

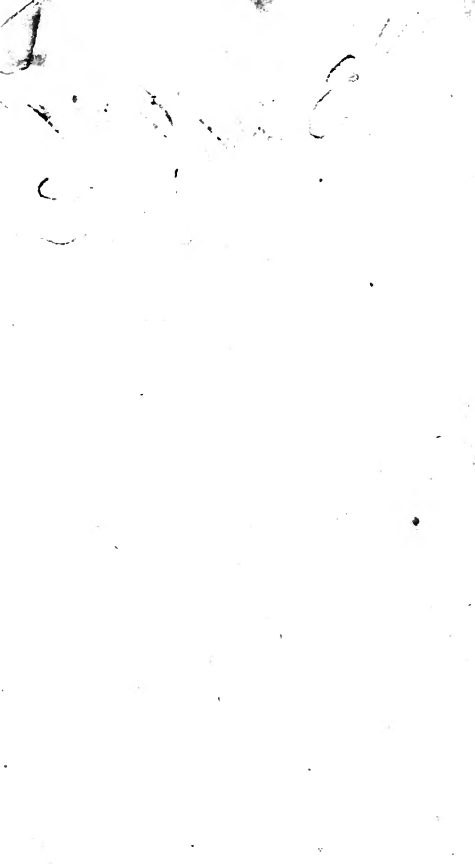
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Mary Perry

THE  
ADVENTURES  
AND  
CONVERSATIONS  
OF A  
MORNING,

INTENDED TO INTEREST AND INSTRUCT

*The Minds of Youth.*

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BY ONESIPHORUS FRANKLY.

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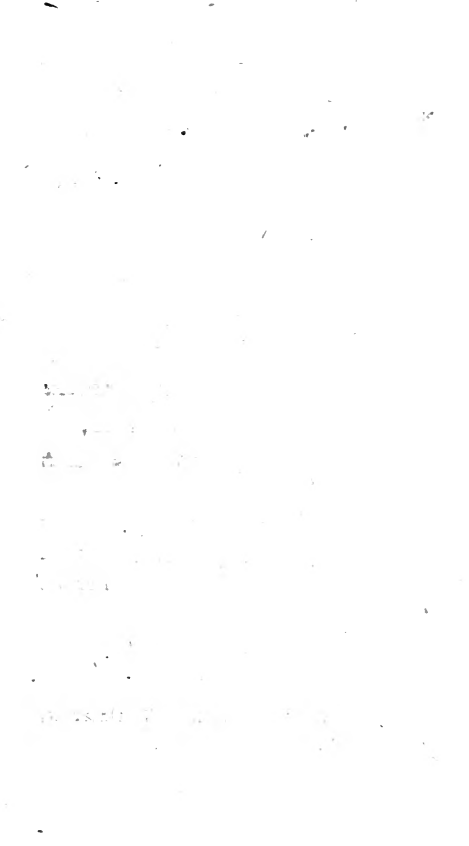
At lucre or renown let others aim  
I only wish to please the gentle mind  
Whom nature's charms inspire, and love of hu-  
man kind!

BEATTIE.

—○○○○—  
LONDON:

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—○—  
1810.



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THE

ADVENTURES, &c.

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IT was a beautiful morning in the month of August, when Sir William Worthy, with his wife and Lady Delaton, who had lately arrived at Beech Grove Park from London, on a visit to the Baronet's wife, were sitting together in the breakfast parlour. Charles and Henry, the sons of Sir William and

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Lady Worthy, were retired to the library, and their sisters, Clara and Fanny, had taken a walk to their aviary, which was situated in a sheltered spot of the shrubbery, to amuse themselves with tending on its little inhabitants, who chirped and sung about them in a vast variety of notes, all indicative of pleasure. “Well, Lady Delaton,” exclaimed Sir William, laying down the newspaper which he had been perusing, “I see you are admiring the beauties of the morning, are you inclined to take an airing in order to enjoy them more completely?” Lady Delaton consulted the inclination of her friend, Lady Worthy, and



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finding her quite willing to acquiesce in Sir William's proposal, their barrouche was ordered accordingly, and Clara and Fanny summoned to share in the pleasure of the ride. Sir William having found Charles and Henry in the library, proposed that they should accompany the party on their ponies; to which the boys most readily assented; and their father having desired them to accoutre themselves in a manner fit to make their appearance at the house of Mr. Affable, a neighbouring gentleman, on whom they intended calling, had left them; when he suddenly returned and desired Charles to carry with him the copy of a theme which he had

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lately written for Mr. Affable, and which he had long promised that gentleman Charles having returned his father an engagement in the affirmative, went out with his brother to dress, when feeling about in his pockets, he suddenly exclaimed, "Why I declare, Henry, I am a great blockhead!" "What is the matter then, what have you done Charles!" enquired Henry.

*Charles.* Dont you remember yesterday, as we were walking in the shruberry that Clara had been pulling up some groundsel for her canaries, and asked me to furnish her with some paper to wrap it in? Well! my theme

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happened to be the only paper I had about me, so I, foolishly enough to be sure, gave her that, and Clara naturally conceiving it be nothing of consequence, tore it in two, and wrapping her groundsel in one half, ran with the other to Fanny who was collecting more."

*Henry.* " I recollect your giving Clara a piece of folded paper, but thought it had been only one of those scrawls which I have often seen you tear in pieces and throw away ; but was it the fair copy ?"

*Charles.* " Alas ! it was the only copy I possessed ; the original scrawl was so worn by being screwed up in a

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corner of my pocket, for a month, that I could scarcely make it out sufficiently to take a fair copy, and as soon as I had done with it I threw it out of the window, where I saw the gardener sweep it into his basket, with some other rubbish, so I suppose it is buried and half rotten in the stable yard by this time, and now what am I to do? I shall be ashamed to go to Mr. Affable's without it, and I am sure I shall never recollect the whole, though I should puzzle my brains for a week."

*Henry.* "I wish I could assist you, Charles, with all my heart! But we must not lose time now, you must think of some apology as we ride along."

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Henry having thus quieted his brother's uneasiness, in a manner of which Charles was but too fond, they went and dressed themselves, and on their return found their father, mother and sisters, with Lady Delaton, just ready to step into the carriage, which stood at the door, where a servant waited also with their ponies. Sir' William, having observed to his sons that they were prepared *comme il faut* for their visit, asked Charles if he had *forgotten* his theme as usual? Poor Charles blushed, and told his father he had not forgotten it indeed, but what was worse he had lost it, and related the whole affair as he had before done

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to Henry. Sir William shook his head, and laying his hand upon his son's shoulder, "how often, Charles," said he, "must I repeat my lessons to you on this mischievous habit of *carelessness*, which you have been so long suffering to grow upon you; a habit, the consequent evil of which, I have often represented to you, and which you have often felt yourself. You know I have hitherto endeavoured to succeed with you by expostulation: I have now a fair opportunity of trying what effect a little privation will have on you. You cannot of course think of seeing Mr. Affable without your theme, which you have so long

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promised him. Instead of going out with us I must therefore insist upon your spending your morning at home in re-copying it. I am really sorry Charles to deprive you of such a pleasure, but remember that you have brought this punishment on yourself through *carelessness*."

*Clara.* "Can you not forgive Charles, this once? I shall be quite unhappy if he does not share in our enjoyment."

*Sir William.* "It would be a piece of injustice, my dear, to your brother, were I to revoke the sentence which I have just passed on him. If I loved him less than I do, I might dispense

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with the punishment due to his fault, but I mean to convince him that I love him too well to neglect his interest, by suffering him to neglect it himself; so say no more, my love, Charles is conscious that he deserves what I have imposed upon him, and is, I see, willing to submit accordingly."

Charles feeling, as his father had said, the justice of his sentence, and hearing that expostulation was vain, assumed as cheerful an air as he could, and wishing them a pleasant ride, retired again to the library, where we will leave him and accompany our party, who immediately proceeded on their excursion, Henry cantering on before



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attended by a servant. Sir William proposed, after they had called on their friend, to go round by his farm, and see how his bailliff, farmer Greenfield, managed his new flock of sheep, and as Grove Farm was pleasantly situated, all the party were pleased with the scheme: they were not advanced many hundred yards when the following dialogue commenced.

*Fanny.* “ Papa! when you were speaking to Charles and Henry just now, in the hall, you said they were *comme il faut*, will you have the goodness to explain that expression? I have often heard it used, but am not certain that I quite understand it.”

*Sir William.* “ Ask your sister, my dear, she is learning french and ought to be capable of informing you.”

*Clara.* “ *Comme ill faut*, Fanny, is a french term, and used to the same intent as if I should say, *you are just as you ought to be.*”

*Sir William.* “ You have defined the subject very properly Clara. You see it is always well to remember these little things. It is desirable to give information when called upon, even in the smallest concerns, where they are in the least attended with usefulness.”

*Lady Delaton.* “ This is one of the most delightful mornings I ever re-

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member; the air exhilarates and refreshes my spirits."

*Clara.* "For my part I shall not half enjoy my ride this morning, delightful as every thing appears, because I consider myself to have contributed to poor Charles's disappointment."

Here Lady Worthy observed to her daughter that although she should be sorry if either of her children did not regret the absence of a brother, or a sister, from a scene of social enjoyment, yet there was no reason for her to lose the pleasures of the morning on the present occasion, because Charles was certainly the author of his own

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punishment; she then desired Clara and Fanny to observe a little cottage on the side of a wood, over the meadows on their left hand, telling them that the poor labourer lived there, for whose wife they had lately employed themselves in making a bedgown, when Sarah, the laundry maid, made up the child's clothes, and other necessaries for the poor woman. "She has since been confined," said Lady Worthy, "and I wish to return that way that I may see how she is going on. Sarah is a trusty, benevolent creature, but I have a pleasure in seeing and knowing the want, of these poor wretches myself." "Bless me!" exclaimed Lady

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Delaton, “do you condescend to visit such mean people as those?” “Far from considering it as any *condescension*,” returned Lady Worthy, “I regard such a practice as an *indispensible* duty.” Lady Delaton looked surprized, and said, she did not exactly comprehend what her friend meant by considering her *duty* interested in such kind of visits. “I will explain myself to you my dear friend,” said Lady Worthy, “I have been accustomed to regard the goods of fortune as placed in my hands by their all-bountiful dispenser, with the same intent that Sir William gives a sum of money into those of his steward, to be occupied *to the best advantage*. I read

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in the sacred records of all truth, the Bible, that “to whom much is given, of him much shall be required,” Luke xii. 48. I read there also, that “Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble,” Psalm xli. 1. Thus then I find that these things are actually required of me, and required not without promises of the most ample compensation; added to this, I remember that if I am blessed in receiving much from Providence, it is yet “more blessed to give than to receive,” Acts xx. 35; and the peaceful satisfaction of mind which I derive from benefiting a fellow crea-

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ture, is all the earthly reward I aspire to."

*Lady Delaton.* "Why, we should call these notions of yours *methodistical*, in town, Lady Worthy; we think it is all very well to relieve distressed persons when subscription papers or or briefs come round: but we never dream of poking our heads into the filthy holes where the miserable wretches live. The bare idea is shocking! As to what you say about the Bible, I must confess I like it well enough, but it is a book of which I never read three lines in my life, until I came to see you; I should be called a *methodist* at

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once, were I to be seen doing such a thing.”

*Sir William.* “ I believe it will be found on trial that the only judicious method of relieving the distresses of our poor brethren and sisters, (for I consider that we are all the children of one common parent), is to examine into their necessities with our own eyes ; we are thus rendering ourselves judges of their case, and know how to proportion our assistance to their wants ; without ascertaining this, the most liberal donations may do more harm than good, for there are comparatively few of the lower class in society, who know how to apply money



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suitably, under the circumstances of sickness or distress. Our judgment thus becomes almost as essential to their effectual relief as our property. But you seem alarmed, lady Delaton, at the imitation of *methodism*. The epithet of *methodist* is bestowed, in the present day, in the most vague and indefinite sense: for instance, if a man go to church twice on a Sunday, and have family prayers in his own house twice every day, you dub him *methodist* in a twinkling! If you have occasion to call on him at an early hour, and his servant instead of telling a lie and saying his master is not at home, informs you that the family are at their

devotions, you go away shaking your head, saying, ‘alas! alas! what a pity it is that so agreeable a gentleman should be a *methodist!*’ If you hear of his purchasing bibles and other religious books, to distribute amongst the poor of the village or parish in which he lives, whom he has previously caused to be instructed, you say, ‘how shockingly *methodistical* Mr. Such-a-one is grown!’ If on a fine Sunday evening, instead of staying in his house strumming a piano forte, scraping a violin, or strolling out to his kennel to look at his hounds, or into his stables to converse with his grooms about horseflesh—or hasten-

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ing to sport his curricule or roll his chariot through the nearest market town, with the hope of exciting envy or admiration,—if instead of thus waisting his time you hear of his going from house to house, visiting the sick and afflicted, consoling them, and counselling the immoral, ‘all this you say, may be very well! but it proves the man to be a *perfect methodist*,’—and yet if there were not some such methodists as these in the world, what would become of religion, and of half the catalogue of moral duties?”

*Lady Delaton.* “Why truly, Sir William, I feel that your remarks are just, and you will pardon my seeming

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blindness to the value of such sentiments, until now. Perhaps, you will scarcely be inclined to credit me, when I assure you that I often seriously lament that I have lived in an almost continual whirl of fashionable dissipation and levity, which has driven away thought as an enemy, and left me not even "*leisure to be good*;" I cannot refrain from frequently envying you that tranquility of happiness, which you enjoy with so little interruption, and the basis of which I have before seen, and now believe to be that heavenly principle in your souls which leads you to love

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for its own sake, *sound practical virtue.*”

Sir William and his lady were just expressing their satisfaction on hearing this confession from the mouth of their amiable but misguided friend, who had long suffered the capricious voice of custom to silence that of nature and reason, when a loud shriek was suddenly heard at a short distance before them, and threw the whole party into consternation. Henry and his attendant were out of sight, and Lady Worthy expressed her apprehensions that her son was thrown from his poney, which she had al-

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ways thought too high bred and spirited, for so inexperienced a rider. On making a turn in the road however, Sir William desired that none of them would be alarmed, for looking forward over the side of the carriage he saw Henry apparently in safety, but dismounted, and giving his poney's bridle to the servant, who had also quitted his saddle. On arriving and stopping at the spot, they found Henry standing with a little child of about two years old in his arms, and close to him a woman with whom he was engaged in conversation. "What has happened Henry?" enquired lady Worthy, "you look

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agitated.” “No harm, mamma,” replied Henry, (holding up his little charge to the carriage), “no harm, mamma, as it happens, but my poney really knocked down this pretty little child into the dirt, and you cannot conceive how happy I am to find that a little mud on its cloathes is the only injury it has received,” Here the woman after making several profound curtsies, began to harangue in her unpolished language, and though the children could not refrain from smiling, yet they knew it was both rude and unfeeling to make ignorance, which was not wilful but the natural result of a want of education, a sub-

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ject for ridicule ; “ I’m sure my lady,” said she, “ as how you’l pardon my speaking a little sharpish to the young gentleman at first, and the young gentleman will too, I *hopes* my lady. I *be* very sorry my lady, as how I did now, for I’m sure he’ve got a very tender heart of his own my lady, for he got off his horse in a minute and picked up the dear child, and kissed it as thoft’ had been his own little sister, my lady—ees my lady, that he did, indeed, and” —she was proceeding with great volubility, when Lady Worthy interrupted her by asking how the accident happened, and remarking that she was very glad its effects had been



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no worse. “Why, my lady,” continued the rustic informant, “I was just come out into the road, *d’ye see*, from our cottage behind *them* beechen trees there, to pick up some chips and bits *as* my husband had left *a’ter* h’had been hedging *afore* breakfast *d’ye see*, my lady, and so *being* I’d no body at home, to take care of this youngest child, I *bring’d* her along *we’* me—and so my lady, while I *vere* *a* picking up the chips and *that*, she sets off athwart the road *arter* some primroses upon the bank on t’other side—and so my lady as she was *a toddling* back again *w’e* a handful o’um young master *comed* along my lady,

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and his horse being pretty *obstropelous*, d'ye see my lady, didn't care to stop for his pulling, as I suppose—and so he *runn'd right* against the child and *overtorn'd* her, my lady—that's all—only thank God 'tis no *worser*, as you says, my lady!" The dialogue was now continued in the following manner, by Sir William's first addressing his son; "Henry you have been warned before not to ride in such haste, without regarding whether the road before you be sufficiently clear or not. It was but last February you know, that you rode over one of farmer Greenfield's lambs and killed it, I thought you appeared to suffer enough

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at that time to make you ride more cautiously for the future, but your narrow escape from murdering this little innocent child, will, I hope, leave a lasting impression on you."

*Woman.* " Indeed, Sir William, (*saving your worship's presence*), I don't think *as how t'vere* young master's fault, but ye know my lady, *as how*, mother's do naturally feel when they *sees* their children, their own flesh, as ye may say, ill treated, *like*, my lady."

*Henry.* " Indeed, Papa, the poney would gallop in spite of me."

*Sir William.* " Yes, Henry! because you have accustomed him to it. Indeed I cannot screen you

from the imputation of much carelessness, though in another way, as that under which your brother is at this moment suffering.”

*Henry.* “ I have half a guinea in my pocket, Papa, will you allow me to give it to the poor woman? I hope it will pay her for washing her child’s cloathes, and partly for the fright she has sustained herself.”

*Lady Delaton, (smiling).* “ I hope it will Henry ; look you, I will add a whole guinea to your half one, which I presume will pay for washing her own clothes also, for I perceive they have partaken a little of the poor child’s dirt. This is really an unfortunate

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spot, Henry, for such an adventure, I have not seen so much dirt in any other part of the road!"

*Sir William.* "I quite approve of your proposal, Henry, and Lady Delaton's generosity ought, I am sure, to render you quite happy."

*Henry.* "Lady Delaton, I sincerely thank you and shall always love you for this kindness."

Whilst Henry was giving the money to the poor woman and renewing his apologies for the alarm he had occasioned her, Lady Worthy remarked that she should not hesitate giving the woman so large a sum, as she knew her to be honest, frugal, and industrious;

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and her daughters having observed that both the mother and child were but shabbily dressed, though their clothing was clean, except where their dashing brother had bespattered it, obtained permission from her to make a frock for the child, and give the mother some useful stuff for her own purposes. This charitable lady always encouraged her daughters in executing these little schemes of benevolent themselves, wishing them to become habitually enamoured of such actions, by feeling the exquisite delight attendant upon them ; the happiness of serving a fellow creature ; she therefore desired the good woman to be at *Beech Grove*

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the next morning, and all things being thus amicably adjusted they proceeded, Sir William having cautioned his son to ride more soberly, and less in the style of the butcher's boy who brought meat to their village. It was not long before they arrived at the house of Mr. Affable. They were informed by the servant who answered the door, that he was not at home, but that his daughters were in the library. Sir William directed him to announce the party, and on entering the hall told Lady Delaton he would lay her a wager that he could find Mr. Affable in a few minutes, though he did not know where he was gone. "Indeed! Sir William,"

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(returned Lady Delaton,) “you possess a spirit of divination then, I must confess?” “In the present instance,” (replied Sir William), “I do, and hope in a short time to convince you of it.” Sir William, on approaching the house had heard the village bell toll, which advertised the death of a villager, and, well acquainted with the active benevolence of his friends’ disposition, he was confident that if he enquired out the scene of death, he should there find Mr. Affable engaged in administering consolation to the afflicted survivors, if such there were, and, as the contrary rarely occurs, he was desirous of impressing the gay,



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though generously-disposed, Lady Delaton, with an esteem for the real excellencies of his friend's character. They were now introduced to the apartment where Caroline and Sophia the daughters of Mr. Affable were sitting, and after the first compliments were over, a conversation commenced which we shall relate in the form of another dialogue.

*Lady Delaton.* " I must beg ladies that you will treat me without ceremony, this introduction to your family gives me sincere pleasure; your amiable and justly lamented mother was an old friend of mine, you most probably re-

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member having heard her speak of Lady Harriet Orville?"

*Caroline.* "The name of Lady Harriet Orville is quite familiar to us; it was never mentioned without affection by a parent whose loss we cannot cease to deplore!"

*Sir William.* "Your papa is not within, young ladies, I understand, and I have been offering to lay a wager with Lady Delaton that I find him in the course of a few minutes."

*Sophia.* "That you might very possibly do, sir, I know he is not far distant, and if you please, a servant shall be sent to inform him that you are here, I am certain he

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would be vexed were he to miss the pleasure of your company.”

*Sir William, (catching Sophia's arm as she ran to ring the bell),* “ Pardon me, my dear, you must allow me to fetch your papa myself, I wish to convince Lady Delaton of my powers of divination, I see, she is a little sceptically inclined at present.”

Sir William now proceeded on his search, which we will leave him to pursue, while we remain with Henry and the female party, in the library.

*Henry.* “ May I be permitted, Miss Sophia, to look at that hand screen which you are painting.”

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*Sophia.* “ You are extremely welcome sir, but I fear it possesses no attractions worthy of your notice.”

*Henry, (taking up the screen),* “ Your subject is *Cowper’s Woodman*, I perceive; indeed Miss Sophia you do great justice to the Poet’s description, have you any drawing that you copied from ?”

*Lady Worthy.* “ Henry I wish you would take a hint from this proof of Sophia’s talents ; an attempt to present the eye with the delineation of a picture which has been described to the imagination by words, is a good method to quicken the genius, and improve the skill of the painter ; I will

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give you a subject if you like, it shall be the Pilgrim, described by Spenser. My dear Clara you can repeat the stanza I know, Charles pointed it out to you the other day, and you were pleased with it.”

*Clara.* “ Indeed mamma, I think you have not given Henry a difficult subject, though I recollect Gilpin remarks that there are ‘ circumstances which poetry may offer to the imagination, but the pencil cannot well produce to the eye ;’ Spenser thus describes his Pilgrim.”

“ A silly man in simple weeds forworn,  
And soild with dust of the long dried way ;  
His sandals were with toilsome travel torn.

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And face all tann'd with scorching sunny ray,  
As he had travell'd many a summer's day."

" Thro' boiling sands of Araby and Ind,  
And in his hand a Jacob's staff to stay  
His weary limbs upon ; and she behind,  
His scrip did hang, in which his needments  
he did bind.—

*Henry.* " Truly I like the idea very well ! I think mamma you shall see me begin upon the Pilgrim to-morrow,"

*Lady Worthy.* " I see Caroline you have before you the book containing your mother's family collection of receipts, it reminds me of one you promised to give me last week : have you been good enough to copy it for me ?"

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*Caroline.* “ It was for the rheumatism, I believe, Lady Worthy, I have just copied it for a poor man, who lives near our park-pales, but you shall take it if you please, I can soon make another copy you know.”

*Lady Worthy.* “ By no means, my dear, I would not retard the poor man’s relief one moment; has he the complaint violently ?”

*Caroline.* “ So much so as to be entirely disabled from work.”

*Lady Delaton.* “ To a poor man such confinement must be a serious inconvenience; has your patient any family, Miss Affable ?”

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*Caroline.* “ He has three children, Lady Delaton, all too young to assist him, or provide for themselves, and would be pining in absolute want were not papa their friend. He is now gone to their cottage to condole the poor fellow upon the loss of his wife who died this morning.”

Here Lady Delaton, on whom her friends observations relating to the communication of our abundance to our needy fellow creatures, had made a deep impression, involuntarily drew her purse.

*Lady Delaton.* “ I should feel happy in communicating some relief to these sufferers, will you have the



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goodness to instruct me in what manner I may do it most effectually?"

*Caroline.* "Clothing is that which the children stand most in need of, at present, Lady Delaton; their mother being so long ill every thing is out of repair, but our laundry-maid is this morning employed in making up a few things for them, and we intend purchasing more to-morrow at the town."

*Lady Delaton.* "Will you oblige me by accepting this note on their account?"

*Caroline.* "We certainly cannot refuse you the satisfaction of thus contributing to their relief, Lady Delaton, for though papa has desired us to draw as

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much as we please, on his purse, for the occasion, your bounty will, I am sure, meet their warmest thanks."

*Henry.* "Well! I declare, Lady Delaton, I love you now better than I did this morning, when you gave the poor woman the guinea; *five pounds* is a vast deal! you are *very very* good!"

*Lady Delaton.* "Hush! Henry, will you hand me that screen, (with Miss Sophia's permission), which you were just now admiring?"

*Sophia.* "Why do you expose me, Henry?"

*Henry.* "Surely you need not blush at seeing your merits exposed!"

*Lady Worthy.* "Certainly not,

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Henry! when others discover our merits we need never blush, but I have told you how cautious we ought to be of making a display of them ourselves.”

Let us now return to Sir William, who, on leaving the house saw Joseph an old gardener, who had lived with Mr. Affable many years, employed on the other side of the lawn. Sir William walked up to him and addressed him, with “good morning to you, Joseph!” Joseph lifted his hat and returned the salutation, when Sir William, in a good-natured manner thus began a conversation. “Well!

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Joseph, what you have not thought of leaving Mr. Affable yet."

*Joseph.* " God bless you, Sir William, you are joking ; I have lived with master, as you very well know, going on thirteen years, and I am sure, a better, and more kind hearted gentleman never lived ! Why, there's poor Thomas Hedger, Sir William, whose wife is just dead this morning, of a fever, and he, poor man, not able to walk for the *rheumatics*, I'm certain master *have* been the entire support of him and his family these two months, and is just gone to comfort poor Thomas, upon his loss, Sir William."

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*Sir William.* “Where does Hedger live, Joseph?”

*Joseph.* “At that little white cottage, with a garden before it, Sir William, just as you turn on your left hand, to go down the green lane, by the park side.”

Sir William having thus found a clue to his friend, again wished Joseph a good morning, and went in search of Mr. Affable, whom he met coming out of the poor widower's cottage, just as he was intending to pass by it, and take a turn or two in the lane, until Mr. Affable should appear, being unwilling to interrupt him in his benevolent visit. Mr. Affable, on observ-

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ing Sir William, hastened towards him, and shaking him affectionately by the hand, “ my dear Sir William,” (he exclaimed), “ who could have thought of meeting you here ? Pray where did you spring from last ?”

*Sir William.* “ From your house, my dear Sir, where I have left my wife and daughters, with Henry, and Lady Delaton our visitor ; I came here on purpose to find you.”

*Mr. Affable,* “ You came here on purpose to find me, did you ? and pray Sir, how came you to know where to look for me ?”

*Sir William.* “ I divined it, Affable.”

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*Mr. Affable.* “ You are turned magician, then? pray what spell did you make use of?”

*Sir William.* “ The tolling of the village bell.”

*Mr. Affable.* “ The tolling of the village bell! I cannot imagine what sorcery there is in that sound to assist your machinations! Pray how did the bell become capable of directing you in this important search?”

*Sir William.* “ It informed me my dear friend, that some one was dead, and consequently others in distress on account of losing the deceased person, I knew that I had nothing more to do, than to find out the scene of

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death, for there I was almost certain of finding you. All this the bell told me, old Joseph directed me to the spot, I have found you, and the spell has performed its office.”

*Mr. Affable.* “I see you are an adept in that species of conjuration, Sir William, which traces affects to their causes. But let us hasten home, if you please, I long to meet Lady Delaton; I have frequently heard my dear lamented wife speak of her as a favorite school-companion; I think she was Lady Harriet Orville, previous to her marriage with the late Lord Delaton?”



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*Sir William.* “ That was her name ; she is certainly a woman of brilliant parts, and possessed of an amiable disposition, but her good qualities, (many of them at least), have lain almost dormant, whilst her brain has been whirling in the circle of dissipation, which has surrounded her ever since she was married to Lord Delaton. His death has now set her at liberty from the trammels of a court, and in the quiet of the country where she has sought solace for her grief, (for she really loved him), I hope those dispositions will have an opportunity of expanding, and producing fruits to the benefit of her fellow creatures, the

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honour of her maker, and her own peace.”

Perhaps some of my young readers will here ask, “ why does Sir William remark that Lady Delaton *really loved* her husband? Is it then an uncommon circumstance for wives in high life, to love their husbands? I wish, my young friends, I could reply more generally in the *negative*, but so long as it continues the practice to make *fortune* the *sole* object of the matrimonial connexion, and so long as it remains *the fashion* for husband and wife to live as separately as possible, each buzzing about in the circle of extravagance and folly, so long will

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real conjugal affection continue, too generally, a stranger to the *great world*. But it is not my design to lecture you on this subject, let us go and meet Sir William Worthy and Mr. Affable, who soon joined the party in the library, where, supposing all the usual compliments past, we will now seat them.

*Mr. Affable.* “ Pray why is not Charles of your Party this morning? You have deprived me of a great pleasure in leaving him behind.”

*Sir William.* “ And I assure you Sir, that Charles is deprived of a great pleasure, in being prevented from paying you a visit to day, I am sorry to say

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that he has given me a fresh proof of his *excessive* carelessness, in losing the theme which he has so long promised to give you, and I thought it quite right to leave him at home to re-copy it at his leisure.”

*Mr. Affable.* “ I am really sorry to hear this old complaint renewed, *carelessness* is Charles’s almost only fault ; but this is certainly a great one, it is the forerunner of many vices, and if not timely checked will be productive of very mischievous consequences. A careless man by seldom thinking or reflecting seriously, rarely acts consistently, and he who is not *consistently*

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*virtuous*, is in great danger of degenerating into a *vicious*, or at least a *doubtful* character.”

*Sir William.* “ I entirely approve of yur observation and intend repeating it to Charles on my return, he is at all times amiably open to conviction; the sentiment which you have just expressed, he has often heard from me in other words, he shall now hear it again in yours, they will have a forcible effect, for he most highly values your good opinion.”

*Mr. Affable.* “ Your own salutary discipline, Sir William, will, I flatter myself, reclaim your engaging son, from this failing, without my assist-

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ance, which however, (such as it is), will be always at your service."

*Lady Worthy.* " I have reason to hope, Sir, that Charles will soon prove himself more worthy of your friendship, by relinquishing the mischievous propensity to which he has so long yielded, and I wish my son *Henry* also to profit by your observations on this fault."

*Lady Delaton.* " I beg pardon for interrupting you in your subject, but will you allow me, Mr. Affable, to enquire how you left the poor widower whom you have just been visiting? We have discovered all your motions, I assure you."

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*Mr. Affable.* “ Much distressed, indeed ! But I am comforted by the conviction that he is not a stranger to those consolations which, under such circumstances, nothing but *religion* could possibly afford him ; he says the Almighty’s will should be our law, and he humbly endeavours to acquiesce in every appointment of this providence. Thus in the meek spirit of a true christian, “ he sorrows not as some, without hope,” Thesalonians xi. 4, 13 ; but speaks with evident satisfaction of one day rejoining his wife in immortality.”

*Lady Worthy.* “ And the children,

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Mr. Affable, how do they bear their loss !”

*Mr. Affable.* “ They are too young to feel much of its extent, but they weep because their father weeps ? In short, I have witnessed an affecting scene under their roof !”

*Lady Worthy.* “ Doubtless you have, but I feel satisfied that the poor sufferers are under excellent care.”

*Henry.* “ O yes ! and Lady Delaton has given Miss Affable five pounds for them ! Now are you not glad of that, Sir ?”

*Mr. Affable.* “ Providence has blessed me, Henry, with a much greater abundance than I have any



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real occasion for myself, I have therefore, more than sufficient to assist my needy neighbours, but I am still glad, (as you say), that Lady Delaton has left five pounds for poor Hedger, because it must give her solid pleasure to apply her money to so worthy a purpose."

Mr. Affable now proceeded to thank Lady Delaton for her kind attention to his poor pensioner, but she begged him to speak no more of what she regarded as a trifle, and the conversation was prolonged upon indifferent subjects, untill the Baronet reminded the party that it was high time to proceed on

their ride towards the residence of Farmer Greenfield. As they drove from the house the conversation was renewed by Lady Delaton.

*Lady Delaton.* “ I am charmed with the daughters of Mr. Affable, their manners are particularly graceful, yet full of that frank, unaffected simplicity, which so pleasingly distinguishes your country ladies from our city *belles*, who seem to think the more airs they give themselves, the greater their elegance; and the more intricate the ceremony, the exacter their politeness! Upon my word, I am more and more disgusted with my town

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life, or rather existence, for I seem to live only in the country."

*Sir William.* " You are really somewhat severe on your late companions, Lady Delaton. I wish the sarcasm were less just, but I am heartily glad you are enamoured of the country at last. To me, a town life would be particularly irksome, the country has always had charms for me, which nothing has yet tempted me to forsake ; it was my rooted dislike of the city, and aversion to public bustle which induced me to refuse the offer of a seat in parliament, so handsomely made me by the Borough, of which *Lord Buckskin* is now the representative."

*Fanny.* “ And yet, Papa, if you were a member of parliament you might frank all your letters you know, and those of your friends, and that would be so convenient.”

*Sir William.* “ So ! you would have me resign my domestic pleasures and rural tranquility, to join in the busy debates of our senate, and all for the privilege of lessening the revenues of his majesty’s post office, would you, Fanny ?”

*Fanny.* “ O no ! Papa, you cannot imagine that, but then, you know, an *M.P.* is always regarded as a man of very high consequence !”

*Sir William.* “ Never, my dear girl,

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entertain such false notions of consequence, independent of virtuous conduct ; my rank already entitles me to sufficient deference from the community at large, but my title or my fortune alone are not sufficient to make me a man of *real consequence*. To form such a character nothing more is essentially needful than to make ourselves as useful to all around us, in proportion as God has endowed us with the capacity of being so ; farmer Greenfield, for instance, is a man of *real consequence* and respectability, though he has no title and but very little money. He fills up his station in life with a noble uprightness which

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does him honour as a man and a christian. But yonder he is ; I will order James to stop at that gate and you shall then, if you please, all alight and take a trip over the turf. I see my sheep are feeding on the head-land. The carriage now stopped before the field, and Henry joined them on his poney ; “ my poney will always walk quietly in sober company,” said he, smiling, “ I shall not be affraid of hurting the lambs now.” “ But I will not trust you, Henry,” replied Sir William, grasping his son’s arm, “ come to the ground, lazy boots, and stretch your legs.” Henry was compelled to dismount, and the ser-

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vants received directions to wait at a gate on the other side of the next field, round which the road made a bend. It was now about two o'clock, and farmer Greenfield had walked out to repair a gap in one of his hedges: he was dressed in a clean round frock, a straw hat, and high laced shoes, and a pair of thick tanned leather gloves, defended his hands from the thorns, which he encountered in hooking down the bushes, for which purpose he was armed with a stout bill-hook, whose brown polished handle, and shining steel, proved that it had not been an inactive weapon. The farmer approaching the party, respectfully saluted them all

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with a “ *good afternoon t’ye*, which they severally returned by good morning, Mr. Greenfield; “ O aye, (thought the farmer), I forgot, ’tis *morning* with these gentlefolks, so ’tis, but *howsoever*, they’l excuse me, Sir William *knows* I always *dines* at twelve o’clock. “ Well, farmer,” (enquired Sir William), “ how go on my westerns,” “ they are all thriving, Sir William,” (replied Greenfield), “ all thriving and hearty, I’ve let ’em have this fresh bit of feed to-day.” Henry now enquired of his father why the sheep, then feeding before them, were called *Westerns*. “ Sir William informed him that they were of a peculiar breed, first intro-



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duced by a gentleman of that name, and were much esteemed for the superior fineness of their wool. Sir William stepping on one side with Greenfield, in order to ask him a few questions, and give him instructions, which did not concern the rest of the company, the ladies occupied the time of his absence in making remarks on the flock.

*Clara.* “ How close their coats look, and what droll little faces they have, some grey, and some nearly black !”

*Fanny.* “ I think, Clara, they are pretty, and all the handsomer for having no horns ; I have heard Papa say

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that the wool of horned sheep is much less valuable, than that of this breed, which is called *Knots*."

*Lady Delaton.* "Well! I could not have imagined that the sight of a few simple sheep could have given me so much pleasure; I find I am growing quite rusticated, what a great variety of expression there is in their countenances? I really think here is work for a *physiognomist*."

*Fanny.* "Lady Delaton, will you have the goodness to explain, to me, the direct meaning of the word *physiognomy*? I believe I do not perfectly understand it."

*Lady Delaton.* "*Physiognomy*, my

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is that science which discovers the temper, or genius of a person by the features on his countenance.”

*Lady Worthy.* “ Though I think the professors of physiognomy are generally apt to carry their pretensions too far, I still entertain a high opinion of its powers; the face is certainly the *gnomon* or *index* of the mind, and long experience of its prognostics, may lead the student in this science, to a sufficiently accurate definition of character. As for the variety of expression which Lady Delaton has just remarked in the countenances of the sheep, it is indeed very striking, so much so that Sir William’s shepherd

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has frequently assured me, that he could select any individual from the flock, from his acquaintance with the peculiar lineaments of its face, and if but one stray sheep, from another flock, has intruded among the thousand which he has under his care, he is certain of detecting the stranger's by his countenance, and that too, only on a casual survey of the whole."

*Clara.* "Truly that is extraordinary, but pray mamma, did you ever make a trial of the shepherd's *physiognomical* skill in this way?"

*Lady Worthy.* "I have, and in some degree proved its infallibility. The shepherd and I have not unfrequently had a quarter of an hour's conversa-

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tion on the subject of his profession, when I have chanced to see him in the park with his innocent charge. I like to acquire some knowledge of the management of these useful and ornamental creatures, because it is a subject which I know, your Papa enjoys. Indeed, I feel a real interest with him in it, much more I am sure, than I possibly could, were I the wife of one of our fashionable *Horse Jockeys*, and doomed to hear a perpetual recapitulation of the merits of his steeds, or of his own hair-breadth escapes, in riding and driving them."

Sir William and the farmer now rejoined the party; and Henry, who

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had been all this while attentively observing the growth and form of the sheep, by gently walking and stooping down amongst them, soon rejoined his companions, and the conversation was immediately renewed as they walked slowly across to the field.

*Clara.* “ Is there not a vast quantity of wool imported from Spain, to this country, Papa ?”

*Sir William.* “ An immense quantity ! my dear ; It is superior to our English wool, and the fine broad cloth, of which mine and your brother’s coats are made, is manufactured from it. Sheep are kept in very great numbers in Spain, and according to Dr. Parry’s Essay on the subject,

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(part of which you remember reading to me the other day, Henry) not less than five millions are pastured in that country. That learned and ingenious gentleman, has also computed that in the years 1802, 1803 and 1804, this country received from Spain upwards of *fifteen millions of pounds* of wool, and from other countries, nearly *three millions* more, for which this country paid upwards of *three millions sterling.*”

*Henry.* “What an enormous expenditure, all on one foreign article of commerce !”

*Sir William.* “True, Henry ! and being thus dependent on a foreign production, for the basis of our finest

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woollen manufactures, and paying, as we are, such an enormous sum to foreigners for that article which grows so plentifully at home, and affords employment to so many thousands of poor; it becomes an object truly desirable and of national importance, to improve the breed produced in our own pastures, so as in some measure to supersede the necessity for such large importations."

*Henry* "I remember that *Horace* speaks of "*sheep covered with skins,*" I conjecture they must have been some peculiarly fine fleece, and that they were thus preserved from injury by the weather."

*Sir William.* "Can you recollect



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the passage, Henry? Dr. Parry quotes from several of the classics, on the subject of sheep, but I do not recollect whether he mentions Horace or not."

*Henry.* "The lines to which I allude are these.

—————"iniquæ  
 "Dulce pellitis ovibus Galesi  
 "Flumen."————

*Lady Delaton.* "You will indulge me, Henry, if you please, by translating that for the benefit of my plain English comprehension."

*Henry.* "I will give it you literally."

"I will seek the river Galesus delightful  
 for sheep clothed in skins."

Is not that right, Papa.

*Sir William.* “ You are not wide of the mark; I am pleased with this proof of your attention to what you read in ancient authors. *Galesus* was a river of Calabria, a country which, in Horace’s days was noted for sheep, and as that climate is in winter subject to severe cold rains, I think it extremely probable that the sheep alluded to by the poet were protected from their inclemency, by means of skins stripped from dead animals; such a protection might also be advantageous in defending their fine short wool, from the bushes under which, they perhaps, sheltered themselves, and which, tearing the fleeces would

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have materially injured them, both in value and beauty.”

*Greenfield.* “ Master Henry is *desp’rate larned*, I hear, but I did’nt know *they outlandish* books had any reading about sheep and *such-like* before, *howsomever I likes* ’em all the better for’t, ’cauze *I thinks* they *be* of some use now.”

*Clara.* “ Can you inform me, Papa, how much wool is annually produced in England?”

*Sir William.* “ Somewhere about *three hundred and seventy thousand packs*, is the quantity usually calculated upon.”

*Clara.* “ What is a pack, Papa?”

*Sir William.* “ A pack is two hundred and forty pounds weight, and

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when that weight of wool is put into a cloth, or bag, of a proper size, it is said to be *packed*. The average weight of each fleece on the calculation I have just named, is about four pounds and a half."

*Fanny*. "I do not understand, Papa, what you mean by that term, *average*."

*Sir William*. "This term is used in speaking generally of the separable parts in any given quantity; for instance, suppose I were to take fifty apples and weigh them, and I find their weight to be nine pounds, six ounces, reckoning sixteen ounces to the pound, I should say the apples *averaged* at three ounces each, because thrice fifty is one hundred and fifty;

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and nine times sixteen ounces (i. e. nine pounds), are one hundred and forty four, which with six added to them make exactly the one hundred and fifty ounces, which, divided by three leave us the fifty apples, their weight determined by this dividend to be three ounces each. The word *average* is derived from the verb *aver*, to speak certainly of any thing ; thus, I say on making the above computation, I aver of these apples that they weigh three ounces a piece ; or, in other words, I make my average of their weight to be *three ounces each.*”

*Clara.* “ Pray, Papa, what is the wool done with after it is shorn away

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from the sheep? We have all, I believe, seen that operation."

*Sir William.* "It is usually bought by the *stapler*, who employs men to separate the fleeces into nine or ten different sorts, distinguished by their several degrees of fineness; to effect this separation great judgment is requisite, the distinction being so nice, as to be undiscoverable by a common observer. The *stapler* sells it to the manufacturer, and under his inspection it is made, by a long process, into a variety of goods, such as broad and narrow cloths, ker-symeres, toilinet, and swans-down for waistcoats, &c. &c. This branch of commerce is the most essential of any other in the kingdom. Many acts

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have passed our senate for its support and encouragement, and those who are principally concerned in its different branches, are men of the highest respectability and affluence. When we pay our next visit to your aunt Belcour in Yorkshire, you will have opportunities of observing the whole process of the woollen manufacture. Lord Belcour visits several opulent clothiers in his neighbourhood, who would take a pleasure in giving you every useful information by conducting you through their extensive factories, which form almost little towns of themselves, crowded with inhabitants, and all constantly employed."

*Clara.* “ The scene must be a cheerful one, I conceive ; but are not the people dirty from their employment, papa ? And are they orderly in their behaviour ? ”

*Sir William.* “ You would not be charmed with the cleanliness of some of them, Clara ; indeed where so much oil and dust intermix, filth is, in some degree, unavoidable ; but Sunday always “ *shines a sabbath day to them,* ” and generally sees them decent enough. As to their morals I fear little can be spoken, in general to their advantage. In so large a collection of persons, most of them educated in little or no principle, a few vicious are sufficient to contaminate the whole, and that



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they do so, is lamentably proved in most large manufacturing towns. The present benevolent system of educating the lower classes of the community, on the excellent plan of Mr. Lancaster, leaves however, a comfortable hope that another generation, will have less room for such a painful observation."

Our party had now reached the spot where their equipage was waiting; and bidding adieu to Grove Farm and its worthy conductor, they soon arrived at the cottage, to which my readers may remember Lady Worthy directed the attention of her daughters in the former part of their ride.

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The carriage stopped at the gate of a neat little garden, before this humble habitation of industry and content. I do not hesitate to give Jacob Thresher's cottage these titles, because neither he nor his wife were ever idle when they had health to support the fatigue of almost continual labour; and if they could see a good brown loaf on their table, with a few greens, accompanied now and then with a piece of bacon or cheese, they were amply satisfied with their repast, and with seeing their little ones feeding heartily around it, as a reward for their daily exertions. Two little rosy-faced children were now amusing themselves before the door, by arranging broken bits of earthen-

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ware in a variety of forms, no doubt representing to their imagination the similitude of something, in their infantile estimation, curious or valuable, whilst their busy prattle evinced the interest they felt in this fanciful employ. “Look at those innocent nurslings of our fields,” said Sir William, “whose hands are to be one day employed in preparing and fructifying that soil, on whose produce we are all dependant. I can boldly assert, that never statesman in executing the most brilliant project, or monarch in constituting the mightiest government, half so perfectly enjoyed his atcheivements, as do these children in trifling with these paltry fragments.” “It is innocence,” re-

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joined Lady Delaton, “and the more we can clothe ourselves with the innocence of infancy, the nearer we shall attain to its tranquility and happiness.”

Lady Worthy now requested their friend to accompany her into the village to see her patient, remarking that she would find every thing clean though homely, and that, as she admired the *artlessness* of the children without doors, she could but be pleased with the corresponding simplicity within. Lady Delaton consented without hesitation, though she declared it was the first visit of the kind she had ever paid. After entering the cottage, Dame Thresher's eldest girl, Jenny, about thirteen years old, conducted

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them, together with Clara and Fanny, up stairs, where they found the poor woman sitting up on her bed, in a neat bed-gown suckling her infant, and a kind matronly neighbour sitting by her. The poor woman was full of grateful expressions to Lady Worthy and her daughters, who asked her a number of kind questions relating to her health, and her supply of comforts, desiring her by no means to fail of sending daily, to Beech-Grove, for every thing she wanted. They again received the poor woman's warmest thanks as they departed, and when her old neighbour returned from seeing them down the stairs "aye, Dame Goodall," said she, "I wish all *the great gentle-*

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*folks* were like my Lady Worthy and Sir William, there woudn't be half the misery there is in the world!"

Her neighbour assented with an invocation of many blessings on their benevolent visitors, and in truth Dame

Thresher's calculation was not false, for did all rich persons measure their bounty to their poor brethren and sisters, according to the bulk of their abundance, want and its attendant, misery, would be as uncommon (in our wealthy island at least), as "snow in harvest." The wealthy might still enjoy their luxuries, and certainly enjoy them with an infinitely sweeter relish, than when they are beholding, as too many of these sons' of affluence now

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do, *starving penury* driven from their doors by the pampered insolence of their vassals; or grudgingly supplied from the same hands, with a crust which would otherwise have been cast to the hogs, who, in their turn, are doomed to swell the supplies of those tables, whose very redundance, would maintain a whole family for weeks. But let us return to Sir William Worthy and his amiable companions who have presented us with so opposite a conduct. Whilst the ladies were gone into the cottage Sir William had walked over a meadow to look at some cattle grazing, and Henry finding Jacob Thresher busied with his flail in a neighbouring barn, had been amusing

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himself by talking with him, when a ragged, but stout-looking boy happened to pass along the lane, mounted on a jackass, which he was very unmercifully lashing about the head with a prickly holy-bush. Henry, shocked at the boy's barbarity, sprung at him in an instant, and dragging the astonished rustic from his seat, began a vehement application of the horsewhip which he held in his hand. The boy not relishing such treatment, grappled with his chastiser, and being much more sturdy, and more accustomed to feats of wrestling than Henry, presently precipitated our young gentleman to the ground. Henry, however, instantly recovered his feet, and renewed his



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hold upon the boy, with whom he was again struggling, when his sister Clara observing them, called to him, "Henry! Henry! what are you doing? I am really quite ashamed to see you fighting with a little dirty boy." "He is an unfeeling little rascal," (returned Henry), "he has just been abusing a poor jackass most shamefully, and I have been giving him a thrashing for his inhumanity." "He does not appear inclined to put up with your thrashing very quietly however," replied Clara, as she dispatched one of the servants to fetch her papa to the spot. On Sir William's approach he commanded Henry to desist instantly, and give him an account of this boister-

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ous affair, which gave rise to the following somewhat curious dialogue.

*Henry.* “Why papa, this barbarous young wretch has been treating a poor jackass so inhumanly, that he made me quite angry, and provoked me to horse-whip him.” Sir William then asked the boy his name.

*Boy.* “Bill Gruffman.”

*Sir William.* “O! what you are Ralph Gruffman’s son I suppose, pray did your father never tell you that it was wicked to abuse dumb animals, Bill?”

*Bill.* “No, he never *tell’d* me so.”

*Sir William.* “Then I can tell you that it is a very wicked thing, and that God will punish you for it, if you are guilty of such cruelty after you have

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been taught better. Do you understand me Bill ?”

*Bill.* “ *Vather* says as how jackasses and *they sort o’things* don’t feel nothing no more than a timber-stick.”

*Sir William.* “ I am very sorry that your father, who I am sure knows better, should be so cruel as to make you think so. But pray what was the use of beating this poor jackass, since you say they have no more feeling than a timber-stick ? I see you do not know what to say for yourself. Do you know who made you Bill ?”

*Bill.* “ Our parson *tell’d* me as how God made me.”

*Sir William.* “ Very well, Bill, your

parson, as you call him, told you right, and I advise you always to mind what he says to you ; depend upon it that what he says is intended for your good. Now I can tell you, that God who made you, and keeps you alive, made jackasses and other creatures, also, and was so good as to give them for our use, but if we abuse them, we do not deserve to have them ; and God will assuredly be angry with us, and punish us for such cruelty ; for he is very good to all his creatures, and never made any of them to be miserable. Did you ever go to school Bill ?”

*Bill.* “ No ! I should *hate to't*”

*Sir William.* “ You should hate to go to school, should you ? That is very

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extraordinary and very foolish too, let me tell you ; if you do not learn any thing while you are young, you will be a poor ignorant creature all your life, and I should be sorry that you should not be able to read the bible, and many other useful and entertaining books that would instruct you. Every little boy who may go to school, and will not go, is very wicked as well as very foolish, I can assure you, for he neglects the means whereby he may learn to be good. If you will go to school Bill, I will send you to Mr. Teachwell, whom I pay for instructing any boys who are willing to learn.”

*Bill.* “ *Vather* says as how bibles, and *such-like* books *bea’nt fit for nothing* but parsons to read, and he *wunt* let mother read in ’em sometimes when she *lacks to’t.*”

*Sir William.* “ O fie! I fear your father is giving the way to ruin himself and all his family! Do you think Bill, that your father would let you go to Mr. Teachwell’s if you were to ask him?”

*Bill.* “ I don’t know I’m sure.”

*Sir William.* “ Would you like that I should ask him for you, Bill?”

*Bill.* “ I don’t care who *axes ’em,* I don’t want to go to *he* nor *nobody* else.”

*Sir William.* “ Well Bill! I pity your rudeness, because you know no better: had you been taught better I

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should blame you ; but go your ways for the present, I shall come to your house in a day or two ; but remember, that if I hear any more of your cruelty to jackasses, or any thing else, depend on it you shall suffer for it more severely than my son has just made you, and recollect that you have now been taught better on that score.”

Bill, glad of his release, now seized on his donkey, who had been all this while quietly feeding on the hedge-bank, and trotted briskly away, but without his holy-bush, for that Henry had flung over into the rick-yard, by the barn. Sir William, as soon as Bill was departed and a few remarks had

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been made on the miserable want of common manners in the poor boy, thus addressed his son on the subject of encounter. “ Henry I quite approve of your humane feelings in this affair : but am not so well pleased that you have suffered your indignation so far to get the advantage over your temper as to induce so violent an exertion of your horsewhip ; remember that temperate language and persuasive advice, are always more likely to be of lasting service in such cases as these, than asperity either in words or actions. This poor boy is much more deserving of pity than of blame. His father is a sad ruffian, and is, I fear, too strongly attached to vice, to wish his children to imbibe any principle of virtue. I intend, notwithstanding, to get Bill sent to Mr. Teachwell, and try what can be



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done toward a reform in his habits and principles, or rather *ideas*, for principles he can have none, but those of nature, and they have been evidently depraved by vice. But we must not flatter ourselves with making Bill a *shining* or a *worthy* character hastily. Calm perseverance is all we have to depend upon. A block of marble is not to be hewn into a smooth slab by forcible blows; such an attempt would infallibly ruin the workman's design; but a saw steadily applied, as you have seen in a mason's yard, though slow in its operation, is certain and skilful in its effect; the slab is produced in time; it receives a polish that unfolds all its native beauties, and it becomes useful, and ornamental, according to the purposes to which it is applied. Now my dear boy," continued Sir William,

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“ the next time you wish to improve Bill Gruffman, remember the patient sawyer of a block of marble, and imitate him in your plan of procedure, against the equally stubborn nature of a rude uneducated clown.” Henry assented to the propriety of his father’s observation, and concealing the remnants of his frill, (which had been woe-fully torn and dirtied in his late skirmish), within his waistcoat, remounted his poney while the rest of the party resumed their seats in the carriage, and proceeded towards home. As they entered the hall of Beech-grove-House, Henry, Clara and Fanny, exclaimed, almost together, “ we will go and see how poor brother Charles has succeeded with his unlucky theme,” when Charles suddenly made his appearance by an opposite entrance, his hat and

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gloves on as if he had been walking. He had finished his theme, and had been a long stroll through the shrubberies and about the park, until seeing the barrouche enter the coach-road, he hastened home to meet the enliveners of all his enjoyments. He had, after some puzzling, hit upon a probable expedient for recovering the lost copy of his theme, which, though torn, might assist him in a transcription. He desired the housemaid to shew him her repository of waste paper, which she kept for the purpose of lighting fires, and amongst which every scrap she could procure, was hoarded; in this rubbish, he discovered the two parts of his theme, in which Clara and Fanny had wrapped their bird's meat, and thus produced a fair copy with little difficulty. Sir William

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joined in his childrens' congratulation with Charles on his having enjoyed some of the beauties of the morning, although he was debarred the pleasure of a ride in their company; but desired them to defer any farther conversation on the adventures of their excursion until after dinner, for which the bell now summoned them to prepare. We will now bid adieu, for the present, at least, to this amiable party, who have proved, I hope, not wholly uninteresting to my readers: should they be inclined to become farther acquainted with the family at Beech-grove, I shall be happy at some suitable time, to introduce them, to a greater intimacy. Meanwhile my young friends, I wish you to reflect on the lessons which my love for you, has led me to inculcate in these few pages. Benevolence is the great christian virtue which I have

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most particularly offered to your admiration; suffer me to add my earnest exhortation, that you exert yourselves in the practice of this virtue, according to the proportion in which “the giver of every good and perfect gift” has bestowed on you the means of beneficence. If you should inherit great riches, remember what the wise men said of them, that they “certainly make themselves wings and fly away,” whilst *charity*, “never faileth,” and be assured that on a death bed, the remembrance of one single act of kindness to a fellow creature who needed your assistance, will outweigh in your heart’s estimation thousands of hours marked by self-indulgence, or dissipated in idleness.

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