The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is a deep red color with a fine, woven texture. In the center, there is a gold-colored wreath made of leaves and flowers. Inside the wreath, the words "THE HOFLAND LIBRARY." are printed in a gold, serif, all-caps font. The text is arranged in three lines: "THE" on the top line, "HOFLAND" on the middle line, and "LIBRARY." on the bottom line. The wreath is positioned within a large, vertically oriented, arched frame that is embossed into the cover. This frame is surrounded by a decorative border of repeating scroll and floral motifs, also embossed into the cover.

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LIBRARY.

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Title: The Affectionate Brothers

Date of first publication: 1819

Author: Mrs. Hofland

Date first posted: Sep. 10, 2013

Date last updated: Sep. 10, 2013

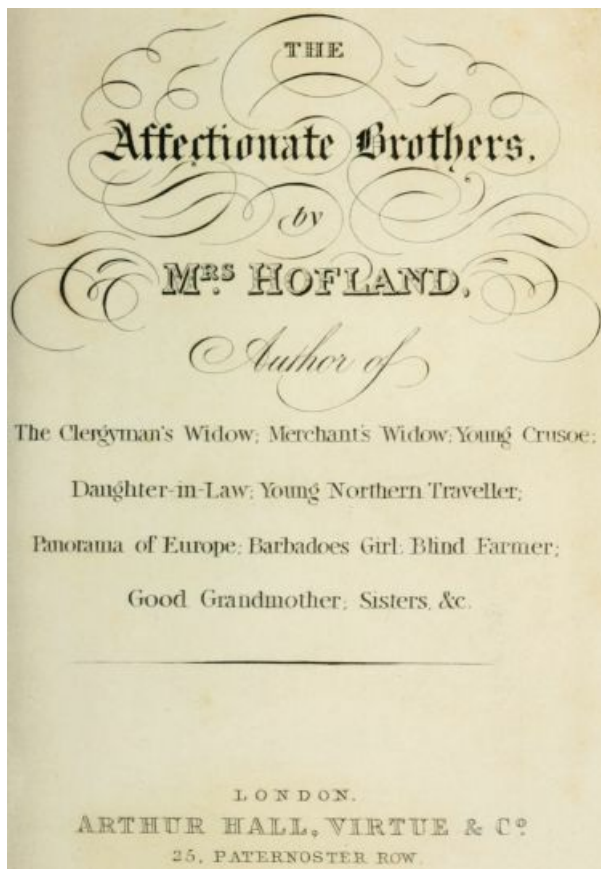
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AFFECTIONATE BROTHERS.



"My Mother likes Prawns."



THE

AFFECTIONATE BROTHERS.

A TALE.

BY

MRS. HOFLAND,

AUTHOR OF

THE CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW; YOUNG CRUSOE; BLIND FARMER; BARBADOES GIRL; MERCHANT'S WIDOW; THE SISTERS; PANORAMA OF EUROPE; GOOD GRANDMOTHER; YOUNG NORTHERN TRAVELLER; STOLEN BOY; ALICIA AND HER AUNT; ELIZABETH; WILLIAM AND HIS UNCLE BEN; GODMOTHER'S TALES; DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, &c.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows;
The weekly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose,
But, ah! it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks; superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
For each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

BEATTIE.

NEW EDITION.

**LONDON:
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE AND CO.,
PATERNOSTER ROW.**

J. BILLING, PRINTER, WOKING, SURREY.

THE AFFECTIONATE BROTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Harewood was the only son of an officer, who died in the service of his country about the time when he was bidding adieu to a public school, where he had received his education. The last efforts of Captain Harewood had been attended by singular success, and all his military career distinguished by great personal bravery; while his private virtues, though less conspicuous, were still more deeply engraven on the hearts of all who knew him. Of these, some extended their friendship towards him beyond the grave; they exerted themselves to comfort his widow and assist her son; to the former they ensured her pension, and the arrears of what was due to the deceased, and procured for the latter a situation under government, which it well became a grateful country to bestow on the son of one of its gallant defenders.

These arrangements, however necessary and advantageous, could not hastily wipe away those tears which flowed for the memory of an excellent husband, cut off in the prime of his life, and the bereaved mourners wept over their loss together.

Mrs. Harewood was an excellent mother, a pious and enlightened woman, and she took the opportunity this period presented, of deeply impressing on the mind of her son, those awful precepts and divine consolations the impressive moment naturally awakened; she taught him to look to religious comfort, to consider the eternal importance of that state to which his father was called; and so to form his own future faith and conduct, that he might rejoice in the well-grounded hope of meeting his earthly father in the presence of his heavenly Father.

Charles did not forget her precepts; he treasured them in his mind—they grew with his growth; his piety he imbibed from his mother—a high sense of honour and virtuous integrity he had previously imbibed from his father, and he grew up an honour to both. Yet was there one thing wanting in his character—he was deficient in prudence, or at least that part of it which is combined with foresight; for though his honesty prevented him from a blamable extravagance, still Charles was one who never provided against a rainy day.

Poor Mrs. Harewood only lived until her son entered his twenty-second year. She had for some time perceived in him a growing attachment for a very amiable orphan, and was aware that he had only been prevented from soliciting her hand, from the fear of disturbing his declining mother. She spoke to him on this interesting subject, and entreated him to consider himself at full liberty to follow the wishes of his heart, adding, that it would be a consolation to her to know, that when Providence removed from him the parent who had so fondly loved him, her place would be supplied by a tender wife.

In consequence of this request, young Harewood advanced his suit with the amiable young person to whom he was attached, and they were married about two months before the affectionate mother breathed her last; and she had the satisfaction of perceiving that the amiable daughter she thus gained was of a disposition to make her husband happy, and to manage his domestic concerns in the way she desired. She endeavoured to imprint on the minds of both, a necessity for observing economy in their expenditure, as they were both very young, and might have a large family: and she knew that her son was inclined to be too liberal in his expenses. To this advice they promised to attend, and she departed in peace, her last words blessing them.

Mr. Harewood fully intended to obey the injunctions of his beloved mother, but he thought it was time enough to retrench expenses when the expected family should arrive; and was the more confirmed in this idea, because he had no children for several years. At length he became the father of a fine boy, for whom he felt willing to make any sacrifice, so delighted was he with the endearing acquisition; but yet, when in little more than a year his lady presented him with another, he considered them as yet too young to call for any abridgment of his expenditure, but determined to put every necessary system of economy in practice by-and-by.

The eldest of these boys was called after the father, Charles; the second, after his maternal grandfather, Thomas. The former was, from his birth, a healthy, handsome, robust, high-spirited, and lively boy—the latter, on the contrary, was subject to delicate health, and was of that cast of features and complexion which is usually styled "too pretty for a boy;" he was timid, but gentle and engaging to those who knew him; and though very apt to be overlooked by strangers in the presence of his more showy and attractive brother, never failed to make very sincere friends amongst those with whom he frequently associated.

In consequence of the difference in the health and the pursuits of these boys, one became very naturally the associate of one parent, and the other of the other. Charles excelled in all athletic exercises, and he was soon taught to ride on a pretty pony, and to accompany his father to town; whilst Thomas was, as the phrase is, tied to his mother's apron-strings, either reading some little book to her, or listening to her information, as he watered her plants, or attended to the wants of his favourite birds or rabbits. Though his body was not strong, yet his mind was active and penetrative, and from very infancy he discovered that disposition for study, and that perseverance in application, which promised high attainments in whatever branch of learning he should be induced to follow.

Nothing could exceed the judicious care and real tenderness with which Mr. and Mrs. Harewood managed the different powers and dispositions evinced by their children. Far from each making a separate favourite of the child who had, as it were, from the direction of Nature herself, become their more immediate companion, they endeavoured to pay more particular attention to the other party, whenever they were altogether; and by this impartiality led each to estimate whatever was excellent in the other, and in a great degree, through the force of pure fraternal love, to rejoice most in the qualities of the brother he loved.

Poor little Tom, mild and fearful in himself, was yet proud of the prowess of Charles, and listened with delight to his praises, when visitors and schoolfellows related his exploits; and though he seldom spoke, yet his glistening eyes and glowing features shewed to every discerning eye how much was passing in his heart; and, on the other hand, never was any child spoken of as being clever and forward at his book, but Charles would eagerly advance with—"I'm sure he can't be more of a scholar than my brother Tom—I'll bet you what you like, I've a little fellow will match him:" and if even the most trifling exertion of bodily force was put in effect against the stripling, on account of his personal inability to punish the offender, Charles, though the best-tempered fellow in the world (in cases where he was alone concerned), resented such insult with warmth, and generally avenged it with only too much promptitude, in poor Thomas's opinion.

When these boys had attained their seventh and eighth years, their expences of course increased; and the sensible resolution formed by their father of giving them every advantage of education, seemed to call for some decided retrenchment in his establishment, at which his wife had repeatedly, though delicately, hinted very often of late.

Mr. Harewood declared seriously that he would do it, although, as they were not likely to have any more children, there was not much necessity. Whilst, however, this point was debating, he was presented with an increase of four hundred pounds per annum in his office, and all fears for the future from that moment were unfortunately banished from his mind.

It immediately struck Mrs. Harewood, that it would be a happy thing for all parties, if this new income were regularly laid apart, in order to furnish fortunes for their surviving children; but fearful that if she mentioned such a scheme, her husband might accuse her of selfishly endeavouring to secure herself from want, she blamably remained silent; and poor Mr. Harewood indulged a less prudent way of showing his affection for her, by purchasing an elegant carriage for her, and in various ways so far increased his expenditure, that the acquisition of property thus attained proved eventually a misfortune, since every indulgence only increases the number of our wants, and renders us less able to submit to future privations.

The boys, even after they were sent to school, and mingled with others in the same general pursuits, still retained much of their original character; each had separate excellencies and separate deficiencies, but both perfectly harmonized together; there was mutual dependence each on the other, which ever strengthens affection; but there was no point of rivalry, unless it was in the affection they bore their parents.

Mr. Harewood, on examining them, found at each vacation that Charles had those properties which appeared to fit him for active life; he wrote a beautiful hand—was quick, if not profound, as an accountant—had a pleasing address, fluent language, and, considering his youth, a good deal of penetration of character, and a steadiness of judgment, and even principle, that seemed to render him likely to sustain the character of a British merchant with propriety; but along with this he found that he had not by any means studied so deeply as he ought, to enable him to be a sufficient linguist, and he insisted on farther attention to this point, which Charles readily promised, but was too much inclined to forget, when any scheme of pleasure presented itself, or any lighter exercise could be substituted—he preferred acting to thinking at all times.

On the other hand, Thomas was an excellent Latin scholar, a very tolerable Grecian, and understood French thoroughly; he had no greater pleasure than solving a mathematical problem, or a difficult question in arithmetic: but the number of his external accomplishments continued much the same; he could neither ride, dance, nor fence—he was bashful and

reserved to his friends, and impenetrable to strangers; and although his knowledge and good sense qualified him for writing a good letter, yet he had been so accustomed to scribble his numerous exercises, that his handwriting was become very indifferent; and he paid too little attention to every thing which required neatness and dispatch.

Mr. Harewood, with true parental anxiety, endeavoured to remedy the deficiencies of both his sons, and render each emulous of the merits of the other, without expecting from either of them that absolute similarity which it was perhaps impossible for them to attain; and as they had now passed that period of infancy when rivalry might have been dangerous, they both adopted the line of improvement the wisdom and affection of their beloved father pointed out. Charles was taught to consider himself designed for a merchant, and he looked forward to the period when he should be placed in some great counting-house with pride and pleasure—while Thomas, with equal though silent joy, contemplated the period when he might be permitted to pursue his studies at college, and in due time aspire to the honour he most coveted—of becoming a worthy clergyman.

"When I am a man," the eldest would say, "I will send ships, and take voyages into every part of the world; and whatever the people want in one place, I will supply from another—thus all will become rich, and civilised, and happy. I will have stores and warehouses full of all kinds of property, and a great number of clerks and porters employed to manage my business, and they too shall all be improving and merry. Oh, I love a great deal of bustle! and I don't mind how hard I work; I will get a great deal of money, and give a great deal away."

"Well, you are welcome to it all, dear Charles. For my part, I only want just enough to keep me in a little house, with a good library, in a country place, where the people around knew and loved me: I would pray with the sick, relieve the poor, and try to persuade all to do their duty, and that would satisfy *me*: indeed I think it is leading the life of heaven on earth, especially if my *dear mother* were with me," was the observation of Thomas.

This dear mother, to the great surprise of the boys, presented them with a little sister, just as Charles completed his fourteenth year; and on this occasion they were sent for from school, about a fortnight before the regular commencement of the Midsummer vacation. Their affectionate hearts were delighted to receive this new claimant on their love; and Tom especially was never weary with examining its pretty features and curious little hands; but Charles, though equally warm-hearted, could not bear confinement; and a pony, which had been bought for him the preceding Christmas, divided his attention with little Emily: and he generally accompanied his father to London, who was desirous of giving him some general notions of business, as he only intended to keep him one year longer at school, and was naturally proud of showing such a boy among that circle of friends where he intended eventually to place him.

Meantime the heart of the mother was full of care; her family was increased—the period was again approaching when the boys must be an additional expence; and she was well aware that the many elegancies of her present situation consumed the whole of her husband's income. The anxiety she felt affected her health; and Mr. Harewood, ever most affectionately solicitous, pressed her so closely on the subject, that at length she confided to him all her fears, and besought him to adopt some plan to obviate the difficulties she foresaw; observing, that even if he had interest to provide for his boys, yet his girl would be portionless, unless something were saved for her future portion.

Mr. Harewood, smiling, kissed the babe, and observed, that she was a very young lady to want a portion; but, however, he would do his best for her—he would that very day secure her a dower, by paying an annual sum, which he could do without feeling the difference in his income—"Or," added he, "if I should, surely the sweet lamb will make me abundance of amends for such a trifling privation."

With much tenderness and sincere pleasure, Mrs. Harewood commended him for the resolution, and continued to chat on the inexhaustible subject of their children's welfare, until the fond father, starting up, declared that he should be too late; he was accustomed to the utmost regularity, and to atone for his delay he set out at full speed.

It was now July, and the weather was excessively hot. It was Mr. Harewood's custom to leave his horse at livery-stables about a mile from the office; and on dismounting at the stables, he found that a messenger had been dispatched for him, as his presence was particularly required. Already heated, he now hastened forward on foot, and just before he stepped into the house, imprudently assuaged his thirst by drinking a large glass of lemonade at a confectioner's near. Had he continued to walk, perhaps he would not have suffered much inconvenience from this; but as he now took his pen, and sat down to business in a cool retired room, the effects soon became apparent. He was seized with terrible pains, which he endured with resolution, on account of the peculiar press of business, which he did not leave until the excess of his sufferings completely subdued him, and he was carried in extremity to the nearest coffee-house.

From the bed on which this suffering father and husband was now laid, he never arose. It was found that inflammation had arisen to a degree it was impossible to allay, and in two days he was a corpse.

At the first intimation of danger, Mrs. Harewood had flown to his assistance; and she left him not till torn from him insensible and a widow. So overwhelmed was she by the suddenness and severity of the stroke, that those around her feared that her senses were fled for ever; but when she beheld her children, she evinced that she was yet a mother—that for them she could exert herself, and pray for her own return to a world which was robbed of its most precious treasure.

The poor boys were, in the first instant, stunned, in the next agonized, by this terrible stroke. Death had never visited their mansion before; and that their father—that dear, *dear* relative, whose goodness had been the delight of their lives, whose will was their law, whose smile was their reward, should be thus unexpectedly snatched from their eyes, in the full flower of manly strength and activity, was an event so dreadful, so overbearing, that they knew not how to comprehend or endure it; they flew into each other's arms shrieking and sobbing in the bitterest transport of grief, and utterly unable to attend to the condolences and remonstrances of those around them.

But when they were permitted to behold their mother—when they saw the deadly paleness of her cheek, the fearful hollowness of her eye, each felt at once convinced that she suffered more than all, and each strove so to command his own feelings, that he might console the dear—the only parent he had now left; and while large silent tears stole down their innocent faces, they yet sought to speak words of comfort to her.

But, alas! to weep over the memory of their beloved father was a satisfaction only too soon denied to this bereaved family; with him had perished the means of their support, and all that Mrs. Harewood had often feared now indeed came upon her, and she was soon called upon to exert herself, and consider how she must provide for the wants of future life, and the destination of those unhappy boys, who had till now basked in the brightest sunshine of prosperity, and were strangers to the very name of want, except to relieve it.

As the sight of her children never failed to renew her distress too acutely, and the education they had and might receive was become their sole dependence, the friends of Mrs. Harewood urged her to let them return to school for the following half-year, in which time she might be enabled to dispose of her house and property, and consider on some eligible plan for future life. Accordingly they bade her a short adieu, with streaming eyes, and tender assurances that they would in every thing obey her advice, which had particularly tended to impress on their minds the necessity of attending on their studies, as it was but too probable this would be the last opportunity of improvement they ever would enjoy.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Harewood, ever regular and economic in her own department, and religiously just in her worldly concerns, had soon drawn her affairs into a narrow compass; her carriage, horses, and furniture, were disposed of—her debts paid to the uttermost farthing—and a few hundred pounds all that remained to her in the wide world.

She had no relations; but in the first shock of her misfortunes, many of her numerous friends, struck by the sudden fate of a companion they had loved and esteemed, assembled round her, and by their friendly counsel had assisted her in the sad scenes which immediately succeeded her misfortune; but as she was of too generous a nature to tax the kind beyond their convenience, and too independent to solicit the mercies of the overbearing, by degrees all were dropped off, and she was left to make the best of her melancholy situation. She desired, with all a mother's longings, to see and enjoy the society of her beloved boys; but she was too sincerely their friend to abridge the advantages they enjoyed; and in her letters she constantly assured them of her returning health, and endeavoured to inspire them with cheerfulness, though far from attaining herself that blessing she was anxious to communicate.

But when the time approached, feeling for the change they would experience, she sought to break it to their minds, by informing them that she was now in a very humble lodging in the city, and that the luxuries and comforts they had once known at their dear and pleasant home must be relinquished: but yet the poor boys had formed no idea of the place to which they were really conducted; and the sorrow with which they beheld their mother, once so waited upon by numerous servants and a tender husband, now nursing her own babe in a narrow dark room, ill furnished, is indescribable. Oh! how did they each wish and pray for the means of relieving her—how earnestly did they resolve that they would apply every thing they could hereafter earn, for her and the dear infant who was thus bequeathed to their care!

Naturally sanguine, and of that age when hope is easily kindled in the heart, Charles soon admitted consolation; from the observation of his mother, that he was prodigiously grown—"Oh," said he internally, "I shall soon be a man, and then I can support them all."

Poor Tom could not take comfort in this way; for though he too was grown, yet he was still so slim and delicate, that the master of the lodgings observed that he looked three years younger than his brother.

In a short time the very sting of poverty seemed to enter the heart of the unhappy mother; the school-bills for her sons had not, in the distress of the time, been discharged; on their return to school, of course, a whole year was due, and in paying it she parted with more than two-thirds of all her property; and the sense of this, together with the daily wants of two fine growing boys, distressed her so much, that she was shortly thrown upon a bed of sickness, at that season of the year when every species of assistance is most difficult to procure, and disease most obstinate in its stay.

The children had now but one pursuit, one duty, one care, and most anxiously did they fulfil it: poor Charles, so fond of gaiety and bustle, who lately rode about the smartest lad in his neighbourhood, now performed the part of a carrier himself to his little sister, who, but for his exertions, must have been utterly lost; whilst Thomas, with the tenderest attention, and most unwearied vigilance, sat by his mother's bed, watched her every look, and by her directions prepared her food or medicine.

Blessed with such affectionate nurses, the heart of the afflicted woman revived, and her prayers ascended to the throne of mercy; she besought strength from the Most High to sustain her sorrows, and it was given unto her.

But sickness is ever expensive, and the little stock of money remaining now grew deplorably small; yet from it two sons were to be apprenticed, and a mother and child subsisted, until the age of the latter should in some measure relieve its parent from the more immediate cares of a nurse, and enable her to provide for it by personal exertion.

As soon as Mrs. Harewood was convalescent, she determined, for her children's sake, to conquer that repugnance she had hitherto felt to calling on those who had been the acquaintance of her happier hours, and to request their advice and assistance in placing her sons in some situation; and with this intention she set out with Charles one morning, leaving the infant with Thomas, who, for its sake, could resign the books which were now his sole consolation, and appeared in a great measure to atone for every other privation. The first person they called upon was a Mr. Basset, a rich bachelor, who had for several years been accustomed to spend every Sunday at her house, and to profess the sincerest regard for his dear friend Harewood. On opening her mission, which was simply to request his advice, he observed, that really it was strange, very strange, that Mr. Harewood had not provided better for his family than he appeared to have done; for

his part, he knew nothing about the way in which children were disposed of; thank God he had no encumbrances of that kind, and of course had never been led to consider the subject.

"But have you not the power of recommending my poor boys, Mr. Basset? Charles, you see, is a great boy now, and would, I am certain, be willing to exert himself for his master to the uttermost, in order to make up for the deficiency of an apprentice-fee."

"As to that, ma'am it is a delicate point to recommend children brought up as yours have been—you'll excuse me, ma'am—a youth being a good rider, a good dancer, &c. is poor praise."

"But surely, sir, you know that my children have been taught every thing essential; that their father was a man of strict attention to business, of irreproachable integrity, and——"

"Mother, mother!" exclaimed poor Charles, "let us go away! I will work or beg for you and Emily, but I cannot—cannot stay and hear you talked to in this way; and dear father too!—oh, let us go!"

The agony of tears which deluged the face of Charles, awoke those of his unhappy mother, in despite of all her resolution; but yet making a violent effort for the sake of attaining, by any means, an object so truly desirable, she once more bent looks of inquiry towards the man who had so often spoken far different language, at the hospitable board where she had been wont to meet him, and said—"Then you cannot assist me in any way?"

"Why, ma'am, if my friend Charles there is, as he says, willing to *work*, I know a very honest bricklayer, who would take him for a trifle; and as poor little Tom was always a puny child, I could recommend him to my tailor—I know nothing else he is fit for; so if you wish——"

Every trace of tears instantly fled the countenance of Mrs. Harewood; she turned a clear and steady eye upon the speaker, and dropping him a silent courtesy, walked out of his drawing-room, with an air of greater dignity than she had ever worn in her own, followed by Charles, whose indignation glanced from his eyes in looks of sovereign contempt, as he exclaimed—"Was this person *my* father's friend?"

But, alas! the spirit thus awakened quickly evaporated, and Mrs. Harewood found herself so exhausted by the cruel disappointment she had received, that she determined to hasten home, and again hide herself and her sorrows in oblivion: but Charles, who, although more agitated at the time, was sooner relieved, entreated her just to call at Mr. Ludlow's, whose sons he was well acquainted with, saying—"Though they came seldom to our house, yet they were people you always liked, mother."

"True, my dear; Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow rarely visited us; for, having a large family to provide for, they did not think it prudent to mix in so gay and expensive a circle as our society then presented; they will not, however, oppress the fallen, unless I am as much mistaken in them as I have been in Mr. Basset; so I will call, although I am aware they can do me no good in my pursuit."

Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow were both at home, as they happened to dine early, and they received Mrs. Harewood and her son with so sincere a pleasure in their countenances, that, contrasting their manners with those of the person she had quitted, she could not help throwing herself into the nearest chair, and weeping freely, while Charles endeavoured, as well as his feelings would permit him, to relate the conversation that took place at Mr. Basset's.

Dinner was announced, and the good couple quietly placing the widow and her son at table, sought rather to soothe her feelings than to argue her out of them; but when the cloth was withdrawn, and the children were gone, Mr. Ludlow thus addressed her—"Do not suffer any hard-heartedness which Basset may have displayed to distress you, Mrs. Harewood; he probably meant no harm; but bachelors have no idea of the feelings of a parent, and they wound without thought. 'Tis true, he has abundance in his power, but he considers not the wants of women and children, because they have never been objects of his care; had your dear husband been himself in distress, Basset would have felt it a duty, as well as pleasure, to have relieved him. Unhappily, we are all too much the creatures of habit, even in our sympathies."

"Not when we are taught of God," said Mrs. Ludlow; "religion gives a principle of action which never fails."

"True, my dear; it likewise inspires us with a profound regard for integrity, as well as benevolence, and I am therefore compelled to say, that with three sons of my own to place out, I cannot help my good friend as I wish in this particular; but if she would like, as she once hinted, to begin a day school, I will promise her our three little girls, and do my best to

procure her more."

This proposal was instantly accepted with thankfulness; and in a short time the afflicted mother procured a decent room, and entered on the wearisome task of instructing young children in the rudiments of education, preferring even the most slavish employment to placing her children in situations derogatory to the education they had received, and subversive of the views they had so long entertained.

The boys were duly sensible of her kindness, and laboured by every means in their power to assist her; and it was a truly affecting sight to behold them nursing their little sister, cooking their scanty dinner, or in any way contributing to relieve their mother; while at every opportunity they strove to retain and increase the benefits of their education, still fondly hoping to prove it the means of future independence.

But not even the utmost care, and the most unremitting exertion, could preserve a family of this number from experiencing the pressure of poverty under such circumstances; the boy's clothes grew very shabby, and to replenish them would encroach on the little hoard reserved for still more important services. This want was shewn the most by Charles, who felt as if he were ashamed to walk out in his threadbare clothes and napless hat; and one evening as he took a solitary walk towards Hampstead, perceiving a smart carriage coming down the hill, he stood close up to the wall, as if to hide himself even from the passing look of strangers.

The carriage was a barouche, in which sat a father and mother, with two little girls; a youth, about twelve years old, was riding on a pony close by the carriage, attended by a servant; but at the moment of passing Charles, the animal plunged, reared, and refused, in the most decisive manner, to obey his rider.

The lady screamed, the servant endeavoured, but in vain, to secure the boy from falling, though he threatened a terrible revenge on the pony, when, in the most terrible moment of alarm, Charles stepping forward, cried, in almost inarticulate accents—"Pray—pray don't beat him!" and seizing the bridle, patted and stroked the grateful favourite, which instantly stopped, and returned his caresses, by rubbing its head against his shoulder, and giving the most unequivocal proofs of affection and recognition.

"You appear acquainted with the pony, my boy?" said the gentleman, thankful for his son's relief, and much struck with the manner in which it was effected.

Charles turned to him an expressive countenance, suffused with tears, and said—"Yes, Sir, he was my own about a year ago."

"Are you the son of the late Mr. Harewood?"

Charles bowed; his eye glanced over his shabby figure, and his trembling tongue was unequal to pronouncing "Yes."

The gentleman and his lady exchanged looks of tender pity; their eyes glanced on their own offspring, and, filled with tears, they felt for the fatherless and the widow.

The gentleman, after a pause, observed—"You are a tall boy, and undoubtedly have received a good education; but I apprehend you are not at present in any employment?"

"It is my misfortune, Sir, to be a burden on my mother at present; but I would do any thing to——"

"Do not stop; speak your wishes freely."

"I believe, Sir, I was wrong in saying I would do *any* thing; I meant to say, I would do any thing proper."

"Come to me in the city to-morrow," said the gentleman, giving him his card.

The carriage drove on; the servant led the pony, which left its once-beloved master with difficulty, and all was passed as a dream, save the card which remained in Charles's hand, and in contemplating which he endeavoured to forget his four-footed friend, and all those sorrowful remembrances the bitter disappointments of his youth too frequently suggested; and returning home, he endeavoured to cheer his dear mother with the hope that this incident might lead to something eventually beneficial to them all.

CHAPTER III.

The following morning Charles did not fail to make himself as neat as it was possible, and prepare to wait on the gentleman, whom his mother knew, by name, as one of the first merchants in the city.

Thomas was surprised at the courage he manifested, in daring to go alone into the counting house; but such was his anxiety and affection, that he could not forbear accompanying him to the outside of the house. With great astonishment, within a quarter of an hour he beheld him fly out of the house, and run home with so much rapidity, that it was impossible to arrest his progress by calling: so poor Tom took likewise to his heels, and being pretty nimble, arrived there soon enough after him to hear his first address to his mother, who was engaged with a lady, who had brought her a new pupil, at the moment of his entrance.

"Oh, mamma, I believe I have got good news at last; but it must all be just as you please—I would not promise a word until I knew you would like it."

"But what is it, Charles?"

"Mr. Coulston will take me into his counting-house (he has seen me write and cast up), and he will give me thirty guineas a-year now, and more every year, if I deserve it. I doubt that is but *little*, mamma; but I will work so hard, he will, I trust, give me twice as much next year."

"Thank God!" cried the widow, clasping her hands, and looking fervently grateful to heaven; then turning to her sons, she said—"It is a great deal, my dear children, to give to such a boy as Charles, because it is the custom to receive a large sum for instructing young people; therefore remember we are called upon for gratitude to our Almighty Father for this blessing, and bound to give every proof of it in our power to Mr. Coulston; I say *all* of us, for, surely, my dear boys know that our interest is inseparable."

The proof of this feeling was indeed given, when Charles was dressed in a new suit, proper for his improved situation, and Tom walked around him, with tears of delight swimming in his eyes, at beholding him look like himself again, unmindful of his own appearance, and envying his beloved brother nothing but the power of being useful to his mother.

Charles was now indeed happily situated; his employment was pleasant; his exertions, however great, always brought the sweet sense of their utility along with them, and inspired the hopes of independence, so natural to the sanguine heart of youth.

For some time poor Tom appeared to rejoice in *his* joy, but by degrees he became despondent and unhappy; he felt himself a dead weight upon the parent he loved, and whom he could have died to bless; no kind hand was held out to help *him*, no voice promised *him* assistance; on the contrary, he frequently heard his personal delicacy alluded to, in terms of pity that bordered on contempt; and he was aware that years must pass ere any one would try whether he were good for any thing, whilst those peculiar studies he had been devoted to, that line of pious tranquillity and modest independence to which his imagination had attached every idea of happiness, appeared cut off from his hopes for ever.

Often would he take out his little sister, under pretext of giving her air, and when he got into the fields, throw himself on the grass, unseen by any human eye, save that of his innocent charge, and with flowing eyes and aching heart, pour out his sorrows to that throne of mercy, where alone he could look for help and consolation; and then return to his anxious parent with an air of forced cheerfulness, and endeavour to beguile the evening hour, by relating the notices little Emily had made during her ramble, and imitate the half-formed accents so interesting to a mother's ear.

But as Emily's power of language increased, the unhappy mother learned but too soon the real state of her son's mind; the prattling cherub told, that—"when the sun shined ever so much, the rain came down Tommy's face; and when he kiss her, rain comes on Emmy's cheek too."

There were no means untried to obviate this evil; but, alas! all seemed in vain, and the afflicted boy inwardly pined away, the victim of despondence, until one day Charles came home with uncommon solicitude in his countenance, having been desired to write a French letter by his master, who declared that if it were well managed he would increase his salary, and remove him into the department of a foreign clerk.

Now Charles felt and lamented his deficiency, and saw that he had neglected the close study necessary for acquiring real

knowledge; but Thomas's countenance instantly brightened up, and taking the pen, he not only accomplished Charles's task with facility, but encouraged him by saying that they would study together an hour or two every evening, and he had no doubt but he would soon find himself equal to all that was required of him.

Thus consoled, Charles copied his letter with neatness, and presented it to his master the day following, with a glowing face, in which fear, hope, and a little shame, were each striving for the mastery.

"You have managed this matter beyond my hopes, I confess," said Mr. Coulston; "if I had not known your hand so well, I should not have given you credit for the knowledge of the language it evinces."

Charles blushed excessively as if in shame, yet his eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"You wrote it all yourself, I presume?"

"Oh, no, Sir; I am sorry—I am ashamed to say that it was done by my brother; he is the best, the cleverest little fellow in the world; he deserves your kindness more than me, Sir, and if you were to take him instead of me, I am sure I ought to—to—to——"

"To *submit* to it."

"Yes, sir, though I believe it would break my heart too; but indeed Tom is so clever, Sir; and he will teach me to be so to."

"I recommend you to try him; and when he is a little bigger, I will see what I can do for him. Does he write a good hand?"

"He does every thing else well, Sir."

"Umph! that is certainly a very brotherly way of saying no, Charles. Well, well, while he improves you in French, remember to give him a lesson with the pen, and thus you will mutually assist each other; mean time, I shall order him a new jacket, as an encouragement to his industry."

From this time every hour became doubly precious to the brothers; and in the excitement thus given to Tom's mind, he overcame the dreadful melancholy that had oppressed him, for there is nothing so animating as the sense of being useful; and in recovering his powers in one respect, he regained them on every other occasion.

It was customary with Mrs. Harewood to provide needles, pins, and thread, for the use of her little pupils, and she was accustomed to send her youngest son to purchase them. Partly from a sense of his shabby appearance, and partly from his natural timidity and habitual despondency, he had generally run into the first little shop which presented itself, although conscious that he might have purchased them to more advantage at a better. He now gained more spirit, for he was decently dressed, and become of advantage to his elder brother; and he therefore plucked up his spirits, and ventured into the smart shop of an haberdasher on Ludgate Hill.

One day, having purchased a variety of little matters, which came altogether to five-and-threepence, he laid down six shillings, and received from the shopman threepence in change, he having made a mistake in the calculation.

Thomas waited patiently until some ladies were served, when he begged the young gentleman to reckon over again, as he would find he was wrong in the amount.

"No such thing," said the man, hastily; "take your money, my boy, and get about your business."

Although Tom was the most gentle and forbearing of human beings, he was not weak, especially where a point of duty was concerned, and it was undoubtedly his duty not to waste or lose his mother's money; he therefore began patiently to cast up the things to the person himself, but with an air of firmness which indicated a determination of being attended to. Whilst he did this, the master of the shop, having made his parting bow to some customers at the door, stepped back, and stood unseen behind him.

"I am sorry for you," said a shopman to him who had served Thomas; "you have got a hard chap to deal with; that little fellow found fault with my reckoning last Monday, I remember."

"Yes, Sir," said Tom, calmly; "you had cheated yourself, and I brought you back a shilling."

The master now interfered, and not only justified the little purchaser, but made the two young men completely ashamed of themselves, especially the last speaker, whom he discharged from his service, saying—"That though an act of error might be pardoned, the ingratitude indicated by his conduct to the boy could not;" and taking two sixpences from the drawer, he added one to the change, and giving Tom the other, said—"Here, my little fellow, take this, and buy yourself something you like with it as you go home; and be sure you come to me to-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

Encouraged by this kindness, the tender-hearted youth wished to have spoken a word for the crest-fallen shopman; but he was cut short by the answer—"You are a good-natured little fellow, I am certain; but you must allow my head has been longer on my shoulders than yours."

Tom went away. His steps were mechanically directed to a book-stall, where he had several days seen an old Latin Horace, on the back of which was inscribed, "Price 8d." Twopence had long lurked in the corner of his pocket, which was saving towards this price; no wonder, therefore, that he hastened with celerity to secure it.

But at the very moment he laid his hand upon the book, a boy passed him, bawling—

"Fresh prawns!" and Tom withdrew his grasp. "My mother likes prawns," said he, internally, "and she never buys herself any thing she likes; if I took her some home, she would perhaps eat them heartily."

He stopped the prawn-boy, but even then could not prevail upon himself to lay down the book. Standing thus with the fish-boy and his basket, he unwittingly obstructed the path to a gentleman, who being in no particular haste, allowed himself to scan the pale, intelligent face, and the singular action of the boy before him. With a deep sigh Tom laid down the book, and placed the sixpence in the hand of the prawn-seller.

"So you prefer the prawns to learning, do you, my lad?" said the gentleman, *en passant*; "don't you remember the proverb, 'that 'tis better than house or land?'"

"Not better though than my mother," said Tom, with another sigh, and in a tone so low, that the last word alone caught the gentleman's ear.

"Then you do not purchase these things for your own eating? though, if you did, I could not blame you, now I look at you."

"I never could eat them, Sir, unless—I mean, unless I was forced to it."

"You are a very odd boy—here, take your book, I will pay for it—why, 'tis an Horace, I see! this is the strangest thing I ever met with."

As the gentleman spoke, he offered the book to Thomas, but at the same moment turned into the shop, intending to buy him a better; but Tom, with a few words of sincere but rapid thanks, had clasped his prize to his bosom, and hurried away, happiest of the happy; little dreaming that he had excited a warm interest in one who had the power and inclination to render that happiness permanent.

After feasting on this mental treat, Tom recollected his engagement with the haberdasher, which his mother was extremely anxious he should keep; and as her school was not opened at the early hour of appointment she accompanied him to Mr. Preston's, the person in question.

The business was, as she had already hoped, a desire to engage her son as an apprentice, on account of the evident honesty of his principles, and the quickness with which he could cast up accounts in his mind; and he offered to take him for the next seven years without an apprentice-fee, which was an offer that, in the present circumstances of the family, might be considered extremely valuable, and as such was most gratefully received by Mrs. Harewood.

Thomas said, he was indeed much obliged, but his heart sunk at the prospect of being, for seven long years, shut out of all hopes of attending to his learning; and as he returned with his mother, he said—"Mr. Preston says I must get up at six o'clock, and keep in the shop till after nine, and give my *whole mind* to my business—shall I be able to do this for seven whole years, mother?"

"Undoubtedly, my dear boy: if you can do this for one year, you can do it for seven; and that exertion which is at first

somewhat painful, as being simply an exertion of duty rather than inclination, will become, long before the expiration of that period, a great pleasure to you."

Tom did not answer; he resolved, in his own mind, to be a good servant, in every sense of the word, to his future master, and to be, through his conduct, a blessing to his mother; but at night when he retired with his brother, he could not help lamenting the entire annihilation of all his hopes, and weeping bitterly over the books which he saw for the last time, as friends with whom he must now part for ever.

"But, my dear fellow," cried Charles, "I am sure you need not fret in this way; every Sunday you will come home, and then you may read all the hours except church-time. I am sure I think you will have a very pleasant, bustling sort of a life, in a gay shop, seeing so many people, and doing so many things; and you will be always clean and smart, and never do any thing dirty, or unlike a gentleman's son, you know."

"True; but to stand for seven years behind a counter, folding ribbons and counting cotton buttons, is strange employment for a young man whose mind is equal to——"

"Making Latin verses, or writing foreign letters; very true, dear Tom; you shall not be bound, no, that you shan't: long within that time I shall be able to help you, and when I *am*, dear Tom, you shall see what I will do."

The kind brother drew the mourning boy to his breast, and, encouraged by his assurances, he slept in comfort on the bosom he now felt to be that of a parent, though there had been recently many hours in which he had acted as an instructor to the brother who now supported him. This is the disposition which ought always to operate among members of the same family, who ought to give and receive, with equal affection and humility, assistance from each other.

Although Charles was not only a lively, but really a modest boy, he was not oppressed by that timidity which obscured the manners, and frequently wounded the feelings of Thomas; and on the following morning he laid the case of his brother before the good merchant, his own master, who heard him with attention; and being well aware, from his own knowledge, that the little boy did really possess talents not called for in the line to which he was destined, he very kindly called upon Mr. Preston, and advised him to take the child for a year or two without binding; and the latter, willing to oblige a gentleman of his connections, and to supply the vacancy in his house by the late dismissal, consented immediately; on which Thomas removed with great satisfaction, although tears would spring into his eyes when he bade adieu to his mother, and kissed little Emily for a week's absence.

From the time this excellent boy entered on this new service, he determined, with religious resolution, to devote himself to his duty, and not suffer even desires otherwise laudable to divert him from it; and finding that when there was no immediate claim on their time, some young men were fond of hiding a newspaper or a book in a corner, which led their minds from their pursuits, and prevented them from paying due attention to the customers who happened to interrupt them, and instead of receiving them with pleasant countenances, looked as if they wished them a hundred miles off, he denied himself every gratification of that kind, and never saw a book except on a Sunday evening.

This sacred day was indeed very precious to this little family; for although Thomas did not join his mother until after the morning-service, it being the laudable custom of Mr. Preston to take all his family together to church, yet after that time they were indeed an united family—together they worshipped God, and together considered the situation of each party, as if the feelings, comforts, and sorrows, peculiar to every individual, belonged alike to all—they suffered and enjoyed together.

It is true, poor Thomas had some troubles he could not sufficiently conquer himself to reveal, even to those whom he loved so dearly. These arose from the ill-humour, or other bad qualities, of his fellow-shopmen, who used to call him a bookworm, a learned gentleman, and, with increased opprobrium of look and gesture, a quiz. For some time he bore these things in patience, hoping that his quiet and inoffensive manners could not fail to disarm malevolence, and reprove without offending the parties who tormented him; and it appeared that this would have been the case, if his good conduct, and calm, unobtrusive civility, had not rendered him such a favourite with the more regular customers, that ladies would frequently step past the dashing beaux who were bowing for their commands, and address the quiet little fellow, who, with equal simplicity and civility, attended to their wishes, and gave his opinion, when asked, with gentlemanly propriety of speech, and the most undeviating integrity of principle.

Thomas was aware that if Charles had known of these insults, he would either have ridiculed them as too trifling to merit notice, or have resented them in some very decided manner, being as willing to fight a battle in behalf of his brother

now, as when they were schoolboys; and he disliked either of these methods of getting rid of a present trouble, since they were equally sure of increasing it—"Should Charles," he would say, internally, "laugh at me, I should be hurt and resent it; and God forbid that any breach should happen between us, happy as we are in each other! and if he should come to our house, and quarrel with any of them on my account, that will disturb Mr. Preston, and set the whole family a great deal more against me; or perhaps, as I am not bound, I shall be sent home again, and then what will become of my poor mother? no, no, I will bear it a little while longer at least; they must see their error some time, and use me better."

The young man whose error had been detected by poor Tom was the most inveterate of his tormentors, and to the utmost of his power tried to render his situation uncomfortable, even by laying upon him more than his share of work, whenever the master's back was turned. Yet there was scarcely a day passed in which he did not claim the assistance of his talents, in reckoning up the various petty sums usually called for in articles so varying and minute as those in a shop of this description, and all his demands of this kind were ever attended to with avidity; but when they were no longer engaged in business, Tom had the steadiness neither to submit to his orders, nor cringe to his insolence. This person, during the winter, was very subject to the toothache; and as he slept in the same room with Thomas and a young apprentice, they frequently heard him moaning. One night, being worse than common, the good-tempered boy, who forgot every act of enmity in compassion, said—"I have been told, Alsop, that a pill made of pepper and butter, put into the tooth, will give ease; and if you will try it, I will strike a light, and go down and make you one."

"I will try any thing," said the other.

Thomas immediately fulfilled his promise, and was so happy as to give immediate relief, which procured him the first good-natured word he had ever uttered to him since his arrival.

After this his services were but too often called for in the night, but he had the satisfaction of reaping much benefit from his kindness; for Alsop was not only ashamed of his past ill-behaviour, but by his example influenced the rest; so that his situation became much more tolerable, and his spirits rose to cheerfulness, while his activity and exertion in business became much more conspicuous; and it was remarked by every one how amazingly he was improved in his person and carriage. In fact, the first year he was in business, he grew more than he had done the three preceding ones; for being continually upon his feet, and obliged to stretch his limbs by reaching down parcels, and running errands, these exercises produced the happiest effect upon him, and he found himself now quite equal to any boy of his age; and though extremely slender, he was yet perfectly free from disease, and his complexion, though fair, was cured of that peculiar delicacy which had previously obtained him the nickname of "Miss Nancy;" and Alsop was now eager to insist upon that term being dismissed for ever.

But with all these improvements in his situation, Poor Tom still sighed in vain for that learned leisure which, in his opinion, far excelled all other benefits; and he often wished for a crust of bread in a garret with books, and the advantages of instruction and study. Charles, on the contrary, found every day delightful, for every day initiated him still farther in the business he loved; and the attention he paid to every part of the affairs entrusted to his care, bespoke him likely to succeed in time to an honourable and lucrative employment. In the meantime his salary was nearly doubled; and he had the delightful satisfaction of knowing that his earnings supplied all his wants, and saved his dear mother from all cares and exertions on his account.

CHAPTER IV.

When Tom had remained at Mr. Preston's about fifteen months, he was one day called to assist Alsop, who was waiting upon some ladies that did not choose to quit their carriage; and as he was only employed to hold parcels, he very naturally cast his eye upon the arms and the motto, and with a half-sigh, read the words—*spero meliora* (I hope better times).

Unconsciously he pronounced the words, and in a tone which fully spoke that he not only understood their meaning, but felt the sentiment they expressed. At that moment the lady who owned the carriage was stepping out, finding there were some things she could look at to more advantage in the shop; she cast her eyes on Tom with a look of surprise, but his confusion was spared, for he was still intent upon the arms.

The lady's companion was a lively Frenchwoman, who could speak very little English; she however hated to hold her tongue, and therefore, without thinking of this deficiency, put out her head, and asked the name of the street, and how far it was from Grosvenor-square? then recollecting herself, began to consider how to translate her own question, so as to procure an answer; but to her infinite joy and relief, she was immediately answered, with great propriety, in her own language, by the youth she addressed.

A multitude of questions followed; and although they were too rapid for Tom's comprehension, yet enough was said to satisfy the lady that she was understood, and of course she was delighted; and when her friend returned, she found her in raptures with her late companion. All the way home she could speak of nothing but *le pauvre garçon, le cher garçon, le beau garçon*, (the poor boy, the dear boy, the handsome boy), till at length her companion began singing—

"Oh this boy, this boy,
Of this boy I'm weary!"

and was repeating the words, when on their alighting in the hall of her house in Grosvenor-square, she was met by her husband, who informed her that his brother, Doctor Ecclestone, had arrived during his absence.

On this joyful intelligence the lady forgot alike Madame and the boy in question, for her brother-in-law was justly very dear to her. He was a clergyman of small preferment, but handsome private fortune, and remarkable for his profound erudition, unaffected piety, and affable manners; to which might be added his extensive charities and universal benevolence; but these qualities were exercised in so retired a manner, that they rarely met the public eye.

After the first salutations were passed, and mutual inquiries after the respective families of each party had taken place, Madame was introduced to the doctor as the friend of his sister; and the moment she began to speak, she recurred to what she considered an extraordinary circumstance, that *un petit garçon* had spoken to her in the purest French she had heard since her arrival, and endeavoured to quote the great English poet on the occasion—"Dat it was strange, dat it was pitiful."

"In truth, my dear Madame, it is neither one nor the other," said Mr. Ecclestone; "every one's child learns French now-a-days; in a respectable shop, like one you mention, I should expect every youth employed there to possess some knowledge of the language; yet it is a fact, that in that particular we are far inferior to the Dutch, the Danes, and other continental neighbours. If you go a-wonder-hunting in London for a week, I persuade myself you will meet many better than *votre jolli garçon*."

Madame was too true a Frenchwoman to give up her point; she was willing to grant many young people had a smattering of her language, but few understood it like her *protégée*: and Mrs. Ecclestone added *her* assurance that the youth in question understood Latin also; and that she was sure he was a boy of feeling and education, and not quite in the situation he wished to be, or ought to be in her opinion.

Her spouse good-naturedly laughed at this idea, and said he had little doubt but the youth in question was one of those would-be-wits, who too frequently forsake the sober duties of the citizen, to recite bad verses, murder good ones, make speeches for debating societies, and seek to "strut their hour upon the stage," in some itinerant company of comedians.

The ladies protested against this; he was silent and modest, they declared, to a fault; and withdrew, protesting against such a false conclusion. With the ladies the subject vanished.

But the following morning, as the good Doctor went into the city, this conversation crossed his mind, and the recollection of an incident which occurred to him the last visit he paid to the metropolis, added to this, made him determine on seeing the youth thus spoken of; he recollected the shop, and entering, asked for some gloves. The master was near, and called to Harewood to reach them, who immediately obeyed; but on approaching the gentleman, he was observed to colour highly, and his eyes sparkled with intelligence and pleasure.

"I think, young man, we have seen each other before?" said Doctor Ecclestone.

"Oh yes, Sir, I remember your kind present perfectly; I have it by me yet."

"Indeed! 'twas a very shabby one: but you have ceased to study *now*, I presume."

Tears struck into poor Tom's eyes, as he answered hesitatingly—"Mr. Preston has been kind enough to take me, Sir; and my duty—yes, I believe I am right in saying my *duty*, forbids me to pursue studies of that kind."

"You are certainly right in saying your duty, for it would ill become you to forget a positive duty, by neglecting his business; but if your love of learning could be rendered consistent with your duty, have you resolution enough to pursue even its difficulties with the ardour and perseverance necessary for a great end?"

"Oh yes, Sir, indeed I have."

"But have you considered that spare meals, a scanty purse, the contempt of the worldly-minded, poor reward, and even that long procrastinated, are too frequently the lot of him who devotes himself to study, and to the service of the church, and that wisdom and piety are to seek rewards from within and not from without?"

"I have considered it *all*, Sir; and so far as I am myself concerned, I know that I could be happy with the barest means of existence, were I so devoted; but I have a mother, who has a right to direct me; I could not expect the blessing of God on any line of life she did not sanction."

The Doctor took Mrs. Harewood's address, and left poor Thomas to ruminate on this singular conversation, which filled his mind with many wandering thoughts, and rendered him almost unable to attend to anything; and for the first time, he heard the voice of his master directed to him with reproof on his lips. Every one by this time had learned his real worth, and the foreman observed, that it was something the clergyman had said in the morning which had bewildered him, he believed, for he had never been himself since.

"He is the first I ever saw in my shop; and though I honour the profession, I hope he will be the last, if he has spoiled Harewood," said Mr. Preston, somewhat tartly.

Thus recalled to himself, Tom endeavoured, by double diligence, to erase the unfavourable impression his wandering thoughts and abstracted air had occasioned; but though he rolled and unrolled many pieces of gay ribbons, and folded various trimmings and tapes, still his mind wandered afar into the regions of learned research, and rested rather on the tombs of the ancients than the shelves which contained haberdashery.

The following day he became somewhat better able to pursue his stated avocation; but the chord which the stranger, with apparent kindness, but real mischief, had thus touched, would not suddenly cease to vibrate; and another and another day, passed on, and saw the youth despondent and anxious, hoping for he knew not what of promised good, that still eluded his grasp, and took from him the power of enjoying the actual comforts he possessed, and the power of improving himself in that line of life, which it appeared to be his duty to pursue.

The evening of this day, however, called him to a new source of anxiety, and he soon ceased to recollect even the subject most dear to his contemplations.

On the morning of this day, the good master of Charles had informed him that he had resolved on sending a large cargo of goods to Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, which he should entrust to the conduct of Mr. Hinckley, his confidential clerk, who had been many years in his service, and one of the junior assistants; "and," added he, "as it is an office of importance and trust, so it shall be made one of profit; and, with your mother's consent, I appoint you to it."

Charles, naturally sanguine and ardent, most thankfully embraced the proposal, and flew to acquaint his mother, who, seeing at once the advantages it would procure to her son, and the high praise it conveyed to his past conduct, suppressed

the pain she naturally felt at parting with him, and declared her grateful concurrence with the pleasure of the generous merchant.

Poor Tom was next acquainted with the chasm likely to take immediate place in their little circle, and forgot, in this momentous change, every other source of regret and solicitude. Attached to his endearing home, naturally averse to changes, and constitutionally unfitted to encounter evident danger, though he possessed much patient resolution and calm courage, he was unable to endure hazardous enterprise, or seek distant good by perilous adventure; he therefore considered his brother as a species of martyr to the necessities of his family, and embracing him with tearful eyes, applauded at once and deplored his determination, until he perceived that it was of a truth perfectly agreeable to him, when he became anxious, to the utmost of his power, to prepare him for the voyage; and this he justly considered would be best effected, by again brushing up his knowledge of the languages he had been taught, and engrafting upon his memory those radical roots of words which might fit him for assisting himself, during the voyage, in acquiring the Spanish tongue.

For this good purpose, Mr. Preston had the goodness to spare him, whenever the press of business allowed him an unoccupied hour. It was an affecting and delightful sight to see these amiable brothers thus employed in forming, as it were, mutual strength out of mutual treasures, for a great occasion, and to perceive that an elder brother, whose bodily strength and personal appearance, (aided by a powerful though not equally-cultivated mind) seemed to mark him the superior, could yet patiently listen to the documents of the younger, and even good-humouredly submit to the mild reproofs which he felt were given only in love, and necessary for his improvement.

One evening, when they were thus employed, with more than common vigilance, from the knowledge that it would be nearly the last, they were interrupted by the entrance of a visitant, respecting whom Thomas had never yet ventured to make inquiry—this was Doctor Ecclestone.

The situation of the boys spoke for itself, and the tears rose to the good man's eyes, as he looked round the humble dwelling, and beheld a mother diligently sewing for her son, at the very time when her fond heart was beating with a thousand tender fears, and that son thus preparing his mind for the noblest purpose, that of fulfilling his duties ably and gratefully; but his chief attention, as well as admiration, was placed on him for whose sake he paid this visit.

After a slight apology for his intrusion, he sat down, still looking in Tom's face, who feeling all that tide of indistinct hopes and undefined desires which a few days before had swelled his heart, and glowed in his face, return now with increased force, became unable to bear even the looks he loved, and he therefore hastily closed the exercise book he was correcting, and slid out of the room in breathless agitation.

"I remember," said Doctor Ecclestone, addressing Mrs. Harewood, "that the author of Sir Isaac Newton's life informs us that his mother was a widow, and as there were several younger children, she designed, with great propriety, to bring him up to his father's business, which she prudently continued to hold in her own hands, looking to the time when Isaac would be able to assist her and the rest of the family. I have frequently thought how greatly the poor woman must have been disappointed, when the youth was found averse to woolstapling and attached to books; what do you think, Madam?"

"I think she was not only a good but wise mother, to struggle forward without his assistance, because she saw in him the principles which would reward her cares: and although it was impossible for her to prophesy his future greatness, yet she had a right to expect a considerable portion of the good conduct she afterwards found in her excellent son."

"Then if I were to take your younger son, place him at the University, and support him until he were able to support himself, you would, I trust, make no objection?"

"Objection, Sir! God forbid! I should regard you as a benefactor sent from Heaven to help me."

As Doctor Ecclestone made this proposal Tom had re-entered the room; he heard all that passed, and for a moment gazed in astonishment on all around him, then rushed to his mother, flung himself in her arms, and burst into a flood of tears, which mingled with hers.

Not less happy, but more eloquent, Charles, turning to their unknown but revered visitant, thanked him fervently for his promised patronage, declaring, with all the sincerity of affection and truth, that one of the greatest blessings, the sweetest recompense he had expected from his present undertaking, had arisen from the hope it held out, of rendering him able thus to provide for his beloved brother.

"My good boy," replied the Doctor, "so fully am I persuaded that the bread we earn is the sweetest we ever taste, and that the pleasure of giving is infinitely increased when the gift has cost us the denial of some luxury, that I would not, for the world, either prevent your brother from doing his utmost to help himself, or prevent you from the pleasure of assisting him, whenever it is in your power. My assistance must be necessarily very circumscribed, and of course each of you must by turns experience this satisfaction; but the great point to be accomplished at present is the relief of your mother, by providing for her sons entirely."

The good man rose to depart, and then first the grateful and overwhelmed boy, whom he had rendered so happy, and intended to serve so essentially, made an effort to thank him; but the words he meant to have uttered, died on his lips; he could only touch the kind hand held out to him; and casting his eyes to heaven, prayed silently for that blessing his full heart sought for his benefactor.

When the Doctor was really withdrawn, the sweet voice of the infant was the only one in the little circle capable of commenting on his appearance, for the generous and important mission on which he had visited them fully absorbed the thoughts of every other person; though in itself most desirable, and welcomed with the most devout gratitude, yet the destination of Thomas deprived the widowed mother of the society of that son which had been her more peculiar solace, at the very time when she looked to it as of double value, and it was not possible for even the joy she experienced in his welfare to render her insensible of the privation; tears and smiles would combat in her countenance, and her affectionate children deeply sympathised in her emotions.

Charles, fixing his eyes for a moment on the playful child, seemed to look from her to his mother, as if silently offering her a companion.

"Sweet lamb," said Tom, observing him, "what a pity it is you are so little!"

"But she is very engaging, and she will have more sense every day," added Charles.

Tom could not reply; his lip quivered, the tears strayed down his cheeks; the mother read their hearts, and made an effort to recover her spirits—"Be assured, my dear boys," said she, "that this dear child will supply your places to me in a great measure, since she is indeed every day more interesting, and more capable of lessening the weight of my burthen; do not let the thoughts of me oppress your hearts and injure your spirits; love me with fervour, but do not hang upon me with regret, since that would eventually injure us all, by rendering you incapable of performing your duty in the way you are called upon to exert yourselves; ever remember, that sensibility is only excellent as it is the handmaid of Religion and Virtue—that to feel properly, not inordinately, is alone desirable. I am not afraid of your forgetting me, nor your dear little sister, whom Providence has thrown upon you, for the cares and love she would have received from her father; let us therefore restrain our feelings, and shew them by our future actions, rather than our present sensations."

The brothers had for a moment thrown themselves, weeping, round the neck of their mother; they now gently withdrew, and silently resolved to emulate alike her resolution and her tenderness, and began to speak, with the satisfaction their altered circumstances inspired, of their different destinations, and arrange their future correspondence.

There were some things, nevertheless, which this affectionate little family, small as its number was, could talk of better apart than together. In the absence of her sons, Mrs. Harewood could best consider what was necessary for the personal comfort and respectable appearance of her sons, in the situation they were happily called to move in, and she then drew from her scanty store the means of fitting them out agreeable to these views.

At the same time, the sons themselves laid their heads together, and comforted each other with the hopes that when they were gone, their poor mamma would be able to live better, and treat herself and the child with many little comforts they had, with aching hearts, beheld her deprived of for a long melancholy period: every concluding period with Charles was filled up by—"When I come back, she shall have a house of her own—when I come back, I will buy her so and so," as if, poor fellow! his voyage must necessarily procure every blessing; and so much did his sanguine hopes of success alleviate the pains of parting, that Tom thought it would be cruel to remind him that it was possible that his voyage could be unprosperous, or his expectations disappointed; but he did at length venture to say—"My dear Charles, you are going out on an expedition of great hazard, and subject to many difficulties, but remember, that you must take out, keep with you, and bring back, one thing, which is very different from all other merchandise—it can neither be bartered nor sold without infinite loss; if you gain the whole world without it, you will be still a poor wretch; and if you lose *all*, yet preserve *it*, you will be happy and respectable."

"I dare say, you mean a good conscience?"

"Indeed I do; the conscience of a true Christian."

"Well, my dear Tom, I hope I shall always preserve my principles—God grant I may! but you did not need to have made such a long speech about it; only, to be sure, it is your line to preach."

"At least I hope it *will* be," said Tom, with a smile; "and if the world is so wicked as people say it is, who knows but it may be a good thing for you that you have a brother, who is placed in a sacred profession? You may perhaps have occasion to say to yourself sometimes—'No, I won't do this, for it will be a disgrace to my brother, the clergyman;' or 'I will avoid *this*, for it would break poor Tom's heart.'"

"Never, never," cried Charles, sobbing, as he clasped his brother in his arms, "will I break that dear good heart by any evil action; for I will think on you, Tom; I will consider, on every occasion, how *you* would look, what *you* would say, and how I imagined *you* were likely to feel; so shall my little brother be still the guardian of my actions, as much as I hope to be the builder of his future comforts."

Soon after this conversation, the youths parted from each other, and from their revered and beloved parent, Charles going on board only one day before Thomas accompanied his noble friend to the University of Oxford, being first previously introduced to his patron's brother, at whose house he was joyfully recognised as *le bon garçon* of the good-humoured Frenchwoman, who prophesied that he would honour her judgment, by proving himself *un homme, savant et sage*.

From Mr. Preston he parted on the best terms, though the family were all loth to part with him; and he was followed, by all who knew him, with good wishes, which his heart deeply acknowledged; but his sensations were tinged with that tender melancholy natural to the feelings of a son and a brother, parted for the first time, from objects so long and justly endeared to him.

CHAPTER V.

The life now led by Thomas was as consonant to his wishes, and as conducive to his improvement, as that enjoyed by his more fortunate brother had hitherto been to *him*; not that it was without trials, for in every state of existence, people of the best disposition and most prudent conduct are liable to them; and in every place where many are assembled, some will be found inimical to the wiser views and more exalted propriety of the rest; and there were not wanting many who ridiculed the quiet manners and severe studies of our young friend, and some who, cruelly mean, insulted his poverty, jested on his dependence, and presumed on his good temper.

The strong understanding, not less than the excellent disposition of this youth, taught him in a short time to appreciate the various attacks of the profuse, weak, and vicious in a proper manner, and to repel every insinuation, and damp every sneer, by that calm dignity, which shews the weak where true strength is to be found; and although there were times when he really suffered, he had sufficient self-possession to hide his pangs; by which means his tormentors were led to doubt their own power, and therefore ceased to tease him.

A more serious cause of anxiety, however, soon interfered with his studies, and rendered him indeed the melancholy being his enemies loved to depict him; this was the bad weather poor Charles encountered on his voyage, which was dreadfully tedious, and at times highly dangerous: they heard of him twice in the course of it, and became extremely impatient to learn from himself his state of health and prospects; but, alas! when at length the long-looked-for letter arrived, they were but too well convinced that they had underrated his past sufferings considerably, and that the trials of the voyage had far outrun their fears, although disguised by his considerate kindness as much as possible in relating the facts.

The wearisome and dangerous voyage of poor Charles was not compensated for, on his arrival, by those golden harvests he had often in imagination reaped for his beloved master, and after him for his own dear family, whose fortunes he was ever solicitous to increase. On the arrival of the ship in which he sailed at Monte Video, it was found that the state of political affairs was considerably changed; that an action had taken place, which had filled every place that offered an asylum with wounded and dying soldiers; and that instead of store-houses where British merchants could offer goods for sale, British soldiers were expiring, in want of every assistance required by their unhappy state.

The generous heart of Charles, ever alive to the dictates of humanity, was deeply wounded by the situation of his countrymen, and every hour when Mr. Hinckley, the senior clerk, could spare him from the necessary arrangements of their goods, he flew to the distressed sufferers, and to the utmost of his power contributed to their comfort, by attending to their wants, procuring food or medicine as it was needed, and not unfrequently bathing and binding their wounds, under the direction of the few medical men that remained to help them.

Several Spaniards, inhabitants of the place, were amongst the wounded, and being too ill for removal, partook necessarily the fate of these soldiers. One of these, a most respectable merchant, shared, in a peculiar manner, the attention of Charles, because he was enabled to converse with him freely in the French language, and because he was, like himself, a stranger to those around him, as his residence was at a considerable distance in the interior of the country; he spoke of himself as a husband, and the father of two children, then waiting in anxiety for his return; and on this account he became still more an object of interest with Charles, who beheld with pleasure the progress of his recovery, which might in a great measure be imputed to his own care.

But the attentions paid to this temporary hospital were shortly to be turned to another channel; various arrivals from England, with choice collections of her best manufactures, rendered it a matter of difficulty to dispose of the goods they had brought over to the advantage they wished; and the pains taken by Mr. Hinckley, who was somewhat advanced in years, together with the heat of the climate, sensibly affected his health. Charles endeavoured, by every means in his power, to relieve him, and to this purpose, studied the language of the country with double diligence, and soon became enabled to understand it sufficiently for all purposes of commerce, and even society; so that Mr. Hinckley, rejoicing in his powers, and reassured in his own hopes, proposed removing farther up the country, where the market would be less stocked, and of course the prices be more adequate to the trouble and risk of the venture; and this was accomplished as speedily as the nature of the country, and its present state of warfare, admitted.

Knowing that all their rivals were bent on going to Buenos Ayres, they preferred visiting the towns on the northern side of La Plata; and embarking on that river with the best part of their merchandise, they in a short time fell in with the

Uruguay, by which they were taken to Cordelaria, where they landed safely, and endeavoured to bestow their goods; but the inhabitants appeared suspicious, and inimical to their wishes, treating them rather as enemies, who would bring destruction, than merchants who offered them useful commodities in the way of open trade and honest barter. Under these circumstances they were wretchedly accommodated, and the intolerable heat and toil arising from the stowage of goods, amongst people who added ill-humour to idleness, and would not be tempted to work for those they fancied it a duty to oppose, rendered Mr. Hinckley seriously ill, with one of those fevers to which the country peculiarly subjects strangers. Happily Charles had learnt, in his attendance at the hospital, how to treat this complaint, and he seriously set himself to officiate both as nurse and doctor to his sick friend, whom he never left for a single moment, until he was completely out of danger, attending him with all the love of a relation, the obedience of a servant, and the skill of a physician; for solicitude and humanity teach many important lessons to those who are willing to learn them.

From this conduct Charles did not only reap the immediate advantage of saving that friend's life, who in this far-distant country was at once a father, master, and tutor to him, but he found that his conduct excited the attention and elicited the goodwill of the inhabitants, who in his private virtue beheld the way to benefit both themselves and the visitors they approved; they therefore readily visited the stores, and bought with avidity the articles agreeable to their choice, and suited to their situation.

Still tenderly careful of the delicate health of his friend, Charles would not suffer him to use any exertion he could save him from, and he became himself the only medium through which business was transacted; and as he now spoke the language fluently, was handsome in his person and manners, he was soon as much courted by the native residents as he had been despised; and every house in Cordelaria was soon open to his reception, with an hospitality he had never witnessed in Europe, and which therefore was more flattering and engaging to him.

After staying as long as appeared likely to answer their purpose, they removed to Assumpcion; but the journey again producing bad symptoms in Mr. Hinckley's health, it was agreed that he should become stationary at this place, where their chief magazine should remain, whilst Charles should make such excursions as appeared consistent with the object of their journey.

In this town they had the mortification and sorrow to hear of the defeat of the British army, and to learn that all hopes of establishing trade on a permanent footing were generally abandoned by those adventurers who, like themselves, had sought to establish it. They found, to their great mortification, that many had parted with goods for less than they bought them in England; and others had, in seeking personal safety, abandoned them altogether; and that though a considerable party in favour of the English actually existed in the country, they were at present afraid to shew their heads; all was dark and gloomy; if they attempted to return, they would undoubtedly be taken prisoners, and their goods confiscated; if they presumed to proceed, they only placed themselves in a situation of equal peril, as, if apprehended, they would have less chance of escape.

In this dilemma, the most advisable plan appeared that of consolidating the property they had taken as much as possible, and making the best remittances to England they were able; and as they had no doubt but numerous vessels were then sailing for England, Charles determined to disguise himself as a Spaniard, and return as speedily as possible to Monte Video.

Here he found all the confusion and distress incident to a retreating and suffering army; and in witnessing the disgrace of his beloved countrymen, he partook their feelings so much as to excite suspicion, and many eyes were turned upon him with threatening import. Happily for both himself and all whom he served, he was ever prompt in the dispatch of whatever he took in hand; and although he experienced a great deal of that lassitude consequent on a warm climate, and was frequently tempted to partake the indulgence of an afternoon's nap, or to yawn away a valuable morning, yet he never yielded to his wishes, until he could say to himself—"My work is finished; I may repose without injury to my business."

Under this salutary spirit of industry, he lost no time in effecting his purpose, and very soon placed his bills and other property in the hands of a British officer on whom he could rely. He was unable, from the pressure of business, to write even a line to his dear family; but he engaged the gentleman whom he intrusted to see his mother in London, and assure her of his safety: alas! while he spoke the words, that safety was lost—he was seized in the presence of his kind messenger as a spy, and ignominiously dragged away, and lodged in a close and gloomy prison.

Such had been the hurry and trepidation of his late transactions, that for some time poor Charles could hardly believe the

reality of what was passing around him, but was ready to fancy, that an uneasy dream oppressed him. Too soon he awoke to a full conviction of the wretchedness of his situation, the failure of his hopes, and the fearful nature of the captivity in which he found himself. He was well aware that he was in a land ill provided with laws, and still worse provided with administrators, in the *best* of times, and rendered infinitely worse at present, from the terrible confusion which ever attends the seat of recent warfare; and although he could not regret a disguise which had enabled him to remit that money so dearly obtained to his master, he yet abhorred every thing which rendered him a likely object of suspicion to the people amongst whom he had lately resided as a friend.

Day after day passed on, and he could neither obtain from his surly and silent gaoler, either information as to the duration of his imprisonment, or its probable consequence; he merely learnt, and his heart sickened at the idea, that the English had evacuated the place, and that the remainder of the goods which he had deposited on his arrival had been carried away. For some time he flattered himself that Mr. Hinckley, alarmed by his stay, would come and search for him, and either by interest or money, procure his release; but by degrees this hope forsook him also, and he began to fear that the good old man had again fallen into bad health, or perhaps, deprived of his care, and in a state of mind conducive to disease, become its victim.

His own health now began seriously to suffer from his close confinement and extreme anxiety, to which might be added, the scantiness and badness of the food, which, at unequal and frequently far-distant periods, was allotted him. Often did he now acknowledge, that the narrow means and poor fare to which his misfortunes since his father's death had subjected him, were real blessings, since they had paved the way for the severer privations he now suffered, and which he could never have endured, had he been a stranger to this painful initiation.

Often would the thoughts of his dear home, and all the beloved faces which memory had faithfully pictured on his mind, now rise, and fill his heart with anguish almost too great to be endured. He would behold his mother, with pale and breathless expectation, look over every page of the newspaper, inquire by every means of his safety, and shrink, with looks of anguish, from the barren informer, which could tell her no news of her first-born. He heard, in idea, the infantine inquiries of his little sister, and her fond lamentations for dear "Broder Charley," whose presence was ever to her the signal of mirth and the harbinger of joy; but on the sorrows of his brother he dwelt, if possible, with intenser sorrow, and in feeling for him he forgot even his own misfortunes, as if the woes of sympathy exceeded those of reality, and that in his sorrows Tom was the principal sufferer.

But although these soul-sinking moments at times triumphed over him, yet his mind was too firm and manly to yield to despondency; and the more he found that grief unnerved his spirits, the more he resolved to oppose it with vigour; and to this end he began seriously to meditate the possibility of escape from the place of his cruel confinement, where it appeared now that he had been placed rather from the caprice and indignation of the moment, than from any regular charge, since none was since then exhibited against him.

CHAPTER VI.

The room, or fort, in which Charles was now confined, consisted of four high walls, with a strong covered roof, from which it was lighted by a single square hole, which appeared so indifferently grated, that he was assured that if he could once reach it, he could easily break his way out of the top; and as his guard was far from vigilant, he entertained hopes, from time to time, of thus escaping his prison, which was rendered only the more terrible, as he was the less watched, since his guard never came near, except to bring him food; and there were many times when, in addition to all other horrors, he had that of fearing lest he should perish for want of it.

But, alas! all his means of attaining this wished-for end consisted of one low stool, and a deal board with two sticks, which was his substitute for a table. Many a time in the day, and still oftener in the night, did he, by the rays of the moon, or some benignant star, place these in every possible direction, so as to stand upon them as to be near the little opening which opposed his wishes; but he was still at too great a distance for the least probability of escape. One night, however, stung by disappointment of food, in addition to every other suffering, he again mounted on his crazy pedestal, and giving a high leap, actually caught hold of the bars, which instantly gave way, and he fell back into his prison with the iron lattice-work in his hand, falling on his little scaffolding, which broke all to pieces under him, and added to his troubles that of bruising him terribly.

Hope was now apparently exchanged for despair, since the situation in which the keeper found him sufficiently explained the design he had nurtured, and shewed the opening he had made to the exterior of the building. The lazy Spaniard did not, however, give himself the trouble of repairing the breach; he contented himself with observing he could never reach it, and with casting a contemptuous look on the broken stool and table, which lay shivered on the floor.

Poor Charles, ever sanguine, endeavoured, by the help of the iron bars, to put these together; and used to active life, he found his spirits return, and even the pain and stiffness of his joints relieved by this employment. In doing this, he naturally cast his eyes towards the place from whence he had fallen, and which now, from the removal of the bars, admitted a freer view of the sky, on which alone he could now feast his sight. To view one star after another, shine in the blue expanse, became to him a sweet employment; and his early lessons in astronomy, though at the time but little attended to, he now sought to recollect; and he recalled with avidity to his mind many conversations he had held with his brother on this sublime study.

As he was thus employed one solitary night, comforting himself with that most blessed relief which either subdues misfortune, or gives us strength to bear it—that the same Almighty hand which ruleth those shining orbs and their attendant worlds, likewise ordereth all lesser things in heaven and earth, and can deliver those who trust in him from the lowest depths of adversity—he perceived something twice pass over the opening, which slightly impeded his view, and seemed like the waving of feathers.

To a being cut off from all intercourse with all created nature, the visit of a mouse, a fly, or even a spider, has been found of the most interesting and even endearing nature, as the sad memoirs of many prisoners have informed us. It struck Charles that this aerial guest was either a flamingo, or some other of those tropical birds whose brilliant plumage had frequently attracted his admiration since his arrival in this country. Eagerly he watched for its return, and was not disappointed; in a few moments it again hovered over the orifice in the roof, and then began to descend gradually towards him.

As it approached, he perceived with surprise that it was not a bird, but one of those immense plumes of feathers which are, in this country, frequently hung from the roofs of houses, being commonly suspended over the dining-tables, and bandied to and fro between two servants, for the purpose of clearing away the numerous flies which settle on the meat.

As soon as Charles became aware of this, his heart began to throb with expectation those only can form an idea of who have been in similar situations; some unknown, but friendly hand, was doubtless held out to help him—on the present moment was probably suspended not only all the good or evil of future life, but life itself! Parent, brother, and country, swam before his sight, and in terrible agitation he seized, and even embraced the descending plume, listening for some voice, and examining for some letter which might be concealed among the feathers to direct him.

All was silent as the grave, nor could he find the direction or information he sought; but he observed that the plume was

fastened to a silken cord of so strong a quality, that it never could have needed such a one for any purpose to which it could be commonly put, and he therefore conceived that some person without was waiting to drag him up by its means. He pulled the cord several times, and became convinced that it was held by firm and friendly hands; and being ever a lad of courage, notwithstanding his late bruises, he did not hesitate to bind it firmly around him, and make a signal, by gently pulling, to inform those without that he was ready. His signal was understood. In a moment he began gently to ascend, and was soon at the top of his prison, where he found no great difficulty in sliding from the roof to the edge of the building, where he perceived an English gentleman and his servant, who had been his deliverers thus far, and who, now holding an open blanket, made a signal for him to jump into it, and pointed to a saddled horse at a little distance, which was provided to ensure his safety.

In a moment Charles found himself in the arms of his liberator, and heard himself, in a low but most welcome voice, and in the dear language of his native country, assured of his safety. Falling on his knees, he thanked the Almighty devoutly for his unlooked-for mercy; then rising, readily accepted the clothes this generous friend had provided for him; and while dressing, eagerly whispered inquiries after Mr. Hinckley, by whom, he apprehended, this deliverance had been brought about.

"Alas!" replied the young man, "I grieve to tell you that the poor old man sickened and died at Assumpcion soon after you left him. The property he had with him there was, I apprehend, disposed of by him; but I believe all is perfectly safe which you stowed in Cordelaria, and thither I would advise you to set out immediately."

Poor Charles was sincerely afflicted to hear of the death of his friend, so far from his native land and from every comfort; but he had no time to reveal his feelings, and finding this gentleman's humanity had been the sole cause of his interference in his behalf, awoke his gratitude in the most lively manner; and although his tears flowed to the memory of the dead, his words rapidly shewed what he felt due to the living.

"My dear fellow," said the stranger, "I hope to gain a *friend* in you, and that will surely repay, a thousand times, the exertions I have at length happily made to terminate your captivity, which has, I know, been continued, rather from the obstinacy and idleness of your confiners, than any remaining malice against your country, or suspicions of yourself. However, to provide against contingencies, set out, as I direct, for Cordelaria; there claim your property, and dispose of it in your own character. It is probable that I shall see you in the course of a fortnight at that place; and in the mean time think of Edward Mainwaring as your English friend and liberator, and one ever happy to serve you."

Charles was precisely at that age, and under those circumstances, when a friend so newly found, and of such engaging manners as Edward possessed, was likely to make the most lively impression; and with all the ardour of gratitude, and the romantic fervour of youth, he protested that he would never cease to love and thank him, and that he should wait with impatience for the day that should unite them; he then hastily mounted, and was just pricking his horse into a gallop, when Edward checked him, to present him a well-stocked purse, and a brace of pistols, both of which, he observed, were necessary to a traveller.

The day was now dawning, and for some miles the only care of Charles was that of speed; but when he had proceeded far enough to ensure safety, he became sensible of the want of food and repose, and was looking anxiously around for both, when his attention was drawn towards a man who sat under a shrub near him, who appeared sick and in distress. He turned to him immediately, and with great emotion perceived that he was an English sailor.

The poor man was endeavouring to get to Monte Video, in order to procure a passage for England or the West India Islands; but he had suffered so much from extreme poverty, that he sat down here literally to breathe his last, and but for the cheering voice of his countryman, would probably have finished his mortal existence, without a human being to speak to his departing soul.

Charles, though extremely solicitous to do him every kind office, yet saw that it was absolutely impossible to return to Monte Video, on the very day he had escaped from thence as a prisoner; he therefore proposed to him to return up the country with him until his health should be re-established, to which the sailor readily consented; and Charles mounted him on his own horse, and by his direction they proceeded to a village near the place, where he immediately procured refreshment; and after some hours' repose, they were both so much refreshed as to proceed on their journey, the sailor riding, and Charles walking beside him, often leading his horse over rugged places, which the tar declared he could not navigate.

The night was beautifully serene, and as our young hero gazed on the wide expanse of scenery around, and the glorious arch of heaven above him, he felt all the sweets of liberty, and with rapture inhaled the pure breeze, which appeared to renovate his strength, and restore to him that portion of life he had spent in the close vapours of his cheerless prison. Never had he experienced such delightful sensations. Home, and joy, and wealth, and friends, and honour, swam before his eyes, while gratitude to the great Giver of all, awoke in his bosom that ecstasy which springs from true devotion.

While enjoying these sublime emotions, his actions naturally partook the fervour of his heart, and from time to time he sprung forward with light and bounding steps, until recalled by the wants or the entreaties of his companion. In this situation they entered a wooden glen, where it became necessary to explore the path, and reconsider the instructions they had received, which had particularly recommended silence; for this pass, though short, was dangerous, from being infested with wild beasts.

They proceeded in silence, but without fear; for one was too happy to entertain despondence—the other, relieved from death and inured to danger, thought not of it, and repeated not his warning, though the young man had proceeded again beyond his view. Charles had, in fact, heard a rushing sound among the brushwood, for which he could not account, and stepping forward, he caught the glare of what appeared two twinkling diamonds of astonishing magnitude. In a moment the coppice shook, some terrible animal, whose gleaming eyes he had beheld, sprung forth towards an object he did not see, by reason of the overshadowing trees, but which uttered a faint cry in a human voice, as the terrible destroyer advanced towards him.

Humanity, courage, and even the terror of the scene, gave instant energy to Charles, he flew after the bounding steps of the tiger—he was on the spot at the very instant when he seized the cloak of a solitary Spaniard, and grasping his pistols firmly, he advanced to the very head of the ferocious beast, and with a well-nerved arm, fired immediately at its head; but he knew not the extent of his danger—the ball wounded but did not kill the monster, who turned with fury on his antagonist. But for his self-command, he would have been an immediate victim; he fired the next pistol, and the tiger fell; whilst the Spaniard, reassured, arose, and presented his preserver with a dagger, which the sailor, now arrived, took at his hand, and observing that his young master was not accustomed to such things, used it to dispatch him.

The enemy thus defeated, the little party endeavoured to give and receive congratulations; but they were too sensible of remaining danger to say much. Reloading the pistols, each took one, while the sailor, whose name was Humphrey, still brandished the dagger, and they proceeded in silence, and forming a close phalanx, until they emerged into a more populous district, stopping together at the first house that would receive them.

Signor Francisco, the Spaniard thus providentially rescued, had the appearance of a poor old man, but his language bespoke him a man of education, and his manners were far superior to his appearance. In his conversation he expressed a great sense of the obligation laid upon him by the courage and promptitude of Charles, and confessed himself exceedingly to blame for travelling without servants through such a country. From this he concluded that the signor had servants, but otherwise he would not have guessed it; he treated him, however, with deference, as an elderly man; and from that natural love we all have to that which we have benefitted, he could not bid him adieu on the day following, without shewing the sensibility of a heart which ever abounded in kindness to its fellow-creatures; and although the signor was not a man apparently of "melting mood," he yet evidently felt no common attachment towards the youthful stranger, who had been his deliverer from a horrible death.

CHAPTER VII.

On arriving at Cordelaria, he was immediately recognised as the holder of the stores, which were placed in his power with the utmost honour; and many of those who had become acquainted with him on his first visit to that place, welcomed him with cordiality, and were willing to purchase the remainder of his cargo, which he was anxious to part with, being extremely desirous of returning to his own country so soon as he could do it with advantage to his employers. He became again the man of business, and compared the months he had spent in confinement to a fever, which had deprived him of the use of his limbs, which, now he was restored, must be used with double diligence; his first care being to dispatch letters to England, although he trusted to reach his beloved friends almost as soon as they would, it being probable that their route would be extremely circuitous. The greatest trouble he now felt was the loss he unavoidably had sustained, of losing all his own letters during the period of his confinement, and the utter impossibility of inquiring for them at Monte Video, until his escape and his unjust confinement should be completely blown over, as he had learnt, from bitter experience, that people will often persist in wrong, merely because they have commenced in it.

One morning, as he was busied in arranging his stores, he was most agreeably surprised by a visit from the wounded merchant, whom he had attended in the hospital on his first arrival at Monte Video, and who, having long lost sight of him, had concluded that he had left the country with the principal body of English adventurers; he embraced him with the greatest affection, and gave him a pressing invitation to his house, which was not many miles distant, assuring him that his family would receive him as a friend and benefactor.

Before Charles could resolve to accept this invitation, his friend, Edward Mainwaring, arrived: and as he was included, and as Don Lopez, the merchant, could be not only his hospitable entertainer, but likewise his best assistant in the disposal of the remaining stock, he no longer hesitated to accept his kind proposal; and accordingly they all departed together.

The house of Don Lopez was situated on the banks of the river Uruguay and commanded a delightful prospect. It was adorned with all the elegance that wealth can procure under the dominion of taste; and our young traveller was received by the amiable and delightful family with gratitude, politeness, and esteem. Every luxury now courted his acceptance, and the pomp of Asiatic luxury and indulgence now supplied the lonesome days and scanty meals under which he had so long suffered; his care-worn looks and half-famished cheeks soon returned to their usual health and beauty; and the daily improvement in his appearance so delighted the worthy family, that they were unwearied in their efforts to please and amuse him. Costly banquets were succeeded by sprightly music and gay dances, or sometimes they made parties on the river, where, seated in light vessels, whose splendid awnings tempered the refulgent light, they amused themselves with fishing, or sketching the beauteous creeks and woody promontories that skirted this noble branch of the Plata, or in listening to the soft guitar and sweet airs sung by Signora Angela, the accomplished daughter of Don Lopez, and her friends.

But in all this round of pleasure, no other circumstance was so endearing to Charles as the enjoyment of Edward's society, who being just of his own age, being his own countryman, and, above all, being his liberator from a loathsome prison, had gained a hold on his affections above all other ties, and appeared to stand him in stead of all that he had lost in his own country. From his earliest recollection, the unbounded confidence he had enjoyed with his brother, had been a source of high enjoyment and pure consolation to him, and this pleasure was now restored, at a time when the long privation he had suffered rendered it doubly valuable. No wonder he gave his mind up to it with too great facility, and suffered it to steal him even from the memory of those who had far stronger claims upon him; for it was ever poor Charles's error to act too much without reflection, although he had in a great measure overcome the propensity.

One evening, as he was walking with his new friend, enjoying the cool breeze in the veranda, Mainwaring observed that Don Lopez was a good customer to Charles; he had given him bills to a considerable amount that morning.

"He is every way good," returned Charles; "but I wish he had paid me in cash, as I want to return you the twenty ducats you had the goodness to lend me the night you rescued me."

"Never mind them; money is nothing between you and me; I did not know how many there were in the purse, I am sure."

"*You* might not; but it would have ill become me not to have convinced myself, being brought up as I have been in regular attention to money matters, and being under a just necessity of considering the means of repayment."

"Well, my dear fellow, I will confess to you, now we are on the subject, that I want money: and if you will give me one of Don Lopez's bills, it will convenience me greatly; I will get it made into ducats to-morrow."

Immediately Charles took out his pocket-book, and presenting him with a bill for one hundred ducats, said he was happy in accommodating him, and no more passed on the subject: but within a few days some company arriving at the house of Don Lopez, Mainwaring got the bill cashed, but did not mention any thing of returning the change to his friend, who was a little surprised, as nothing less than a positive want of cash would have made *him* so long the debtor of Edward as he had been. He concluded that the same cause would have operated in *his* case; but so dearly did he love him, that had the money been his own, he would have given it him freely, ten times over.

One morning, he arose early to arrange his accounts, and consider of a proposal made to him by the merchant the day before, respecting the entire exchange of his remaining stock for oxen, with which the country abounded, and which he was well assured would find an excellent market in the West India Islands. He was seriously revolving this in his mind, when Edward, entering abruptly, asked him if he could lend him a little cash?

"I have got a few dollars."

"Dollars! nonsense! I want a hundred pounds or two, for a speculation which I think will turn out very profitable by-and-by."

"It is utterly out of my power; I have not so much in the world, my dear friend."

Edward burst into a loud laugh, and pointed to the notes on the table, which amounted to many hundreds.

"My dear fellow, these are not mine—they are my employer's; and although I am at this moment considering how to engage in a profitable speculation for him, yet I am sure you will think as I do, that I could not sport his money on my own account or yours."

Edward sat down; his face assumed a serious cast, and with a tone of tenderness and playful familiarity, which was peculiar to him, he addressed Charles thus—"My dear fellow, at the risk of your life, and to the loss of your liberty, you ventured to send a large sum to England for your employer, and which he doubtless has received long ago; this sum will indemnify him from all loss, which is as much as he has any right to expect in the affair, since not one adventurer in twenty has escaped so well; make yourself easy, therefore, as to the rest. This is the country for enjoying life; in this family you are idolized; assume the property as your own, and there is no doubt but you may marry the beautiful Angela, become the partner of her rich father, and without injury to yourself, make the fortunes of that man to whom you have vowed eternal friendship."

Charles was silent.

The tempter continued—"Should you return to England, what chance have you in life, but to remain a servant all your days? for your master, having sons of his own, cannot with propriety take you into partnership, and will think he rewards you for all your sufferings, by advancing you to a place of a paltry hundred a-year, probably; whereas here you will at once live in luxury and acquire riches; you will be able to transmit your mother an income that will render her as comfortable as she has ever been, and make your pretty sister a match for a gentleman; or perhaps they will all come over to you here, when they know how you are situated; even your brother, the little parson-elect, will lay down his Latin and Greek, to share the gold of this land of Ophir."

"Never, never!" exclaimed Charles, rising suddenly on his feet; "no, my dear Tom, I will not break thy heart, for the riches of all this hemisphere! May God forgive me that I have even listened for a moment to proposals that would dye thy honest cheek with blushes, my brother, my friend!"

The violent agitation Charles experienced at this moment, forced the tears freely from his eyes, and when he cast them on him whom he had loved so tenderly, and esteemed so highly, his anguish rose to very agony—"Ah, Edward" he cried, "is it you who would betray me—you, to whom my grateful heart has given a brother's place, and for whom I would have sacrificed all my worldly prospects? I tremble to think how extensive your power was over my heart only a few moments ago; but I thank you for naming my *brother*—it has restored me to myself—it has been the talisman by which a merciful Providence tore the veil from my eyes, and shewed me the gulf into which I was plunging."

Shrunk and ashamed, Edward stood before him a guilty and self-condemned creature; in vain, for some minutes, he

endeavoured to parry the words and looks of his friend, which he felt to speak, even in their mildest accents, daggers of reproach: at length, overwhelmed, he sunk on a sofa, and hiding his face, declared himself utterly ruined, and protested that nothing less than his extreme distress would have induced him to make such dishonourable proposals to Charles, exclaiming, in great affliction, that there had been a time when he too should have spurned the idea of a fraud, like that which he recommended so lately to another.

Charles now looked upon him with pity, and earnestly entreated him to return to that path of integrity he had quitted: he now learnt that Edward had been like himself, entrusted with goods for an English house, which he had sold to very little profit; and during the time he was thus engaged at Buenos Ayres, he had been led into company which engaged him in gaming, which paved the way to a total depravation of character, and led him to determine on remaining in a country which he thought would prove to him a golden harvest; he had found himself deceived in his hopes, and was about to return to England, when learning the situation of Charles, he determined to release him, and then claim his gratitude; but the undeviating propriety of his victim had hitherto frustrated his wishes, and he had waited the development of his schemes, until he supposed long absence had weakened his attachment to his native country, and luxurious living should have enervated his mind, and rendered him liable to seduction.

When Edward had finished this confession, the humiliation of which he appeared severely to feel, Charles thus addressed him—"Wounded as I am by your proposal, and shocked as I must be with knowing how closely I have associated with one whose conduct has been so diametrically opposed to all that a young man in my situation ought to approve, yet I can neither tear you wholly from my affections, Edward, nor forget my own obligations to you; leave me for one hour, during which I will calculate my own wages, and I promise you faithfully to give you to the amount of the last shilling I am worth in the world; in the mean time, consider if there is any other way in which I can serve you, and be assured I will do it to the very utmost of my power. Oh, my friend, if you can resolve to be worthy of that name, how happy would it make me!"

When Edward was gone, Charles seriously took his own heart to task, and examined how far he had been accessory to the conduct of Edward; and he acknowledged that he had been imprudent in giving the reins too much to his affections; and that even a demand on gratitude cannot, in all cases, warrant unbounded confidence and esteem—"Alas!" said he, "it is hard to doubt, when it is sweet to love:" he perceived that this fascinating stranger had won him, in a great measure, from those natural ties which were so justly dear to him—had weakened, though imperceptibly, his sense of religious observances, and the punctualities necessary in business; and that, if it had not been for the presence and interference of Don Lopez, all business would have been neglected; he now bent his knee with deep humility to the Author of his being, lamenting his unworthiness, and entreating that support and guidance which cometh from God alone, and arose refreshed and inspirited.

Having fulfilled his promise, he found that forty pounds were due to him, over and above the hundred ducats that he had already advanced to Edward, and with this in his hand, he now sought this unhappy and guilty young man. The moment he beheld him he would have fled; but Charles spoke to him with kindness, and entreated him to accept his money, as a debt due for a service of the last importance, and as money which, he had *honestly earned*.

At these words, Edward, flinging himself on his neck, declared solemnly, that such was his deep contrition, and utter abhorrence of his past conduct, that he would now give the whole world to be placed in any situation where he could indeed honestly earn his living by suitable exertions.

Willing to believe, and anxious to serve him, Charles lost not a moment in recommending him to the service of Don Lopez, who engaged him as a foreign clerk, in which he could be respectably employed, without any money, save his own, ever passing through his hands—a circumstance that would have been hazardous both to him and his employer. This business settled, Charles lost not another hour in expediting his own concerns; he felt that the house of Don Lopez had but too many attractions for him, and he resolved to tear himself away whilst yet it was in his power: but a new and different trial yet awaited him.

Don Lopez dearly loved the amiable young man who had so tenderly watched him in the day of his trouble, and further acquaintance had increased his attachment; he had seen for some time a mutual tenderness stealing over the minds of his daughter and their young guest; and as money was no object with him in a case of so much moment, he resolved that the want of it on Charles's side should not prove an obstacle; but though the generous Spaniard could wave all claims of fortune, he could not think of giving his daughter to a heretic; he therefore took occasion one day to lay before him all the doctrines and advantages which he believed to belong to his own mode of faith exclusively; and at length concluded with

saying, that in case Charles could embrace it, he would gladly receive him as a son.

Angela was dear to Charles as the light of day; she was beautiful, innocent, and affectionate, and he thought she loved him; this was *indeed* a trial, and the young man nearly sunk under it—"I have not," said he mentally, "considered much on this subject; I have no doubt but the Catholic religion has many excellent members, and if I am really a Christian, what does it signify what name I bear? Thomas is, to be sure, of a different persuasion, and——"

At the thoughts of Thomas, every idea of reconciling himself to the Catholic faith vanished; he saw again clearly that it was his duty to tear himself from the contemplation of a subject at once so dear and so dangerous; and professing himself unable to comply with the requisition, he pressed the good merchant to his heart, and hastily departed, attended by Humphrey, not trusting himself with another view of Angela.

Having settled all his affairs in the best manner possible, he once more bent his steps to Monte Video, being furnished with letters to the magistrates, who received him now with kindness, and honourably acquitted him of all designs against the state, ascribed his captivity to his disguise, and the necessary vigilance the times then required. Here he embarked for the West India Islands, taking a large cargo on board, intended for the markets of those islands; and having a fair wind, though somewhat sad and divided heart, we will leave him to recover his spirits, and exert them in useful employment, whilst we inquire after his long-lost family in England.

CHAPTER VIII.

When the public papers had announced the sad news of the British defeat at Buenos Ayres, and the arrival of different vessels without any tidings of Charles, both Mrs. Harewood and her youngest son felt the greatest alarm for the safety of this beloved object; but when the officer arrived with remittances, they were in some measure relieved, as they were thence assured of his life and health, especially as although the officer mentioned the arrest which he witnessed to Mr. Coulston, he kept it from those whom it would so greatly have alarmed and affected.

From this time no information of any kind reached them, until some letters from Mr. Hinckley arrived, lamenting the absence of the excellent young man, who had been to him as a son and brother, and inquiring whether he had not himself been obliged to embark with the property he left him in order to forward from Monte Video. Next followed an account of the death of this gentleman; after which no news of any kind arrived, as the ship was unfortunately lost by which the letters were sent written by Charles on his liberation.

Month after month rolled heavily away; and as no further tidings were heard, either of Charles or the remaining investments, there were not wanting those about Mr. Coulston, who insinuated that Charles had converted them to his own use, and would never be heard of again. These inuendoes the good merchant would never endure; he maintained stoutly his good opinion of Charles, and determined to wait yet a little longer.

Sometimes buoyant in hope, sometimes afflicted with fear, Thomas continued to pay the most unremitting attention to his studies, and attained not only praise from his kind patron, but rewards from the University, and was thereby enabled greatly to help himself, and even his mother, as the good Doctor persisted in making him the same allowance he had first presented him with, until his brother should return, or some permanent salary should be allotted him.

The life of a studious man is given in few words; it is rich in effect, but barren in incident, and nearly as monotonous as poor Charles had found his prison-hours; and although melancholy for his brother's doubtful fate tinged the days of poor Thomas, yet he seldom essayed a change of action, or experienced a diversity of feeling, until his arrival in London, in consequence of a sudden summons from his mother, just after he had been presented with a new honour from the college to which he belonged, and the prospect of a lucrative situation.

But from this interview the calm tenour which had hitherto "possessed his soul in peace" was known no more; those whispers and conjectures which had hitherto been scarcely breathed against the fair fame of his brother, were now publicly spoken; they had reached even to his mother, and had pierced her heart with a pang she had never felt till now.

Letters had been received from a respectable merchant, in which mention was made of Charles as residing in the interior of the country, and carrying on business on his own account as a merchant, being closely connected with one Mainwaring, a known gamester, and a man of disreputable character; and it was added that Harewood was about to renounce his religion, for the sake of marrying a merchant's daughter in the country, as he never could return to his own.

On the hearing of this cruel and yet too-probable account, being apparently upheld by circumstances, a new and energetic spirit appeared at once to inform the soul of Thomas; he insisted on his brother's innocence, with all the vehemence of affection, and the decision of innate and uncontrollable conviction; he spoke of his early education, the principles instilled from early life, his own native generosity, and above all, his sense of moral justice and religious obligation; but finding that he convinced only himself and his mother, and really believing that at least so much of the tale was true as related to his dear brother's existence, he at length determined to set out himself for that country, which had proved so fatal to the peace of a family who knew no happiness but in each other.

Mrs. Harewood naturally remonstrated against it.—"If I am bereaved of *both* my children," cried she, with the patriarch, "surely it will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!"

"But, my dear mother, should Charles be innocent, ought he not to be drawn out from this cloud of calumny, and brought to meet his accusers?"

"Certainly, my dear boy."

"And if he is guilty, which God forbid! ought he not to be sought and reclaimed?"

"Oh yes!—at any price I would reclaim him."

"And, who, dear mother, is so likely to effect either as myself—the brother he always loved so tenderly, and one who is devoted to the sacred office of calling sinners to repentance?"

A faint consent, breathed in a sigh that proved how deeply the mother's heart was wrung, decided this projected expedition; and as Doctor Ecclestone could not help approving the determination of his amiable and virtuous *protégé*, Thomas speedily embarked on board a vessel bound for Rio de Janeiro, from whence he hoped to obtain the means of exploring his brother's supposed residence.

When he was really set out, the spirits of poor Mrs. Harewood sunk to the lowest ebb, and all the tender endearments of her lovely girl, now in her seventh year, and a most promising child, were unequal to raising them. But from one of those incidents which continually cross us in life, it so happened that within a week after Thomas had sailed, Humphrey, the companion of her eldest son's voyage to the West Indies, arrived in London, accompanying an investment of West India produce, sent by the industrious and successful Charles, to the master whose interest he had protected to the uttermost.

Here then was proof of his honesty, which refuted every calumny; and the widowed heart of his mother was enabled not only to rejoice in his innocence, but the near prospect of beholding him, as he was only waiting for certain payments in Martinique, when he intended to embark on board the packet, and might therefore be expected every day, as it was probable that he would sail much quicker than the heavy-laden vessel of the faithful Humphrey had done. "Be happy, my dear madam," said Mr. Coulston; "you have been long an anxious and laborious mother, but I trust the evening of life will be spent in ease; for from the moment your son arrives, he shall become my partner. In giving such an assistant and example to my children, I render them the highest good I can bestow."

Tears of delightful gratitude and delightful hope coursed down the cheeks of the fond mother; but her joy was suddenly checked on remembering her youngest son.—"Alas!" cried she, "what hours of sad solicitude, what wearisome wanderings, and heart-breaking disappointments, must he not experience! and strange as he is to the world, averse from its bustling pursuits, and new to the habits and manners of those around him, how great must be his disgust, how unhappy his situation?"

But even the fears of the tender mother did not paint the sufferings of her youngest son; they arose not from the novelty and disagreeableness of his situation, for although that was very unpleasant to him, he was too much engrossed by one great source of anguish to think of himself, or his convenience and comfort; Charles, dear Charles, alone occupied his mind; on *him* he thought—for *him* he prayed incessantly; and though the gentleness of his manners and the benignity of his countenance ensured him from giving offence to those around him, he yet continued as much a stranger to them as if he was still studying in his college, so much was he occupied with the engrossing object of his affectionate solicitude.

He had been only five days at sea, however, when his attention was forcibly seized by an object that could not fail to awaken the energies and fix the attention of every Briton; a French privateer was coming athwart them, having already captured an English packet, and evidently designing to add their vessel to her prize.

Although far inferior in force, yet the sailors, to a man, and even the passengers determined to defend their floating castle with the most determined bravery, and Tom not only caught their enthusiasm, but blended it with that higher species of courage natural to a mind accustomed to continual reflection; but in a short period all powers of abstraction, even in him, were suspended; the action was begun, and life and death, freedom and captivity, hung on the decision; the fear of the latter was almost equal to the former, in the thoughts of the affectionate brother, who felt as if more than mortality depended on his beholding and regaining Charles.

In a short time the captain of the vessel became aware of his own power, and perceived that the Frenchman had not taken his little prize without a contest which had in part disabled him; on communicating this, the crew were more solicitous to press their advantages, and the consequence of their determined valour became not only their own security, but the capture of the enemy.

"You have fought bravely, Sir," said the Captain to Thomas; "and as fighting is not your profession, I esteem it the more noble in you; and as a reward for your exertion, I commission you to give liberty to our brave countrymen now under the hatches of that packet."

Tom, with his sword still in his hand, and all the glow of recent toil and exultation on his cheek, most gratefully accepted the permission, although the wound in his shoulder was bleeding freely. He flew to the vessel, and cried aloud—"Liberty! liberty!"

He was answered by a shout from within, and one voice seemed to vibrate on his ear in tones that reached his heart; he was unequal to perform the endearing office he undertook, and in breathless agitation he sunk back into the arms of the sailor who was the nearest to him.

His faintness was imputed to his wound, and he was carried immediately upon deck. In a few moments the late imprisoned party swarmed around like bees escaping from their hive. The buzz of voices again broke on his ear; he was sensible of a close pressure around him, and one, distinct from all the rest, exclaimed—"For Heaven's sake staunch that wound! Oh that my blood could flow for his!"

Tom opened his eyes, and, kneeling at his feet, with anxiety marked in every feature, beheld the object of his search—his brother!

For a moment he gazed upon him; it was *indeed* Charles—honest, affectionate, open-hearted Charles—the brother of his infancy, the friend of his heart; they rushed into each other's arms, and every care and every sorrow in that blessed moment were overpaid to each.

Mutual inquiries succeeded; the surprise of Charles was particularly excited on seeing Tom's situation; how did that surprise give way to gratitude, and melt into even feminine tenderness, when he learnt that for him the studious youth had left the "cloisters pale," to dare the unknown deep, and wander beneath the torrid zone, to seek, and, were it needful, to reclaim him!

But, oh! how happy was Tom to find that his brother had proved as worthy of his pride as of his love, and that *he*, though far distant, had been the means of holding him steady in the path of virtue! and though he wept bitterly over the long sufferings of his painful captivity, he yet observed, with honest exultation, that there was no dungeon so dark as a guilty conscience—no state so degrading as a dishonoured mind.

After the captain had made proper arrangements with his prize, the packet was appointed to convey her into port—an honour she well merited, from the noble, though ineffectual, resistance she had made, and of course the brothers returned to London together.

As Charles was aware that his mother would be then expecting him, from the arrival of Humphrey, he made his appearance first, and was welcomed by her with all the delight which a mother so situated could feel towards her first-born son, now become a fine young man, equal to being the guardian and support of his widowed parent and her helpless daughter: that daughter next claimed his attention—a lovely flower, that sought his protecting tenderness to rear it to maturity, as a brother and a father; with what pleasure did he gaze—how did his kind heart repeat a thousand kind promises he was unequal to utter!

"But, dear heart!" said the mother, "our poor Tom is not here to share our pleasure."

"Yes, indeed, my dear mother, he is very near us."

With unmixed pleasure the happy encounter was now related, and in a few minutes both the sons stood before their mother; and although the younger, to the surprise of many of his acquaintance, bore witness that "he had been in the wars," yet he was evidently but the little worse for it.

The happy party were broken in upon by Humphrey, who had proved himself to Charles a good and faithful servant, and as such had been rewarded by Charles's master, and who now beheld what he had long wished for, the young man who had literally been the good Samaritan to him, in possession of health and happiness in his own country, and surrounded by his own family; but this happiness was further increased, when Mr. Coulston arriving, clasped the wanderer to his bosom, and with a countenance that said, in the language of Holy Writ—"Welcome, thou good and faithful servant," informed him of the intention he had previously expressed of taking him into partnership.—"Besides this," added Mr. Coulston, "I find I am commissioned by poor Hinckley, whose papers have only just come to hand, to pay you a legacy of five hundred pounds, or failing your life, he has given it to your mother."

"Then be it hers, my dear sir," said Charles "it will furnish her a house, in which, through your kindness, I hope to maintain her in comfort."

With sentiments of approbation Mr. Coulston now took leave. The conversation became more regular; and even Emily took a share in it, inquiring, with all the lively curiosity of youth, and particularly with that awakened by her reading, of

all the wonderful things that her brother had seen during an absence which had lasted more than half of her whole life.

Charles replied to all her inquiries with the most endearing kindness, and lamented that he had been able to bring her but few proofs of his remembrance, and those by no means valuable. In adverting to this, he was induced to speak of his obligations to Mainwaring; and this fully and satisfactorily explained to his family whence his unfortunate connection with that young man had arisen.

As Emily did not find this very entertaining, she had skipped down stairs to Humphrey, who had delighted her with the wonderful story of her brother rescuing an old Spaniard from the very jaws of the most terrible tiger that was ever heard of; and when she came back, she could not fail so to relate it, as greatly to affect the nerves of her mother, and call forth the eulogies of her younger brother.

"There was nothing particular in *that* part of the story," said Charles, eager to silence his own praises; "but there was undoubtedly something very singular in the circumstance of my meeting with the same person in Martinique."

"Oh dear, how was that?" cried Emily, eagerly, as she pressed up to take the offered place on his knee.

"It was thus, my little inquisitor. One evening, at the time when I was exceedingly busy, preparing for the departure of Humphrey, we were returning home from the ship, and in crossing the quay, perceived some Portuguese sailors hustling, and, as we apprehended, ill-using an old man, dressed in the habit of their own country.

"My man, who is rather subject to using a word and a blow as a conclusive argument, soon laid about him, in such a manner as to rescue the man, but not till one wretch had plunged his knife in his side. Humphrey knocked the offender down. I took the sick man in my arms, and being, as you see, pretty strong, carried him fairly away, and would have conveyed him to my lodgings, but in a faint voice he requested to be carried to his own; and accordingly I took him whither he requested to be carried, being now followed by Humphrey, who at the first glance of his face exclaimed—'Well, if this ben't Signor Francisco I'll be flogged; the sailors swore he was a famous miser—the lying scoundrels!'

"The wounded man now recollected us both, and lamented that his countrymen, more cruel than the tiger, had proved mortal to their prey; but he admitted that they had spoken only the truth, and lamented that his avaricious disposition made all the world his enemies."

"And did he really die?" cried Emily.

"Indeed he did, my dear, on the following day, about two hours after Humphrey embarked. I was with him at the last, and shall never forget his earnest adjuration, that I would remember that 'God abhorreth the covetous man.' Indeed he gave me a little book, which, he said, contained the history of his life, and which, some winter evening, we will all read together. I packed it up carefully with the rest of my papers, though, like its owner, it was pretty well battered and weather-worn."

"Oh, how I should like to look at it!"

"Well, if you can get Humphrey to uncord that box, and will be very careful how you remove the contents, your curiosity may be satisfied."

Emily was soon in possession of the expected prize, and like many other possessors, found herself sadly disappointed at an old vellum case, on which was written only—"The dying bequest of him who during his life gave too little, in order that he might leave too much behind him."

"Dear brother, this is no history at all, but only loose papers. Look at them—I can make nothing of them—I suppose it was not intended that little girls should understand them."

Charles took them from her hand, and beheld with astonishment securities for ten thousand pounds in the English funds, all legally presented and appropriated to his use.

"Look! look! you have dropped one paper," said the child.

The one paper was a loose envelope of four bank bills of fifty pounds each, directed to Humphrey, by the trembling hand of the expiring donor.

The sight of these bills awoke inquiry in all, and all, with equal delight, beheld the magnificent reward of Charles's courage and kindness—the recompence of his virtue and industry, and congratulated him upon it with tears of joyful satisfaction.

"To make it indeed a blessing," said Charles, "Tom must consent to share it with me; one-half of this, employed with my late excellent master, will form a rich income for my mother and myself—the other placed in government funds, will be a small but permanent and sufficient income for you, my dear brother; and added to that fellowship you will, I doubt not, soon enjoy, render you as easy in your circumstances as a man, whose wealth is books, would wish to be."

"Freely have you given, and freely will I take," answered Thomas; "for in doing it, I know I give you happiness: I ask only out of this same income, sometimes to share my mother with you."

The mother turned to reply, her eyes swimming with pious tears; but before she could speak, the entrance of a stranger obliged her suddenly to wipe them from her cheeks; for there was nothing in the gentleman's appearance that argued sympathy with such a scene as this.

"I presume, Madam," said he, "that you are the mother, and therefore natural guardian, of this infant, by name Emily Harewood, daughter of the late Charles Harewood and Louisa his wife!"

Mrs. Harewood coldly answered she was.

"Then, Madam, it is my duty and business forthwith to inform you, that by the will of the late John Basset, Esq. deceased, said infant becomes possessed of ten thousand pounds three per cent. consols, as soon as she arrives at the age of twenty-one years, interest, *ad interim*, payable to you for her board and education; which interest ceasing, you shall receive three hundred per annum for remainder of your natural life."

Joy again chained every faculty of the happy group, who perceived, in this delayed kindness to the family of his friend, a proof that Mr. Basset had been infected with Signor Francisco's easy-besetting sin; but although delayed thus, it was still heartily welcome, and awoke the most devout gratitude to that Almighty Protector who had thus filled their cup of mercy full to overflowing, and had led them, through the thick clouds of poverty and sorrow, to the blessings of independence and prosperity.

The lessons of adversity were too deeply and early written on their hearts to lose their first and best impressions; they have taught them still to tread the path of virtue with humility, industry, and integrity, and with especial gratitude acknowledged the kindness of all those who looked upon them in their low estate. Charles is at this time not only the partner but the son-in-law of his beloved master, one of the sweet girls who pitied him as she sat in her father's barouche, while he wept over his pony, having become the wife of his bosom.

Thomas has lately become possessor of a sweet rectory in the romantic county of Derby, where he is blessed by the society of that dear mother, whose presence was ever so peculiarly dear to him, and who hopes to spend the evening of life with him in joyful contemplation of a future. He is beloved and revered by his rustic parishioners, and admired and esteemed by their superiors. He enjoys an extensive acquaintance amongst great literary characters, and is himself an approved author; but his highest praise is that of being an useful shepherd of his flock—an upright and zealous minister of the gospel that he preaches.

Free from all affectation, and awake to every social feeling, in the happy and grateful intercourse he holds with his first learned patron, he does not forget the kindness of the worthy haberdasher, who is proud of having once possessed him, and with whom he holds the most friendly intercourse, frequently owning that during his service under him, he gained many essential benefits, in those lesser improvements which studious men are too apt to neglect but which are great advantages in the general progress of life, since without them a man of knowledge may appear foolish, and a wise man may prove disgusting.

As too great a regard to externals degenerates into coxcombry, and exhibits vanity and weakness, so does the opposite extreme descend to degrading slovenliness and soul-subduing laziness, which equally destroys all the finer action of the mental powers.

It will be perceived from this little history, that prudence is absolutely essential to happiness, and that it is not enough for a man to be honest; for duty demands that he shall be likewise careful even in the day of prosperity, though he is never

called upon to be mean and avaricious; and secondly, that the cultivation and exercise of domestic affection is at once the sweetest consolation in distress, the most delightful addition to joy, and the surest preservative to virtue, without which there is no happiness in life, or comfort in death.

Think of these things, my dear young friends, and imitate the conduct, so shall you deserve the pleasures experienced by the AFFECTIONATE BROTHERS.

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Transcriber's Notes:

original hyphenation, spelling and grammar have been preserved as in the original

Page 4, enlightened women ==> enlightened woman

Page 10, alone concerned, resented ==> alone concerned), resented

Page 15, great dea away. ==> great deal away.

Page 46, such thing, said ==> such thing," said

Page 59, since his arrival ==> since his arrival.

Page 82, I ... heart. ==> I ... heart.'

Page 88, rendered it matter ==> rendered it a matter

Page 89, of their merchandize ==> of their merchandise

Page 89, with the Uraguay ==> with the Uruguay

Page 100, every posible direction ==> every possible direction

Page 120, a little cash?" ==> a little cash?'

Page 137, Rio Janeiro ==> Rio de Janeiro

Page 145, the happy rencounter ==> the happy encounter

[The end of *The Affectionate Brothers* by Mrs. Hofland]