

Never mind
JUVENILE LETTERS;

0
BEING A

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

CHILDREN,

FROM EIGHT TO FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

By CALEB BINGHAM, A. M.

Author of the Child's Companion, Young Lady's Acci-
dence, American Preceptor, &c.

THIRD EDITION.

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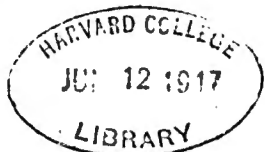
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PREFACE.

PERHAPS nothing is more animating to a child than the receipt of a letter, unless it be a consciousness of being able to return an answer. But the first essays of this kind are always attended with anxiety, and generally prosecuted with reluctance. Hence the necessity of some kind of an assistant.

The utility of a book of forms, to encourage children in their first attempts in this pleasing and important art,

art, must be obvious to all. How far the author of this little work has succeeded in such a design, the public will decide.

JUVENILE LETTERS.

LETTER I.

*From Miss ELIZA LEARNER, aged eight years,
to her SISTER, aged thirteen.*

Boston, June 4, 1797.

DEAR SISTER,

DID you expect you should receive a letter from me so soon? Mamma says I must try to write one, though I have not been in joining hand more than a month. I am afraid you will not be able to read it; but the next I hope will be better; for I strive with all my might to improve. I long to see you again. When you return, don't forget to bring the new book you promised me.

Little Jane begins to run alone; which makes great diversion for us.

A 2

Give

Give my duty to uncle and aunt, and love
to all my cousins. I am

Your affectionate sister,
ELIZA LEARNER.

Miss Rebecca Learner.

.....

LETTER II.

Answer to the foregoing.

Salem, June 7, 1799.

DEAR ELIZA,

NOTHING could have been more acceptable to me than your letter, which I received yesterday; and I assure you I met with no trouble in reading it. I am happy to find you have made such improvement in your writing. I am glad, also, that the spelling of your letter is perfectly correct. I was very much mortified to hear, that in the last letter I wrote Mamma, I had put an *e* for an *a*, in the word *accept*. I have paid more particular attention to my spelling lessons ever since.

How I long to see you, and dear little Jane!

It

It seems as if I could now see her tottering about the floor. Pray watch her carefully, that she may not get hurt by falling.

I have the book in keeping for you; and what do you think it is? It is entitled, "A Birth Day Present." An excellent book; and as you will be eight years old the first of next month, I intend to send it to you on your birth day. Our aunt has bought a dozen, and given to the poor children of this town. She encourages the reading of useful books; and at the same time takes great pains, to prevent children from perusing such as have a tendency to corrupt their morals. But my letter is growing too long for a beginner.

Remember me particularly to all the family; and believe me to be

Your affectionate sister,
REBECCA LEARNER.

Miss Eliza Learner.

LETTER

LETTER III.

Master JOHN LEARNER to his SISTER.

Boston, July 15, 1799.

DEAR SISTER,

IT has become so fashionable of late, in our family, to write letters, that I have ventured to take up the pen to see what I can do in that way. When I asked leave of our master to write my letter in school, he offered to furnish me with a copy; but I told him that I was not afraid to expose my composition to sister Becky. I had two reasons for not accepting his kind offer. One was, I thought I should learn more by making my own sentences; and the other, that I did not know but I might wish to write something of a private nature. He commended my resolution, telling me, that practice was the only thing to make one perfect.

I have read Eliza's "Birth Day Present," with great satisfaction. Cannot you recommend an entertaining book to me? I have a little

little time to read, every day, beside attending to my lessons; for you must know that my kite does not engross all my leisure hours.

When I see you, I shall have many things to tell you. Till then, I remain

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN LEARNER.

Miss Rebecca Learner.

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LETTER IV.

Answer to the foregoing.

Salem, July 20, 1799.

DEAR BROTHER,

YOUR letter gave me great pleasure; especially, as you therein discover a disposition to acquire useful knowledge, by devoting part of your play-hours to reading. Your kite and your ball may doubtless be made beneficial to your health, when used at proper times; but how few there are, of your age, who have resolution and judgment sufficient to adopt your plan! And how thankful ought

we

we to be, that we have friends of experience to direct our conduct ! But I fear you will begin to suspect that I consider myself capable of reading moral lectures to you. Be assured that is not the case ; for, though older than yourself, I feel the constant need of advice ; and it is with diffidence I submit to you the above remarks.

I made known your request, respecting the book, to our aunt, whose judgment I value highly ; and she recommends the "New Robinson Crusoe," as both amusing and instructive. A father, with a number of children around him, is represented as telling the old story of Robinson Crusoe, with explanatory remarks and moral reflections ; while the children are permitted to ask questions, and make their own observations.

I have read the "Boarding School" twice through, with delight, since I have been here. You did not tell me whether you had begun to read Morse's abridgment of Geography. I am much pleased with the study, though I have made but little progress yet.

You

You will receive no more letters from me, during my present visit ; for I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you all, at home, before the end of next week. In the mean time, with sincere affection, I subscribe myself, 'dear brother ;'

Your loving sister,

REBECCA LEARNER.

Master John Learner.

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LETTER V.

Worcester, Sept. 5, 1802.

HONORED PARENTS,

As this is the first letter I ever wrote to you, I hope you will excuse the faults you find in it.

I am very well contented now, though I own I was a little homesick at first. I like my preceptor very much ; and all my schoolmates are kind to me. I hope I shall make such proficiency in my learning as to give you satisfaction.

I

I do not forget the good advice you gave me ; and I have not failed to read two chapters in the Bible every day ; and on Sundays, six chapters, without neglecting public worship.

Yesterday, while we were playing in the little grove near the school, I found a bird's nest, with four young ones in it ; and a boy, who had not been well instructed, proposed to drown them for our amusement ; while the old one was fluttering round us, and by her notes, seeming to say, " Spare my children ; they have done you no harm." I recollected what you had taught me ; and when I explained the criminality of such conduct, the boy was sorry for his fault, and promised never to destroy any more of those innocent creatures. How glad I am that the little birds are still alive !

I am, honored parents,

Your dutiful son,

SAMUEL THOUGHTFUL.

Mr. Joseph Thoughtful.

Mrs. Mary Thoughtful.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

From the SAME to his SISTER.

Worcester, Nov. 10th, 1802.

DEAR LUCY,

IF you did but know how I long to see you, or hear from you, you would not neglect to write to me. I want you to write me a long letter, and tell me all the diverting stories you can think of. Nothing appears so pleasing which comes from an absent friend. And a letter ! O what a precious present is a letter ! especially from a dearly beloved sister. If I were as old as you are, and could write as well and as fast as you can, I would send you a long letter every week. I have heard much of your improvement since you have been at Mrs. B——'s school, at Roxbury. Will you send me a specimen of your drawing ? I will keep it very choice for your sake.

You remember you told me, that when I had learned the " Young Lady's Accidence " by heart, you would make me a present. I hope

B

it

it will be a book. I like book presents the best of all. Simeon Sobriety tells me that the "Token for Children" is a choice book, giving an account of good children. I like to read about good children, that I may learn to grow better myself. I am, dear sister,

Your affectionate brother,

SAMUEL THOUGHTFUL.

Miss *Lucy Thoughtful.*

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LETTER VII.

Answer to the foregoing.

Boston, Nov. 15, 1801.

DEAR BROTHER,

YOUR letter was a rich present indeed; and I will not delay the answer which you so much desire. And to gratify you, it shall be accompanied with a specimen of my drawing. But I fear it will not justify the favourable reports which you say you have heard.

I have been a few days absent from school; but expect soon to return. Since I have been

at home, I have perused the "Historical Grammar." It is a useful book; but you are not quite old enough yet, to read it with advantage. The "Token for Children" I shall send you with pleasure. The author of that work was a zealous promoter of religion; and spared no pains in persuading children to become virtuous and happy.

Yesterday I went with Mamma to the Female Asylum; and I cannot express to you my feelings, while I viewed the little orphans, and contemplated their situation. It was the most pleasing sight my eyes ever beheld. It brought to my mind a few lines, which I copied from a late London paper, and which I enclose for your perusal. Adieu.

LUCY THOUGHTFUL.

Master *Samuel Thoughtful.*

=====
THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, Lady—stay, for mercy's sake,

And hear a helpless ORPHAN's tale,

AH! sure my looks must pity wake;

'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale!

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and joy ;
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
 And I am now an ORPHAN BOY !

Poor foolish child, how pleas'd was I,
 When news of Nelson's victory came !
 Along the crowded streets to fly ;
 And see the lighted windows flame.

To force me home my mother fought ;
 She could not bear to see my joy ;
 For with my father's life 'twas bought,
 And made me a poor ORPHAN BOY.

The people's shouts were long and loud ;
 My mother shudd'ring clos'd her ears :
 " Rejoice, rejoice," still cried the croud ;
 My mother answered with her tears !

" Oh ! why do tears steal down your cheek,"
 Cried I, " While others shout for joy !"
 She kiss'd me ; and in accents weak,
 She call'd me her poor ORPHAN BOY !

" What is an ORPHAN BOY ?" I said ;
 When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
 And her eyes clos'd ! I shriek'd for aid ;
 But ah ! her eyes were clos'd in death !

My

My hardships since I will not tell ;
 But now, no more a parent's joy,
 Ah, Lady, I have learn'd too well
 What 'tis to be an ORPHAN BOY !

Oh, were I by your bounty fed !
 May, gentle Lady, do not chide ;
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread ;
 The sailor's ORPHAN BOY has pride.

Lady, you weep ;—what is't you say ?
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ !
 Look down, dear parents, look and see
 Your happy, happy ORPHAN BOY !

LETTER VIII.

From Miss SOPHRONIA BELLMONT to Miss
 CAROLINE CORTELAND.

New-York, May 15, 1801.

DEAR FRIEND,

ACCORDING to my promise,
 before I left Boston, I will attempt to give you
 a short history of our journey, and a description
 of some of the places we have passed through.

We had a pleasant ride in the stage to Prov-
 idence, where we arrived the first night. We

B 2

lodged

lodged at Mr. A——'s, an excellent house. I was captivated with the landlady. She appeared so sociable and familiar with me, that I asked papa, where she had seen us before, for I did not recollect her countenance. This made some diversion for papa and the good lady, who were really strangers to each other. Providence is a large handsome town in Rhode-Island state, containing about seven thousand inhabitants. Some of the churches are very elegant; and one of the steeples the handsomest I ever saw. The College is commodiously situated on a hill.

From Providence we passed on through many pleasant towns, such as Norwich, New-London, Saybrook, &c. At New-Haven we made a short tarry, which I wished had been much longer; for it is a delightful place. We visited the College Library, Museum, and many other places, the particulars of which I have not room to enumerate.

At New-Haven, we took the packet for this city. I was not used to sailing, and of course was a little sick; but I endeavoured
to,

to bear it with fortitude, and make as little trouble as possible. Our passage was rather long, but, on the whole, a pleasant one. We have been here five days; and I have spent much of my time in rambling about the city, and spying out the curiosities. I am highly delighted with New-York. The buildings are far superior to those of Boston, and the streets wider, and better paved. Broad-way is considered the most elegant. It really excited my admiration. But it will not do for me, who have seen so little of the world, to make comparisons. I have reason to speak well of the people, as far as I know them; for they have treated me with great kindness.

The last Sabbath, I attended worship in one of the largest meeting houses in the city; and heard the Rev. Dr.—— preach. The audience was very numerous; and I was struck with their solemnity. The sermon was a very serious one, and, according to my judgment, delivered remarkably well. The subject was the importance of early piety; and the speaker addressed the youth in a most feeling manner;

ner ; and showed the necessity of repentance of our sins, and faith in the Saviour. This, he said, was the only sure foundation for a pious life, and a peaceful death. May I never forget his words.

We shall soon depart for Philadelphia ; when you shall again hear from

Your sincere friend,

SOPHRONIA BELLMONT.

Miss Caroline Courtland.

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LETTER IX.

From the SAME to the SAME.

Philadelphia.

DEAR CAROLINE,

OUR journey from New-York to this city was very agreeable. The company in the stage were remarkably sociable and civil, except one man ; and I was happy to learn that he was not an American. He seemed determined to find fault with every thing. In the carriage, he was crowded ; and the
horses

horses were dull. At the public houses, nothing was fit to eat or drink ; and the attendants knew not how to wait upon *gentlemen*. The beef was roasted too much, the eggs were boiled too hard, the wine was brewed in America, the cider was made of sour apples, and the trouts were taken in *fresh water* ! In short, he was so peevish, that he sometimes went wholly without his meals. Nothing "in this country" suited him. Not only the cheese, but the butter was "this country made ;" and he even complained, that the green peas had never crossed the Atlantic ! His conduct, together with papa's lectures on the subject, has determined me never to complain, on a journey, without special reason.

I have been six days in this city ; during which time, I have not wanted for employment. Among the many curiosities, I have been most entertained at Mr. Peale's Museum. If I had time, I could write you a volume upon the wonders of nature, which I there saw. The Franklin Library does honor to its founder, and the city.

Philadelphia

ner; and showed the necessity of repentance of our sins, and faith in the Saviour. This, he said, was the only sure foundation for a pious life, and a peaceful death. May I never forget his words.

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Miss Caroline Churchland.

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horses were dull. At the public houses, nothing was fit to eat or drink; and the attendants knew not how to wait upon gentlemen. The beef was roasted too much, the eggs were boiled too hard, the wine was brewed in America, the cider was made of four apples, and the trout were taken in *fresh water*. In short, he was so peevish, that he sometimes went wholly without his meals. Nothing "in this country" suited him. Not only the chef, but the butler was "this country made," and he even complained, that the general post had never crossed the Atlantic! His conduct, together with papa's lectures on the subject, has determined me never to complain, on a journey, without special reason.

I have been six days in this city; during which time, I have not wanted for employment. Among the many curiosities, I have been most entertained at Mr. Peale's Museum. If I had time, I could write you a volume upon the wonders of nature, which I there saw. The Franklin Library, the observatory, the city, and the city.

Philadelphia is larger and more regularly built than New-York. It is very handsomely situated on the west side of the noble river Delaware. The streets are wide, and well paved. The houses are generally built of brick, from three to six stories high.

We lodge at the house of a widow, of the sect of quakers, or friends, who are very numerous in this city, and are known by their plain dress. If I were to form an opinion of them from our landlady, it would be very partial towards them; for she seems to be one of the excellent of the earth.

I have learned one good lesson here; and that is, to rise early. Papa took me to see the market, this morning, before sun-rise; when we found it quite full. It is fashionable here for the ladies to buy their own marketing themselves; and they are not ashamed to appear on the ground, at this early hour. The market itself was a great curiosity to me. I suppose it far exceeds any other in the United States. But where am I straying?

I

I will endeavour to write you from Baltimore or Washington. For the present, adieu.

SOPHRONIA BELLMONT.

Miss Caroline Courtland.

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LETTER X.

From the SAME to the SAME.

Baltimore.

DEAR CAROLINE,

IF you will look upon your map, you can see where we now are, and our route from Philadelphia to this place. You will observe there are two ways; one wholly by land, the other chiefly by water. Papa chose the latter; and I am persuaded, at this season, it is generally preferable. The day was very fine, when we embarked on board the packet in the river; and my pen is not equal to describing the beautiful prospect and pleasant sailing, all the way down to Newcastle in Delaware. I had heard people tell how the surgeons would jump; but I could hardly believe they would jump their whole

whole

whole length, six or eight feet out of water, till I saw it. One had nearly leaped on board our packet; and the Captain told us there had been many instances of their actually jumping on board; in which cases, passengers sometimes had been very much hurt. This exercise seemed to be their sport, towards sunsetting, while it was calm. Perhaps, as an author expresses it, "These fishes dumbly mean the praise of God."

From Newcastle, passengers proceed by land, in stages, to the head of Chesapeak Bay, where they take passage again by water for Baltimore. We went on board a very commodious packet, with a number of agreeable passengers; and I was as much delighted as ever with the prospect. As we passed the wide mouth of the Susquehannah, the vessel was prodigiously tossed, on account of the wind's being in opposition to the current. This proved a little more than amusement to some of the passengers. Chesapeak Bay is two hundred and seventy miles in length.

Baltimore is larger than Boston, and very pleasantly situated. We put up at an excel-

lent tavern, where there is a great resort of strangers, and the best attendance. Yesterday, being Sunday, we went to Church, and heard good preaching from these words of our Lord, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The sermon was preparatory to catechising, which took place immediately after the service was over. This exercise I was the more desirous of attending, as I had never seen children catechised in the Church in so public a manner. I really thought it was a beautiful sight. A few sentences of the sermon I noted down, as correctly as I could; and now insert them in my letter, not doubting but they will be acceptable to you.

After pronouncing the text, the preacher said, "Let children observe this. These were the words of Christ. As kindly would he have received you, ye dear children, who hear this; as kindly will he still receive you, if you go to him with penitence, and ask his blessing in humble and earnest prayer. Though you see not Christ, he sees and hears you. He is now present with you,

“to receive you, to bless you, and to save you.”

“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.” “The children surround Christ with their hosannas; and he graciously accepts their feeble accents of praise. Oh! that we might now have the pleasure to see little children pronouncing the name of Christ with reverence and love! And surely those who are parents must add, Oh! that our own may join in the choir! May they learn the song from our lips, and sing it with us hereafter in Heaven above.”

Adieu.

SOPHRONIA BELLMONT.

Miss Caroline Courthorpe.

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LETTER XI.

From the SAME to the SAME.

DEAR CAROLINE,

WOULD you believe it? Two days' residence in the capital of the United State.

Washington

States has made me almost homesick! It is really a dull place, at present. What length of years may make of it, is not for a miss just entered her teens to predict. There is some variety in the city, notwithstanding; such as hills and valleys, plain fields and thick forests, lofty buildings and humble cottages. The public edifices are superb. The rooms in the Capitol are magnificent; particularly that of the senate.

Georgetown is three miles from the Capitol, and is pleasantly situated on a hill; where is a Roman-catholic College. The ferry across the Potomac is directly opposite.

Alexandria is a very pleasant place; and had it lain with me to fix upon a spot, you may depend upon it, I should have placed the federal city there.

Mount Vernon is ten miles from the last mentioned place. I will not attempt, after so many others, to give a description of the dwelling place of “Columbia's pride and boast.” Whatever nature may have wrought in its favour, to me it appeared gloomy in the extreme.

Papa

Pappa and I walked pensively, for an hour or two, over the solitary grounds; and after having dropped a tear at the patriot's tomb, silently took our leave.

I cannot conclude this letter more satisfactorily to my feelings, than by quoting the following lines of the poet.

"O Washington! thy country's boast and pride,
 "In every scene of woe and peril try'd;
 "Thou seest (though thron'd above yon starry spheres)
 "An empire bleeding, and a world in tears!
 "Kindly look down! O, mitigate our woes!
 "And soothe thy weeping country to repose!
 "For sure, if ought below the thrones above
 "Can touch thy spirit, 'tis thy country's love!
 "Revive those counsels thou didst here impart,
 "And grave the heavenly precepts on each heart.
 "Instruct us where our truest interest lies,
 "And lift Columbia's glory to the skies!"

Adieu.

SOPHRONIA BELLMONT.

Miss Caroline Courtland.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

From a Boy of nine years old to his SISTER.

Hartford, Sept. 12th, 1821.

DEAR SISTER,

IT is the custom of our master to set his scholars to writing letters, as soon as they can write well enough. How glad was I to day, to hear him say to me, "James, I believe you will do to make a beginning." It was not many minutes, I assure you, before my letter was begun. Ever since you have been at Boston, I have doubled my diligence, to prepare myself to write you a letter. I hope I shall not spell a word wrong.

I have heard so much about the penmanship at Mr. P——'s school, particularly that of the Misses, that I must request you to send me some of their pieces. Papa says you have improved greatly in your hand-writing, since you have been there. In our school, we do not intend to let the girls beat us.

C2

I have learned Watts' Divine Songs all by heart. - Do send me another pretty book.

I am, dear sister,

Your affectionate brother,

JAMES MEANWELL.

Miss Maria Meanwell.

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LETTER XIII.

Answer to the foregoing.

Boston, Sept. 20th, 1802.

DEAR BROTHER,

I WAS no less happy in receiving, than you were in writing your letter. I highly approve of your preceptor's plan. Much the same practice is pursued in our school. It is very encouraging to children, to have the privilege of writing letters; and practice is very necessary to accomplish one in that useful art.

I am glad you pay such attention to your spelling. I saw nothing incorrect in your letter. This was not the case with a letter I
lately

lately received, from one whose name it would be ungenerous to mention; which was written in an elegant hand, but spoiled by the misspelling of seven or eight words. I refused to show it to the young ladies of our academy, through fear of exposing my friend.

I send you the requested specimens of penmanship. Mr. P——'s pupils, myself excepted, have been justly celebrated for their elegant hand writing; and none more so, than his own amiable daughters. Perhaps it would be thought vain in me to say, that it is the opinion of some of the best judges, that they are not outdone by the youth of either sex in this town.

I also send you a little "Geographical Catechism," to get by heart, and the "Pilgrim's Progress," to read at your leisure. And little Charlotte P——, of six years old, begs me to send my sister Eliza, in her name, the little *porringer*, as she calls it. She means by that, her favorite ballad, entitled WE ARE SEVEN. She repeats it twenty times in a day; and it is very much admired among the children. By
this,

this time, you are better instructed than the artless child who was the subject of that ballad. I have enclosed it for Eliza ; and you must teach her to read it ; and tell her that it comes from her and your affectionate sister,

MARIA MEANWELL.

Matter *James Meanwell.*

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child, dear brother Jun,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in ev'ry limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl,
Of eight years old, she said,
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
Her beauty made me glad.

Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?
How many ! seven in all she said,
And wond'ring, look'd at me.

And

And where are they, I pray you tell ?
She answer'd, seven are we,
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the Church-yard lie,
My sister, and my brother,
And in the Church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.

You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven ; I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be ?

Then did the little maid reply,
Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the Church-yard lie,
Beneath the Church-yard tree.

You run about, my little maid ;
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the Church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.

Their graves are green, they may be seen,
The little maid reply'd ;
Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My

My stockings there I often knit,
 My kerchiefs there I hem,
 And there upon the ground I sit;
 I sit and sing to them.

And often after sun-set, fir,
 When it is light and fair,
 I take my little porringer,
 And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane,
 In bed she mourning lay,
 Till God releas'd her from her pain,
 And then she went away.

So in the Church-yard she was laid,
 And all the summer dry,
 Together round her grave we play'd,
 My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
 And I could run and slide,
 My brother John was forc'd to go,
 And he lies by her side.

How many are you then, said I,
 If they two are in heaven?
 The little maiden did reply,
 O, master! we are seven.

But

But they are dead; those two are dead!
 Their spirits are in heaven!
 'Twas throwing words away; for still
 The little maid would have her will,
 And said, Nay, WE ARE SEVEN.

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 LETTER XIV.

From the SAME to her MOTHER.
 Boston, Nov. 9th, 1801.

DEAR MAMMA,

I FEAR I do not sufficiently prize the blessing I enjoy, in having parents who take such an interesting concern in my education. Your last letter, which you feared would be tedious on account of its length, appeared to me much too short. I took the liberty to read some parts of it to Miss Friendly, who shed tears on the occasion. Ah! Maria, said she, you know not what it is to be deprived of the greatest of all earthly blessings! As for me, I can hardly remember either of my parents. Yet I have great cause of thankfulness, that I have so many friends left.

I

I shall pay strict attention to your advice concerning the books which I read. "A Father's Legacy to his Daughters," "Fondyce's Sermons to Young Ladies," and "Bennet's Letters," are all the books I have looked into, except those which are studied in school. Indeed, my lessons take up the most part of my time.

I have less reason to wonder, since I have been in this town, that you cautioned me so particularly against spending too much of my time in mere amusements. There are many things here which tend to dissipation.

You permitted me to go once to the theatre; and that is likely to prove sufficient for me. My eyes were dazzled with the scenery, and with the dress of the actors. And as I had often heard it called a school of morality, I expected to learn something good there; but, alas! how much was I disappointed! It would not become me to criticise upon the performance generally; but this I think is obvious, even to those as young as I am, that such profane and indelicate language, as I there

heard,

heard, is improper, at all times, and in all places. And then, to see one of my own sex in man's apparel, O how disgusting! I am told that modest ladies are obliged to go many times, before they can learn to relish all they see and hear. At first they hold down their heads, as I was obliged to do, then peep through their veils and fans, and finally attain assurance enough to applaud all things with boldness. One thing puzzles me; if the institution be good, why are parents so averse to having their own children become actors?

I was very much pleased at the Museum; though I think some of the wax figures might be dispensed with. I have heard the same observation concerning the Museum at Hartford.

I have visited the town library, which contains a choice collection of books. There are also several circulating libraries; which Mrs. P—— says would do more credit to the taste of the inhabitants, if they contained fewer novels, and a greater number of useful books.

I cannot conclude, without repeating what

Mrs. P—— said to me, this morning, on hearing your name mentioned. “Your mamma,” said she, “is always intent, that she may catch every opportunity of instilling virtuous principles into the minds of her children. She is incessantly engaged in watching over them, that she may correct all that is amiss in their behaviour. Does not your heart glow with gratitude and affection, when you consider her cares?” It does, indeed, said I; but I blush to confess, that I so often forget her admonitions, or do not remember them at the instant when I ought to put them in practice.

With sincere love and respect, I am,

Dear Mamma,

Your dutiful daughter,

MARIA MEANWELL.

Mrs. Mary Meanwell.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

From a Boy of ten years of age to one of thirteen
Newburyport.

DEAR COUSIN,

I HAVE heard much said in favour of the Boston schools, and should be glad if you would tell me something more particular about them. As our master requires us to write one or two letters a week, for his inspection, I thought, by commencing a correspondence with boys of other schools, something useful might be communicated on both sides.

I wish to know what books you study; whether you have any new ones to recommend; and whether you practise letter-writing. I hear there are several new sets of copper-plate copies, lately done in Boston, and some new pieces. I wish much to see them. Is it a fact, that you boys let the girls beat you in writing?

In this town, if we do not improve, it is our own fault; for we have good teachers. Great harmony

harmony subsists between the scholars of the different schools. I am happy to say, that I seldom see or hear of any fighting or quarrelling. The boys in our school have agreed, that, whenever any dispute arises, the parties shall submit their cause to three of their schoolmates, and abide by their decision. As to fighting, we think it a disgrace to a christian people.

I am, dear cousin,

Your friend and humble servant,

PHILIP PLAINHEART.

Master Timothy Think-well.

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LETTER XVI.

Answer to the foregoing.

Boston.

DEAR COUSIN,

I THANK you for your friendly letter; and will answer your queries according to the best of my abilities.

I have the honor to belong to one of the public schools in this town; institutions founded

ed by our wise and pious ancestors, and venerated by their posterity. Here, "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." Every citizen has an equal right to send his children to these schools; and notwithstanding the largeness of the number, it is generally allowed that their improvements are equal to those of private schools, which consist of smaller numbers. After the annual visitation, I will endeavour to forward you some of the specimens of penmanship, which will then be exhibited by both sexes. You will then examine, and decide for yourself. It is not for me to judge in my own cause; but, I assure you, we boys are by no means ready to concede, that "the girls beat us in writing." It is but justice, however, to say, that the young ladies, by their behaviour and improvement in the various branches of science, do honor to the institutions.

The books used in our schools are such as I believe you are acquainted with, except the "Historical Grammar," which has been but lately introduced. Morse's Geography, the

D 2

American

American Preceptor, and the Columbian Orator, I presume, are used in your schools.

The account you give of your schools is truly pleasing; and reflects great honor on your parents, your teachers, and yourselves. I think I may safely say of ours, that morals are not depreciating, but rather improving. One circumstance, however, is still to be lamented; which is, that local prejudices exist in the minds of some. I am sorry to say, that, from early times, there has been an unreasonable antipathy, between certain unthinking boys, dwelling at the two opposite extremes of the town. These prejudices are wearing away; and I trust the time will shortly arrive, when it will no more be said, in the streets of Boston, "There goes a north-ender!" "There is one of your south-end cowards!"

A disaster lately happened here, which ought to put all thoughtless boys upon serious reflection. The Sabbath before last, three disobedient boys, without the knowledge of their parents, instead of going to public worship, stole away into a bye place, and went into the water swimming;

swimming; when one of them, venturing beyond his depth, and being frightened, sunk three times, and was taken out of the water for dead; and it was a long time before any signs of life appeared in him. It is hoped this will be a solemn warning to all disobedient children, especially to such as are inclined to profane the Lord's day.

I am, dear cousin,

Your sincere friend,

TIMOTHY THINKWELL.

Master *Philip Plainheart.*

.....
LETTER XVII.

From Miss CAROLINE COURTLAND to Miss SOPHRONIA BELLMONT.

Portsmouth.

DEAR SOPHRONIA,

IT seems an age since I have seen you. I really long to return to Boston again; and hope it will not be long, before I have the pleasure of meeting you there.

I was so well entertained with the history of your southern tour, that I could hardly forgive you for discontinuing it. Letters, which relate to the geography and history of our own country, are peculiarly interesting to those who are attending to these subjects. I do not go to any school; but I have been studying geography ever since I have been here; and my brother has recommended Miss Adams' History of New-England, as very proper for me, after I am a year or two older.

I know not how to compensate you for the information and entertainment you have already afforded me; yet I must still solicit your favors. And if you should accompany your papa in his journey to the northward, as he hinted to my brother, pray do as you did before; only be a little more prolix.

In a circle of ladies, a few evenings since, when the conversation turned upon the subject of books suitable to be put into the hands of children, I was so struck with the observations of a respectable mother of a large family, that

I

I wrote them down, the next morning; and now copy them for your perusal.

"We all wish," said she, "that our young folks should love reading; and the fondness for books is a mark of sense, and may be conducive to improvement. But how few books are fit for the perusal of the very persons for whom they are designed! Even of the few people, whose sentiments one would be willing they should imbibe, who will be at the pains to print? Those who have no children of their own, either do not concern themselves about their principles and conduct, or have no knowledge of the avenues to their little hearts. They know not how very simple a tale ought to be; how very plain and short a moral; nor indeed are aware of the importance of supplying children with food for their curiosity, which will not vitiate their minds. And the married have but little leisure to make books."

Adieu.

CAROLINE COURTLAND.
Miss Sophronia Bellmont.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

From Miss SOPHRONIA BELLMONT to Miss CAROLINE COURTLAND.

Hanover, (N. H.) Aug. 1801.

DEAR CAROLINE,

AT your request, I again resume the pen; but I doubt whether even your partial eye will discover beauties in my epistles, sufficient to compensate you for the trouble of reading them. This I will premise, that if you expect to gain much geographical or historical knowledge from my correspondence, you will be disappointed. I hope, at least, however, to learn something myself, by keeping a kind of journal. But were I to copy from that all the names of the towns, their distances from each other, the best public houses, the number of inhabitants, the face of the country, soil, &c. all which are indeed useful to be known, my letters would be dry, and tediously prolix.

As in travelling the roads of this rough country, one is constantly going up hill and
down,

down, so, many things occur on a journey, which tend to raise and depress the spirits of the traveller.

We started from Boston with fair weather; found good roads; and on every side, the country presented a variegated, picturesque appearance, which enlivened the imagination, and excited emotions of gratitude towards that Being, who in wisdom made, and governs all things.

I felt in high glee, till we stopped to dine, at a tavern in Lyttleton. Here I was witness to a scene of distress, which sunk my spirits to the lowest ebb. O, Caroline! had you been present, how would your benevolent heart have ached, to behold a wretched mother, ematiated to a skeleton, walking the room, with an innocent babe, of about a year old, in her arms, in the last stage of a consumption! The mother could not be persuaded to part with it a moment, though she was ready to drop down with fatigue. The pitiful look of that expiring infant is still impressed on my mind. Ere this time, I trust it is lisping the praises

praises of that Saviour, who said, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." As the afflicted mother viewed her agonizing child, she often repeated the following pathetic lines.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER DYING
INFANT.

TENDER, softest, infant mild,
Perfect, sweetest, loveliest child!
Transient lustre, beauteous clay,
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the last convulsive start
Rends thy unresisting heart;
Ere the long enduring swoon
Weighs thy precious eye-lids down,
Ah! regard a mother's moan,
Anguish sharper than thy own.
Fairest eye, whose dawning light,
Late with rapture fill'd my sight,
Ere thy orbs extinguish'd be,
Bend their trembling beams on me!
Drooping sweetness, verdant flower,
Blooming, withering in an hour!
Ere thy gentle breath sustains
Latest, faintest, mortal pains,
Here a suppliant let me be,
Partner in thy destiny!

We

We came to Connecticut river at Walpole; a very pleasant town, surrounded with high mountains. This is a place of considerable business, for an inland town. There is a printing office here, a bookstore, and several shops of English goods. I suppose I feel more partial towards the place, on account of being exceedingly pleased with my landlady where we stopped to dine. Here are falls in the river, which make a formidable appearance; and a spacious bridge, directly over them. We crossed this bridge, and viewed the locks and canals on the Vermont side. We also crossed another bridge, of superior workmanship, at Windsor, a very pretty town in Vermont. Between Hanover and Norwich is another bridge, of a similar kind. But in dwelling upon bridges, I have forgotten to mention towns, mountains, &c. Of the latter, there is no need to the number, for to their forms and magnitudes. Of the former, Charlestown is celebrated in the history of Indian wars. It was there Mrs. Johnson was taken captive, whose narrative you have read; and there she

lucy

lately lived with her daughter *CAPTIVE*, who was born in the woods, and so wonderfully preserved.

I was agreeably disappointed when I entered the village where I now am. In approaching it, you pass through solitary groves and deep vallies; when all at once, on rising a hill, the town opens to view, exhibiting one of the most delightful prospects I have ever seen. The College, and other public buildings are elegant. The village contains many handsome houses, surrounding a spacious plain, which, in summer, is always covered with verdure. The whole appearance is charming; and the inhabitants are noted for their hospitality, and polite attention to strangers.

Travellers are well entertained at the public houses here, as indeed they are all the way from Boston. Notwithstanding which, there are some to be found, who call themselves *gentlefolks*, who, to show their good breeding, affect too much delicacy to relish *country* cooking; and carry their disgust so far, as to throw their tea and toast out at the window! I hope such ha-

dies

dies do not come from Boston. But I must defer the rest, till after commencement.

Adieu.

SOPHRONIA BEELMONT.

Miss Caroline Courtland.

.....

LETTER XIX.

From the *SAME* to the *SAME*.

Montpellier, Vermont.

DEAR CAROLINE,

AFTER spending a number of days very agreeably, at Hanover, and receiving much gratification by attending the commencement exercises, we ventured into the untrod wilderness, and have safely reached this place, about sixty miles from Dartmouth College. We had several rivers to cross, and some rugged mountains to climb; but found the road better than we expected. We saw many log huts, and out of curiosity called at a number of them. Some were miserable dwellings, having no floors, and being poorly cover-

ed

ed with bark. I pitied some of the poor children; for they were extremely ragged. I hope they do not suffer for food, as well as clothing. The inhabitants are very obliging.

This town is situated on Onion river, forty miles from its mouth, as you will see by the map; and is surrounded on every side with high mountains. Yesterday, in the afternoon, we were overtaken by a violent thunderstorm, in a situation where we had no house to flee to; our only shelter being the top of our chaise. The thickness of the cloud, and of the forest, rendered it almost as dark as night; and the rolling thunder and blazing lightning filled me with terror. The shower of rain, falling upon the thick foliage of the trees, together with a strong wind, which severed the limbs from their trunks, made a tremendous roaring. At this moment, these lines came forcibly to my mind.

"Be calm, my soul, these thunders harmless play;

"Thy God commands, thy God directs their way.

"Though tempests howl, though liquid lightning flies,

"Yet still be calm, these reach not to the skies."

"There

"There fix thy portion, it shall rest secure,
"And to eternal ages shall endure."

It is but ten or twelve years since the first settlers established themselves in this town; and already we see a handsome building for an academy, nearly completed. It is pleasing to see such early attention paid to the education of youth.

When we came to the river this morning, to my great surprise, there was no bridge; and we were obliged to ford it, though the water, owing to the heavy rains yesterday, was unusually high. It came several inches over the shafts of the chaise; and by its rapidity had nearly swept the horse and carriage down the stream. I will not tell you whether I was frightened or not.

Yours, affectionately,

SOPHRONIA BELLMONT.

Miss Caroline Courtland.

LETTER XX.

From the Sister to the Sister.

Burlington.

DEAR CAROLINE,

WE travelled all day yesterday, and most of this day, on Onion river; and have seen little else than trees and mountains. Till you draw near the lake, the river is all the way hemmed in with very high mountains; so that you can neither see the sun rise nor set. Papa forded the river a second time, where it was deeper than at the former place; while I was carried over in a canoe. Onion river is a rapid stream, in which are several curious falls. Twice we crossed it on bridges, where nature has forced the whole stream through a narrow strait, between two high ledges of rocks.

Burlington is pleasantly situated. The new College commands an extensive and delightful prospect. Where I now write, the great Lake Champlain is rolling almost under my window. Here it is fifteen or twenty miles wide, lined with

with mountains on the opposite shore, whose summits seem to touch the very clouds. We intended to sail down to Montreal, but can find no vessel to carry us.

In Williams' History of Vermont, and in Morfe's Universal Geography, you will see a particular account of a curious well, dug in this town some years ago, in which frogs were found, twenty-five feet below the surface of the earth; which, though in a lifeless state, revived on being exposed to the air, and hopped about. A tree was also found, at the depth of forty-nine feet.

From this place to Middlebury is thirty-six miles, where there is another College. We propose going from thence to Bennington. If I write again, it will be from Saratoga Springs. But I doubt whether you will be willing to follow me any further over these ragged mountains. Adieu.

SOPHRONIA BELLMONT.

Miss Caroline Couriland.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

From a Boy of fourteen, to one of the same age.
Philadelphia.

DEAR FRIEND,

EVER since I became acquainted with you, I have been desirous of a correspondence. I am not accustomed to letter-writing, and therefore am more desirous of practising in that art, not doubting but in time I shall be able to acquit myself to tolerable acceptance. I have frequently wondered at the objection which boys are apt to make, on being put upon any new study, such as arithmetic for instance. They say to their teachers, "I am not acquainted with this, sir;" "I never learned to cypher." This fairly proves that they need to be taught. Thus I conclude, from my inexperience, I want much practice in this, as well as in the other branches of science, before I become a proficient in any of them.

What a blessed privilege do we enjoy, who have the benefit of such systems of education

as

as Boston and Philadelphia have adopted! I have heard that the benevolent and humane citizens of Boston are about establishing a school for the poor Africans, similar to those of this city and New-York. I hope I am not misinformed. I have lately seen some beautiful pieces of penmanship from the African school in New-York. It is a shame to christians, that people of any colour, should be found among them, who are incapable of reading the Bible.

I wish much to see, Phillis, Wheatley's poems. Will you be so good as to procure me the volume? In the mean time I send you

THE NEGRO'S HYMN.

O THOU! who dost with equal eye
All human kind survey,
And mad'st all nations of the earth
From the same mass of clay;
If pity in thy nature dwell,
Behold our race forlorn;
Behold us from our native soil,
From wives, from children torn.

Chain'd in the ship's dark scanty womb,
Behold us pant for breath,
Envyng those friends, who happier far,
Exchange their bonds for death.

Behold us in the sun's fierce blaze,
Struggling with toil and pain !
Behold us sink beneath the lash,
Expiring on the plain !

And who are they that dare torment
The produce of thy hand,
And with their brethren's blood, like CAIN,
Pollute both sea and land ?

Ah ! 'tis a race that falsely boast
Salvation through his name,
Who taught "What ye wish men to do,
Do ye to them the same."

Yet vengeance is not our request ;
We wish but LIBERTY ;
And light sufficient to explore
The way that leads to TRUTH.

If these in mercy thou bestow,
O ! may thy bounty move
Our hearts, our minds, our souls to glow
With gratitude and love !
Yours, &c.

THOMAS TRUMAN.

Master *Henry Hopful*.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

Answer to the foregoing.

Boston.

DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you for the letter you did me the honor to write me. You know we are all fond of receiving letters ; and I am peculiarly pleased with those which treat of learning. I confess you hit my own case exactly, in one of your remarks. For when our preceptor first required me to write a letter, I was foolish enough to say, "I don't know how, sir ; I never wrote a letter in my life." That, said he, is the very reason why I should teach you. Boys, he said, should seldom say, "I don't know how ; I can't do this thing, and I can't do that ;" but whatever they are required by their superiours, they should undertake with cheerfulness. They should say, "I will try, sir ; I will do my best endeavour," &c. Ever since I received this admonition, I have been cautious how I used that word *can't*.

Your

Your information was correct ; the African school has commenced. All good people will wish its prosperity. Poor old Cesar shook his head, on hearing of this new institution for the children of his own colour. "Ah!" said he, "what a sad reverse of fortune did I experience ! My father was a king in his own country, and beloved and respected by a numerous people. I was his darling child ; and being desirous of giving me the learning of white men, that I might fill his place with more honour to myself, and advantage to the nation, he sent me to this country to be educated." The captain of the ship, which was to carry me, was under many obligations to my father, and was considered by him as a true friend. My father placed unbounded confidence in him, and furnished him with a large quantity of gold dust, and other rich presents, as a compensation for his trouble and expense. On the captain's part, he promised to be faithful to his trust. But, alas ! what trust is there to be put in depraved man ! No sooner had the vessel reached the American coast, than I was sold with the

rest

rest of the slaves ; and my wretched parents have probably never heard of their lost son."

The poor old man concluded this mournful tale with a prayer, that the captain, if in the land of the living, might be forgiven before he died. Write often to

Your affectionate friend,

HENRY HOPEFUL.

Master Thomas Truman.

P. S. I here send you a specimen of Phillis Wheatley's poetry, and will send you the volume as soon as I can procure it. H. H.

ODE TO THE EVENING.

SOON as the sun forsook the eastern main,
The pealing thunder shook the heavenly plain ;
Majestic grandeur ! from the zephyr's wing,
Exhales the incense of the blooming spring.
Soft purl the streams, the birds renew their notes,
And through the air their mingled music floats.
Through all the heav'n's what beauties dies are spread,
But the west glories in the deepest red.

So may our breasts with every virtue glow ;
The living temples of our God below !

F

F 11

Fill'd with the praise of Him who gives the light,
And draws the sable curtains of the night.

Let placid slumbers sooth each weary mind,
At morn to wake more heavenly, more refin'd ;
So shall the labours of the day begin,
More pure, more guarded from the snares of sin.

.....

LETTER XXIII.

*From Master RICHARD RAMBLER to Master
JOHN JOURNALIST.*

Mount Washington.

DEAR JACK,

WHERE do you think I am now? Why, not so far off but I believe I could see you with a good telescope, though the distance is seventy miles. I am on the very pinnacle of that high mountain, which so much excited your admiration, on your journey from New-Haven to Albany. In passing by it, you would little suspect, what may be found on its top. In the first place, here are fifty families, scattered along through an extent of seven or eight miles or more. Some of these mountain-

eers

eers are very poor, supporting themselves in a great measure by gathering hurtle-berries, which grow in abundance on the summits, and selling them to the inhabitants below. Here, it may properly be said, are "mountains piled on mountains;" the summits rising one above another in a variety of shapes. These, of course, form vallies between; and in these vallies the inhabitants live. I cannot describe to you the grandeur of this boundless prospect. On the west, the Catskill mountains rear their majestic heads. On the north, the mountains of Vermont seem to prop the skies. The summit where I now stand is often enveloped in clouds. If you have read Brydone's description of Mount *Ætna* in Sicily, you may form a better idea of this, than my pen is capable of giving you.

Upon this mountain are also four or five ponds; some of which are more than a mile over, and well supplied with fish. Yesterday I caught a trout in one of them which weighed three pounds.

The road up the mountain is very steep and crooked

crooked. We were obliged to lead our horses a great part of the way, till we came to the inhabitants, where we left them. There is no path up those summits; which are called *bare mountains*; on account of their being destitute of trees. They bear nothing but small shrubs.

While we were gazing on the prospect, one of our company discovered a little girl, ten years old, picking hurtle-berries, all alone, two miles from any house. She looked pitifully, as it was very chilly, and she was poorly clad. We bought all her berries, giving her twice as much as she asked for them; for which she appeared very grateful.

"Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands

"Her boundless empire over seas and lands.

"Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun,

"And orient Science their bright course begun.

Pope.

I am

Yours, sincerely,

RICHARD RAMBLER.

Master John Journalist.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

Answer to the foregoing.

New-Haven.

DEAR RICHARD,

YOUR description of Mount Washington led me to contemplate the vast extent of the continent on which we live; the mighty mountains, the noble rivers, the immense lakes, and the deep forests, with which it abounds. To confine ourselves to the United States, let us for one moment turn our attention to some of these interesting objects. And here we find the Allegany mountains, stretching along, nearly parallel to the Atlantic Ocean, in a chain, at least, nine hundred miles in length.

The river Mississippi winds through a course of not less than three thousand miles, watering one of the most delightful countries in the world; which is thus beautifully described in that little romantic work, entitled "*Atala, or the Love and Constancy of Two Savages in the Desert.*"

F 2

"From

" From the mouth of the Mississippi, to its
 " junction with the Ohio, one continued pic-
 " ture covers its surface. On the western
 " shore, savannas open to view as far as the
 " sight extends. Their waving verdure, as
 " the prospect stretches, seems to reach the
 " azure vault of heaven, where it wholly disap-
 " pears. In these boundless meadows are seen
 " straying droves of three or four thousand
 " wild buffaloes. Sometimes a bison, borne
 " down with years, cuts through the waves,
 " and lands upon some island in the Mississippi,
 " to sleep quietly among the high grass. By
 " his forehead, ornamented with two cres-
 " cents, and his gristly beard, you would take
 " him for the bellowing river god; who casts
 " a look over the waters, and seems satisfied
 " with the wild productions which its shores
 " so abundantly yield.

" Sometimes this river raises its mighty
 " voice in passing between the mountains; ex-
 " panding its waters; overflowing the loftiest
 " trees, those colonades of the forest; and
 " deluging

" deluging the pyramids of the Indian tombs.
 " This is the Nile of the Desert."

The Ohio is a majestic river, and runs many
 hundred miles through those vast forests, which
 in time will be filled with inhabitants. The
 Potowmac, the Delaware, the Hudson, &c.
 are important rivers.

Many of our Lakes are no less than inland
 seas. Lake Superior is sixteen hundred miles
 in circumference; containing islands as large
 as some of the smaller states. Lake Michigan,
 lake Huron, lake Erie, and lake Ontario, are
 all ranked among those of the first magnitude.
 And here we approach the most stupendous of
 nature's works! You will readily conjecture,
 that I allude to the falls of Niagara. These
 you will find handsomely described by the
 author above quoted.

But the subject is too copious for me to
 handle. I therefore quit it: and subscribe

Your friend and humble servant,

JOHN JOURNALIST,

Master *Richard Rambler*.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

From a Miss of twelve to her BROTHER of fourteen years of age.

Charlestown.

DEAR BROTHER,

WHEN you left home, you promised to write to me often ; but I have not received one letter yet.

Papa has lately bought a right in the library ; and you cannot think how glad I am. The first book he took out is called "New-England's Memorial." Jenny wanted a novel ; but papa said she had better read the history of her own country, than fill her head with fiction, which would probably do her more hurt than good.

Though papa says I am quite young to begin to read history ; yet, as we cannot too soon become acquainted with our worthy forefathers, the first settlers of this country, he will permit me to read a little in this book, every day, after I come from school.

He

He says, likewise, that the best way to impress on our memory what we have been reading, is to relate the substance of it to some friend, or to write it down. I relate a great deal to papa, every evening ; but I have not room in my letter to write the tenth part of what I could tell you about it.

The book begins with an account of the troubles which these good people met with in England, their native country ; how they fled, on account of their religion, to Holland, where they lived several years. Then, in the year sixteen hundred and twenty, they sailed for this new world, as they called it ; and landed at Plymouth, in December, when the weather was very cold. They were a hundred and one in number, when they landed ; but before spring, a great many were dead. Their sufferings on the voyage, their want of provisions, and houses to shelter them from the cold and storms, was the cause of their deaths. How much they were to be pitied ! in the midst of a howling wilderness, surrounded with Indians, and three thousand miles from their dear friends !

friends ! Yet they were patient under their sufferings; endured hardships with fortitude; and submitted to the will of Providence.

But I suppose you have read it all: I therefore conclude, by subscribing,

Dear Brother,

Your affectionate sister,

ABIGAIL CARVER.

Master John Carver,

LETTER XXVI.

Answer to the foregoing.

Exeter.

DEAR SISTER,

I THANK you for your kind letter, which came to hand yesterday. It was the more acceptable, as it related to the first settlement of this country; the history of which is always interesting.

It cannot be expected, that, at the academy, we should read much history; our time being chiefly employed in classical studies. But what

little

little we do read, our preceptor advises us to note down, or repeat to some friend, in the same manner as our papa recommended to you.

Your letter reminded me of what I read in Morse's Gazetteer, "that the Rock, in Plymouth, on which our forefathers first landed, was conveyed, in 1774, from the shore to a square in the centre of the town. The sentimental traveller will not fail to view it; and if he is passing to Cape Cod, he will pause a moment at *Clampudding Pond*, about seven miles from the town, where the people, in ancient days, when travelling from the Cape to attend the courts at Plymouth, used to sit and regale themselves with the clams and pudding which they brought with them."

I am glad you are likely to be indulged with the use of a social library. I understand that the custom of establishing libraries is becoming general all over New-England.

Dr. Belknap, in his History of New Hampshire, says, "Another source of improvement, which I beg leave to recommend, is the establishment

“tablishment social libraries. This is the
 “easiest, the cheapest, and most effectual mode
 “of diffusing knowledge among the people.
 “For the sum of six or eight dollars at once,
 “and a small annual payment besides, a man
 “may be supplied with the means of literary
 “improvement, during his life; and his chil-
 “dren may inherit the blessing.”

I want to gain time to read the “Moral
 and Religious Repository.” Our preceptor
 says it is a good book. I suppose it is in your
 library. If so, I may have an opportunity
 of reading it, at the next vacation.

Tell sister Ann to remember her spelling
 lessons, every day, in the “Child’s Com-
 panion.” I have a present for her, laid by,
 against my return at the vacation.

Give my duty to my parents, and love to
 all my brothers and sisters.

I am, dear sister,

Yours, affectionately,

JOHN CARVER.

Miss Abigail Carver.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

From Master PETER VANDIKE to Master HEN-
 RY WILMOT.

Albany, Sept. 10th, 1802.

DEAR HARRY,

WE arrived at this city on Mon-
 day last; after having had a prosperous voy-
 age up Hudson’s river.

I had but a very imperfect idea of this noble
 stream before. I assure you my opinion of
 Capt. Henry Hudson, the discoverer, is much
 raised. He is supposed to have had the
 courage and perseverance to navigate it near
 to the spot where this flourishing city stands.

This, you may think, required no great share
 of courage. But when you consider the great
 distance from the ocean, the multitude of sav-
 ages on the shores, the hideous mountains
 which hang over its banks, and the uncertain-
 ty of its navigation, you will wonder his heart
 did not fail him.

From New-York to a great distance up the

G

river.

river, the country on each side is beautiful; and the gentlemen's seats, which are numerous, make an elegant appearance.

As you draw near West-Point, the mountains increase to an amazing height; and approach so near to each other, that there appears hardly room for the river to pass between them. The fort is a strong place; and will always be memorable for the treachery of Arnold. Here the river is narrow; but in some places below, it is five miles wide.

One of the passengers pointed out to me the tree, under which the unfortunate Major Andre was made prisoner. It stood solitary, in the middle of a plain field, left undoubtedly by the owner of the land, as a monument of infamy to the traitor, and of the hapless fate of the man whom he betrayed. As the vessel passed this lonely tree, some of the passengers mournfully chaunted these dying words of the unfortunate Andre;

- " Arnold himself shall oft repine,
- " And mourn his fate was not like mine.
- " His shade shall stalk on some dread coast,
- " To fame, to honor, glory lost, &c.

Albany

Albany is a flourishing place. The inhabitants are chiefly descendants of the Dutch, and speak their language. It is one of the oldest towns in the United States, being settled several years before any part of New-England.

The country to the westward of this is very extensive, and settling fast. I hope to make a tour that way soon.

Yours, &c.

PETER VANDIKE.

Master Henry Wilbut.

LETTER XXVIII.

From Miss SOPHRONIA BILLMONT to Miss CAROLINE COURTLAND.

Ballston.

DEAR CAROLINE,

I TOLD you in my last, that I should probably address you from Saratoga Springs. We have been some days at this place, which is eight miles from Saratoga, and

a place of much greater resort, on account of its being considered more healthy, and having better accommodations.

There are several springs in this neighbourhood, the waters of which are similar in taste; but amongst them all, the sugar loaf spring is the greatest curiosity. The name describes the form of the rock; and the water formerly ran out at the top. There is now a crack in the rock, which prevents it from rising to its usual height.

From curiosity, and from hopes of benefiting health, a mixed multitude of almost all nations, assemble here in the summer season; the sound, the halt, and the maimed. Around the spring, you may often hear the English, the French, the German, the Dutch, the Irish, the Scotch, and perhaps two or three Indian languages, all spoken at the same time. And, what surprises me, is, that here are several elderly people, born in this country, who cannot speak English at all.

This appears to be a place of dissipation. Gaming is very fashionable; and I am told that

that much money is spent in that way. At the house where we reside, a certain man lately came, with upwards of a hundred dollars, which he had earned in the laborious employment of teaching others; but had not, it seems, taught himself better, than to be enticed away to a gaming house, where he was soon swindled out of the whole of it. The best part of this story is, that our landlady forced the simple man to work three days in the garden, to pay for his board.

There are several very large, convenient boarding houses here, with good accommodations. We are agreeably situated, at one of the best of them. The company, except ourselves, are chiefly from New-York; and are such as among whom I am happy to find I can gain instruction. We do not spend our time altogether idly; but work, read, and converse on important subjects.

Last Sunday, as there was no preaching near enough for me to attend, Mrs. S——, an amiable lady, to whom I feel greatly attached, lent me, from her little portable library, a volume

of excellent sermons. "Here," said she, "my dear, though we are deprived of hearing the word, we will not deprive ourselves of reading it."

She likewise lent me several other books; from one of which I make the following extract. "While every part of useful knowledge should be carefully imparted to young persons, it should be imparted not merely for its own sake, but also for the sake of its subserviency to higher things. All human learning should be taught not as an end, but as a means; and in this view, even a lesson of history or geography may be converted into a lesson of religion."

You would have been highly gratified, could you have accompanied me, the other day, to an Indian wigwam. It was a little hut, covered with bark, without any floor, containing a large family; all of whom were employed in making baskets, and bonnets. Their works very ingenious. I bought several little baskets; one of which I design for you. There are two or three families here, of different tribes.

Some

Some of them can read and write; and one of the young women understands something of English grammar. When she is with her tribe, which is more than a hundred miles from here, she is employed in teaching children. How I wish they might all be taught!

I remain

Your sincere friend,

SOPHRONIA BELMONT.

Miss Caroline Courtland.

LETTER XXIX.

From Miss HENRIETTA HARTING to Miss S:
SAR SANDERSON.

Newport.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been about a month on this island; which is thought to be one of the most healthy places in the union. It certainly is a very pleasant place. Here was the residence of the pious Mrs. Osborne, whose memoirs I sent to my aunt, at Charleston, South-Carolina;

Carolina; who writes me, that she has been greatly entertained in perusing them. I was persuaded the book would suit the taste of my aunt, who is really a very pious woman, as well as a woman of sense and learning. I always had a great esteem and respect for her; which has been heightened since the receipt of her last letter. And as you are not one of that sort who are too airy to listen to serious subjects, I will do myself the pleasure to quote a few sentences from that letter.

“ My dear Niece, as I am so far separated from you, that it is only by pen and ink I can offer you my sentiments, I will hope that your attention may be engaged, by seeing on paper, from the hand of one of your warmest friends, truths of the highest importance; which, though you may not find new, can never be too deeply engraven on your mind.

“ You are now in your fifteenth year, and must soon act for yourself. Therefore it is high time to store your mind with those principles, which must direct your conduct, and
“ fix

“ fix your character. If you desire to live in peace and honor, in favour with God and man, and to die in the glorious hope of rising from the grave to a life of endless happiness; if these things appear worthy of your ambition, you must set out in earnest in the pursuit of them. Consider that good and evil are now before you; that if you do not heartily choose and love the one, you must undoubtedly be the wretched victim of the other.

“ Do not therefore think it too soon to turn your mind to God; but offer him the first fruits of your understanding and affections, And be assured, that the more you increase in love to him, and delight in his laws, the more you will increase in happiness, in excellence, and honor. In proportion as you improve in true piety, you will become dear and amiable to your fellow creatures, contented and peaceful in yourself; and qualified to enjoy the best blessings of this life, as well as to inherit the glorious promise of immortality.”

That

That you and I may profit by such lessons
as these, is the ardent wish of

Your sincere friend,

HENRIETTA HARDING.

Miss Susan Sanderson.

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LETTER XXX.

*From Master ROBERT ROVER to Master AARON
ADVENTURER.*

Boston.

DEAR FRIEND,

NOTWITHSTANDING the history of our own country ought first to claim our attention, yet I feel within me a strong propensity to wander into distant climes, and learn what they have done and are now doing in the old world. For this purpose, I obtained leave of papa to take the abridgment of Bruce's Travels from the library; and have accompanied him, in imagination, clear to the source of the Nile. And I expect you will value all the news I bring from thence, in proportion to the distance.

With

With this traveller I have viewed the pyramids of Egypt, those stupendous monuments of folly! Here we traversed the land of the Pharaohs, of Joseph, and of Moses. Thence we followed the track of the children of Israel to the Red Sea; saw the very spot where the waters were divided for the chosen people to pass over on dry ground, and where their pursuers were overwhelmed in the flood.

After navigating the Red Sea, Mr. Bruce proceeded to the land of Abyssinia, where he dwelt several years, among a people, who, according to his account, are abandoned to every species of vice. After this, he drank at the source of the Nile, a place for ages sought, but never before found by any of the civilized world.

On his return to Egypt, he and his companions suffered almost unparalleled hardships. In passing the sandy deserts, they were many days at a time with little or nothing to eat or drink, while scorching under the rays of an unclouded sun. Here even their camels, those useful animals, which are capable of enduring incred-

ible

idle fatigue, for many days together, without drink, began to fail them. Here they often saw moving columns of sand, raised by the wind to a great height, and passing so near them as to fill their minds with terror. In short, they only escaped with their lives.

Whenever I read the historical part of the Bible, I feel a great desire to know the geography of the countries of which it treats. The above author reflects light upon the scripture history; but I can follow him no further.

I am

Your affectionate friend,

ROBERT ROVER,

Master Aaron Adventurer.

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LETTER XXXI.

Answer to the foregoing.

Providence.

DEAR ROBERT,

IF I could travel as fast as you, I would soon set out on a journey round the world.

world. You run over countries so fast that I can hardly keep in sight of you. I think you might have stopped a little longer in Egypt, and given us a more particular account of that wonderful country. I wanted to hear you give a description of Grand Cairo, and of the ruins of some of the ancient cities; relate the causes of the overflowing of the Nile, and inform us of the customs and manners of the present inhabitants. I think, if I were there, I could find the very spot where the infant Moses was drawn out of the river, in his little cradle of bulrushes; and the place where Joseph was so unjustly imprisoned.

I am told that the present Egyptians, notwithstanding their heathenish manners, possess one excellent trait in their character; and that is, a great respect for the aged. It is said there is no place in the world, where children venerate their parents more, or pay greater attention to them in old age. At their public entertainments, the old people are placed in the highest seats; and it is the ambition of the young to excel each other in tokens of deference and respect

respect towards them. Here is a lesson for christians!

Your letter has set me all on fire to read history. I want to go to Rome, to Jerusalem, to the River Euphrates, and even to Pekin in China. I am soon to begin the reading of Goldsmith's History of Greece, of Rome, and of England, abridged.

Papa says I must read moderately, so that I may have time to digest what I read; otherwise it will be of little use to me.

After perusing your letter, I had the curiosity to look over the map of Bruce's Travels. He makes the Nile to run through a lake. Some might consider that lake more properly the source of the river. I have heard that a late traveller into the interior of Africa supposed that the celebrated Niger is no less than the River Nile.

Mr. Carey's late edition of the Bible, is a large map, exhibiting a view of the journeyings of the Israelites through the desert to the land of Canaan. That comprehends

hends a part of the country included in Bruce's map.

I am, dear Robert,

Your friend and humble servant,

AARON ADVENTURER.

Master Robert Rover.

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LETTER XXXII.

From Miss LAURA LITTLETON to Miss MATILDA MAITLAND.

Northampton, Jan. 10th, 1803.

DEAR MATILDA,

I HAVE the pleasure to inform you that I have lately been learning to spin. When I saw you last, I felt a little mortified, that you should find out I was entirely ignorant of that useful employment; though I thought I could then knit and sew, as well as girls in general of my age. The fact is, I was then attending school, every day.

My mamma, you know, is an industrious woman; and though she is anxious to give her children

children as good an education as her circumstances will afford, she is determined they shall all learn to work. That, she says, is an essential part of a good education. To encourage us girls, however, in our labours, she has adopted the following plan. After we have finished our day's work at the wheel, we all take our knitting, and seat ourselves around the fire; when each one takes her turn in reading some useful lesson to the rest. The books we read are always selected from the library by mamma; and we generally gain, at least, an hour or more, to spend in this way, before bed time. The story, read last evening, is found in Parke's Travels into the interior parts of Africa.

After being worn down with the fatigue of a long and dangerous journey, of more than a thousand miles, into the heart of a country inhabited by a heathenish people, who had never seen a white man before, Mr. Parke says, "I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house, I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and

"was obliged to sit all day without victuals, in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable; for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain; and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting among the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me; and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out,

H 2— "and

" and returned in a short time with a very fine
 " fish, which having caused to be half broiled
 " upon some embers, she gave me for supper.
 " The rites of hospitality being thus perform-
 " ed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy
 " benefactress, pointing to the mat, and tell-
 " ing me I might sleep there without apprehen-
 " sion, called to the female part of her family,
 " who had stood gazing on me all the while
 " in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of
 " spinning cotton ; in which they continued
 " to employ themselves great part of the night.
 " They lightened their labour by songs ; one
 " of which was composed extempore, for I
 " was myself the subject of it. It was sung
 " by one of the young women ; the rest join-
 " ed in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet
 " and plaintive, and the words, literally trans-
 " lated, were these. ' The winds roared, and
 " the rains fell. The poor white man, faint
 " and weary, came and sat under our tree. He
 " has no mother to bring him milk ; no wife
 " to grind his corn. *Chorus.* Let us pity the
 " white man ; no mother has he,' &c. &c.

" Trifling

" Trifling as this recital may appear to the
 " reader, to a person in my situation, the cir-
 " cumstance was affecting in the highest de-
 " gree. I was oppressed by such unexpected
 " kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In
 " the morning I presented my compassionate
 " landlady with two of the four brass buttons
 " which remained on my waistcoat, the only
 " recompense I could make her."

I am, with much esteem,

Dear Matilda,

Your sincere friend,

LAURA LYTTLETON.

Miss Matilda Maitland.

P. S. The above Song, turned into Eng-
lish verse, reads thus :

I

" The loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast ;
 " The White Man yielded to the blast :
 " He sat him down, beneath our tree,
 " For weary, sad, and faint was he ;
 " And ah ! no wife, or mother's care,
 " For him, the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

"The White Man shall our pity share ;
 "Alas, no wife, or mother's care,
 "For him, the milk or corn prepare.

II.

"The storm is o'er, the tempest past ;
 "And mercy's voice has hush'd the blast ;
 "The wind is heard in whispers low ;
 "The White Man, far away, must go ;
 "But ever in his heart will bear
 "Remembrance of the Negro's prayer.

CHORUS.

"Go, White Man, go ; but with thee bear
 "The Negro's wish, the Negro's prayer ;
 "Remembrance of the Negro's care."

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LETTER XXXIII.

Answer to the foregoing.

Pittsfield, Jan. 20th, 1803.

DEAR LAURA,

I WAS very agreeably entertained by the perusal of your last letter. Your mamma's method is similar to that, to which I have

have been accustomed. We also read alternately to each other, during the long winter evenings.

The story you recited in your letter does honor to humanity ; and places the female character in the most amiable point of view. It reminds me of what Mr. Ledyard, the celebrated traveller, asserted with so much feeling, after having experienced the hardships incident to adventurers on voyages of discovery. He says that the females of every nation, and in every country where he travelled, were disposed to show him kindness. When he was hungry, they fed him ; when he was faint and weary, they provided him a resting place. When his own sex turned a deaf ear to his entreaties in times of distress, he was sure to find relief from female benevolence.

In return for your entertaining anecdote, I send you an extract from "Hearne's Travels;" which is as much in favour of the fortitude, ingenuity, and perseverance of our sex, as yours is of their benevolence. By looking on the map, you will see, between Hudson's Bay, and the

the northern ocean, an immense tract of country, unknown to the civilized world. Mr. Hearne is the only white man, ever known to have penetrated to any great extent into that wilderness. He found the inhabitants in a most debased situation; miserably poor, ignorant, and barbarous. At the extremity of his journey, where the Copper-mine river empties into the north sea, the sun is above the horizon the whole twenty-four hours in the summer season. Mr. Hearne suffered much from cold and hunger; depending wholly for subsistence upon what game he might chance to kill on his journey, or the fish he might take in the rivers and lakes.

On his return home, he says, "On the eleventh of January, as some of my companions were hunting, they saw the track of a strange Snow-shoe, which they followed; and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found that she understood their language, they brought her with them to the tents. On examination,

"tion, she proved to be one of the Western Dogribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow Indians, in the Summer of 1770; and in the following Summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had eloped from them, with an intent to return to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous, that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall.

"From her account of the moons past since her elopement, it appeared that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits, and squirrels. She had also killed two or three beavers, and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want

“is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered ; and
 “was in good health and condition, and I think
 “one of the finest women, of a real Indian, that
 “I have seen in any part of North America.

“The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admirable, and are great proofs that necessity is the real mother of invention. When the
 “few deer sinews, that she had an opportunity of taking with her, were all expended in
 “making snares, and sewing her clothing, she
 “had nothing to supply their place but the
 “sinews of the rabbits’ legs and feet. These
 “she twisted together for that purpose with
 “great dexterity and success. The rabbits,
 “&c. which she caught in those snares, not
 “only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence ; but of the skins she made a suit of
 “neat and warm clothing for the Winter. It
 “is scarcely possible to conceive that a person
 “in her forlorn situation could be so composed
 “as to be capable of contriving or executing
 “any thing that was not absolutely necessary

“ to

“to her existence ; but there were sufficient
 “proofs that she had extended her care much
 “farther, as all her clothing, beside being calculated for real service, showed great taste,
 “and exhibited no little variety of ornament.
 “The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed, as
 “to make the whole of her garb have a very
 “pleasing though rather romantic appearance.

“Her leisure hours from hunting had been
 “employed in twisting the inner rind or bark
 “of willows into small lines, like net twine ;
 “of which she had some hundred fathoms by
 “her. With this she intended to make a fishing-net as soon as the Spring advanced.

“Five or six inches of an iron hoop, made
 “into a knife, and the shank of an arrow-head of iron, which served her as an awl,
 “were all the metals this poor woman had
 “with her when she eloped ; and with these
 “implements she had made herself complete
 “snow-shoes, and several other useful articles.

“Her method of making a fire was equally
 “singular and curious, having no other materi-

I

“als

“als for that purpose than too hard sulphur-
 “ous stones. This, by long friction and hard
 “knocking, produced a few sparks, which at
 “length communicated to some touchwood;
 “but as this method was attended with great
 “trouble, and not always with success, she
 “did not suffer her fire to go out all the
 “Winter.”

I am, dear Laura,

Yours, most affectionately,

MATILDA MAITLAND.

Miss *Laura Lyttleton.*

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LETTER XXXIV.

*From Miss LOUISA SIDNEY to Miss AMELIA
 ARMSTRONG.*

Portsmouth, Jan. 1st, 1803.

MY DEAR AMELIA,

I AM sorry to commence our
 correspondence with so mournful a tale, as that
 which must be the subject of this letter. How
 shall I begin the painful task!

Amelia,

Amelia, the fairest part of this lately flourish-
 ing town now lies in ruins! Last Saturday
 morning, just before break of day, a fire broke
 out in the bank, which soon communicated to
 the adjacent buildings, and baffled all exertions
 to resist its rage, till its devouring flames had
 reduced to ashes nearly one fourth of all the
 buildings.

Fortunately for myself, and my uncle's fam-
 ily, with whom I reside, his house stood in a
 direction most favourable on account of the
 wind. I had a full view of the dreadful con-
 flagration during the whole time; but vain
 would be my attempts to paint to your imagi-
 nation the horrors of that awful scene. Con-
 ceive the inhabitants all buried in sleep, and
 suddenly roused by the dismal cry of fire!
 Think of men, women, and children running
 hither and thither, not knowing where or for
 what purpose! See them flying before the de-
 stroyer, ignorant of the fate of their friend!
 Women shrieking, children crying, mothers
 distracted for their offspring, and repeating
 their names with loud lamentations! Many
 contending

contending with the raging element, in unequal combat! Some precipitating household furniture and other goods from doors and windows into the streets. Others collecting, and carrying the confused mass to places of safety. Behold the flames ascending, buildings falling, and the fire spreading in every direction! but let me quit the melancholy theme. The destroying angel has stayed his hand, and He who visits in judgment has remembered mercy.

Many who were once opulent are now objects of charity. May the hand of benevolence be stretched out towards them, and may they experience that relief from their sympathizing countrymen which their distressed situation demands.

I am, dear Amelia,

Yours, most affectionately,

LOUISA SIDNEY.

Miss Amelia Armstrong.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

*From Miss FANNY BLOOMFIELD to Miss HELEN
HERBERT.*

Pleasant Valley.

DEAR HELEN,

I HAVE often invited you to leave the busy town, and take up your abode, at least, for one season, in my rural retreat. As I can now make use of additional arguments to induce you to come, I will hope for better success than usual.

That season is fast approaching, when nature puts on her most beautiful attire. "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

The ploughmen have commenced their labours in the field, and my little garden has become the object of attention. My papa delights in agriculture; and his garden, which is extensive, occupies much of his time. He has

I 2

allotted

allotted a small portion of ground to be managed solely at my discretion; and I wish you to come in season to assist me in laying it out to the best advantage.

Papahas planted many fruit trees, of almost every kind, which begin to bear abundantly; and he thinks the prospect for the approaching summer is flattering. The walk among this grove is pleasant beyond description. If you could but ramble through it once with me, when all the trees are loaded with their variety of fruits, I know your gratification would be no less than mine. Already the redbreast, the lark, and the thrush, have returned to their summer haunt, anticipating a plentiful harvest; and, in melodious notes, have commenced the praises of Him who "feedeth the fowls of the air, which neither sow nor reap, nor gather into barns."

Hasten then, dear Helen, to join your Fanny; and we will repeat to these animating songsters the following lines of the Rev. Mr. Graves.

INVITATION.

INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED TRIBES.

AGAIN the balmy Zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noon tide heat;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest;
Here rove and sing the live-long day;
At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shows his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequestered place.

Hither the vocal Thrush repairs,
Secure the Linnet sings,
The Goldfinch dreads no sly snares,
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt,
 Yon distant woods among,
 And round my friendly grotto chaunt
 Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless Redbreast fear,
 Domestic bird, to come
 And seek a sure asylum here,
 With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
 Shall store of fruit preserve;
 Oh, let me thus your friendship bribe!
 Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
 To you these plums belong;
 Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
 But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made,
 Our mutual interest guard,
 Mine be the gift of fruit and shade;
 Your songs be my reward.

Adieu.

FANNY BLOOMFIELD.

Miss Helen Herbert.

LETTER XXXVI.

From Miss MARGARET MANSFIELD to Miss
 SOPHIA STANLEY.

Portland, March 10th, 1803.

DEAR SOPHIA,

OUR greatly beloved, and much
 lamented Amanda is no more! No doubt, you
 were prepared to receive the mournful tidings,
 as you must have heard, from time to time, of
 her declining state. Her immortal part took
 its flight, as we trust for celestial regions, on
 Monday last, at five o'clock in the afternoon.
 I was with her for several hours before she
 breathed her last; and I am glad I was there.
 I hope I shall find by experience, that "it is
 better to go to the house of mourning, than to
 the house of feasting." Several of her ac-
 quaintance were present; and I wish you, my
 dear Sophia, had made one of the number.
 Such a sermon as she preached I never before
 heard! She was but a little over sixteen, about
 one year older than myself; and yet it was ob-
 served

served by elderly people, that she talked like an experienced Christian.

You know she was always admired for her discreet and modest behaviour ; that she delighted in the company of the good ; was a constant and devout attendant on religious worship ; and considered the Bible as her dearest companion.

During her sickness, she was composed, and resigned to the will of her Maker. While her strength lasted, she conversed freely with those who visited her, and most earnestly entreated all her young friends to attend to "the one thing needful ;" to make religion their business. That she was a great sinner she felt most sensibly ; but her hopes in the merits of her Redeemer were sure and steadfast. She trusted that her repentance was unfeigned, and her faith sincere.

The minister of the parish, at her request, spent the chief of the forenoon with her ; with whom she conversed freely, as long as her strength would allow. She begged to join with him in prayer, that her faith might not fail

fail in the trying hour, and that she might be wholly resigned. After this, she took an affectionate farewell of every one in the family, beginning with her mother ; taking each individual by the hand, and pronouncing a few short sentences, applicable to their different cases. At this affecting scene I was not present. I am told it was almost too much for her poor mother.

Towards her last moments, I drew near her bed side, that none of her words might escape me. She appeared to retain her reason to the last ; but was unable to speak much. What she did say was expressive of her willingness to depart, and her confidence in her Saviour. She begged her parents, her brothers and sisters not to weep, for she was making a happy exchange. The last words she was heard to say, were "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly." O, may we live the lives of the righteous, that our deaths may be like theirs!

I am, dear Sophia,

Your affectionate friend,

MARGARET MANSFIELD.

Miss Sophia Stanley.

P. S. Since

P. S. Since her death, the following lines
have appeared on the occasion.

"Beneath the arrows of a grave,

"In one promiscuous ruin lie

"The noblest charms that virtue gave,

"With all that nature could supply.

"Then why, dread Tyrant, was it given

"For you to sink such worth in dust?

"Why? 'twas the great command of heaven,

"To pick the fairest flower first.

P. N. I. S.