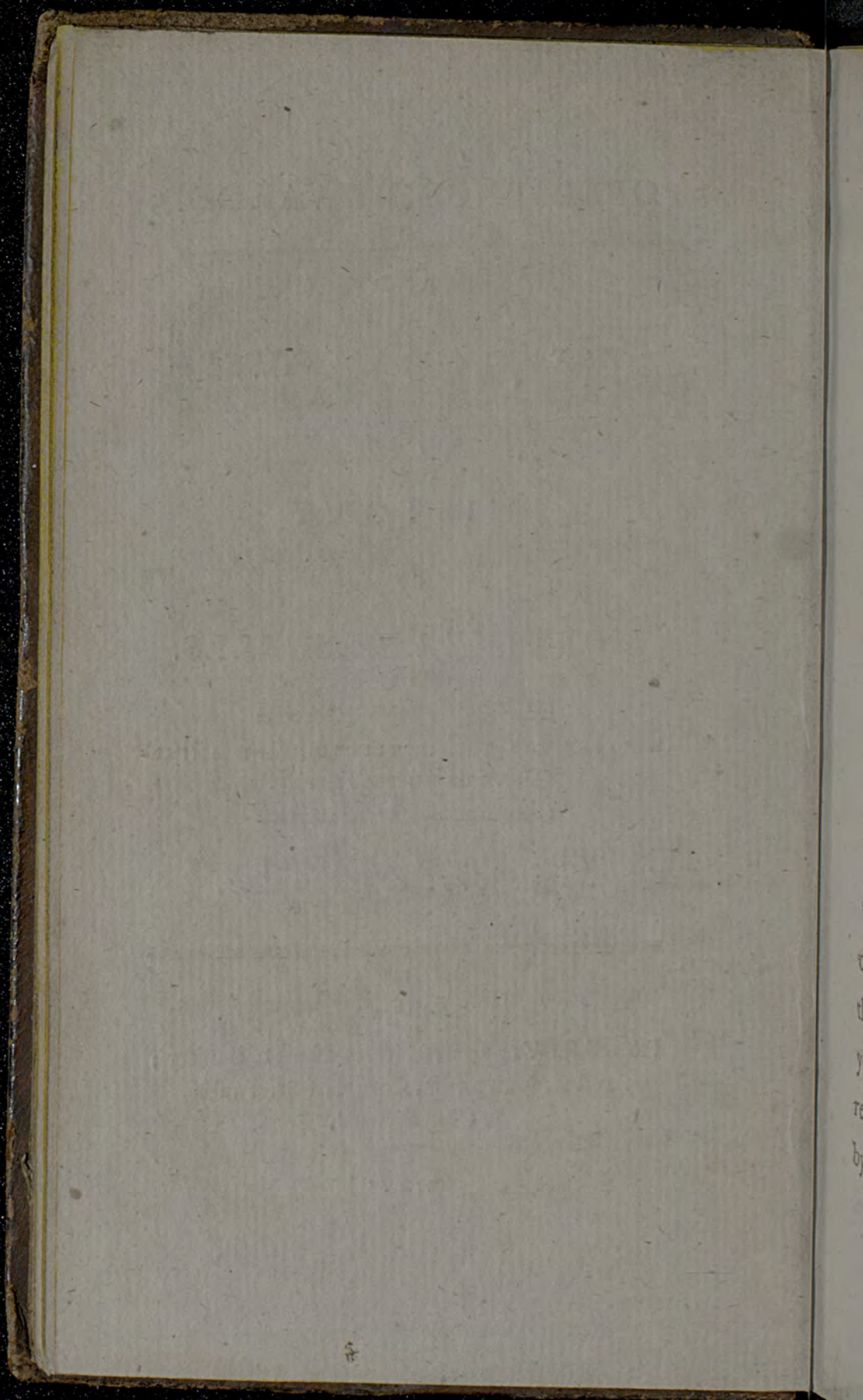
WRITTEN FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSE-
MENT OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

By Mrs. Pilkington.

London:

Printed for VERNOR & HOOD, No. 31, Poultry;
and E. NEWBERRY, Corner of St. Paul's
Church-Yard,

1797.



OBEDIENCE REWARDED,

AND

PREJUDICE CONQUERED,

&c. &c.

CHAP. I.

AT a beautiful village in Hampshire resided Mrs. Lascells, the widow of an officer in the guards; who, with the moderate fortune of five hundred a year, contrived to perform more acts of real benevolence than is usually practised by those who are possessed of as many
B thousands.

thousands.—Her family consisted of one boy and two girls; but the expence attending the education of the former, was defrayed by her brother, Admiral Mortimer; whilst the whole of her time was devoted to the improvement of the latter.

The summer vacation had nearly elapsed when Admiral Mortimer arrived at Mrs. Lafcells's, with a view of consulting her upon his plans for her son's future establishment. He was in every respect a sailor; and the highest felicity he expected to enjoy, was that of one day seeing his nephew captain of a man of war.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lafcells, who knew how ardently her brother engaged in every favourite pursuit, had frequently been vexed at observing in her son a dislike to that element of which his uncle was so fond, and therefore, on the morning after his arrival, she addressed Mortimer in the following words :

“ My dear boy,—As I no longer consider you in the light of a child, I think it necessary to inform you that your uncle is now appointed to the command of a fleet, and is anxious to take you under his protection, as it is the line of life which, of all others, he wishes you to pursue ; but as neither of us mean to force your

B 2

“ inclina-

“inclination, I beg to know whether
 “our desire accords with your approba-
 “tion.”

Mortimer was silent; and his mother thought she perceived traces of emotion pictured in his expressive countenance. My beloved boy, said Mrs. Lascells, you have on all occasions been taught to consider me in the light of an affectionate friend, and to treat me with the confidence that character inspires; and I hope, in an affair of such great importance as your future establishment, you will not deviate from a practice that has afforded me so much satisfaction.

Mortimer at first hesitated, but, assuming courage, said, I am sure, mam-
 ma,

ma, I should wish to do whatever you and my uncle thought right ; yet I would rather have been a foldier than a failor.

And what is your reason, my love, replied Mrs. Lafcells, for preferring the one profession to the other ? Before you make an election, it will be necessary for you to recollect that, as a foldier, you would only have the trifling pay of a subaltern to support you, without interest or friends to push you forward ; — but, as a failor, you would not only enjoy the advantage of your uncle's protection, but would be advanced by his power. However, if your objections are founded upon reason, you may depend

upon my endeavours to induce my brother to relinquish his favourite project; for whilst I am attending to my childrens interest, I shall always consult their happiness.

It was some time before Mortimer Lascells could be prevailed upon to disclose his reasons for objecting to a seafaring life; and his mother was extremely astonished at hearing that they all centered in his antipathy to the water. Conscious that her brother's disposition was rather inclined to be hasty, she resolved not to make him acquainted with her son's prejudice until she had endeavoured to eradicate it; and knowing him to be a lad of emulation, she thought

thought more might be done by calling it forth, than by any appeal to his reason or feelings.

Accordingly she desired him to leave her for the present, as she had letters of importance to write, and go to his sisters; who were amusing themselves in their little gardens.

Caroline Lascells was one year older than her brother, and Matilda four younger: she was the delight of the family, and, however extraordinary it may appear, was not at all injured by that circumstance.

As their brother approached, each exclaimed, What is the matter, Mortimer? for he looked extremely sorrowful: and when they heard there was a probability of his going to sea, both of them burst into tears; which Mortimer kissed away, and then pretended a stone had got into his shoe, that he might stoop down to hide his own emotion.

William, a lad who had lived two years servant with Mrs. Lascells, at this moment approached with a young goldfinch in his hand, which he had just rescued from the paws of a cat; and the ruffled feathers, and palpitating heart of the poor trembling little creature, not only called forth their compassion, but
diverted

diverted their minds; and the ocean and its terrors were all forgotten.—One ran for a cage, another for some bird-feed, and a third for water; and in less than half an hour Dicky had forgotten his danger, and began to chirp forth notes of gratitude.

Admiral Mortimer, though rather rough in his manner, possessed the most refined and delicate feelings; and was so delighted with William for having saved the little creature's life, that he not only presented him with half a crown, but gave him a cordial shake of the hand as he delivered it: and, going up to the children, gave each the same sum to buy it food, promising to take a ride

to Winchester in the evening, and purchase the handsomest cage that could be procured.

CHAP. II.

WHEN the Admiral had mounted his horse to fulfil his engagement with his nephew and nieces, they asked their mamma to accompany them in a walk to Dame Johnson's: a poor old cottager whom Mrs. Lascells's benevolence almost supported. In these excursions Mrs. Lascells usually amused them, by
relating

relating some fact out of history, or expatiating upon the amiable traits in some great character, and holding them up for their imitation. But this evening she was particularly silent, until little Matilda said, Mamma, have you nothing pretty to tell us to-night? What book were you reading just before you came out?

I was reading a description of Russia, my love, replied Mrs. Lafcells, and of the different men who have governed that mighty empire, which now makes inroads upon great part of Europe.

Is Russia as hot as the East Indies, mamma? said Matilda.—It is well you

have not begun geography, Matilda, replied Mrs. Lascells, or I should have been quite shocked at the question, for it happens to be one of the coldest countries on the globe. Indeed the severity of the climate is so great, that the breath often freezes as it issues from the mouth; and the peasantry, who all wear long beards, are frequently seen with icicles suspended from their chins. The meat continues frozen for months together; but when soaked in cold water, or rubbed with snow, is as good and juicy as if it was just killed.

Oh mamma! exclaimed Matilda, what a shocking place Russia must be! I would not live there for all the world,
for

for I should never know what it was to be warm.

You need never know what it was to be cold, Matilda, replied Mrs. Lafcells, unless you chose to go out, as the rooms are infinitely hotter than ours; for they have no fire-places to admit the cold air, but heat them by the means of flues, which are conducted round them: and the nobility and gentry of the country are so completely defended from the cold, by the use of furs, that you'd see them driving up the Neva in their sledges with as much spirit as our people of fashion do in Hyde Park. But if you want a description of Russia, you must apply to your uncle, who resided there
some

some years, though he will descant upon the qualities of their emperor, whom they styled Peter the Great, with a prolixity that may perhaps tire you.

Oh, mamma, said Mortimer, pray tell us what you know about him, for fear we should forget to ask my uncle.

In the short sketch which I shall give you of Peter the Great, you will perceive, my dear, said Mrs. Lascells, the possibility of subduing the strongest prejudices; and I hope you will endeavour to imitate so praiseworthy an exertion. He was son to the emperor Alexis, by a second marriage; and was only four years of age at the death of his father.

His

His eldest brother, Theodore, who was acknowledged successor to the throne, was a prince of a very weakly constitution, but of great mental abilities; and, after a short reign, perceiving his end approaching, he decreed that his brothers John and Peter should jointly possess the empire: for in the former were blended bodily infirmities, and great incapacity; but the latter gave testimony, in his earliest childhood, of the transcendency of his abilities, notwithstanding the disadvantages of his education.

Yet his antipathy and dread of water were so violent, that he was absolutely thrown into convulsions at being obliged
to

to cross a brook : but as his judgment ripened, he was sensible of the weakness he had unfortunately indulged, and resolved to conquer it. Going therefore to the side of a river, which he knew was not very deep, he boldly jumped in, and remained there some time : and this he did frequently, until he had entirely conquered his aversion to that element.

At this part of the story Mortimer's cheeks were covered with the blush of shame ; which Mrs. Lascells avoided noticing, but continued her narrative.— I am sure, if you applaud his courage, you will admire his perseverance and application ; for he was shocked at the ignorance in which his sister, the Princess

cess Sophia, an artful intriguing woman, had him educated in; and not only devoted his time to acquiring the languages of different nations, but turned his attention to the most minute affairs in the empire. — Until his reign the Russians were so ignorant of the advantages that are to be obtained by naval power, that they knew not how to construct the smallest vessels. — However, after Peter had disciplined his army, and put his empire into a state of tranquillity, by subduing its disturbers, he resolved to travel, *incognito*, to Rome, through Denmark, Holland, Vienna, and Venice, and make such observations upon the manners and customs of those different nations, as might be serviceable
in

in the improvement of his own: but his chief object was to obtain a complete knowledge of ship-building; and, for this purpose, when he arrived at Amsterdam, he disguised himself in a Dutchman's habit; and going to the village of Sardam, he purchased a boat, for which he made a mast, and then worked in the dock-yard, as a common carpenter, until he was a perfect adept in every branch of the trade. Disturbances at home compelled him to return sooner than he wished; but when those were quelled, he set out for England, and adopted the same mode of conduct at Deptford that he had practised at Sardam; and worked in the dock-yard there for several months.

Well,

Well, mamma, said Caroline, but only think of an emperor condescending to work with such people as carpenters ! do you think that was right ?

Perfectly so, my love, replied Mrs. Lascells ; for as his motive for doing it was the improvement of his country, I honour him for his condescension : and it was through his exertions that the Russian navy is little inferior to our own.

By this time the party had reached Dame Johnson's ; and, pulling the latch of the door very gently, they all entered the cottage without her perceiving them.

The

The poor old woman's back was to the door; and she was busily employed in covering a little basket with green leaves.

Well, Dame, said Mrs. Lafcells, in the softest tone imaginable, and how do you find yourself to-night?

Ah, my dear lady, replied the grateful creature, turning round and dropping one of her best courtesies, I am always well when I see you; but I have not been quite right to-day, for I have had a mortal bad pain in my side. Then, addressing herself to the children, she presented the little basket that contained some cherries, which she was just going
to

to send by her grand-daughter. Mrs. Lascells at first begged she would keep them herself; but perceiving she looked mortified at having her present refused, desired the children to accept it; and, after sitting a little time to rest, took her leave, promising to send the poor woman something for the pain in her side.

CHAP. III.

AS they quitted the cottage-door, they were overtaken by a party of beggars, who rather demanded than asked for

for charity; and upon Mrs. Lascells refusing to bestow it, they all set up a most violent shout, and began using the most scurrilous expressions.

Oh pray, dear mamma, said Matilda, do let me run after them, and give them the half-crown which my uncle gave me this morning; for though they are so impertinent, I dare say they are in great distress; for only look how ragged they are! and there is a poor little girl without shoes and stockings.

You must keep your half-crown, my dear Matilda, replied Mrs. Lascells, for a better purpose than that of ministering to vice; for though I wish to inspire
you

you with the spirit of charity, yet I would not have you indulge it in opposition to your reason, and in defiance of common sense. Those unhappy beings who have just passed us, certainly do not come under the description of objects of charity; for they are too idle to work, and too impudent to solicit; and therefore, I apprehend, they exist upon the plunder of their fellow-creatures; for no one would be inclined to dispose of their money when it is demanded instead of begged. There are so many poor in our own parish, whom we know to be deserving of assistance, that it is wrong to rob them of our support, and bestow it upon those who may be far less worthy of it; yet the poor in our country
are

are in an enviable situation compared with that of many others; and even in Wales they are in a much more pitiable state than they are with us. Mr. Pratt, in his *Gleanings*, describes the misery, yet the contentment which he found in a peasant's family at Barmouth, in North Wales.

Can you tell us about it, mamma? said Caroline; for I do not recollect his mentioning any thing of the kind, though I read a good deal of the work.

The circumstance made a strong impression upon my mind, replied Mrs. Lascells, because it proved that happiness is much less dependent upon outward

ward circumstances than the generality of people are willing to allow. He tells us that the house, if such it might be called, consisted but of one room, built in the form of a barn; and as much light issued in from the large holes in the thatch as from the window. The industrious inhabitants of this wretched dwelling consisted of a father, mother, and twelve children: the former of whom was employed in mending his fishing-nets; and his wife having the master of a little public-house, whilst some of the children were weaving, others spinning; and, in short, all but the infant in the cradle were occupied in some useful manner; and the utmost

e cheer-

cheerfulness and hilarity prevailed amongst the whole party.

But surely, mamma, said Caroline, as they were all so notable, they might have built themselves a better house, and not all have huddled together in one room.

Labour, my dear Caroline, is estimated at so low a value in that country, that the utmost advantage they could derive from their industry, was to procure food for their daily support; for you must recollect how numerous they were. — Here they were overtaken by Admiral Mortimer, who informed the young folks he had purchased the finest cage Winchester could produce, for their
new

new favourite ; and then, turning to his nephew, he clapped him on the shoulder, and demanded whether he was ready to climb a top-mast, or whether he was resolved to become a milk-fop, and remain tied to his mother's apron-string.

Mortimer replied, that he was not only ready to learn to climb the top-mast, but to go with him to any part of the world he thought proper.

That's bravely said, my heart of oak, replied the Admiral, giving him a hearty shake by the hand ; and then, turning to his sister, he exclaimed, Come now, don't you begin whining, and make a

fool of the boy ; for I believe I should have broke my heart if he had not gone with me, for I love the dog as well as if he was my own ; and if I live, I'll make a man of him ; and if I die, every sixpence I have shall be his own, except a trifle to you and these little dears.

Altho' Mrs. Lascells was delighted at finding her son's breast had been fired with emulation by the description she had given of the emperor of Russia's conduct, yet the idea of so long a separation as she knew must be inevitable, was very painful ; and she retired to her apartment to conceal the violence of her emotion.

When

When the family assembled in the breakfast-parlour the next morning, Admiral Mortimer was nowhere to be found; and, upon enquiring of his servant, Mrs. Laffells understood that he had mounted his horse by six o'clock in the morning, without saying where he was going. Whilst they were in a state of conjecture as to the motive of his excursion, they perceived him approach, walking his horse and talking to two or three plain-looking men. In a few moments he opened the door, and calling Mortimer out of the room, presented him to the people who attended him. One was a taylor, another a shoemaker, and the third a hatter, who had brought two or three different sizes with him; and when

he returned into the parlour to his sisters, he looked so fierce they hardly knew him. One admired the uniform, the other the cockade; and in short he looked at himself in the glass until he fancied he was one of the finest fellows in his majesty's service. But what delighted him most was, an elegant gold watch which his uncle purchased for him at Winchester.

When breakfast was ended, the little girls went to feed their birds, the Admiral to look at his horse, and Mortimer and his mamma were left together.

Perceiving they were alone, Mrs. Lascells said, my dear boy, it is not possible

fible for me to exprefs the fatisfaction I
 experienced at finding your refolution
 had conquered your prejudice. It is
 very natural for me to wifh to fee you
 eftablifhed in that mode of life moft
 likely to be advantageous; but if, after
 having made one voyage with your
 uncle, you fhould feel a repugnance to
 his profeflion, you fhall not only be left
 at liberty to follow your own inclination,
 but may depend upon it, that my bro-
 ther will ufe his endeavours to promote
 your intereft in whatever way of life
 you may make choice of; for your be-
 haviour has been fo praiseworthy, that
 it has increafed my affection, and aug-
 mented my tendernels; and whilft I love
 you for endeavouring to conquer a

childish disgust, I admire the motive that inspired it; for I am sure your resolution proceeded from a desire of fulfilling my wishes.

Mortimer assured his mamma, that it should be the study of his life to promote her happiness; and, after embracing her with the most filial affection, was going to fetch a book to read, when he was alarmed by a most violent shriek from Matilda. Mrs. Lascells flew to discover the cause, when she was met by the child, breathless with terror, and screaming out, a spider! a spider!

Mrs. Lascells took the insect from her shoulders, and placed it carefully
upon

upon the branch of a rose tree near which they stood, and, taking Matilda by the hand, asked what could have induced her to utter such alarming cries.

Oh ! mamma, replied the child, because I am so dreadfully frightened at a spider.

And why are you frightened at it ? said Mrs. Lascells. Is there any thing very terrific in its appearance ? did you not perceive that I touched it, and was not hurt ?

Yes, mamma, replied Matilda ; but Miss Harcourt says they are dreadful things ;

things; and she always screams if she but sees one. But, my dear Caroline, continued Mrs. Lascells, I would have you judge for yourself, and not be biassed by the prejudices of a weak little girl like Miss Harcourt. Take up the spider, and place it upon your arm, and you will be convinced it is perfectly harmless.—There is not any thing so troublesome, or so foolish, as those little prejudices which many people indulge to their own discomfort, and the torment of their connexions. One young lady dare not amuse herself with a walk, for fear of meeting a cow; another is withheld from crossing the most beautiful meadow, from the apprehension of being annoyed by a frog; and a
 third

third is thrown into hyſterics by the barking of a dog, which, the timid creature chuſes to fancy, has the appearance of being mad. In ſhort, it is not poſſible to deſcribe the catalogue of diſtreſſes which theſe affected miſſes are heaping on themſelves, from the mere want of a little reſolution ; but life, my dear child, is ſo full of real evils, that we need not create imaginary ones ; and therefore, I hope you will follow the example your brother has ſet you, and conquer your prejudice againſt ſpiders, as he has done his to water.

CHAP. IV.

JUST as Mrs. Lascells was pointing out to her daughter the folly of indulging prejudices, the post-man arrived and delivered two letters; the one addressed to Admiral Mortimer, and the other to Mrs. Lascells; the former contained an order for him to join his ship as soon as possible; and the latter was from Lady Burnaby, requesting Caroline's company on the following Monday, to pass a month at Burnaby-Hall.

Admiral Mortimer had expected the summons, and had therefore set out for
Winchester

Winchester as soon as he obtained his nephew's consent to accompany him, or the purpose of having his things completed with the utmost dispatch; and on the evening of that day, his jacket and trowsers arrived from the taylor's.

No child could be more delighted at dressing her new doll than he was in assisting his nephew to new-rig, as he termed it; and when he was completely equipped, he turned him round and round more than a dozen times, exclaiming, that he was as tight a built fellow as any in his majesty's service, and that he'd be bound to say, as sound bottomed too. Then, clapping him on the back,

back, he put a purse with ten guineas into his hands, desiring he would give his sisters something to remember him by : — tho' for the matter of that, continued he, I don't believe the pretty creatures would forget you.

Mortimer looked at the purse, and then at the Admiral alternately, as if doubting the possibility of its belonging to him : and, addressing himself to his uncle, said, Surely, Sir, you do not mean all this for me ?

Yes I do, my honest fellow, replied the Admiral ; for I must have you know how to use money ; and I have no fears that you will abuse it : go
along,

along, and show yourself to your mother.

When Mrs. Lascells beheld the exultation that appeared in his countenance as he presented himself before her, she was fearful of checking it by an indulgence of her tenderness; but the idea of the distance that would soon divide them, forced itself upon her imagination, and overpowered her feelings; and, pressing him to her bosom, she desired him to look for his sisters, as they would be delighted at his appearance.

Mortimer said not a word to his sisters about his uncle's liberality, as he intended to surprize them with his present; and

and by six o'clock the next morning, the Admiral and himself both set off for Winchester, under pretence of seeing whether his cot and all his things were ready; but in fact to purchase the intended presents.

After turning over half the things in the jeweller's shop, he resolved to buy Caroline a gold locket, and to put some of his hair into it; and Matilda a very large wax-doll; but what to present his mamma with, was a matter he could not determine, until his uncle informed him he perceived her pocket-book was grown very shabby, and thought a new one would be very acceptable.

William

William and the two maids were also to receive some mark of his esteem ; and Dame Johnson was not to be forgotten. For the former, he bought a handsome India silk handkerchief ; for the maids, six yards of broad ribbon and an apron each ; and for Dame Johnson, a nice thick coloured shawl, to keep her poor old shoulders warm when the cold weather arrived.

All these articles were put into the carriage ; and Mortimer was indulging the most agreeable ideas from the pleasure he was going bestow, when they were all dispersed by his uncle's saying, Well, my heart of oak, to-morrow morning by this time we shall be a
good

good many miles on our road to London.

To-morrow, uncle? said Mortimer, in a faltering tone of voice.

Yes, my honest fellow, replied the Admiral; but you must not say a word about it at home for your life, for I mean to make an undiscovered retreat.—Sir! said Mortimer.—Why you must know (he continued) I have a bit of the woman about me, notwithstanding I often appear a rough sort of a fellow: and I'd sooner face the mouth of a cannon than cock up my jib to take a parting kiss of those who are dear to me; and therefore I always sheer off unexpectedly. Now
your

your mother thinks we are not to go until Thursday; so we shall have no streaming eyes and sorrowful looks to encounter! and I know you'll be stout-hearted, and not betray my secret.

Mortimer promised a compliance with his uncle's wishes; but the thoughts of a separation so much sooner than he expected, cast a dejection over his countenance that made the Admiral quite unhappy; and he was sorry he had made him acquainted with his intention; but, by way of raising his spirits, he promised to return into Hampshire if the fleet remained any time at Sheerness. This kind proposal had the desired effect; and before they reached home,

Mortimer

Mortimer had recovered his usual cheerfulness.

The presents were received with the most grateful delight, and the day passed off with great cheerfulness.

But when bed-time arrived, and poor Mortimer was to take leave of his mamma and sisters for the night, the idea of parting was so dreadful, that he could not restrain his emotion; and, pretending some insect had got into his eye, he gave them a hurried embrace, and ran to his own apartment.

As Mrs. Lascells had no idea of their going until Thursday, she paid no attention

tention to the circumstance ; but merely desired him to keep his eye open, and wash it with cold water.

The next morning when the servant called her, she delivered a few lines from the Admiral, to give his reasons for departing so unexpectedly ; and though Mrs. Lascells was grieved at having lost her son sooner than she had expected, yet she was rejoiced at having been spared the pain of taking leave.

A few days brought a most affectionate and dutiful letter from Mortimer, which contained the pleasing intelligence of his health, and a lively description of his situation ; for he found so many boys
of

of his own age on board, that he was as happy as a prince.

Caroline remained at home a few days, and endeavoured, by her cheerfulness, to keep up her mamma's spirits; but at the expiration of that time, Lady Burnaby sent her carriage; and Mrs. Lafcells and Matilda were left together.

CHAP. V.

MAMMA (said Matilda, as she was one morning seated on a little stool at her feet, and dressing her doll in a new frock

frock which the house-maid had just made for her) Do you love me with all your heart?

Yes, my beloved Matilda, replied the affectionate parent, looking at her with ineffable tenderness, and pressing her with fondness to her maternal bosom,—but why do you ask the question?

Because, said Matilda, all mammas don't love their children; for Miss Harcourt's does not, and uses her very cruelly: and she's so shockingly passionate, never was any thing like it: then she beats poor Miss Harcourt, and locks her up in a dark closet; and it was
only

only yesterday that she took away her best frock.

I doubt, Matilda, replied Mrs. Lafcells, that Miss Harcourt is a very naughty girl, and deserves the treatment of which she complains; for as to her mamma's not loving her, that is absolutely impossible, unless her behaviour has been so bad as to destroy that affection which every parent must feel for their offspring. Do not you perceive, continued Mrs. Lafcells, what an affection even all the animal species evince for their young? and with how much care and tenderness they watch over them during the period they are incapable of protecting themselves? and
can

can you, for a moment, suppose that a being who is endowed with reason and reflection, would be less sensible of the strong tie of affection than a creature which is only gifted with a natural instinctive feeling, to cherish and preserve the existence of its offspring?

I don't quite understand you, mamma, said the child. Well, my love, replied Mrs. Lascells, then I'll explain myself in language more adapted to your comprehension. You know, when you do right or wrong, you have the power of reflecting upon your actions; and if you have done well, you feel a sort of self-satisfaction, which rewards you for it;

D

and

and if the contrary, a kind of self-reproach, which acts as a punishment.

O yes, mamma, that I do indeed, said Matilda; for I remember how miserable I was the last time I had offended you, and how sorry I was that you had gone out when I was naughty, that I had not an opportunity of begging your pardon.—Well, continued Mrs. Lascells, that contrition which you felt, was the effect of reason and reflection; but grown people feel that impression with much more force than children; and if they omit an act of duty, the remorse which they endure occasions them absolute misery; and as we all know that the tender duty which binds a parent
to

to its child, is one of the most forcible that can exist, I consider it impossible for a parent to break through it, unless a succession of undutifulness in the child weakens that attachment which nature has implanted. And if the animal-creation, who, as I said before, are not endowed with reason, feel an impulse to be kind to their offspring, do you not suppose that those who know it to be their duty to protect them, must experience it in a much stronger degree?

Oh mamma, said Matilda, I think, and I am sure you love me; but if Miss Harcourt's mamma loved her, she would not keep her upon bread and

D 2

water,

water, and fly into such violent passions with her.

Indeed, Matilda, replied her mamma, I am not inclined to think the keeping an obstinate passionate girl upon bread and water, any proof of Mrs. Harcourt's want of affection; for if gentle measures will not bring a sense of right, it then becomes a parent's duty to adopt severe ones; and I always thought Miss Harcourt a very unamiable little girl; and now I am convinced of it, or she never would have exposed the failing in her mamma's character. We are none of us, you know, without faults; but if our children publish them, what are we to expect from other people? and I am
sure,

sure, Matilda, your own sense must tell you how very wrong such behaviour was.

Indeed mamma, replied Matilda, I begin to think it was not very right of her; but you know Mrs. Harcourt never speaks in the pretty manner to her that you do to me and Caroline; and I dare say, if poor Emily had as good a mamma as we have, she would never say any thing against her.

I am not quite of your opinion, Matilda, said Mrs. Lascells; for I believe Emily Harcourt to be of a disposition that kindness and affection will make very little impression upon. In short,

she is a girl whom I wish you to have very little intercourse with, from an apprehension that her conduct and example might have a very pernicious effect upon a mind which I know to be naturally amiable; and her even having given you an idea that a parent did not love its child, might be attended with the most painful consequences; for whenever I found it necessary to punish you in future for a fault, it might give you an idea of its proceeding from a want of affection, when it ought to be the most convincing proof of my tenderness; for if I did not love you, of course, I should be indifferent to your actions, and not give myself the trouble of chastising your faults.

The

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the nurse-maid, with a square of fine muslin in her hand, torn into three or four large flits.

I am sorry, madam, said Betty as she entered, to be obliged to complain of Miss Matilda; but, really, yesterday evening, when you were out, her behaviour as well as Miss Harcourt's was so very rude, I could not possibly manage them; and though it was your desire Miss Matilda should never go into the kitchen, it was out of my power to prevent it; and when I attempted to take them away by force, they caught hold of my work, and tore it in the manner you see.

Matilda's countenance was instantly overspread with the blush of conscious shame; and, creeping behind her mamma's chair, she burst into a flood of tears.

Mrs. Lascells, unmindful of her daughter's emotion, enquired of Betty whether it was the first time Matilda had conducted herself improperly when Miss Harcourt was with her; and, upon being informed that her behaviour was always different at those periods, she resolved to check all farther intimacy; and, desiring Matilda immediately to retire to her own apartment, she considered it indispensably necessary to send that instant an apology to Mrs. Harcourt for

for her child's not being able to accept an invitation they received for the following day.

CHAP. VI.

Although Mrs. Lascells loved her children with the most exquisite tenderness, yet it was not that kind of blind partiality which threw a veil over their failings : on the contrary, she was more open to the conviction of their errors than to those of any other children ; and never discovered a fault without resolving to endeavour to eradicate it. Matilda therefore was not only miserable

at the idea of having incurred her mamma's displeasure, but was doubly unhappy, from the dread of punishment that might probably be inflicted ; and when Mrs. Lafcells entered the room where she was sitting, her dejected appearance softened the anger her improper behaviour had produced ; and after expressing the concern she felt at hearing so unfavourable an account of her conduct, she desired to know what recompense she intended to make Betty for the handkerchief which she had totally destroyed ?

As Matilda was unable to reply to this question, Mrs. Lafcells proceeded :—
You know, Matilda, if you commit a
fault,

fault, the only thing you can do is to solicit forgiveness; but if you do an injury, an ample reparation is absolutely necessary. As you have no muslin to give Betty, it is right you should buy her some; and I have brought you the three half-crowns which were put by for the purpose of purchasing your wax-doll, that you may have the satisfaction of doing it.

Matilda looked alternately at her mamma and the half-crowns, and then said, with a sigh, but when shall I be able to buy my wax-doll, mamma?

When you have acquired the habit of subduing your passions, replied Mrs. Lafcells, and are not obliged to spend

your savings in making reparation for the indulgence of them; but as I do not mean to allow you an opportunity of being induced to do wrong by bad advice, I flatter myself I shall not have the mortification of hearing that you have again acted in a manner so calculated to make me unhappy. Matilda promised never to be guilty of the like behaviour; and Mrs. Lascells, perceiving the sincerity of her sorrow, pressed her to her bosom, and the fault was forgotten.

The next morning Matilda went to her mamma's bed-side at an early hour, and with eyes swimming in tears, told her, poor little Fidelle was so dreadfully

fully ill, that he could not crawl out of his house; and besought her to get up immediately, and come to his assistance.

Fidelle was not only a favourite with his little mistress, but every person in the house was partial to him for his good-nature and attachment. Mrs. Lascells arose with alacrity to administer to his relief: but when she beheld the tortures the poor little animal endured, she was sensible all assistance would be vain, as he really seemed in the very agonies of death; but as his complaint appeared to be in his bowels, she gave him a large quantity of sweet oil, and had him put into some warm water.

Caroline

Caroline stood weeping over her little favourite; who, notwithstanding his torture, was sensible of her caresses, and as she rubbed his stomach, in hopes of relieving him, would lick her hand, and look at her with an expression of gratitude in his countenance that was thoroughly affecting. However, all attempts to mitigate his agony proved ineffectual, and in less than two hours after Matilda had called for assistance, the poor little dog expired, to the heartfelt distress of its mistress, and the regret of the whole family.

Matilda absolutely made herself ill by crying; and it was some time before her mamma could convince her how
wrong

wrong it was to indulge her feelings to so violent an excess.

I admire sensibility, my dear Matilda, said Mrs. Lascells, and should have been shocked if I had perceived no marks of sorrow for the death of your little favourite; but I cannot bear to see you feel as much for the death of an animal as you should do for the loss of a friend. Suppose it had pleased God to have deprived you of your sister's affection, or my maternal tenderness, would not that have been a much severer loss than the one you have sustained? Yet, if that misfortune had befallen you, it would have been your duty to have submitted with resignation to the will of that Being

who

who gave us life, and has a right to recall it.

Oh mamma, said Matilda, sobbing aloud at the very idea, and throwing her arms round Mrs. Lafcells' neck, I should die if I was to lose either you or Caroline! Indeed, indeed, I should.

I hope, my beloved girl, replied Mrs. Lafcells, such a misfortune is not in store for you; — but you must endeavour to arm your mind with fortitude, to enable you to bear whatever evils the Almighty may think proper to afflict you with; for misfortunes are intended for some wise end, and therefore to murmur at the decree of Providence, must be both presumptive and displeasing.

But

But mamma, said Matilda, did not you murmur when my poor papa died? for Betty often tells me how sadly grieved you were.

Grieved, indeed! continued Mrs. Lascells (with a sigh that evinced how much even the recollection of her sufferings pained her) but though I considered the death of your dear father as one of the severest misfortunes that could have befallen me, yet I endeavoured to support it with resignation; and reflected upon the blessings which Heaven still allowed me to enjoy, and was grateful! I also considered the superior miseries which many of my fellow-creatures were compelled to endure, and found that my own were
light

light in comparifon : but, continued Mrs. Lafcells, when I think you old enough to comprehend that excellent book the Bible, you will read a very interefting ftory indeed of a man whose name was Job ; whose misfortunes were of the fevereft nature, yet who fupported them with fuch refignation, as obtained him the favour of the Almighty.

I wifh, mamma, faid Matilda, you would let me read the Bible ; for my fifter tells me there are a great many pretty ftories ; and I want to know all about Job.

You fhall read it, my love, replied Mrs. Lafcells, as foon as I think you
can

can understand the sublime truths you will there meet with; yet I do not approve putting that inestimable book into the hands of a child until she is, in some measure, capable of relishing its contents: and though I have not time just now to give you the history of Job, I will recite it to you at some other period.

Mrs. Lafcells's conversation had the effect she wished; and Matilda's mind was for a time withdrawn from the contemplation of her loss. However, in the evening, she enquired of her mamma whether poor Fidelle might not be buried; and was informed that John had put him into a little deal-box, and dug a hole for him under the pear-tree;
and

and Mrs. Lafcells gave her the following lines, with permission to have them placed upon the tree.

Elegy on the Death of a favourite Lap-Dog, whose Name was Fidelle.

CLOSE to this spot, in peace, is laid
 Matilda's little fav'rite friend ;
 Who at her feet has often play'd,
 Tho' now his gambol's at an end.

The virtues which Fidelle possess'd,
 Were such as might a tribute claim :
 Attachment fill'd his little breast,
 And prov'd he well deserv'd his name.

Prov'd,

Prov'd, that tho' precept never taught
Her little dog to be sincere,
Yet worth supply'd the want of thought,
And made his very mem'ry dear.

C H A P. VII.

MATILDA was highly delighted with the tribute which her mamma had paid to the memory of her little favourite, and, after expressing her gratitude, requested she would tell her the story of that good man who had so many troubles.

That good man's name was Job, my dear Matilda, said Mrs. Lascells; and
he

he was one of the richest men in the east : he was possessed of seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, five hundred sheaffes ; and his servants and dependents were very numerous.

Oh mamma, exclaimed Matilda, how I wish you were as rich as Job ; and then how happy we should be !

Not a bit more so, my love, replied Mrs. Lascells, than we are at present ; for riches have not the power of conferring happiness, though they certainly are a means of ministering unto it ; but as we are blest with a sufficient portion to procure all the comforts of life, we ought

ought not to wish for its superfluities.—

But to return to my history : — Job was sensible that all the blessings of this life were derived from the benevolent hand of his Maker ; and not only poured forth his gratitude in daily praises for the benefits he enjoyed, but taught his children to do the same. In short, every action of his life was such as did credit to him as a christian, and honour as a man ! But as he had been a total stranger to misfortune, the Almighty thought proper to make a trial of his faith and resignation, and see whether his character would shine as conspicuously amiable in adversity as it had done in prosperity.

One evening as he was contemplating the blessings he enjoyed, and reflecting with gratitude upon them, he perceived one of his servants running towards him, in great speed, with a countenance expressive of calamity; and upon enquiring into the cause, was informed that, as the oxen were ploughing in the field, and the asses feeding by the side of them, the Sabeans, a neighbouring warlike nation, had slain the servants who were guiding them, and had driven away the beasts into their own country: and whilst the man was describing this disastrous event, another hasty messenger arrived, to inform him that his whole flock of sheep had been destroyed by the effect of lightning! Before he had

com-

completed his melancholy tale, a third came up, to say that the Chaldeans had fallen upon the keepers of the camels, slain them with their swords, and carried the beasts into Chaldea. Afflictive as this intelligence must have been, yet Job received it with resignation and fortitude. But think what must have been his sensations, when he perceived a fourth messenger approach, whose agitated appearance foretold some still greater calamity! Unable to demand the distressing circumstance, he silently awaited the cruel intelligence, and had the misery of hearing that, as his seven daughters and three sons were all enjoying themselves in their elder brother's house, a dreadful tempest arose, and the wind

E

raged

raged with such a degree of violence, as to destroy every thing that opposed it; and striking upon the house where these unfortunate young people were assembled, levelled it to the dust, and buried beneath its ruins the last and dearest of that good man's treasures!

Oh mamma, said Matilda, as the silent tear stole from her speaking eye, how did poor Job support such sad misfortunes?

As a man and a christian ought, my dear Matilda, replied Mrs. Lascells; he felt them most severely, but he prayed to God to enable him to bear them; and never repined at his wise decree.

This

This mode of conduct was so pleasing to the Almighty, that in process of time he bestowed upon him greater treasures than he had before enjoyed; for he had fourteen thousand sheep, six thousand camels, a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses; and he had seven more sons and three more daughters, all of whom were dutiful and affectionate children; and he was happier in his old age than he had been in his manhood.— And now, my dear Matilda, said Mrs. Lascells, I hope the history of Job's misfortunes, and the resignation with which he bore them, will be a lesson to you thro' life, never to suffer your spirits to be depressed by slight calamities: and if it should be your lot to encounter great

ones, that it will teach you to support them with patience and fortitude.

Yes, that it shall, mamma, replied Matilda; and whenever I am going to fret about trifles, I am determined always to think of poor Job.

The entrance of John, with a letter for Mrs. Lafcells, prevented her replying; and as soon as she had perused it, she gave Matilda the pleasing intelligence of her sister's return on the following Monday.

This was joyful news to Matilda, who loved Caroline with the most exquisite tenderness, and who had felt her absence

as a severe misfortune : and the remaining part of the evening was spent in conversing upon the happiness that was in store for her, and in rolling paper for the boats of a work-bag, which was intended as a present for Caroline on her arrival.

CHAP. VIII.

THE next morning Mrs. Lascells was agreeably surprised by a visit from her sister and her daughter Harriet, a little girl of Matilda's age.

Mrs. Collier had adopted a very different mode of educating her children to that which Mrs. Lascells had practised. As soon as they were old enough, they were sent to school ; and when they were at home during the vacation, they passed the whole of their time in the nursery.

As Mrs. Lascells knew her sister had an aversion to the society of children, she was obliged to deprive herself of the pleasure of Matilda's company, though eight or ten times in the course of the day she would run up stairs into the nursery, to take a peep at the object of her affection.

The first day of Harriet's arrival, the two cousins were the best friends in the world ;

world ; but on the second, there was a great division of opinion ; and on the third, as Mrs. Lafcells approached the door, she heard Harriet reproaching Matilda for her ignorance of the French language ; and Matilda, not to be anywise behind hand with her, retorting upon her cousin, with some asperity, and boasting of the perfection with which she played upon the piano ; and the want of skill with which the other performed.

Mrs. Lafcells expressed her concern that Matilda should have been so ignorant of the rules of politeness as to dispute with her visiter ; and after expatiating upon the impropriety of both

their behaviour, and the folly of boasting of acquirements, she told them she would endeavour to recollect a fable which she had written some years ago; and which was not inapplicable to the present subject.

The idea of hearing the fable, highly gratified them; and they intreated Mrs. Lascells would sit down and try to recollect it; which, in a few minutes, she was able to do; and repeated the following lines:

The Friar and the Pauper: a Fable.

A Friar, walking o'er the plain,

Met with a Pauper in his way;

And as the clouds portended rain,

Each shelter'd near a stack of hay.

Son,

Son, said the friar, in solemn tone,
I marvel much those rags you wear,
When, by a little strength of bone,
You'd earn enough to mend that tear

Besides, that idle useless life
Which you and all your brethren lead,
Is apt to nurture rage and strife,
And all the ills they're known to breed.

Father, reply'd the vagrant swain,
Practice and preaching, 'tis confess'd,
Are often found far wide atwain.

So tell me, pray, who made thy vest?

Did thy own hands that garment shape?

Or do they earn thy day's supply?

Or dost thou e'er provision make

For any hour that passes by?

The pray'rs which you pretend to pray
 For other souls besides your own,
 Procure you food for ev'ry day,
 And load that scrip with meat and bone ;

Whilst I, by praying for myself,
 Can hardly find a bit to eat :
 And, as to getting store of pelf,
 I've not enough to buy my meat !

But as we both by others live,
 And neither of us earn our fare,
 The lecture you on labour give,
 In truth, good father, you might spare.

MORAL.

MORAL.

This little fable's meant to teach
 A useful lesson to mankind ;
 And proves, that those who love to preach,
 Their own defects should always find.

Oh mamma, said Matilda, what a pretty fable ; and I think the old friar had no business to find fault with the beggar for not working, as he did not work himself.

Certainly not, replied Mrs. Lafcells ; and you were not entitled to blame Harriet for her ignorance of French, as you knew that her knowledge of music was

far superior to yours. But the truth is, we are all of us too apt to view the faults of others with a microscopic eye, whilst a self-partiality blinds us to our own.

At this moment Matilda, who had just turned her eyes to the window, exclaimed, Oh my sister! my sister! and ran out of the room with precipitation. Mrs. Lascells and Harriet followed; and Caroline, jumping from the carriage, was alternately pressed to the bosom of her mamma and sister: and a happier group was never assembled.

Caroline Lascells had just entered her thirteenth year, and was one of the most amiable

amiable girls in the world. She was open, placid, generous, and good-natured; and possessed such an insinuating mode of address, that it was impossible to be in her company without admiring her. She had passed a most pleasant time with her godmother, Lady Burnaby, and returned loaded with presents for Matilda; who received them with the liveliest testimonies of joy and gratitude. But as Caroline had no idea of meeting her cousin Harriet, she had brought her no proofs of her affection; though Matilda's generosity soon prevented her sister from feeling uncomfortable on that occasion; and an equal distribution of the presents was made between Harriet and Matilda, which produced

produced a perfect reconciliation; and the little dispute about their superiority of acquirements was totally forgotten.

CHAP. IX.

THE next morning a note arrived from Mrs. Champion, the widow of a rich East Indian, to invite the young folks to a ball on the following Thursday, and to say, that as it would be merely a young party, the hours would be very early; and therefore intreated Mrs. Lascells would not refuse.

The

The idea of taking a child of eight years old to a ball, struck Mrs. Lafcells as highly ridiculous; but as Mrs. Collier protested Harriet should go, and Caroline intreated that her sister might have the same indulgence, Mrs. Lafcells at length consented.

Mrs. Collier, who delighted in every species of amusement, prevailed upon her sister to accompany the young folks, though Mrs. Lafcells at first declined it, from not being in habits of intimacy with Mrs. Champion. As it was the first ball Matilda had ever been at, her little heart bounded with delight; and she could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, at the very idea of it.

Miss

Miss Collier was adorned with all the art that study and profusion could invent, whilst her lovely cousins were dressed with a simplicity and neatness that was infinitely more attractive.

When they arrived at Champion-Hall they were met at the door of the saloon by the young men in honour of whom the entertainment was given; and the countenance of the one instantly prepossest Mrs. Lascells in his favour, whilst that of the other created a sensation of abhorrence.

These youths, who were joint heirs to an immense property, had been educated in England, but were going to India in
the

the following week to take possession of their inheritance ; and it was on this occasion that the ball was given.

Miss Champion was many years younger than her brothers (who were twins) and was certainly in person a most lovely girl ; but there was a degree of self-importance in her manner, that was strikingly disgusting.

Amongst the number of young people who attracted the attention of Mrs. Lafcells, was a beautiful girl, about twelve years old, whose dejected countenance, amongst a number so very animated, was peculiarly striking ; and she resolved to speak to her the first convenient opportunity ;

tunity ; but as the rooms were very crowded, it was not an easy matter.

At length the child, by accident, placed herself near Mrs. Lafcells ; and just as she was going to address her, she perceived the young man approach whose prepossessing manner had struck her when she entered. Taking the little girl by the hand, my poor Maria, said he, this is cruelly mortifying to you ; but my mother protests you shall not dance, though I have been trying to persuade her to it for this half hour. — Seeing Mrs. Champion drawing near, he slipped away, as if fearful of having been seen to converse with the little unfortunate.

The

The conversation Mrs. Lascells had overheard, was calculated to increase the interest which the dejected appearance of Maria had produced ; and going up to her, she said, What is the reason, my love, of your appearing so very dispirited in such a scene of universal gaiety as this ? and why do you not mix with the lively throng ?

To these interrogations the child only replied with a sigh ; but at the same time looked around with the utmost embarrassment, as if fearful of being observed speaking to a stranger. Where do you live ? continued Mrs. Lascells, with a still softer tone of voice ; for you seem unhappy, and I should wish to remove it.

A tone

A tone of kindness seemed so new to the poor girl's ear, that she appeared to doubt the reality of the sound ; but, acquiring courage by Mrs. Lascells' manner, she said, Indeed I am unhappy, madam, but—— But what? my love, said Mrs. Lascells.—But I am afraid Mrs. Champion should hear me speak to you.—Never fear, continued Mrs. Lascells, but tell me who you are, and how you came in Mrs. Champion's power? Mrs. Champion at this moment drew near; and the child, terrified at her presence, crept silently away; and Mrs. Lascells had not an opportunity of speaking to her during the remaining part of the evening.

As soon as the party was seated in the carriage, all the children began exclaiming against Miss Champion's behaviour to poor Maria.

And who is Maria? said Mrs. Lascells.—She is the daughter, mamma, replied Caroline, of poor Mr. Faulkner, the curate, who was killed, you know, by a fall from his horse, about two years ago; and Mrs. Champion took Maria to be a playfellow for Miss Champion. But you never saw such treatment in your life! The poor thing happened to break a china jar to-day; and for that reason Mrs. Champion would neither let her dance or touch one of the sweetmeats; though I saw Mr. Henry Cham-

pion

pion flip two or three into her hand; and I could have kissed him for it: — but as to his brother, he spoke to her just as unbecomingly as Miss Champion did.

The interest which Mrs. Lascells had felt at the sight of poor Maria, was augmented when she was informed whose child she was; and she resolved to adopt some method to relieve her from so irksome a situation, though how to accomplish it was certainly a point of delicacy.

The next morning Mrs. Collier's carriage was ordered to be at the door by twelve o'clock; and it was resolved that, as they returned from their airing, they should call at Champion-Hall.

When

When they arrived there, they were informed that Mrs. Champion and her daughter were out; but upon enquiring whether Miss Faulkner was at home, they were answered in the affirmative.

Mrs. Lascells desired to see her; and was shocked at the description of the treatment she met with from a person who had pretended to receive her from motives of benevolence. As soon as she got home she wrote a letter to Mrs. Faulkner, informing her of Maria's miserable situation, and inclosed at the same time a bill of thirty pounds; which sum she promised to pay annually for the little girl's board; and in a few days she had the satisfaction of receiving an answer

swer from Mrs. Faulkner, expressive of her unbounded gratitude. The poor woman said, in her letter, that she had parted from her child with the most distressing reluctance; but that Mrs. Champion's assurance of kindness and her own confined circumstances, had induced her to consent to the proposal: and that her heart was beating high with pleasure at again enjoying the society of her beloved Maria, whom she had taken from Mrs. Champion's protection, under the pretence of being melancholy alone.

The idea of having contributed to the happiness of two unfortunate people, conveyed to the mind of Mrs. Lascells
the

the most refined gratification; but as her income was not large, she knew it would be necessary to make some retrenchment, to enable her to administer to the comforts of poor Mrs. Faulkner: and she pointed out to her children the satisfaction she received in adopting that plan. — Caroline no sooner heard this, than she immediately proposed they should each of them receive only eighteen-pence, instead of half a crown, for their weekly allowance.

Mrs. Lascells was highly delighted at this proof of the amiable turn of her daughter's mind; but declined accepting the proposal.

CHAP. X.

WHEN the morning arrived for Mrs. Collier's departure, Harriet requested her aunt would give her a copy of the Fable she had repeated to Matilda and herself.

Mrs. Lascells informed her that she had not time then to write it out; but offered to give her some lines which she had composed the night she came from Mrs. Champion's; and told her the idea had been suggested from the different traits of character which she had observed

erved in the countenances of the two brothers.

Harriet was delighted at the prospect of possessing some poetry of her aunt's composing : and Mrs. Lascells took out her pocket-book, and presented to her the following lines :

Virtue and Vice.

From India's genial isles were sent
Two eastern boys, with the intent
That, in this free and gen'rous land,
Their minds might polish and expand.
The one was noble, brave, and just ;
His heart a stranger to distrust ;
With manners strikingly refin'd,
And graceful ; from a polish'd mind.

That mind, the seat of ev'ry grace,
 Illumin'd an expressive face ;
 At gen'rous deeds his breast would glow,
 And tremble at a tale of woe !
 Such was the one. But mark the other ;
 And wonder at the name of Brother !
 Imperious, artful, mean, and vain :
 His pleasure was in giving pain.
 In short, he'd practise ev'ry art
 That could disgrace the human heart !—
 Ten circling years had rapid flown
 Since they had left the Torrid Zone :
 And Henry had improv'd his thought
 With all the learning science taught ;
 But Edward felt no emulation ;
 And study was his detestation.
 And now the time approach'd again
 When they should view that distant plain
 Where

Where flav'ry's gloomy horrors rise
 To fill the heart with fear and sighs !
 As they approach'd their native land,
 The ebon slaves crowd on the strand ;
 Anxious their future fate to trace
 In either master's speaking face.
 The soft'ning look which Henry gave
 As he retreated from the wave,
 Imparted comfort to their breast,
 And seem'd to say, with me there's rest !
 Seem'd then to say, their state he'd mend,
 And prove himself the negro's friend !
 But when they turn'd to Edward's face,
 A chilling fear appall'd the race ;
 And tho' they had not felt his pow'r,
 They trembl'd for the future hour.
 Foreboding looks each eye exprest,
 And apprehension swell'd each breast !

Thus the poor hen, appall'd with fear,
Trembles whene'er the hawk is near ;
And, as she calls her little train,
Her beating bosom proves her pain !

MORAL.

When the stern passions are express'd
That lodge within the mind,
Expect no kindness from that breast,
Nor friendship hope to find !

But when benevolence you read
In each expressive eye,
Why then expect a friend in need,
Who'll share each heartfelt sigh.

Thank

Thank you a thousand times, aunt, said Harriet; for it is very pretty indeed.

But, pray, mamma, said Caroline, do you think you can always tell a person's disposition by their face?

No, my love, replied Mrs. Lascells, by no means; but where the character is so strongly marked in the countenance as it is on the young Champions, it is almost impossible to be deceived; and the little trait we had of their dispositions in their conduct to poor Maria, proved that my opinion was well founded. But I should be very sorry to set up for a judge of physiognomy, Caroline,

line, because I know that it frequently leads to the drawing unfavourable opinions of very worthy characters.

Mrs. Collier's carriage now drove up to the door; and though Matilda and Harriet had disputed several times, yet the idea of a separation seemed equally painful to both; but the prospect of soon meeting again, reconciled them, in some degree, to parting.

Matilda stood at the window until the carriage was out of sight; when, drying up her tears, she said, I wish, mamma, Harriet had never come here, I feel so unhappy now she has left us!

That

That is being very ungrateful, Matilda, replied Mrs. Lafcells, for the pleasure you have experienced in her society. Though happiness is not of long duration, yet we ought to receive the portion that is bestowed with gratitude to that Being who confers it; and, instead of repining at his dispensations, acknowledge with humility that our enjoyments greatly exceed our deserts.

Soon after Mrs. Collier's departure, Mrs. Lafcells proposed taking a walk, by way of endeavouring to dissipate the melancholy which always succeeds a separation from those persons who are dear to us.

Caroline walked by the side of her mamma, whilst Matilda amused herself by running, jumping, and gathering flowers. As she felt herself rather tired, and had outwalked her mamma, she sat herself down on a bank, by the side of a rivulet, to rest, and wait until Mrs. Lascells reached her; when, turning her head to the other side, she beheld the figure of a poor man stretched out upon the grass, whose pallid countenance bespoke sickness, and whose tattered garments evinced poverty!

Starting from her seat, she bounded back to her mamma, and told her she had seen a poor man dying through want, she believed.

At

At this intelligence Mrs. Lascells quickened her pace, and came up to the man just as he was attempting to rise; but which he was incapable of doing.

My good friend, said Mrs. Lascells, I fear you are ill! Where do you come from? and whither are you going?

I'm ill indeed! my dear good lady, replied the poor creature, in the most enfeebled accents. I came only from the neighbouring town; but I have had a cancer many years; and I was told there is a plant grows by the side of the rivulet that is good for it, and so I thought I'd e'en try it; but the walk

has been rather too much for me; and God knows how I shall get home again!

But had you no one to send? said Mrs. Lascells. I am sure you are in much too weak a state to have undertaken such a walk. Have you no wife, no children, nor no friend?

This question seemed to arouse all the poor creature's feelings; and, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, No! no! I have outlived them all; and the more's my misfortune!

Caroline and Matilda both sympathized with the unhappy stranger; and, beseeching him not to cry, emptied their purses into his lap.

As Mrs. Lafcells perceived he was utterly incapable of walking home, she was under the utmost anxiety to think how he could be got thither (as they were three miles from the town) when, fortunately, she perceived a countryman walking in the adjoining field. A little exertion of her voice soon brought him to the spot ; and she requested he would run to Master Cowley's, the wheelwright, and beg he would send his little cart ; and that she would repay him for the trouble.

During the time the cottager was gone for the cart, the little girls employed themselves in gathering the plant which the poor man had come in search of ;
but

but which he was too much fatigued to procure ; and when they had got a large handful, they all sat down by him, and heard the following little history of his sorrows, which Mrs. Lascells desired him to relate.

CHAP. XI.

I WAS born, madam, said the poor man, at a small village about four miles from Cambridge ; my name is Parsons ; and my father was a miller. As I was an only child, my parents humoured me
in.

in all my little untoward ways; and being rather headstrong, by the time I was fourteen years old, I was master both of my father and mother; and would not take their advice about any thing. My father wanted me to follow his trade; but I had got acquainted with a boy at Cambridge who was going to sea; and nothing would satisfy me but I must go with him. My father begged, and my mother cried, but all in vain; so when they found I would be nothing but a sailor, they spent their last farthing to rig me out like a gentleman. Accordingly I went on board a ship that was going to be stationed in the Mediterranean; and, unfortunately, we fell in with some Algerine corsairs, who

who took us prisoners; and I was carried in chains into Algiers. Then, madam, I began to repent of not having followed my parents advice; and all the misery I had brought upon them, fell heavily upon myself. If, madam, I was to tell you all the hardships I went through for nine years in that state of slavery, it would make your heart ache, although I brought it on myself, by my undutiful behaviour. But one day, as I was watering the garden at the top of the house (for in that country, madam, the houses are all flat at top, and have gardens upon them) a Christian gentleman, a friend of my master's, came up to me, and asked me my name, and several other questions. But, to
make

make short of my story, he liked my looks, and bought me from my master. Well, madam, in my new place I lived three years, and grew a great favourite with my master; but at that time it pleased God to take him; and I was again without a friend in the world: but as my poor master had left me my freedom, and I had saved a little money, I contrived to procure my passage to England, and resolved to spend the rest of my days with my poor father and mother, and make them amends, by my future kindness, for all my past ill behaviour. But scarcely had I set my foot on English land when I was met by a press-gang, and hoisted on board a tender, where I remained several weeks, and
 then

then was removed to a man of war ; and in an engagement with the Spaniards lost one of my eyes, and had three of my ribs broken. When I came home, the first thing I did was to go to Noxton ; but alas ! my poor parents were no more ; and I had the misery of hearing they had died of a broken heart ! Having been bred to no trade, and possessing no money, I knew not how to get a livelihood ; but as I was fond of gardening, I turned my mind to that, and got into place as under - gardener. At length, Madam, I married the house-maid, and took a little spot of my own ; and it pleased God to bless my undertakings. I had two sons : and there began my sorrows ; for all the misery I had brought

brought on my poor parents was doubly heaped on my own head ! My poor dear wife was always of a sickly turn ; and the grief her unworthy children brought upon her, soon put an end to her life : and since her death I have been attacked with this dreadful complaint, which I think will soon release me from all my sorrows. But as I have nothing to live by but my labour, I was willing to try if the herbs I was told of would give me a little ease, for I have been so much worse this last week, that I was unable to work. I changed my last half-crown this morning.—And now, young ladies, said the poor man, addressing himself to the children, I hope the account of my misfortunes will teach you to be duti-

ful

ful to your parents, and never to act contrary to their advice ; for all my distresses were brought on me by my own headstrong actions ; and if I had followed the advice of my father, I should never have gone through such hardships : but those who act undutifully to their parents, are sure to have the sin visited on their own heads.—Here the arrival of the cart put an end to the poor man's observations ; and as it drove slowly towards the village, it was followed by Mrs. Lascells and her two daughters.

They had not walked above a mile, when they met Mrs. Seymour and her daughter, who intreated Mrs. Lascells to return with them to the grove, and
 spend

spend the day there ; but as Mrs. Laicells had predetermined to go to the poor man's house and engage some person to take care of him, she declined the invitation ; resolving not to let an engagement of pleasure interfere with an act of duty.

When Mrs. Seymour found she could not prevail with her friend to spend the day with her, she offered to accompany her part of the way she was going : and the young people walked on first, and began the following conversation :

I wonder, my dear Caroline, said Charlotte Seymour, what is the reason your mamma will not dine with us to-day ?

day? and, as you are not going out, I think it is abominably cross.

Don't say it's cross, replied Caroline, for my mamma is incapable of being so; but I dare say it is because she wants to go and see a poor old man whom we accidentally met in the fields, and who has not a friend in the world!

Well, exclaimed Charlotte, I think that is a fine compliment to my mamma, however! to think that she should prefer going to see a poor wretch that she knows nothing of, to paying a visit to her friend!

Caroline, who both loved and venerated her parent, was quite exasperated at
hear-

hearing her spoke disrespectfully of; and, withdrawing her arm which she had put within Charlotte's, and colouring with resentment, she said, Indeed, Charlotte, if you can't entertain me with any thing more agreeable than your disapprobation of my mamma's conduct, I don't wish to walk with you.

Miss Seymour, who really was very partial to Caroline, begged her pardon for what she had said. But indeed, my dear, Caroline, she continued, your mamma has such a number of old fashioned notions, that I am fearful she will quite spoil you. I hear you all attend the Sunday-school every Sunday morning; and that even you sit down and turn
two-penny

two-penny school-mistress; but I can scarcely believe it possible!

It is very true, I assure you, replied Caroline; and if you were once to experience the pleasure which I do from the employment, you would neither think it astonishing nor ridiculous.

Well, I protest, said Charlotte, I have a great mind to go with you next Sunday; for it will help to pass away the time, and it always is such a horrid tedious day with me, I never know what to do with myself.

By this time Mrs. Seymour felt herself fatigued; and calling to her daughter,
ter,

ter, wished Mrs. Lascells good morning, and returned to the grove.

C H A P. XII.

Mrs. LASCELLS did not reach the poor man's cottage until some time after he had arrived there : and the order which she found all his little utensils arranged in, was really astonishing.

The first thing she did was to send for Mr. Hammond the apothecary ; who declared his debility was more the

effect of poverty than disease ; and said he did not doubt making a cure of him, if he could entirely abstain from labour.

Mrs. Lafcells was delighted at this information, and promised to allow him seven shillings a week until his recovery was complete ; and as each of the children joyfully contributed their shilling towards his support, Mrs. Lafcells was convinced he might live very comfortably : then calling upon his next door neighbour, she requested her to do those little offices which his situation required, promising to reward her for the trouble ; and in less than three weeks she had the satisfaction of hearing that the wound
which

which the poor man had thought a cancer, was perfectly healed, and that he was enabled to return to his usual occupation of gardening.

Those who have never been in the practice of benevolent actions, can have but little idea of the refined gratification they convey to the mind, and therefore can form but an imperfect opinion of the satisfaction Mrs. Lascells experienced at the reflection of having been instrumental to a fellow-creature's being restored to the blessing of health: but those whose hearts participate in the woes of others, will better conceive her sensations than they can be described.

Mrs. Collier, after her departure, was repeatedly writing to her sister to intreat she would return her visit; but as Mrs. Latcells had always been in the habit of making the anniversary of her childrens birth a day of festivity, Matilda requested the visit might be postponed until after her birth-day. Great preparations were made for the celebration of this festival: and on the morning of its arrival Mrs. Latcells presented her with an elegant little pocket-book, containing the following lines:

On

*On the Birth-Day
of Miss Matilda Lascells.*

May my Matilda's life be crown'd
With ev'ry vernal joy !
And may no chilling blast be found,
Her pleasures to destroy !

And as on life's tempestuous sea
My dear Matilda fails,
May ev'ry zeph'rous breeze agree
To waft her gentle gales !

May soft Content, with placid eye
And flowing azure-vest,
Now leave her mansion in the sky,
And dwell within her breast !

May Fortune, with a store of wealth,
A tide of joy bespeak !
And may the roseate goddess Health,
Long mantle on her cheek !

May Friendship's animating beams
Long shed a genial ray !
And, by the radiance of her gleams,
Illumine all her way !

May Pleasure, in her airy round,
With flow'rs her path adorn !
And may the rose for once be found
Without its usual thorn !

Delighted with this proof of her
mamma's affection, Matilda ran into
her sister's room to display it ; who was
just

just sewing the tassels on a very pretty ribbon-purse she also intended for Matilda; who received it with joy and gratitude.

All the little girls belonging to the Sunday-school were by twelve o'clock assembled at Mrs. Lascells's; and, after regaling themselves with roast beef and plumb-pudding, they all retired to the lawn, and amused themselves with playing at *thread my needle* and *blind man's buff*.

About five, the little guests who were to compose the ball made their appearance; and at seven the dancing began, which was continued without intermis-

sion until ten; when an elegant supper was prepared, consisting of fruits, tarts, jellies, and confectionary; and by half past eleven the little party dispersed, delighted with their evening's entertainment.

On the following day, as Mrs. Lascells was sitting reading at her bow-window, she perceived an old-fashioned chariot drive up to the door, which she knew belonged to a Mr. Moreton, a gentleman whose singularities had occasioned him to become the subject of general conversation in the neighbourhood, tho' he did not associate with any of the families in it.

Surprized

Surprized at receiving so unexpected a visiter, Mrs. Lafcells had hardly time to caution her children against expressing by their countenance any astonishment at his uncouth appearance, when the door opened, and his name was announced. He entered, dressed in a long brown stuff dressing-gown, and a purple velvet cap, with a gold tassel on the top of it.

Madam, said he, as he approached, I am not a man of form, as you may perceive by my appearance; but though I am an old-fashioned fellow, I respect worth and merit, wherever it is to be found; and as I have been informed it resides on this spot, I was determined to express my veneration of it.

The singularity of his address was still more striking than his appearance; and Mrs. Lascells was so much astonished at it, that she hardly knew how to reply. However, she told him she was much flattered by his good opinion; and requested he would be seated.

Availing himself of her offer, he placed himself on a seat by her side, and resting his chin upon an ivory-headed cane, sat some moments in a musing posture; then looking at Mrs. Lascells with an enquiring eye,—Yes, he exclaimed, there's goodness strongly depicted there, and I could have discovered it, if Parsons had not given testimony of it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lafcells began to think that the accounts she had heard of his singularities were all true, and that they had proceeded from a disordered imagination; when, taking her hand, he said Will you forgive a stranger for asking you a very rude question?

Mrs. Lafcells informed him he was privileged to ask whatever he thought proper. Then, madam, said he, Is it true that you have learnt the art of making many hearts sing with joy, who have only the moderate fortune of five hundred a year?

Mrs. Lafcells informed him that was the full extent of her income: add-

adding, that she was grateful to the Hand who bestowed it. — Then, my good lady, said he, I have been thinking how much good you might do in the world if that sum was doubled: and, as I have no child in the world, nor any relations for whom I have an affection, I am resolved to increase your income to that sum; and I bless God that I have found out a being who will make so praiseworthy a use of those riches he has benevolently conferred upon me, which are more than I know how to dispose of. Mrs. Lascells was for some moments incapable of replying; but when she did, it was to say that he far over-rated her few merits; and to enquire to whom she was indebted for his good opinion.

But

But before he would make any reply, he opened his long gown, and took out of a large pocket that was made in it, two or three sheets of parchment, and putting on his spectacles, he began reading their contents : by which Mrs. Lafcells found herself put into the immediate possession of an estate of five hundred a year.

As soon as he came to the conclusion of it, now said he, I'll tell you to whom you owe this addition to your fortune :— About a fortnight ago I had the misfortune to lose an old gardener, who had lived with me near forty years ; and some of my people recommended to me a man of the name of Parsons, whom I engaged as his successor. As I have a
taste

taste for that employment, I spend a
 good deal of my time in my garden.
 And as I saw the fellow was diligent,
 and understood his business, I was pleased
 with him, and entered into conversation
 about his private affairs; and in short,
 madam, had his history from his birth
 to the time that your benevolence re-
 stored him to newness of life. His gra-
 titude charmed me; and I was resolved
 to find out if you really were the angel
 he painted you. Accordingly I went,
 I may say, to every cottage in your
 neighbourhood; and each voice, both
 old and young, were loud in your praise.
 Mr. Hammond the apothecary is an old
 friend of mine; and from him I learnt
 what was your real income. I then re-
 solved

solved to bestow part of my own in the way I have done :—but you owe me no favour, for I have long been anxious to know how I should dispose of my property ; and I am greatly rejoiced that I have found out so worthy an object to possess it.

Mrs. Lascells's emotion upon this joyful occasion, was greater than can be conceived ; and she really was incapable of expressing her gratitude.

The feelings of Caroline and Matilda were less strong and overpowering than those of their mother ; and they both gave the liveliest testimonies of their joy and delight.

Mr.

Mr. Moreton took each of them in his arms, and gave convincing proofs that his excentricities had not proceeded from want of feeling. Then, addressing them in the language of friendship, he besought them to follow the example of their excellent parent, and remember that benevolent actions generally met with their reward in this world as well as in the next. Then rising from his seat and shaking Mrs. Lascells with great cordiality by the hand, requested she would come and spend the following day with him; for, said he, do not suppose that I have given away five hundred a year without an interested motive; for I meant to purchase your friendship. Then embracing each of the children, he

he stepped into his chariot, and was driven home, to enjoy in solitude the gratification arising from so generous an action.

This wonderful acquisition of property was so unexpected to Mrs. Lascells, that it was some time before she could credit the reality of it; and the first thing she did was to retire to her chamber, and pour forth her gratitude to that Being who had raised her up so generous a friend.

The only alteration she made in her establishment was an additional manservant; which, as she intended to keep a little low chaise, she could not do with-

out,

out, as William was not capable of looking after a horse; but she had him taught gardening; and by that means saved the expence of hiring one occasionally: as she used to observe, that as Mr. Moreton had made such a liberal addition to her income for benevolent purposes, she would never lavish it away in useless extravagance.

CHAP. XIII.

THE morning after this unexpected acquisition of wealth, Betty entered the young ladies apartment with a countenance

nance expressive of the strongest emotion. Caroline instantly perceived it, and enquired the reason with a solicitude of manner that proved how tenderly she felt for distress, though ignorant of its cause.

The poor girl made no reply; but, bursting into a flood of tears, absolutely sobbed aloud. Matilda jumped out of bed in a moment, and throwing her little arms round Betty's neck, besought her not to cry, whilst her own tears bore testimony of her sympathy.

Mrs. Lafcells, who was a very early riser, now entered; and seeing Betty in such an agony of grief, and both her children

children participating in her emotion, was instantly alarmed with the idea of some dreadful intelligence having arrived in which she was nearly concerned, exclaimed, Gracious Heaven ! have I lost my beloved boy ?

Betty was instantly roused from her own sorrows by the agonizing tone of her mistress's voice, and assured her that Master Lascells was in good health ; and apologized for having alarmed her.

Mrs. Lascells, who was always anxious to relieve distress, besought her servant to compose her feelings, and tell her whether she could not do any thing to relieve her distress.

Oh

Oh no, madam, said the girl : angel as you are, it is out of your power to do me any good ; for I know the law must take its course. Her mistress desired her to sit down and recover herself, and then describe the circumstance that afflicted her.

Poor Betty, after wiping her eyes, proceeded as follows : — I think, madam, you saw Daniel last May when he called upon me, and may remember what a good looking boy he was ? Mrs. Lascells replied she did. Well, madam, continued she, though he looked such a sweet gentle creature, he always was as unruly as a lion ; and my poor father and mother could make no hand of him.

He

He would neither work nor learn, yet he was so proud, that unless he was dressed better than any boy in the village, he would lead his parents the life of a dog. At last, there was a lady and gentleman came from Southampton to spend a week at the parson's; and they saw Daniel playing at marbles in the church-yard, and was quite taken with his beauty, as I may say; and so they went up and talked to him, and found him such an acute lad (for he was always very sharp, madam) that they offered to take him home with them: and my poor father thought, mayhap, he'd be better with strangers than he was with friends, and so was very glad to think he had been so lucky. Well, madam,
 he

he went; and his master and mistress treated him more like their child than a servant; but he soon grew sadly idle, and got into bad company, and used to play at cards with a set of sharpers; and at last, madam, he was wicked enough to rob his master, who had been such a friend to him; and we have just heard that he is now lying in gaol for it. God knows what will be done with him; but I fear it will break his father and mother's heart! — Here the poor creature burst into a fresh agony of grief; and it was with the utmost difficulty her mistress could pacify her. However, by promising to exert herself in the lad's favour, she at length succeeded; and the violence of the poor creature's grief was softened into a gentle melancholy.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lascells then desired her to put on her hat and go directly to her father and mother, and endeavour to alleviate their sollicitude, by an assurance of her readiness to exert herself in their son's behalf.

As soon as the poor girl had left the room, she alternately embraced both her children, and at the same time turned up her eyes to Heaven, in silent gratitude, to that Being who had bestowed upon them dispositions so diametrically opposite to the one they had just heard described; and addressing them in the tenderest accents, she said, I hope, my beloved children, the account of that unhappy boy's miserable situation, will

be a lesson to you to conquer every improper inclination before it has attained an ascendancy, by becoming a habit. Had he subdued his tendency to idleness, though he would not have been an amiable, he might have become a useful member of society; but, by indulging it, you hear to what a shocking state he has reduced himself! and what misery he has brought upon his family!

Both the children promised to do every thing in their power to render themselves worthy the affection of so good a parent; and Matilda said, I am sure, mamma, I often feel inclined to be in a passion; but then I always think of the time that I tore poor Betty's hand-

H

kerchief,

kerchief, and that makes me get the better of it; and I do not believe I shall ever be in a passion again.

I am rejoiced to hear you make so praiseworthy a resolution, my love, replied Mrs. Lascells; for we have only to determine to do right, and we shall never do wrong: for rest assured, our evil propensities are much easier subdued than we are willing to allow.

At this moment William brought in two letters, with foreign post-marks; one addressed to Mrs. Lascells, the other to Caroline, whose eagerness to peruse it was so great, that she could hardly allow herself to break the seal. Mrs.
Lascells

Lafcells approached, and looked over her with an anxious eye, whilst she read the following words:—

“ My ever dear Caroline, I know you will be glad to hear that we are not only safe and sound after our engagement with the Dons, but are likely to get something handsome by them; and then you shall see what fine things I will bring you from Gibraltar!

“ Oh Caroline, if I could but see you, Matilda, and my dear mamma, I should be as happy as the days are long; for my uncle is so kind to me, you cannot think: but every body loves him;

and all the sailors would lay down their lives for him.

“ Oh my dear Caroline, you cannot think what a shocking thing a sea-fight is ! but I won't talk about it now it is over, and, thank God, we had only three men killed and seven wounded.

“ Gibraltar, I assure you, is a very nice place ; and my uncle always takes me with him when he goes to see the governor : and we never go on shore but he buys me something new.

“ I suppose Matilda has broke her doll long before this : but tell her not to mind it, for I can buy her plenty more.

I will

I wish I could send you some of my money, for I have such a pocket-full !

“ Tell my dear mamma I shall write to her next time the packet goes out ; but pray kiss her for me again and again, and do the same to my pretty play-thing Matilda ; for I shall put a hundred kisses into my letter.

“ I hope Betty, Martha, and William are all well ; and that Dame Johnson wraps herself up in the shawl I bought her. Remember me to them all.

“ My uncle is writing to my mamma ; but he bids me tell you that he

loves you both very dearly, and has bought you some very pretty things; but I must not say what they are.

“ The boat is waiting to take the letters to the post, so I must say Good-bye.

“ God bless you my dear, dear Caroline: nobody loves you so well as I do, unless it is mamma and Matilda: and I hope you will always continue to love your affectionate brother,

“ MORTIMER LASCELLS.”

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

THE perusal of Mortimer's epistle afforded the highest satisfaction to the whole party; and then Mrs. Lascells broke the seal of her brother's, and had the satisfaction of reading a most favourable account of her son's conduct.— Just as she concluded this letter, she perceived Mr. Moreton's carriage approach; who descended from it with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour, as must have rendered his company pleasing to those who owed him no gratitude: but to Mrs. Lascells

he could not fail of being the most welcome guest.

He entered with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance; and, taking her by the hand, said, I am come to beg a favour of you, my dear Madam, and must not be refused. You must know that this is my birth-day, and I have a mind to give the young folks a treat; and as my old woman has got all things ready, the sooner we set off the better.

Mrs. Lascells acceded to the proposal; and making a slight alteration in her dress, was ready to attend her benefactor in less than half an hour.

Care-

Caroline and Matilda were more diverted with the novelty of going to the house of so strange-looking a gentleman, than with the expectation of the promised entertainment; but when they arrived upon the lawn, they were astonished at beholding the four little Hammonds and the three Lumleys assembled there before them.

You thought, I suppose, said the old gentleman, perceiving their surprize, that I was a crabbed old fellow, whom no one would associate with; but I love the society of children, and always contrive to get acquainted with them; and if you had been nearer to me, I should have found you out long ago; however,

H 5.

I hope,

I hope, tho' our acquaintance has been short, our friendship will be long. But I am an odd looking being, and fancy that is the reason they set me down as a madman.

When the children entered the garden, they were delighted at beholding a marquée erected on the bowling-green, and a table spread, which was filled with variety of fruits and cakes; and a large bowl of cream set in the middle of it.

The first thing Charles Hammond did, was to put his finger into the cream, and then suck it; and when his sister Emily corrected him for it, he ran up to her, and gave her a box on the ear; which,

which, like a sensible little girl, she never noticed; but going up to Caroline, said, I hope Miss Lascells, you'll excuse my brother's behaviour: but he has always lived with my grand-papa, who never would have him contradicted: and though he is only come home to pass a fortnight with us, yet he really behaves in such a manner, that we are ashamed of him.

By this time Mrs. Butler, the old housekeeper, came up, and began helping them to whatever they made choice of; but, instead of Charles waiting to be asked, he drew the dishes towards him, and picked the finest fruit out of

each, which he crammed into his mouth in the most voracious manner.

When they had finished their regale, Mrs. Butler desired the footman to bring the fishing-rods and the bowls; and informed the young ladies she would show them a very nice swing.

Charles took the first rod that was brought, without asking any of the young ladies whether they chose that amusement; and, upon his little brother Edward taking hold of the line, he gave him so violent a blow on the head, that he almost tumbled the child into the stream. He had not thrown in his line above four times before he had a bite,
and

and caught a little roach ; but in taking the hook from its mouth, he ran it into his fingers ; which so exasperated him against the poor little creature, that he tore out its gills, and then dashed it against a post that was near him.

Mr. Moreton approached unperceived, just as he had committed this unheard-of act of barbarity ; and catching him by the collar, gave him five or six hearty strokes across the shoulders with a cane he fortunately had in his hand ; and dragging him towards the house, called to his servant, and desired him to take him home ; declaring he would not have a boy of his disposition come within his doors for five hundred guineas.

The

The violent noise he made, was absolutely enough to raise the neighbourhood: and Mr. and Mrs. Hammond met the servant when they had got about half-way from home. Shocked at the account of his son's behaviour, Mr. Hammond determined to turn back with him, and lock him up in a spare apartment, from an apprehension of his committing some outrage during his absence; and when he arrived at Mr. Moreton's, that gentleman took him by the hand, and said, My dear friend, I really think you one of the most unfortunate men alive; for that boy of yours will, I much fear, live to make your heart ach! God take him, God take him, continued he, in a hurried tone

tone of voice, or I doubt he'll bring disgrace on you all!

Dinner was announced, which fortunately gave a turn to the conversation; and Mr. Moreton took the utmost pains to make the time pass pleasantly. Tea was ordered early; and the moment it was ended, they were agreeably surprized by the sound of a violin, and tabor and pipe. The young folks instantly crowded round the musicians; and the dancing soon commenced.

At eight o'clock a variety of refreshments were spread upon the table in the marquée; and as Charles was not of the party, every thing was conducted with propriety.

When

When supper was ended, the servant entered with a large silver waiter in his hand, covered with a variety of the most elegant trinkets, and followed by his master with two little bags, one for the ladies, and the other for the gentlemen, filled with pieces of paper, on which were written the names of the several articles which were handed round for general inspection; whilst Mr. Moreton desired each to put their hands into the bag and then see what belonged to them. Caroline drew a very elegant French grey purse, with silver tassels, and a Queen Ann's half crown at each end; Matilda had a beautiful embroidered white satin housewife, with knife, scissors, and pencil in it; Emily Hammond drew a pocket-book;

her

her sister Charlotte a work-bag; and Harriet Lumley a gold thimble; William Lumley drew a shagreen-case with mathematical instruments in it; his brother, Henry, an elegant pocket-ink-stand with a silver pen; and little Edward Hammond a dissected map of Europe, in a mahogany case.

It would be difficult to determine whether Mr. Moreton or his guests experienced the greatest sensation of delight; for he seemed to participate in the happiness of each individual: and when the hour of separation arrived, promised them a repetition of the same amusement the following year, if his life was lengthened to that period.

During

During the time Mr. Moreton had been diverting himself with the young folks, Mrs. Lascells took the opportunity of asking Mr. Hammond some questions respecting her benefactor; for, tho' he had lived so many years in the neighbourhood, she was a stranger to his person until he introduced himself in the manner before described.

Mr. Hammond informed her, that all he knew of Mr. Moreton was, that he was a man of large fortune, and no near connexions; who from having frequently been duped by artful designing characters, had taken the resolution of avoiding society; and had lived four years within a quarter of a mile of Mr.

Ham-

Hammond, without any intercourse passing between them. But a severe and dangerous illness had brought on an acquaintance both with him and Mr. Lumley the curate, tho' it was the first time either of them had dined in his house. He concluded, by saying that his generosity was unbounded; and informed her that he paid the schooling both of his and Mr. Lumley's children ever since there had been any degree of intimacy between them.

CHAP. XV.

ALTHO' Mrs. Lascells had passed the day in so pleasing a manner, she had not been forgetful of poor Betty's sorrows: and knowing the affizes were to be in the following week, she thought there was no time to be lost. She therefore named the circumstance to Mr. Moreton, Mr. Lumley, and Mr. Hammond; and each of them promised to do all they could in the affair: and as the latter gentleman had a slight acquaintance with Mr. Wallace (the boy's master) he thought the best plan would be

be to write to him. The account that gentleman gave of his behaviour during his residence in the family, was so much to his disadvantage, that Mrs. Lascells feared all endeavours to preserve his life would be ineffectual; however, by the uncommon exertion of Mr. Moreton, the sentence was mitigated to transportation : and the poor girl's gratitude was inexpressible !

The noble addition which the worthy Mr. Moreton had made to Mrs. Lascells's income, enabled her greatly to extend the influence of her benevolence : and it was but for the unfortunate to disclose their wants, and they were assured of finding them relieved. If sick,
she

She was their physician; if unhappy, their consoler; and in either situation their tender friend!

She had long purchased a small low four-wheeled chaise, in which, accompanied by her lovely children, she used to drive round, and pay her daily visits of benevolence and humanity. It was on an excursion of this nature that she was overtaken by Mr. Moreton, whose agitated countenance and embarrassed manner, too plainly evinced the situation of his mind.

Mrs. Lascells instantly perceived it; and, accosting him in a tone of sympathy and tenderness, anxiously enquired
into

into the cause of his distress. The question seemed to augment the solicitude it was intended to decrease; and, in a hesitating voice, he replied, We are born to trouble, my dear friend, as the sparks fly upwards; and too often the best of us have the largest portion: but let us go home, and then you shall know the cause of my affliction.

Mrs. Lascells turned the horse; and the little girls looked with anxious countenances alternately at their mamma and friend, without uttering a word to either.

As they entered the breakfast-parlour Mrs. Lascells perceived the countenance of Mr. Moreton so extremely pallid, that
 she

she really was fearful he would faint; and she ran up stairs to fetch some lavender-drops, when the worthy man took that opportunity to desire the children to leave their mamma and him by themselves.

As soon as they had quitted the apartment, he closed the door, and then, taking Mrs. Lascells by the hand, he pressed it with violence, without being able to articulate a syllable. At length he gave a deep groan, and said, great God enable me to soften the blow!

The expression made its way to the heart of Mrs. Lascells; and in a tremulous tone of voice, she exclaimed,
Gracious

Gracious Heaven! And is it for me that your generous nature has suffered so acutely! — Oh my boy! my dearest Mortimer! and have I lost thee! for ever, ever lost thee! — Here the colour forsook her cheeks, and a universal trembling seized her frame; but still her sensations remained acute, and her misery for some moments seemed insupportable. During this paroxysm of grief Mr. Moreton neither attempted to sooth nor console her; but as soon as it was a little abated, he made use of every argument that religion could suggest, or tenderness devise, to reconcile her to the decree of Providence; and, in two or three hours, had so far succeeded as to inform her of the particulars of the melancholy event: but

as she seemed inclined to indulge an idea that there might be some error in Mr. Moreton's intelligence, he took a news-paper from his pocket, and read the following account:—

“ It is with the most heartfelt concern that we are obliged to announce to the public the loss of greatest part of the Mediterranean fleet by a violent storm, which happened on the 5th of November. To add to this misfortune, we are sorry to say that the Admiral's ship was of the number of those which experienced it greatest fury; for it is believed that not one life was saved out of the whole crew. By this calamity the navy has lost one of its chief supports, and
humanity

humanity one of its choicest votaries; for in Admiral Mortimer were united all the qualities that could render him estimable as a commander and amiable as a man."

This too fatal proof of her misfortune, Mrs. Laicells heard with the strongest symptoms of emotion; and after sitting totally silent for a few minutes, she said, if it is not taxing your friendship too far, my dear sir, might I ask you to take upon yourself the painful office of informing my children of the dreadful blow that has fallen upon us; for, until I can subdue my own feelings, I should but increase their distress. Mr. Moreton's greatest trial was over; and

he willingly undertook the office, whilst Mrs. Lascells retired to her apartment, and in a posture of humiliation, solicited strength of mind to support her misfortune, from that Being who alone could bestow it.

Tho' Caroline and Matilda were concerned at perceiving their friend's spirits so thoroughly depressed, yet when they got into their own apartment, the one applied to her book, and the other to her music, and his sorrows were forgotten; but when he opened the door, and they discovered he had been weeping, their sympathy was instantly excited; and, taking his hand, they each imprinted a kiss upon it.

Although

Although Mr. Moreton communicated his melancholy intelligence with the utmost tenderness and caution, yet the violence of their emotion absolutely alarmed him. Caroline went into a strong hyfteric; and Matilda cried until she could scarcely see out of her eyes!—Perceiving they indulged rather than restrained their feelings, he told them, if they went on so, they would have a much greater calamity to mourn than the present; for they certainly would be the death of their mamma, who already was so deeply affected, that he did not well know what might be the consequence: but it was in their power either to raise her spirits, or destroy her health.

Roused to a sense of what was due to so amiable a parent, each endeavoured to subdue her own emotions: and when they met their mamma, instead of adding to her affliction by an indulgence of their sorrows, they suppressed it in her presence; and by the most delicate attention to her wishes and happiness, convinced her that she still possessed two inestimable treasures.

This praiseworthy conduct had the happiest effect; and tho' Mrs. Lascells mourned her loss with the sincerest affliction, yet, by occupying her mind and engaging her attention, she soon subdued the violence of her emotion.

Caroline.

Caroline and Matilda never mentioned their brother in her presence : but when they were together, their greatest happiness consisted in talking over his virtues, and lamenting his loss.

About six weeks had elapsed since the melancholy intelligence had arrived, when Mrs. Lascells sent for Mr. Mason the statuary, to give direction for a simple white marble urn ; on the base of which the following lines were to be engraved :—

*To the much loved Memory of Mortimer
Lascells, who was shipwrecked on the
Coast of Barbary, November the 5th,
1797, aged Fourteen.*

This humble urn no form contains,
But rais'd a tribute dear
To one whose ever-lov'd remains
Demands a parent's tear.

Dear prop, on which my widow'd heart
With fondness turn'd to rest,
Had I but seen the piercing dart
Impress thy gentle breast,

Or

Or had I clos'd those lovely eyes,
 And felt thy parting breath,
 Or seen thy spirit seek the skies,
 I then had borne thy death.

With resignation to that Hand
 Who dealt the fatal blow,
 Nor murmur'd at the dread command
 That caus'd my tears to flow!

But ah! no mother's anxious care
 Receiv'd thy last sad sigh;
 The roaring billows shook the air,
 Extending mountains high.

And oh! the deep and turgid wave
 Inclos'd thy much lov'd form;
 And ev'ry charm that virtue gave
 Fell victim to the storm!

On the evening of the day that Mrs. Lafcells had given the above lines to Mr. Mafon, as ſhe was fitting by the drawing-room fire, with her friend Mr. Moreton, and her two little girls, they were roused by the noise of a post-chaise driving with great velocity over the pavement in the front of the house.

Caroline ran to the window, but had scarcely reached it when she gave a violent shriek, and exclaimed, My brother! my brother! — Mrs. Lafcells's sensations were totally overpowered; and she was unable to move: but this agony of hope, fear, and astonishment was soon relieved by the door flying open, and her beloved son throwing himself

himself into her arms, and exclaiming,
 Oh my mother! my dear, dear mother!
 He was instantly followed by the Ad-
 miral, whose emotions, when he beheld
 the affecting scene, were little inferior
 to those of his amiable sister.

The account that was received of the
 severity of the storm had been greatly
 magnified: and as the fleet had been
 driven far out to sea, and no vestige
 of them could be discovered, it was ap-
 prehended they were all gone to the
 bottom.

As soon as Mrs. Lascells had a little
 recovered from the surprize and joy that
 had almost deprived her of the power

of recollection, she introduced Mr. Moreton to her brother as her friend and benefactor; then calling the children out of the room, she desired them to change their sable apparel with the utmost expedition. The servants did the same, and in less than half an hour this house of mourning was turned into a house of joy!

When they entered the drawing-room they were surprized at hearing Mr. Moreton had taken leave; but had left word he should be back in a little time. In less than an hour the village-bells began ringing; and bonfires were seen blazing in different places; and, soon after the
author

author of this public rejoicing returned with his chaise half-filled with fire works, and accompanied by Mr. Hammond and Mr. Lumley, whom he had called upon to impart the joyful intelligence.

Mrs. Lascells would have been better pleased to have passed the evening without any of those public demonstrations of joy; but when she perceived the pleasure it afforded the young folks; and the worthy Mr. Moreton, she no longer considered her own wishes; and entered into their schemes with as much vigour as if they had accorded with her own inclination. It was past twelve o'clock before the gentlemen took their leave.

As

As soon as they were gone, the servants were summoned to their accustomed evening-devotion, and joined their mistress in grateful acknowledgments to that Being who had so wonderfully preserved the life of her child, and so unexpectedly restored him to her affectionate embraces, when she had imagined they were departed for ever.

CHAP. XVI.

THE next morning Mortimer and his sisters rose at an early hour, with an intention~

tention of walking to Dame Johnson's, who they imagined had not heard of their happiness; but they had only crossed two fields when they perceived the old woman hobbling towards them. The moment she espied them she quickened her pace, and seizing Mortimer by the hand (who ran up to her) alternately kissed it, and bathed it with her tears, blessing God at the same time for her having lived to see that day. They insisted upon her going home with them; and Mortimer walked by her side, and related his adventures for her amusement.

When they arrived within sight of the house, they were unexpectedly delighted
by

by perceiving all the Sunday-school children approaching it, and could not imagine what had occasioned their visit; however they soon found that Mrs. Warren, their mistress, had summoned them all to offer their congratulations to their benefactress upon the unexpected return of her beloved son.

Mrs. Lascells was so delighted at this proof of feeling and propriety in a person of Mrs. Warren's description, that she resolved to do her endeavours to recompense her for it, by making the day a pleasant one; and, after expressing her obligation for the attention she had paid her, declared her resolution of keeping
the

the children, and giving them an entertainment. Accordingly William was sent over to Winchester with a little cart, to purchase provision for so large a party; and Mrs. Warren and Dame Johnson both sat themselves down to assist the maids in picking plumbs, whilst Caroline and Matilda made the little girls quite happy by a sight of their dolls and their playhouse.

As soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Moreton paid Mrs. Lafcells a visit: and hearing the children were to dine there, went home directly to order Parsons to gather all the strawberries that were ripe; and as the beds were very large, before dinner-time he had collected
above

above two gallons, so that all the children (though they were five-and-twenty) had quite a handsome plateful.

Just as they were sitting down to dinner, an elegant carriage drove up to the door; and Mrs. Seymour and Charlotte alighted from it, to pay their compliments upon Mortimer's arrival.

Caroline, who had felt much mortified at being obliged to leave her little humble guests, just as they were in the height of their felicity, asked her friend to accompany her into the kitchen, and see them at dinner.

Curio-

Curiosity induced Charlotte to comply ; but as soon as she entered she took out her lavender-water bottle, and began pouring a quantity of it upon her handkerchief and holding it to her nose ; which Caroline perceiving, exclaimed, My dear Charlotte, I am fearful you are ill ! for Heaven's sake tell me what I shall get you ?

Oh no, replied Charlotte, with a toss of the head, I am vastly well, my dear ; but the horrid effluvia that always issues from these common creatures, would quite overcome me if I was not to overpower it by the aid of a little perfume : and I really am astonished, continued she, that you and Matilda are not devoured

voured by disease, for you must absolutely breathe infectious air ! But what in the world can all these little wretches be assembled for here to-day ? Positively, one would think Mrs. Lafcells kept an ordinary for mendicants, to behold this group !

Caroline, who had never had such an instance before of Miss Seymour's pride and inhumanity, was absolutely so astonished at first, that she was unable to reply ; but, feeling herself piqued as well as hurt, she said, I am very sorry, Charlotte, I should have so little known your disposition as to suppose a sight like this could afford you pleasure ; but I think if it had not amused, it need not have provoked.

provoked you ; and though you may be too proud to mix with such society, you certainly ought to be too well-bred to insult them.

At that moment Mrs. Seymour summoned her daughter to depart ; and Charlotte hurried out of the room without making any reply to Caroline's observations.

A variety of visitors succeeded Mrs. Seymour ; and Caroline could not return to her little guests until past four o'clock. Admiral Mortimer who went out on horseback with his nephew, just as Mrs. Warren and her little group arrived, now returned, and, emptying
his

his pockets, produced several pieces of different coloured ribbons.

My dear brother, exclaimed Mrs. Lascells, at beholding the table covered with finery at her entrance, What in the world have you got there? Are you going to turn haberdasher?

Yes, faith, I am, replied the Admiral; and the pretty dears shall all come and buy of me after dinner; and then the little rogues will have what they like, for I bought all kinds, that they might pick and chuse.

Accordingly, as soon as the cloth was removed, and he had drank two or
three

three glasses of wine, he desired Matilda would fetch him a little basket; and throwing all the ribbons into it, went singing into the kitchen,

Who'll buy my ribbons? some blue
and some red :

Who'll buy my ribbons? to put on
their head.

Come buy my fine ribbons, my pretty
maids fair,

To dress out your caps, and make bows
for your hair.

The freedom and jocularity of his manner, instantly banished all constraint; and the children began running and jumping about him, notwithstanding

Mrs.

Mrs. Warren's endeavours to convince them of his Honour's consequence. Any check to their mirth quite provoked him: and putting his hand into his basket and taking out one of the gayest figures it contained, he thrust it into Mrs. Warren's lap, desiring her to leave the room, and not interfere with their sport; then calling them one by one, he distributed six yards to each, according to the colours they chose; and what remained he divided amongst the servants.

Susan, the cook, who was very good-natured, and very fond of children, had exerted herself more than usual; for, upon her mistress having expressed a wish

with that she had desired William to have brought some buns from Winchester, she offered to make them; and at seven o'clock five-and-twenty plumb-buns were ready for their supper.

When Mrs. Warren took her leave, Mrs. Lascells slipped a guinea into her hand; desiring her to remember that the anniversary of that day was always to be spent in the same manner. This was joyful intelligence to the little rustics; and they all went home delighted with their day's amusement, anticipating the pleasure of its return.

CHAP. XVII.

ADMIRAL MORTIMER and his nephew had been returned from the Mediterranean about six weeks, when he found himself attacked with a liver-complaint, which he had been many years subject to, but had never felt with such a degree of violence; and which now baffled the skill of the physicians.

If he had experienced a lively degree of affection for Mortimer when he was in health, the constant attention he received from him when he was deprived
of

of that valuable blessing, increased it to so lively a degree of tenderness, that he could not bear him out of his sight; and when he was in the most violent paroxysms of pain, any proofs of his sympathy would make him appear to forget his tortures.

Mortimer's distress at the idea of losing his friend and benefactor, was greater than can be imagined; and it was with the utmost difficulty that Mrs. Lascells could persuade him to leave his bed-side to take that degree of exercise that was necessary for the preservation of his health: and even whilst walking, he would always take a volume of the Spectator, Rambler, or Guardian,

dian, in his pocket, and select some story from them, the relation of which he thought might amuse his uncle when he returned.

Poor Admiral Mortimer had been confined to his bed upwards of two months, when, finding his strength decrease and his disease augment, he addressed his nephew, whom he perceived had been weeping, in the following words:—

“ I have long, my dear fellow, been convinced that the time was drawing nigh apace when I should fail to the harbour of peace; and as I have found the sea within these few days rougher
than

than usual, it is not unlikely but I may reach my port to-night: yet, when I think of leaving you, my boy, I confess I wish to weather the storm a little longer, though I trust I shall meet with no rough gales in the other country, for I never injured any man, and have done all the good in my power. I love my king; and would have died for my country: and as to you, my dearest lad, continued he, pressing the hand that was between his, I would have shed the last drop of my blood in your defence.” — Whilst he said this, his voice faltered, and the tear of sensibility trickled down his manly cheek.

Mrs. Lascells, perceiving his emotion, besought him not to agitate his feelings;

and expressed her hopes that he would remain with them many years longer.

No, my dear Caroline, replied he, that is impossible; I feel it is; but I have regulated all my affairs so, as to give you very little trouble when I am gone: and, as to my beloved Mortimer, I have convinced him of my regard more fully than by words. And now, continued he, I have only to say, that if I had lived, it would have been my pride to have made him the best sailor in his Majesty's service; but as I am going, and he will have no one to push him forward, I would have him follow his own inclination and your wishes, and never go to sea again, unless it is his own absolute choice,

choice, for my money will make as good a landman of him as my experience would a sea one; for he has already proved both his sense and his duty, and now he ought to please himself.

This little exertion quite overpowered the poor Admiral's strength and spirits, and he sunk upon his pillow quite exhausted. Mortimer's agitation at the sight, was so violent, that he was obliged to quit the room.

When Mortimer re-entered the apartment, he found that his uncle had fallen into a gentle sleep; and the delightful idea of his recovery took immediate possession of his mind. But this tran-

fient illumination of joy, which was rather the child of hope than probability, was soon dispersed by the dark gloom of disappointment; for upon Doctor Simpson's arrival, he informed Mrs. Lascells that the lamp of life was nearly exhausted; and that he did not think her brother could survive until the following day.

The childrens grief at this intelligence was of the most violent nature; and it was with the utmost difficulty that Mrs. Lascells convinced them their conduct must be offensive to that Being who gives us life, and has a right to recall it. But, from their infancy, they had been taught to regulate their feelings
to

to their duty; and the very idea of acting wrong was always sufficient to make them do right.

Mortimer was very anxious to remain in his uncle's room all night; but Mrs. Lascells objected, and he submitted:— he therefore went to bed, and fell asleep soon after; but awaking about two o'clock, he crept softly to the door of his uncle's apartment. All was still and silent as the night;— which occasioned an universal tremor to seize his frame; and it was with the utmost difficulty he could turn the lock of the door. But when he entered, what a trial was there for his fortitude, and what an exertion for his feelings! for the friend of his

K 5 infancy,

infancy, and the benefactor of his youth, was lost to him for ever !

Mrs. Lafcells, who was in the adjoining room, alarmed by his sobs and wounded by his lamentations, softly entered ; and leading him from the melancholy spectacle, soothed his agitation by expressions of tenderness and condolence.

At the expiration of a week the funeral was conducted without either pageantry or expence ; and Mrs. Lafcells and her children, contrary to the custom of fashionable refinement, paid the last duties to his loved remains.

Upon

Upon examining the will, Mrs. Lascells found her brother's fortune amounted to much more than she had expected. Mortimer was left property in the funds to the amount of ten thousand pounds; Mrs. Lascells a legacy of three thousand; and her little girls one thousand each; five hundred to be divided amongst his ship's crew; and the same sum to four poor sailors widows, whom he had for many years nearly supported, to be sunk in an annuity; two hundred to old Stephen, a servant who had lived with him five-and-twenty years; and three hundred to the poor of the parish.

When Mrs. Lascells found her son so amply provided for, and reflected
upon

upon the anguish she had endured at a separation from him, she resolved upon his not going to sea again, unless it was his own particular choice: at the same time determined he should follow some profession, knowing that idleness is the nurse of vice, and the parent of folly and weakness.

When Mortimer was informed of his own good fortune and his parent's inclination, he felt grateful for the one, and determined to follow the other; and told her that, though at first he had an aversion to the sea, yet by a little resolution, he had entirely conquered it; and if his uncle had lived, should have preferred the navy to every other profession; but

But as he is gone, my dear mamma, said that amiable boy, I have now only to study your inclination and happiness ; and therefore whatever you propose I shall joyfully follow. Indeed, that mode of life which would have been happiness to me with him, would be misery without him ; for it would be continually recalling to my mind the loss I have sustained.

Mrs. Lascells was particularly partial to the church ; and finding her son had no dislike to that mode of life, a private tutor was immediately engaged to assist in perfecting him for the university ; and Mortimer's assiduity was as great in preparing for the duties of his

his new profession as it had been in acquiring skill in his old one ; and his time was spent in promoting the happiness of his family, and in the improvement of his own mind.

THE END.

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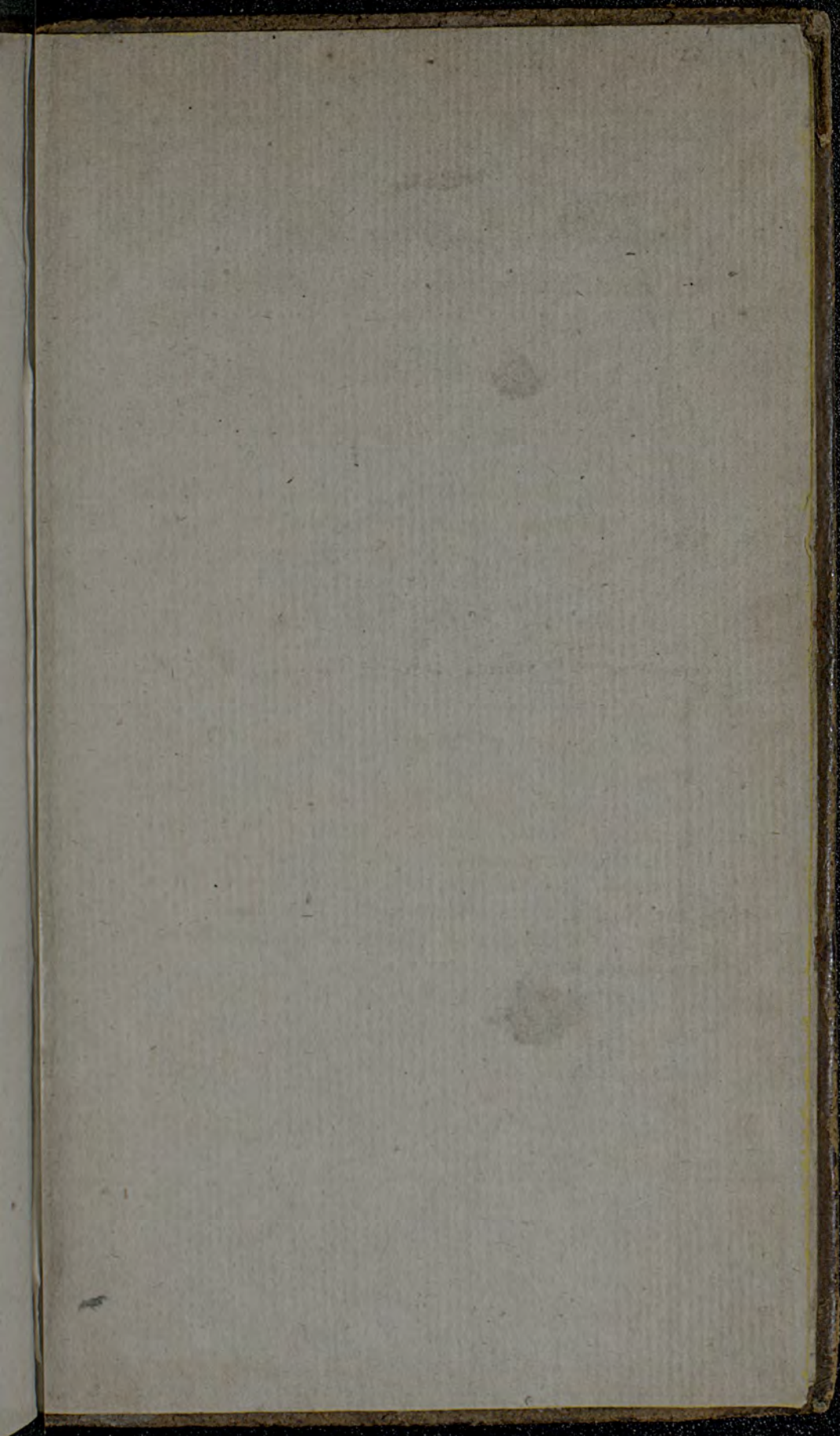
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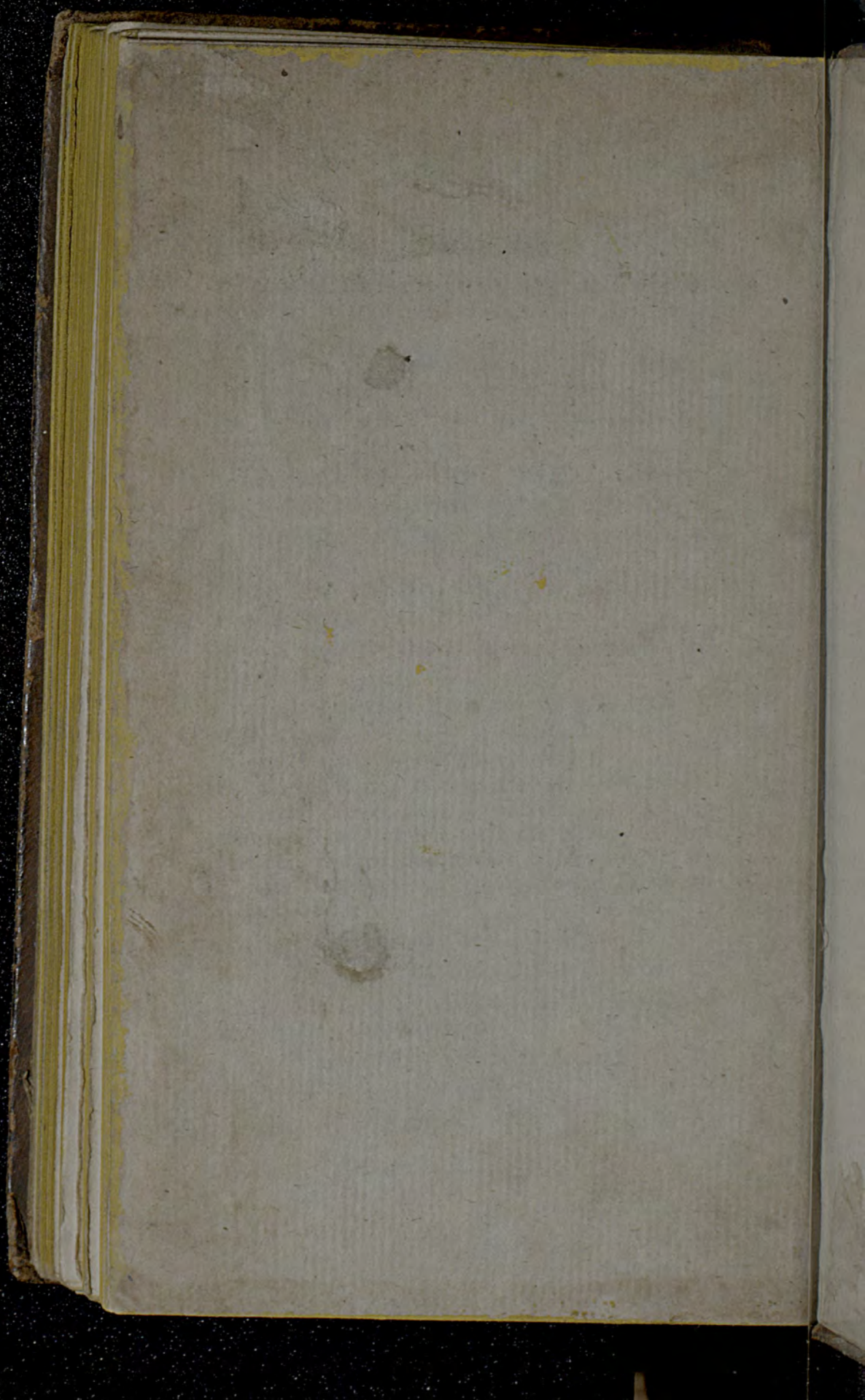
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