

for other ears, I would fain solicit the privilege of hearing you describe some of the scenes through which you have passed. Shall I confess that my curiosity has been aroused, and let me assure you, that if the sympathy of a comparative stranger be not unacceptable, you, will carry mine fully with you?

Mrs. GRUNDY.—It is a long tale, full of incidents little calculated to amuse, but as you have expressed a desire to hear it, it would be ungrateful in me not to comply with a request so kindly preferred. My earliest recollections are of the hurry and confusion attending a removal from a town in one of the midland counties of England, where I was born, to a delightful residence on the sea coast. The circumstances attending this migration, the novelty of the scenes into which we removed, and the manifold objects of pleasant contemplation around me, all conspired to banish from my young and somewhat capricious mind the memory of the scenes among which my infancy was passed. Nor have I since enjoyed the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with the place of my nativity. My father who had for several years held the curacy of Naseby, was, at this eventful time, preferred to a Rectory on the coast of Devon. The parsonage was situated on a cliff overhanging one of the numerous inlets so characteristic of the shores of this county. Before us could be seen the lonely and tempest-rocked Eddystone. The ceaseless murmur of the deep sea waves as they rolled in from the wide Atlantic and broke on the rocky beach, was the music amidst which my happy young hours glided on. A sister was my companion and we were the only sources of care which our parents seemed now to know. The Parish was somewhat extensive and its residents much scattered, so that his parochial duties occupied nearly the whole of my father's time. To a dear and highly gifted mother, was entrusted the intellectual training as well as domestic nurture of their two girls; and never was such obligation more scrupulously and successfully fulfilled. How happy were we then! Study was a recreation to which we daily looked forward with anxious desire. Every subject ordinarily within the compass of female education was in its turn taken up with an avidity and relish, which nothing but the admirable judgment and system pursued by our devoted mother could have induced. The consequence was, that at an early age, we found ourselves occupied in the familiar pursuit of studies with which few girls were then even superficially acquainted, and which still fewer at the present day ever attempt from choice. Natural history in all its departments was a favorite occupation, and the almost unlimited opportunities we possessed for the prosecution of Botany, Geology, and Entomology, rendered us only the more ambitious to be equally conversant with the higher

branches. How many a ramble over the rugged shore or through the fragrant meadows and the shady copse, were made the occasion of profitable examination and reading. Nor were the evenings which my father could devote to us less advantageously employed. Then were we taught to observe the wonderful mechanism of the stellar universe, to view the trackless journeys of the planets, the wandering comet; and to recognize the position of the constellations. Life fled in one unbroken stream of joy, as we listened to the lessons of wisdom, uttered by lips which seemed to derive inspiration from the subject of their admiration. Peacefully and happily year succeeded year; our little home was the world, and that a world of tranquility and beauty. As you may easily suppose this otherwise delightful existence was little calculated to prepare us for the rude trials of the other world which was beyond our daily rambles and was undreamed of by us. It has been said and with apparent justice, that the education which keeps the young from the temptations which must assail them when they enter the arena of busy life, which deprives them of an early and practical acquaintance with these, unfits them for the part they must eventually play in the great drama. But my own eventful life and the experience of the career of others similarly circumstanced, have induced the belief, that when the heart is well trained and stored with fixed principles, during the plastic period of youth, we enter life with an armour of moral force and discipline, which fortifies us against the assaults of temptation and raises us above the slavish thralldom of habit and the false pride engendered by a fatal and complacent observance of mere worldly precepts. The sacrifices which we daily witness at the shrine of opinion, are the fruits of early world-worship, and what we lose by ignorance of the deception practised upon us by the designing portion of mankind, is amply repaid by the consciousness of our own endurance and power of steadfast resistance. But I am moralizing now and must crave your pardon for this digression.

Mr. M.—Nay, my dear Madame, I respect your feeling on this point, and if I agree with you, that too much care cannot be bestowed on the education of the heart, I still think that the judgment must be matured by initiation to the ways of this same world. However advisable the system you propose may be for the gentler sex, men require to be prepared for their more active participation in the transactions of the world, by an intimate knowledge of the motives and actions of their fellow creatures—a knowledge to be acquired thoroughly, I am afraid, only by the ordeal of free intercourse, by “roughing it” as we say.

Mrs. GRUNDY.—I cannot think so. I see no difference, but in degree, between the course of both sexes, and perhaps with us the struggle is the greater when we are called to act on