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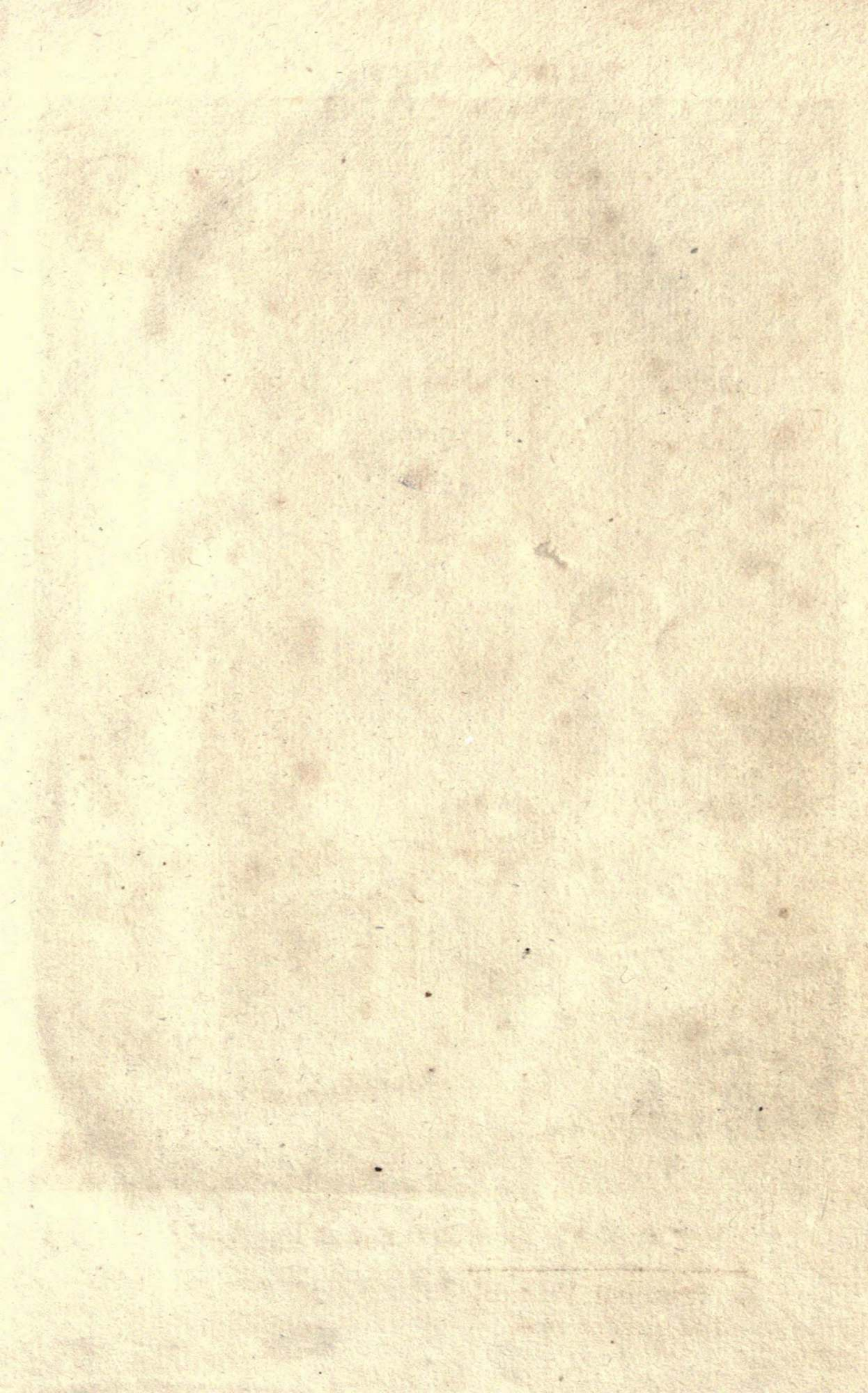
TALES

FOR

DOMESTIC INSTRUCTION.

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FRONTISPIECE



*BEN HALLYARD. Page 7*

*Published Nov. 10. 1806. by J. Harris. corner, of S.<sup>t</sup> Paul's Church Yard.*

# TALES

FOR

## *DOMESTIC INSTRUCTION:*

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CONTAINING THE HISTORIES OF

BEN HALLYARD;

HANNAH JENKINS;

JOHN APLIN;

EDWARD FLETCHER,

OR THE NECESSITY OF CURBING OUR PASSIONS;

LUCY AND JEMIMA MEADOWS;

AND

MR. WILMOT.

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BY H. VENTUM,

AUTHOR OF THE AMIABLE TUTORESS, INTERESTING  
TRAITS OF CHARACTER IN YOUTH, &c.

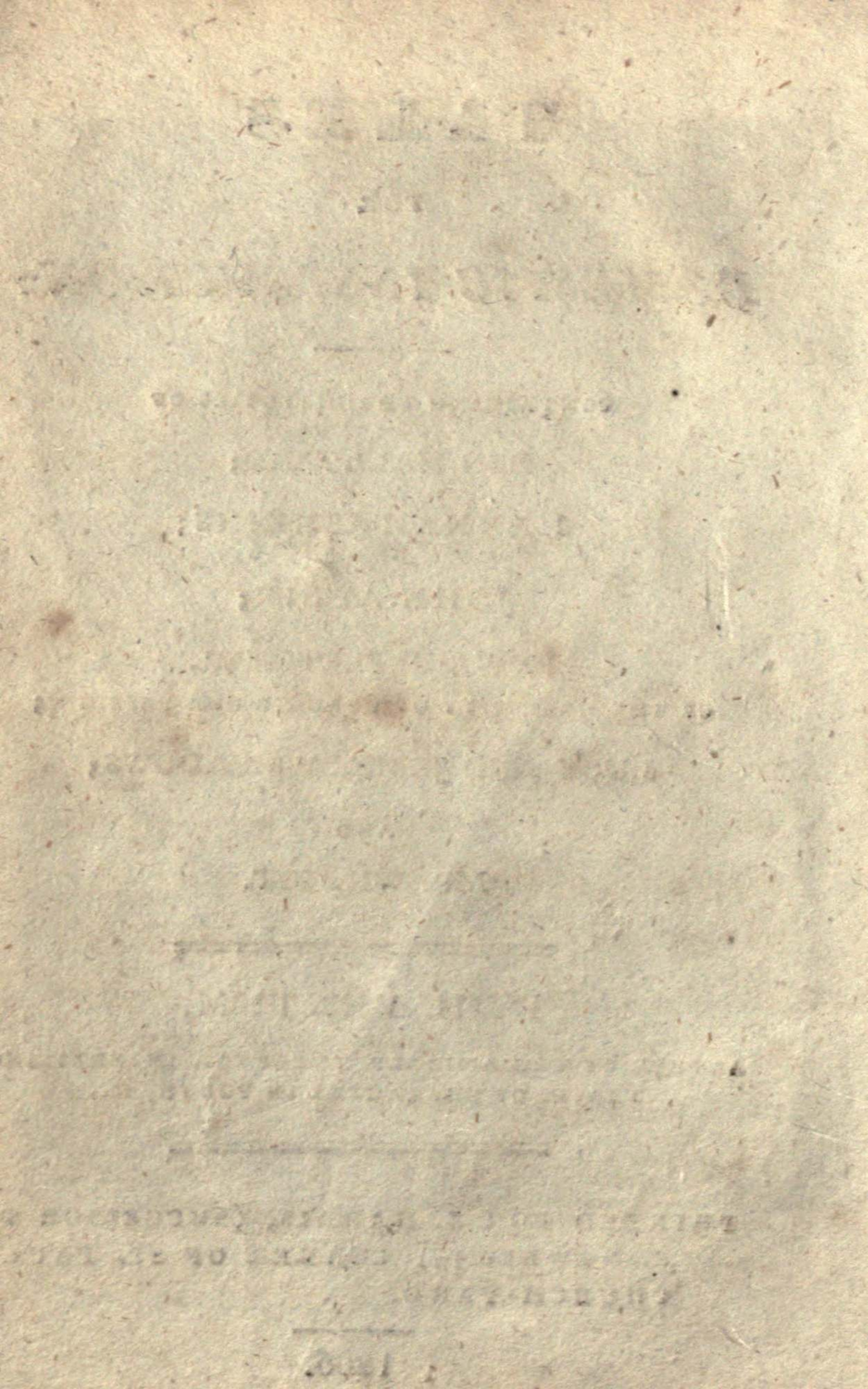
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PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, (SUCCESSOR TO  
E. NEWBERY,) CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S  
CHURCH-YARD.

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1806.





# BEN HALLYARD.

*AND OTHER TALES:*

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MR. and MRS. DANVERS, had retired early in life from the busy scenes of the metropolis, to enjoy, in a sequestered part of England, that privacy in which they delighted; and the leisure it afforded to bestow upon the education of their children; five of which had crowned their union, and served still more strongly to cement their mutual affection.

To watch the dawnings of under-  
B standing

standing in their offspring, to lead their young minds to virtue and honour, was now the sole object of this happy pair; every day bore testimony of the propriety of those plans they pursued to effect this important end; and every night saw them kneeling in grateful thankfulness to Heaven for the prospect which appeared of success in rewarding their labours.

It was the custom of both Mr. and Mrs. Danvers, to take their children to the neighbouring cottages; and where relief was necessary, where sorrow, need, or sickness, had entered, to furnish them with the means of bestowing it: thus they were the almoners of their parents; through them such remedies and  
assistance

assistance was distributed, as they judged most proper to alleviate the sufferings they witnessed. Accustomed then to the performance of deeds of charity, this happy family took pleasure in bestowing it; and thus their young hearts were trained to feel compassion for the unfortunate.

But indiscriminate relief Mr. and Mrs. Danvers did not think right to grant; strict enquiry was made into the characters of such as sought their assistance, and according to them it was bestowed. It frequently happened that the result of these enquiries furnished the history of the petitioner, and gave to Mr and Mrs. Danvers an opportunity of drawing a strong and forcible moral from

it; a moral which could not fail of making an impression on the minds of their young auditors.

But that they might in some degree learn to judge for themselves, and fix the standard of right and wrong in their own minds as they grew up; they were appointed to hear the tales of such petitioners as applied at Rose Hill, for assistance, and to investigate the truth of their narrations.

Frank and Eliza Danvers, the former being fourteen, the latter twelve years of age, were one day summoned to the little parlour, applied to the use of the poor, to attend the complaint of a sufferer, whose story was as follows, and which will be given in his own words.

I am

“I am a poor crippled sailor, your honour,” said the man, scraping on the ground with the only foot he had left, and bowing low to his young auditors; “I am, as I said, your honour, a poor cripple, made so by fighting for my country. I don’t grudge that neither, your honour, for it is the duty of every man to serve his king, and fight for his country. But it is very hard, when a poor fellow has been away from his home for years, now exposed to heat, then to cold; sometimes wet, sometimes dry; turning in one minute, and then the boatswain piping all hands the next; one day in a storm, the next in a battle; now losing a limb, and perhaps one’s life. It is main hard, your honour,

to be reduced to beg for subsistence, when if I was but whole in my limbs, I would scorn to ask; for I could get my own bread, and I am bold to say, there is never a sailor in his majesty's fleet can hand-reef and steer better than Ben Hallyard; but howsoever, this is not my story; if your honour will but hear me, I will tell you all about it, and how I came this way."

"We will be glad to listen to you, master," said Eliza, "but sit down, I am sure a cripple, as you are, must find it very troublesome to stand."

"God bless you, miss, my lady," said the poor fellow, bowing, "I am used to it, I know my duty better than to sit before my betters; why, bless your heart, we never sets down  
before

before our officers when we are on board! no, we knows better, and if we did not, we should soon be taught by the cat. I warrant the boat-swain's mate would soon teach us better manners."

"Well, well," said Frank, "do as youlike, but let us hear your story."

"Why, your honour, my father was a poor carpenter, and unluckily for him, had more children than he could well maintain; he was therefore obliged to apply to his parish for relief; by it we were apprenticed, when we arrived at proper age; I was put with a blacksmith, who, because I was a parish lad, as he called me, used me very ill. I staid with him two years; at the end of that time, I was sent with some ring-bolts

bolts to a ship carpenter, for whom we worked; at the time I reached his house, he was on board the vessel for which we had been making the bolts, and his clerk ordered me to take them to him. It so happened while I was there, that the lieutenant of a man of war came on board; he took a great deal of notice of me, and finding I was of an inquisitive disposition, asked me if I thought I should like a sea life? I said, from all I had heard, I thought I might, but I was an apprentice, and therefore could not indulge my inclination till I was out of my time, of which I wanted five years. He asked me if I liked my master? I said, not if I could get another, for mine used me very cruelly, frequently  
beating



beating me for faults I had not committed. Poor fellow ! he returned ; you look like an honest lad, it is a pity you should be ill used ; you would be a handy lad on board : here, said he, giving me his direction, if you can persuade your master to give you up your indentures, you may come to me, and I will make a man of you ; a stout lad like you would be better employed serving your king, than in blowing a pair of bellows all day. Well, I took the direction, and returned home, where my first salutation was with a horfewhip across my shoulders for having staid so long. Oh, thinks I, this will never do. I'll even give you the run, and seek Mr. Bowling. So the next morning, before break  
of

of day, I sets off for Gosport on foot, and travelled hard for more than a week to reach it, not daring to shew myself to travel by day, for fear of being pursued and carried back as a run-away apprentice. At length I reached Gosport, and enquired for Mr. ———, whom I easily found; he received me very kindly, and gave me a berth with him; the ship sailing the next day, I was soon relieved from my fears of my late master, and after about a fortnight, found myself very happy; my friend, the Lieutenant, was very kind to me, as long as he lived, which however unfortunately for me was but a short time after our sailing, for he was killed in the first engagement I saw after my entering. As  
in

in this action our ship had suffered much, she was ordered into dock to repair, and her officers and men draughted into other vessels; I was sent on board a seventy-four, which was going to America: unfortunately we encountered so dreadful a storm, that our ship was unable to weather it, but was driven a mere wreck upon Long Island. Hitherto I had known little, your honour, but fair weather sailing, but it was now very different; we were cast ashore without clothes, without provisions, and in such severe weather, that we were obliged to dig through the snow, above six feet, before we could pitch a tent: at first, indeed, we had nothing to save us from the severity of the elements, but in a day or two after being cast  
ashore,

ashore, we recovered from the wreck many articles we then thought most precious. To be short, we lived between five and six weeks in this wretched place, subsisting only upon bread, which was full of insects, and water that stank: then indeed I began to taste the miseries and hardships of a sailor's life, but it was too late to complain. Oh! how often during this time did I think of my father's poor hut, and even with myself back with my master, bad as he was. How often, when benumbed with cold, did I wish myself beside his forge; but I had chosen my lot, and it was too late to repine. Many were the poor fellow's whose graves I helped to dig in the snow; indeed such was the severity of the weather,

weather, that out of four hundred and fifty that escaped the wreck, ninety-eight only survived to return to Europe. With the rest of my unfortunate companions, I was at length rescued from this terrible spot, and again ordered to another ship—a frigate, in which I saw plenty of fighting: but we took a great many prizes, and after being some time in North America, then in the warm latitudes of the West Indies; in all cruising from one place to another for near three years, we returned to England. Oh! what a joyful day it was, when the Lizard first met our sight, we gave three hearty cheers to welcome it, and regaled ourselves with grog; at length we reached Plymouth, where we were turned over to  
c . . . another

another ship, but allowed a month's furlough. As I had now plenty of prize money, and a good parcel of wages to receive I considered myself a rich man, and, as such, eager to return and share my good fortune with my family, though I was still in dread of my former master, as my time was not expired; however I resolved to purchase my indentures of him, and with this determination I set forward on my journey to my native place. During my absence my father had died, and my brothers and sisters were dispersed in different situations; with much trouble I sought them out, and shared among them the produce of my labours. O! how profuse they were of promises and thanks, how much they were

obliged to me! among them I had one sister, who had become a widow, and was left with three very small children to support; she became my first care, and for her I took a little shop, which I stocked as far as my abilities would go, I placed her in it, and thus secured to her and her young ones a support: about this time too I saw a very pretty girl, whom I would have married, but I thought I had better take another voyage first, and by the time I returned I should see how my widowed sister went on; as I could not think of entering into any engagement for myself, while she needed my services. Well, your honour, I went to sea again, and met a variety of fortune, for this voyage was far from successful: we

were taken by the French, and, together with what remained of our ships company, I was marched at least two hundred miles; our fare in a French prison you may suppose was hard enough, but sailors are accustomed to hardships, so I thought little of that till I fell sick; then indeed I required some indulgence, I had the ague and fever, your honour, for more than fifteen weeks, and it weakened me so much I could scarcely stand: indeed I wanted more nourishment than prison allowance would afford: I should most likely have died, had not providence that never forsakes poor sailors, just then sent a Cartel in which I returned once more to Old England. I was then placed in Haslar Hospital, where I soon recovered,



covered, and again entered on board another vessel, but ill fortune seemed to pursue me; we were again taken, and carried into one of the French settlements in the East Indies: it is now near three years since I saw my native country, poor naked and crippled, for in the last engagement I lost my limb. I no sooner landed, than I wrote to my family to let them know my unfortunate situation, and request them to send me relief; but alas! your honour, the answer I received was such as almost broke my heart: instead of pitying my misfortunes and doing all they could to comfort me under them, they upbraided me for leaving a good trade to risk the uncertainty of the sea; this letter I received from my eldest

brother, whom in my prosperity I had assisted with money to begin business for himself: well, I thought, you are ungrateful, but they cannot all be so, at least I am sure of a home and comfort too with my widowed sister, I'll e'en find my way home, and stump it along as well as I can, I shall get assistance on the road: so out I set, and reached home in about a week afterwards, but instead of the kind reception I expected, she received me very coolly: to be short, after living little better than a fortnight with her, I found she was in the same tone with the others, and gave me pretty broad hints that she could not afford to maintain me in idleness, and that I must seek some means of providing for myself, though I assure  
your

your honour I was far from idle; for I not only set her garden in good order, but served in her shop, and measured out coals and sand to the people: well, thought I, this won't do; so chancing to meet an old shipmate, he advised me to apply to Greenwich and gain admission into the Hospital; for this purpose I left my sister, whose ingratitude has hurt me more than all my wounds, and am now journeying to London, but, crippled and pennyless, I stand but a poor chance of reaching it, unless I am assisted by the charity of those who have the heart, as well as ability, to assist a poor lame object: hearing of your good father's and mother's kindness to the poor, I made bold to apply."

“And

“And were all your relations unkind to you?” said Eliza, compassionately.

“They were all nearly in the same tone, miss, blaming me for leaving my first master, and they all seemed to think me an incumbrance.”

“Poor fellow!” said Frank; then ringing a bell, he ordered the servant that attended to shew the sailor into the kitchen, and give him some refreshment.

When the young people returned to the parlour, they repeated the poor fellow's story to their parents, who took the opportunity it gave of representing in its blackest colour, the heinous sin of ingratitude, and of how aggravated a nature, a crime of that kind was to a poor fellow like Ben Hallyard, who had so generously

nerously and freely given up not only all his gains, but even surrendered his best inclinations to assist them: "for it is probable" said Mrs. Danvers, "had he married the woman he wished, he would at least have met one real friend, and had a house to which he had a right to repair, and where he would have been secure of finding a welcome, but alas! my dear children, his is, I am sorry to say, no uncommon case; an intercourse with the world will convince you that change of fortune, loss of friends, a thousand causes unseen and unexpected, prove alas! too frequently that a sense of obligation for past favours, exists but in the bosom of a few; but it is not less a crime, in the eye of God; guard  
against

against ingratitude my dearest children, it argues a bad and depraved heart, indeed none but such could admit such a guest."

"But let us see what can be done for this poor fellow," said Mr. Danvers, "we may probably serve him more essentially, than in merely bestowing a pecuniary assistance upon him. As a sailor who, in fighting for his king and country, has lost a limb in its defence; he claims not only our pity but utmost exertions: nevertheless we must endeavour to guard against imposition, and be satisfied in respect to his character. With the Purser of the last ship in which he sailed, I am well acquainted, and he, I dare say, can inform me of such particulars as I wish to learn respecting

respecting him; should the answer prove favourable, I will not only help him to obtain the Greenwich pension, but if he likes to accept it, make him porter to the Lodge gate, as William is going to leave us, to return to London, where he thinks he can do better; and as it is a place of little labour, I think it may suit this poor fellow."

Frank was delighted to hear his father make a proposal of this nature, from the moment he had seen the poor mutilated tar, he had been impressed in his favour; the character of honesty, so visible in his countenance, the genuine bluntness and tender feeling of heart his little story had displayed, had insensibly made him his friend; and he had more than

than once wished that something more than a temporary assistance might be bestowed upon him.

Mr. Danvers, was one of those characters who lost no time in the execution of a kindness; he detained Ben Hallyard therefore with him, for a night or two, during which interval he wrote to his friend the purser, from whom he received an answer, so much in favour of honest Ben, that he did not scruple making the offer he proposed: nothing could equal the poorfellow's gratitude. Between the pension which he obtained from Government as a disabled seaman, and the wages Mr. Danvers paid him for his services, Ben was again able to make up a purse; then his sister and brothers would again have

have



have noticed him, and even courted him to come among them, and enjoy himself, as they termed it. "I can never enjoy myself more than I do now," he replied, "and so long as my good master thinks me worth retaining in his service, so long will I serve him, nor ever think of quitting him." With all the family at Rose Place, he soon became a favourite; and he lived to see the ingratitude of those who had slighted him in adversity, recompensed *as it deserved*.

Not long after Ben Hallyard had been so happily settled in the family of Mr. Danvers, another applicant appeared to solicit such assistance as they were pleased to bestow; she was a young woman of about seven and twenty years of age; sorrow and distress

traces were painted in every sad lineament of her countenance, which, pale and haggard, demanded the charity she sought.

“I am not used,” miss, said she, addressing Eliza, “to ask charity, but my necessities are urgent, and I hope you will forgive my application. Alas! I once little thought such a one would be needful, but we can none of us tell how our lot in life may be drawn, or to what vicissitudes we may be exposed: if you will condescend to listen to the little tale of my sorrows, I will be as brief as I can in the recital of them, for indeed I have not brought them upon myself. There is, I have frequently heard say, a melancholy pleasure in the recital of our woes: I have found

found it so; yet I would not tire you, miss, with a repetition of them, did I not think that the recapitulation of them might induce you to assist me."

Eliza begged her to be seated, and assured her, she should be happy to grant her any relief in her power.

"My father, miss," said the poor creature, "was a small farmer in the next parish, burthened with a very large family, few of which my brother William and myself excepted, lived to attain their fourteenth year: it pleased Heaven to deprive us of our parents before my brother was seventeen, or I fifteen, a period when we were almost too young to think or act for ourselves; we felt their loss very severely, and for a length of time

time did not know how to act; but a good neighbour seeing and pitying our youth, undertook to teach William to manage the farm: under him it flourished and every thing went on well, till my brother was of age; at which time he took the management of it upon himself, though of all other human beings he was the most unfit; for such was the foolish credulity of his temper, that he believed every one was his friend, and he was willing to abide by any one's opinion in preference to his own, at the markets and fairs to which he was used to resort to sell his corn and cattle. He met with many young men like himself, who (as farming was the never failing topic of discourse among them) advised him to adopt different plans

plans for the manuring of his land; many of which were absurd and ridiculous, but which my poor brother eagerly adopted, though he soon found to his cost the fallacy of them. Our tried and steady friend, Mr. Harris, used all his power to dissuade him from them, but in vain; William was wrapt up in his new acquaintance, and he vainly believed that they knew better than a man who had had three times their experience. Mr. Harris soon found his influence over my brother was lost, and however well he had merited having a proper deference paid to him and his opinion, he no longer received it; indeed William from the persuasions of his new associates, began to think Mr. Harris had a motive

in all he did, and that he was guided by views of interest to himself, rather than from anxiety for the advancement of ours.

Our late friend, from the moment this conviction flashed upon his mind, estranged himself from us, and from that period I date our ruin, and the misfortunes which followed. Our farm, from being a source of profit and a means of subsistence to us, was a continued expence; the new and useless plans William adopted for its cultivation, far from answering rather destroyed the produce, and several of the finest seasons past without benefit to us; it was in vain I represented to my brother the superior advantages we derived from the farm, when under the management of our  
good

good friend Mr. Harris, and it was in vain I urged him to pursue the same plans : he was obstinate, and I was forced to yield.

About this time he married the youngest daughter of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, it was a runaway match, and my poor brother soon found the ill effects of it; not only by having an enemy in her father, who has not to this day forgiven either of them; but in finding his wife too much of a fine lady, to superintend his concerns. A farmer's wife, if she be a good one, has much to do, and much to look after; my sister-in-law, no sooner came home than a thorough alteration of the house took place; shew was consulted instead of utility; and places were

were pulled down and others built up to make a parlour, drawing and dining room: fresh servants and more in number were engaged, and a great deal of expensive and useless furniture was purchased. It was in vain I remonstrated with my brother, or endeavoured to convince his wife that nothing but ruin would succeed all these expences; I was peremptorily told to hold my tongue, and that as a dependant, silence would best become me. I retired to weep in solitude the inevitable destruction I saw so rapidly approaching; and that I might be independant, I resolved to look out some place for myself; two large fields were mine by inheritance, they were left me by my Godmother, and I rented them to  
my



my brother at twenty pounds a year; they were rich clover fields and contained near ten acres: to be sure they were considerably under-let; but the advantage was to my brother, and I did not regret it. I had granted a lease of them to him for a term of years, and the rent I had constantly left in his hands, as an equivalent for my board, and other expences. I could not then think myself altogether as dependant as my sister-in-law described me to be, but with this provision I was resolved to leave home and increase it by service. It was not long before I obtained a place in a gentleman's family, as superintendant of the nursery; and here I lived comfortably and happily for three years, disturbed only by the increasing ac-  
counts

counts of my brother's imprudencencies, and accumulating debts. I had applied for the rent of my land repeatedly, but I could never obtain it; my wages then were my only dependence, and as the lady with whom I lived was very generous, I was enabled to lay them up.

At this juncture, Mr. ——— was appointed to a foreign station, and with his family was preparing to quit England, to take possession of it: they would fain have had me accompany them, promising me a great advance of wages, but I could not bring myself to consent, although I loved them very much: for such was my dread of crossing the sea, that no advantage on earth would have induced me to risk the attempt; find-  
ing

ing I did not mean to go with them, William came to me to desire I would make his house my home, as long as I pleased; I did so, and upon quitting my service which I left loaded with benefits, I once more repaired to the farm: where I found a much warmer welcome from my sister-in-law than I expected to meet. During the interval of my absence, she had become the mother of two children: in them I found my greatest amusement, and to watch and attend them my greatest pleasure; I was concerned to see, for I could neither shut my eyes or ears, that my poor brother was deeply involved in debt, and that his wife far from endeavouring by economy to lighten his expences, continued the same plans

she had pursued when first she became mistress of his family. She was however particularly civil and attentive to me, and even sometimes so far condescended as to ask my opinion on different matters: to be short, miss, my brothers distresses increased so rapidly, that nothing less than a jail seemed to be the result of them; he had sold or mortgaged every foot of land he possessed, and had even parted with the lease of the fields he rented of me: his creditors were urgent, and several threatened to distress him: in this emergency he applied to me to mortgage my land, and assist him with the money raised upon it; at first I stoutly resisted the proposal, but when I saw him worried, distressed, importuned on all sides, I

5 could

could not withstand his intreaties, and in an evil hour consented to oblige him; Alas! even the money raised by this was but a temporary relief, it indeed served to quiet the clamours of the most importunate, but it would not satisfy all: but that I may not tire your patience, miss, I will be brief. In less than six months after, the stock and in short every thing upon the farm, and in the house was seized, and my unfortunate brother hurried to prison: from that moment his only support has been derived from me: his wife helpless from education as well as constitution is unable to make any exertions to save him, she is besides in a very bad state of health, her father will not see or pardon her, and she with her two

helpless infants, are now living in a prison with my wretched brother. I have done all I can to assist them, and have parted with every thing I possessed to maintain them, but I am now unable to do so: for this last two months I have been gradually sinking into a decay, and I see no prospect of my getting better: it is true I might have saved myself all this misery, but could I leave them in distress? could I refuse to assist my brother when he was precluded from assisting himself, or sharing with him the little I possessed? I am therefore compelled to solicit from the bounty of your parents a relief of which we all stand much in need, I am ashamed to appear a petitioner in such a case, but alas! necessity, the most pinching necessity

necessity obliges me—Here the poor creature stopt; the tears, which ran in torrents down her pallid cheeks, bore testimony of her feelings, and drew from the eyes of Eliza the same tribute: putting a temporary relief into her hands, therefore, she desired her to call again the following day, when she would mention the case to her parents, and see what could be done to serve her essentially.

“This is a sad story indeed my dear,” said Mrs. Danvers, when her daughter had recapitulated it to her. “William Jenkins owes all his misfortunes to credulity, obstinacy and imprudence, and I make no doubt that the sad conviction that he does so, adds to his trouble: you see by this little history, my dear children, how

necessary it is to attend to the advice of those, whom a long residence in the world, has acquainted with it; and to receive instructions from those of whose friendship you have had a tried experience: nothing argues a weak head so strongly, as to be led away by every new opinion; had William Jenkins followed the counsel of Mr. Harris, in all probability he would have escaped his subsequent troubles, but to his obstinacy and ingratitude he owed his ruin. As for his poor sister, she is indeed deserving of our utmost commiseration; her affectionate attachment to her brother has involved her in distresses, she, it is probable, might otherwise have escaped: and the wish to serve him, has literally beggared her. I own I  
feel



feel myself much interested for her, and shall be happy to assist her to the extent of my power."

"Did not Lady C. apply to you the other day, for a servant for her nursery, mamma?"

She understood our head maid was going away, and wished to engage her; if she is not suited, I should think Hannah Jenkins would be just the person likely to succeed.

Well then, do let me walk over to the park this afternoon, and ask her.

I am glad to see you so anxious in the cause of benevolence, my dear; but we must first consult Hannah, and know if she is agreeable to take the place, if we can procure it for her.

Oh! I have no doubt either of one or the other, for I know her ladyship is in distress for a servant, and Hannah can have no objection to such a situation.

Well, well! we shall see: meantime put on your bonnets and tippets, I wish to take you out with me to visit a person, with whose story I will acquaint you on our return.

The children needed no other invitation; they were presently ready to accompany their mother, and the light hearted little troop set out, some walking by the side, others gayly running before their parents.

After a walk of about a mile and a half, they arrived at a small cottage, which Mrs. Danvers entered. Cowering over a few sticks, with faces as pale as the ashes they produced,

fat

fat a man and woman; a melancholy and dejected appearance was visible in both their countenances: they rose, however, upon the entrance of our party, and a beam of pleasure shot from the eyes of the female, as she recognised her visitors.

We have called, said Mrs. Danvers, addressing her, not merely to see how you are, but to bring you a little employment if you wish to take any.

Most gladly, madam, she returned mournfully, for it may help to divert my mind from its melancholy remembrance, and it may contribute to furnish the means of rendering us more comfortable.

But how is Mr. Aplin? said Mrs. Danvers, observing he had neither rose nor addressed them since they entered.

As well, he replied, in a voice expressive only of despair, as that man can be, who by his own imprudence and folly has brought misery, poverty, and desolation upon his family; dear madam, he continued, make these young people acquainted with my story, it may serve as a lesson to them; alas! that I, born with such flattering prospects, brought up under the best example, should blight the hopes of all my friends, and at the age of forty five, subsist upon charity! but my imprudences, or rather the remembrance of them, have almost broken my spirit, and left me nothing but inertness and languor, which not only impair my health but faculties also; indolence and the love of pleasure, are the destruction of youth;

to

to those vices I owe my ruin, and to the indulgence of them I am indebted for the sickness and sorrow with which I have now to contend; alas! he continued, baring his arm, to shew Mrs. Danvers, see how I waste, I have no internal strength, and a visible decay is every hour gaining fast upon me: this is among the number of the other effects of indolence! how true it is that activity and employment keep the body in health! can I look around this cottage, can I see the penury in which I am involved, and in which I have also involved my wife, without feeling the most lively regret at my past misconduct; can I help remembering that it originated in my folly?

Retrospections of this kind, replied

plied Mrs. Danvers, though natural, are useless: a little bodily exertion would serve to dissipate them, and a temporary relief is preferable to none.

But of what bodily exertion am I capable, madam? the vice of indolence has crept into my habit, and I am neither from bodily or mental strength capable of exertion; my very faculties are enervated.

The complaints of this unhappy man, made a deep impression upon the children, who were anxious to learn the cause from whence they had been derived, and no sooner had they taken leave of the cottage, than they eagerly pressed round their parents for the desired information, which Mr. Danvers gave in the following words.

## THE MISERIES ARISING FROM INDOLENCE.

Mr. Aplin, the unhappy being from whom we have just parted, was the only child of parents who owed their subsistence to their industry. His father was an opulent tradesman in London, and his mother boasted no higher origin; their family consisted of three sons and two daughters, the youngest of the former is him whom we have just left. While a boy at school his disposition was inactive, and I have seen him sit for hours upon a bench without any apparent pursuit, beyond that of eating. As he grew up, the indolence of his temper manifested itself still more strongly; in vain was every argument and inducement used to rouse him, he had neither emulation to excel,

cel, nor activity to make the attempt. At fifteen he left us, to be placed out in the world; his father who had long painfully witnessed the increasing idleness of his temper, thought the best way to rouse it was by apprenticing him to a laborious trade, and under this impression John Aplin was bound to a Furnishing Ironmonger: for a time the novelty of his situation seemed to have the desired effect, but at length he relapsed into his former habits, nor could all the authority of his master have power to detach him from them: yet still he was not vicious; he had no bad if he had not good propensities, and his life was rather passed in a stupid sort of inaction, than in the pursuit of what was reprehensible. It required all  
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the interest of his father to induce his master to keep him, as he was frequently upon the point of turning him over to some other, whose methods being more severe, he judged might have some efficacy; at the expiration of the third year of his apprenticeship his father died, and bequeathed to him three thousand pounds, expressly to set him up in business, when his date of servitude should be expired: his master was one of the guardians and executors to the will, and he used the authority with which that charge invested him, to urge John Aplin to exert himself; laying down before him every motive he thought might operate to induce him to do so; for a short time the shock occasioned by his father's

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death

death which was speedily followed by that of his mother also, who in her last moments urged the necessity of industry, had some effect; and he went on for really a considerable time in the practice of such exertions as his family thought boded well for his future good. With some small degree of credit then he completed the term of his apprenticeship; and now arrived the time in which he was to think and act for himself: his master would fain have had him seek out for a partner, whose activity might counterbalance his indolence, but as that could not be done without trouble, it was given up; at length he was, pursuant to his father's will, placed in a shop which was stocked with every necessary article for a young beginner, and he was

was left with a surplus in cash of five hundred pounds: this offset to an active man would have been the most desirable that could be, as it left every prospect of realizing a fortune; but John Aplin after the first three months sunk into his usual mode of indolence, he gave indiscriminate credit, because he was too lazy to make the necessary enquiries after peoples' characters, and from a habit of procrastination, he omitted inserting many of his credits into his ledger, in short he omitted them in his day book, and where accounts are not kept with accuracy, nothing but destruction must ensue: nor was this all; for, as a young man newly set up in business, his acquaintance was courted by many, and this ac-

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quaintance

quaintance introduced him into habits of expence his comings in could not answer; in short he broke into his five hundred pounds, which gradually melted away, and by the end of the twelvemonth he had dissipated it all in trifles, and in the pursuit of the most trivial pleasures. The returns of his business were not also (on account of his extreme incorrectness,) by any means adequate to the expences of his household: thus nothing but ruin was apparent, and that at the end of the first twelvemonth of his entrance into life. He however patched up his affairs, by a clandestine union with his present wife, who had fifteen hundred pounds at her own disposal: thus he was again clear of the world, but what  
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can stand against indolence? his wife indeed did all in her power to rouse him to exertion, and took an active concern in his business, but as she had a growing family, and was frequently confined from illness, all she could do was insufficient to ward off the ruin that impended: for some years indeed they went on gradually going backwards, in vain did the brothers and relations of John Aplin point out to him the cause from which his difficulties arose, and pressed him to adopt a different mode of conduct; for alas! indolence had overpowered every faculty of his mind, and left him scarcely a rational being. He had now three children, and the feelings of a parent ought to have taught him, for their sakes, to exert himself,

and rouse his faculties into action; but, unfortunately for them and for himself, he had too long suffered the vice of idleness to lay hold on him, to have the power of shaking her off at pleasure; to be short, such was his mismanagement that he became a bankrupt, his effects paid but a trifling dividend, and his creditors who well knew the cause whence his insolvency had arisen, were too incensed against him to sign his certificate; for many months he with his family languished in the utmost necessity, at length his friends procured him a place in one of the public offices: here, as his duty was very trifling, he might have done very well, but he was obliged to be at the office by nine o'clock in the morning, and this was an exertion

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he could not long together make. His frequent non-attendances were at length noticed by the head of the office; he was at first rebuked, then fined for them, and at last turned from his place with every mark of disgrace. Many were the situations his friends procured for him, which were ultimately lost by the same cause; at length wearied out, they resolved to do no more for a man, who proved by every action, that he would make no exertion for himself. Years have passed away, he has tasted misery in almost every shape, yet have not his sufferings been able to rouse him from his supineness: a small annuity raised by the charitable contributions of his friends, is all upon which he has now to depend, and

and that is scarcely sufficient to keep him from actual want. Thus you see what indolence does: had Mr. Aplin when in the vigour of health and youth exerted those faculties with which nature endowed him, and employed the fortune bequeathed to him by his father in the improvement of his business, he would probably have been very differently situated; but his habits, naturally lazy, in time by indulgence destroyed not only him, but ruined his family, and he now exists, for he can scarcely be said to live, a mournful example of indolence carried to excess.

But what became of his children? said Eliza.

His two sons are, by the bounty of their friends, placed in the world, where I am happy to say



say, they so far profit by their father's misconduct, as to avoid his errors. His daughter is living with an aunt, her mother's sister, who, not having any children of her own, has kindly adopted her; thus the goodness of providence has provided for the children, and prevented their being very materially affected by their father's folly.

We do not, said Mrs. Danvers, relieve Mr. Aplin as an object of charity, for unfortunately he has brought his misfortunes on himself; as such, he is not intitled to commiseration; but as a school-fellow of your father, who knew him when very differently situated, we cannot bear to witness his necessities without contributing a little to their relief.

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His wife too is an innocent and helpless sufferer, as such we wish to soften her misfortunes; it has unfortunately been her lot to meet with a partner, who, far from exerting himself to save her from misery and ruin, has been the first to plunge her into it. Brought up with delicacy, she is scarcely able to endure the cold blasts of affliction which now blow upon her, and much as Mr. Aplin complains of his inability to struggle with the calamity he has brought upon himself, and his strength decaying, his poor unfortunate wife is by far the greatest sufferer, mentally as well as bodily; she feels the separation also from her children as a heavy affliction, though she has the comfort of reflecting

reflecting that they are well provided for : yet being deprived of their company, and the idea of their father's misconduct having deprived them of the shelter of the paternal roof, must be to a feeling mind a source of inexhaustible regret. Attention to your different pursuits, my dear children, and unwearied application, will inevitably bring its reward ; while idleness, as the proverb justly says, " will cover a man with rags," and cannot fail of bringing ultimate ruin and disgrace ; the errors and misfortunes of others are sent as a warning to us to guard against the commission of the like, and it is our duty to profit by them, so as to receive the example they hold forth as a lesson.

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Here the discourse of Mrs. Danvers was broken in upon by the reiterated barking of a little cur, which ran yelping at their heels; it was in vain they tried to silence it, it continued its vociferation till Frederick, their second son, provoked at its interruption and incessant noise, took up a stone, which he threw with such force at the animal as to cut out one of its eyes, which hung bleeding, and looking horrible to the sight. This action, which was done under the impulse of passion, caused an immediate and death-like silence to prevail in the whole party, while the poor beast, struck to the ground by the force and violence of the blow, lay writhing in an agony of pain. Oh, fie! Frederick, said every one  
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of the children, when their first agitation and surprize had subsided, how cruel you are ! Frederick, who did not mean to have carried his resentment to such a length, hung his head, ashamed to encounter the eyes of his parents.

Mr. Danvers, ever humane, went forward to the suffering animal, but it was hurt beyond relief, and a countryman just then passing, he gave him a trifle to put it out of its misery. Then turning to his son, You see, Frederick, said he, the baneful effects of passion ; how often have I warned you against indulging this impetuosity of temper ! you have inflicted pain and death upon an animal beneath your notice ; you who are endowed with reason, ought to suffer

it so to operate as to deter you from the commission of crime ; for a crime you have committed : this little animal was not more offending towards you than to us all in general ; and what did it do ? it annoyed you by its voice, but it did not attempt to bite or hurt you ; yet you have taken a signal revenge ; perhaps this poor thing had puppies to protect, which I suspect to be the case ; its violence then proceeded from maternal fear of hurt to its young ; and that has occasioned its death. Frederick, I see contrition in your face, but what does that avail, the same impetuosity of disposition, the indulgence of these immoderate starts of anger, might deprive a human being of existence ; think then how  
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you would feel if you had deprived a fellow-creature, perhaps one of your brothers or sisters, of life: you would not only be amenable to the laws of your country, but you would be torn to death with the stings of conscience. It is true, it is but a dog you have been the means of killing, but let it be a lesson to you, that anger indulged and carried to excess, hurries us into the commission of crime, from which our nature would at other times shrink, and too frequently brings with it sources of everlasting remorse. I was once witness to an incident occasioned by the indulgence of passion so mournful, that it has been a lesson to me through life to curb every angry

feeling as it rose, and to strive to subdue the impulse of resentment.

What was it, dear Father? said the children with one voice, pray tell us, and we will remember it as a lesson all our lives.

In hopes then, my dears, that it will be really so, I shall recount the history of Edward Fletcher.

He was a boy at the same school with me; an only child, and indulged to a fault by his parents, who neither contradicted him themselves, nor suffered others to do so. From this false indulgence sprung all the subsequent misery of their son's life; and from them he may date the ruin of his happiness.

Young Fletcher, thus uncontrouled,  
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was allowed in every respect to do as he thought proper. He chastised the servants at pleasure, and got them dismissed and others engaged, as suited his will; torn with strong passions, he demanded the more controul, and required the hand of authority, as well as the curb of reason, to restrain him. Till he was twelve years of age, he was kept at home, but his parents then saw that he was beyond their controul, and required the watchful eye of a vigilant master to superintend him, and check the growth of those passions which they had suffered to reign too long unrestrained. He was therefore placed with Doctor C. where our acquaintance first commenced; here he early manifested

those unhappy traits of character which at last overran him ; passionate in the extreme, arrogant to all, and violently headstrong, he became soon an object of dislike to his school-fellows, few of whom could or would associate with a lad who was of so arbitrary and unyielding a temper. At fifteen he was removed from the Doctor's care to Westminster ; his abilities to learn, and his application to study, had in some degree rendered him a favourite. As a scholar, his master was certainly proud of him ; but as being under the influence of violent passions, which not even his authority was sufficient to curb, he was sorry for him. I perceive, said the Doctor, when he was one day talking of him, that

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his passions will ultimately be his ruin ; they have been suffered too long to run riot, now tamely to submit to the bridle ; and his parents have suffered them to reign too uncontrouled for reason to have fair play. I grieve for him, he continued, he has a more than common share of understanding, and his abilities are certainly of the first rate : yet he has neither prudence to restrain himself, nor sufficient command over his feelings to subdue them ; his irritability of temper will eventually destroy him, and he will be a sufferer by the indulgence of his parents.

At Westminster he was constantly embroiled with one or other of the boys, and I suppose, during the two  
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years he was there, he fought more battles, and got into more quarrels, than any lad of his age ever did before. From hence he was sent to college, where it was our lot to meet again. I may say that I now saved him from many scrapes he would otherwise have fallen into, and, by a happy moderation, prevented his getting into quarrels in which he would else have engaged.

About six months before the time fixed for his leaving college, his parents died, and he succeeded to an inheritance of near three thousand a year; unfortunately this acquisition of wealth gave him increased consequence in his own eyes, and made him more impetuous than ever to reason or remonstrance; always

always inattentive, he now became totally deaf and disregarding: the event will shew what was the consequence.

At one of the Oxford music meetings, he saw and was captivated with a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman of good connexions, but small fortune. The beauty of the face was not the only one which distinguished Gertrude St. Albin; her mind was replete with all the feminine virtues, which ought to dignify the sex: gentle, modest, unassuming, and humble in her manners; she was at once the delight and pride of her parents and friends. This young lady, but rarely seen in Oxford, became an object of universal admiration; many were the offers

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she received, and many were the hearts she enslaved; among the number of those who paid so just a homage to her external as well as internal graces, was myself: with her father I had a slight acquaintance, of which I determined to avail myself to get introduced to his daughter. My visits were, I soon saw, not unacceptable to the latter, though her parents did not think I had fortune sufficient to gratify my pretensions to her. Fletcher was more fortunate; his fortune, which was independent of any one, easily procured him the wished for introduction. Sanctioned by her father's fullest approbation, Gertrude St. Albin was almost compelled to receive him as a lover; yet even in  
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that character he could not disguise the irritability of his temper, which manifested itself upon the most trivial occasions, and which frequently caused the gentle Gertrude to shrink with terror from him. In compliance with her father's commands I received a denial to my suit, and was forbidden to think more of her. Fletcher, the rich, and as I thought, the fortunate Fletcher, was selected among the number of her admirers, to become her husband. Ah, what contraries were to be united! what little possibility of a union being happy in which minds so little alike were met; alas! could they be said to meet? to oblige her father, Gertrude agreed to accept Fletcher as her husband, and a very short time after,

saw their union effected. It was in vain this gentle creature, fought by every engaging art to still the tempest of her husband's mind, and bring his angry passions under controul; any thing, the displacing of the most trivial unimportant trifle, would make him rage like an angry boar; his displeasure fell chiefly upon his unhappy wife, who had only her chamber to flee to for refuge, from the storms of his temper; yet even there it would follow her, nor were words alone the signs of his anger; he would even descend to blows; for such was the little command under which his passions were, that he had lost the power of restraint over them, and his helpless wife frequently

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quently felt the sad effects of his unbounded wrath.

About a twelvemonth after they were married, I happened to be journeying near their country seat, and having frequently received the most pressing invitations from Fletcher to visit him, I took this opportunity of complying with his request; he received me, as indeed he always did, with the utmost appearance of friendly kindness: his wife too welcomed me in a manner grateful to my feelings; she wished to do honour to her husband's guest, and by many little attentions, convinced me her utmost wish was to render him happy. For several days after my arrival, all was harmony and peace; and though the natural smile of cheerfulness was lost

from the face of Gertrude, it was supplied by the tint of a not unpleasing melancholy. The time I had allotted for my stay at Elm Grove was now expired, and I was preparing to take my leave of its inhabitants. Fletcher proposed accompanying me part of the way, and had ordered his horse accordingly; but saying that he would take that opportunity to call upon such a person for his rent; and desired his wife to bring him the last receipt, she left the room for the purpose; but returned an unsuccessful messenger, declaring she could not find it, among the papers committed to her charge, nor do I remember your giving it to me, she continued. Not remember it, he replied hastily, fool! what do you remember

member? I am positive I gave it you along with farmer Hobb's, indeed my dear, you mistake she replied mildly, it was Mr. Vincent's, you have probably put this in your own secretary; this contradiction threw him into the most un governable rage I ever witnessed; he raved, stormed, execrated her and himself, till his face was purple with passion: she stood trembling and pale as a corpse with terror, while I used every argument I could summon to quiet him, but in vain; I then urged her to leave the room; she did so, he followed her, alas! for what purpose, in an instant I heard a violent scream. I flew to the spot from whence it issued. Oh, my children, never shall I forget the sad

spectacle I witnessed. On the ground bathed in blood lay the hapless victim of Fletcher's wrath; while he, in whose countenance horror and despair were only visible, stood over her with clenched hands, and hair erect from terror. What! O good Heaven! what have you done? said I—how comes this—what is the meaning of this spectacle?—I have murdered her, he replied in a voice scarcely audible from excess of emotion. I have murdered my wife—I knocked her down, she has fallen with force upon her temples, and see the consequence!—the consequence, indeed! I returned, but let us send for assistance; perhaps she may be recovered. Never, her situation forbids the thought: for oh, Danvers, she was  
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near making me a father, what must be done, what can I do. Send immediately for a surgeon. We did so, he arrived but to confirm our misery. It is true she was not then dead, but a languishing disease was the consequence of his fatal impetuosity; and in a few months after she resigned her pure and spotless soul to her Creator: she however not only freely and generously forgave her husband, but even tried to console him, and that he might not reap any ill consequences from her death, she repeatedly told her servants and such of her friends as came to see her, that it originated from accident. Me who was the only witness that could have hurt him, she bound by the most binding oaths to secrecy upon the

subject; but alas! though he escaped the hands of justice, he could not the canker worm of conscience, which tore him to pieces: a deep and fullen melancholy succeeded her death, he saw no one, nor would admit the smallest ray of light into his chamber, from which he never stirred; eight years he passed in this way, the light of day and society of man hateful to him; at the end of that time he awakened from melancholy to raving, and it was under the influence of one of those fits that his calamitous story got wind. He was however saved from public justice; the arm of death arrested his course, and he died as he had for so long lived, encompassed with horrors, and dreading to meet the eye of his  
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Creator. This story then my dear children, should indeed serve as a warning against the indulgence of passion. I do not say that it may manifest itself in every one by the same direful effect, but its first impulses ought to be checked: for by indulgence we lose all command over ourselves, and as was the case with this unfortunate man, the most tremendous effects originate from it. The reason with which the Almighty has dignified man, and which gives him pre-eminence over the brute, ought to be employed in the regulation of his passions, and bringing them under the dominion of prudence; had this unfortunate man been early taught to subdue his, he would have escaped years of misery: but to the  
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false indulgence of his parents, as well as to his own impetuosity, he may attribute the subsequent errors, as well as calamities of his life; thus you see riches and every comfort the world could bestow, were insufficient to render him happy: his temper poisoned the felicity he might otherwise have tasted, and ultimately caused the death of an object I am sure he fondly loved; and this case too frequently occurs; passion is in effect a temporary madness, a species of insanity, which, if it does not absolutely need the assistance of a bodily physician, does that of one for the mind. Guard then against its first advances, they are by far the most dangerous, and the early checking of them will in time correct them altogether. I

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allow there is not a more difficult task than that of subduing the hasty starts of temper: but the reward is worthy the attempt; and the idea of its being an action acceptable to Heaven, ought to stimulate us to it; what but passion co-operating with jealousy caused Cain to murder his brother Abel, and the same feelings have been the cause of numberless others. I know a family where nothing but bickerings and heart burnings exist among the children, and this is owing to a feeling of jealousy among themselves, and who can tell where this jealousy will end; already has it destroyed that sweet, that gentle harmony which should alone subsist amid such dear and intimate connections.

Do we know this family, Sir, said Frank? I am afraid you do.—Then it must be the young Applebys you mean.

It is so, a more unamiable set of children I never saw, ungovernable, bold, impudent, and saucy: they are universally disliked, while the mild manners and gentle behaviour of those of their opposite neighbour, cause them to be as generally admired. It is in the power of any young persons to render themselves agreeable; sweetness of behaviour and temper, the wish and endeavour to oblige, will be rewarded by the good word and will of every one, while a contrary conduct only exposes them to contempt and dislike.

You put me in mind of two  
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young people, with whom I was acquainted in my early years, and two such opposites one family scarcely ever before produced; as opposite have been their lot in life.

Lucy and Jemima Meadows, were at a very early age, deprived by death of their father, who left them however, very handsome fortunes, and under the sole guidance and management of their mother, a most exemplary woman; the tempers of these girls were not more unlike than their persons. Lucy the eldest was altogether as handsome as her sister was plain, for Jemima had had the small pox, to a most violent degree; her figure was however commanding and elegant, as was that of Lucy's also, but the dispositions of the sisters

ters were very reverse; early flattered by many (I cannot but call them false friends,) her person extolled as perfect, and herself courted as an idol. Lucy became vain, arrogant, and haughty, supercilious to her equals, and proud and overbearing to her inferiors. It was in vain Mrs. Meadows endeavoured to check these growing deformities in her eldest daughter's character, all she did the silly fondness of a maiden aunt who was proud of her niece's beauty, counteracted; and so long as a looking glass convinced Lucy of the loveliness of her person, so long she took upon herself airs and affectation, which totally disfigured her; Jemima on the contrary, whose face was all but hideous, was conscious that  
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she must owe the attention and good will she hoped to meet in the world, to something more than countenance: encouraged therefore by the excellent advice and example of her mother, she early endeavoured to fashion her mind aright: yet she frequently felt mortified at the superior homage her sister exacted, while she was left unnoticed; but when Mrs. Meadows witnessed this chagrin in her daughter, she would comfort her by saying that the charms of countenance soon vanished. Time, sickness, accident, a thousand causes might arise to deprive her of them, but the beauties of the mind were durable and increasing, neither time nor circumstance could operate upon them, and their possessor was sure of being charming

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charming as long as life was given: do not then, my dear, she would say, lament a circumstance which is purely adventitious: the innate beauties of a well regulated mind, the charms that candour, good sense, and sweetness disclose are permanent ones, and such as will gather strength by age. Let your endeavours then be to attain these graces, and believe me you will gain more admirers from them, than a merely pretty face could procure.

Lucy Meadows encouraged too high an idea of herself to think or feel for another, when in public surrounded by that trifling set of beings who have not intellect sufficient to distinguish real merit, but pay respect alone to outward appearance; she would

would cast an eye of exultation at her sister, and triumph with all the weakness of silly vanity in her own more beautiful countenance; but if Lucy Meadows gained the most admirers, she did not lovers, for the innate worth of Jemima diffused a charm over her homely face, wanting in the regular features of her sister. The admiration Lucy caused was transitory, her manners haughty and forbidding, her temper sour and supercilious, undid all her beauty excited; while the softness, sweetness, and good sense of Jemima, caused her only to be known to be loved.

Among the number of those caught by the external appearance of the former, was Sir James Lum-

ley, a young man of very large fortune, good connections, and what was worth all, of innate probity, and good sense. To see Lucy was to admire her, he became her attendant at all public places, and finally asked and received her mother's permission to address her; a match so advantageous in every respect, was infinitely superior to Mrs. Meadows's most sanguine hopes for her daughter, who had had many offers, but whose manners had caused their authors to draw back, disgusted with her pride and frivolity. As Sir James not only in point of fortune was superior to any that had yet offered, but was desirable from his character and talents, Mrs. Meadows felt all the solicitude a fond



fond and tender parent naturally experiences, that her daughter might not by an imprudent conduct, forfeit the affection of so worthy a character: she therefore cautioned her to be upon her guard, nor by an overbearing display of her power over the heart of her lover, lose a match so every way agreeable.

The pride Lucy felt in having a titled lover, made her for some time more humble to him, than she had ever been to his predecessors, but at the same time it gave her an opportunity of triumphing still more over her sister. It was impossible for any individual to live in the house, or even to be a constant visitor in it, without soon acquiring a knowledge of the two sisters. Sir James saw it,

and with pain observed the unamiable disposition of his mistress, and wished, frequently wished, that in mind she resembled Jemima; the traits of whose temper insensibly procured his esteem; yet still when that esteem was at times almost ripening into attachment, the fascination of Lucy's faultless face, would bring him back. How strange it is, said he, that much as I adore one sister I cannot help loving the other, and that heartily. Ah! why is not Jemima blessed with the beauty of Lucy, or rather why does not Lucy possess the mind of Jemima? my reason, understanding, heart, tells me I should in spite of all the defects of person, be happier with the latter, but my senses, or rather those of sight than feeling,

feeling, attach me to the former; let me ask myself, can the beauty only of a wife bring happiness, will it solace me in affliction, will it comfort me in sorrow, will it heal me in sickness? alas! no, yet my heart is irresistibly hers, even while it silently acknowledges the superior merit of Jemima.

An occurrence which shortly after happened, served still more strongly to unveil the natural characters and feelings of the sisters. Mrs. Meadows who in every respect had acted the part of a most tender and indulgent mother by her daughters, to oblige the eldest, accompanied her one night to the opera; the house was very full and uncommonly hot, and the transition from heat to cold, when they left it, was so acutely felt  
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by Mrs. Meadows, that it brought on a very serious illness, which for some time baffled the skill of the physicians. During this interval and indeed during her whole illness, nothing could exceed the tender affection and unremitting attention of Jemima, who passed whole days and nights at the bedside of her mother, scarcely leaving her to take common refreshment; Lucy on the contrary, though she had been the primal source of her mother's indisposition, contented herself with making enquiries after her health, and at the most sitting with her for an hour or two in the morning; even at the time her parent was judged in the most imminent danger, she abridged herself of no amusement, nor hesitated  
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to partake any pleasure offered for her participation: once or twice Jemima mildly represented to her, the indecency of being seen in public while their mother lay in such a state, but Lucy was too proud to attend to admonition, and too anxious to shew her pretty face to be deterred by any consideration of tenderness to her parent. Mrs. Meadows could not but witness with extreme concern, this want of duty and natural affection in her eldest daughter, nor did the same feeling fail to strike Sir James; he saw Jemima patiently attending and sweetly soothing the bed of sickness, even to the hazard of herself: for the incessant fatigue she underwent, and from which no consideration for her-  
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self could detach her, gradually undermined her health; while Lucy as gay, as unconcerned, and as frivolous as ever, was fluttering night after night in circles of gaiety and dissipation, thoughtless and unheeding of that tender friend who had reared her to maturity, and who now lay extended on the bed of sickness.

Is she fit for the wife of a man of sentiment and feeling? said Sir James mentally; as he reasoned the conduct of the sisters within himself. Alas! I fear in marrying her I shall marry the dissipated fine lady, who is lost to every tender domestic affection: will Lucy such as she appears, be the affectionate mother of my children, the tried friend, partner, and sweetener of my life, will she be the  
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careful mistress of my family, and the woman that shall make home a paradise; no, if she neglects her mother in sickness, it is but fair to suppose she would me also; for what security have I for her performance of her duty as a wife, but that she offers as a child: let me then reflect before I inevitably engage, and if possible save myself from a depth of misery and years of repentance.

Thus argued Sir James, and thus my dear girls will every thinking man argue, who looks forward to his union with a rational hope of happiness.

Yet in spite of Sir James's reflections, in spite of the conviction that every hour broke in more strongly upon him, of the unfitness of Lucy  
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for his wife, and his increasing admiration of her sister, the plainness of whose face was forgotten as the beauties of her mind unfolded themselves; he thought he had gone too far to retract with honour; nevertheless he could not help feeling assured that if he married Miss Meadows, he had little to expect but misery; whereas an union with her sister, would she but accept him, promised the most rational and lasting happiness.

Mrs. Meadows was now recovered, and her elder daughter was more than ever in company; among the multitude with whom she mixed was Lord F—— an old and very infirm peer; one who had passed not only his youth but the meridian of his  
life,



life, in the pursuit of pleasures, which had entailed upon him a long train of complaints, and rendered him disgusting to the moral part of mankind as a diseased libertine; his temper not naturally good, was soured still more by constant indisposition, and his natural irritability was considerably heightened and increased by fretful impatience; for three years he had been employed in a diplomatic character abroad, and it was only the first evening of his appearing in public, upon his return, that he saw and was introduced to Lucy Meadows: to avoid prolixity he not only saw but admired, and made an offer of himself to her. A peer! he was not to be slighted, yet what could she do with Sir James.

Her pride, ambition, all were gratified and flattered by the notice of Lord F——; she gave him more encouragement than she ought, and in fact slighted a deserving man for him. Mrs. Meadows in vain represented to her the disparity of their ages, the jealousy which from a boy had distinguished his temper, his infirmities, and the little chance there was of her being happy with him; she mentioned too her ill usage of Sir James, and urged her by every argument she could adduce, not to think of sacrificing herself for a shadow, for what else is a title unattended by any other advantage? You will live in splendor it is true Lucy, said this good mother, but it will be in splendid misery: think  
within

within yourself, my dear, whether you can put up with the petulance, impatience, and irritability natural to an invalid; can you bear the confinement of a sick room? the constant and unremitting attention you ought to pay to its duties? believe me my dear, you are neither by disposition or habit formed to perform the character of a nurse to a man like Lord F——; his fractious complaints will weary you, nor can his title nor all the gew-gaws of splendour and equipage compensate for what you will forfeit in giving up such a man as Sir James Lumley for the peer.

Thus argued Mrs. Meadows, but argument and remonstrance were alike lost upon her daughter, who blinded by ambition, saw only the

coronet, coach, and glare of show. Her behaviour to Sir James assumed a different shape, and released him from the chains which held him: his attachment to Lucy which was founded only on personal beauty, had long been gradually weakening, and that he felt for her sister as gradually increasing. Will you dear Jemima, he said, condescend to accept me? will you overlook the blind preference I once manifested for your sister? and by giving me yourself, ensure my future happiness?

Jemima who had long in secret acknowledged Sir James's merit, did not hesitate to accept him: need I say that a union founded as theirs was, upon the basis of merit, was happy.

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In her, her husband found a tender and domestic wife, her children an affectionate and excellent parent, and her servants a good mistress; she shone, and she shines still, an ornament to her sex, and a blessing to all around her.

Lucy sacrificing herself as she did at the altar of ambition, soon found that splendour and glare were insufficient to procure happiness; confined for nine months together to a sick chamber, or to a solitary mansion, without any intellectual resources or company beyond that of her lord, who was a jealous tyrant to her, and would neither suffer her out of his sight, nor scarcely endure her in it; some kind friend had told him of her behaviour to her mother

in her illness, and he is constantly upbraiding her with it, and telling her she must not expect to serve him in the same manner. Thus you see she passes her life in wretchedness, and thus has her pride and arrogance been rewarded; her beauty, of which she was so fillily vain, is totally fled; the canker worm of discontent has gnawn the rose from her cheek; she is but the shadow of her former self: no trace of that loveliness for which she was formerly distinguished now remains; envy at her sister's happiness too, conspires to torment her, for she never witnesses the felicity she enjoys with her husband, but she regrets the ill-adviced choice she has made. If we go to London I will introduce you to Sir James and Lady Lumley,

Lumley, they are not only in themselves, but in their children patterns of domestic felicity, and good management.

Some little time afterwards Mr. Danvers had an offer of placing his eldest son with a gentleman in the law; as it was in every respect a very advantageous one, he did not hesitate to accept it: and every preliminary being adjusted, after taking an affectionate leave of his family, Frank accompanied his father to the metropolis; upon this occasion as his son was likely to become a resident in it, Mr. Danvers introduced him to such of his old friends, whose acquaintance he thought might be beneficial to him: among the rest was a Mr. Wilmot a gentleman past  
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the meridian of life, but whose knowledge of the world, and frank, easy and conciliating manners made the young forget his age, and at the same time blended with their admiration their love.

Mr. Wilmot upon his first setting out in life, had been possessed of a very liberal fortune, which with the thoughtless profusion of a young man, he dissipated in the pursuit of pleasures which brought no equivalent but regret; as he was blessed with a very good understanding, he saw the errors into which he had plunged, time enough to profit by them. To retrieve his fortune he engaged in trade with an American, and not long after his entrance into business he was summoned by its  
call



call to that quarter of the globe. Soon after his landing, having adjusted the immediate concern which took him thither, he joined a party to visit the back settlements; nor was pleasure alone their only motive, the purchase of furs being the ostensible reason for their journey.

It happened after their arrival at Albany, that they proposed to take a day's hunting in the woods: when there, by some mismanagement, Mr. Wilmot was separated from his companions, and darkness, amid the solitude of an American forest, overtaking him, he became a prey to the most frightful horrors. Unknowing which path to take that would convey him back to the settlement, he wandered about, uncertain which way  
to

to proceed; the hissing of serpents, the scream of the wolverene and fox, and howlings of the other animals peculiar to that continent, now struck upon his ear. What, said he, mentally, is to become of me, whether I advance or retreat, I am likely to become the prey of wild beasts; where then can I seek or hope to find refuge? A fervent prayer offered up to Almighty God, for protection, in some degree calmed his agitated spirits, and diffused a temporary serenity over his mind; he recollected he had heard that wild animals were generally afraid of fire; he therefore picked up two pieces of wood, which fortunately were of the right kind, and those he rubbed together with such force as speedily to procure  
fire

fire from them; he was thus enabled to set a light to some dead leaves and withered sticks which presented themselves, and by this means he passed this long night in safety. Towards morning, or rather at day-break, as he was casting his eyes around to judge if he could which was the road to convey him to the settlement, he saw, or thought he saw, a pair of large black eyes staring at him; startled, nay alarmed at this sight which he believed to be a wild beast, he retreated a few paces, and instinctively placed himself in a posture of defence; at this moment an arrow evidently levelled at, passed so near him as to graze away the skin of his ear; a horrid yell succeeded: he gave up all for lost, and absolutely  
fainted

fainted from terror; but judge his surprize, when upon recovery from his swoon, he saw himself upon a bed of skins and furrounded by savages, who assured him, by signs, they were friendly disposed toward him. Assured by their gestures, he forgot his fears, and by every sign he thought would be intelligible, he sought to convince them he was in want of sustenance; it was immediately brought; and this poor, this unenlightened race of beings, seemed to know no greater pleasure than that of succouring the distressed. Many were the humble offerings of genuine benevolence brought for him to partake; all were eager to press a something upon him; and none but seemed mortified at his

his

his refusal. The chief, or master of the hut, judging that he wished to return to the settlement, offered to conduct him, an offer he gladly accepted: thus he reached in safety a place he the preceding evening had never thought to see again.

Mr. Wilmot was never weary of extolling the genuine benevolence and hospitality of these poor creatures, and frequently wished opportunity were afforded him of manifesting his gratitude for it. Nor was this opportunity long wanting.

A few days previous to Mr. Wilmot's intended return to New York, a party of Indians came to Albany to sell their furs, anxious to procure all he could, he hastened to the  
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general mart to view, and if he could, purchase them: among the sellers he saw his late kind host, Susquenah; a mutual recognition took place, and a mutual pleasure was expressed. Mr. Wilmot invited his friend to dine with him. It is well known that the Indians are remarkably fond of spirits: Susquenah drank freely of them, and appeared to be intoxicated. Mr. Wilmot would fain have had him stop that night, but Susquenah was obstinate to return and join his companions in their journey home. He therefore took leave of his kind entertainer, and departed. Scarcely had he left the house two hours, before an alarm of murder was spread over the settlement, and that it was perpetrated by  
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the Indians, who had that day been there to sell their furs. Mr. Wilmot instantly left his house to enquire the truth of the report. Chained among the number of those who had been seized, he saw Susquenah, who hung his head, evidently hurt at his disgrace and chains. "Surely," said Mr. Wilmot, "this man is not a murderer." "Yes, it was he that did the deed," replied one of the planters. "What, unprovokedly?" — "He has murdered my head servant," returned the planter, "and he shall now suffer." "What, suffer without being heard in his defence? do not think of it, do not bring such a disgrace upon the English character; give him an opportunity of vindicating himself, it is

a justice due from man to man; and though a savage, he is intitled to be heard. It is scarcely two hours since he left me: what provocation then must he have received to prompt such an action?"

Susquenah ignorant as he was of the English tongue, yet judged from the manner of Mr. Wilmot, that he was pleading for him; a gleam of pleasure shot from his large dark eyes, and he demanded an interpreter. One was easily obtained; when the Indian, by his means, addressed his friend in the following manner:

“ I left you, good young man, to proceed on my journey to the five mountains: as I could not sell all my furs at the price I had fixed for them  
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in my own mind, I called at the mart to take them back with me: while I was there, this man's fervant would fain have dealt with me, but as he made me very poor offers, I declined, and taking my furs, left the fettlement with my companions. Scarcely had we journeyed half a league, when we faw this man, with feveral others, purfuing and hallooing after us; we ftopped, judging they ftill wifhed to deal with us, and taking our furs from our fhoulders fpread them to be examined. They came up with us, and after much debate, we were going on, for they would not buy the fkins at our price; juft as we had tied them altogether, one of the men feized them, and was going away with them; we united

in rescuing them from his power, but not before one of the fellows had struck one of our companions to the earth, and another taking advantage of his situation as he lay, plunged a sword into his heart. What man would see this and let it pass unrevenged? I raised my tomahawk, it was successful in its effect, and blood was repaid with blood. You call us savages while you are really so. Could we see our friend, our companion murdered before our eyes, without avenging him. Should we be brothers, should we be worthy of being united in one league, if in cases of robbery and murder we did not stand by and revenge each others cause? You that are white men would do the same.

Mr.

Mr. Wilmot, finding Susquenah was not the aggressor, boldly took his part. His influence prevailed, and his friend was released from his chains; which were no sooner taken from his arms, than throwing himself at the feet of his friend, "I am yours," said he, "yours only; the ties of gratitude are strong, very strong, in the breast of an Indian. You have rescued me from chains and ignominy, and here I swear, by the great God I serve, to devote my life to you." "Return, my friends," he continued, addressing his companions, "return to the five mountains, tell all you have seen, all you have heard: say that Susquenah, bound by stronger ties than those which attach him to you, leaves  
you

you to share the fate and fortunes of his benefactor, the man who saved him from chains and disgrace.”

It was in vain Mr. Wilmot tried to dissuade him from this resolution; Susquenah, felt the impulses of gratitude and affection too strong to be deterred by any representation that could be made of inconvenience to himself, to detach him from his purpose; to be short, he followed the fortunes of his friend, who twice owed his life to him. Upon their return to England, a very fine day tempted Mr. Wilmot to take the enjoyment of bathing: he was no swimmer, and after a few attempts, was near sinking; an alarm was spread; Mr. Wilmot had twice sunk. Susquenah rushed upon deck, saw it was

was his beloved master, who was thus buffetting the water, and scarcely alive; he needed no more; plunging boldly in, he swam to the spot where he had seen him going down, and diving at once for him, forcibly dragged him to the vessel, where the usual modes of resuscitation being practised, he was recovered. This incident bound Mr. Wilmot still more to his black friend, whose genuine worth, uncultivated by education, displayed itself in a thousand little circumstances.

The captain of the vessel in which they had embarked, by being a strict disciplinarian, incurred the dislike of his men, who resolved to mutiny against him, and carry the vessel into some foreign port. Secretly

as this intention was plotted, Susquenah gathered a few hints of it, and with them he resolved to be upon the watch. It was the determination of the mutineers to murder the captain, and put Mr. Wilmot on shore at the first port they came to, then carry the vessel into a particular port, sell her and her cargo, divide the spoil, and afterwards seek for themselves. The hour agreed upon for them to rise was the second watch, or twelve o'clock at night. Susquenah's hammock was flung near that of the boatswain; a bold fellow, and the principal leader of the mutiny. At the hour appointed, his whistle was to be the signal for a general rise; this Susquenah understood, and a little before the time, he

he softly crept from his mattress and repaired to the cabin of his master, telling him, as well as his very imperfect English would allow, the plot meditated against him. Mr. Wilmot immediately arose and went to the captain; they also awakened the mate, who was not admitted among the party of the mutineers; the extreme silence and caution with which they conducted themselves, took from the people any suspicion. The captain, Mr. Wilmot, the mate, and Susquenah, waited the event in the great cabin. The three former loaded their fire-arms, while the latter declined using any weapon beside his tomahawk and hatchet. At length the signal was given, the mutineers rushed upon deck, and receiving  
orders

orders from their leaders, proceeded to the cabin, where they vociferously demanded entrance; threatening, if it were denied, to force the door. Mr. Wilmot in vain argued with them, demanded their grievances, and offered to redress them. They insisted upon the captain's being given up to their resentment; saying, after that they would make terms with the rest: at the same time the boatswain, with an iron crow bar, split the door of the cabin into a thousand pieces, and with the rest of the crew rushed in; the little band immediately fired upon them; Squenah alone making use of his tomahawk, which did dreadful execution. A violent contest ensued, the little party in the cabin gained head



head upon the mutineers, though twice their number; till a blow, levelled by the boatswain, at Mr. Wilmot, and which felled him to the earth, appeared to throw the victory into their hands. This was a fight Susquenah could not witness tamely; straddling across the body of his master, he dealt his blows about with such fury, that his single arm alone laid five of the mutineers dead; the rest were easily vanquished; they were soon put in irons, and peace was restored. But as it was impossible to navigate the vessel with only four hands to Europe, the captain thought it advisable to run her into the nearest port.

Mean time the blow which Mr. Wilmot had received, had brought

on so dangerous a complaint in his head, that surgical advice became necessary. Susquenah's attention to his master, was now redoubled; night or day he never quitted him, administered to all his wants, and was at once his surgeon, friend, and nurse. "I know of herbs in my own country," said the faithful fellow, "that would soon restore thee. Oh! that I could get them, they would soon make my dear massa well;" but as wishing was now all poor Susquenah could do, Mr. Wilmot could not receive benefit from them. At length they reached one of the Bermuda Islands, where they not only landed the mutineers, but the sick. Susquenah's first care after seeing his master properly accommodated, was  
to

to search for those simples in which he had such faith: he was fortunate enough to meet with them, and after much labour prepared them after the fashion of his own country; but as his master was now under the hands of a surgeon, he found some difficulty in prevailing on him to take them. Mr. Wilmot however got worse, and Susquenah almost mad at the danger in which his beloved master seemed, with the highest confidence in the simples he had prepared, on his knees besought him to try them. Overcome by the proofs he had received of the poor fellow's affection and gratitude, and thinking his disorder of such a nature as to preclude the efficacy of any kind of medicine, he at last

consented to try the poor fellow's remedy: anxiously did Susquenah watch its effect, but what words can convey an idea of his feelings when he saw his recovery was no longer doubtful: he danced, he sung, and by a thousand extravagancies manifested his delight: "Me heal my massa," said he, "me cure him, he saved my life, he took the chains from off my arms, and gave me freedom and liberty to serve him, I now save him, oh! happy, happy Susquenah! serve and save so good a master, me die very happy, me die pleased now me save him." Such were the affectionate fellow's soliloquies, and such was the power of gratitude in a savage breast.

From this time Susquenah became  
the

the friend of Mr. Wilmot; returned to England, he introduced him to his friends, as the saviour of his life: he constantly resided with him, and in him he found a steady and faithful friend; but unfortunately Susquenah, after about a year's residence in England, fell a sacrifice to the small pox, and died sincerely lamented by his protector. "Such, Frank," said Mr. Danvers, "who had recited this story to his son, is the history of the picture you see hanging in Mr. Wilmot's drawing room. Susquenah's likeness is admirably preserved, and the scene and action are taken as you see from that part of the mutiny, where the American, striding across the body of Mr. Wilmot, is saving it from the farther insult of the

crew: how many people have I heard declare, that negroes and savages were divested of every kind of feeling, and were lost to every tie of gratitude: this story fully contradicts the charge. In the first instance, native benevolence and hospitality shone forth; in the latter ones, the most sublime gratitude and affection: never then, my son, give into the popular error, that man because he is of another colour is divested of feeling. God Almighty in his creation of them did not forget the heart; without the advantages of education they manifest the finest and warmest feelings. As violent in resentment as in gratitude, they are objects of terror; but the European may thank himself for the pangs the Indian inflicts

licts upon him, when the chance of war has thrown him into his power: the example of cruelty came from us; our insatiable love of gain, our anxiety to grasp all, to have every thing in our power, to rob them that we might enrich ourselves, forced them to revenge: let us not then tyrannize over those whom the hand of misfortune has given to our power, but recollect that a negro is endowed with a soul, and feelings similar to ours, that our lives are of no more value in the eye of the Almighty than his, and that if education and the civilization of European nations have taught us better, we are to profit by the benefit they give; where much is given much is required; we should be careful to act by man as we would wish

wish man to act by us: for as in the case of Mr. Wilmot, we know not the necessity we may have for their services, or the benefit we may reap from a kind treatment of them. I am convinced the heart of Mr. Wilmot was never more severely pained than when he closed the eyes of Susquenah, and I dare take upon me to answer that the pangs of death to the latter, were softened by the presence and care of his master. It is good then you see even to make a friend in your servant. Kind treatment and consideration for them will do this, for bad indeed must be that heart that is proof against either."

Frank Danvers from the moment he had seen Mr. Wilmot, had felt a predilection in his favour, which this story increased



increased. His father soon after quitted the metropolis, and at the request of his son had particularly recommended him to his notice: a recommendation so agreeable to both parties that all Frank's leisure hours were spent with his new friend, who finding in him traits of real excellence and goodness, became so much and sincerely attached to him, as to adopt him as his heir, and to leave him the bulk of his fortune at his death.

The system Mr. and Mrs. Danvers pursued in their plan of education for their children, had the happiest effect: early instructed to feel for the calamities of others, they learned to know there was no situation in life, exempt from misfortune, and that however high our station, however aggrandized

aggrandized by riches and power, we were still open to the attacks of sickness and calamity, which might assail us in a variety of shapes, and reduce all our towering prospects into ruin. "Religion," my dear children, said their mother, "is the best and surest defence against the advances of adversity; it inspires us with fortitude to sustain, and patience to bear her attacks; it teaches us that there is a hope beyond the earth, a resting place for those that do well, that is proof against every storm, it instructs us to look forward with confidence to that happy haven of eternal peace, which is above the reach of human sorrows, where our disappointments are forgotten and our cares are ended; early then, my dears, accustom

accustom yourselves to place confidence in God, be assured he never forsakes those who rely upon him, and sincerely ask his protection, and if in your different passages through this life, misfortune should crush your fairest views, remember that God seeth not as man seeth, and that he chastens those he loves." Such was the advice of Mrs. Danvers to her children, who brought up in the paths of duty and obedience both to the Almighty and their parents, exemplified by their lives that virtue and goodness are the only sure roads to the haven of happiness.

FINIS.

and I have written to your  
 house in London, he returned to me  
 to take care who rely upon him  
 and I have written to his protection  
 to be your different charges through  
 this the maintenance should state  
 your own view, and I am sure that  
 God will be your witness and  
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