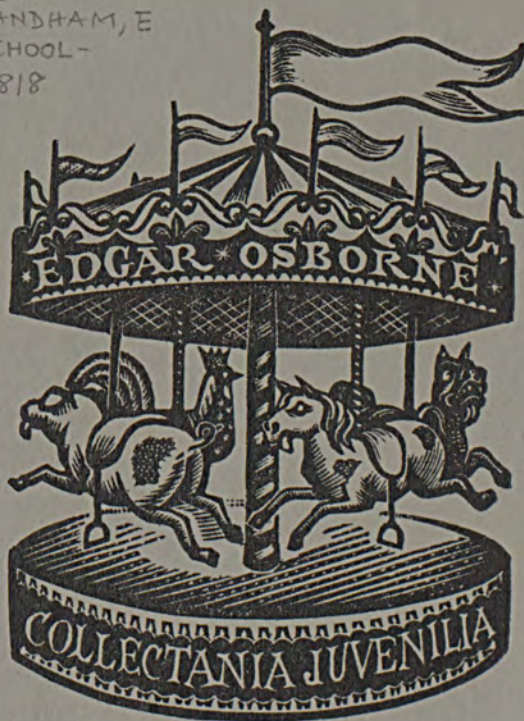
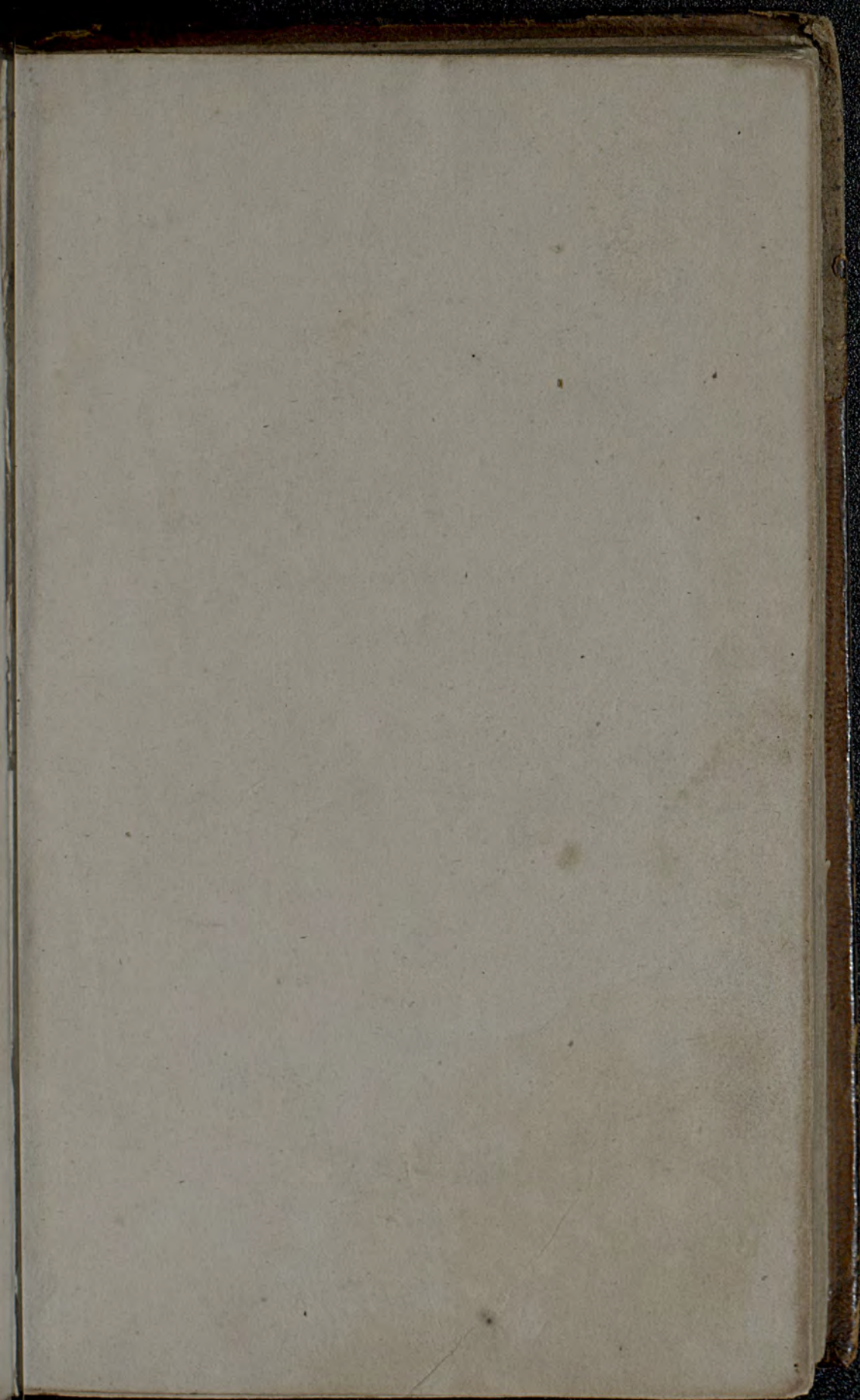


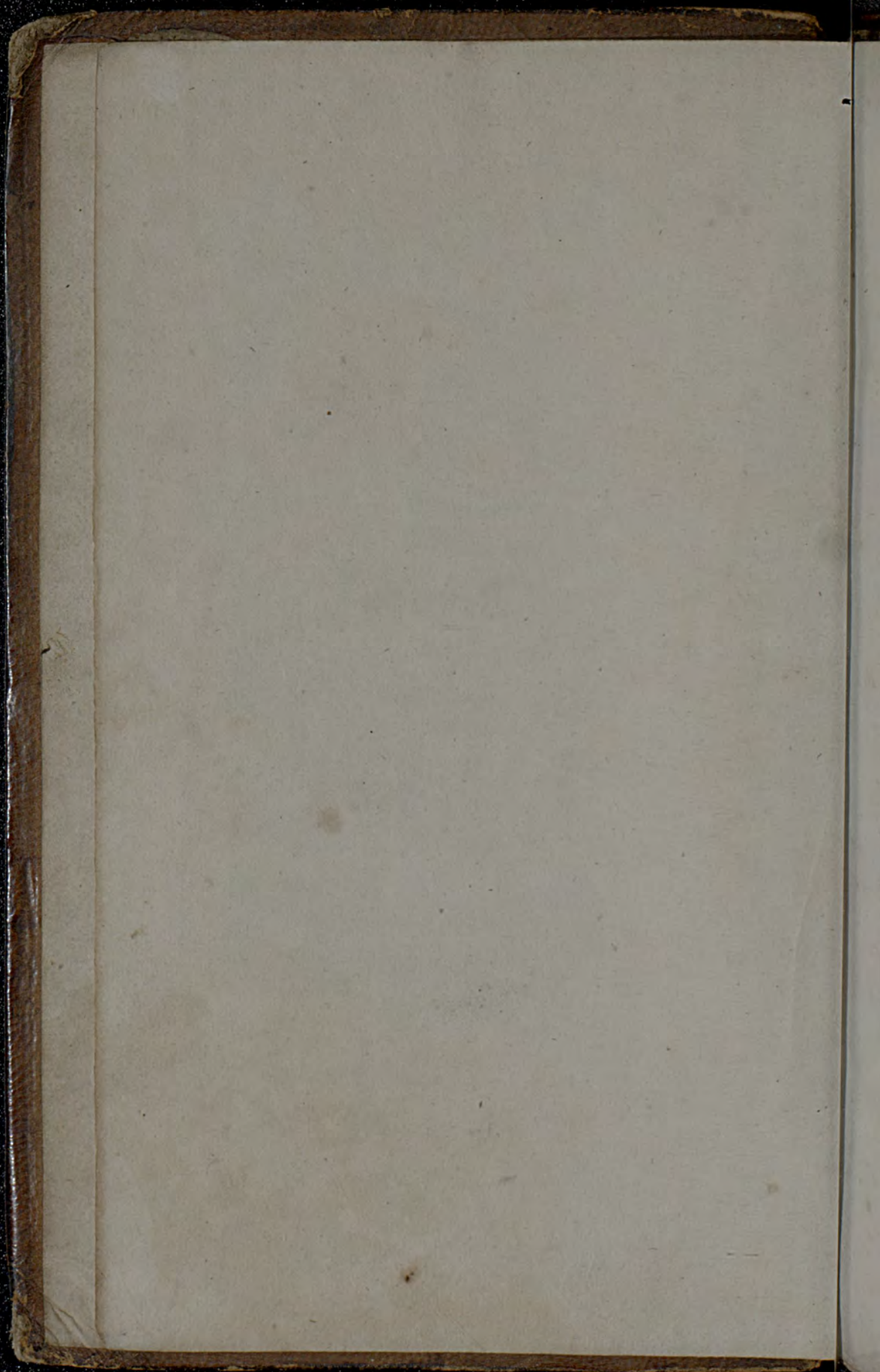
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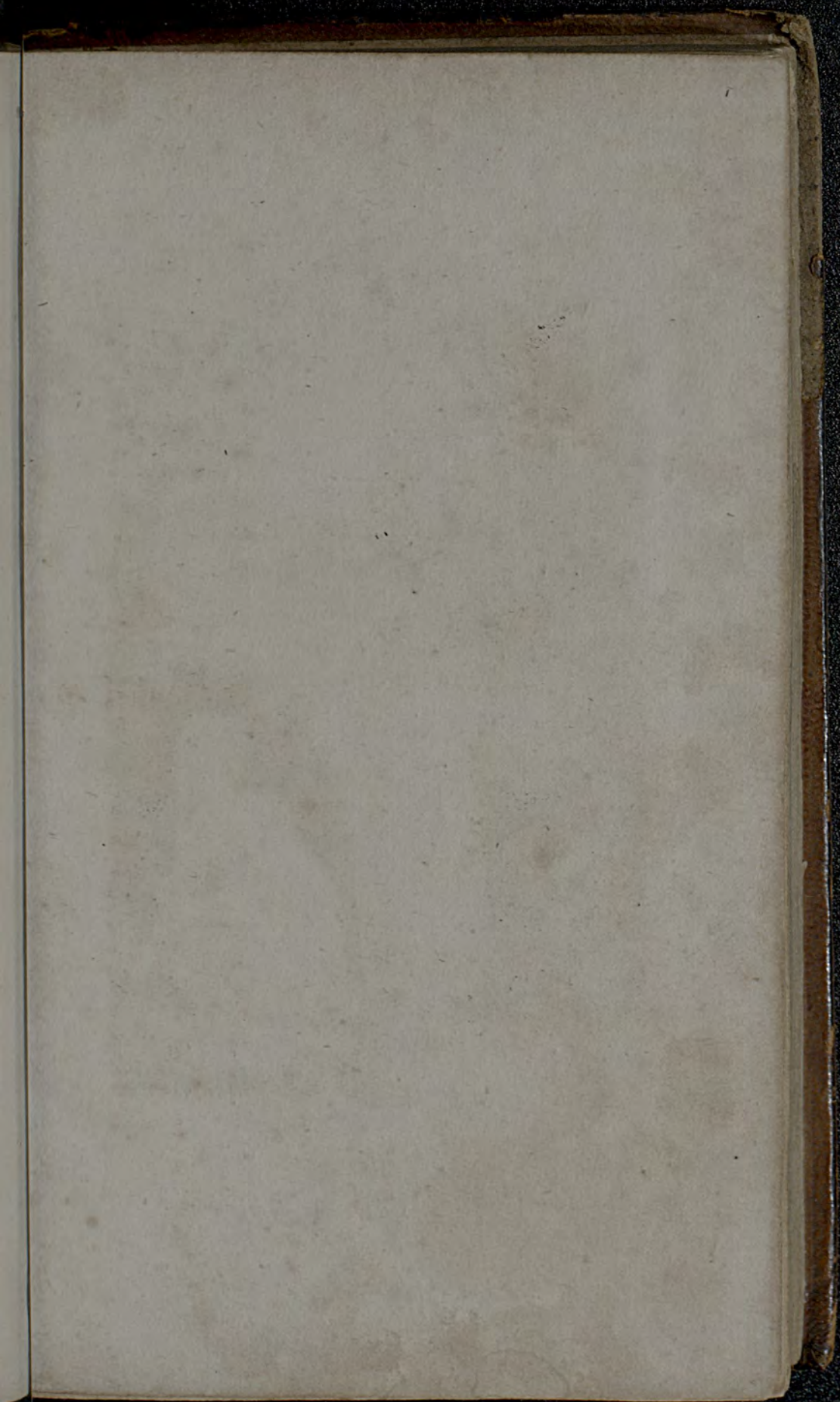
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THE SCHOOL-FELLOWS,

Miss Bridget and Miss Winifred

Page 1

London: Published by J. Sower, 73, St. Pauls Church Yard, May 22, 1818.

THE
SCHOOL-FELLOWS:

A Moral Tale.

By the Author of "The Twin Sisters,"—"William Selwyn,"—"The Adopted Daughter,"—"The Grandfather," &c. &c.

"To bestow a favor on a friend, is to bestow happiness on one's self; and, to receive an obligation is, in some measure, to repay it, by supplying our friend with an opportunity of tasting the most refined pleasure."

"In the possession of talents there can be no merit, it lies solely on the just application of them."

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1818.

THE

SCHOOL-FELLOWS;

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,
IN THE YEAR 1840.

By the Rev. J. G. Burdett, M.A.,
Fellow of the University of Oxford,
and Secretary of the University of Oxford.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by J. G. Burdett, M.A.,
Fellow of the University of Oxford,
and Secretary of the University of Oxford.

1840

PREFACE

TO THE CHILDREN
OF
MY FORMER SCHOOL-FELLOWS
THIS BOOK
IS DEDICATED,
BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

THE following sheets were composed when the death of the lamented Princess Charlotte had thrown a gloom over every object, and sorrow sat upon every countenance. At such a time, the mind naturally reverts to past events. The few anecdotes which I have recorded of her early days are from my own recollection, which has ever been awake to what concerned so amiable and illustrious a person.

I have joined my simple offering to the larger tribute of praise so justly due to her memory, and which has flowed from abler pens. The humble primrose and violet are sometimes permitted to add their fragrance

to a bouquet of finer flowers ; although their colouring may not be so vivid, their fragrance arises from the same source—a nature full of the bounties of Providence, who, while she paints the rose, and gives the flower its sweetness, bestows the feeling heart, the generous purpose, and the liberal affections, which appeared in the short, but well-spent, life of our beloved Princess !

A school may be styled the world in miniature. There the passions, which actuate the man, are seen on a smaller scale ; and, as motives direct the mind, he is filled with ardent emulation or absorbed in selfish pride. Many parents prefer for their children an education at home, to avoid the prevalence of ill-example : yet goodness consists not merely in the absence of evil, but in habits of rectitude and benevolent actions. Those who have not quitted the paternal roof enter the world less prepared

for its fluctuations, than those who have witnessed the diversity of a school.

An author has well observed, "Like the bee, we must strive to extract honey from weeds as well as flowers. Long accustomed to the society of home, we are led to believe all that is valuable is comprised within its circle. Thus the social and benevolent affections become confined in too small a sphere for their healthful exercise. Intimacy with a variety of characters enlarges our ideas, and gives the mind a more liberal turn."

Education does much for man, but not every thing: it is too often thrown away upon a soil which cultivation cannot mend. Yet, where no culture is bestowed, no fruit can be expected; and but little, if the lessons at home correspond not with those received at school. A young person, labouring under such a disadvantage, has more merit than one whose parents assist

and encourage him in the paths of virtue and knowledge.

I have endeavoured to display a variety of characters, not difficult to be met with, as examples and warnings to my young readers. *In our childhood are sown the seeds of our future actions.* Winifred's superiority may be traced to her having an excellent mother. The errors of Bridget chiefly arise from the faults of her parents. What thankfulness is due to a mother who foregoes her own gratification for the advantage of her child!—and how must that child be blamed, who makes an ill return for such kindness!

A failure of duty in a parent exculpates not the child who fails in hers: it is impossible for children to trace the first cause of error in those who gave them birth; and it is their duty to conceal its effects from others. Ignorance is in itself no fault, but a misfortune. This should be remembered

by those, who, like Bridget, have parents who never received any proper education. They cannot tell whether their want of it proceeds from wilful neglect, or because it was never offered to them. If they procure for their children what has been denied to themselves, it would be an ill return for their kindness to despise them for the want of it, and to shew that education has been bestowed on their children in vain.

Although it may not be in the power of every one to act as Winifred did in the cause of friendship, yet, the truly generous will be equally disinterested, whether in trifles or more important concerns. If our kindness be in proportion to our ability, the difference of the greater or less benefit weighs little in the scale of affection.

Bridget's departure from truth should warn my readers against committing such an error. She had never been taught that "the highest station cannot dignify vice,

nor any circumstance excuse falsehood." But this cannot be pleaded in behalf of those who know better.

Dr. Johnson has said, "We cannot be happy even by success when conscious of a fault; but, if we miscarry, the disappointment is irremediably embittered." May this lesson be deeply engraven on the minds of my readers, and my book will not have been written in vain.

The author is aware of an anachronism in her work, as the space of time since the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte does not admit of all the events which she has imagined. The wish of offering her tribute of praise to so excellent a character (although very inadequately performed) must be her excuse. Who could write, at such a time, and not mention so bright an example?

February, 1818.

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THE SCHOOL-FELLOWS;

A TALE.

CHAP. I.

“Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here.”

ROGERS.

AMIDST the numerous scholars of a large boarding-school, about twelve miles distant from London, were two young ladies, who, in addition to the usual uneasiness which a school generally occasions, had the misfortune to suffer under one which was peculiarly their own. It was not because they were less noticed than the other ladies: for they were distinguished from the rest, by superior attentions from their governess; neither had they less pocket-money, nor were their dresses inferior to their companions. What then, my young readers will ask, could be the cause of their uneasiness? Alas! it was their names. In this age of elegance, who would like to be called Miss *Winifred*, or Miss *Bridget*?

Among the numerous Carolines, Louisas, Charlottes, and Harriets, which composed the school, how shocking, on a public dancing-day, to hear the master call out Miss Winifred Jones, and Miss Bridget Smith: for, to make them more conspicuously unfortunate, there were in the school (before them,) two ladies whose surnames were the same; and who, tenacious of precedence as older scholars, refused to give up their right to the titles of Miss Jones and Miss Smith, although it was suggested to them as an act of generosity, which would cost them little, their names being those of which no one could be ashamed: but they would not admit of any innovation in what were termed the privileges of the school!

Miss Winifred and Miss Bridget, therefore, were sadly mortified to see a smile upon every face as soon as they were mentioned,—all eyes were turned towards them,—as if their very names portended something strange and singular. Miss Bridget had, however, the advantage of her companion, for she was handsomer, and danced better.

I mention these as advantages, because

on a dancing-day they might be thought so ; but on other occasions, unless accompanied with more useful distinctions, they are of little value. Dancing was the only accomplishment in which Bridget excelled : in all others Winifred had the pre-eminence, and was farther advanced in every branch of useful knowledge.

These young ladies were called friends : not that their dispositions were at all similar, or their characters alike ; nor were they known to each other before they came to school, —but they entered it at the same time ; and their unfortunate names, which occasioned the mirth and animadversions of the whole community, united them ;—so just is the observation, that, often from the most trivial circumstances arise the most important events.

A friendship, begun in childhood, is without that discrimination which makes us, at a more advanced age, seek a proper object on whom to fix our affections ; yet, early friendships are, generally, the strongest bands ; and it is frequently seen, that no difference of opinion, no dissimilarity of taste, can entirely dissolve the union.

To shew how their's was formed and cemented, I must relate what passed on their first appearing together.—“Have you seen the new scholars, Miss Bridget and Miss Winifred?” was repeated twenty times in half an hour after their arrival, which happened just as the ladies were dismissed from school to take their accustomed exercise in the garden before dinner.—“Did you ever hear such names?—If I had such a one,” said a young lady, “and my father in parliament, I would get him to bring in an act for changing it.”—“And I,” said another, “would insist upon being christened again. What godfathers and god-mothers could they have, to think of giving them such names?”

“Miss Winifred must come from Wales, I am sure,” replied the first, “I will ask her: I dare say she speaks Welsh.”

With the hope of hearing one of them speak a language which they did not understand, these two ladies sought the newcomers;—not with a view of introducing them to their companions, or to offer them their services, but merely to gratify their own curiosity.

They saw them together in a retired part

of the garden, apparently admiring a rose, which Winifred had taken from some other flowers she had brought with her.—“ They are condoling with each other, I dare say,” said Miss *Pry*;—the name given this young lady, on account of her insatiable curiosity: and whether such a name, from such a cause, was not more disgraceful than the unmeaning ones of Winifred and Bridget, I leave my young readers to determine; but Miss Sorrel did not care, as she never was called so before company, or in the presence of her governess: names given in scorn or contempt not being allowed in the school, although there were few of the young ladies without some designation.—At her proposal, she and her friend concealed themselves behind some shrubs, near which the strangers were standing, and thus attended to their conversation unobserved: a bad specimen of Miss *Pry*'s character, and of what they might expect to meet in the society which they were entering.

“ It looks like a slip from the tree,” said Bridget: “ I think it would grow if you were to set it.” “ Do you?” replied the other: “ suppose I put it in the ground, and

see if it will take root. I should like to say, 'I planted a rose-tree on my first coming to school.'"

"No sooner said than done," returned Bridget, seeing her stoop to execute her purpose; "but how long do you think it will stay there? Among so many ladies as are here, it will soon be trod down or pulled up again."

"I hope not," said Winifred, "it is in a very snug corner, and they may not see it; or, if they do, why should they pull it up? surely, that would not afford them any pleasure?"

"Why, do you not know that all girls delight in mischief?" returned Bridget, "especially at a boarding-school: they have nothing else to do."

"Nothing else to do!" replied Winifred, astonished at such an assertion: "have they not a great many things to learn?"

"Oh, yes! but I mean in their play-hours."

"I hope I shall find some other employment at that time," replied Winifred, in a gentle tone: "I think, that to take care of the flowers, which grow here in such

abundance, may be part of our amusement."

"I heard the governess tell my mamma," said Bridget, "when she brought me here to see how I liked the school, that she kept a gardener to take care of them; and that, when the ladies went out to play, he went home to his meals."

"I fear he is more likely to destroy my rose-tree than the ladies," said Winifred; "but I tell you what I will do," continued she, pleased with the bright thought that occurred: "the first time that I see my governess in the garden I will shew her what I have done, and beg her to caution him against digging it up." Alas! poor Winifred forgot that it was at home only that all her wishes were likely to meet attention. "Then," said she, "I will watch it, and water it; observe how high it will grow the first year, and how much it increases in the second year of my being at school."

"Surely," cried Bridget, astonished at the ease with which she spoke of remaining so long, "you do not mean to stay here two years, do you? I hope to stay but one, at most."

“ I must stay as long as my papa and mamma think proper,” replied Winifred.

“ Oh ! must you ? that is not my case : mine will take me home whenever I please, and I should not be here at all if I did not like it. To tell you the truth, I do not know that I should have come if I had known what I was to meet with,—at least, not without changing my name.”

“ Hark !” whispered Miss *Pry*, pressing the arm of her companion, “ they have taken notice of our laughing at them already.”

“ And why would you do that ?” enquired Winifred. “ Why !—do you not see the entertainment which we afford ? I have heard Miss *Bridget* and Miss *Winifred* whispered a hundred times already—and with such a sneer ! I wish I had thought of calling myself *Maria* when I came into the school : it is so provoking to be laughed at ! However, your name is worse than mine, Winifred : indeed, do *you* not wish it was something else ?”

“ I have never found it a trouble to me yet,” said Winifred, rather thoughtfully, “ although, now you mention it, I recollect some

of my papa's acquaintance say, Miss *Winifred*, with a smile. It certainly is not pleasant, but I do not see how we could change our names: we could not be christened again, you know."

"Very true; but we could say our names were something else," replied Bridget."

"And, tell a story about it! Oh! no, that would never do."

"Why, we should mean no harm," said Bridget."

"But it would be wrong, and do harm to ourselves," returned Winifred; "besides our looking very foolish if any body came to see us, and called us by our real names. We should deserve to be laughed at then!"

"I expect no one to call on me but my father and mother," said Bridget; "and I could make them call me what I liked; however, it is too late now,—the whole school knows my name, and, what is worse, I shall never be called any thing but Bridget while I am here; nor you otherwise than Miss *Winifred*." She then related the cruel circum-

stance of a Miss Jones and a Miss Smith being already in the school, who took precedence of them.

Winifred looked rather grave, as her companion recapitulated more things which they might expect to meet with.—“It is unfortunate,” said she, “to have such names; but let us hope that the novelty may wear off, or that there may be other strange names come into the school, which may keep us in countenance.” They then entered the path in which the listeners were standing. Winifred had observed them there while planting her slip of the rose-tree; but, not considering them stationary, was surprised to find them still on the same spot. Had not her timidity been greater than her sagacity, she might have said, “Here is something worse than having an uncouth name—these ladies have been trying to overhear our conversation!” But, recollecting her mother’s caution, not to form opinions too hastily, she was silent—on reflecting, that they might not be there for that purpose, but engaged in their own concerns.

Miss Sorrel, alias Miss *Pry*, now stepped

forward. — “ Pray, Miss *Winifred*,” said she, without any introduction, “ allow me to ask, if you are from Wales ?”

“ No !” she replied, somewhat surprised at the abruptness of the question ; yet, ever ready to account for things, she added, “ perhaps you are, and expected to meet a country-woman ?”

“ Oh ! no,” returned the other, laughing, “ but your name is so like the *Welsh mountains* !”

Winifred smiled.—“ I have heard they are very pretty,” said she ; “ which, I have just been told, my name is not.”

“ I mean, that it sounds as if you had been born and bred amongst them : and, then, you would have spoken Welsh.”

“ Do you understand the language ?” asked Winifred, “ Not I. But it would have been so droll to hear you speak in a language which none of us understand.”

“ Really,” said Winifred, with something like contempt of her folly ; “ I should not have imagined there was any entertainment in that.”

“ Well, but now say where you do come from, there’s a good girl !” said her inquisi-

tive interrogator,—“and how you came to have such a very odd name?”

Bridget was going to prevent Winifred's reply, by whispering her to ask, “how she came to be called Miss *Pry*?” for she had been told some of the secrets of the school, by a young lady who had lately left it: but the dinner-bell rang, and, instead of offering to conduct them, being strangers, these genteel young ladies hastened towards the house to see what their governess would do with one who had been in disgrace that morning, and whether she would be permitted to take her seat at the table.”

Bridget and Winifred followed but slowly, not being very desirous of seeing more of the ladies, since their first essay towards forming an acquaintance had been accompanied with so many enquiries.

“Do not satisfy their curiosity,” said Bridget, “unless you can make yourself of consequence by doing so; for my part, when my examination comes on, I am determined to say I was named after my grandmother, who left me a large fortune.”

“That is singular!” said Winifred, “that we should both account for our

strange names in the same way! I am also named after a grandmother."

"So am not I, in reality," said Bridget, laughing; "but I intend saying so, that they may suppose me possessed of a fortune."

Winifred could not approve of her friend's design. She was again going to object to the folly of telling an untruth; but, as Bridget had said she saw no harm in it, when none was intended, she forebore to take on herself the office of censorship, and replied, "I can with truth account for my name in this way; but the fortune I must omit, as I never heard that my grandmother had any to leave."

They now approached the house, and were met by their governess, Mrs. Commagene. She addressed them with great kindness, and, taking a hand of each, conducted them to the dining-room. Here they were introduced to the teachers, and some of the young ladies who stood near.

Again they observed a smile on their features; but, being seated near the first teacher, the usual place for strangers, they were spared the remarks which accompanied it.

Mrs. Commagene took the upper end of the table, and, after saying grace, dinner began.

CHAP. II.

“But giant gout had bound him in his chain.”
ROGERS.

To spare my heroines the unpleasant task of relating their own histories so minutely as my readers might wish, I must inform them, that Winifred was the surviving child of Sir David and Lady Jones, who had lost eight sons and daughters, not arrived at her age; consequently, they were very fond of her.

Sir David's family was of Welsh extraction, and, had it been a matter of exultation to him, he might have boasted of a long line of ancestry on his mother's side, from one of their former kings. Early in life she had married an English gentleman without the consent of her parents, and, in the bosom

of his family having learnt to think lightly of those honours which her progenitors so much esteemed, she was neglected by her relations, till, to prevent the extinction of the family title, it became necessary to seek an heir for it in her son.

At the earnest request of the old Lady Jones, he was permitted to take the name, title, and arms, of Sir David Jones, after the death of the late Sir David, his maternal uncle, who died young and unmarried.

The prospect of being reconciled to her family, afforded Mrs. Manners, Sir David's mother, sincere pleasure; but some arguments were necessary to make him think it better to be called Sir David Jones than Mr. Manners, particularly as there was no great acquisition of wealth annexed to his new title, the estate belonging to it being inconsiderable.

More to oblige his mother than himself, he at length consented to accept his grandmother's overtures of reconciliation, and the old lady had the pleasure of seeing her grandson invested with the title to which she attached so much consequence. She pronounced him heir to all the honours and

dignity of their ancient house; but, as she kept the fortune in her own hands, he was not quite so courteous as she expected; and, on his refusing to break an engagement with an English lady, and marry one of his Welsh cousins, he lost her favour as quickly as he had gained it.

However tenacious she might be of the family title, she was not over anxious to support it, and at her decease left him but a small legacy; dividing the rest of her possessions, after the death of his mother, among those who had only Welsh blood in their veins, and had not taught their children to despise it.

Sir David, therefore, possessed little more than an empty title, which, had he not unexpectedly inherited an estate in Cornwall, from an uncle of his father, he was half inclined to give up, not considering his new-found honours worth the keeping. Thus situated, it was no wonder that Winifred had not learnt to value herself on her Welsh extraction, or that she was ignorant of it. She was named after Mrs. Manners, who continued to live with her son after he had married the lady of his choice.

It was the wish of Lady Jones to educate her daughter at home, had she not feared that the excessive fondness of Sir David would counteract her design. For eleven years Winifred had been the object of her mother's care, and her father's indulgence. He was equally desirous of promoting her welfare, and thought to make her happy by granting all her desires: the surest means of endangering it, as nothing is less productive of happiness than unlimited indulgence.

Often subject to gout, which irritated his temper, Winifred was his chief amusement. If she was cross and fretful, he was likewise out of temper; and, if the store of cakes and sweet-meats, kept for such occasions, did not restore her to good humour, he immediately attributed her displeasure to her mother having attempted to give her some instruction.

This was in her younger days. Whenever he saw her pouting at the book, or twisting the needle and thread round her fingers, which her mother had put into her hands, —it was his constant remark,—“She is yet too young to learn: at a proper age these

things would come of themselves." He knew better than this, but he did not like to see Winifred made uncomfortable; and she might have remained in ignorance all her life, had not her mother been careful to prevent the ill effects of such a neglect of education, by constantly remarking that there were many children of their acquaintance who could read and write at Winifred's age—then nearly six years old. "If she was accustomed to do it," rejoined Lady Jones, "such employment would soon afford her more pleasure than playing with her father's watch-chain, or the buttons on his coat."

The fact was, Sir David found no amusement in hearing Winifred's attempt to spell, or in her making pretence to work. The gout was always worse when he was alone; and Lady Jones could not leave him long enough to pursue the plan which she wished for instructing her child.

Still her patience and perseverance did a great deal with the tractable temper of Winifred, aided by the emulation excited in her by some children in the neighbourhood, whom her father allowed her to visit, as he was generally entertained on her

return by the accounts which she gave of what she had seen and heard.

At a very early age there was something in the breast of Winifred that was not satisfied without the approval of her mother. In vain Sir David laughed, as she related George Somers's awkwardness, or Mary's fits of passion, if Lady Jones did not smile also. Unconscious of the reason, she knew that her mamma was not always so well pleased at these little sallies of her childish wit.

Lady Jones had found it useless to express her displeasure before Sir David, who always made an excuse for Winifred, and was often more inclined to blame her mother in giving the reproof, than his daughter for deserving it. Silence, therefore, was the only way in which she shewed it; and Winifred learnt from hence, to think more of her mother's silence than all her father's commendations.

When about eight years old, she began more fully to appreciate the superior kindness of her mother,—to value it above that of her too-indulgent father,—and the precepts of the former were engraven still deeper in her heart.

In that part of the morning which Sir David usually spent in bed, Lady Jones had, with some difficulty, prevailed on him to dispense with Winifred's company, as his man-servant, who was his chief attendant, was always in the room (except when the gentler offices of a nurse were performed by herself). These hours were entirely devoted to Winifred's improvement, in reading, writing, and arithmetic, who was soon greatly delighted to find that she could form a letter, and read a fable almost as well as the Somers's.

Every afternoon, when her father went to sleep, Lady Jones taught her to work; and, after a few attempts, Winifred had to display to him, on his awaking, the side of a pocket-handkerchief, or some part of her doll's apparel, which she had hemmed. So that she could learn without his seeing her brow clouded, or that the attention which she was obliged to pay to her work did not stop her entertaining prattle, he had no objection to her doing it.

He would now have extolled his own plan of letting her alone till she was old enough, and she would learn of herself, had not

Lady Jones's love of veracity, and her wish to instil it into the mind of Winifred, induced her to say that it had not been acquired without care and attention.

“Winifred will not say,” added she, “that it has not cost her some trouble to learn even this; but, now she feels a pleasure in useful employment, I hope she will be induced to learn more.”

“Yes, indeed, papa, I thought it very hard at first,” said the little girl, “and that I never should learn any thing;—you used to tell me it would make me cross, but now I like it better than playing with you.”

Sir David laughed, and, placing her on his knee, told her she was a good girl to speak the truth, but she might have done it with a little more civility. Winifred was surprised to see no smile on her mother's lips; convinced that she wished her to learn and to find pleasure in it, she expected her to approve of what she had said. On the contrary, she was silent, and Winifred waited with some anxiety till her hour of going to-bed, as then she was generally accompanied to her chamber by her excellent mother, who, after dismissing the servant,

took the opportunity of reminding her of the faults which she had committed during the day.

As soon as they were alone that evening, Winifred began: "Mamma, I think you were not pleased with me when I said I liked better to learn of you than play with papa: was that wrong?—it was the truth."

"You must learn to discriminate, my child: it is certainly right to speak the truth when you are asked a direct question; but you should be careful not to offend or hurt the feelings of another by speaking it unnecessarily. You were not asked which you preferred; therefore, you should not have risked the displeasure of your father. It was very good of him not to be angry: he is often ill, and suffers much pain; and, if you can amuse him any part of the day, it ought to give you as much pleasure as improving yourself."

"Oh! I see it, mamma: I was wrong, for he is very good to me; but I thought to please you."

"Be assured, my dear, you will never please me by displeasing your father."

“But, then, mamma,” said Winifred, turning an enquiring look towards her, as she sat by the side of the bed, “you are not always pleased when he is. I see you look grave when he laughs; and, though you do not say any thing, I know you are not pleased.”

“I am glad my Winifred takes so much notice of my looks: may they continue her affectionate monitors!” said Lady Jones, tenderly kissing her. “I will tell you when I am not pleased: it is when you make him laugh, because George Somers has thrown his knife and fork down a dozen times at dinner, and overturned the table, in endeavouring to reach something beyond it; or when you are telling him of Mary’s anger, how she stamps and raves if she is contradicted. I think it a pity you should make the faults of your companions a subject of mirth: the awkwardness of George proceeds from his misfortune, and is rather to be regretted than ridiculed. You know his right arm is weakened by an accident in his infancy; and, as to their faults, I should be better pleased if you concealed them.”

“If it is wrong, mamma, it amuses papa, —and you say, I should endeavour to do that?”

“Innocently, my dear. It is not your father’s disposition to receive amusement from the exposure of others, but his fondness for you sometimes makes him unmindful of your faults. It is more my province to guard you from committing wrong—his to prevent your receiving any. If George had been here this morning, when you were learning to make the letter *K*, and gone home, and told how awkward you were, how should you have liked it? Were he to hear how often you amuse your father at his expense, he must pronounce you very ill-natured; therefore, even to amuse him, you must not relate what would pain the feelings of another, any more than you should say to him what would hurt his.”

“I understand you, mamma; and will never do it again: pray tell my dear papa that I am sorry I said what I did to him this afternoon.”

“No, my dear, not unless he mentions it to me; it might remind him of a fault, which, perhaps, his affection for you has

prevented his seeing,—be more careful for the future, and remember, that “truth is not to be spoken at all times.”

Winifred continued to find new pleasure in improvement; but, mindful of her mother’s precepts, she was also happy to amuse her father. No longer pleased with being idle, she endeavoured to improve the time which she spent with him, by asking him to hear her read.

“Can you read the newspaper to me?” said he. “No, papa, but one of my pretty stories,—do let me read it to you!”

He consented, and was delighted at the pleasure which she found in understanding the tales, and which he called the quickness of her apprehension. After this, he often desired her to amuse him with a story,—but it was the remarks which she made, and not the tale itself, which afforded him entertainment. If she read without making any observation, the book was dull, and soon ordered to be laid aside. Winifred saw this, and, certain of approbation from her father, every thought which arose in her mind flowed from her lips. She would often have exceeded the bounds of pro-

priety, and have thought many a foolish speech a wise one, had not her mother's admonitory looks warned her when she was wrong.

One day, after returning from a visit to her young friends the Somers's, she expressed a wish to learn the Multiplication Table.

"That would be an endless job," said Sir David, "two or three years hence will be time enough: you will forget it again before it can be useful to you."

"No, papa; Mary Somers is not so old as I am, and she can say it very well. I learnt the first line while I was there;—only hear me. Twice two are four, twice three are six," &c. &c.

"The girl's a prodigy!" exclaimed the delighted father, "she will be a female mathematician!"

"What is quickly learnt is easily forgotten," said Lady Jones, less enraptured; "but, if Winifred will take pains, she may learn the hardest part of the Table, as well as the least difficult."

"That I will, mamma; I shall be so glad when I have learnt it all,—then I may go into Multiplication."

“Not so fast, my dear,” said her ladyship, smiling, “you will have to go through Subtraction first; but, with attention, every thing will be easy to my Winifred.”

This was true, for her capacity was good, and she possessed a retentive memory: such an expression from her mother encouraged her to improve far more than the lavish encomiums of her father.

He did not wish her to be kept in ignorance, but disliked that any part of her time should be occupied in what would draw her attention from him. He had himself received an excellent education, and, till illness increased his natural indolence, found pleasure in literary pursuits; but, latterly, Winifred had so many charms for him,—her efforts to amuse him excited so much of his attention, that her conversation, the newspapers, backgammon, with now and then a visit from his friends, constituted his chief employments. Among these, however, his daughter held the principal place: except when the politics of the day were very interesting, the newspaper was laid aside as soon as she entered the room;—the backgammon table was never resorted to

till she had retired;—nor did a visit from his friends afford him much pleasure, if they did not admire Winifred as much as he did.

With so fond a father, whose valetudinarian habits required domestic pleasures, it cannot be denied, that our little heroine was in great danger of being spoiled.—The only child preserved out of so many, she was the dearest object of attention to both her parents, although they evinced their affection in different ways. Sir David would have wished her never to be contradicted, or compelled to do what she did not like; while her mother, more attentive to her real happiness, endeavoured to convince her that it was wrong to seek only her own gratification.

“Remember, my child,” said she, “that those only are truly happy who can also rejoice in the happiness of others. It cannot be in your power to make all your acquaintance happy, but to rejoice when they are so, adds to their happiness and to your own.”

CHAP. III.

—
“Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd.”

ROGERS.

—

It may be considered rather a fortunate circumstance for Winifred that she had no outward beauty to recommend her, as it made her desirous of obtaining that which is more valuable—the beauty of the mind. Even her doting father could not call her handsome; yet Winifred's face, when dressed in smiles, had always charms for him; and seldom was her countenance more bright than when she had any fresh instance of her improvement to present to him.

A question in multiplication of four figures completed her triumph.—“Here, papa,” said she, “I have learnt the table, and resolved this question, since I spoke to you about it: look, the proof is right. *Now*, are you not glad that I learnt it?”

“Your mother was right,” replied he,

“when she said you would learn any thing;” and, forgetting at that moment, in the exultation of his daughter, a painful fit of the gout under which he was labouring, he stretched out his foot a little too far.

It had been Winifred’s wish to learn music,—and Lady Jones encouraged her to hope for her father’s permission; but, as there were things of yet greater moment to be learnt, she had not allowed her to mention it to him.

Seeing her father so well pleased, Winifred thought it the time to speak, and said, “Mary Somers is going to have a music-master, papa; I wish I could have him too.”

“A music-master!” exclaimed Sir David, in a voice of agony, half starting from his chair. “Oh, my toe!—What a plunge! call your mother immediately to loosen the flannel: I cannot bear this torturing pain.”

Sadly frightened, Winifred ran to obey his order; and, till she saw him a little more at ease, thought not of the request which she had been making. Judging it most prudent not to renew it for the present, she sat silent, reflecting whether it could have been her mentioning the music-

master that had such a violent effect upon her father.

“At all events,” thought she, “I should not have mentioned it without mamma’s consent. She told me to wait, and I have been in too great a hurry.”

“What makes you so thoughtful, Winifred?” asked her father; “have you nothing with which you can entertain me?”

“Yes, papa; I have learnt a fable,—the Hare and the Tortoise: shall I repeat it to you?” and she did so, with all the effect which she could muster courage to perform. Her voice changed according to the sentiments of the verse, and her father was not remiss in approving: he observed the archness with which she spoke for the tortoise, the saucy air she assumed for the hare, and the movement of her hands when the bet was made. His good-humour returned, and his praises were in proportion. He said she was quite a *genius*.

“I hope not,” said Lady Jones, who had hitherto been silent, and no *note of admiration* was expressed in *her* looks; “for genius is always proud,” alluding to a line in the fable.

“ Which would Winifred like to be,” asked Sir David, “ the hare or the tortoise?”

Winifred looked at her mother, and was going to reply in a hurry, but took time to consider.

“ The hare,” said she, thoughtfully, “ might have gained the prize had he been more attentive—he certainly could *run* faster than the tortoise; but then he was proud and vain: he made too sure of winning, and therefore lost, his wager.”

“ This illustrates what I have often told you,” said her ladyship; “ the greatest abilities are useless without care and attention. What would your retentive memory and ready comprehension avail you, if you did not attend to what you were doing.”

“ Should I prefer being the *tortoise* then, mamma?” asked Winifred.

“ Rather than such a hare as is described in the fable,” replied her mother; “ but I do not say that it is not better to have the hare’s abilities, if the attention and perseverance of the tortoise be added to them.”

“ I will endeavour to be like both then,” said Winifred, smiling; “ and, if I should

find myself depending too much on my good memory, I hope I shall recollect, that 'slow and steady wins the race.'"

"Our Winifred will be an excellent writer," observed Sir David, delighted with her manner; "she will equal the French in telling stories—her action is so good: who taught her that?"

"Not I;" replied Lady Jones, "I did not imagine you wished to see her an actress."

"An actress! no; but some life and animation, in reciting, is desirable."

Her ladyship said no more at that time; but Winifred knew that there had been too much display in her recitation; and, before her mother left her for the night, begged to know her opinion.

"I think, my dear," said this affectionate parent, "you were led into an exhibition, if I may so call it, to amuse your father; but I am unwilling you should lose that native modesty which is the ornament of our sex, by attempting any thing more than a just and accurate recital. To recite is very proper, particularly as it entertains your father, and may now and then amuse a

friend; but to act what you are repeating is not necessary. I saw it caused you some exertion to overcome the timidity which is more becoming your youth, and, indeed, every female, than the boldness necessary to excel in performances of this kind. There is a medium in these things, which your own taste must teach you; but I hope your future attempts will never want the accompaniment of modesty."

"Indeed, mamma, I feared you would think me vain," returned Winifred, blushing; "but papa is so pleased with all I do, and had thought me dull till I began, that I wished to exert myself; and then, mamma, I feared that I had offended him by something which I said before: I hope you will not be angry, mamma; I know I should have waited till you had given me leave, but—I mentioned the music-master."

"It would have been better to have delayed it a little longer," returned her mother, "till you had received from me what instruction I could give you. What did your father say?"

"Nothing, mamma; the pain in his toe more on so violently, that I dare say he

forgot it; but he was so pleased with my multiplication question, that I could not help telling him I wished to learn music also."

"As it is so much your wish," replied her ladyship, "I will teach you the notes, if we can find time, without neglecting more material employments, or being inattentive to your father. The master will not be wanted till you are thoroughly acquainted with them."

Thus passed Winifred's early years, till she was in danger of being conceited, self-witted, and ignorant; notwithstanding the efforts of her mother to counteract Sir David's unbounded partiality. Lady Jones became at length convinced, that it was impossible to educate her at home, even had a governess been engaged for her in the house. Sir David would not have allowed his daughter to be away from him long enough to acquire any thing as she ought. A music-master attended her almost a twelve-month, but she seldom found time to practise; and, in her twelfth year, she was very superficial in many branches of her education.

Sir David's gout having arrived at an alarming height, the Bath waters were recommended as the only remedy: thither he determined to go, as soon as he could leave home. Her ladyship took this opportunity of proposing that Winifred should be placed at a good school in their neighbourhood. After some debate and amicable contention, it was determined, that, if Winifred had no objection, she should stay there long enough to complete her education.

Accustomed to like whatever her mother approved, she heard their determination with acquiescence, though not with pleasure: their attempt to break it to her by degrees was useless—the moment Sir David asked her how she should like to go to school, she knew it was settled.

“I do not know,” was her reply; “but, if you and mamma please, I *must* like it.” She could say no more, but, covering her face, burst into tears.

“She shall not go,” said Sir David, almost as much affected, and looking at Lady Jones. “She does not like it. Poor Winifred, come to me, my dear;—I thought you would be pleased to have an opportunity of

learning every thing; but you shall not go, dearest!—how could I think of parting with you?”

“Oh! yes, I will, papa,” returned Winifred, wiping her eyes as she advanced towards him, and endeavouring to conceal her emotion; “I shall like it, for I shall have so much time to learn there.”

“But none to amuse me, Winifred,” said he, kissing a tear from her cheek;—“what shall I do without you? I cannot part with you.”

“Oh! Sir David,” said Lady Jones, who had been a silent, though not an unconcerned, spectator of this scene,—“how can we expect our daughter to shew fortitude if we do not.”

“I say she shall not go, unless she likes it,” repeated he, in a peremptory tone.

“Mamma knows what is best for me, indeed she does, my dear papa,” whispered Winifred, as she leaned upon his shoulder; “let her decide for us. I know I shall like it very well when I am there; only the thought of not seeing you and her every day is so distressing.”

“That time must come, dear Winifred;”

said her ladyship, putting out her hand towards her.

“I know it must, my dear mamma,” she returned, throwing herself into her mother’s arms. “I am ready to go where you shall direct;—I am sure you would not send me from you but for my advantage. I will endeavour to learn all that is in my power, that I may come home the sooner, and be more capable of affording you and my dear papa comfort and amusement than I am at present.”

“Be it so, my dear child,” returned Lady Jones, and a tear dropped on Winifred’s bosom;—“but, if you go, you must be content to stay two, three, or four years, as we shall see necessary.”

“Why tell her that?” said Sir David, displeased at the idea of so long a separation.

“Yes, yes! papa,” said Winifred, “I like to know the worst—the whole I mean,—of what is expected from me.”

“It is best,” said Lady Jones; “you should not go with the expectation of soon returning, except for the holidays, which, you know, are every six months, lest you

spend your time in anticipation, instead of endeavouring to improve."

"Very true, mamma," returned Winifred, who heard her attentively.

"And when there, my child," resumed this excellent parent, "if you are convinced that it is for your benefit, do not indulge yourself in vain regrets;—do not allow yourself to think of home, and wish you were here;—endeavour to be reconciled to your situation, and think of the advantages which you are to gain there."

"What, would you have her forget us entirely?" asked Sir David.

"I believe there is no fear of that," replied she, with an affectionate smile; "but, certainly, it will be for the happiness of all parties not to indulge fruitless wishes, when we are convinced that the plan which we have adopted is for the best: I shall often write to our dear girl."

"The gout will not let me do that," said he, in a fretful tone, "if it bind me hand and foot, as it seems inclined to do: but she must write to us."

"I shall, papa," answered Winifred, who gathered courage from her mother's ap-

proving looks. "It will be one of my principal pleasures: I shall remember you both every night and morning. I will endeavour to think what mamma would say of all I am about to do, and regulate my conduct by that."

"You cannot have a better criterion, I believe," replied her father, somewhat less discomposed, by observing that she was so soon reconciled to their plan. The entrance of a servant, with his medicinal draught, put an end to the agitating conversation.

The reflection that she should not be able to apply to her mother, every evening, for her judgment on what she had done in the course of the day, caused a pang in Winifred's bosom; which she felt perhaps the more, in consequence of her having endeavoured to suppress it.

When they had retired, at the usual time, she ventured to ask when she was to go to school?

"Very soon, I hope, my dear," said her mother: "it is necessary your father should not delay his journey to Bath; and, as soon as I can leave him for a few hours, I mean to introduce you to Mrs. Commagene."

“Is it there I am to go?” said Winifred; “Mary Somers’s governess came from that school. It is not far from home; but you will be at Bath.”

“Not always, my love; and, when your papa is well enough, we shall be able to pay you a morning visit.”

“Why could I not have a governess at home, as well as Mary, mamma?” asked Winifred, tenderly kissing her mother’s hand, who was tying her nightcap for her.

“Another time I will answer that question, my dear,” said her ladyship, returning the affectionate salute.

“Thank you, dear mamma; I ought to be satisfied; you know best.” Winifred then laid down, and thought of school till sleep had closed her eyes.

CHAP. IV.

—
“ True filial affection bids us suppress our griefs and distresses, lest they should alarm or afflict our parents.”
—

THE next morning Lady Jones addressed Winifred in the following terms:—“ You asked me, last night, my dear girl, why you could not have a governess at home? I will not conceal from you the only reason: it is your father’s excessive affection for you, which would not allow you to devote that time to a governess which is necessary to receive her instructions, and to profit by them. The time would wear away in useless avocations, and you would remain in ignorance, with the means of improvement before you. Hitherto you have amused your father as a child; but, as you grow older, he will expect something more solid, and be disappointed if you have no opportunity given you of acquiring it. Another reason is, your happiness has been so consulted at

home, that, unless you experience some of the indifference which you will meet with at school, you will enter the world expecting to find yourself the principal person in it; and will be disappointed if you receive not from all your acquaintance the attention to which you have been accustomed from your father and myself. Believe me, every one will not admire all you say and do, as he does."

"No, mamma, I do not expect it; but tell me what I may meet with at school?"

"A variety of children, my dear, some very different from yourself; but do not think all those who are not of your opinion wrong, because they differ from you. Consider, wherein they differ, and, if it add to their happiness, allow them to have their own way; only remember, that whatever leads them from duty cannot make them happy. Be candid, but not too communicative; and, above all things, my child, be careful to speak the truth. You will find some who allow themselves to exaggerate the circumstances which they relate, in order to make them more wonderful; and others who will tell an untruth, and call it a

joke; or because it makes a good story, without considering the consequences which it may produce to others. Thus, the barrier between right and wrong is lost before they are aware. What you see wrong in others be careful to avoid; but be not too hasty to reprove: make every allowance for them, but none for yourself. Should you be drawn in, by others, to commit a fault, and afterwards see your error, separate from them immediately; and let no false shame prevent your acknowledging that you have done wrong. Make the Scripture rule the basis of your conduct—‘do unto others as you would they should do unto you;’ and endeavour to act up to what you know to be right; so will you give your father and me the greatest cause for rejoicing.”—She felt too much to say more; and Winifred, equally affected, promised to remember her directions.

In a few days she accompanied her mother to Mrs. Commagene’s; and, for the first time, saw a numerous assembly of young ladies, all engaged in the pursuit of learning. On looking into the school-room, she thought, if she could return home every

evening, she should not mind spending the day there; but, as it was not likely that her papa would part with her in the morning, she would not think of any such plan. She made up her mind, therefore, to see it in as pleasant a light as she could.

The music-master was the same who had attended her at home; and she was to learn French, drawing, and dancing, with the usual branches of learning taught in the school. "Oh! how many things shall I have to amuse papa with, when I come home!" thought she. The necessary arrangements were soon made; and, with a beating heart, Winifred heard that she was to make one of that large society early in the ensuing week.

It cost her one sigh, as she curtsied to the governess, on her saying she should be happy to receive her. Winifred pressed still closer to the side of her mother, whose hand she held, but waited till they were again seated in the carriage before she said—"Must I go so soon, my dear mamma?"—"Consider, it is for your advantage, my dear," said her ladyship, vainly endeavouring to suppress an answering sigh

to Winifred's. "Now your father has consented, it is better not to try his feelings or our own by delaying it; besides, it is necessary that we should go to Bath as soon as possible. Be chearful, therefore, my love, and do not give him reason to think that you regret the permission which he has granted."

"No, mamma, I think I shall like it very well: but what a number of young ladies I saw! how ignorant and how little I shall appear among them!—Is it possible I shall ever get acquainted with all of them?"

During her ride home she rallied her spirits, and, on her return, gave her father an account of all she had seen, expressing her hope she should be very happy there.

"You will be quite a cypher among so many," said Sir David, on hearing of the number of scholars.

"Winifred must be content to be so, sometimes," said Lady Jones; "she cannot be always of the consequence which she is at home; but, when she returns to us again, we shall think her a greater personage than ever."

Fearful of giving her father uneasiness,

and desirous of attending to her mother's advice, Winifred continued to act and speak with caution till her departure.

On the last evening she could have said a great deal of the pleasure which she should feel in being again seated between them : her heart sickened, as she thought of the many miles which would soon separate her from these, her dearest friends; but she forbore to mention either. Her father could not trust himself to speak of her removal; and, had not his own journey to Bath been fixed for the day after, he would have deferred the parting moment till the holidays had commenced. When she bade him good night, he gave her an affectionate kiss, which she too well knew would be the last for some time to come. "Remember the holidays, papa," said she,—obliged to act the heroine, and to summon fortitude, on his account rather than her own.

"I shall see you to-morrow morning," said he, with a faint smile. Winifred could not answer, but, on entering her chamber, whither she was accompanied by her mother, threw herself into her arms and burst into tears.

“ Oh, my dear Winifred !” said Lady Jones, endeavouring to recover her composure ; “ do not let your courage fail you at the last : you have, hitherto, behaved as you ought.”

“ I do not repent, indeed, mamma,” said Winifred, folding her arms around her : “ I am ready to go ! but when shall I see you and dear papa again ?”

“ When the holidays commence, my child, if not before : and, if we are not returned from Bath, you shall come to us there.”

Although it was the last night, Lady Jones would not stay long with her beloved daughter : she knew that Sir David was still more in want of consolation than Winifred ; and, after seeing her dry her eyes, and assuring her of her tenderest affection, and constant prayers for her happiness, she hastened back to the parlour, and exerted herself to restore composure to the mind of her husband.

She succeeded so well, that, the next morning, he saw Winifred depart with less emotion than he himself expected. With few tears, and many kisses, she bade him

adieu, and was accompanied by her affectionate mother to Mrs. Commagene's.

I shall transcribe Winifred's first letter to her parents, after she had been a week at school, and had heard from them of their safe arrival at Bath, with her mother's answer. I shall then explain the cause why Bridget differed so materially from her friend, by giving some account of her early life.

“ My dear Papa and Mamma,

“ Your letter afforded me the sincerest pleasure. I was happy to hear that my dear papa bore his journey so well, and hope he will find benefit from the Bath waters. So far, my dear mamma, Miss Ockendon, our first teacher, has dictated to me, though I needed not to be told what is so deeply written in my heart. You, my dear papa and mamma, will, I know, excuse me, if it is not expressed quite so well as it should be. Yet, as I am come to school to learn every thing, I think my dear mamma will say I should also endeavour to attain a correct style of writing, and so I will; only this once let me tell you, without searching

for proper phrases, how I love you and my dear papa!—ten times better than I thought I did when at home, and that was a great deal too,—but do not think from this that I am unhappy at school: I have had but one trouble, and that deserves only to be laughed at; I mean that it should be considered as such, but I hope it will not be so long. I am determined not to mind it, though I am ashamed to say I did a very little at first, and that is, my name being *Winifred*! All the ladies smile when it is mentioned: one asked me if I came from Wales? and another desired to hear my *pedigree*. I could give them very little account of either; yet I think I have heard you say, my grandmother, after whom I am named, was a Welsh woman. I do not know whether it is better or worse for me; but another young lady entered the school at the same time, and her name, which is *Bridget*, occasions as much mirth as my own. I tell her we ought not to mind it, since it is our names, and not ourselves, they laugh at; but she is more hurt at it than I am, and has suggested a plan to cast off the ridicule, which I cannot adopt, because it is not the truth.

She has told them her grandmother gave her the name, and left her a large fortune, and has owned to me it is only a story to make herself of consequence. I hope she will think better of it, and not persist in the untruth; and that my mentioning this to you, my dear mamma, will not entitle me to the name of *Tell-tale*,—which is given to a Miss Purfleet, whom Bridget knew before she came to school, and who has lately left it. When Bridget said she was acquainted with her, all the ladies said, ‘Do you know Miss *Tell-tale*? we all dislike her because she told tales out of school.’ Most of the young ladies have such names given to them, though it is what our governess does not allow. She is very good to me, and so is Miss Ockendon; for which I am indebted to Miss Moore, Mary Somers’s governess. Though I had not time to take leave of them before I left home, she has been kind enough to mention me in a letter to this lady, in consequence of which she notices me more than I could expect. I am also obliged to you, my dear papa and mamma, for ordering the fruit to be sent me in your absence; as I shall have it in my power to

return the kindness shewn me by my school-fellows, in giving them a share of it: I hope my governess and Miss Ockendon will accept of some also. I have begun learning a great many things, but find it more difficult than when at home alone with you, dear mamma, and I had nothing to interrupt me. My head was quite confused when I first attempted learning my lessons among so many; and I find them so much cleverer than myself, that I assure you there is no danger of my becoming conceited. I have written a very long letter, and do not know whether I am to shew it to Miss Ockendon. If she sees it, I hope she will excuse the faults, as well as my dear papa and mamma. Another time I will endeavour to be less profuse in my style. Is this a proper expression? I do not know: I only recollect that I am writing for the first time to those I love, and who love me; and that I cannot express how much I love them. Do, my dear mamma, write very soon, if you please, and tell me how you and my dear papa are, and how Bath agrees with him. Miss Ockendon does not wish to see what I have written, and I am glad of it; as, perhaps,

I have said too much of the young ladies. She says, as it is to you, to whom I ought to write without reserve, (how good of her to say this,) she shall not look it over, only wishes me to tell you she has not; which I think you will probably see by the many faults.

I remain, my dearest papa and mamma,
Your very affectionate daughter,
WINIFRED JONES."

"P. S.—Dear mamma, pray write soon: till I hear from you I shall not be satisfied that my letter is what I wish it to be. I could say a great deal more, but the dinner-bell has rung, and I want you to have this, because I wish to hear from you in return."

A parent's affection made this epistle, with all its defects, very precious to Sir David and Lady Jones. They read it with pleasure, many times; and, excepting the word *profuse*, could see no fault in it. It told them that she was not unhappy, and they were better pleased because it had not the correction of the governess.

In a few days Winifred's heart was set at rest by an answer from her mother; the

kindness with which it was written increased her affection for so inestimable a friend:—

“ You are right, my dear Winifred, in supposing that both your father and myself are willing to overlook any fault in your letter: we received too much pleasure from it to be severe critics; yet it is necessary that you should acquire a correct style in writing, even to such partial friends, which I am glad to hear you intend to do. Another time, therefore, say *diffuse* instead of *profuse* style, if you find it necessary to use such an expression; but be careful to avoid any word which you do not perfectly understand; and remember that those most in common use (so that you do not descend to vulgarisms,) are the best for such young correspondents as yourself.

“ Indeed, my dear, your letter made us very happy: your father laughed at the distress which your name has occasioned; but we hope that you and your companion, in so unfortunate a circumstance, will be able to despise the ridicule which it causes. This is the surest way to lessen it, and is far superior to the plan which she has adopted;

and I am glad to hear you think so likewise. It is very good of Miss Ockendon to allow you to send your letters unseen by her : it shews that she has a confidence in you, which, I hope, your future conduct will not diminish. It seems that you already find a prudent reserve necessary : though accustomed to speak openly to me, you find that you must not do it to all. I am sorry to say, that confusion and suspicion, the inevitable companions of guilt, influence the whole world, and make it needful for us to guard each word and action. I hope my Winifred would dislike the office, as well as the name, of a *tell-tale* : yet to me she may wish to speak of what, at first, surprises her ; but will too soon appear as common things. The world, my dear Winifred, is now before you, only on a smaller scale : if you avoid the evils which you see in it, and are, in any measure, preserved from its contagion, you will have to thank a protecting Providence, and not your own care.

“ Even at home, my dear, you found prudence necessary ; but it was more from habitually attending to my directions that you escaped the ill effects of wanting it.

You are now obliged to think and act from your own judgment: I am pleased that you already see the necessity of caution. The names which are given to persons, in consequence of their faults, are generally strong indications of their characters, and often carry great force with them. Your father and myself are amused by conjecturing what yours will be. Had you remained at home, you might have received the appellation of 'the spoiled child;' but we have used our united efforts to shake that off; and I hope it is for your benefit that we have succeeded. You assure me that there is no danger of your being conceited, as if, formerly, there was a little fear that such a term might be applied to you: the more you endeavour to improve, the less likely will you be to deserve it, as it almost exclusively belongs to ignorance. After all, neither you nor ourselves are the best judges of what it ought to be. Less interested, or less partial, observers will be better able to discern your true character. May we never have reason to call you otherwise than our beloved Winifred; I never doubted your gratitude, and am glad that it is both in

your disposition and your power to return the kindness shewn you. It give me pleasure to observe that you are thankful for the fruit, on this account, more than for the pleasure which you will have in eating it.

“I am happy to say that your dear father continues to mend: Bath agrees with him. If we stay here till the holidays, we shall be happy to shew you some of the wonders of this wonderful place. You have been told that the waters rise out of the earth, from springs naturally hot, and are impregnated with several ingredients, such as saline, inflammable, and metallic earth; it is therefore probable that they must have passed some way under ground before they make their appearance. With the well-known story of King Bladud you are also acquainted; but ask your governess, or Miss Ockendon, to let you read some account of the Bath waters, that you may know all you can about what is likely to be of such benefit to one whom you so dearly love. May your thankfulness to the Almighty increase, who has provided such a remedy for his creatures. It is efficacious not only in gout, but in many other disorders.

“ Let me hear again from you very soon. Present your father’s and my compliments to Mrs. Commagene, and also to Miss Ockendon; with our thanks for their kind attention to you,

And believe me, dearest Winifred,
 With your father’s best love,
 Your very affectionate mother and friend,
 C. JONES.”

CHAP. V.

—◆—
 “ If ill directed it pursues the wrong,
 It adds new strength to what before was wrong.”

H. MOORE.

—◆—
 THE first month of Winifred’s being at school was by far the most irksome. Every thing was new to her; and she found her companions very different from what she expected. She had lost the admiring looks of her father, with the speaking silence of her mother; and was no longer an object

of attention to every one about her; but she experienced no unkindness: her disposition and manners were too mild to make harsh treatment necessary; and, on the whole, she was contented and happy.

Lady Jones had given her leave to learn every thing which she wished; and Winifred was too desirous of knowledge not to avail herself of the permission. Besides the more useful branches of instruction in the school, she took lessons in French, Italian, music, and drawing; but music was her favorite pursuit: she had a good voice, and sang with much taste. Often did her heart glow on receiving the commendation of her master on executing a new song, as she anticipated the praises of her father, and her mother's smile of approbation, when she should sing it to them.

From the circumstance which I have already mentioned, and their entering the school together, Bridget was named her friend by the other ladies; and, by confiding to her all her wants and wishes, and applying to her in every difficulty, she obtained a place in Winifred's affections which was never lost. This regard was

kept alive by Bridget's attentive assiduity, and by Winifred's readiness to assist her friend; who always acknowledged the goodness of her advice, although, in many instances, she neglected to follow it.

Bridget had told Miss *Pry* the story which she had fabricated, of the fortune left her by her grandmother, and all the school believed it, except Winifred; who, while she blamed her for so mean an artifice, forbore to expose her to the ridicule which it deserved, by proclaiming it an untruth.— This increased her ascendancy over her, and added to Bridget's attachment to her friend.

Without endeavouring to raise herself in the opinion of her school-fellows, Winifred became less an object of mirth, as soon as it was known that her father possessed an ancient baronetcy; a piece of intelligence which she had not thought it necessary to give them, not knowing the consequence attached to it in that epitome of the world—a large boarding-school. But, when this was known, her name was no longer so very ridiculous; nay, there was something rather pretty in the sound of Winifred. It

might also be one cause of attaching Bridget more firmly to her, as it would not be unpleasant, at some future time, to say, "My friend and school-fellow, Sir David Jones's daughter."

But it is now time to give some account of Bridget's parents. Her father, like John Gilpin, "was a citizen of credit and renown;" and, although not exactly resembling him in economy, he equalled him in affection for his wife. He had, also, a much larger share of vanity; for, instead of ordering the chaise, which was to take them on a party of pleasure, to wait some doors from their own house, "lest folks should think him proud," he was delighted when he could hear it said, "Mr. Smith's carriage stops the way!"

At all the city routs he and his lady made a splendid appearance; although it was not unfrequently hinted, that his means were small and his trade decreasing. For these reasons Mr. Smith thought it requisite to make the greater shew, and his wife agreed with him.

She was a rich widow when he married her: her former husband had acquired a

fortune, as a broker, in Moorfields; and she considered an union with Mr. Smith, (a tradesman in the city, who might, through her riches, greatly increase his consequence, and become, what is called, a leading man,) a sufficient compensation for resigning it, with herself, into his care and keeping.

But Mr. Smith had no ambition of this kind: the city honours were attended with too much trouble for him. Aware that he might expose himself by attempting to make a speech, if he belonged to the common council, and determining that to be one of their society without doing so would be of no use, he wisely gave up the pursuit, and contented himself with keeping a carriage; in being a great man at routs and at the city assemblies; a noted whist-player; and a profound politician, who said little and meant less.

Bridget was their only child; and, being born after they had given up the hope of having any, they made her of consequence from her infancy. She was named after her mother, and nursed with the greatest care. No sooner could she speak than all her

words were treasured up and recorded to her father, on his returning from the shop, as if they were those of an oracle. Her every action was admired; and little Bridget could not go in or out of the room, where her parents were, without hearing them exclaim, "Look at the pretty creature!"

Accustomed to have her own way, and to be in a violent passion if her pleasure was not consulted, she soon became disagreeable to all, except her doting father and mother: they could see no fault in her whose smiles amply recompensed them for the pains which they took to please her; and dreaded nothing so much as to hear her cry when their attempts were unsuccessful. This was often the case; as, at this early age, little miss did not always know what would or would not give her pleasure; and she frequently cried for the same thing which, a moment before, she had rejected with anger.

To consult her will was their chief concern: the only point which Mr. Smith ventured to dispute with his wife was, whether

she was as happy in his absence as when he was present.

If, on his return to the parlour, he saw her with swollen cheeks or red eyes, he would say, "You have suffered that child to cry again!" Bridget soon noticed this; and, when she wanted any thing which her mother could not immediately procure, it became her usual plea, "Papa will see that I have been crying, and be angry." Instead of being checked for this, it was greatly commended, and repeated, in her presence, to her father as soon as he appeared.

His caresses were then lavishly bestowed on his clever little girl, with, "No, papa does not like to see his darling cry;" and, "Bridget won't cry any more, will she?"—She might have answered, "not when I have what I want;" although this would not have been strictly agreeable to truth, as she often shed tears without knowing for what; or, as is often the case with humoured children, to keep up her consequence with her parents, and convince them how necessary, for their pleasure, it was that they should attend upon hers.

Bridget had only a pretty face to recom-

mend her: she originally possessed a good temper, but it was spoiled by their ill-timed indulgence. She was always restless and uneasy unless she was an object of attention to every one in the room. No one could say, "How good she is;" for she constantly refused to do as she was ordered, and did whatever she was told not to do, whenever her parents had company.

If left to follow her own inclination, she was sure to find employment in what would occasion trouble to others. She would empty her mother's work-basket, throw every thing about the room, pick to pieces all the flowers which she could find; tear the newspaper, bend back the covers of books; in short, do any thing that would oblige them to say, "Oh! Bridget should not do so." Then, with a kiss, lest she should cry on receiving such a rebuke, they would add, "she is but a baby, and will know better by-and-bye.

Thus passed Bridget's early days, till she was six years old; when, not liking to be called a baby any longer, she laid aside these mischievous tricks. Her habit of crying, if she had not what she wanted, was

now changed to pouting and sullenness; which answered her purpose quite as well. Papa and mamma were as anxious to take the "black dog off her back" as to prevent her tears. Bridget, as a last resource to obtain her wishes, would say, "O! mamma, I hear him bark; he will be on again if you do not give it to me." This, accompanied with a smile, was so arch and clever of the little creature, that it was impossible to refuse her any thing; and papa rejoiced that his sweet Bridget had so much wit.

Infinite pains were taken to keep her in good-humour when they expected a party, as they wished her to appear to advantage before their friends; but, as if to keep up her own dignity, Miss Bridget would not be agreeable just when they wished.

She had the satisfaction of hearing them tell the company that, "Bridget had been such a good girl all the day, and so entertaining, that her spirits were quite exhausted;" and she soon discovered that, let who would be in the room, she was, for her father and mother, the principal object of attention. Even the whist-table, if she was in a good humour, was forgotten, she was

so very amusing; and, if not, there seemed an absolute necessity for endeavouring to make her so. The company sometimes saw this, and, although they would not have cared in what humour she was, yet they deemed it civil to assist in the attempt; as, after Bridget had been supplied with amusement, Mr. and Mrs. Smith might think of providing some for them likewise.

Her parents, not having themselves received a good education, were ignorant of what it consisted. It appeared, however, right to them, that Bridget should go to school; yet, how to part with her a sufficient time for her to learn what other young ladies learnt, was the difficulty, as well as to make it agreeable to her.

When about eight years of age she was sent to a day-school in the neighbourhood, where she went when she liked, and learnt what she pleased; which was reading, writing, needle-work, and dancing, with very little grammar, as she found it tiresome; and her mamma said that, “if she minded how other people spoke, and looked often in her dictionary, she would know enough, without troubling herself with the

verbs, which were too hard a task for her dear little Bridget to learn."

Here she continued three years, when Mr. Smith, understanding that a boarding-school education was requisite for a young lady of fortune, and determining that Bridget should be one, proposed to send her to Mrs. Commagene's; but, as he well knew that, unless she herself approved of it, it would be useless to mention it, he employed a little art to accomplish his design.

He introduced her to Miss Purfleet, who had been there, and was now returned an accomplished young lady. "You, my dear Bridget, will be just such another," said he, "if you will go to school as she has done: you shall not stay longer than a twelvemonth unless you like it; nay, if you wish it, you shall come home before that time; but you cannot learn half so much at a day-school as you will at Mrs. Commagene's. None but genteel children are there, and my Bridget will make good acquaintances."

If only genteel children had been admitted there, Bridget would have been an exception to the general rule; but Mrs.

Commagene could refuse none who were of respectable parents. As to the good acquaintance which her father expected her to make, it arose from his idea of their consequence,—*good* being with him only another word for *great*.

Bridget required some time to consider of it, which was readily granted. One or two visits to Miss Purfleet,—hearing her play on the piano,—and how she was admired for the propriety of her behaviour, decided the matter. She consented to go for one year, and learn all that had been taught Miss Purfleet, only making an exception to embroidery: a large piece of that work, said to be done by this young lady, adorned her mother's dressing-room; but Bridget declined to follow her example in this particular, till, on coming to school, she found it would be done for her.

Her father and mother were as much obliged by her compliance, as if the favour had been done to themselves, instead of her. After some struggle on their parts, but none on Bridget's, who was now eager to go, and to become as accomplished as Miss Purfleet, they fixed the day for her enter-

ing the school; and it happened to be the same on which Winifred was placed there.

Bridget's self-love made her indifferent to every thing but her own gratification. The education which she had already received, convinced her of the ignorance of her parents. She thought that, come home when she would, she could make them believe that she knew a great deal. Such was Bridget when she first became acquainted with the amiable Winifred; to whom she was afterwards indebted for many proofs of friendship; but, most of all, for the kindness with which she endeavoured to convince her of her faults.

During the first year of their being at school, the fable of the "Hare and the Tortoise" was often in Winifred's recollection. Bridget, although she had the abilities of the hare, yet she wanted the application of the tortoise. She soon grew tired of learning any thing which gave her trouble, and was fond of dancing only, as it gained her admiration.

There were many who excelled Winifred's highly-extolled capacity; and many others who did not equal her either in abilities or

attention. It was not this which surprised her, but the various methods which were daily used to court applause. Several of the young ladies flattered each other on their different performances, that they might themselves obtain encomiums in their turn.

She even saw that the performances of some of the lower scholars were passed off as being done by those of greater consequence. A piece of needle-work or embroidery was often begun by a young lady, who, after setting a few stitches, found out that she could not, or would not, do it: it was then taken out of her hands and given to one better skilled in the work, who did it for her. But, when completed, the praise which it excited was given to the nominal performer, not to the lady who really merited it. She had only the secret satisfaction of knowing that it would not have been so admired but for her assistance.

“I am determined not to call any work mine till I can do it all myself,” said Winifred, to her friend, Miss Ockendon. Not so with Bridget; she laughed at the idea, and immediately wrote to her mamma, “that

she was going to begin a piece of embroidery, which should be as well done as Miss Purfleet's." This she never intended to finish; "but it will please papa and mamma," said she; "and their friends will not think I have been here for nothing."

Contrary to their expectation, she was very well satisfied at school; although she was continually told by Mrs. Commagene that she did not apply to her studies with sufficient attention. She was ready enough in promising, but took no pains to perform. When Winifred asked, why she did not? her reply was, "I am an only child, and I shall have a fortune; there is no occasion for me to drudge through the business of the school: if I can dance, sing, and play,—what more is necessary?" Winifred would have persuaded her that something more was requisite, but she laughed at the remarks, while she acknowledged that her friend had more wisdom than herself.

CHAP. VI.

—

“ Before we allow ourselves to resent any indignity, let us duly appreciate the character which has given the affront.”

—

AMONG the variety of characters with whom Winifred became acquainted at school, one was the most contemptible, as she evinced the utmost meanness with an eager desire for every thing in the possession of others: to this young lady, whose name was Matlock, her companions had given the appellation of *Crave-all*.

While Miss *Pry* was anxious to satisfy her curiosity by knowing whence every one came, whom they were, and what they possessed, Miss *Crave-all* made the same enquiries to ascertain whether she was likely to gain any thing from their acquaintance.

The praise which Winifred received from Mrs. Commagene, for attention to her lessons, excited this young lady's envy; yet

the fine baskets of fruit which were sent to Winifred, from home, were sufficient to ensure her civility as long as she could come in for a share. Winifred reserved the finest peaches and nectarines for her Governess and Miss Ockendon: the remainder were distributed amongst her school-fellows; and, if any one's portion was not so good at one time, it was better the next; but Miss Matlock always took care to have the best, by putting herself forward and asking for it.

At length, above three weeks elapsed, and no fruit arrived. Miss *Pry* and Miss *Crave-all* exhibited greater uneasiness on the occasion than Winifred. Winifred had received a letter, informing her that her parents were well, and would return home early in October: the month had commenced, and she thought not of the fruit, while she hoped that they were again near her, and that in a few days she might have the pleasure of seeing them.

Another week passed, and no basket came. This was too great a trial of Miss Matlock's courtesy: it was not worth while to pay attentions if she could not be rewarded for them. These Winifred easily dispensed with, till the covetous girl, un-

able to conceal her mortification, added various ill offices, and attempted to draw on her the ridicule of the school.

Several books were in the school library for the use of the young ladies, which afforded Winifred great pleasure; and she was often engaged in reading Miss Edgeworth's Tales, or Mrs. Helme's popular works, when she should have been writing to her mother, or learning her lessons. Madame Genlis's much admired "Adelaide and Theodore," and the "Tales of the Castle," were there in the original language. Winifred, although she knew but little French, understood sufficient to make her wish to be better acquainted with them.

French was spoken in her class, but she was not allowed to speak it till she understood it more perfectly. Her frequent attempts to do this, notwithstanding the caution given to her, and her bad French and incorrect pronunciation, afforded Miss Matlock great amusement; who, in derision, named her *Mademoiselle Françoise*.

Unaccustomed to afford entertainment but such as was accompanied with praise, Winifred found it difficult to bear this unex-

pected attack: she was content to be of no consequence, but to be an object of ridicule was beyond her patience. The vexation occasioned by her name had worn off, but to have another given to her, as a mark of contempt, was what she could not submit to;—while Miss Matlock, pleased that she had at last found out a way to vex her, took every opportunity of calling her so, till, at length, their governess became acquainted with it.

Although Mrs. Commagene had prohibited such a mark from being put upon any of the ladies, Miss Matlock hoped that Winifred's disobedience to the order which she had received would screen her from the punishment which her malice deserved. She told her governess why she had given her such a name, and pointed out Winifred's inaccuracies in the French language, which, she thought, would ensure her own pardon, and, at the same time, shew how well she was acquainted with it.

“Seeing that you knew it so well yourself,” said Mrs. Commagene, “did you tell Miss Jones where she was wrong, and give her the true meaning and pronounciation of the word?”

Confounded by this simple question, the ill-natured girl knew not what to answer; and her governess looked towards Winifred for a reply. "No madam, she did not," said Winifred. "You would not have attended to me, if I had," returned Miss Matlock, unwilling to give up the accusation.

"Did you ever try me?" asked Winifred, very modestly. Again she was silent, and Mrs. Commagene continued: "I think that I can depend on Miss Jones's veracity when she says you did not attempt it."

"I ought to be obliged to any one who would tell me right, ma'am," said Winifred; "but Miss Matlock never did attempt it: when I asked her to do so, she only laughed at me."

"She deserves greater punishment than yourself," said Mrs. Commagene, "although you have not attended to my direction in speaking what you do not understand; the ridicule which you have received will, I hope, be a sufficient warning to you not to expose yourself to any more of it. If you attend to your lessons as you have done, in the next half year, you may be allowed to speak it without censure; but Miss Matlock

deserves punishment: I order her not to sit at table with the rest of the ladies, till I shall give her leave; and to be subject to all the deprivations which such a situation occasions. She must also beg your pardon for the manner in which she has treated you; but this I do not expect till she is more sensible of her fault. Merely to do it at my command would make no alteration in her conduct."

This judgment was pronounced in the presence of the whole school, and great were the outcries against Miss Matlock when they were dismissed. "You," said Bridget, addressing her, "You, to whom Miss Jones gave the finest fruit, and who pretended to be so fond of her while that was coming every week, you never found out her bad French till the basket ceased to make its appearance: does not this shew from what your friendship arose?"

Miss Matlock continued in disgrace three or four days, sitting at the side-table, not being allowed to choose what was given to her, and her plate being filled after every other young lady's—a greater punishment to poor Miss *Crave-all* than to many others who

were not so fond of eating. This, with the remarks which her companions were liberal in making, induced her to confess her fault, and ask Winifred's pardon. She granted it immediately: for, as soon as the effect had ceased, the injury which she had received was forgotten. Winifred was by far too generous to find pleasure in seeing any one punished on her account; and, at her request, Miss Matlock was restored to her usual place.

Immediately after this, the long-delayed basket of fruit arrived; and, with it, a letter, which promised Winifred the pleasure of seeing her father and mother the next day, if the weather was fine. Overjoyed at this intelligence, the fruit stood untouched before her, while she examined and re-examined the letter, to see that she had made no mistake.

“Yes! they will be here to-morrow;” said she. “Oh! I hope the weather will be fine;” and her eyes were directed towards the window, as if she could read in the clouds whether they would be propitious on the ensuing day. Not so the eyes of her school-mates; theirs were fixed

upon the basket, which, half opened, displayed

“The downy peach; the shining plum;
The ruddy fragant nectarine; and, dark
Beneath its ample leaf, the luscious fig.”

“Now we shall see,” whispered one, “whether she will give Miss Matlock any?” — “The finest peaches and nectarines will not be hers now;” said another: “she cannot have the audacity to ask for them as she used to do?”

They were mistaken: Miss *Crave-all* could not see such fine fruit without wishing for the finest; and, when Winifred recollected herself, and called her companions about her to partake of what she had received, and rejoice with her in the expectation raised by the letter, Miss Matlock was among the foremost and the loudest in her congratulations. Too happy to consider whether these did not arise from the reappearance of the basket, Winifred thought not of her former conduct, but offered her a share of the fruit with the rest; reserving, as usual, a few of the finest to present to her Governess and Miss Ockendon.

The young ladies were astonished to hear the covetous girl asking for one of these;—
 “ You know, my dear Winifred,” said she,
 “ You always used to give me some of the best, and, unless you do it now, nobody will believe that you have forgiven me.”

“ Is not she rightly named *Crave-all* ?” exclaimed Bridget, with indignation; “ I am sure if Mrs. Commagene knew this, she would not be angry at our calling her so, it is so very appropriate.”

Winifred only smiled, and, giving her what she asked, said; “ I shall take care how I let any thing which you can say offend me another time.” It reminded her of a similar instance of avaricious effrontery in the Roman history, during the reign of Augustus Cæsar, which she had lately read; and she replied in the words of the emperor, implying that she was too insignificant a person to give her any offence.

Every one laughed at the meaning which her answer conveyed; but Miss Matlock did not care for this: she ate her fruit, and only retired when she found that there was no more coming to her share.

The next morning Winifred arose with

an anxious heart: she ran to the window to observe if the weather was fine: a few dark clouds appeared, and hope and fear alternately swayed her mind till the dinner-hour.

She imagined that the time of her parents leaving home would be between eleven and twelve;—two hours and a half would bring them to the school. It was now near two: the first dinner-bell had rung: she was in the garden watering her little slip of a rose-tree, which had taken root, and already received the name of “Winifred’s Rose.”

As Bridget approached her, Winifred’s first enquiry was, “What do you think of the weather?”

“Oh! no weather will hurt your rose now,” said Bridget. “It has taken firm root, and will stand the winter.”

“Ah! Bridget, you forget whom I expect in less than half an hour.”

“I had indeed forgotten,” returned she, “yet I think the weather will not prevent their coming;—dear me! how agitated you look about it: if the expectation only of seeing your parents has this effect, what will you do when they appear?”

“Oh! I shall be so happy then,” replied Winifred; “but would not you be as anxious if your father and mother were coming?”

Bridget felt no unwillingness to acknowledge she should not. “I can wait very contentedly till the holidays,” said she; “and, if they do not want to see me, I do not want to see them.”

“And do you think they do not wish it?” asked Winifred, half inclined to pity her friend for having parents so indifferent about her.

“Oh! no,” replied Bridget, “they will be glad enough to see me, in the holidays, I have no doubt.” But, unwilling to confess that she had forbidden them to visit her at school, lest the young ladies should discover their want of gentility, she would have changed the conversation. Winifred could only talk and think of her expected visitors. Every sound which she heard she fancied to be their carriage, or some one coming to call her to the drawing-room.

The second bell rang for dinner, and Winifred declared that she could not partake of it. Seeing Miss Ockendon at a distance, she hastened towards her. “Will

turning their affectionate embraces with tears of joy.

“Miss Winifred,” said she, “since you choose to be the first to receive your visitors, you should have allowed my servant to shew them to the drawing-room, and not have been seen in the hall.”

“We are your visitors also, madam,” said Sir David, rather aggrieved for his daughter, “and will go wherever you shall be pleased to direct. Winifred has, I believe, broken through the rules of decorum, but, as it is the first time of her receiving company, I hope you will excuse her.”

“Oh! Sir David, I can make every allowance for her,” returned the good lady; and, laying aside the air of a Governess, she took her by the hand, saying, “suffer us to conduct you and Lady Jones to the drawing-room.”

Winifred pressed the hand which took her's, and asked forgiveness, with a look so certain of receiving it, that neither Sir David or Lady Jones regretted the incident, as it perfectly convinced them on what terms she stood with her Governess.

After Winifred had again expressed her

pleasure at seeing her father so much better than when she left him, refreshments were brought in; and Lady Jones listened, with heartfelt satisfaction, to the account Mrs. Commagene gave of Winifred's conduct, and of the progress which she had already made in her education. When she sang, her father was delighted. "I shall begin to like music again," said he, to Lady Jones; "I was very fond of it when I first knew you; I believe the passion is reviving."

After they had conversed some time on Winifred's improvement, and the pursuits which afforded her most pleasure, Mrs. Commagene enquired whether Sir David was well enough to walk round the garden: "Your daughter," said she, "will have much pleasure in attending you there; and, as soon as I have shewn myself in the school, I shall be happy to join you."

"When I was a boy, and at school," said Sir David, whose spirits and good-humour were returned with his health, "if the parents of any of my school-fellows came to pay them a visit, we expected a

holiday on the occasion. Do you ladies admit of such old fashioned customs?"

"Not very often," returned Mrs. Commagene, smiling. "I think I must beg that you will not request it this time, as it will break in too much upon the business of the school,—to-morrow being our dancing-day, which is a holiday in itself."

Sir David complied; and Winifred conducted her parents to the garden, where she gave them every assurance of her happiness. She spoke, in the highest terms, of Mrs. Commagene; and with much affection of Miss Ockendon; whom Lady Jones wished to see, that she might acknowledge, in person, her kindness to her daughter.

Winifred next introduced her rose-tree to their notice; and told them that she had planted it the first day of her coming to school. "It is called after my name," added she: "who knows but in time it may be as famous as St. Winifred's Well."*

* A well in Flintshire, in the principality of Wales, known by that name; at which, according to the legendary tales of the common people, miraculous

“The age of canonization is over,” said Lady Jones, “and I think you will not pretend to work miracles.”

“No, indeed,” returned she, smiling, “mine would be a very feeble attempt: but I must tell you that I am no longer troubled about my name; it is become so familiar that the ladies hear it without a smile.”

“And can your partner in calamity say the same?” asked her ladyship.

“Yes, mamma; both Bridget and Winifred are no longer thought uncommon; we pass unnoticed now among the rest.”

“I should like to see that young lady,” said Sir David, “and to observe whether there is any other similarity between you.”

“None at all, papa,” returned Winifred, smiling; “she is very handsome,—and I am very much otherwise.”

“Never mind that, my Winifred,” said he, “you will be always handsome in my eyes.”

cures have been performed. The water springs from a rock in a beautiful polygonal-well, covered with an arch, supported by pillars: the roof is exquisitely carved in stone.

“I hope,” said Lady Jones, “that she has too much sense to regret the want of personal beauty.”

“I cannot say it troubles me much at present,” returned Winifred, gaily; “but here is my Governess.” They advanced to meet her, and, after taking a few turns with her, they re-entered the house.

Lady Jones requested permission to walk round the school-room; and was introduced to Miss Ockendon, whose amiable manners confirmed the good opinion which her ladyship had formed of her. The few words which they exchanged were mutually pleasing to each other. Bridget was distinguished from the rest of the ladies, by Winifred’s pointing her out to her mother; and was highly gratified by the kindness with which Lady Jones addressed her.

On their return to the drawing-room, where Sir David was waiting, he said that it was time to order the carriage. Winifred turned pale on his asking her to ring the bell for that purpose: but her mother’s looks had again met her attention, and she endeavoured to obey with composure.

As the parting moment approached, she

drew nearer to the objects of her affection; and, while a tear trembled in her eye, a smile dwelt on her lips as she repeated the number of weeks to the holidays.

“As you have behaved so well to-day, my dear, we may probably pay you another visit before they commence,” said Lady Jones, affectionately kissing her; “when I hope to hear as good an account of you as at present. We are both much indebted to Mrs. Commagene for her care of you. I hope you will not give her more trouble than you can possibly help.”

The carriage was now announced; and, with a firm look, but tremulous voice, Winifred prepared to bid her parents adieu. “You will return to the school this afternoon?” asked Lady Jones, fearing she would otherwise indulge her sorrow after they were gone.

“Yes, dear mamma, and sit by Miss Ockendon; who, after school, will let me talk of you.”

Sir David found that it required some resolution to part with one whom he so dearly loved without emotion; but, ashamed of shewing less fortitude than his daughter,

he gave her his hand; and, with it, a purse to add to her pocket-money. Then, expressing his intention of soon repeating his visit, he handed Lady Jones to the carriage, and seated himself beside her.

Winifred's eyes were rather bedimmed with tears as she saw it drive off; but, determined to behave with courage, as she attended her Governess to the school-room, she only expressed her regret at having forgotten to speak to the coachman and footman, who were both old servants.

Mrs. Commagene gave her great credit for her behaviour; and, although her thoughts sometimes wandered from the business of the school, that afternoon, it was very excusable, and her want of attention was forgiven.

In the evening she had the satisfaction of hearing Miss Ockendon and Bridget both express their admiration of her mother. The former also congratulated Winifred on the display of more self-command than she had imagined she possessed.

In a few days Winifred received a letter of commendation and encouragement from Lady Jones. The advice which it con-

tained encouraged her endeavour to obtain still more control over her feelings; and not to anticipate, too keenly, either pleasure or pain.

“ Far as distress the soul can wound,

’Tis pain in each degree:

’Tis bliss but to a certain bound,

Beyond ’tis agony !”

CHAP. VII.

“ If afflictions subdue our passions, they likewise awaken our affections.”

CLAREMONT was not far from Mrs. Com-magene’s school. Its towering woods were seen from the windows; and a walk as far as the entrance of the park, was considered, by the young ladies, one of the principal pleasures attendant on a holiday in fine weather.

Often did their Governess point out to them where was once the residence of the

amiable Princess Charlotte; who, while she filled the most exalted station, was a pattern of every domestic duty. "Her filial and conjugal affections were both conspicuous," said Mrs. Commagene; "the poor, in this neighbourhood, have peculiarly experienced her charity; and her remembrance will long live in the hearts of Britons. Every one looked forward to her ascending the throne with pleasure; and, never would a queen have had more willing subjects, had she lived to wear the crown."

When the Princess Charlotte was mentioned, or her lamented death reverted to, all listened with attention to the recital of her goodness: the gay and the thoughtless became serious;—even the unfeeling appeared to feel.

Those who had been at the school when the melancholy event happened, recalled the sorrow which it occasioned; and all could relate the grief of their parents or friends on hearing the afflicting news.

Winifred, among the rest, could speak of the tears of her parents, which were mingled with her own, at an affliction so sudden and unexpected.

When all were looking forward to the birth of her child, picturing to themselves the joy with which the young mother would present it to its happy father;—the pleasure with which so affectionate and retired a pair would rear the future heir of the kingdom; how they would attend to his education, and the care of the Princess to give him every advantage which she herself received, and so eminently profited by, from her excellent instructors:—Alas! to have both mother and child cut off at once,—how much is the survivor to be pitied! Often would they talk of his sorrows, while seated round the school-room fire, with Miss Ockendon as their lady president; and both he and the Princess Charlotte were frequently their theme.—“Since her marriage,” said that lady, “she has frequently declared herself the happiest woman in the world;—little did we think it would be for so short a time! their dispositions were congenial, and their affection mutual.”

“Well,” said Bridget, a recurrence to the mournful event having made even her thoughtful; “I used to forget the name of the place where our young princess lived

after her marriage, but I think I shall never forget where she died."

"Never! never!" said they all. "The name of *Claremont* will always recall to our minds the amiable personage whom we lost there."—"But, Miss Ockendon," said one of the ladies, "you can remember her a child: I have heard you say, you often saw her at Bognor."

"Yes," she replied, "she was there for several summers: I heard and saw a great deal of her."

"O! do tell us something about her," said Winifred; "I should like to know how a young princess could amuse herself: for I suppose she had no companions of her own age."

"Not many, I believe: her heart was so affectionate that she would have been warmly attached to any one with whom she frequently associated. I remember hearing of one young lady, not of rank, whose parents had a house at Bognor, for whom she professed the sincerest affection. She treated her, in every respect, as a friend; wishing her to partake of all her pleasures; to be dressed like herself; and would often

say to her, "My dear Susan, when I am queen I will not forget you." I think they corresponded for a little while, till their intimacy was broken off; the difference of their rank in society not making it proper that the princess should have so young a confidant. Generosity and affability were the characteristics of the princess, even in her childhood; as well as a high sense of the dignity belonging to her exalted station, which it was equally the duty and the care of her preceptors to instil. When she was very young, this was sometimes shewn in instances which tended to make those who did not know her real disposition think her proud and haughty; while others feared that she would not be sufficiently reserved for her rank. One, in particular, I remember, which happened at Chichester, where she was taken to see the illuminations on some public rejoicing. Another carriage prevented hers from passing as soon as she expected: her coachman drew up his horses till that moved on:—"Tell them," said she, putting her head out of the window, "that it is the Princess Charlotte who wishes to pass."

However, as at that time no particular precedence was allowed her, although she met with every attention from the public which her situation required, she was obliged to wait till the first carriage drove forward.

Another incident occurred at Bognor, in which she did not meet with all the deference which she expected;—but, far from being offended, she was much amused by the occurrence. Having strayed a little way from her attendants, while walking on the beach, she met an old fisherman with a few fine crabs in his net:—“Cannot you let me have them?” said she.—“No, I cannot,” was his reply, not in a very civil tone.—“But you must,” returned she; “do not you know I am the Princess Charlotte?”—“I don’t care who you are,” replied the surly old man; “you shall not have my crabs; they are for the market at Chichester.”

“Some older persons would have been very angry at such a reply,” said Winifred; “but I am glad that she was not.”

“The princess was naturally good-tempered: although very high-spirited,” re-

sumed Miss Ockendon, “and very tenacious of the respect due to her rank; yet she readily forgave any neglect which proceeded from ignorance.—Accustomed to have all her wishes complied with that were not improper, she as readily resigned them when convinced that they were so. This was the case with a dog, of which she was very fond, and which was her chief play-fellow when in town. Forgetting that it did not afford Carlo so much pleasure as herself, she used to fasten him to a heavy stone roller, and make him draw it over the gravel walks in the gardens of Carlton House. This was, by far, too great a draught for the poor animal, although he exerted all his strength to please his mistress; who, not aware of the pain which she gave him, brandished a whip over his head, and urged him forward. At length, the gardener, who could not dispute the will of the young princess, thought of an expedient to prevent it, by chaining the roller to a staple in the wall.

When she came to take her accustomed exercise, she called the dog, and proceeded to the roller as usual; but, on seeing how it

was fastened, she threw down her whip, saying, "The gardener has done this, I know:" then, as if recollecting the reason, she patted her dog on his head, "So much the better for you, Carlo," added she, and sought some other amusement.

Her relinquishing of the pursuit so readily might proceed from her thinking that it was a kindness to the dog: for, in other cases, she seldom gave up any attempt till she had accomplished it.

A singular example of her perseverance actually occurred at Bognor. At that time the ladies had just taken to ride upon donkeys: an invalid acquaintance of mine was mounted on a very obstinate one, when she met the Princess Charlotte, with only one attendant, in a narrow lane. The animal was very stubborn, and would not move either one way or the other. "Pray, madam," said the princess, "let me manage it: I know I can."—As she would not be persuaded to give up her intention, the lady dismounted, and the princess took her seat. She exerted all her power, and made the creature gallop up and down the lane till she thought him properly trained for the

lady to remount; but the donkey was as obstinate as ever, and remained immovable.—“Will he not go yet?” said the princess. “I will conquer his ill-humour: pray, madam, let me get on him again.” She mounted once more: the beast was again obedient to her more vigorous arm; and she rode him up and down the lane till she completed his reformation; and, after this, he carried the sick lady very well.*

“I mention this as a proof of her native good-humour,” continued Miss Ockendon, “which shewed itself in several instances during her stay at Bognor, where, as a child, she was under less restraint than in town; and beloved by all its inhabitants. Every thing was to her an object of enquiry; and her curiosity and good disposition were improved to the best purposes by the excellent education which she received.”

“Oh, Miss Ockendon, was there not a signal-house on the coast of Bognor?” asked Winifred: “my father has told me of her

* The above anecdote is literally true: it happened the last year the princess was at Bognor.

visiting it, till I have almost fancied myself there to see her."

"What was it, Winifred?" said the rest of the party; "do let us hear."

"My father said it was a small house, inhabited by a naval officer, his wife, and a numerous family of children.—The Princess Charlotte expressed a wish to see the inside of their dwelling, and, after the lady had shewn her all the apartments, she was surprised to see but one sleeping-room, and enquired where all the children slept? The room was fitted up as the cabin of a ship; and, drawing aside the pannels of the wainscot, the lady shewed her several little beds behind it. 'Oh! how convenient,' said the princess, delighted with the novelty; 'I must see how I should like such a bed;' and, jumping into one, she laid down in it. 'Shut the door,' said she, 'that I may know what it is then.—How comfortable! what a snug little place! I like it very well!' Having satisfied her curiosity, she got up again, and expressed her thanks to the mistress of the house with the utmost politeness."

"Nothing escaped her attention," said Miss Ockendon, "however trifling; but

we must remember that we are speaking of her childish days, the greatest part of which were spent at Bognor. She did not think every thing despicable that accorded not with her style of living; but she liked whatever was new, even if attended with inconvenience. Who would have thought of her desiring to wear pattens; and to walk home from the house of one of the ladies, who was with her at Bognor, lighted by a candle and lantern?"—"Did she?" was asked by all her hearers.—"Yes, she really did: as it was but a short distance, her wishes were complied with; and she was as much delighted as any other little girl, not used to a carriage, would be with riding."

"I should have been pleased to see her," said Winifred. "Had I been at Bognor when she was there, I think that I should have spent all my leisure time in watching what she did: pray, madam, tell us more of her, if you can?"

"Like other young ladies," said Miss Ockendon, "she was not always so attentive to her lessons as she ought to have been; and sometimes behaved with haughtiness to her preceptress: although, when recalled to a

sense of her duty, no one could be more concerned. She regretted her faults principally on account of their being offensive to the Almighty, to whom she knew herself amenable for every action. Knowing herself to be an object of attention to the whole nation, from her very infancy, it could not be expected that she would be very subservient; yet she was perfectly free from the pride and arrogance which the prospects of a crown might produce in a less amiable disposition, or one not so well instructed. She often looked forward to the time, which, alas! she was not destined to see, when she should sit on the British throne; and a thorough knowledge of the constitution and laws, by which she was to govern others and herself, formed part of her education.

“ Her mind was always superior to the love of dress. When she was to visit the king and queen, her attendants wished her to wear a diamond necklace, and other ornaments: she refused them all, until she was told that they were marks of respect to those whom she was going to visit. The same dislike to pomp and parade remained with her

when grown up:" continued Miss Ockendon, "for we have seen her, since her marriage, riding and walking in the plainest dresses; and without any attendant but her husband. But why do I talk of her childish days, when so many instances of her benevolence, in more advanced life, are to be recorded. Do we not know the quantity of linen and flannel which she purchased yearly for the poor; and that she often assisted to make it up for them? You cannot enter a cottage in the neighbourhood without hearing of her goodness.

"The poor old woman whom she saw reading a Bible in a very small print, and to whom she sent immediately a larger one, will never look in it without thinking of her. Her care that the meanest of her servants should be comfortable, her steady adherence to her own trades-people, her condescension to all who waited on her, never forgetting any to whom she had been obliged as a child, will long be remembered.

"The prince (her husband,) and herself were strictly attentive to their domestic expenses; and were careful not to live beyond their income. She was extremely particular

that her commands should be obeyed as to the money that was laid out, and with whom it was expended: not from a penurious, but generous, spirit, that all her trades-people should be benefited.

“ A very fine piece of Scotch cloth, made by some poor people in that country, was offered to her by a friend of mine, which the Princess at first refused,—perhaps, for this reason; but, on hearing that the poor people were greatly in want of the money, she wrote again to the lady, (who had herself purchased it, on that account, for half-a-guinea a yard,) and paid the same price for it; and it became her property a few months before her death.—I have related but a small part of *her* excellence who was lent to us for a short time, that we might admire and imitate her virtues as far as it is in our power.

“ For some time after her decease, the newspapers abounded with instances of her goodness; and several accounts of her Life have already been published. I know that Mrs. Commagene intends purchasing one, for the use of the school, as soon as she has ascertained which is the best.”

“What pleasure shall we have in reading it,” said all her auditors.—“Every thing relating to so excellent a princess must be interesting. She seemed to belong to each of us ; and, when she died, it was as if each individual had lost a friend.”

“Yes,” replied Miss Ockendon, “the whole nation mourned her loss with real sorrow. Never was a mourning so general:—the crowded churches on the day of her funeral prove how much she was respected. But let us not dwell too long on the melancholy subject;—our grief cannot recall her to this troublesome world;—and why should we wish it?—She had already known many trials ; but was happy in having an affectionate and amiable husband. Had she lived to wear the crown, she would have had to say, ‘Within this little circle what cares abound!’—for many thorns are placed within the splendid diadem.

“In delighting to recall to our minds her amiable qualities, we do right ;—but, when we murmur at the appointment of the Almighty, without whose will she could not have been taken from us, we hurt ourselves, and are far from following her example,

who, when she heard her child was dead, after all her sufferings, only said, ‘It is the will of God!’—We ought to say the same respecting her, and not let the remembrance of her virtues, and our sufferings for her loss, excite us to rebel against the decrees of Providence.”

One of the ladies then produced an anagram which had been taken from a newspaper. It was the following:—

“The words Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales may be transposed thus, omitting only the letters P. C. which, as they stand for Princess Charlotte, may be placed above:

P. C.

Her august race is lost. O fatal news!”

CHAP. VIII.

“When example enforces instruction, it sinks, with double weight, into a retentive mind.”

THE music-master had brought the following dirge, written by the author of “British Melodies,” on the funeral of the Princess Charlotte, and wished Winifred to sing it, but she was too much affected by the subject ever to get beyond the second stanza.

“Toll, Britain! toll
 Thy knell the deepest;
 Peace to thy soul
 Fair saint, that sleepest!
 Veil thy valour-blazon'd throne!
 Where olive rich with laurel shone;
 Thy glories now with willow strown;—
 United nations spread them.
 Cambria's triple plume of snow,
 That danced in Joy's elastic flow,
 With heavy tear-drops bending low:—
 United nations shed them.

"O'er Albion's bier,
 Fast flows the tear,
 In many a shower;—
 Her rose is there,—
 Both flow'ret and the flower!
 Thistle! bend thy blossoms red,
 Thy pearly dew-drops, Shamrock! shed;
 And, Gallie Lily! bow thy head,
 With long farewell to greet her.
 Behold where pass her obsequies!
 Her spirit wafted to the skies!
 When will so fair a flower arise?
 O! never can a sweeter.

"Rose of England! lovely flower!
 Crush'd in an ill-fated hour:
 Mind of freedom, heart of worth,
 Gracing alike the throne and hearth,
 With all that promis'd peace on earth,
 To thee was largely given:
 When on high, in happier day,
 We lift the laudatory lay;
 Or blessings on thy people pray,
 We'll think of thee in Heaven."

Winifred received a second visit from her parents, in which she behaved with more decorum than the first time she had that pleasure. She waited till she was sent for; and had the satisfaction of hearing Mrs. Comma-

gene again say that she approved of her conduct.

The holidays were fast approaching, and each young lady became more diligent to prepare her work, her drawings, and her writing-books, in which she might shew, to some kind friend, the progress which she had made in the last half-year. All were talking of whom they should see, what they should do, and where they should go, in the holidays; but none felt greater pleasure than Winifred in contemplating her return to a home where all consulted her happiness.

While she and others were thus indulging pleasing hope, a few lamented that they had no home to go to: they were obliged to spend the vacation at school. Although Mrs. Commagene spared no pains to give them pleasure, they were well aware that it was not such as their companions would enjoy. Others were going to their guardians, who would consider their company only as a trouble. Some recollected the joy which it once was to return to a father and mother, who were now no more! Winifred felt for all; but more for those who had known the happiness which she was going to enjoy, and

were deprived of it. "What should I do," thought she, shuddering at the idea, "if it were my case?—One who has never known the value of good parents, cannot feel their loss so severely as those deprived of such a blessing after having fully experienced it."

Perhaps there is not a happier period, in the life of children, than when they re-enter their parents' roof for the first holidays after they have been to school. All is joyful expectation! There is but one thing can damp the pleasure. If they have been *inattentive* to the instruction given them,—if they return home as ignorant as when they left it,—then, indeed, their joy must be greatly lessened; and, in proportion as they love and are beloved by their parents, their mortification must be increased to hear them lamenting it!

Winifred knew the value of a good education, and was anxious to shew her father and mother that she was not insensible of their kindness in giving it to her. She returned to them even more improved than they could have expected. No longer a child, whose chief amusement was play,—but a well-instructed young lady, capable of

conversing on the books which she had read, and the means which had been used for her improvement.

Her father found her an agreeable companion, who drew him from his accustomed indolence to those literary pursuits which had formerly given him pleasure. His books were re-examined to afford his daughter information and amusement.

The different themes which she had written at school afforded them much conversation. These were chiefly extracts from ancient and modern history, or short pieces of poetry, which shewed her taste in selecting them,—Mrs. Commagene allowing the young ladies to make their own choice, from such books as admitted not of an improper one, as soon as they were capable of it.

Sir David saw, with pleasure, that the themes were written with great attention to purity of language, and to chronological accuracy. Winifred had not gained a superficial knowledge from these exercises. She could relate what led to the events of which she had written, as well as what followed them; and both her father and mother ob-

served, with pleasure, that no appearance of vanity interposed to countervail these advantages.

She listened with attention to every thing which promised farther information; and was never tired of searching for dates, or whatever related to remarkable persons or places of which she had read:—while there was any thing more to know, Winifred could not think that she knew enough.

The six weeks passed rapidly away, although it was winter, and they were in the country without company. Every evening Winifred played and sang,—read the poems of Lord Byron, Walter Scott, or the plaintive Bowles, which her father had bought for her; or repeated some poetry which she had learnt at School. The mornings were spent in improving her in the French language, the knowledge of which Sir David had recalled to his memory on his daughter's account. Thus was she greatly assisted in the lessons which she had appointed for herself during the vacation; and, on her return to school, she was no longer in danger of being called *Mademoiselle Françoise*.

In perceiving the new employment which

Winifred's improvement had given her father, Lady Jones was on the point of proposing that she should not return; till she recollected his precarious health,—the probability of another journey to Bath,—when every thing must be given up which did not promote his recovery; and that his extreme partiality might again return, and prevent her from pursuing the advantages which she had already attained. These considerations prevailed; and she again prepared for Winifred's departure, concealing her regret, and only anticipating the pleasure of their future meetings; while Sir David, as usual, admired her conduct, but could not imitate it:—

“He knew he should be ill as soon as Winifred was gone;—he felt all the symptoms of gout; and who would amuse him as she had done?”

Grief and reproof were visible in Lady Jones's countenance on hearing this question, which Winifred beheld with concern.

“Oh! my father,” said she, “can you make this inquiry while my dear mother is with you? Where can you have so attentive a friend, or a more agreeable compa-

nion?—Has she not nursed you, with affection, while I was only a trouble to you?—and who knows so well to solace sickness as herself?”

The eyes of both her parents were filled with tears at this affectionate speech; Lady Jones would only look towards her;—but Winifred, folding her arms around her, continued,—“Oh! my dear mother, if I could but be like you, how happy should I be!—Teach me, dear mamma, to imitate your goodness!”

“And me, also,” said Sir David, ashamed of his ill-humour,—“forgive an invalid, who feels that his weakness is but a poor excuse for the petulance which he has shewn.” Winifred burst into tears, and quitted the room to avoid hearing the confession of her father; but Lady Jones needed no apology: she only wished to assure him that her endeavours should not be wanting to promote his happiness.

This little incident smoothed the way for Winifred’s departure;—all were unwilling to let a murmur escape them. She bade her parents adieu, without even a mournful look, —thanked them for their kindness, and

promised to pay the utmost attention to what she had farther to learn. They expressed their hopes of soon paying her a visit ; and, charged with proper remembrances to her Governess and Miss Ockendon, she returned to school, attended only by the servant.

It was impossible that they should not regret the absence of such a child, more than she could their's. It caused a blank in their society, which required all the exertion of Lady Jones to prevent her husband from feeling too keenly. She continued the same plan for his amusement, and often prevailed on him to read aloud. This employment was frequently interrupted by her thinking or talking of Winifred.

But I must now relate how Bridget passed her holidays ; which, contrasted with Winifred's, will shew my readers the ill effects of improper precepts and bad examples. She returned home very little improved ; but, depending on the ignorance of her parents, she was not afraid of their reproof. What is worse,—she was ashamed on their account, rather than on her own ; and scrupled not to tell them that they were very unlike the la-

dies and gentlemen whom she had seen since being at school; for which reason, she hoped that they would not come to see her there.

Instead of reproving her for such an improper declaration, her father only said, "that all she had to do was to make herself as much like them as she could." To this Bridget readily assented; and said, that, "with new clothes and plenty of money, she did not fear of succeeding in the attempt."

"And why should she not?" said her mother;—"have not we got money, and a carriage, with as fine horses as the livery-stable can produce, whenever we choose to ride out;—a good house, with excellent furniture?—and, if Bridget is so foolish as to let them know that it is not situated at the west-end of the town, it is her own fault!—I am sure this is all the difference between her and the first lady there."

"All the difference!" replied Bridget, with an impertinent smile:—"Why, mamma, you don't think I mean myself; 'tis you and papa I am speaking of;—you have not the manners of genteel people." Then, fearing she might have said rather too much,

she added, with a lively air, and a few cottillion steps,—“At best you’re but an awkward creature; while I, you know, am quite the thing.”

This, with her handsome face and fine person, which she well knew how to display, had the desired effect: they could not be angry; but, joining in the laugh against themselves, that which caused their mirth was soon forgotten.

Bridget had a few writing-books and themes to shew her parents; but she soon perceived that they were ignorant of every subject upon which she had written. Mr. Smith could only judge of the hand-writing, which, fearing to dissipate the smile that played upon her lips, he pronounced to be very passable for a young lady; as he supposed it was not so much attended to where she was, as at a boy’s school.”

“But where is your work, Bridget?” said her mother;—“I see nothing of that.”

“Oh! you could not expect me to do much in six months,” replied Bridget, again smiling at the deception which she was practising;—“when my embroidery is

finished I shall bring it home; but you don't consider how much I have to learn!"

"Very true," she replied.—"It was not so in my time. I cannot imagine how you get through so many things:—music, French, dancing, drawing, geography, and grammar,—besides reading, writing, and arithmetic.—Bless me! it must want a deal of attention!"—She was little aware that Bridget paid none at all to half of these things: having found that her work could be done for her, she contrived that half her drawing should be also accomplished in the same manner. Her lessons, in French and geography, she either copied from others, or, by dint of inquiry, from her school-fellows, found out what belonged to them. As to arithmetic, Winifred was so fond of the employment, that, after she had done her own questions, she often finished Bridget's, to save her from disgrace.

I have already said that she excelled in dancing. The notice that was taken of her on public-days, and the thanks which she received from her master, gratified her vanity, and stimulated her to greater exertions.

Music she found very tedious, as she could adopt no plan by which another could *practise* for her; although, whenever she had any to copy, a substitute was found. Thoughtless and good-humoured to her companions, she was never ashamed to apply to them for assistance. In relating to her parents the occurrences of the school, she did not forget to mention the vexation which her name had caused. "However," said she, "I found out a remedy for that evil, and told all the ladies that I was named after my grandmother, who left me a large fortune.—None would have such an uncouth name but for such a reason; and I am thought of much more consequence on account of it."

Again, instead of being blamed, Bridget received praise for her duplicity. Who then can wonder that she continued to do wrong? Happy are those children whose parents guard them against the first approach to evil.

"Our Bridget will be a clever girl!" was Mr. Smith's observation;—"she will make her way in the world."

When they heard of her friendship with

Winifred, and the notice which Lady Jones had taken of her, instead of inquiring the character of these ladies, they only expressed their satisfaction that she had made a genteel acquaintance.

There was no improvement during her holidays ;—they were spent in visiting a few friends of her father and mother, who knew that they could not please them better than by admiring Bridget's improved looks and manner: while, among themselves, they spoke of her as a conceited girl, whose beauty was spoiled by her vanity. She saw Miss Purfleet also, and Bridget had several anecdotes of the young ladies to repeat to her. This young lady's embroidery still hung in its place. "You did not do that work yourself?" said Bridget, slyly, when they were out of their mothers' hearing.—"Oh, no!" returned Miss Purfleet, laughing;—"you have found that out."—"I am doing a piece in the same way," replied Bridget; "but don't tell my mother of it."—"Hardly," said the other, again laughing; "I shall keep the secret for my own sake."—She then asked which of the underlings was employed for her; there being two

half-boarders who finished all the work which the others had begun. "I really think," said Miss Purfleet, "if all their performances were collected, that they would nearly rival Miss Linwood in her exhibition."

Bridget's chief occupation was regulating her wardrobe, and teasing her mother for new dresses; which she insisted upon having, or she should not make a figure equal to the other ladies. Her father and mother could refuse her nothing; and it cost them nearly as much as the school expenses for the first half-year, to fit her out for the second; having left it to Bridget's judgment to name what was necessary: so that she was satisfied they were pleased!

The consequence was, that she had more fine clothes than any other lady in the school; and took more pleasure in displaying them. The sensible and well-informed paid no regard to her finery; and those whom she got to admire it, only laughed at her vanity, or envied her for having more than themselves. Winifred expressed regret at seeing her so devoted to dress, while Miss Ockendon endeavoured to reason with her on her folly. But, soon after, another

character appeared in the school, in whom prevailed a different kind of vanity.

This was a Miss Montmorency, who, having lost her parents in her infancy, had been brought up under the roof of a doating grandmother, by a governess who was more intent on flattering the young lady, by extolling her talents, than in really improving them.

No expense had been spared to procure her the best masters in every branch of education; and their instructions would not have been in vain, had not the flattery of her governess filled her with such high notions of her attainments, that she fancied she excelled every young lady of her age.

An affectionate uncle, who loved her for her own sake, as well as her departed mother's, whose brother he was, wished to convince her of this error; and, being her guardian, jointly with her grandmother, after pointing out the danger in which she was, from such an improper instructress, he insisted on her being placed at school, where she would meet with children far greater proficient than herself, and learn how much her accomplishments were over-rated.

For some time, both the old lady and the Governess opposed this plan, till they found he would not relinquish it. He saw the evil daily increasing, and, knowing that the daughter of his friends Sir David and Lady Jones was at Mrs. Commagene's, he determined on placing his niece under the care of that lady. Having consulted Lady Jones, he received an introduction from her to Mrs. Commagene, with whom he had several interviews previous to his bringing Miss Montmorency; and a letter to Winifred, which he did not deliver till he could, at the same time, introduce his niece to her acquaintance.

CHAP. IX.

“The glance malignant of the scornful eye,
The peevish question, and the last reply.”

KNIGHT.

Miss Montmorency was taken from the fond caresses of her indulgent grandmother, and the still more dangerous blandishments

of her governess, and conducted to the school by Mr. Cuthaven, her uncle, who would not allow either of the ladies to accompany them. After he had introduced her to Mrs. Commagene, he desired to see Miss Winifred Jones, whom he had known from a child. He delivered to her the letter from her mother. Winifred received it with so much propriety, and such modest diffidence appeared in her conversation, that, drawing his niece aside, he "recommended to her to make that young lady her pattern."

"A mere child!" replied the scornful girl: "I may, perhaps, render her some assistance,—but she can afford me none."

"I trust, my dear," said her affectionate uncle, "that your incorrigible vanity will soon receive a check, or it will make you a very disagreeable girl: she is quite as old as you are,—has an excellent mother,—and no pride to stand in the way of her improvement."

During this conversation, Winifred had retired to another part of the room, and was reading the letter, which announced Miss Montmorency as a new scholar, whom her uncle was desirous of introducing to her ac-

quaintance before she joined the other young ladies. It concluded thus:—"I hope, my dear, you will consider this as a proof of Mr. Cuthaven's friendship for your father and myself, and endeavour to convince him, by your conduct to his niece, that you deserve a share of it."

Winifred looked towards the young lady, but saw nothing very inviting in her aspect: she was displeased at the thought that her uncle should praise any one but herself. The encomiums which he bestowed on Winifred rather raised her envy, than any wish to deserve the same by her own conduct.

Winifred gave the letter to her Governess; and, seeing their conference was ended, she advanced to meet them. With no other advantage than a benevolent smile, and the ease acquired in good society, she appeared far handsomer than the haughty beauty now before her.

"My mamma tells me, Sir," said she, "that I am to have the pleasure of Miss Montmorency's acquaintance."

"Yes, my dear young lady," he replied; "if you will admit her to share your friendship, I shall consider it a fortunate circum-

stance; and I doubt not that she will see it in the same light when you are better known to each other. She is, at present, a stranger to school, and every thing that belongs to it. I solicit your friendship for her on my account; if you find her deserving of it, I hope you will continue it on her own."

Winifred curtsied, and replied, with a blush, "I must endeavour, Sir, not to give Miss Montmorency cause to regret your having chosen me for her friend; and to shew, by my attention to her, my respect for yourself, to whom I have long been indebted for your good opinion,—far more favourable, I fear, than I deserve."

"This speech was made for the occasion," thought Miss Montmorency. "Lady Jones inserted it in her letter; and she has repeated it from memory: *her* friendship indeed! Poor thing! She will be astonished when she knows my superiority!"

Although it was not Mrs. Commagene's method to exhibit the accomplishments of her young ladies before any one but their own relations, yet she saw so much arrogance in the countenance of her new scholar, that she could not help wishing to lower

her a little in her own estimation, before she introduced her to the others.

“ You have not heard Miss Winifred sing lately, have you, Sir?” said she to Mr. Cuthaven.—“ I am not afraid of making her vain by saying that she has a good voice, and has very much improved it. She has too much sense to be proud of that for which she is indebted to Nature. Her motive for improving it deserves praise: you know that her father is often confined with illness, and it is to amuse him that she wishes to exert her voice.”

Mr. Cuthaven saw her design, and replied, “ that it did his young friend honour; and if you, madam,” he continued, “ will allow her to favour us with a song, I shall be able to congratulate her father on such an acquisition to his pleasures, when next I see him.”—The tears stood in Winifred’s eyes at the mention of her father; she looked at her Governess, who told her to open the piano, and sing the song which she liked best. “ Miss Winifred is learning the harp,” said she, “ but has not yet received sufficient instruction to play before company.”

Here was the first blow to Miss Montmorency's pride: she already discovered something which she had not learnt; the harp had never been thought of for her, whose knowledge of music extended only to the harpsichord.

Winifred chose a very pretty song; it was addressed to a parent, and expressed the sentiments which she felt towards her own. She sang with taste and feeling; and Mr. Cuthaven was very liberal of his applause; perhaps more so on account of his niece, as he wished to convince her that others could be admired as well as herself.

Winifred moved from the instrument, blushing at the praises which she received; and he thought her modesty still more becoming; while Miss Montmorency was silent, "purposing in thought elate" to excel her rival; but another mortification awaited her. "I think, sir, you informed me Miss Montmorency had learnt music," said Mrs. Commagene; "perhaps she is not at present in spirits to favour us with a song?"

"I cannot tell," he replied, with assumed indifference; "she must answer for

herself in that particular. I only know that her voice is not so good as Miss Winifred's; but, poor girl, she has been so accustomed to flattery, that she thinks she sings like an angel." This speech put an effectual stop to her attempting it;—she sat swelling with mortified pride, indignant that it should be perceived, yet unable to conceal what she felt at her uncle's sarcasms. He continued, "My niece does nothing in the common way, madam; all her attainments are superb. Were she really what she has been taught to think she is, you might rejoice in admitting such a wonderful genius into your school, unless you dreaded her excelling all your other scholars. She does this already in her own opinion: you must not suppose that she imagines she can gain improvement here. No, madam, she only comes to school to prove herself the most accomplished lady in it."

Winifred was astonished to hear Mr. Cuthaven say this; and, for the first time, thought him ill-natured. She looked at him,—then at his niece, for whom he had asked her friendship, and saw her almost stifled with emotion. Ignorant of the cause,

she wished only to offer her consolation. Advancing towards her, with looks of pity, and taking her hand, she said, with the familiarity of an old friend, "You do not think so, do you?"

Great was the struggle between pride and shame in the bosom of the indignant girl: whatever she thought, she could only answer, "No!" Moved by her compassion, and the idea of her own forlorn situation, taken from the friends whom she loved, and ridiculed by him who had brought her there against her will, she threw herself on Winifred's neck and burst into tears.

For that little moment all her towering opinions were thrown down; she felt herself helpless and forsaken; but, again, the hydra-headed monster Pride reared its haughty head, and Winifred soon saw the reason of her uncle's severity.

On seeing her tears, he came towards her; and, taking her hand, said, with emotion, "I hope, my dear Julia, at this moment you partly see your error. I trust to time, this good lady's instruction, and the example of my young friend, to cure you of it entirely. Believe me, it is for your ad-

vantage that I desire it. The first wish of my heart is to see you an amiable woman; but, if you cherish that pride which has hitherto been so prevalent in your conduct, you will be hateful to me and to all who know you."

"Allow me to speak for Miss Montmorency, sir," said Mrs. Commagene; "she will endeavour to deserve your love;" and, taking her other hand, she asked, if she would like to go into the air with Winifred?

"I don't care where I go," said she; "my uncle has taken me from all I love, and now he despises me."—Mr. Cuthaven dropped the hand which he held, and retired to the window to hide his displeasure.

"You are wrong, my dear, in this opinion," said Mrs. Commagene; "had that been the case he would have left you to your fate: endeavour to compose yourself; I am willing to believe that you will alter your opinion when you are less agitated. Retire with her to the staircase-window, Miss Winifred, she will get air there, if she chooses to go no farther."

With trembling steps Winifred led the

way, much wondering at the scene which she had witnessed. Here, screened from her uncle's observation, Miss Montmorency leaned her head against the window-frame, and sobbed aloud.

Winifred could have wept with her, had she not believed, from what had passed, that there was more pride and passion than real sorrow in her tears. "Yet," thought she, "she is come away from those whom she loves;" and, on this account, Winifred pitied her.

"Ah! madam," exclaimed Mr. Cuthaven, as soon as they had left the room; "you know not the pride which reigns in her heart: I fear it can never be subdued."

"My efforts shall not be wanting, sir, to convince her of its impropriety," returned Mrs. Commagene; "a higher power than mine must subdue it."

"I know it, madam; I depend only on you to use the means;—but the time draws near for me to leave you: would it not be better for me to see her first?" said he.

"Undoubtedly, sir; by this time I hope she has recollected herself."—On going to seek the young people, Mrs. Com-

magine found Miss Montmorency standing, in sullen silence, at the open window; her eyes fixed on the surrounding objects without appearing to regard any. Winifred, who stood by her side, tenderly asked her if she was better?

“A great deal better, I thank you,” was her reply; and, turning round to re-enter the drawing-room, she observed Mrs. Commagene.

“Your uncle is going, Miss Montmorency,” said that lady, “and wishes to bid you farewell.”

The proud girl made no reply, but followed her into the room, where her uncle again repeated his wish to see her amiable and happy.—With a most ungracious air, she replied, “You have taken care that I shall not be very happy to-day, sir. Had you left me at home, I might have been so.”

Never!” returned he; “for you would not have been amiable.”

“I never expect to be amiable in your eyes,” said she, with great asperity.

“Ungrateful girl!” he exclaimed, “willing to make every allowance for you at

present, I hope my friends will do the same. I am sorry to leave you in this state; yet, as I fear that the longer I stay the worse you will behave, I shall trust you to their care, and hope when next we meet it will be under more auspicious circumstances."

"And won't you take me back to my grandmamma and my dear Miss Parsons?" said she, in a voice trembling with anger.

"Never," he replied, "till you are more deserving of their love, or better able to distinguish its value!"—With these words he left the room; and the young lady threw herself on the floor in all the rage of furious passion. Although her uncle had repeatedly told her that it was his intention to place her at this school, she encouraged a hope that it was only to teaze and mortify her; and that, when he brought her there, he meant to take her back again. Her clothes not having been put into the carriage, confirmed her in this opinion; but, when she found that these were to be sent to her, and that he was really gone, her anger knew no bounds.

For a time she appeared almost bereaved

of her senses: so true is the observation that "a passionate man is mad."—Neither Mrs. Commagene nor Winifred could gain the least attention,—their remonstrances were useless; and she was obliged to be confined in a small room adjoining Mrs. Commagene's apartment, where was only a stool fixed to the ground for her to sit upon. Here she was kept, under lock and key, till her fury had exhausted itself. There was no other way of dealing with so proud and incorrigible a spirit. But poor Winifred thought of her all the afternoon; and knew no comfort till she heard that she was restored to liberty and allowed to have some tea. She asked whether she might see Winifred? but this Mrs. Commagene refused; saying, "till she knew better how to conduct herself, she should have no companion."

When bed-time came, she exclaimed, "I cannot sleep alone,—I never did in my life, —I shall die if I am left alone all night!"—Mrs. Commagene knew that it was vain to attempt reasoning with her at that time, and therefore she permitted a servant to sleep in the same room with her.

When she thought her refractory pupil was in bed and asleep, she went to see how she appeared after the tumult which had been raised within her;—but, contrary to her expectation, she found her up, and reading a letter, which she had discovered among her night-clothes. It was from her late governess, and clearly shewed how improper a person she was to have the care of her education.

“ My dearest Miss Montmorency,—

“ Your grandmamma charges me to write to you: although we are both so full of grief at your departure that I know not how to express it. We have lost you, whose brilliant talents and charming vivacity enlivened all our moments. Lady Montmorency desires me to inform you, that, if your cruel uncle insists on your remaining at school, he must be obeyed;—cruel I must call him, (although you may not,) for having deprived us of all we held dear; especially myself, whose chief pleasure was to listen to your conversation, and to assist you in obtaining those accomplishments which gave additional lustre to your

charms. You know that I detest flattery, and it is my happiness that I can praise you without hurting my feelings. But to return to your uncle:—Lady Montmorency says, that he has an authority over you equal with her own, and she cannot resist his will when he chooses to exert it. Her ladyship begs, therefore, that you will be reconciled to the school, and make yourself as happy as you can. I doubt not that my young friend will be one of its brightest ornaments; few instructions are wanting to complete her education; and, as we are told that it is attended by the best masters, my dear Miss Montmorency will soon meet with that attention which her fine talents deserve. I am happy to add, that your good grandmamma has allowed me to remain with her; although I am no longer permitted to watch over your daily improvement. It shall be my earnest endeavour to supply to her, as far as in my power, your inexpressible absence; and to promote her comfort and amusement, till we have the heartfelt pleasure of seeing you again. Permit me, dear Miss Montmorency, to sub-

scribe myself your sincere friend, and
deeply afflicted by your absence,

CATHARINE PARSONS."

"Read that," said she, with a haughty air, putting the letter into Mrs. Commagene's hand, "and see whether I have not some one who loves me." After having read it, Mrs. Commagene no longer wondered at her pride. "Poor child," said she, "can such mean adulation as this give you pleasure? In taking you away from such a governess, your uncle has done you the greatest kindness; he alone is your sincere friend."

"What! in bringing me here?" she replied, with arrogance; "and taking me from my grandmother, whose only pleasure was in me?"

"Lady Montmorency's regard for you prevents her judging properly of the person to whose care you have been entrusted. From the contents of this letter, I scruple not to say, that she is as unfit for a governess as you are. She is a gross flatterer. I regret that such a character should ever have obtained the situation of a governess."

Mrs. Commagene's words and manner excited her attention; yet Julia determined not to believe her. She concluded that her uncle and she had consulted together thus to lower her in her own opinion, and to degrade every one who acknowledged her superiority.

"I see that I talk to you, at present, to no purpose," observed Mrs. Commagene; "it is time that you were in bed; my servant will be tired of waiting: to-morrow I may hope to find you more open to conviction."—Taking the letter with her, she left her; and the young lady, worn out by the agitation which she had undergone during the day, spent the night in quiet sleep.

CHAP. X.

“Friendship by sweet reproof is shewn.”

GAY.

ON her return to the parlour, Mrs. Commagene found Winifred there: Miss Ockendon had allowed her to sit up rather later than usual, that she might hear a farther account of Miss Montmorency. “I fear such violent passion must make her ill, ma’am,” said Winifred; “I can compare it to nothing but Madame Genlis’ tale of the young lady confined in the cow-house.”

“You might have thought that story an exaggeration,” said Mrs. Commagene, “had you not witnessed what you have; but Miss Montmorency’s faults are easily accounted for. Her uncle has chosen you for her friend, that she may profit by your example; it behoves you, therefore, to be doubly careful of your conduct. You

must see this letter, that you may know the cause of her incorrigible vanity. It is from her late governess."

Winifred was astonished at what she read. She returned the letter, expressing her surprise that any one should like such flattery.

"Miss Montmorency is to be pitied," said Mrs. Commagene, "for having been under the care of such a person, who, instead of guarding her against vanity, has been the first to encourage her in it. Naturally violent and high-spirited, she has met with such indulgence, that every good quality which she might possess is completely hidden by these faults."

"Ah! Madam!" said Winifred, "what friendship can I shew to such a person?"

"Having lived so long upon flattery," replied Mrs. Commagene, "it is not likely that she will relish wholesome reproof or advice, especially from one of her own age. It must be your aim, however, to show her where she is wrong, without appearing to reprove. A good example is an imperceptible teacher, if I may so express myself; and this, I hope, she will receive from

you. At all events, your promise to her uncle, and respect for him, must induce you to behave to her with attention, while you avoid every species of adulation.

Winifred thanked her for her advice, and promised to obey her direction. "I will endeavour ma'am," she replied, "not to forfeit the good opinion which you are so kind as to entertain of me."

"To-morrow," added her Governess, "I have promised her that she shall see you; when I shall be better able to judge whether I can introduce her to the rest of the ladies."

She then wished her a good night, and Winifred retired to rest. The next morning Miss Montmorency was rather more tractable: having had only a little tea since her arrival, hunger had helped to work a reformation in her behaviour. She was thankful for her breakfast; after which Winifred was allowed to come and speak to her. Her visit was short, as it was near the school-time; and Julia almost wished to accompany her, so irksome did she find being left to her own reflections. Mrs. Commagene did not propose it; but, telling her that she might amuse herself with some books which

lay on the table, Julia was obliged to spend the morning school-hours alone. The books afforded her no entertainment; part of the time was spent in tears, the rest in recollecting the contents of Miss Parsons's letter; and in forming conjectures of what she might expect to meet with in her present situation.

When her Governess returned, and brought Winifred with her, she said that they might walk in the garden, or join the other ladies in the school-room.

"Which you please, ma'am," was now Julia's submissive answer: for she dreaded lest she should again be left alone.

"You shall do both, then," returned Mrs. Commagene: "I will introduce you to the young ladies, with whom I mean you shall dine; and afterwards Miss Winifred will shew you the garden."

Up started vanity again in the mind of Julia, with a thousand thoughts of her superior excellence; and, with an air of consequence, not unperceived by her Governess, although she forbore to notice it, she stole a glance at herself in the glass, and then followed Mrs. Commagene, accompanied by Winifred, to the school-room.

“Ladies,” said Mrs. Commagene, as Julia proudly advanced, “this is the young lady whose ungoverned passion, on being brought to school, prevented my introducing her to you yesterday. I hope, when you are better known to her, that she will not regret having entered into your society.”

It was a very different introduction from that which Julia expected. She supposed that her name and accomplishments would have been repeated, and every deference paid to her noble family. Her chagrin could not be concealed; all looked at her with curiosity;—some smiled, but none appeared to rejoice that she had joined the school. She was next led towards Miss Ockendon, whose directions, Mrs. Commagene told her, were to be equally attended to with her own: and, after being introduced to the other teachers, she was glad to escape from farther observation, by accompanying Winifred into the garden. When there, she gave vent to her displeasure: “I think,” said she, “that Mrs. Commagene might have spared me this mortification however. I see how it is: I am brought here to be teased in every way that is possible.”

“It is only our pride which is hurt on hearing the truth spoken,” replied Winifred very mildly.

“But do you think it was kind of her to tell my faults to the whole school?—not that I care what they think of me: but my dear Miss Parsons would not have acted thus.”

“If you are indifferent to our opinion,” said Winifred, “why are you hurt at what has been said?”

This was a question which Julia did not well know how to answer; she, therefore, changed the conversation, by asking her “how long she had been at school?”

Winifred told her, and also with what reluctance she had quitted home for the first time. She related how soon she was reconciled to the change, and the advantage which it had been to her.

A few other young ladies now entered the garden, among whom was Bridget. Winifred introduced her to Julia, as having entered the school at the same time as herself. They then visited the rose-tree; and, while she was relating its history, the dinner-bell rang. Bridget and Winifred immediately remembered that they had heard it, for the

first time, on the same spot ; and the vexation which their names had then occasioned returned to their minds. When Bridget mentioned it, Julia was much amused, remarking “ that she had no cause to blush for her name, or for that of her family,” adding, with much consequence, “ I have a right to be proud of it.”

“ You will be careful not to disgrace it then,” said Winifred, in a gentle voice.

On entering the dining-room, Miss Montmorency took Winifred’s place by Miss Ockendon ; and that afternoon she joined the school, where the novelty of her situation made her forget the fancied indignities which she had sustained.

A few days after this she was again alone with Winifred, and mentioned her surprize that Miss Parsons’s letter had not been returned to her : “ Do you think,” said she, “ that Mrs. Commagene will not give it to me again?—and is she to see every letter which I receive ?”

Accustomed to speak the truth on all occasions, Winifred answered that she thought she would ; and that she did not suppose that Miss Parsons’s letter would be returned to her.

“And why not?” said Julia, rage again flushing her cheek;—“you had a letter this morning and did not shew it: why am I to be treated differently?”

“It was from my mother,” replied Winifred;—“my Governess is assured that her letters are not improper for me to receive.”

“And does she think that Miss Parsons, who writes to me for my grandmamma, would write improperly?”

“I cannot say what Mrs. Commagene thinks,” returned Winifred; “but I dare say, if she does not, you will be allowed to receive her letters.”

“Ah! I see how it is,” said Julia, with a sigh,—“Miss Parsons loves me;—she thinks I deserve praise: this is the reason that they are kept back: I am to hear nothing but disapprobation.”

“Have you met with any since the first day you came?” asked Winifred;—“I thought Miss Ockendon said that you had gone through the duties of the school well?”

“They cannot find fault,” returned she, very proudly; “and are determined not to commend lest it should make me *vain*;—but

I know that they are secretly approving all the time."

Oh! consummate vanity! thought Winifred,—that will think highly of itself, whether deserving or not. Taking a paper from her pocket, she said,—“Here is a subject which I have chosen for a theme this morning;—perhaps you can tell me something to say on it, for I am rather at a loss.”—It was the following anecdote of a person in the reign of Augustus Cæsar.—“When Augustus was Emperor of Rome, he appointed two Censors, whose office was to superintend the laws and manners of the people; neither of whom was fit for the office. One was Plancus, an immoral man, and so addicted to flattery that he scrupled not to say he gloried in it, and that a flatterer never succeeded so well as when he was caught in the fact,—especially if he were reprimanded and made to blush for it.” The historian adds, “that he was a good judge of men, who in general are so fond of praise as not to be very particular as to what sort it is which is lavished on them; but the man who could make this principle the rule

of his conduct, and recommend it to others, must be lost to all sense of shame."

Julia appeared surprized and puzzled;—she could not help thinking that it was intended as a lesson for herself; yet she was unwilling to acknowledge it.—“I do not know what can be said upon it,” said she; “I have never met with any one who flattered after this manner.”

“I suppose that he did not avow these sentiments to the person flattered,” returned Winifred;—“only to those whom he wished to follow his example. I believe there are very few people who are not fond of flattery. Even when we see it to be so, we cannot help liking the person who flatters us. Another observation I think I may make:—if we are flattered by others, we are ready to flatter them again, and think them entitled to our praises in return for those which they bestow upon us.”

“This is a knowledge of mankind which I have not attained,” said Julia, rather angrily.

“I believe it,” said Winifred, smiling;—“nor should I, had not this anecdote,

and an account which I have lately heard, brought these reflections to my mind."

"What account do you mean?" asked Winifred;—"are you alluding to me?"

"Since you ask," replied Winifred, "I must say that I am;—I think Miss Parsons is just such a flatterer as is here described." Julia was quite angry:—"Do you think," said she, "I should not have discovered it if she had?—no, she detests flattery."

"So all flatterers say to those whom they flatter," said Winifred. "See how differently Miss Ockendon behaves to us. I believe that she is very fond of me, and never shews it more than when she reproves me. I am more elated by her commendations than I should be if she never found fault;—but continual praise must be downright flattery; for it is impossible that we should always deserve it."

Winifred then left her to ruminate on what she had heard, and went to write her theme.

For the first time Julia began to draw a comparison between her favourite Miss Parsons and these her new instructors. She

could not tell why she should love the former, except for the violent attachment which that lady professed for her; yet, in many instances which she recollected, Miss Parsons appeared to love herself better than her pupil,—especially when she considered the pleasure with which she received Lady Montmorency's presents: for, as often as she did so, she failed not to descant on Julia's attainments. Miss Ockendon and Winifred, in consequence, rose in her esteem, and Miss Parsons imperceptibly sank. When the former commended, it was without those praises which she had been accustomed to receive;—she determined, therefore, to observe the difference between her and her former Governess still more closely.

Mr. Cuthaven often visited his niece during the first six weeks; and was happy to hear of the improvement in her conduct. He treated her with the utmost kindness, and she was at length convinced of his affection. A short time afterwards, he persuaded Lady Montmorency to accompany him on a visit to Sir David Jones. They stayed there a few weeks; and the account which Lady Jones gave her of Mrs. Comma-

gene and Miss Ockendon reconciled her to Julia's being under their care.

Winifred's letters to her mother (not written with the idea that they would be seen by any other person than her parents,) confirmed the pleasing account which Mr. Cuthaven had brought of Julia's reformation. He endeavoured to convince her Ladyship of the impropriety of her returning to Miss Parsons's government, or of their meeting in the holidays.

Lady Jones now suggested a plan which met with his entire approbation:—this was, to part with Miss Parsons,—have Julia home, and Miss Ockendon with her, provided she would leave Mrs. Commagene, and accept the situation of Miss Montmorency's Governess.—“ In proposing this,” said her Ladyship, “ I am depriving Winifred of one of her best friends; but I trust she is too disinterested to request what will be so much to Julia's advantage.”

The idea of having her grand-daughter again with her, would have induced Lady Montmorency immediately to put this plan in execution, had not she feared to offend Miss Parsons; who, by the same means by

which she governed her pupil, had also acquired great ascendancy over her Ladyship.

The difficulty of parting with her, without offence, was soon removed by Miss Parsons herself; who, during Lady Montmorency's absence, had received a visit from an old admirer, who renewed his suit, and she determined to reward him with her hand for his long attachment. Before the holidays they were married, and every obstacle to Julia's return was removed.

Arrangements were made, with Mrs. Comagene and Miss Ockendon, for that lady to accompany her; but neither Julia nor Winifred were acquainted with them till the time of their adoption had almost arrived.

CHAP. XI.

—
“ It is an incumbent duty to open the mind to every innocent pleasure.”
—

It would be useless to attempt giving an account of all the young ladies under Mrs. Commagene's care. Among the number were many with no marked character:— they followed mechanically the routine of the school and the pursuits of others. To whichever party they attached themselves when they entered it, in that they remained till they went away. This was not the case with all:—Julia had an opportunity of seeing more of herself through the medium of others than she would have imagined. The vanity of two young ladies, who were continually vying with each other in relating the grandeur of their families, amused, whilst it gave her an insight into her own. Yet, so prevalent is the force of habit and former prepossessions, she was often in-

clined to convince them of her own consequence, by relating the history of her ancestors.

The name which had been given to one of the young ladies was Miss *Marvello*; as every thing belonging to her was, in her opinion, either marvellously good or great:—her father's house was larger than any near the school, Claremont not excepted; his horses were the finest in the country; and his carriage almost worthy of comparison with Bonaparte's, for notoriety and convenience. She was for ever speaking of the great places which her family held under government, and the rank of her father in the army. When the foreign potentates were in England, he had dined with the Emperor of Russia,—supped with the King of Prussia,—and had Prince Blucher staying in his house.

Then she would relate how alarmed she had been on first seeing the hardy veteran; and on what familiar terms they afterwards were:—“I was but a child then,” said she,—“he would take me on his knee and kiss me twenty times.”

Her rival then began to recount the years

which she had spent on the Continent with her father, who was once intimate with Bonaparte. She had herself been noticed by the ex-Emperor,—which she considered a greater honour than sitting on the knee of Blucher. She would talk of the Boulevards of Paris, the Tuileries, and the Louvre ;—so that Miss *Marvello* was obliged to resign the palm of victory, or rather of attention, when Miss Loveabroad had to relate what happened while she was in Paris ;—the idea of any thing foreign obtaining for her the greater number of auditors.

This was an opportunity which Julia could not resign ;—her ancestors were originally French,—and she boasted of their being known to the kings of France long before Bonaparte was known or thought of. It was like so many little chickens contending for one grain of corn, or a fine fat worm which they had scraped out of the earth.—“ The Montmorencys,” said Julia, “ distinguished themselves in the earliest ages of Christianity.”—She was proudly proceeding in her narration, when a look from Miss Ockendon recalled her to a sense of her folly. She removed from the groupe which

surrounded her; and Winifred, who was, as usual, seated by her favourite teacher, made room for her to join their party.

They were looking in a book which displayed the vanity of earthly grandeur, as well as the uncertain applause of men. Julia had no longer the air of consequence which formerly accompanied all she did: she looked abashed while Miss Ockendon addressed her:—"Have you never, my dear Miss Montmorency, met with a sentence to this effect—"Be not proud of your ancestors till you have done something to add to their glory"?—or another, which I must also apply to you—"Despise not that in others of which you are guilty yourself?"

"Yes, I have, ma'am," replied Julia, with downcast eyes; "I am ashamed that I have so soon forgotten them."

"I am glad to hear you say so," returned Miss Ockendon, in a friendly tone;—"if you see your error, you also know that there is hope of amendment. Unless you act properly, the blood of the Montmorencys flowing in your veins does you no honour: blood descends from the meanest parent in the universe to his offspring. It is noble senti-

ments implanted in the mind, and generous actions, which make our families honourable, and render us an honour to our ancestors."

Both her pupils heard her attentively, and she proceeded. "It is no uncommon thing to fall into the very error which we despise in others. We often need a lesson, like this, to teach us how very weak we are: but, cannot you imagine that the antiquity of your family creates no interest in these young ladies, any more than the grandeur of theirs is of importance to you? What is most interesting to yourself is not always so to others; and, when it is found that you can talk of nothing but your own consequence, few people will attend to your conversation, unless to make you an object of ridicule, or to criticise on what you say."

"What subject would you recommend us to converse upon, ma'am?" said Winifred.

"While you are young," returned Miss Ockendon, "your attempting to take the lead in conversation would be highly improper, except with companions of your

own age: then you should avoid all appearance of superiority. If you cannot amuse them, endeavour to be amused by what they relate. This will lead to your reply, which your own discretion must direct you should not be an improper one. General anecdotes, if not too trifling, and well related, seldom fail to be amusing: to have it in your power to satisfy a proper curiosity, will always make your conversation agreeable. I say proper curiosity, because there is that which descends to impertinence. A right judgment and knowledge of the world will teach you to distinguish it. If you attempt to give information, do it without arrogance; but, in the company of those who know better than yourself, be more ready to hear the opinion of others than to advance your own. Lose no opportunity of gaining useful information, where you can obtain it without committing an impropriety; and remember, that a confession of ignorance is better than an affectation of knowledge, which you do not possess."

Thus were Julia's early prejudices and prevailing faults counteracted by the watch-

ful care of her new instructor. The short time which she remained at school was of infinite service to her; but it is probable, that, had she returned to her former preceptress, she would have forgotten the lessons which she received, and have resumed her old habits and opinions. So readily does the heart incline to evil, while all the advances which we make towards good must be the result of continual care and watchfulness.

The exposure of her childish fears was also another advantage which Julia derived from Miss Ockendon's instructions. These had been suggested by Miss Parsons, and met with every encouragement from her grandmother. She would never walk beyond the grounds belonging to Lady Montmorency's house, nor out of the hearing of the servants, lest she should meet with something to alarm her. She said the situation was lonely, although numbers of cottages were scattered round the house. Into these Miss Parsons never entered: for she told her pupil that they were filled with dirty and designing people, who were likely to do her an injury. Julia was surprised to

hear, from Miss Ockendon, that the Princess Charlotte did not disdain to visit those in her neighbourhood, and to relieve the wants of their inhabitants.

It was an annual custom with Mrs. Commagene, to take all her scholars, on some fine afternoon in the month of May, to a farm-house, in the neighbourhood, to drink tea. There the neatly cultivated garden, the early flowers which sprang up in abundance, the clean old-fashioned furniture, the civility of the mistress, who had formerly been her favorite servant, were all objects of attention to her young visitors. Those who had been there before were happy to repeat their visit, while the others looked forward to it with pleasure, from its novelty.

The time at length arrived. It was a promising morning, and Mrs. Commagene announced her intention of going that afternoon. Not many lessons were attended to after this information was given: all were intent upon the promised pleasure. It was equally new to Winifred, Bridget, and Julia; but not equally interesting; Winifred anticipated pleasure

from the excursion; Bridget doubted whether the fatigue of the walk would be compensated by a cup of tea, and the sight of a few flowers; while poor Julia absolutely feared the dangers of the way,—whether there might not be some idle people or stray cattle lurking about, which might do them harm. Winifred was the only one who would listen to her fears; and she could scarcely help laughing at them.

“What idle people will attack such a numerous body as we shall be?” said she; “I cannot think our Governess would take us where there was any danger. Some of the ladies tell me we shall go through fields nearly all the way.”

“Ah! then there may be mad bulls or wild horses in them,” returned Julia, almost inclined to say that she would not go.

“But Mrs. Commagene has sent to the farm-house to say that we are coming,” said Winifred; “and, if there were any such dangerous animals, would they not inform her of it?”

This argument helped to quiet Julia's apprehensions; and Winifred was too much absorbed in the anticipation of the after-

noon's pleasure, to think of combating them any farther. Two servants were sent before, with those articles which Mrs. Commagene knew the farm-house did not afford. Every lady was ready at the appointed time, and all were full of joyous expectation. They were accompanied by Mrs. Commagene and all the teachers, who were quite as much delighted as themselves. After they had quitted the high road, their walk lay through pleasant meadows, enamelled with daisies, and in the same direction as Claremont.

The regular school-line of two and two was soon broken; every lady joined the party which she liked best; and all but Julia were happy and in high spirits. Her fears prevented her from enjoying any thing; but, thinking that to be near Mrs. Commagene must be the safest place, if any danger approached, she kept close to her party: these were a few of the younger children, and Miss Beaumont, the second teacher.

Miss Ockendon, and a large party with her, among whom were Winifred and Bridget, were far in advance, followed by the

third teacher and her numerous train. All walked faster than Mrs. Commagene; and Julia soon perceived that they were left some way behind the others.

“ Oh! what could two women, three or four little children, and herself, do against a party of ill-looking men, should they appear!” These were her meditations, although the fear of offending her Governess kept her from expressing what she thought.

All the others were out of sight: in vain Julia looked about for the house to which they were going; it was seated in a dale, and not to be perceived till they came very near it. While the little ones were frisking about like so many playful lambs, Julia only thought the walk long and the way dreary. All were rejoicing in the return of the spring, that season so delightful to youth, and to which it has been so often compared; but she was thoughtful and unhappy. Mrs. Commagene had been engaged in conversation with Miss Beaumont, and did not, till now, observe her agitated looks and wandering eye, which glanced around in search of objects which she dreaded to see.

“ You have lost your companions, Miss

Montmorency," said she; "it is almost a pity that you joined our small detachment; the main body has fairly out-marched us: for I cannot walk so fast as they do. We must try to make you some amends for joining our dilatory corps. Miss Beaumont and I were talking of one of our last visits to the farm, when the lamented Princess Charlotte condescended to notice our party. Some of the young ladies are still with me to whom she kindly spoke. Alas! the scene is sadly changed! Claremont is no longer the abode of happiness! We do not now see the poor people going towards it, or telling each other which road the Princess and her excellent husband had taken. Every cottager we met was proud to tell us whether they had just passed them; and happy if we would give them an opportunity of relating some instance of their benevolence." At any other time, Julia would have entered more warmly into the subject; but, at present, the perils with which she fancied herself surrounded, engaged all her attention.

"I suppose this road was not so lonely then, ma'am," said she; "more people

were about, and no danger was to be apprehended."

"Do you fear any at present?" asked Mrs. Commagene.

"I have never been here before, ma'am, and do not know what I am to expect," returned Julia. "Indeed, I never walked so far into the fields in my whole life; but I suppose you know the way, ma'am."

"Yes, my dear," replied her Governess, smiling; "and that there is no danger in it. I had not the least idea that any one could feel fear in these charming meadows, although I can make some allowance for you; and am sorry that what I intended should give equal pleasure to all, should cause you uneasiness: the weather is delightful, and there is no appearance of its changing."

"It is not the weather which I am afraid of, ma'am," said she; "but I have heard so much of lurking thieves, insulting beggars, of fierce cattle, and wild horses."

"What a host of terrors has your imagination conjured up!" replied Mrs. Commagene; "these fields are all laid up for hay, therefore no cattle are allowed to enter

them; and thieves and beggars are more likely to frequent the high road. The former seldom appear in the day-time; and, should a beggar approach, a few half-pence will make him civil."—She then endeavoured to convince her of the absurdity of her fears, and that they arose from her not having been accustomed to take long walks. Julia wished to believe her, but the sight of the farm-house helped to dispel her apprehensions more than all Mrs. Comma-gene's persuasions.

They now descended, by a winding path, into the valley, in which were dispersed all the young people, whose white dresses vied with the snowy fleeces of the farmer's sheep, scattered on the opposite side of the hill, whence they gazed on the numerous party who seemed to have taken possession of their pasture.

When they saw their Governess appear, most of the ladies came to meet and thank her for the pleasure which she had procured them.

Tables were spread on the green before the house, on which were placed cups and saucers, brown bread and butter, with the

home-made cakes of the farmer's wife. She had received many of these visits, and knew exactly what would suit the young ladies.

On one side of the green was the farm-yard, where the sweet breath of the cows perfumed the air; and, on the other, the neat garden, in which

“ Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace,
 Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first,
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes;
 The yellow wall-flower stained with iron brown,
 And lavish stocks that scent the garden round.”

Those who had been there before, pointed out what they thought worthy of observation; and the strangers, to whom every thing was new, were delighted with all which they saw. Even Julia forgot her fears when surrounded by numbers; and never was a cup of tea drunk with greater pleasure by the whole party. One of the teachers presided at each table; and Mrs. Commagene sat where she had a view of the whole, enjoying the happiness of her young community.

“ Ah! madam,” said the mistress of the house, “ what a loss have we had since you were here last year.” Again the death of the Princess Charlotte was reverted to, and claimed a sigh from all.

Winifred, who was near her Governess, listened, with melancholy attention, to the account which the good woman gave of her whom the nation so deeply regretted. For a time, the pleasure of her auditors was interrupted by the sad reflection, “ that she, whose benevolent actions she was recounting, was no more.”*

After tea, all the younger ladies sought amusement for themselves. Some watched

* What Virgil said on the death of the young Marcellus, the nephew and avowed successor of Augustus Cæsar, whose amiable qualities made him beloved by the whole Empire, is very applicable to our beloved Princess.—“ The Fates only shewed him to the world, and instantly snatched him from it,—the Gods apprehending the Roman root would strike too deep should he be left in possession of what they had given him.” He had been married but a little while, and died at the same age as the Princess. Seneca, the philosopher, whose moral writings are well known, gives him the following character:—“ He possessed a noble and un-

the business of the farm-yard;—some walked in the garden, and admired the opening flowers;—others explored a narrow lane behind the house, and filled the little baskets, which they had brought with them, with primroses and violets from the hedges.

Nothing escaped Winifred's attention; she saw the cows milked and foddered; the chickens and the pigs fed and shut up for the night;—admired the garden, and then hastened to the violet-bank to fill her basket before it was time to return. Julia offered to assist her; they were obliged to search very narrowly, as many had been gathered before they came. Winifred was not easily discouraged, but they were left to themselves.

The closeness of the lane, and the dark wood which seemed to terminate it, again

daunted courage, a great genius, a degree of temperance and moderation admirable in one so young, patience in labour, and indifference for pleasure; in short, equal to the great and important task for which his uncle designed him. How truly may all this be said of our lamented Princess! Marcellus died 23 years before Christ, in the year of Rome 729.

excited Julia's fears. She begged Winifred not to go too far, or stay too long in it. "Who can tell," said she, "what may happen?—every body is in the front of the house, and some gipsy, or idle man, may come out of that wood and seize upon us! I think Mrs. Commagene would not like us to stay here alone: do pray, Winifred, come away."

"Do not let me detain you," returned Winifred, "if you are afraid; but I see violets higher up in the lane, and I must go and gather them: there can be no danger so near the house; I will come to you presently."

Equally unwilling to stay, or go and leave her friend in so perilous a situation, Julia stood hesitating which to do, till she saw two men coming down the lane, and Winifred, eager in her search for flowers, advancing to meet them. This was too much for her to behold courageously: she screamed for help, and immediately Miss Ockendon and the farmer's wife came running to her assistance.

"Those men! those men!" said Julia;

“Winifred is gone up the lane to gather flowers, and they will seize her!”

“What! for gathering a few flowers, miss? O! no, that they won’t,” answered the farmer’s wife, who concluded that Julia’s fear was only because her friend was doing wrong;—“any-body may gather flowers from the hedges, though your good Governess won’t allow you to take them from the garden.”

“But will they not rob her?” enquired Julia, a little more composed, on seeing them continue their pace without appearing to notice Winifred, who had got half way up the bank, and was calmly filling her basket.

“Rob her!” exclaimed the good woman; “is that what you are afraid of? Bless you, no, miss; they are two of our labourers coming from work. Ah! I see you have not been here before, or you would not be afraid of robbers at our house.”

“I beg your pardon,” said Julia, now alarmed, fearing she had offended her kind hostess; “I am very foolish;—pray, Miss Ockendon,” added she, in a lower tone,

“ make my excuse, for I do not know what to say for myself.”

Miss Ockendon then accounted for Julia's fears, by telling her companion, that she had been brought up in retirement, and was never so far from home before. The farmer's wife readily accepted the apology; and, taking Julia's hand, assured her that there was no danger:—“ We have two great dogs,” said she, “ that keep off every one who looks like a thief.” Julia now began to be half afraid of the dogs, and looked every way lest they should be approaching. Presently Winifred joined them, her basket filled with sweets, and congratulating herself on having met with such an ample supply. On hearing of Julia's alarm, she thanked her very cordially for the proof of her attachment, although she could not help rallying her on such needless fears.

They joined the party on the green, just as Mrs. Commagene began to muster her forces for their return home. Each lady had a glass of home-made wine and a cake, and left a shilling on the table, to which their Governess added a sufficient sum amply to repay the mistress of the house and

her servants for the trouble which they had occasioned.

In their walk home, they kept in a body like a swarm of bees hovering round their queen; and Julia found the way appear much shorter than when she came, although the path was the same. She had not, till then, an opportunity of observing that distances seem longer when we are unacquainted with the road, than when we have passed them before. On their return, the whole party were ready for bed; and soon forgot their fatigue and pleasure in sleep.

The next morning the latter only was remembered; and Julia regretted that she had lost much of the enjoyment through her foolish apprehensions, which were not natural to her, but the effect of an improper education. Silly fears will arise in infancy, and often proceed from the temper of mind or body. Children observe before they can speak: whatever they have not seen before surprises them: where the constitution and nerves are weak, this surprise is mixed with terror, even where the object is not unpleasing;—while, in others of stronger minds, it only produces curiosity. Much

depends on early instruction:—even before they are old enough to receive any information, the minds of children are formed by the example of those about them. Before we are aware, the first stone is laid of that superstructure which marks the character of the man or woman. It may be enlarged and improved by education, but the foundation still remains the same.

CHAP. XII.

—◆—
 “They blush to hear a mother’s name,
 And by their pride expose their shame.”

GAY.

—◆—
 As the holidays approached, Julia was told of the change which awaited her. The comparisons which she daily made between Miss Ockendon and Miss Parsons were completely in favor of the former lady; and she rejoiced to hear that she was chosen for her future governess.—“But I

fear," said she, to Winifred, after relating to her the pleasing intelligence, "that it will give you uneasiness; you will lose so kind a friend."

Winifred could not hide the regret which she felt;—"yet," replied she, "I hope it will be for Miss Ockendon's benefit; she will be relieved from the care which numbers occasion her; and I am sure it will be an advantage to you. As for me," continued she, "I do not know what I shall do without her;—Mrs. Commagene is very kind, but she is not always in the school as Miss Ockendon is." Then, as if suddenly enlivened, her countenance brightened, and she added, "who knows whether I shall come to school any more? I may be permitted to stay at home as well as you; where, although I shall not have Miss Ockendon, I shall have my dear mother. If she sees it practicable, and my dear father's health is better, I know that they both wish it."

This animating hope enabled her to hear Miss Ockendon and Julia speak of their departure with composure; till a letter from her mother, written with great anxiety on account of her father's health, which had

made a second journey to Bath necessary, put all other cares aside.

“ I am assured, my dear Winifred,” said her affectionate parent, “ that there is no danger in the frequent attacks which your father has, or I would not allow you to be absent from us.” Winifred shuddered on reading this. Should they be mistaken! thought she,—and tears prevented her from seeing more.—On recovering from her emotion, she proceeded to read farther:—“ The holidays are very near; as soon as we are settled in Bath, I will write again. We shall hope to see you there, and intend to send Anne to accompany you to us. In the mean time, my beloved child, be patient, and trust to that Providence who has preserved your father through many more dangerous attacks than the present.”

Alas! Winifred found this advice difficult to be followed; but what could she do? She was obliged to wait, and endeavoured to recollect the all-sufficiency of the Almighty. When she had re-perused the letter, she hastened to communicate its contents to her friends, who sympathized with her in her anxiety, and endeavoured to calm her ap-

prehensions. In a few days she received another letter: her father was already better, and, as in his former visit to Bath, the waters had been of considerable service.

The last week of school arrived, when Winifred's heart was, for the first time, divided between grief and joy. Her father was better; she was soon to see her beloved parents; but she was also to be separated from Miss Ockendon,—perhaps, never to see her more. Something might remove her from Miss Montmorency, and they might never meet again.—“Let us not anticipate unpleasant events only,” said Miss Ockendon, tenderly embracing her; “we may see each other very soon. Your family and Lady Montmorency are acquainted; you may be permitted to visit Julia, and I shall then have the pleasure of seeing my two young friends together again.”

“How dull will the school be should I come back to it again without them,” thought Winifred, as she embraced them for the last time, and saw the carriage draw up which was to take them from her.

“Ah! happy Julia!” exclaimed some of the ladies, “not to come to school any

more, and to carry such a treasure away with her."

"I dare say," returned Bridget, who had long felt her inferiority to Miss Montmorcency, and was jealous of Winifred's increasing affection for her,—“I dare say that we shall find as good a friend in Miss Beaumont, who is to take Miss Ockendon's place after the vacation.—For my part, I do not regret her."

"But I do," said Winifred, although Miss Beaumont was within hearing.—“Surely, Bridget, two friends are better than one." She was gratified by observing that Miss Beaumont was not offended at her sincerity; on the contrary, she said, “I wish I may be equally fortunate in gaining your esteem, young ladies, and as deserving of it as Miss Ockendon."

Winifred already thought that she could love her also; but she had now to appease Bridget, who was, or pretended to be, angry at her expressing so much regret on Julia's departure.—“You know," said she, “that we have been longer acquainted, and I always acknowledged the value of your friendship."

“ We are likely to meet again at the end of six weeks,” returned Winifred; “ but I do not know when I shall see Julia again : to part at an uncertainty, particularly with Miss Ockendon, is more distressing than our being separated for so short a time.”

At this moment she saw the carriage at the door which was to convey her to her father and mother. Her faithful servant was in it : she could scarcely allow her to alight and take some refreshment, while she delivered a letter to Mrs. Commagene, and another to Winifred, from her affectionate mother ; who, although they were so soon to meet, could not forbear expressing her pleasure in the expectation.

“ Ah ! surely,” thought Winifred, as she read it, “ I shall not return to school any more.” She parted from her Governess and the young ladies with as much composure as she could command ; then, seated in the carriage, she resigned herself to approaching pleasure.

They travelled with post-horses, and arrived at Bath late in the evening. Winifred was astonished at the magnificence of the buildings, the regularity of the streets, and

all the combined appearances which strike the eye on first entering Bath. To those who have been there, the description is unnecessary; and, to those who have not, it is beyond the power of my pen to convey a just idea of its beauty.

Winifred was soon in her mother's arms, who received her at the door; and, when pressed in her father's embraces, she felt assured that absence had not lessened their affection. The letter which she had brought from Mrs. Commagene gave a pleasing account of her improvement in the last half-year; and "her conduct," that lady said, "had been what it ever was,—such as she could highly commend."

Now was Winifred completely happy! Even the parting from Miss Ockendon and Julia, and her wish not to return to school, were forgotten. She was with her parents, and what more could she desire? Happy age!—when present pleasure drowns the thought of past or future pain. Too many, farther advanced in life, when they have no present trouble, suffer from the dread of what is to happen.—"Enjoy the present while you may," is the maxim of youth;

and, if our pleasure be innocent, it is no less our duty than our happiness to attend to it.

Sir David's health only permitted him to pay a daily visit to the Pump-room; and Winifred, who was equally unwilling as her mother to leave him, expressed no wish to see more of this great city than the windows of their house afforded. The gaily-dressed multitude, which daily passed, at first amused, but afterwards wearied her to observe them; and she was better pleased to attend to her father's conversation, talk with him of the books which they had read together, or since their parting, than in looking at the variety which the streets afforded: besides, she was grieved to see the many invalids who resorted to the baths, near which their house was situated: some poor, dejected, and alone; others attended by an anxious friend, a parent, or a child, who seemed to have no other wish than their recovery.

“How happy am I,” said she to herself, “that my father is not so ill as these!—and I—why am I not suffering as they are? It is a kind Providence who preserves me; who is, as my dear mother often says, “alike mer-

ciful in what he gives, and what he takes away; He, who knows what is best for all, and has appointed to each their different sorrows! Hitherto few have fallen to my lot."—These reflections were interrupted by a letter from Miss Ockendon. It was written jointly by Julia and herself, containing the kindest expressions of regard and affection from both of them. Winifred now tasted the sweets of friendship unalloyed: for her mother approved of the correspondence, and encouraged her to ask for its continuance. She had been nearly a fortnight at Bath, with no other variety than accompanying her parents in their daily visits to the Pump-room, and, now and then, walking through the principal streets, attended by Anne. This afforded her but little pleasure, as there were but few subjects on which she could converse with the servant, and was soon given up. Every day Lady Jones proposed going out with her on the next, but something always happened to prevent her, and Winifred readily resigned the pleasure which she would have had in walking with her mother. At length, a circumstance occurred, which gave her a

companion,—although not exactly such a one as her Ladyship would have chosen for her, had she a choice to make.

Winifred staid at home one morning to write to her friends at Montmorency-Place, while her father and mother went to the Pump-room. There was, as usual, a great deal of company;—among the rest Bridget and her Mother appeared, and seated themselves so near Sir David and Lady Jones, that it was impossible for them not to overhear their conversation.—“Well Bridget,” said Mrs. Smith, who was a vulgar-looking woman, very finely dressed, “I don’t see but we make as good an appearance as any one here, although we come from the city.”

“Hush! mamma,” whispered Bridget; “I see Lady and Sir David Jones near us;—I know it is her Ladyship, for I have seen her at school; and they are at Bath;—but where can Winifred be? I wonder she is not here.”

“Well, that is strange!” replied her mother, not at all lowering her voice;—“Lady Jones here too! La! Bridget, you must ask after your school-fellow;—it will be very impolite if you don’t, child.”—“Hush! hush! mamma,” repeated Bridget, still

whispering, and not in the most amiable tone; “pray *do* hold your tongue!”—She was half inclined to say, “I am ashamed of you.”

Unwilling to lose the pleasure of speaking to Winifred should she be there, yet disliking she should see that her mother was so unlike a lady, she sat devising some plan which might suit her purpose, till she saw that Lady Jones had recollected her. The blush on her cheek her Ladyship attributed to modesty, when her mother pushed her forward, saying, “Go, child, her Ladyship looks at you;—go, and enquire after your friend Miss Winifred: what’s the use of your going to school if you don’t know how to speak.”

Bridget did not wish to draw back, only to push her mother far from her, when she saw the pleasing look with which Lady Jones encouraged her to advance. Her apparent timidity made her appear to greater advantage: she could only say, “I hope Miss Winifred is well, madam?”

“Miss Bridget Smith, I believe,” said her Ladyship, rising to receive her; “my daughter is very well, I thank you; and, if

you are here to-morrow, will have the pleasure of meeting you."

Bridget curtsied, smiled, and looked much pleased;—while her mother, on the tip-toe of expectation, sat stretching out her short neck to hear and see how she was received. Lady Jones resumed her seat, and Bridget returned to her's.—“Well, my dear, did not I advise you for the best, now?” said Mrs. Smith. “I knew her Ladyship could not be offended;—she stood up to receive you. Well, it is not for nothing we put you to a good school.”

Sir David and Lady Jones left the room while these remarks were making. As soon as they were in the carriage, he said,—“You may do as you please about noticing the young lady, but I am determined that the mother shall be no acquaintance of ours;—her vulgarity is intolerable! The girl is to be pitied for having such a parent: if you can be of any service to her without being encumbered with the mother, I have no objection; but I again repeat, that Mrs. Smith shall be no acquaintance of ours.”

Lady Jones replied, “that it was quite as repugnant to her feelings as his own; and,

except on Winifred's account, there was no reason either of them should be noticed."

When Winifred heard of this adventure, she thought only of the pleasure of seeing Bridget. She was her friend, and had professed affection for her; and, although not so agreeable as those to whom she had been writing, Winifred felt that their attachment was reciprocal. Unacquainted with the world, she saw none of the inconveniences to which Sir David hinted on an introduction to Mrs. Smith: he had said that she was a vulgar woman, but Winifred scarcely knew what that meant. Her curiosity was therefore excited to see Bridget's mother as well as herself.

The next morning the two friends prepared to meet in the Pump-room with very different feelings. Bridget would have been glad could she have gone without her mother,—had she not feared that her appearing alone would be an impropriety. She committed a still greater one in taking upon herself to give her mother a lesson on behaviour.

"Mamma," said she, "leave me to address Winifred alone; and do not you ap-

pear in such an agitation as you did yesterday, when Lady Jones spoke to me."

"Why, child, what can you have to say to Miss Winifred that I must not hear?—it is very odd if a mother may not look after her child, and see what is going on!"

"You need not fear any thing improper between Winifred and me;—she has the character of being the most amiable girl in the school. But you behave so strangely, and so unlike anybody else, that, if you will not promise me this, I will not go with you!"

"A fine thing, indeed!" said Mrs. Smith, who almost, for the first time, began to be seriously angry;—"A fine thing, truly! for you to teach me how to behave! If this is what you learn at school,—to be ashamed of your own mother,—I wish we had never placed you there."

Bridget saw that she had exceeded the bounds of her mother's forbearance. Those of propriety she often broke through without feeling remorse; for she seldom allowed herself to think that she could be wrong in anything. Her parents had encouraged her to be impertinent by their indulgence; but, in this instance, she found that she had gone

too far; and, by her usual art of coaxing, endeavoured to obliterate the remembrance of it from her mother's mind. This time she failed in the attempt: Mrs. Smith's wrath was appeased, but she was not restored to good humour.

Bridget, at least, had this advantage from it,—she was too sullen to interfere in the expected interview, and they repaired to the Pump-room. Here Mrs. Smith sat swelling with indignation, or addressing her conversation to the lady next to her; who, either less fastidious than her daughter, or amused by what she said, paid her some attention. Bridget was left to her own reflections till Sir David, Lady Jones, and Winifred, arrived. She saw her friend looking round the room in search of her;—presently their eyes met; Winifred left the side of her mother, and Bridget advanced towards her.

In so large an assembly, the meeting of two young people was not noticed, although they expressed their pleasure rather more earnestly than the rules of fashion at present prescribe,—which ordain, that the dearest friends should meet and part without

discovering the least emotion, or departure from the form and ceremony used towards a distant acquaintance.

“Come and sit by me,” said Winifred; which was just what Bridget wished, or any where to get out of the reach of her mother. After introducing her to her father and mother, Winifred asked, “how long she had been at Bath, and in what part of the town she was?”—“We have been here only two or three days,” returned Bridget, “and are on a visit to my aunt, who lives on St. James’s Parade; she has invited mamma and me to spend a few weeks with her.—I like Bath very much, do not you?”

“If it were not for my father’s health,” replied Winifred, “I should prefer being at home: Bath is so hot and crowded.”

“Very true; but any thing is better than London at this time of the year.”

While Sir David was taking his glass of water, Winifred said to her friend, “Do shew me which is your mother, I am impatient to see her.” Bridget blushed, as she looked towards the place where Mrs. Smith sat fanning herself; and, occasionally casting a glance towards her daughter be-

tween approval and disdain. One look was enough to convince Winifred which of the ladies was Bridget's mother.—“I see,” said she, “that she is talking very earnestly to the lady next to her.” Mrs. Smith having chosen this method of shewing Bridget that she was not thinking of her.

Winifred now saw a vulgar woman, and no longer wondered at her father's dislike to her. “Yes,” returned Bridget, observing her countenance, “that is my mother: I have made her a little angry this morning, so that she does not look very good-humoured; but you must never expect her to look like yours.”

Winifred felt assured of this in her own mind,—for she appeared the very reverse of Lady Jones; but she was surprised at the indifference with which Bridget spoke of her anger. “If I had displeased my mother,” said she, “I should not be happy till I had obtained her forgiveness.”

“Oh! that,” said Bridget, “is what I seldom think of, unless it be whether I shall forgive her or no.”

Winifred's looks, more than her words, expressed her astonishment; and Bridget

perceived that she had again said too much. Blaming herself, she added, "But your parents are not like mine."

"Have they not the same right to duty and affection?" asked Winifred, with earnestness. Then, observing her altered countenance, and willing to attribute it to contrition, she continued, "you know, dear Bridget, that I speak what I think, not from a wish to make you uncomfortable;—but, indeed, you forget yourself: you could not mean what you said." The return of her father and mother prevented Bridget's reply; whose heightened colour appearing to arise from diffidence, again interested Lady Jones in her behalf; and she told her that she was happy her daughter had met with so suitable a companion. Bridget, who felt that she was in better company than she deserved, and that if her ladyship had known what had passed, she would not have said so, replied, that it gave her equal pleasure. While Winifred, accustomed to read her countenance, saw that she was discomposed, and, willing to convince her that she had meant no unkindness, behaved to her with more than usual attention.

When Mrs. Smith thought it time to return home, she looked towards Bridget, and looked and looked again. Winifred was the first to notice her enquiring eyes. "I think," said she to Bridget, "that your mamma wishes to speak with you." Bridget thought so likewise; but, not willing to part from her friend, she pretended not to see it; but now, lest Lady Jones should hear her refusal, or her mother approach to express her wish in words, since looks had no avail, she thought it best to comply; and, after engaging Winifred to meet her again the next morning, she arose, took her leave of Lady Jones, and departed to the other side of the room.

"I am glad you are come," said her mother; quite reconciled on observing the notice which she attracted as she came towards her: "your aunt dines early, you know; and it is time we were at home."—"I am ready to go," said Bridget, in a very ill-humour, which increased as her mother's anger wore away.

Much as I regret having such conduct to set before my readers, yet, to shew them how wrong it is, as well as disagreeable, I

must relate that she did not ask pardon for her behaviour in the morning, but behaved with sullen obstinacy during the remainder of the day.

Although Mrs. Smith wished to hide Bridget's fault from her aunt, and engage her to talk of what had passed in the pump-room, and her meeting with Winifred, yet Bridget would not speak a word more than necessity drew from her.

Her mother would have conciliated matters still farther, and even talked of taking her to Sydney Gardens that evening, but her aunt would not hear of it; she said, very justly, "that, unless Bridget was in a better humour, it could be no amusement to her." The perverse girl found her aunt a very different person from her too-indulgent mother. It would have been well for her had she always associated with such persons. That she had not is the only excuse which can be made for her conduct.

CHAP. XIII.

“Pericles addressed the female part of his hearers thus:—‘Aspire only to those virtues which are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or the other.’”

A FEW days after this, Sir David and Lady Jones, wishing to form a more correct idea of their daughter's friend, and finding that Mrs. Smith did not force herself upon their acquaintance, allowed Winifred to ask her to dinner. This was so unexpected, that it restored both mother and daughter to good-humour. The day was fixed, and Bridget came, dressed for the occasion, to the Pump-room, whence she returned with her friend.

Sir David was in unusual spirits that day; and the liveliness of Bridget, after she had lost the restraint occasioned by a first introduction, pleased him. She was delighted

with all she saw; and the conversation of Sir David and Lady Jones was so different from that which she had been accustomed to hear among her father's acquaintance, that, when alone with Winifred after dinner, she pronounced her the happiest girl in the world to have such kind and pleasant parents.

“And are not yours equally kind,” said Winifred; “I have heard you say that you could make them do what you liked.”

“I could once,” she replied; “but, whether my aunt influences them at present, or they are determined to have their own way, I do not succeed as I formerly did.”—She then related that her father had come twice from London, very lately, in a great hurry, and returned the next day.—“The greatest part of the time,” said she, “he was closeted with my aunt, who is his sister; neither mamma nor I could get him to consent to our having any thing new, although our clothes are very shabby since we came to Bath. He told us to wait till he came again; he said that he had no money;—but that is his usual complaint: I am determined to have what I want, either here or in town, before I return to school.”

“Still thinking of dress, my dear Bridget,” said Winifred, with a smile; “I wish I could see you as eager in another pursuit.”

“That of knowledge you mean;” she replied. “Ah! if my father and mother were like yours, it might be of some use;—but, now we are alone, I will let you into a secret: they know no more of what I am learning than these chairs; and could not judge of my improvement if it were ever so great.”

Winifred guessed that this was the case. “But, for your own sake,” said she, “your appearance in society, I should think you might wish to improve.”

“Excuse me for repeating your words,” replied Bridget, laughing; “but the best appearance I can make in the society which I am likely to see with my father and mother, is when I am the best dressed; and this I am resolved always to be.”

The case was too knotty for Winifred to decide: she pitied Bridget for being in such society, and still more for wishing to shine in it in the way which she mentioned.

Lady Jones now entered, to propose their

walking into some of the new streets: "My daughter has seen very little of Bath," said she, to Bridget; "perhaps you can shew her something worth her notice; only let me desire you not to go too far, and to return by tea-time; Winifred knows our hour."

When they came back, Sir David expected to be entertained with an account of their walk;—"Tell me," said he, "whom you have met?"

"A variety of people, papa," replied Winifred; "and, among the rest, the strangest lady I ever saw; in manner and dress so like a man, that every body was looking at her."

"I know whom you mean," said Sir David; "it is the lady who disdains to wear any thing but cloth and beaver;—they call her the man-woman."

"She walks with her hands behind her, or else swinging a small cane about," said Bridget; "still more to be like a gentleman."—"Any thing but a gentleman, you should say, my dear," replied Sir David; "they are not so fond of making themselves conspicuous, if we except the coxcombical

puppies who are desirous of cutting a dash. Have not you seen her, Lady Jones?"

"She may be compared to the gentlemen of the private band, I think," said her ladyship; "and looks as if she could, on occasion, play the flute or clarionet. At any rate she must have been under the tuition of a drill-sergeant, who would, at least, commend her for stepping out boldly. I suppose that the men are all afraid of so heterogeneous an animal; for I have never seen any with her."

"I have heard that she is married," replied Sir David; "and, if I were her husband, I would dub her a man at once, and get a commission for her: her conversation would suit the army.—A friend of mine, who once travelled in a stage-coach with her, till he saw her petticoats, took her for a boy, said that she was as fond of imitating the language as the appearance of a man. If she did not quite swear at the coachman for making so many stops on the road, she came very near to doing so. I must not say, of one whom I know only from outward appearance, that she is a disgrace to her sex, although she seems to

think her sex a disgrace to her. The consequential young fellows whom she resembles must be still more conceited, when they see a lady throw aside her chief grace to be more like them."

"Can that be her motive, do you think, papa?" said Winifred, much surprised.

"I can think of none else," he replied; "unless it be to make herself conspicuous."

"If so," returned Lady Jones, "her end is fully answered: for she is never seen without occasioning some remark. I have heard that the common people notice her after she has passed them in the street."

Bridget returned home highly pleased with her visit; and gratified her mother with an account of it;—nor was the opinion of Sir David, on the man-woman, forgotten in her relation.

It now became a question in the parlour of Mrs. E. Smith, a good old lady, who made no pretensions to gentility, whether Winifred should be asked to return the visit: but an event soon happened, which set aside all thoughts of it, crushed Bridget's expectation of future grandeur, and

convinced her that Winifred's pursuits were far better than her own.

Mr. Smith came to Bath in greater haste than before;—he could no longer conceal from his wife and daughter that his property was gone, and his trade ruined: he said, owing to bad debts and unforeseen circumstances; while others attributed it, and perhaps more justly, to his living beyond the income which his business produced, and to the extravagance of his family.

The goods in the shop, carriage, and furniture of their house, had been seized by his creditors; and his affairs were in the greatest confusion. It is difficult to say whether the pride of the mother or daughter was most hurt at this intelligence. The former had secured to herself no part of the fortune which induced Mr. Smith to marry her; this was gone in the general wreck: but Bridget, less able to judge of the extent of the calamity, was willing to hope that it was not so bad, and that things would soon be settled again.

“They will be settled, indeed,” said her father; “but not in the way you imagine;

Bridget, you will be a beggar, unless the education which you have received enables you to gain a support."

She turned pale as the neglected advice of Winifred flashed upon her conscience:—"Had I attended as she has done," thought she, "I might have been able; but now—." The reflection was too painful, and she avoided it by making farther enquiries, which only increased her own and her parents' vexation. She had no consoling hope to offer them, no cheering promise of her future exertions, but sat, in gloomy silence, thinking herself the most unfortunate of human beings. How greatly did her own folly, in neglecting the means of improvement when they were in her power, add to her sorrow. Her aunt was now the only friend whom her parents had; they must, for a time, be dependant on her, and, through her own neglect, she must also add to the burden! Besides this, she had many other causes of regret. There was no longer a chance of her recovering the time which she had lost, by returning to school; and what her school-fellows would say, was continually in her thoughts.

They had, indeed, a great deal to say: for Mr. Smith's chief creditor was the father of the young lady, designated Miss *Pry*, to whom Bridget had told the falsehood of her possessing a large fortune left her by her grandmother. This was reported to him; and, concluding, as Bridget was under age, that it must at present be in Mr. Smith's hands, who had given no account of it, he suspected it was kept back for fraudulent purposes, and, therefore, refused to sign the certificate which was necessary for his legal discharge from his pecuniary engagements after becoming bankrupt. The laws of bankruptcy are too well known to require a long account of them here; but, for the information of my young readers, it is necessary to say that they are at present designed to benefit both the debtor and his creditors. When the latter are satisfied that the person who has failed has given up all his effects to their use, he is exempt from the rigour of the general law; allowed liberty of person, and some pecuniary advantages, on condition that he surrenders his whole estate to be divided among his creditors. When he has done so, they sign a certificate that they

are willing to receive it ; otherwise, he must remain at their mercy, and is incapable of entering into trade again, by which he might recover his losses.

No one, except a person in trade, can be benefited by this law. If others contract debts, and are not able to pay them, they must suffer imprisonment, and the usual consequence of such disgraceful conduct. The reason that the tradesman has these advantages is, that he may meet with losses in various ways without any blame being attached to himself.

Mr. Smith was, for some time, ignorant why Mr. Sorrel opposed the certificate's being signed, till told, by an acquaintance, of the report which was circulated, and had met with general relief. It was then that he remembered the boast of Bridget's happy invention in accounting to the young ladies for her singular name: at the time, he thought it very clever, but now, being likely to suffer from it, he could blame it as an error.

While all this was transacting, and Bridget and her mother lamenting the loss of their accustomed pleasures, Winifred was

daily wondering that she did not meet them in the Pump-room, till she saw announced in the newspaper “the failure of Mr. Smith, an extensive wholesale and retail linen-dra-per.” It could be no other than Bridget’s father; and her absence was easily accounted for. Winifred recollected her speaking of his flying visits to Bath, his saying that he had no money, and his closet conferences with her aunt.—“Poor Bridget!” said she, “shall I not write a note to her, mamma?” looking anxiously at her mother. Lady Jones replied by a look to Sir David.—“By all means,” said he: “do as your affection suggests; it is the duty of a friend to offer consolation in distress.”

“But, perhaps,” continued Winifred, fearful of hurting Bridget’s feelings, “it would be better not to notice what we have seen: only enquire why I have not seen her, and offer to call on her if she wishes it?”

Her father and mother were still more pleased at this delicate proof of attention.—

“You are right,” said Sir David; “write as you think most proper.”

Winifred dispatched the following note,

after it had received the approbation of her parents:—

“DEAR BRIDGET,

“I have been much disappointed at not meeting you in the Pump-room lately: I hope you are not ill. If you are prevented from coming out, and it is not disagreeable to your friends, I will call on you. Your’s sincerely,

“WINIFRED JONES.”

Bridget received it with heart-felt pleasure; her pride sank at such a proof of friendship, and she burst into tears. “Winifred has heard of our misfortune,” said she, as soon as she could speak,—“I am sure she has;—yet, see how kindly she writes;—she never offered to come and see me before. Oh! mother, I still have a friend! May she be admitted, ma’am?” said she to her aunt, who had refused all visitors on their account.

“Certainly, my dear; there are not many young ladies who would seek you out at such a time.”—Bridget wrote in reply:

“ How kind of you, my dear Winifred, to be at all solicitous about me : my heart tells me that you know the terrible change in my father’s affairs, and yet you think of me. I have not been out, since I saw you last ; but, if you will come to me, your company will be a comfort to your unhappy friend,

“ B. SMITH.

“ Come as soon as you can, and I will tell you all.”

Winifred was soon there, and all her fears were confirmed. She saw only Bridget, who alternately expressed her thanks, her sorrows, and her apprehensions ; till Mr. Smith, very unexpectedly, entered the room ; Winifred had never seen him before, and was surprised by his appearance.

He was a short fat man, with a brown wig,—an unmeaning face, although now it might be seen that something more than usual had raised the colour in his cheek, and given fire to his eye.

Bridget had only time to say, “ My father,” before he began—“ This is one of your school-fellows, I understand, Bridget! —now I will convince her how ill you have

behaved!—Pray, miss, did you ever hear my daughter say that she had a fortune left her by her grandmother?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Winifred, nearly as much confused as if she had herself fabricated the story.

“More shame for her, then,” said he; “and I suppose the whole school believes it?—tell me that, if you please, miss!”

“I think they do, sir,” answered Winifred, a little recovered from the confusion which his abrupt address had occasioned.

“’Tis all false, miss, then, I assure you;—nothing but her pride—her abominable pride!”

“I always understood it was not true, sir; she told me so from the beginning.”

“Did she tell any body else so?” said he.

“I believe not, sir.”

“I wish she had then,” he replied; “she has done me a great injury by it—a very great one, indeed!”

Winifred sighed; it was not a time to repeat her caution to her friend, and the advice which she had given her. Bridget appeared too much hurt and abashed to allow her to attempt it.—“How could that

injure you, my dear father?" said she, as well as her sobs and shame would let her.

"Mr. Sorrel," said he, "is my principal creditor; he thinks that I have money concealed belonging to you, and has made the other creditors think so likewise."

"Ah! that Miss Pry!" said Bridget, shaking her head. Winifred's looks seemed to say—"she could not have repeated it if you had not told the falsehood."

"Say rather your pride, your folly, your falsehood!" replied her father very sternly.

"I do, I do, my dear sir," said she, sinking on her knees before him: "I have been guilty of all this; but, when I mentioned it to you,—why—" here she stopped and looked in his face suing for pardon.

"Why did I not tell you all this *then*?" said he; "that is what you would say,—and very justly: because I was as great a fool as yourself,—had as much vanity, and saw as little wrong in the falsehood; but now I feel the consequences, and am made to smart for it."

"I shall suffer too," replied Bridget.

"And so you ought! I should have been

a better father if I had made you suffer, as you call it, for your faults long ago."

With these words he left the room in great anger; and Winifred endeavoured to persuade her friend to make the only reparation in her power, by confessing, to the whole school, that it was a falsehood. Bridget said something about exposing herself."

"Nay," returned Winifred,—“if you are really convinced that you have done wrong, you will not be ashamed to acknowledge it.”

Bridget still hesitated.—“If Miss Ocken- don were there,” said she, “I could depute her to speak the truth for me.”

“And why not Mrs. Commagene?” asked Winifred.—“My Governess!—must I, indeed, write to her?”

“It will be the properest way,” replied her friend; “think, my dear Bridget, that it is only what you ought to do. If you can at all lessen your father’s distresses, surely you will not hesitate! I will leave you to write the letter; and to-morrow, if my mother will give me leave, I will call again.”

“Oh! Winifred—dear Winifred,” said

Bridget, "you must not go!—pray stay and see what I write; help me to express my shame and my sorrow."

"Do you really feel it?" enquired Winifred, scarcely knowing whether she might believe her.

"Indeed I do," she replied; "if you will but allow me your friendship and example, I will follow your advice in all things; my foolish pride will then be kept down. My parents have been always kind to me; they only loved me too well, and I am convinced that I have not loved them enough. They gave me too much liberty, and I thought only of myself, and what I considered as my own superiority. I had no fear of offending them, because they admired all which I said and did. Could I think that this would be the *end*?—I never thought of any end! It was enough for me that I saw myself admired, without considering whether I deserved it or not."

"My dear Bridget," said Winifred, whose eyes bore witness to what she spoke, "I never loved you so well as I do now. If you continue these sentiments, you may yet be happy; you only needed a little more

thought,—more attention to the consequences of what you were doing, to render you deserving of praise, rather than censure.”

Influenced by her present feelings, and the approval of Winifred, Bridget wrote a submissive letter to Mrs. Commagene, acknowledging all her faults,—her inattention to the instructions given her,—and, above all, the vanity which induced her to tell the untruth which had so much added to her father's difficulties.—“ I know, madam,” continued she, “ that one who has departed from truth is seldom believed; and can scarcely hope that you will now give me credit for all I say; but my friend, Miss Winifred Jones, who is with me while I write, will add her signature to mine to convince you that what I now say is true. I told her it was a story of my own when I first reported it. She was too good-natured to expose me; although, had I followed her advice, I should not have committed such a fault. I fear, madam, after you are acquainted with my numerous faults, my carelessness of evil, and the ill example which I have been to the young ladies, you

would not admit me into the school again, even if my father had the means of sending me, which he no longer has; or I might endeavour, by my future attention, to remove the blot which my former conduct has left on my character. I can only beg, madam, that you will have the goodness to acquaint Miss Sorrel, but more particularly her father, and all the young ladies, that what I said respecting the fortune is entirely false, and fabricated only by myself: tell them, also, if you please, of my sorrow for it. I can truly say that I had no idea of the consequences which have arisen from it; but this is, I admit, no excuse for my fault. Suffer me, madam, to express, for the last time, my thanks for your kind attention to me while under your care, as well as for the pains which you took to forward my education, by which I am ashamed and sorry that I have so little profited.

I remain, madam, with respect, your obliged and contrite BRIDGET SMITH."

From this letter Winifred was convinced that her friend wanted neither sense nor capacity: had her knowledge of the world been

more enlarged, she would have understood that Bridget's danger arose rather from her having too much sense, and too good a capacity, without any one to direct them in a proper course. From her childhood she had found that art and cunning procured her what she wanted. These had prevailed with her parents, and she continued to use them as most natural to her, instead of the better paths of integrity and discipline. Without proper instruction and example, the best understanding only opens a wider field of evil; it descends to the meanest vices; and serves but as a thicker veil to cover the deformity of crime, till the friendly hand of counsel or misfortune tears it off: then the evil is seen in its strongest colours! Happy are those who afterwards employ their better faculties in escaping from it.

Had not this sudden reverse of fortune brought her to reflection, it might have been said of Bridget, as of a character lately described by a celebrated authoress,—that “the cunning of her head spoiled the goodness of her heart.”

While Winifred was silently commenting on this letter, and drawing the happiest

presages of her friend's future conduct, Bridget recollected the work that was doing for her at school — "I cannot, with truth, call it mine," said she, "although I have deceived my mother by telling her that I was doing it. I shall not return to school any more; and, if finished, it would be only another instance of my deception were it to appear as my work." Winifred advised her to desire the young lady, who was really about it, to accept it as her own. "The silks," said she, "are all bought and sorted; it is a pity that it should not be completed; and let her who does it have the praise which she merits for the performance."

A postscript was added to the letter to this effect; and, for the first time in her life, Bridget found the pleasure arising from acting aright. She did not now need the sophistry of art to make "the wrong appear the better reason." Before, she had been pleased when her arguments prevailed; but now, she was gladdened by an approving conscience.

"Your father and mother will be quite satisfied with what you have done," said Winifred; "and you must allow me to tell

mine of this letter: they were inclined to like you before, but will now be much more pleased with you."

Bridget felt some repugnance to this proposal: flattered by the approbation of Sir David and Lady Jones, she doubted whether this display of her real character would not operate differently from what Winifred expected;—but, least of all, could she bear that her own parents, to whom she had always been an object of such admiration, should see this confession of her faults, and witness her humiliation. Winifred stood looking, doubting, fearing, whether the reformation of her friend was so perfect as she had imagined; till Bridget, reading her countenance, burst into tears. "I have deserved this mortification," said she; "I deserve your doubts; but I fear what my parents will say when they read this letter."—"My dear Bridget," said Winifred, "shall I tell you what you fear? you are afraid of losing your present influence over them;—but is it not better to obtain it by fair and honourable than by unjust and selfish conduct? Trust me,—a candid confession must prevail with every one, better than the

precarious advantages of cunning. Acknowledge that you have done wrong; and let your future conduct bind them to you by stronger ties than any they have hitherto felt."

Although only thirteen years old, Winifred had a strength of mind above her age, and an understanding well cultivated and improved by education. Not only had she read a great deal, she had been taught to form a judgment on what she read, which was assisted by the discrimination of her parents. The precepts of her amiable mother and Miss Ockendon were not thrown away upon her. Bridget had had none of these advantages; and the time she was at school was lost to her, because her mind was ill prepared to receive the instruction which she might have gained there. She saw the genuine worth of Winifred's principles by the actions which they excited, and resolved upon endeavouring to adopt them for her own.

Her friendly arguments prevailed: Bridget consented to shew the letter to her father and mother; and it received as much of

their approbation as they were capable of giving.

It was then sent to the Post-office, and Bridget's heart was lightened of half its load.

CHAP. XIV.

“There is an inexpressible pleasure to hearts capable of ingenuous amity and refined satisfaction, in sacrificing something to the friend we love.”

It cannot be expected that Bridget's parents viewed her recantation with the same freedom and candour as Sir David and Lady Jones did. They were in the first place very different people, had seen more of her misconduct, and suffered more from it than any one else. Again, they recollected how often she had boasted of her power to deceive, and make people think her right, whether she was or not. Judging more from the past than the present, or their future hopes, they sometimes expressed a doubt

whether she really intended to alter her conduct, and whether she was not still acting a part for her own advantage. Added to this, they were harrassed about their own affairs, and had little time or thought to bestow on Bridget's reformation. Her aunt, however, gave her credit for it, and encouraged her to persevere in the determination of acting only from honourable motives. "A good intention," said she, "is better than a fine invention; and I am willing to hope, that, although you have been too fond of the latter, you now see the advantage of a different conduct, and are inclined to do what is right."

Bridget was obliged to any one who gave her encouragement, and felt the kindness of her aunt, who often spoke in her favour, when Mr. and Mrs. Smith were inclined to recriminate. The friendship of Lady Jones and Winifred was also of infinite service to her; it animated her to a steady perseverance, and softened the regret occasioned by the doubts of her parents, the justice of which she could not but admit. Their example, as well as precepts, convinced her that real and solid happiness is found, not

in endeavouring to outshine others, but by contributing our moral light to the sphere in which we move;—however small and circumscribed that may be, we owe it something; and it is in the power of every one to add to its lustre.

How often did she regret her ignorance of what Winifred was so well acquainted with, and her inattention to the lessons at school! “Had I acted as you have done,” said she, to her friend, “I might, even now, have been able to improve myself by recollecting what I learnt, and following the same course at home; but, owing to my carelessness, this is beyond my power.”

“Nothing,” replied Winifred, “is out of the reach of industry and perseverance.” At the same time she acknowledged that the ignorance of Bridget’s parents would be a great hindrance to her improvement. With no one to stimulate her endeavours, she feared that the good resolutions of her friend would fail.

She was soon to return to London, where, lost in the obscurity in which her father’s circumstances made it necessary for them to live, she would sink into indolence and apa-

thy; or resort to her former mode of procuring attention. From either of these, Winifred wished to save one who had seen her errors, and desired to avoid them. A thought struck her, as she was considering on the possible means of assisting Bridget, which she hastened to communicate to her mother, and hear her opinion respecting it.

Deliberation sat on her countenance as she entered the room, and Lady Jones perceived her thoughts were occupied on some important subject.—“What has fired your imagination,” said she, playfully, “and given you this enterprizing look? I see you are full of some great design; take a seat and let me hear it.”

Winifred smiled, and replied, “Now I know you expect a mouse to creep forth, mamma; but, I assure you, I am come to speak of a very important concern. Will you allow me to ask you a few preliminary questions?”

“Undoubtedly; as many as you please.”

“Now really, mamma,” said Winifred, laying her hand upon her arm, and with all the gravity she could assume,—“I am afraid that you will think me too presumptuous,

or an enthusiast in my opinion of friendship."

"Is it on that point you would question me?" returned her ladyship. "What new definition have you obtained for it?"

"It is on the part of friendship, mamma, that I would speak; but, first to my questions. Have I not heard you say, that, where good seeds are not sown, weeds will spring up?"

"Yes;—too often, where they are sown," replied her mother; "but, undoubtedly, where they are not."

"And does it not require much care and attention to prevent their growth?"

"Certainly: I cannot deny what has been so often repeated, and so clearly ascertained."

"In my case, dear mamma, notwithstanding all your care of me?" asked Winifred, smiling: "but do you think that poor Bridget can meet with the same attention from her parents as I have had from mine?"

"I fear not, from all which I have heard of them."

"Now, then, comes a very bold ques-

tion!" said Winifred; "I know you talk of sending me to school for another twelve-month; but, do you think it absolutely necessary?"

"Perhaps not. Yet your education is not completed: did you wish to try how far it was so by undertaking to teach Bridget?"

"No, mamma," answered she, blushing; "I would have her go to school instead of me; and receive better instructions than I could give her. The proposal merits no praise, since I should have the pleasure of remaining with you."

"Are you willing to give up the progress which you would make in your favorite pursuits, French and music?"

"I could continue them at home, mamma; and have more time to practise than at school. But Bridget can make no progress without masters: she can have no assistance from her parents; while I shall need only your and my father's tuition;—your kind commendations, when I shall deserve them, will excite me to farther attainments. Bridget will have none of these advantages: if left without any instructor,

she may grow careless, and ill weeds again spring up. Are you angry, mamma?" continued she, looking wistfully in her face; "is my request too bold?"

"No, my Winifred, I must commend you for it. My wish to have you always at home would incline me to comply: but, whether your father will allow you to give up the advantages which you wish to bestow upon Bridget, just at the time that they are most necessary for you, is what I doubt. I doubt also, whether Bridget really will profit by your generosity. Has she sufficient perseverance, steadily to pursue the path in which you would place her?"

"If any thing will excite her to exertion, mamma, this will,—lest she should appear ungrateful; when she finds the pleasure of daily improvement, she will pursue it for its own sake: and, at some future time, I shall see her, like my dear Miss Ockendon, a useful ornament to society; capable of educating others and making them the same. Mrs. Commagene always said that she had an excellent capacity, and only wanted more attention. If instruction be now offered her she will be attentive."

“We will mention it to your father,” said her ladyship, more pleased with her daughter than if she had acquired the greatest accomplishment. “I need not ask whether you have mentioned this to Bridget: you have too much discretion to do that till you know our determination.”

“Not a word, mamma; the thought occurred, and I mentioned it to you first, who are my best friend and counsellor, that I might have your advice.”

There was no time to be lost, as Mr. Smith talked of taking his wife and daughter to a furnished lodging in London. Mr. Sorrel had been made acquainted with the letter which Bridget had written; the signature of Winifred stamped its authenticity with Mrs. Commagene; and she assured him that he might believe it. None of the creditors refused to sign what was necessary, as soon as they were convinced that their conjectures were ill-founded; and Mr. Smith could again appear in public, and endeavour to obtain an employment.

Lady Jones took the first opportunity, when alone with Sir David, to mention Winifred's generous proposal; and she ac-

accompanied it with all the praise which it deserved.—“Winifred says that it merits none,” continued she, “because it is so much her desire to stay at home; but she might have made that request without thinking of her friend, or transferring to her the means of improvement which she might herself enjoy.”

“She is a noble girl,” exclaimed Sir David; “think you now that my fondness can injure such a mind as hers?”

“Unqualified praise, especially from those whom we love, will spoil any mind,” replied her ladyship, with her usual prudence, “if too often repeated.”

Sir David smiled.—“What says the wise man,” replied he,—“of a beautiful woman without discretion? But that, my dear, can never be applied to you, who are all caution and circumspection. Your discretion shall counteract my want of it; and, if I am inclined to commend too highly, you shall step in with your qualified praise, and set all to rights again.”

“Is this meant as compliment or satire?” asked she, with some doubt on her countenance.

“As truth, my dear,—which is far better than either,” said he; “and as a proof how highly I value you.”

“Ah!” replied Lady Jones, smiling and shaking her head, “did I not tell you what unqualified praise would do; but, seriously, what do you say to our Winifred’s proposal?”

“What do you say to it?” asked Sir David.

“Oh! I would say—comply, for all our sakes, comply: it will be such a pleasure to have her at home; particularly if you allow me my discretionary powers.”

“I do, then,” said he; “provided that you only remind me, there is danger of making Winifred otherwise than she is, I will return to order immediately.”

“You consent, then,” returned her ladyship: “Winifred is all impatience to know your determination;—I must hasten to inform her of it.”

Winifred soon appeared; and, throwing her arms around her father’s neck, who was yet unable to move from his chair, she expressed her thanks in broken sentences.—

“Thank you, dear papa, both on Bridget’s

account and my own; she will be so pleased and so grateful. She sincerely regrets the time which she has lost; and will be doubly attentive: I will be equally so at home. It is not to indulge myself in idleness that I asked this favor; my chief gratification will be to remain with mamma and you; I will want no masters, if you will devote to Bridget what you would have spent upon me, had I returned to school."

"Good girl!" replied Sir David, struggling with his emotion. "This proof of your friendship does you honor. May she, for whom you intend it, think as highly of it as I do."

"Oh! papa, I am sure that she will be sensible of your kindness; she will exert herself to the utmost: and, after this year, which is so necessary for her to improve, it may be in her father's power to continue her at school. I only ask, that, for the next twelvemonths, she may go instead of me."

"Your request is granted," returned Sir David, no longer able to conceal his paternal pride and pleasure; "you are a noble, generous girl, and deserve to have your friendship rewarded."

Whether Lady Jones now stepped in with her qualified praise, or discretionary powers, I cannot say. It is probable, however, that she looked as if they were necessary: for he proceeded to consider the way in which the affair was to be managed, in a more moderate manner; and it was concluded that Winifred should be the only agent between him and Mr. Smith.

CHAP. XV.

“Love carries us out of ourselves into desires, and endeavours to promote the interests of others.”

It was too late, that evening, for Winifred to communicate the pleasing intelligence to her friend. Not that there was any danger of finding her from home,—for Mrs. Smith could no longer make her appearance at the libraries or public gardens, in all the splendor of a London tradesman's

wife; nor could she now boast of making as good an appearance as the rest; for, in these places, each individual is only anxious about the opinion formed of them by those whom they most wish to resemble. To the observations of others they are totally indifferent; and think that they escape their notice from the same cause. Mrs. Smith, therefore, only thought of the trading part of the company, while Bridget feared the remarks of young ladies, and genteel people who might have heard of her father's failure. This, and the pleasure which she already found in some books which Winifred had lent her, kept her now at home. Her aunt also was much kinder than she had been; and the commendation which she bestowed on Miss Jones's behaviour, endeared her still more to Bridget.

The next morning, while Mr. Smith was devising the cheapest mode of returning to London, his wife reluctantly preparing to accompany him, by unpinning and untacking some of the finery in which she had appeared to such advantage, on her first coming to Bath; and Bridget, sorrowfully anticipating the dirty second floor which

was engaged for them, with the sneers and taunts of her former acquaintance; and the arrogance of Miss Purfleet, who, her father said, had promised to countenance her; but more particularly regretting her approaching separation from Winifred,—she heard her well known rap at the door.

“It is Miss Jones,” said her aunt; “do Bridget take her into the drawing-room;” (casting her eye towards the hats and caps with which Mrs. Smith had covered the table;) “this is not fit for her to come into.”

Bridget willingly obeyed, and was glad to be once more alone with her friend.—“Ah! Winifred,” said she, weeping, “I fear I shall see you no more. To-morrow, or the next day, we are to return to London, now to me more hateful than ever. You will return to school, where I shall be remembered only as a warning, not as an example, to others. I would not shed these tears,” continued she, “if there were any thing else left for me to do; but I fear it will never be in my power to improve myself to any purpose;—I see my error when it is too late.”

“It is never too late, dear Bridget, to accomplish good purposes,” said Winifred, whose kind heart throbbed with the hope of removing her sorrow.—“You are not shut out from the means of improvement: my father says, for my sake, and in consideration of our friendship, that he will send you to school the next twelve-month.”

“What!” replied Bridget, scarcely understanding what she heard,—“am I to be indebted to you for every thing, my dear Winifred? You were the first to convince me of my faults, to encourage me to acknowledge and renounce them; and now, by your efforts, have you procured me the means of retrieving my character! To whom else could I feel so much obliged with so much pleasure? But, tell me, Winifred,—am I mistaken?—did I hear you say that I was to go to school again with you, and at your father’s expence?”

“Not with me, but in my place,” said Winifred: “my father intended that I should continue another year at school, but has allowed me to transfer it to you, for whom it is so much more necessary; as you have not the means of instruction at home, which I have.”

“Nor so happy a home,” said Bridget, sighing.

“Do not say so: your parents love you; and, when they see you inclined to love them, to hide the defects in their education, instead of remarking them to others, will not their affection increase?”

“Ah! Winifred,” said she, hiding her face; “you know all my faults, and yet you are so kind to me!”

“You have allowed me the opportunity of seeing them too frequently,” returned her friend, with a smile; “but I will take my leave of them for ever, with this hint to you:—if the want of education in your father and mother makes you blush for them, how much more should your own neglect of it cause you to blush for yourself? I have promised for you, dear Bridget, that you will use every exertion, and not lose a moment’s time in which you may improve yourself: you are to have the assistance of all the masters; and, oh! how pleased shall I be to hear that they have said, you reward the pains which they have bestowed on you: every body says you only want attention. If you promise to give it,

I think I can trust you for the performance. You will not let me be disappointed—will you?—to say nothing of the vexation it will cause me when my father hears of it!”

“My dear Winifred, you shall not be mortified on my account; I will promise I will attend. But, if you were at school likewise, always by me with your advice and counsel, I should not be in danger of falling into my former faults.”

“My dear Bridget, if your future welfare, the friendship of my father and mother, will not influence you, my counsels will not avail:—did they before?”

“I own, with shame, they did not,” returned Bridget; but I am altered; you shall see that I am; and not blush for me any more: set me a pattern, and I will attend to it; give me directions, and I will follow them. I shall not have your example as a guide, and I do not deserve it; for, when it was before me, I neglected to copy it.”

It did not require much delicacy to speak on the subject to Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Bridget was the first to inform them of it. They were greatly obliged. It was very kind of Sir David; and, if ever it should be

in Mr. Smith's power, he should repay him with pleasure. It also afforded such a proof of Miss Jones's friendship for their daughter; and, in their opinion, of her deserving it, that they were again full of Bridget's praises, and their own sagacity, in placing her at a school where she had made so good an acquaintance.

Bridget now saw how misplaced their commendations had ever been; and declared that she was neither deserving of them, nor of Winifred's friendship. But the more she disowned their good opinion, the more eager were they to bestow it. Her aunt only seemed to understand her feelings, and to be pleased with her for expressing them. She, when alone with Bridget, offered her the choice of either returning to London with her parents, or of remaining with her at Bath, till the school opened. Bridget gladly accepted the latter proposal, provided that her going to the school from Bath could be as easily accomplished as from London. This difficulty her aunt promised to obviate. Bridget rejoiced in the prospect of being spared the meeting with her London friends, and

having the indulgence of Winifred's society a few days longer. Her father and mother could only reiterate their encomiums on that young lady; and express their hopes that Bridget would continue to deserve her kindness. After their departure, her aunt spoke to her to the following purpose:—

“ You see, Bridget, how I live; and that I am contented in my situation; although I do not pretend to be a gentlewoman, I am respected by my superiors, and meet with attention from my equals. My income arises from houses, which I employ people poorer than myself to let for me, and thus help them also to gain a livelihood. People, of more consequence than I am, let houses now-a-days; but that does not make me a whit more genteel. Your poor father had always proud notions; and, since he married a wife with money, they thought that they could act the part of gentlefolks, although neither of them are at all fit for it. I say not this to mortify you, Bridget; but to convince you of its absurdity. Don't I know, that, as plainly as the old face is seen under the false hair which hangs, in such stiff ringlets, over each eye, or the

more expensive rouge worn by the great people; so it is as easy to distinguish real gentlemen and ladies from those who only imitate them. They are out of their element, and are laughed at by those whom they are attempting to copy. You may say that the multitude keep each other in countenance; but have not you, my dear, a mind above this? If not, Miss Jones is greatly mistaken, and her efforts for your welfare will be thrown away. The education which you have already received is more than sufficient for you to rank with such people: already you know more than they do, and they dislike you for it."

Bridget felt the justness of her aunt's remarks. She had seen the ignorant, money-loving, consequential set, to whom her aunt alluded,—all the acquaintance which her parents had; and shrank from such society when she reflected on the friendship of Winifred, the superior conversation of Sir David and Lady Jones, and the kind instructions of Mrs. Commagene and Miss Ockendon.—“No,” said she, “I would rather do any thing than spend my life among such people!”

“ You will endeavour to improve, then ?” said her good aunt, pleased to find her of this opinion.—“ And now, Bridget, if you attend to the instructions which will be offered to you, I will try and find money enough to keep you at school another year after this ; and, if it should not be in your father’s power to do better for you, what little I have shall be yours at my death. Till then, through the kindness of Miss Jones, which I trust you will never forfeit, you may procure a situation as governess in a private family ; where your education will make you more like a gentlewoman than all the money in the world.”

Bridget was sensibly affected by this kindness. What ! thought she,—are so many people interested for my future welfare, and shall I myself neglect it ?—no ; surely I shall and will be more attentive.—“ Indeed, my dear aunt,” said she aloud, “ I will do all in my power to deserve your love and good opinion ; but, for your property,” added she, with an earnestness that did her credit, “ do not think that it is on account of that, I now promise to do better !—Long—long may you live to enjoy

it yourself; but, after you are gone, let it be for my father and mother; they will want it more than I shall: through the kindness of my friends I shall, no doubt, be enabled to support myself.

“You forget, my dear,” replied her aunt, smiling through her tears, “that I may live as long as they; however, that will be as it shall please God; and, before I die, I hope he will direct me to dispose of my property where it is most needed; at any rate it shall be yours after their death.”

Bridget felt more respect for her kind relation than, a few weeks before, she could believe it possible to entertain for a person of no education, although she had taken so little pains to forward her own. She was now, however, convinced that there might be real and genuine worth hidden under plainness of manners.

Bridget spent another day at Sir David Jones's after the departure of her parents. It has been remarked, that conferring favours on others engages our affection for them, whether they are deserving of them or not; but the manner in which Bridget spoke of her aunt's kindness to her, convinced Wini-

fred that she had not an ungrateful heart, and she grew still more attached to her.

Sir David was now so far recovered as to make a longer stay in Bath unnecessary; and, as all the party were impatient to be at home, he fixed the time of their returning to it, two or three days before Bridget was to re-enter the school. Winifred pleaded hard that she might accompany them, and go from their house to Mrs. Commagene's. Her motive was so kind that she could not be refused.—“Bridget,” said she to her parents, “is returning under very inauspicious circumstances: the failure of her father, and the letter which she has written being known to the whole school. I know the disposition of some persons will make her feel the change in her situation, unless she is strengthened by your countenance and support. This will give her consequence in their eyes, and spare her the mortification with which she would otherwise meet, besides inciting her to still more earnest endeavours to deserve it.”

Bridget was, therefore, admitted of their party to Woodgate Lodge, the name of their residence; and, in a few days after

arriving there, she was sent to the school under the express patronage of Lady Jones; which, as Winifred had foreseen, insured her respect and attention.

She parted from her kind friend with tears of gratitude and affection.—“All my future attainments,” said she, “I shall owe to your generosity; I will endeavour to prove myself worthy of it!”

“Be attentive to Miss Beaumont,” returned Winifred; “I am much mistaken if she will not be a second Miss Ockendon. Think every half-hour which you spend in her society an advantage; I found it so with Miss Ockendon. Tell all the ladies that you have seen your former folly, and are sorry for it; the good and the generous will respect you for the confession.”

She was continuing her exhortation when the carriage arrived to take Bridget away.—“I will tell them,” said she, embracing her with the sincerest emotion, “that I am endeavouring to deserve your friendship. They will allow that such an end is worthy all my exertion.”

Various are the arguments in favour and disfavour of schools. By some it has been

said, that numbers learning together assist one another in their different pursuits; and that, by such means, emulation is excited. By others it has been objected, that one idle scholar makes others so, and draws many well-disposed children, who have not strength to resist temptation, into mischief. Like most other questions, much may be said on both sides of it. Those who desire to improve will, doubtless, encourage one another; those who do not, will follow what offers them amusement, without considering its consequences.

This had been the case during the first year of Bridget's being at school. A Miss Meanwell, rather younger than herself, was placed in the same class with her. At first, this young lady was desirous of improvement; but, by Bridget's idle fancies and plausible reasoning, she had been led to think that much learning was not necessary for either of them.

For some time Miss Meanwell sat down to her work, or her lessons, determined to execute them properly, till Bridget, by a lively jest, a ridiculous remark, or a face made up for the occasion, attracted her

notice; and, by means well known to idle school girls, contrived to distract her attention, and render her incapable of performing the task, which she would otherwise have accomplished with ease and pleasure.

Bridget got through hers, although not with much credit to herself; because she was naturally quick of apprehension. But, the moment Miss Meanwell allowed herself to think of what Bridget was doing, she was bewildered, and could do nothing. This might be called play to the one, but it was death to the other. However, it answered Bridget's purpose; she was not the only idle girl in the class: there was one who always met with sharper reproof, although Bridget doubly deserved it.

For these reasons, Miss Meanwell thought that she had reason to regret Bridget's return to the school. She had sense enough to see the evil of her example, although she wanted strength to avoid it.

When she was at home for the holidays, her parents regretted the little progress which she had made, and hinted that they were not desirous of keeping her at school another year, if she did not make greater

improvement. She confessed to them the cause of her inattention; and, convinced by their arguments of the impropriety of such conduct, she promised to have no farther acquaintance with Bridget, or pay any attention to what she was doing.

With this determination she came to the school, resolved to use every endeavour to get into the class above her, and thus be out of the reach of Bridget's temptation. She would not look at Bridget during the school hours; and sat as far from her as she could. When Bridget asserted her intention of altering her conduct, Miss Meanwell thought that she herself had the most reason to rejoice at it, as Bridget had always chosen her as a companion of her idleness; but she regarded her with a suspicious eye; and had certainly some excuse for not giving full credit to all she said. Although she had resolved not to bestow a look upon her in the hours of school, she could not help, now and then, stealing a glance to observe whether Bridget was really in earnest in her promised amendment. It was an agreeable surprise to find her always engaged in the school exercises; and with more attention

than Miss Meanwell thought her capable of shewing.

After one or two days, spent in this manner, both the young ladies received the approbation of their teacher. Bridget, conscious of deserving the indifference of her former play-fellow, sought an opportunity of speaking to her, which Miss Meanwell had hitherto carefully avoided.

“I own,” said Bridget, “that you have most reason to stand in doubt of me. I am ashamed of my former conduct in every respect; but particularly as it concerned you. I am more anxious to convince you, Miss Meanwell, that I am altered, than any one else, because I know what a snare I have been to you. Will you accept of my apologies? and, as I have before made you idle, let us now stimulate each other to industry.”

Miss Meanwell then, with many expressions of regret for the time which she had lost, informed her of the promise which she had given her parents to avoid all farther acquaintance with her.—“Another proof of my folly!” thought Bridget, heartily ashamed; “I thought every one liked

me ; but even this little girl saw my faults, and determined to shun me.—I must allow,” said she, “ that you had sufficient cause to make this promise ; and I will not persuade you to disobey your parents. Yet, when you see them again, you will oblige me by telling them that I am not what I was ; and, perhaps, they will allow us to become friends. If,” added she, with a dejected look, “ the friendship of one, who has neither family nor fortune to recommend her, be worth having.”

“ Oh ! Bridget,” said the good girl, “ I am sure I shall never love you less for the change in your situation, although the change in your conduct will make me love you more. I have, as well as you, been prodigal of my time, which is of the utmost importance to me, for I am not so clever as you are.”

“ Attention and industry, my dear, make greater progress than abilities ill directed. I shall not be comfortable to get before you, for I know that I have been the original cause of your delay. Let me beg of you, therefore,” said Bridget, “ to exert yourself ; and, when you want any assistance

which I can render you, remember I am bound to give it. This, for the present, shall be the only intercourse between us till you have seen your parents, and received their consent to become my friend."

With tearful eyes, Miss Meanwell kissed the hand which Bridget offered her; and, from that time, an amicable (although silent) intercourse commenced between them. Now their looks assisted, as much as they had formerly hindered, each other: although Miss Meanwell forbore to make any direct enquiry, Bridget took every opportunity of giving her information, when she was in any difficulty, without appearing to do so, either by a friendly hint, or by directing her to a book in which she might find what she wished to know.

The praises of Winifred, and her generous conduct, were echoed through the school; and her rose-tree became the favorite object of attention. It grew abundantly, and frequently excited serious reflection in the mind of Bridget.—“It is I,” said she, “who am to watch its progress in the second year, although I disdained the thought of staying so long when Winifred

talked of it. It is through her, also, that I am enabled to reap the advantages of being here; she has deprived herself of them for my sake!—how careful ought I to be that her kindness should not be in vain.”

While Bridget was steadily advancing in the path of learning, and encouraging Miss Meanwell to do the same, Winifred was pursuing the same plan at home. She would not hear of taking lessons from any master, while her father was paying for the instruction of Bridget.—“My own endeavours,” said she, “will be quite sufficient this year. If I do not learn any new songs, I shall sing those I already know more perfectly; and I shall practise two hours each day upon my harp. As for drawing, I could do no more than copy if I were under the tuition of a master. I have brought a pattern of a work-table from school, which I mean to paint for my mother; and trust that she will not like it the less for wanting his embellishment; it will be all my own work if I do it at home; but, at school, it is probable the finer touches would be my master’s. I have books to assist me in whatever I am learning; my exercises I shall write as usual;

and, with my father's assistance in my French lessons, I shall advance as rapidly as if I were at school, if not more so."

She strictly adhered to these resolutions ; and, except at the breakfast-table, did not see her father till the dinner-hour. All her mornings were spent in her mother's dressing-room ; where she had sometimes her assistance ; but, more frequently, she pursued her studies alone, animated by the accounts which Mrs. Commagene often sent of Bridget's improvement, and the encouraging letters which she received from Miss Ockendon. After dinner, Sir David looked over her French lessons ;—the evenings were devoted to reading and music. Never did any winter appear so short to this happy *trio*, as the present. Sir David did not venture out ; and, except for an occasional airing with her mother, Winifred seldom went beyond the limits of their own grounds ; yet spring returned before they were aware, and ere half the books which they had proposed reading were taken from their shelves.

Whether Sir David's disorder had exhausted itself, or he had not so much time

to think of it as before, he had no attack of gout; nor did he once complain of its symptoms.

Every letter which Winifred received from Bridget added to their pleasure: she was removed under Miss Beaumont's care, now become the head teacher; and, shortly after, Miss Meanwell followed her. Bridget appeared nearly as anxious for this young lady's improvement as for her own."—"Ah! my dear Winifred," said she, in one of her letters, "had I been as desirous of following your steps as this good girl is of mine, I should not be so deficient as I still am;—my Governess is very kind to me, and I have every incentive to endeavour to deserve your kindness and the encouragement of my friends."

Mr. Smith, whose affairs were soon settled after his return to London, again entered into business, although not in so large a way. He contracted his acquaintance as well as his expenses; and both he and his wife were contented to move in a smaller circle, where they endeavoured to forget their former prosperity. Part of the Christmas holidays Bridget spent with them; but

the commencement and the conclusion of the holidays she spent at Sir David Jones's. Notwithstanding the comforts which his house afforded, and the superior society which it contained, she felt a pleasure in returning to her parents, which she had never done before: for she was now worthy of their love. She expressed no wish beyond their comfort and pleasure; and refused every addition to her wardrobe, but such as was absolutely necessary.

Of her improvement at school they could not judge; but they fully appreciated her amended temper, and behaviour to themselves; and expressed their pleasure in experiencing it.

While she was in town, her aunt came up from Bath; and added her commendations on the same account. As a reward, she took her to several public exhibitions; but Bridget was not particularly desirous of such amusements; nor did she seek any of her former acquaintance. The rest of her time was spent in recollecting what she had learnt, and impressing it more deeply on her mind.

When she returned to her kind friends in

the country, it was with the same sentiments with which she had left them. She expressed much pleasure in having found that her father was engaged in a pursuit which suited him; and resolved still to continue her own with unremitting attention: yet there was sufficient time allowed for active amusement; Winifred's was not all still-life. Although a sensible and accomplished young lady, she did not disdain to play with a ball or a shuttlecock. When without a companion of her own age, (for the family whom she had formerly known were removed to a distant county,) she was obliged to seek, and often invent, amusements for herself. Happily she could find it in almost every thing which did not give pain to another. With the same avidity with which she pursued her studies, or read a new book, would she run round the garden on a cold frosty morning, toss the ball or strike the shuttlecock a hundred times without letting it fall to the ground, and find as much pleasure in the exploit as when she had achieved it in her earlier days.

Bridget was a suitable associate in this respect; she had been too devoted to

pleasure not to like such amusements, although her vanity had often led her to less innocent pursuits. Dancing was the only lesson which Winifred could not practise, as well at home as at school; but, when Bridget was with her, they danced a minuet together, while Lady Jones was their musician, with as much attention, grace, and satisfaction, as if they had all the spectators of a public day. They practised their steps, and, with the help of a few chairs, danced quadrilles, cotillions, and country-dances. Their morning studies were pursued together; and neither improvement, exercise, nor amusement, were neglected, while Bridget was at Woodgate.

After the holidays, she returned to school, happy in herself and the approbation of her friends.

CHAP. XVI.

—
 “Circles are prais'd not that abound
 In largeness, but the exactly round;
 So life we praise that doth excel
 Not in much time, but acting well.”
 —

I CANNOT expect that all my young readers will fully appreciate the kindness of Winifred in thus procuring instruction for Bridget. To go to school is by some thought a hardship; but, when a few years have passed away, they will know the value of that time which is spent in their education. If this should not be necessary for them as the means of support, without it they are unfit for society; and they will unquestionably lose many pleasures which belong to a superior rank. Where the mind is well-informed, a book is perused, a picture viewed, or any other object examined, with much greater enjoyment than when they are seen through the veil of

ignorance, or as a matter of listless curiosity. Without education, the powers of the mind are not brought into proper action; nor their extent known; the judgment is confused and contracted; trifles only are treasured up in the memory; and conversation is dull and uninteresting.

Though it may not be in the power of all to obtain superior accomplishments, yet few are so unfortunate as to possess no means of improvement; and, after the first rudiments of education are acquired, it is incredible how much may be attained by persevering industry. If they have no help from others, their pleasure will be greater in proportion as they find themselves able to improve without assistance. Books are ready instructors; and there are now so many published, in every branch of education, that it would be hard indeed if some of them could not be obtained.

Winifred's diligence was amply rewarded. She found new sources of pleasure and improvement continually opening to her view: the reflection that her parents rejoiced in every acquisition to her knowledge, and

shared her satisfaction in attaining it, added fresh vigour to her exertions.

In the ensuing spring, she had the pleasure of again meeting Miss Ockendon and Miss Montmorency. She was invited to spend a few weeks with them, or as long as her parents would dispense with her company. About this time, another journey to Bath was necessary for Sir David; and, as it had no attractions for Winifred, and did not agree with her when she was last there, the invitation to Montmorency-Place was readily accepted. It was settled that she should pass the time, whilst her parents were at Bath, with her friends. The thought of seeing them, reconciled her to this temporary separation. She likewise anticipated many advantages from being again under the care of Miss Ockendon, and attending to the instructions which Julia received from her masters.

Sir David and Lady Jones visited Montmorency-Place in their road to Bath; and, after spending one night there, left their daughter in the care of her former instructress, by whom she was received with the sincerest affection.

Winifred was much pleased to find Julia greatly improved both in disposition and sentiments. She did not now boast of her ancestors, but endeavoured to render herself worthy of them, and useful to her fellow-creatures. The raging anger, which once deformed her otherwise pleasing countenance, sank beneath the gentle remonstrances of Miss Ockendon; and the silly fears, which she had once entertained, were now entirely removed.

“I can enjoy a walk with you now,” said she to Winifred; “and I am no longer afraid of meeting robbers. Our lanes are full of violets and primroses. I can help you to pluck them, and not be alarmed if I see a labourer returning from his work!”

Winifred laughed, on being thus reminded of the adventure at the farm-house. She sincerely congratulated her friend on having got the better of such needless apprehensions.—“Yet,” said she, “I cannot forget that it was on my account you suffered the alarm; and did not quit what you supposed the place of danger, till you saw me in safety. My passion for hedge-flowers still

remains. I shall be happy to accompany you into these pretty lanes: for

“ I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swarth, close cropt by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs.”

If any danger appear, I will shew my courage in encountering it, for your sake.”

“To-morrow,” said Miss Ockendon, “we will take you through our small hamlet; but I warn you not to expect such a village as is described in poetry. You will not see children “gathering kingcups, or decking their hair with daisies;” but most of them poor little dirty, squalid, things. I hope, through Lady Montmorency’s liberality, and Julia’s wish to be of service to them, we shall in time see it a different place; but, at present, it has nothing to recommend it.”

The truth was, that, till Miss Ockendon became an inmate of the great house, Julia had not been taught that it was part of her duty to endeavour to amend their condition; although, in a future period, they were likely to become her tenants. Lady Montmorency’s advanced age, and secluded ha-

bits, made her incapable and unwilling to attend to the moral conduct of the poor, or to promote the education of their children. Miss Parsons had represented them as objects of fear or disgust. The bailiff, who attended to the men who cultivated that part of the estate which her Ladyship kept in her own hands, was only careful that they should do the necessary work ; but, whether their wages were spent in a public-house, or for the benefit of their families, was to him a matter of indifference. In consequence of this neglect, most of the poor men were confirmed sots, who drank enough every night to make them stupid all the next day ; although it did not prevent their being employed. They neglected their wives and children, whose chief support arose from asking for it at the great house. By this mode of living they were so dispirited, that they seemed not to wish for any thing better. Their affection for their children extended no farther than to supply their every-day wants ; and to procure them a little clothing. As for instruction, or rendering them useful, it was what they never thought of.

An old dame's school was the only place of education in the village; the children were sent there to find amusement, and be kept out of harm's way, while their mothers were at work:—"We han't got much to give them," said those ignorant women, "and we likes they should enjoy themselves while they can." In their opinion they were always too young to learn much, which appeared to them a sufficient reason why they should learn nothing.

When Miss Ockendon came to Montmorency-Place, she had much to encounter in the prejudices of Lady Montmorency, who had been told that they were a set of ignorant savages; and, that the attempt to do them good, in any other way than was already done, would be useless. Julia had imbibed the same opinion; but the interposition of Miss Ockendon removed these prepossessions. Her Ladyship was willing that Julia should be active in their service, under the direction of her governess, if it did her no injury. She even spoke to the clergyman of the parish to forward their design; but he did not reside in it, and had sufficient employment elsewhere. He acknowledged

the justness of her remarks,—would be happy to assist in any plan that was proposed,—but never found an opportunity of renewing the subject with her. Thus there were no gentlemen to interest themselves, or take a part in the arduous undertaking of working a reform in the village.

Miss Ockendon had to begin and carry on the work; but she proceeded with caution, lest it should be thought that she was taking too much upon herself. Knowing that, even in a good cause, we may be too forward, and thus counteract the design which we intended. Her first step was to take Julia with her, and to form an acquaintance with the poor themselves; after which she could render them assistance, whenever an opportunity offered.

It was with evident reluctance that these visits were received; the poor people suspected that they were come to find out how they lived, as they termed it. This was, indeed, the purport of their calling on them; but it was with a view to ameliorate their condition, not to find fault with it. Miss Ockendon knew that the readiest way to gain admission was to offer them something

of which they could understand the benefit. Authorized by Lady Montmorency, she told them that Miss Montmorency was come to know of what comforts they stood in need, against the approach of winter, either as fuel, clothing, blankets, or in the repair of their houses.

This could not but give satisfaction: all were in want of something; and Julia promised, in her grandmother's name, that those wants should be relieved.

She also ensured the good-humour of the parents by admiring the children, whenever there was room for admiration; and, by giving a little money to each, made them quite happy; as well as delighted their mothers, who were even more pleased with this than her promises to themselves. Julia now felt the gratification of giving pleasure to others; and was inspired with the hope of being useful to them. She was also highly extolled after she was gone; and her present good Governess, "who (they said) must of course have put it into her head: for she that went away to be married was so proud she would not walk by their houses, much less enter into them."

This small community might be said to be divided into three classes: the little farmers, who rented part of the estate, the mechanics, and the labourers. In a short time Julia and her Governess became acquainted with them all. The former had only to express her wishes to her grandmother, and the means of assisting them were put into her hands. Whatever was necessary for the comfort of their houses, such as new doors or windows, were made by the workmen of the village, and paid for by Lady Montmorency. Cleanliness and industry were encouraged; and, wherever it could be conveniently done, a piece of ground was allowed them for a garden: the gardens which were best cultivated obtained the greatest praise; but, at present, these improvements were but just begun; and much patience and perseverance were necessary to reconcile the inhabitants to the change.

Some of the men were induced to give up their drunken revels at the ale-house, and to work in their gardens, lest the ladies should see that nothing had been done in them; but others, who were habitually idle, nothing could alter: they were equally indif-

ferent to praise or blame; and, although their wives and children were most to be pitied, it was very difficult to render them any service; so much did they appear to share the weakness and imbecility of the men. The mother would complain of her husband, and hope the boys would not be like him; yet could not be persuaded that better instruction and example were necessary to prevent it. Except the hours allotted for work, they were under no control, and left to follow their own inclination. Their Sundays were spent in idleness or pursuits of pleasure; nor did they even attend the church, unless it afforded them a variety in their amusements. The greatest part of the time which they were supposed to be there, was spent in playing on the tombstones in the church-yard.

There being no gentleman who concerned himself with their proceedings, Miss Ockendon despaired of seeing them otherwise; but the girls she hoped to bring into better order.

Many of their offences were hidden from her knowledge, and they had already practised deceit enough to appear before "the ladies"

what they wished them to be, although very much the reverse in their absence. A good school had been opened for them, about a month, under the direction of Miss Montmorency and her Governess, but very few appeared desirous of being admitted into it.

The next day Miss Ockendon and the young ladies commenced their walk. They stopped at several houses, where the children alone seemed pleased to see them. Julia's kindness was not forgotten; nor were they aware of what annoyed their mothers,—the fear of being asked to send them to school.—“Cannot one of these little girls be spared to come to Miss Montmorency's school?” asked Miss Ockendon. “Is not that one,” pointing to the eldest, “old enough to leave the Dame's school?”

“La! ma'am, she won't be happy any where else; and Dame is so fond of her;—besides she takes care of the littlest when she is there,” was the reply of one. Another said, that “she had no clothes fit for the girl to go in;”—and another, that “she was sure her daughter would not like it; and 'tis no use to force them against their will, you know, ma'am.”—Others promised to try and per-

suade their girls to go, or made some excuse to delay the time of sending them; as if all the obligation was on the side of the ladies when they obtained any scholar.

Winifred could hardly believe that there were people so stupid and ignorant as to act so much against their own interest; but they had a long time been left to themselves, and were, of course, more bigoted to their own opinion than those who had found the benefit of allowing others to judge for them.

“They are equally prejudiced in regard to illness,” said Miss Ockendon, as they pursued their walk: “although they might have many simple medicines, with directions for using them, from Lady Montmorcency’s housekeeper, none but the doctor’s will do. Nothing will they accept from us, at least to make use of it, but wine, which they send for so often, that, for the sake of the sick, I hope those who are well help them to drink it, or it must make them worse instead of better. They will also accept a little jelly, to take after the doctor’s stuff, as they call it.”

From these cottages they entered those of the better sort of poor, or mechanics, who

prided themselves on having a trade. Here Winifred heard many apologies for the dirt and litter of the house, when every thing was in such exact order, that it appeared like begging a compliment on the neatness which it exhibited. Among these Miss Ockendon had obtained a few scholars, which was one reason why the others did not come; their mothers being persuaded that these would be the favourites, for whose faults their children must suffer.

They next called at a small farm-house, where the mistress brings out cakes and wine of her own making: to taste neither is considered as affront; and the more you praise the more you are pressed to eat and drink. Their children stood looking, with greedy eyes, and wondering within themselves that the ladies should refuse that which they would be so glad to accept.—“Where’s your hat, sir?” or, “Where’s your curtsey?” was the observation of the mother to each boy and girl as they entered the room; while she led the attention of her visitors to their growth, or to some fancied charm which attracted her own admiration.

When they had left the house—“These

children," said Winifred, "are better attended to than their poorer neighbours—they are not old Dame's scholars;—do they come to your school?"

"That would be too great an honour," said Miss Ockendon, smiling. "Some of them walk two or three miles in pursuit of learning, and then are sent to a boarding-school in the next town, for a year, or half a year, as their parents can afford, by way of finishing their education. There they learn nothing, because nothing is properly taught; but they are called young ladies,—work a piece of embroidery, not very well, as you may imagine,—and then come home as awkward and ignorant of what is worth knowing as when they went, if not more so: for the family business, which they had begun to learn of their mothers, is now beneath their attention. Often, for the sake of variety, or to see and be seen, they attend the market, in the place where they went to school, with butter and eggs; but their principal holidays are a fair, a wake, or a cricket-match: here they exhibit all their finery, and their boarding-school airs. The children of the lower class are taken into

these houses as servants, and are treated, in most respects, as the family; they do the work which the young ladies refuse to do: but, whatever takes them out of doors, or gives them an opportunity of display, they prefer doing themselves."

They arrived at the school just as the children were dispersing. Winifred saw a neat young woman as governess, and about eight or ten girls, who lingered round the door to hear what she would say of them, and how the account would be received by their patroness. Commendations were bestowed on those who deserved them, and tickets were distributed to those who had done well. At the end of six months these were collected, and, according to their number, some article of clothing, or a new book, was given to their owners, as a reward for their good behaviour.

This, in time, induced others to accept the benefit designed for them; and Miss Ockendon had the satisfaction of seeing all her plans succeed. Julia also wrote to her uncle an account of what they had done; and he promised to come and use his in-

fluence in establishing a boy's school in the village.

Winifred continued two months with her friends, enjoying all the pleasure and advantages which their society afforded. At the expiration of which time her father and mother returned from Bath.

Sir David again felt renovated health;

“ His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue,
His eye relumines its extinguished fires:”

and he was in high spirits, on finding his old friend, Colonel Montmorency, at Montmorency-Place; where, at the request of the old lady, the whole party continued some time longer.

Winifred's parents were delighted to see her in better health than her delicate frame allowed them to hope.—She had become a horse-woman since she had been with her friend: for now, every day, the two young ladies rode with the Colonel, while the rest of the party accompanied them in their carriages. The country was beautiful, and all were disposed to enjoy it. Even Sir David forgot every thing but the present pleasure. All were happy, and rejoiced to see others so.

“ Formed to amuse, instruct, and please the mind,
 By study polish'd, and by arts refin'd,
 Arts, whose benignant power alone dispense
 The grace of pleasure that's approv'd by sense.”

In such society the days passed swiftly; and it was not till a letter on business, called Sir David home, that the delightful party broke up. Julia had found an opportunity to remind her uncle of his promise of establishing a boy's school; he remained behind to put it in execution; and, as far as was in his power, to assist her and Miss Ockendon in their benevolent intentions.

Bridget returned from school at the end of the year, gratefully sensible of Winifred's kindness.—“ The interdiction now, my dear friend,” said she, “ is taken off; you may again have masters if they are necessary for your improvement. May I never forget what you have done!—without your generous interposition, what might have been my fate at the close of this twelvemonth.”

Her aunt remembered her promise; and, the next year, she continued at school at her expense; after which, Mrs. Comma-

gene engaged her as a teacher, till a more eligible situation offered.

Winifred still enlivens the declining years of her invalid parent; and her beloved mother is made happy by her amiable qualities. She pursues the plan adopted by Miss Ockendon, for the benefit of the poor in her neighbourhood; and, as they have long been assisted by Lady Jones's endeavours to do them service, the task of persuading them to accept of farther advantages is not so difficult as at Montmorency-Place. The children round Woodgate-lodge are all educated free of expense to their parents; and it is one of Winifred's principal pleasures to see that good order and regularity prevail among them.

THE END.

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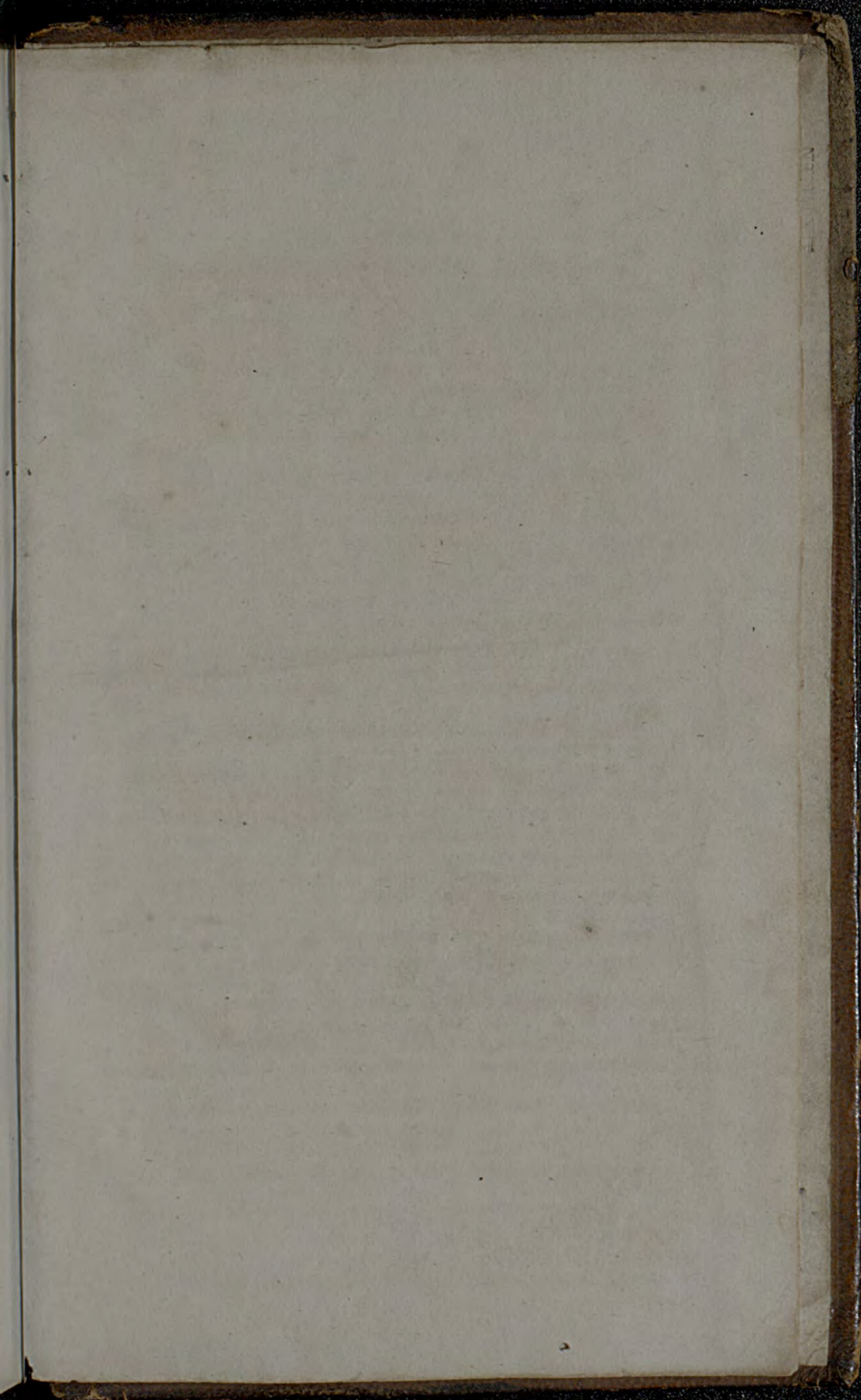
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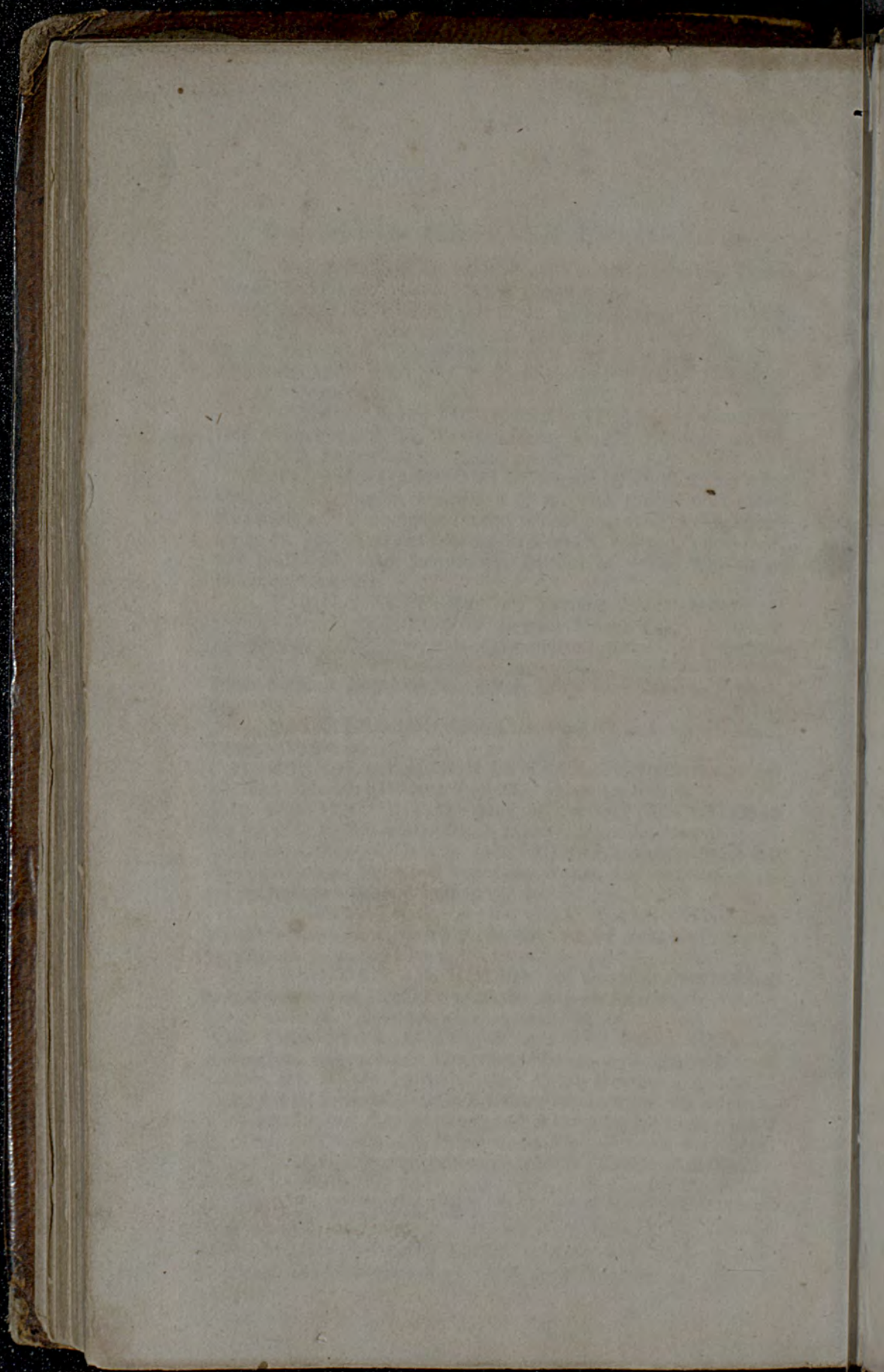
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