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T. Bi

179.



THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE:  
DESCRIBED  
IN A LETTER  
TO A FRIEND  
ON THE  
VULGAR VIRTUE  
OF  
SELECTED FROM THE PAPERS OF  
A  
IN, GENUINE, DAY, AND STREET.

---

*is not a vessel who can: be: miserable: being: in:  
the: fortitude: of: arrogance: against: society: and:  
the: whole: blame: of: his: misbehavior: or: in:  
GREAT-BRITAIN*

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TO EXCITE ATTENTION

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*" There is not a wretch who ends his miserable being on a wheel, as the forfeiture of his offences against society, who may not throw the whole blame of his misdemeanors on his Education.*

GRAHAM.

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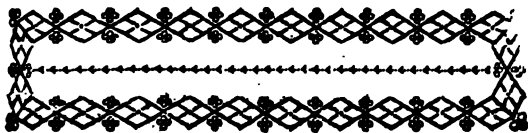
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**W**HEN it is considered that by far the greatest number of the Books that have been published for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Persons, consists of Selections from the best and most admired Authors, their merits cannot be disputed; but whether they are best adapted for the perusal of Children, has been doubted; many parts of such books are certainly much above their Comprehension, or totally remote from their Ideas and Sentiments. The uncommon success that has attended (in the Capital and South part of England) the Labours of many Ingenious Men who have exercised their Talents in the production of pieces designed solely for the use of Young People, has suggested to the Editor, the probability, that a selection from their writings would be acceptable to this part of the Country, for which purpose he has with all the care he was capable of, perused the writings of M. Berquin; Madame Genlis; Mr Day, Author of Sandford and Merton; and many others; but as M. Berquin's Children's Friend is the Groundwork of the following Collection, a more particular account of that Work, taken from the Preface, may not be unnecessary.

The



# C O N T E N T S,

The Watch	I
The Sword	—
Phisiognomy,	—
Joseph	—
The Little Miss Deceived by her Maid	—
The Dirty Boots	—
The Butterfly	—
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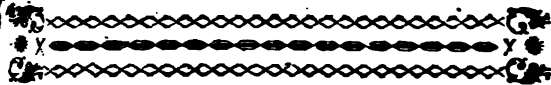
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T H E  
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---

T H E W A T C H,

**Y**OUNG Clara, at her return from a visit which she had just before been paying to an intimate acquaintance, appeared quite pensive and sad. She found her sisters entertaining one another with that innocent and lively joy which heaven seems delighted to infuse into the sports of infancy. Instead of making one among them with her usual playfulness, she moved to a corner of the room, sat there as if it vexed her to behold their gaiety, and when the little ones began to prattle, in hopes that she would join in their diversion, replied peevishly to what they asked her. When the father, who loved Clara exceedingly, beheld her thus dejected, which was but very seldom the case, he began to be uneasy, put her on his knee, and taking her affectionately by the hand, enquired what ailed his little child, that she appeared so melancholy? "Nothing," nothing answered Clara at first, to all his questions; but at length, on being pressed more earnestly to tell him every thing, she replied, that all the  
B little

little ladies whom she had seen that evening at her friend's, where she had been a visiting, had each received a very pretty present from their parents, or else friends, by way of fairing; though not one among them was so far advanced in learning as herself. She mentioned more particularly one Miss Richmond, whose uncle had, that very morning, purchased her a very fine gold watch. "Oh! what pleasure," added she, "Miss Richmond must feel, in having such a handsome watch beside her!"

"This then is the cause of your uneasiness, I find?" said Mr Ford with a smile. "Thank heaven," it is not so bad as I imagined! I supposed that you might have met with some unhappy accident.— And what would you do then, my dear sweet Clara, with a watch?"

*Clara.* What others do, papa. I would have it fastened to my girdle, and look at it every moment of the day, that I might know what time it was.

*Mr Ford.* What! every moment, Clara? Your moments then are very precious; or perhaps your hours of needle-work and study hang too heavy on you?

*Clara.* No, papa; for you have often told me that I am at present in the happiest season of my life.

*Mr Ford.* Well then, my child, if you have no occasion for a watch, but to know the hour, we have a clock here, at the stair-case foot, and that will always tell you.

*Clara.* Yes, papa; but then I need not mention, that up stairs I cannot always hear it strike, and Bridget is very seldom there, to come down for me, and see what o'clock it is. Now, when I want to know, if I descend myself, that takes up much time

time; whereas a watch at hand would let me know the time at once: nor should I then need trouble any one, or lose a moment of the day myself.

*Mr Ford.* It is true, a watch must be exceedingly convenient, though it were but to inform one's writing-matter, that he has staid his time out, if through friendship or politeness he should wish to sit a little longer with one.

*Clara.* Dear papa! how pleased you are to vex me upon all occasions with your banter!

*Mr Ford.* Well then, Clara, if you desire more serious conversation, tell me frankly, why you so much wish to have a watch?

*Clara.* I have, papa, already.

*Mr Ford.* But I wish to know your real motive. You are sensible, words alone never satisfy me—You are afraid, perhaps, to tell me. Well then, I will for you; and you will say yourself, that I deal more frankly with you, than you with me.—The reason why you want a watch is this: that when folks pass you, they may say, “Oh! see what a charming watch that little lady has! She must be vastly rich indeed!”—Now tell me, do not you think it very pitiful to boast of being richer than other people, and to display fine things about you for the multitude to admire? Do you fancy that any reasonable person will esteem a little lady more, because her father has a great deal of money? You yourself, do you esteem those more who may be richer than you are? When you behold a handsome watch, and are not in the least acquainted with the wearer of it, far from saying, “There is a worthy little lady with a pretty watch before her!” do not you rather say, “What a charming watch that little lady wears!”

It is plain, that if a watch does honour to any body, it is to the workman; but the wearer of it, if she claims any merit from the possession of such a bauble, I should despise for her vanity.

*Clara.* You speak, papa, as if you were persuaded that I desire a watch from such a motive.

*Mr Ford.* I must confess, I grievously suspect as much; but you will not allow it. Well then, I think, I shall compel you very soon to such a confession.

*Clara.* Oh! do not tell me so, papa! for you must own, a watch is very useful, since you always have one— you that talk so much against my vanity.

*Mr Ford.* It is true; but then you know, I cannot do without one. What I have to do at home is often interrupted by my public avocations or employment; so that I must be exact and punctual in allowing each the necessary time.

*Clara.* And must not I attend, papa, to a dozen different studies in the day? What would any of my masters say, if, when they came, I had prepared to sit down with another, knowing nothing of the hour?

*Mr Ford.* You are right. You see, by this, I am not obstinate. Whenever I hear reason, I can say, I love to be persuaded: and so, Clara, you may depend upon a watch. I will give you one.

*Clara.* Ah! now you joke, papa!

*Mr Ford.* No, certainly; for you shall have one: but on this proviso, that you do not forget to take it with you when you go abroad.

*Clara.* Can you suppose that I shall forget it? Oh! how glad I should have been of one this afternoon, when I was visiting at Miss Mills's!

*Mr*

*Mr Ford.* You may go there again to-morrow morning.

*Clara.* So I may; and very probably Miss Richmond will still be there, so let me have it early in the morning.

*Mr Ford.* You shall have it now. You know my little room up stairs? Beside my bed, you will find a watch: that shall be yours, Clara.

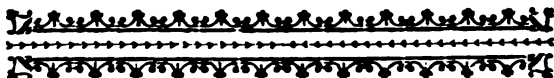
*Clara.* What! that great kettle of a watch, papa! as old, for aught I know, as King Harry the Eighth. The case of it would serve to hold my little Pompey's breakfast of bread and milk.

*Mr Ford.* It is a very good one, I assure you; and was all the fashion at the time it was made, for so my father told me. When he died, I found it with the rest of his effects, and was resolved to keep it for myself. But since I put it into your possession, I consider that it will not leave the family; and, as I shall often see it at your side, it will still serve to remind me of my father.

*Clara.* Yes; but what will people say, who are but ten years younger than my grandpapa would be at present?

*Mr Ford.* Just the thing I expected! You perceive, the motive of utility which you insisted on just now with such importance, was merely a pretext to hide your vanity; for this same watch would do you all the service that you could possibly derive from one enriched with diamonds.—Why take up your thoughts with what the world may say concerning you? However, in this case they will applaud your judgment, which could chuse a watch for real service, not for empty appearance.





THE SWORD,  
A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS,

LORD ONSBURGH.  
AUGUSTUS, - *his Son*  
HENRIETTA, - *his Daughter,*  
ELDER RAYNTON, }  
YOUNGER RAYNTON, } *Friends of Augustus.*  
ELDER DUDLEY, }  
YOUNGER DUDLEY, }  
CRAPE, - *a Servant to Lord Onsburgh.*

SCENE. *The Apartment of Augustus.*

SCENE I.

*Augustus.*

A HA! this is my birth-day! They did well to tell me, otherwise I should never have thought of it. Well, it will bring me some new present from papa. But, let's see what will he give me? Crape had something under his coat when he went into papa's room. He would not let me go in with him. Ah! if I were not obliged to appear a little more sedate than usual, I should have forced

forced him to shew me what he was carrying.—  
But hilt! I shall soon know it. Here comes my papa.

## S C E N E II.

*Lord Onsburgh, (holding in his hand a sword and belt.) Augustus.*

*Lord Onsb.* Ah! are you there, Augustus? I have already wished you joy of your birth day; but that is not enough, is it?

*Aug.* Oh! papa—but what have you in your hand there?

*Lord Onsb.* Something that I fear will not become you well. A sword; look ye!

*Aug.* What! is it for me? Oh! give it to me dear papa; I will be *so* good and *so* diligent for the future—

*Lord Onsb.* Ah! if I thought that! But do you know that a sword requires a man? that he must be no longer a child who wears one, but should conduct himself with circumspection and decency; and, in short, that it is not the sword that adorns the man, but the man that adorns the sword.

*Aug.* Oh! never fear me. I shall adorn mine, I warrant! and I'll have nothing to say to those mean persons—

*Lord Onsb.* Whom do you call those mean persons?

*Aug.* I mean those who cannot wear a sword and a bag: those who are not of the nobility, as you and I are.

*Lord Onsb.* For my part, I know no mean persons but those who have a wrong way of thinking, and a worse of conducting themselves; who are disobedient to their parents, rude and unmannerly to others: so that I see many mean persons among

the nobility, and many noble amongst those whom you call mean.

*Aug.* Yes, I think in the same mannner.

*Lord Onsb.* What were you talking then just now of a bag and sword? Do you think that the real advantage of nobility consists in those fopperies? They serve to distinguish ranks, because it is necessary that ranks should be distinguished in the world. But the most elevated rank does only add more disgrace to the man unworthy to fill it.

*Aug.* So I believe papa. But it will be no disgrace to me to have a sword, and to wear it.

*Lord Onsb.* No. I mean that you will render yourself worthy of this distinction no otherwise than by your good behaviour. Here is your sword, but remember—

*Aug.* Oh! yes, papa. You shall see! (*He endeavours to put the sword by his side, but cannot. Lord Onsburgh helps him to buckle it on.*)

*Lord Onsb.* Eh! why it does not fit so ill.

*Aug.* Does it now; Oh! I knew that.

*Lord Onsb.* It becomes your surpringly. But, above all things, remember what I told you.— Good bye! (*Going, he returns,*) I had forgot.— I have just sent for your little party of friends to spend this day with you. Observe to behave yourself suitably.

*Aug.* Yes, papa.

### S C E N E III.

*Augustus.*

(*He struts up and down the stage, and now and then looks back to see if his sword be behind him.*)

This

This is fine! this is being something like a gentleman! let any of your citizens come in my way now. No more familiarity if they do not wear a sword: and if they take it amiss—Aha!—out with my rapier. But hold! let us see first if it has a good blade. (*drawing his sword and using furious gestures.*) What, does that tradesman mean to affront me?—One,—two!—Ah! you defend yourself, do you?—Die, scoundrel!

## SCENE IV.

*Henrietta, Augustus,*

*Henrietta, (who screams on hearing those last words.)* Bless me! Augustus, are you mad?

*Aug.* Is it you, sister?

*Henrietta.* Yes, you see it is. But what do you do with that instrument? (*pointing to the sword.*)

*Aug.* Do with it? what a gentleman should do.

*Henrietta.* And who is he that you are going to fend out of the world?

*Aug.* The first that shall dare to take the wall of me!

*Henrietta.* I see there are many lives in danger. And if I should happen to be the person—

*Aug.* You!—I would not advise you. I wear a sword now, you see. Papa made me a present of it.

*Henrietta.* I suppose to go and kill people, right or wrong.

*Aug.* An't I the honourable? If they do not give me the respects due, smack, a box on the ear: and if your little commoner will be impertinent, —sword in hand—(*going to draw it,*)

*Henrietta*

*Henrietta.* Oh! leave it in quiet, brother. And least I should run the risque of affronting you unknowingly, I wish to be informed what the respect is that you demand.

*Aug.* You shall soon see. My father has just sent for some of my young acquaintance. If those little puppies do not behave themselves respectfully, you shall see how I will manage.

*Henrietta.* Very well; but I ask you what we must do to behave ourselves respectfully towards you?

*Aug.* In the first place, I insist upon a low bow; very low.

*Henrietta,* (*with an affected gravity making him a low curtsy.*) Your lordship's most humble servant. Was that well?

*Aug.* No joking, Henrietta, if you please, or else—

*Henrietta.* Nay, I am quite serious, I assure you. We must take care to know and perform our duty to respectable persons. It would not be amiss to inform your little friends too.

*Aug.* Oh! I will have some sport with those fellows; give one a pull, t'other a pinch, and play all sorts of tricks on them.

*Henrietta.* Those, I take it, are some of the duties of a gentleman that wears a sword; but if those fellows should not like the sport, and return it on the gentleman's ears—

*Aug.* What! low vulgar blood? No, they have neither hearts nor swords.

*Henrietta.* Really, papa could not have given you a more useful present. He saw plainly what a hero was concealed in the person of his son, and that

that he wanted but a sword to shew him in his proper light.

*Aug.* Hark ye, sister! it is my birth day, we must divert ourselves. However, you will not say any thing of it to papa.

*Henrietta.* Why not? he would not have given you a sword, if he did not expect some exploit of this sort from a gentleman newly equipt. Would he have advised you otherwise?

*Aug.* Certainly! you know he is always preaching to me.

*Henrietta.* What has he been preaching to you, then?

*Aug.* I don't know, not I. That I should adorn my sword, and not my sword me.

*Henrietta.* In that case you understood him properly, I must say. To adorn one's sword, is to know how to make use of it; and you are willing to shew already that you have that knowledge.

*Aug.* Very well, sister! You think to joke; but I would have you to know, madam—

*Henrietta.* Oh! I know extremely well, all that you can tell me; but do you know too, that there is one principal ornament wanting to your sword?

*Aug.* What is that? (*Unbuckles the belt and looks all over the sword.*) I do not see that there is the least thing wanting.

*Henrietta.* Really, you are a very clever swordsmen. But a sword-knot, now? Ah! how a blue and silver knot would dangle from that hilt!

*Aug.* You are right Henrietta. Hark ye! you have a whole band-box full of ribbands in your room; so—

*Henrietta.* I was thinking of it; provided that  
you

you did not give me a specimen of your fencing, or lay your blade about me in return.

*Aug.* Nonsense! here is my hand, that is enough; you have nothing to fear. But quick,— a handsome knot! When my little party comes, they shall see me in all my grandeur.

*Henrietta.* Give it to me then.

*Aug.* (*giving her the sword.*) There, make haste! You will leave it in my room, on the table, that I may find it when I want it.

*Henrietta.* Depend on me.

## S C E N E V.

*Augustus, Henrietta, Crape.*

*Crape.* The two Master Dudleys, and the Master Rayntons, are below.

*Aug.* Well! cannot they come up? Must I go to receive them at the bottom of the stairs?

*Crape.* My lady ordered me to tell you to come and meet them.

*Aug.* No, no; it is better to wait for them here.

*Henrietta.* Nay, but since mama desires that you will go down——

*Aug.* Indeed, they are worth all that ceremony! Well, I shall go directly. Come, what are you doing? Will this make my sword-knot? Go, run, and let me find it on my table properly done.— (*going out,*) do you hear?

## S C E N E VI.

*Henrietta*

*Henrietta.*

The little insolent! in what a tone he speaks to me! Luckily I have the sword. A proper instrument, indeed, in the hands of so quarrelsome a boy! Yes, yes, stay till I return it to you. My papa does not know you so well as I; but he must be told—Ah! here he is.

S C E N E VII.

*Lord Onsburgh, Henrietta.*

*Henrietta.* You are come in good time, papa. I was going to you.

*Lord Onsb.* What have you then of so much consequence to tell me?—But what do you do with your brother's sword?

*Henrietta.* I have promised him to put a handsome knot to it; but it was only to get this dangerous weapon out of his hands. Do not give it to him again, whatever you do.

*Lord Onsb.* Why should I take back a present that I have given him?

*Henrietta.* At least be so good as to keep it until he becomes more peaceable. I just now found him all alone, laying about him like Don Quixote, and threatening to make his first trial of fencing upon his companions that come to see him.

*Lord Onsb.* The little quarreller! if he will use it for his first exploits, they shall not turn out to his honour, I promise you. Give me this sword.

*Henrietta, (gives him the sword.)* There, sir. I hear him on the stairs.

*Lord*



*Lord Onsb.* Run, make his knot, and bring it to me when it is ready. (*They go out.*)

## S C E N E VIII.

*Augustus, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, elder Raynton, younger Raynton.*

(*Augustus enters first, with his hat on; the others follow him uncovered.*)

*Elder Dudley, (aside to elder Raynton.)* This is a very polite reception.

*Elder Raynton, (aside to elder Dudley)* I suppose it is the fashion now to receive company with one's hat on, and to walk before them, in one's own house.

*Aug.* What are you mumbling there?

*Elder Dudley.* Nothing, Mr Onsburgh; nothing.

*Aug.* It is something that I should not hear?

*Elder Raynton.* Perhaps it may.

*Aug.* Now I insist upon knowing it.

*Elder Raynton.* When you have a right to demand it.

*Elder Dudley.* Softly, Raynton! it does not become us in a strange house—

*Elder Raynton.* It is still less becoming, to be unpolite in one's own house.

*Aug. (haughtily)* Unpolite? I unpolite? Is it because I walked before you?

*Elder Raynton.* That is the very reason— Whenever we have the honour to receive your visits, or those of any other person, we never take the precedence.

*Aug.* You only do your duty. But from you to me—

*Elder Raynton.* What then, from you to me?—

*Aug*

*Aug.* Are you noble?

*Elder Raynton, (to the two Dudleys and his sister.):* Let us leave him to himself, with his nobility, if you will take my advice.

*Elder Dudley.* Fie, Mr Onsburgh! If you think it beneath your dignity to keep company with us, why invite us here? We did not ask that honour.

*Aug.* It was not I that invited you; it was my papa.

*Elder Raynton.* Then we will go to my lord and thank him for his civility. At the same time we shall let him know that his son thinks it a dishonour to receive us. Come, brother!

*Aug. (stopping him.)* You cannot take a joke, Master Raynton. Why, I am very happy to see you. It was to do me a pleasure that papa invited you, for this is my birth-day. I beg you will stay with me.

*Elder Raynton.* That is another affair. But be more polite, for the future. Though I have not a title, as you have, yet I will not suffer any one to offend me, without resenting it.

*Elder Dudley.* Be quiet, Raynton! We should rest good friends.

*Younger Dudley.* This is your birth-day then, Mr Onsburgh?

*Elder Dudley.* I wish you many happy returns of it.

*Elder Raynton.* So do I, sir; and all manner of prosperity. (*Aside*) And particularly that you may grow a little more polite.

*Younger Raynton.* I suppose you have had several handsome presents.

*Aug.* Oh! of course.

*Younger*

*Younger Dudley.* A great deal of cakes and sweetmeats, no doubt?

*Aug.* Ha! ha! cakes? That would be pretty, indeed. I have those every day.

*Younger Raynton.* Ah! then I'll wager, it is in money. Two or three crowns? eh!

*Aug. (disdainfully.)* Something better, and which I alone of all here—yes, I alone, have a right to wear.

*(Elder Raynton and elder Dudley converse aside.)*

*Younger Raynton.* If I had what has been given you, I could wear it as well as another perhaps.

*Aug. (looking at him with an air of contempt.)* Poor creature! *(To the two elder brothers.)* What are you both whispering there again? I think you should assist to amuse me.

*Elder Dudley.* Only furnish us with the means.

*Elder Raynton.* He that receives friends should study their amusement.

*Aug.* What do you mean by that, Mr Raynton?

## SCENE IX.

*Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus, Henrietta.*

*Henrietta, (bringing in a plate with cakes.)* Your servant gentlemen; I am glad to see you well.

*Elder Raynton.* Much at your service, miss, *(bowing to her.)*

*Elder Dudley.* We are happy to see you miss, amongst our party.

*Henrietta.* Sir, you are very obliging.—*(To Augustus.)* Brother, mama has sent you this to entertain your friends, until the chocolate is ready.

Crape

Crape will bring it up presently, and I shall have the pleasure of helping you.

*Elder Raynton.* Miss, you will do us a great deal of honour.

*Aug.* We do not want you here!—But now I think of it—my sword knot!

*Henrietta.* You will find the sword and the knot in your room. Good bye, gentlemen, until I see you again.

*Elder Raynton.* Shall we soon have the favour of your company, miss?

*Henrietta.* I am going to ask mama leave.

## SCENE X.

*Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus.*

*Augustus, (sitting down.)* Come, take chairs, and sit down. (*They look at each other, and sit down without speaking. Augustus helps the two youngest, and then himself, so plentifully, that nothing remains for the two eldest.*) Stop a moment! They will bring in more, and then I'll give you some.

*Elder Raynton.* Oh! no; we do not desire it.

*Aug.* Oh! with all my heart!

*Elder Dudley.* If this be the politeness of a young nobleman——

*Aug.* Is it with such as you that one must stand upon ceremony? I told you before, that they will bring us up something else. You may take it when it comes, or not take it. You understand that?

*Elder Raynton.* Yes, that is plain enough; and we see plainly too in what company we are.

*Elder Dudley.* Are you going to begin your quarrels again? Mr Onsburg, Raynton, fie!—  
(*Augustus rises; all the rest rise also.*)

*Aug.* (*going up to the Elder Raynton.*) In what company are you then, my little cit?

*Elder Raynton,* (*firmly.*) with a young nobleman that is very rude and very impudent; who values himself more than he ought; and who does not know how well-bred people should behave one to another.

*Elder Dudley.* We are all of the same opinion.

*Aug.* I rude and impudent? Tell me so, who am a gentleman?

*Elder Raynton.* Yes, I say it again; very rude, and very impudent; though you were a duke, though you were a prince,

*Aug.* (*striking him.*) I'll teach you to whom you are talking! (*Elder Raynton goes to lay hold on him. Augustus slips back, goes out, and shuts the door after him.*)

## SCENE XI.

*Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley.*

*Elder Dudley.* Bless me, Raynton, what have you done? He will go to his father, and tell him a thousand stories. What will he think of us?

*Elder Raynton.* His father is a man of honour. I will go to him, if Augustus does not. He certainly

certainly has not invited us here to be ill-treated by his son.

*Younger Dudley.* He will send us home, and make a complaint against us.

*Younger Raynton.* No; my brother behaved himself properly. My papa will approve what he has done, when we tell him the whole. He does not understand having his children ill used.

*Elder Raynton.* Come with me. Let us all go and find Lord Onsburgh.

## SCENE XII.

*Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus.*

*(Augustus enters with his sword undrawn.—The two younger boys run, one into a corner, and the other behind an arm-chair. Elder Raynton and elder Dudley stand firm.)*

*Aug. (going up to elder Raynton,) Now I'll teach you little insolent—Draws, and instead of a blade, finds a long turkey's feather. He stops short in confusion. The little ones burst into a loud laugh, and come up.*

*Elder Raynton.* Come on! Let us see the temper of your sword!

*Elder Dudley.* Do not add to his confusion.—He only deserves contempt.

*Younger Raynton.* Aha! this was it, then, that you alone had a right to wear.

*Younger Dudley.* He will do no great harm to any body with that terrible weapon.

*Elder Raynton.* I could punish you now for your rudeness

rudeness, but I should blush to take such a revenge.

*Elder Dudley.* He is no longer worthy of our company. Let us all leave him to himself.

*Younger Raynton.* Good bye to you, Mr Knight of the Turkey's Feather.

*Younger Dudley.* We shall not come here again until you be disarmed, for you are too terrible now. *(As they are going, elder Raynton stops them.)*

*Elder Raynton.* Let us stay and give an account of our behaviour to his father, otherwise appearances will be against us.

*Elder Dudley.* You are right. What would he think of us, were we to leave his house thus, without seeing him?

### S C E N E XIII.

*Lord Onsburgh, Augustus, elder Raynton, younger Raynton, Elder Dudley, younger Dudley.*

*(They all put on an air of respect, at the entrance of Lord Onsburgh. Augustus goes aside and cries for spite.)*

*Lord Onsb.* *(to Augustus, looking at him with indignation.)* What is this, sir, that I hear? *(Augustus sobs, and cannot speak.)*

*Elder Raynton.* My lord you will pardon this disturbance that appears amongst us. It was not caused by us. From the first moment of our coming, Mr Onsburgh received us so ill——

*Lord Onsb.* Do not be uneasy, my dear little Friend. I know all. I was in the next room, and heard, from the beginning, of my son's unbecom-  
ing

ing discourse. He is the more blameable, as he had just been making me the fairest promises. I have suspected his impertinence for a long time, but I wished to see, myself, how far he was capable of carrying it; and for fear of mischief, I put a blade to his sword, that, as you see, will not spill much blood. (*The children burst out a laughing.*)

*Elder Raynton.* Excuse the freedom, my lord, that I took in telling him the truth a little bluntly.

*Lord Onsb.* I rather owe you my thanks for it. You are an excellent young gentleman and deserve, much better than he does, to wear this badge of honour. As a token of my esteem and acknowledgement, accept this sword; but I will first put a blade to it that may be more worthy of you.

*Elder Raynton.* Your Lordship is too good; but allow us to withdraw. Our company may not be agreeable to Mr Onsburgh to-day.

*Lord Onsb.* No, no, my dear boys, you shall stay. My son's presence shall not disturb your pleasure. You may divert yourselves together, and my daughter shall take care to provide you with whatever may amuse you. Come with me into another apartment. As for you, sir, (*to Augustus,*) do not offer to stir from this place. You may celebrate your birth-day here all alone. You shall never have a sword, until you deserve it, if you were even to grow old without wearing one.

PHYSIOGNOMY.





## P H Y S I O G N O M Y.

**M**R Oakley having one day surpris'd his daughter Arabella very busy before her glais, they had the following conversation on the subject.

*Mr Oakley.* Why Arabella, you are dress'd very fine. I suppose it is to receive or to pay visits.

*Arabella.* Yes, papa, I am to spend the evening with the Miss Monktons.

*Mr Oakley.* I thought you were going to figure in a circle of duchesses. What needs all this dressing for friends that you see every day?

*Arabella.* Why, papa, you know—when one goes out, one should not be in a dishabille as at home.

*Mr Oakley.* Then you are generally in a dishabille at home!

*Arabella.* No, papa;—but you know there ought to be a difference.

*Mr Oakley.* I understand. You mean that you should be a little more attentive to your dress—

*But I thought, as I came in, that you seem'd busy in examining your looks and your figure. Does your glais tell you that your studies have succeed-*

ed: (*Arabella looks down, and blushes.*) What is  
 intention?

*Arabella.* Papa, one always likes to please, and  
 -we would not appear so as to frighten people.

*Mr Oakley.* Ha, ha! then it depends on our  
 choice to please people, or to frighten them?

*Arabella.* Not entirely. But I meant—as o-  
 thers do when they say, one looks like a fright.

*Mr Oakley.* I should like to know what that  
 means. It may be of use to myself.

*Arabella.* Why for instance; when one is pit-  
 ted deeply with the small pox, or has a great long  
 nose and chin, or a wide mouth.

*Mr Oakley.* Thank heaven you have none of  
 these; but rather indeed, a sensible little counte-  
 nance. What more do you want, in order to  
 please universally, and not to be a fright?

*Arabella.* Ah! I can't tell how it is, but I  
 know some little misses that have very handsome  
 faces, and yet they do not please me; and I know  
 others that are not counted handsome, and yet I  
 like their faces very much.

*Mr Oakley.* Can you trust me with your  
 thoughts? Tell me those first that are handsome  
 and yet have not the good luck to please your  
 taste.

*Arabella.* That is easily done. In the first place,  
 there is Miss Bloomer. She has a clear smooth  
 skin, as white as a lily, with fine blue eyes and  
 rosy lips. But she has an affected loll which makes  
 her seem lower than she is; and she hangs her  
 head on one shoulder, so that her face looks quite  
 another thing. Then she draws out her words  
 slowly, as if she weighed each syllable, and in  
 speaking she looks at you, expecting you to ad-

mire every sentence. In the next place, there is the eldest Miss Archly; she passes for a beauty; but her looks are so proud and sneering, that when we are a number of us together, we cannot help thinking she despises or ridicules us. As for Miss Drake, she carries herself with so much confidence, and speaks with such an air of command; that a boy would blush—

*Mr Oakley.* Softly! At this rate we shall fall into scandal. I would rather hear you mention those who, without being handsome, have found means to please you.

*Arabella.* You know Miss Emily Johnson? She is much marked with the small-pox, and even has a pearl on her left eye from it; but yet her countenance is so pleasing, that one may read in it good nature, mildness, and complaisance. The youngest Miss Archly has the smallest cast in the world with her eyes, from having had something hung before one eye that was sore for almost a twelvemonth when she was young. She looks to the right, to see what is on her left hand.— Well, it is nothing when one becomes used to it, and we all love her dearly; she is so lively, and so gay.

*Mr Oakley.* You see then, outward advantages such as a fair soft skin, white teeth, a handsome nose, rosy lips, a fine easy shape, in short, all the beauties of face or person, are not sufficient by themselves to make one please: one must have besides a happy countenance, and engaging manners.

*Arabella.* Certainly, papa; for otherwise I cannot tell how some please me who are neither handsome nor well shaped, and how others are disagreeable

agreeable with all these advantages.

*Mr Oakley.* But can you tell why the first have something in their countenances more agreeable than the regular features of the second?

*Arabella.* Because, I should think, one sees there some signs of their disposition; and we are apt to think that those who have appearances of good-nature in the features of the face, must have a good heart.

*Mr Oakley.* When you were before your glass, you strove, no doubt, to throw a little good-nature into your countenance, that people might imagine you to possess it in your disposition too?

*Arabella.* Oh! pray papa, do not make game of me.

*Mr Oakley.* I do not mean it. But you told me just now that you wished to please, and you owned this to be the surest method of doing so.

*Arabella.* Yes, certainly.

*Mr Oakley.* But do you think that such a countenance may not be deceitful, or that one can assume the power of pleasing and lay it down at pleasure?

*Arabella.* Yes, papa, I think so, for I have heard you and others say a hundred times, "I would never have thought that little girl to have such a deceitful countenance.—That man looked like honesty itself, and yet he has deceived us.—Such a person knows how to compose his face so, that one would swear him to be possessed of every virtue.

*Mr Oakley.* But did we speak, then, of those that we had seen often, or for a long time, or pretty near us?

*Arabella.* Ah! I do not know that, papa.

*Mr Oakley.* Or might not this wrong judgment proceed from a want of sagacity? or from not sufficiently remarking whether such persons have always the same countenance, or only take it up upon occasion; or in short, whether they speak and act consistently, and uniformly?

*Arabella.* What is the meaning of that, papa?

*Mr Oakley.* Whether every thing agrees, their countenance, their eyes, the sound of their voice, all the features of their face; whether any part contradicts, or gives the lie to the other.

*Arabella.* Oh! there are a good many things to mind in that. And yet I should imagine, if I saw any one a long time, and pretty often, and took particular notice of what you have mentioned, I could not be mistaken.

*Mr Oakley.* Ah! child, do not be too sure.

*Arabella.* However, I think, I can see in my little friends what is affected, and what is natural.

*Mr Oakley.* So then you suppose that you are knowing enough in the art of disguising the thoughts, and that you have judgment and penetration enough, to distinguish truth from hypocrisy upon a countenance? Really, I should never have expected so much from so light a little head as yours.

*Arabella.* Oh! I have taken notice in Miss Bloomer, that her prim mouth, her stare, her motions with her head, and that drawling tone of hers, are not natural; and that the elder Miss Archly's proud flouting look, and Miss Drake's free undaunted manner is not at all affected, because the one is really vain and self-conceited, and the other impudent.

*Mr*

*Mr Oakley.* Perhaps they are not far enough advanced in the art of putting on counterfeit looks. However your opinion is, that our aversions and our likings, our faults and our virtues are painted on our faces, and that one can read in a person's features, as in a book, what he is in the bottom of his heart.

*Arabella* Why not? I never saw a passionate person with a mild aspect, nor an envious person with a smiling countenance; nor one who was cruel and unfeeling, with looks of tenderness. Only see our neighbour, Mrs Grimston, how she eyes people as if she would eat them up, and with what a grumbling voice she speaks. Every time that Miss Artichoke, the old maid, comes here, when mama has company, only observe how her eyes go round, to see if any lady present has any thing new or elegant about her dress; and with what looks of jealousy she measures her from head to foot, as if she was hurt at another's happiness.

*Mr Oakley* Why, indeed, we may pretty safely pronounce that the one is envious, and the other passionate. But may it not sometimes happen, that nature should give the same person a happy countenance, and a perverse disposition; or, on the other hand, indifferent features along with a noble heart?

*Arabella.* I do not know, but I can hardly believe it.

*Mr Oakley.* Why so?

*Arabella.* Because we may see by a person's figure whether he is weak or strong, sickly or in health; and it must be the same with the disposition.

*Mr Oakley.* Well, now I shall give you two passages from history, that seem to contradict your notion. A certain able physiognomist, called Zopyrus, boasted that from a view of a person's shape and countenance, he could distinguish his manners and ruling passions. After one day looking at Socrates, he judged him to be a man of a bad mind and vicious inclinations, some of which he mentioned. Alcibiades, the friend and scholar of Socrates, who was well acquainted with his master's merit, could not help laughing at the judgment of the physiognomist and taxing him with gross ignorance, But Socrates confessed that he was really by nature inclined to those vices of which he was accused, and that he preserved himself free from them by the constant exertions of philosophy. Æsop, that slave who was endowed with so much wit, had a person so disagreeable and deformed, that when he stood to be sold he could prevail on nobody to purchase him, until his witty answers shewed them convincingly what he was.—Here are two examples that seem to prove the contrary of what you maintained.

*Arabella.* Well now, that surprizes me as to Socrates: I have often heard you talk of him with admiration. And as to Æsop too, I have read his fables with so much pleasure. I should have thought them both the finest looking persons in the world. But however, it agrees again with what I said, that one may be ordinary, and yet have I don't know what of wit, sensibility, or good-nature, in the countenance.

*Mr Oakley.* You are right; sickness or grief may alter the features. But that was not the case with Socrates. He owned himself that he was at  
first

ist viciously inclined, and the features of his face strongly confirmed it.

*Arabella.* I think his answer explains the difficulty. He was born with a bad disposition, but as he had much good sense at the same time, and saw that passion, pride, and envy were terrible vices, he struggled with them and came at length to get the better of them. His heart was purged of his faults, but his countenance kept the marks of them still.

*Mr Oakley.* You seem to be pretty ready at a reply. Nay, there is some truth, too, in your reasoning. However, I have a small question to propose to you.—If Miss Archly, that proud little miss, who has a face, you say, expressing disdain and self-conceit, should, from the sensible instructions of her parents, be convinced of her own folly; or if distresses and sickness obliged her to endeavour to render herself agreeable to others, by being mild, affable and mannerly, so that she should become quite the contrary to what she is at present; and suppose it were the same with your other little friends, as to the faults that you find in them also; would those marks of pride, affectation or impudence remain still upon their faces? Or when, by continual and redoubled efforts they should have changed their vices into the opposite virtues, would the same alteration take place in their countenances?

*Arabella.* Yes, certainly, papa.

*Mr Oakley* Well, the truth may lie between our different ways of arguing. Socrates, when young, yielded to the folly of his passions, and even retained for a long time his choleric temper, hence he entreated his friends to admonish him, whenever



whenever they saw him ready to give way. But in a more advanced age, when he had instructed in the school of wisdom, he began doubtedly to combat his vices, to reform himself daily, and to rise by degrees to the highest perfection in every moral virtue. But then too late to new model his features. The muscles and fibres of his face becoming stiff, the power of his mind could make no impression through his countenance. It was like the sun in a cloudy sky. Now in childhood, when the features more tender and flexible, the different motions of the soul are in their turns forcibly impressed on them. So that if by a reform during that period the virtues take place of the vices on the mind, the outward expression of these virtues on the countenance will also efface that of the vices. For the countenance may be compared to a glass veil. If you throw it over the head of a Circassian, and afterwards over that of a Dutch wench, you will easily see through it the bloom of the one, and the sooty blackness of the other. I do not know whether you understand what I mean.

*Arabella.* Oh! yes, perfectly from that comparison; and to shew you that I do, I will give you one of my own. I have often with the greatest ease cut the letters of my name, or the date of the year, upon a young tree, but I could not do so upon an old one; the bark would have been too hard, and too rugged.

*Mr Oakley.* Why you surprize me. But though your comparison should not be exactly exact, it is certainly true that if we do not acquire up a habit of virtue until an advanced age,

shall appear the less amiable in the eyes of others; because our features, long accustomed to express our former vicious inclinations, can with difficulty be modelled to represent our present virtuous sentiments: and what are we to conclude from this?

*Arabella.* That we should—that we should——

*Mr Oakley.* Consider well before you express yourself.

*Arabella.* That we should endeavour, while young, to have an amiable countenance.

*Mr Oakley.* But if we are not in our heart what our countenance denotes, would not the contrast be remarked? You said just now of Miss Bloomer, that she was not what she wished to be thought. So you see—

*Arabella.* Yes, I see that we should strive to be really what we wish to appear. So, for instance, if we would appear mild, modest, reserved, or good-natured, we should struggle against all those inclinations that would hinder us to be so in effect, otherwise our counterfeit looks will soon be discovered. For if one is really mild, modest, reserved, or good natured, the features of his face will shew it.

*Mr Oakley.* Very well, my dear Arabella. And is not that an excellent receipt for obtaining true beauty, and the genuine art of pleasing? How unhappy would those be to whom nature has refused her charms, if they were debarred the hopes of acquiring an amiable and engaging countenance by goodness of heart, and other qualities most pleasing in the sight of God and man.—Therefore, my dear, take my advice; do not go to seek in your glass for the art of appearing better than

than you really are. But whenever you find yourself ruffled by any passion, run immediately and consult it. You will see the ugliness of envy, anger or vanity. Then ask yourself, if such a portrait can be agreeable in the eyes of either God or man.

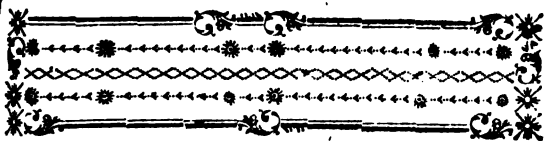
*Arabella.* Yes papa; your advice is very good, and I will follow it. But I shall reap another advantage from your instructions.

*Mr Oakley.* What is that?

*Arabella.* I will look very attentively at every body that I see in company, and strive to discover by their faces what opinion I should have of them.

*Mr Oakley.* No, child, take care how you do so. The first would be contrary to good manners, and unfuitable to the modesty of your sex; and the second would be very dangerous, considering your candour and inexperience. To discover in the features of any person his disposition or way of thinking, requires long study, repeated observations, and a very penetrating judgment. You would find yourself continually deceived in your likings or dislikes. The knowledge of the world will instruct you by degrees. At present study only yourself, and use all the strength of your mind to acquire every virtue, in order to become more amiable and more beautiful.





# J O S E P H .

**T**HERE lived once in Bristol a crazy person whose name was Joseph. He never went out without having five or six wigs on his head at once, and as many muffs upon each of his arms. Though his senses were disordered, he was not mischievous, and must be teased a long time to be put in a passion. Whenever he walked the streets, a number of troublesome little boys would come out of the houses and follow him, crying Joseph! Joseph! how do you sell your wigs and your muffs? Some of them were even so ill-natured as to throw stones at him. Though Joseph commonly bore all these insults very quietly, yet he was sometimes so tormented that he would fall into a fury, and take up stones or handfuls of dirt to throw at the rabble of boys. Such a combat as this happened one day before the house of Mr Denham. The noise drew him to the window, and he beheld with grief his own son Henry engaged in the fray. As soon as he perceived this, he shut down the sash, and went into another chamber. At dinner, Mr Denham

D

said

being tired by the shouts that pursued him, he turned short about, and taking up a large stone, threw it at him with such violence that it grazed his cheek, and almost cut off part of his ear.— Henry returned home all over blood, and roaring heartily. It is a just punishment on you from God, said Mr Denham. But, replied Henry, Why have I alone been hurt, while my companions, who used him much worse than I did, have not been punished? The reason is, answered his father, that you knew better than the others, what a fault you were committing, and consequently your offence was more criminal. It is very just that a child who knows the commands of God, and of his father, should be doubly punished, whenever he has such a disregard of his duty as to violate them.



## THE LITTLE MISS DECEIVED

BY HER MAID.

*Mrs Barlow, Amelia.*

*Amelia.* **M**A M A, will you give me leave to go and see my cousin Henry this evening?

*Mrs Barlow.* No, I do not chuse it, Amelia.

*Amelia.* Pray, mama, why so?

*Mrs B.* I have no occasion, I suppose, to tell you my reasons. A little miss ought always to obey her parents, without allowing herself to ask them questions. However, to satisfy you that I  
have

ive always a reasonable motive, whenever I order or forbid you any thing, I shall tell you.—  
 our cousin Henry can only set you an indifferent example; and I should fear, if you saw him so often, that you would imitate his levity and discretion.

*Amelia.* But mama—

*Mrs B.* No reply, I request. You know that my orders must be followed punctually.

Amelia retired a little to hide her tears; and soon after, her mother being gone out, she sat down in a corner, and gave her grief full vent.—  
 Just then Nanny, who was lately come into Mrs Barlow's service, entered the room. "How Miss Amelia, said she, are you crying? What is the matter? May not I know what troubles you?"

*Amelia.* Leave me, Nanny. You cannot comfort me.

*Nanny.* Nay, why not? There was Miss Sophy, at my last service, always came to me whenever any thing ailed her, "My dear Nanny, she would say, you see what has happened to me; tell me, what must I do?" And I had always good advice to give her.

*Amelia.* I do not want your advice. I tell you once more, that you can do nothing for me.

*Nanny.* Give me leave, at least, to go for your mama. She will, perhaps, be better able to comfort you. I do not like to see so pretty a miss as you in trouble.

*Amelia.* Oh, yes! mama, indeed!

*Nanny.* I cannot believe that it was she who grieved you?

*Amelia.* Who should it be, then?

*Nanny.* I could never have thought it. I should  
 D 3 always

always suppose you so reasonable, that your mama, could not refuse you any request. Ah! if I had a child so well disposed as you, she should be her own mistress. But your mama loves to command, and for a whim would oppose your most innocent wishes. How can one have so amiable a child, and take pleasure to thwart her! I cannot express how I suffer to see you in this situation.

*Amelia.* (*beginning to cry afresh.*) Ah! it will break my heart.

*Nanny.* Indeed, I fear it will. How red and swelled your eyes are! You are very cruel to yourself, not to let those who love you sincerely, try to give you some comfort. Ah! if Miss Sophy had been in half your trouble, she would not have failed to open her heart to me.

*Amelia.* I dare not mention mine to you.

*Nanny.* Not that, for my part, I care much about knowing it.—Oh! it is, perhaps, because your mama makes you stay at home while she goes to the play.

*Amelia.* No: she has promised me not to go there without me.

*Nanny.* Well, what is it then? Your trouble seems to increase. Shall I go for your little cousin? You may play along with him to divert you.

*Amelia* (*sighing.*) Ah! I shall not have that pleasure any more.

*Nanny.* It will not be hard to procure it for you. A young miss should have some company. Your mama has not a mind to make a nun of you?

*Amelia.* I am not allowed to see him.

*Nanny.* Not see him? I do not know what  
your

your mama thinks. Miss Sophy's was just the same. She would never let her have the least intimacy with Miss Semple. But how we contrived to deceive her.

*Amelia.* How was that?

*Nanny.* We watched the moment when she went out to pay visits: then either Miss Sophy went to Miss Semple, or Miss Semple came to her.

*Amelia.* And her mama did not know it?

*Nanny.* It was I that guarded against that.

*Amelia.* But if I were to go to see my cousin, and mama should ask, Where is Amelia?

*Nanny.* I would tell her that you were in the garden: or, if it was a little late, I would tell her that you were gone to bed, and fast asleep; and immediately I would run to find you.

*Amelia.* Ah! if I thought that my mama would know nothing of it—

*Nanny.* Trust me for that: she will never suspect it. Will you take my advice? Go and pass the evening with your little cousin. Never trouble yourself about the rest.

*Amelia.* I have a mind to try it for once. But you promise me at least that mama—

*Nanny.* Go! never fear!

Amelia in effect did go to see her cousin. Her mama came home a short time after, and asked where she was. Nanny answered, that she had been tired of sitting all alone, so had eaten a good supper, and was gone to bed.

In this manner Amelia deceived her unsuspecting mama several times. Ah! much more did she deceive herself in acting thus. Before she was always cheerful, and took pleasure in being



near her mama, and would run with joy to meet her, whenever she had been absent a moment.— But now, what was become of her cheerfulness? She was ever saying to herself, “O dear! if mama knew where I have been!” and she trembled whenever she heard her voice. If at any time she saw her look a little serious, “I am undone! she would cry. Mama has discovered that I have disobeyed her.” But this was not all that made her unhappy. Nanny would often cunningly tell her how generous Miss Sophy had been to her; how often she had given her sugar and tea; and how freely she had trusted her with the keys of the cellar and beaufet. Amelia took pride in deriving from Nanny the same praises for confidence and generosity. She stole sugar and tea from her mama for Nanny, and found means to procure her the keys of the cellar and beaufet.— Nevertheless, sometimes she felt the reproaches of her conscience. “I am doing wrong, she would say to herself, and my tricks will be found out sooner or later. I shall lose the friendship of mama.” She then went to Nanny, and protested that she would never give her any thing again.— “Just as you please, miss, answered Nanny; but take care; you may perhaps have reason to repent it! Stay till your mama comes home, I will tell her how obediently you have followed her orders.” Amelia cried and did every thing that Nanny desired her. Before, it was Nanny that obeyed Amelia; but now it was Amelia that obeyed Nanny. She suffered every sort of rudeness from her, and had nobody to whom she could complain. The wicked girl came to her one day and said, “You must know, that I have a fancy  
to

to taste the pie that was locked up in the beaufet yesterday; besides that, I want a bottle of wine. You must go and look for the keys of your mama's drawers."

*Amelia.* But, dear Nanny!

*Nanny.* We are not talking about dear Nanny! Do you mind what I ask of you?

*Amelia.* Why, mama will see us; or if she does not see us, God Almighty will see us and punish us.

*Nanny.* He saw you all the times that you went to your cousin, yet I never observed that he has punished you.

Amelia had received good instructions in religion from her mother. She was strongly persuaded that God has always an eye upon us; that he rewards our good actions, and has only forbidden us what is evil, because it is hurtful to us. It was through mere thoughtlessness that she went to see her cousin, contrary to her mama's orders. But it always happens that, from yielding to one error, one falls immediately into another. She saw herself obliged to do every wrong thing that her servant ordered her, for fear of being betrayed by her.

It may easily be imagined how much she suffered in this situation. She one day withdrew to her chamber, in order to weep at her case.—  
 "Oh! cried she, how much is one to be pitied who is disobedient! Unhappy child that I am! Slave to my own servant! I can no longer do what is my duty, but am forced to do what a wicked maid orders me. I must be a liar, a thief and a hypocrite! Lord have mercy on me!"—  
 Saying thus, she held up both hands to hide her  
face

which was drowned in tears, and began to reflect what steps she should take. At length, she rose all at once, crying, "I am resolved: and though my mama were not to let me come near her for a month; though she were to—But no, she will be reconciled to me; she will call me once more her Amelia. I depend on her fondness. But how dear it will cost me! How shall I bear her looks and reproaches! No matter; I will confess the whole to her." She then immediately sprung out of her chamber, and seeing her mama walking all alone in the garden, she flew towards her, and embracing her closely, covered her cheeks and her bosom with her tears. Grief and confusion stopped her speech.

*Mrs Barlow.* What is the matter, my dear Amelia.

*Amelia.* Ah! mama—

*Mrs B.* What is the meaning of these tears?

*Amelia.* My dear mama!

*Mrs B.* Speak, child! what occasions this agitation?

*Amelia.* Ah! If I thought you could pardon me!

*Mrs B.* I pardon you, since your repentance appears so lively and sincere.

*Amelia.* My dear Mama, I have been a disobedient girl; I have gone several times to see my cousin Henry, contrary to your orders.

*Mrs B.* Is it possible, my dear Amelia? you who formerly feared so much to displease me.

*Amelia.* Ah! I should not be your dear Amelia, if you knew all.

*Mrs B.* You make me uneasy: but trust every thing with me. You must have been deceived.—

You

## DECEIVED BY HER MAID. 45

You never gave me cause of complaint until now.

*Amelia.* Yes, mama, I have been deceived.—  
’Twas Nanny, Nanny—

*Mrs B.* What! it was she?

*Amelia.* Yes, mama: and that she might not tell you. I have often stolen the keys of the cellar and beaufet. I have stolen for her I know not how much sugar and tea.

*Mrs B.* Unhappy mother that I am! Do I hear this shocking account of my own daughter! Leave me, unworthy child! I shall go and consult with your father how we should treat you.

*Amelia.* No, mama, I will not quit you. Punish me first, but promise me that your love for me will one day return.

*Mrs B.* Ah! unhappy child! you will be sufficiently punished.

Mrs Barlow, at these words, left Amelia quite disconsolate, seated on a grassy turf, and went to seek Mr Barlow, and they concerted together the means of saving their child from her ruin.

Nanny was called up. Mr Barlow, after loading her with the severest reproaches, orders her to quit his house immediately. It was in vain that she wept and pleaded for a less rigorous sentence. In vain she promised that nothing of the same sort should ever happen again. Mr Barlow was inexorable. You know, answered he, how mildly I have treated you, and what indulgence I have shewn to your faults. I thought that my kindness might induce you to second my wishes as to my child’s education, and it is you that have led her into disobedience and theft. You are a monster in my sight! Leave my presence, and be  
careful

careful to reform, unless you wish to fall into the hands of a more terrible judge.

It was next Amelia's turn. She appeared before her parents in a situation worthy of pity.— Her eyes were swollen with crying; all the features of her face were changed; a frightful paleness covered her cheeks, and her whole body shuddered as if in the convulsions of an ague.— Unable to utter a word, she awaited in mournful silence the judgment of her father. "You have, said he in a severe voice, you have deceived, you have offended your parents. What could incline you to follow the advice of a wicked servant, rather than of your own mother, who loves you so tenderly, and desires nothing in the world so much as to make you happy? If I punished you with the indignation that your behaviour inspires; if I banished you from my sight for ever, as I have the companion of your faults, who could accuse me of injustice?"

*Amelia.* Ah! papa, you can never be unjust towards me. Punish me with all the severity that you shall judge necessary, I will bear the whole: but begin with taking me once more in your arms; call me once more your Amelia!

*Mr Barlow.* I cannot embrace you so soon.— I am willing not to chastise you, on account of the confession that you have made; but I shall not call you my Amelia, until you have deserved it by a long repentance. Pay great attention to your conduct. Punishments always follow faults, and it is you that will punish yourself.

Amelia did not yet fully understand what her father meant by these last words. She did not expect so mild a treatment: she went therefore  
up

up to her parents with a heavy heart, and curtsying to them, repeated afresh her promises of the most perfect submission. In effect, she kept her word; but alas! her punishment followed very soon, as her father had told her. The wicked Nanny spread the most infamous stories concerning her. She told all that had passed between her and Amelia, and added a thousand horrid lies besides. She said that Amelia, by the humblest entreaties, and by the force of presents which she had stolen from her parents, had laboured so long to corrupt her, that at length she suffered herself to be persuaded to procure her secret meetings with her cousin Henry; that they saw each other every evening, unknown to their parents; and that Amelia came often home very late. These things she related with circumstances so odious, that every one conceived the most disadvantageous ideas of Amelia. She was obliged to suffer the most cruel mortifications on this subject. Whenever she entered amongst a party of her little friends, she saw them all whisper each other, and look at her with an air of contempt, and an insulting smile. If ever she staid somewhat late in company, they would say, "It is plain, she waits here until the hour of her appointment." Had she a fashionable ribband, or an elegant dress, they would say, "Whenever one can get one's mama's keys, one may buy what one pleases." In short, upon the least difference between her and any of her companions, "Do not talk miss! they would say. Thinking of your cousin Henry confuses your ideas." These reproaches were so many stabs to the heart of Amelia. Often, when she was quite overwhelmed

med with grief, she would throw herself into her mother's arms, and seek for comfort there. Her mother generally answered her, "Suffer with patience, my dear child, what your imprudence has brought on you. Pray to God to forget your fault, and to shorten the time of your mortifications. These proofs will be of service to you all your life, if you can profit by them. God has said to children, *Honour your father and your mother, and submit in all things to their will.* This commandment is meant for their happiness. Poor children! ye know not the world yet. Ye cannot foresee the consequences that your actions may draw after them. God has committed the care of guiding you to your parents who love you as themselves, and who have more experience and reflection to ward off every danger from you. This you did not chuse to believe; but you now experience how wisely God requires of children submission to their parents, since you have suffered so much by your disobedience. My dear Amelia, let your misfortune serve for your instruction! It is the same with all the commandments. God prescribes to us only what is advantageous; He forbids only what is pernicious to us. We act therefore to our own hurt, whenever we do what is wrong. You will often find yourself in circumstances, when it will be impossible for you to foresee how much vice may injure you, or how much virtue may profit you. Recollect then what you have suffered by one single fault, and regulate all the actions of your life upon this unerring principle: *Every action which is contrary to Virtue, is contrary to our own happiness.*"

Amelia

Amelia punctually obeyed the wise advice of her mother. The more she was afterwards obliged to suffer the consequences of her imprudence, the more reserved she became and attentive to her own behaviour. She profited so well by this disgrace that, through the prudence of her conduct, she stopped the mouths of all who would speak ill of her, and obtained the name of the *irreproachable Amelia*.



## THE DIRTY BOOTS.

**F**ORTUNATUS, proud of his high birth, was not content with inwardly despising every one inferior to himself in point of fortune, but presumed to take such airs upon him as evinced the scorn with which he viewed them. As it chanced, one day he saw his father's footman cleaning shoes! Fooh! what a filthy business! cried he, as he passed him, turning up his nose: for all the world I would not be a shoe black!—Very likely, said John; and I, for my part, hope that I shall never be *your* shoe-black.

All the last week's weather had been very bad, but now it was grown clear and bright; on which account young Fortunatus received his father's permission to take a ride on horseback. Now the promise of this ride afforded him the greater pleasure, as the day before, when he was out, he had



had been hindered, by a heavy shower of rain, from going far. However, he had been already far enough to splash his boots from top to bottom, and they were not yet quite dry.

Transported with the thought of his ride, he ran down to John, who was then at breakfast in the kitchen, and with an imperious tone of voice, cried out, "John, John! I am going out on horseback! Run and clean my boots! do you hear me?" John pretended that he did not, and continued at his breakfast, quite composed. In vain Fortunatus put himself into a passion, and called him a hundred names. John contented himself with answering him very calmly, "I have told you, sir; already, if you recollect, that I hoped never to become *your* shoe-black."

In the mean time Fortunatus, seeing he could not, in spite of all his menaces, prevail upon John to do as he desired, returned quite full of rage, and made complaint about him to his father. Mr Railton could not comprehend why John refused a business that belonged to his employment, and which hitherto he had performed without expecting orders for that purpose; so he went to speak a little with him, and was told of the affair.

His conduct was fully approved by Mr Railton, who not only blamed his son, but told him that he might go and clean his boots himself, or stay at home, which ever he thought proper. He forbade the other servants to assist him in this business. "You will learn, sir, (added he,) how silly it is to look with scorn on services that contribute to our comfort and convenience; services, the rigour of which you should rather strive to soften, by

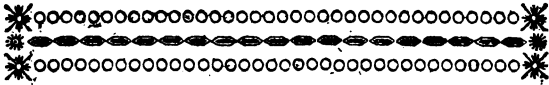
a gentleness of manners in yourself. Therefore, since a *shoe-black's* trade is so disgraceful, be so kind as to enoble it, by being for the future your own shoe-black."

Such a sentence turned his promised pleasure into sorrow. He was very eager for a ride on horseback, it was such fine weather; but—to clean his boots himself! he could not stoop to such an office. On the other hand, his pride would not permit him to go out with dirty boots, in which case every one that he met would ridicule him. He applied successively to every servant in the house, with offers of money to corrupt them; but not one could be persuaded to disobey his master's order. Thus, then, Fortunatus was obliged to stay at home, till in the end his pride permitted him to stoop so low as the conditions laid upon him. On the next-day John resumed his office without bidding; and the humbled Fortunatus, having exercised it once, would never afterwards gratify his pride, by vilifying what was in itself so useful.



BUTTERFLY

E



B U T T E R F L Y !

P R E T T Y B U T T E R F L Y !

**B**UTTERFLY! O pretty butterfly! come here, and rest upon this flower that I hold out in my hand.

Where would you wish to go, you little gad about? Do not you discern yon hungry bird upon the watch to seize you? he has whetted his sharp beak, and holds it open, to devour you. Come hither then; he will be afraid of me, and not approach you.

Butterfly! O pretty butterfly! come here, and rest upon this flower that I hold out in my hand.

I will not pull off your poor wings, or give you any pain. No, no; I know you are both weak and little as I am myself. All my wish is, to see you nearer. I should like to view your little head, taper body, and long wings spotted with a thousand colours.

Butterfly! O pretty butterfly! come here, and rest upon this flower that I hold out in my hand.

I will not keep you long. I know, you have not many weeks to live. When summer is once over, you will die, while I shall be but six years old.

So butterfly! sweet pretty butterfly! come here,  
and

and rest upon this flower that I hold out in my hand.

You should not lose a moment of the day; but give your whole life up to pleasure. It is your business to be sipping constantly the fragrance of some flower or other, which you may do without danger on my hand.



THE SUN AND MOON.

**W**HAT a charming evening! Come Alexis, said Mr. Wilmot to his little boy; the sun is just ready to go down. How glorious he appears! We may behold him now. He does not dazzle us so much at present as he did at noon, when he was up so very high, How beautiful too, the clouds seem round about him! They are of a purple, gold and scarlet colour! But behold how swiftly he descends! Already only half his orb is visible. And now he is wholly vanished.—Farewell sun; you have left us for the present till to-morrow morning.

Look, Alexis, towards that quarter of the heavens just opposite to where the sun descended.—What may that be shining so behind the trees? a fire? No, nothing like it, but the moon. How large and red it is! One would suppose it full of blood! This evening it is quite round, or as they say, full moon. It will not be quite so round to-

to-morrow evening; less so the next evening; less the evening after; and so on, decreasing something every evening, till at last it will be in some sort like a wire bent round into a semicircle, when a fortnight is gone.

It will then be new moon, and from day to-day you will observe it afterwards grow bigger, and seem rounder, till in fourteen days more it will be again full moon, and rise as it does now behind the trees.

But pray papa, inform me, how do both the sun and moon preserve their situation unsupported in the air? I always fear they cannot but fall down upon my head.

Fear nothing, dear Alexis: there is no danger. I will explain the reason why, when you understand the matter; so at present only listen while I mention how the sun and moon address you.

To begin then with the sun: He says as follows: I am King of day. I rise, or make my first appearance in the East; and what they call Aurora, or the dawn, precedes me, that mankind may know of my approach. I tap soon after at your window with a golden beam of light, to warn you of my presence. Rise, I say, rise lazy-boots. I never shine, that men may lie a bed and snore. I shine that they may wake, get up, and go to work.

I am the mighty traveller; and I run rejoicing like a giant, quite across the heavens, without ever stopping; for at no time am I weary.

I have a crown of glorious radiance on my head. I shed this radiance round about me to a vast extent, and even over half the universe. Wherever I am present, all things are beautiful and bright.

## THE SUN AND MOON. 55

I give heat too, as well as light. It is I who ripen with my beams the fruit in gardens, and the corn that grows in fields. If I should cease a moment to assist the course of nature, nothing then could grow, and famished men would die of despair, in all the horrors of that darkness which you yourself dread so much.

— I am higher than the hills and clouds. I should but need to come down a little towards the earth, and my devouring flame would burn it up as soon as you have seen the straw consumed which men toss in bundles into a furnace.

What a length of time has passed since first I gladdened the whole universe! Alexis, you were hardly in the world six years ago, but I was — I was in it when your dear papa was born, and many thousand years before; and I am not grown old yet.

At times I lay aside my crown of radiance and surround my head with silver clouds. It is not so difficult to view me then; but when I dissipate those clouds about me, and burst forth in all my noon-day splendor, you could never bear the blaze: should you attempt to bear it, I should blind you. There is but one living creature that can look at me, and that living creature is the eagle, whom the birds confess their monarch. He can contemplate my glory with a steady eye wide open, while he views me.

The same eagle, darting from the summit of some elevated mountain, shapes his progress towards me with a towering wing, and soon is lost amid my beams, through which he darts to pay me homage every minute of the day. The lark, suspended in the air a great deal lower,

sings, while I am rising, his best song, and wakes the other birds that slumber in ten thousand trees, The cock, remaining on the ground, proclaims the time of my return to mortals with a piercing voice. But, on the other hand, the bat and owl avoid my presence: they fly from me with a plaintive cry, and hasten to take refuge in the ruins of those towers which I once saw proudly rising, domineering afterward for many ages over spacious countries, and then sinking with the burthen of old age.

‘ My empire is not limited, like that of earthly monarchs, to a corner of the world. The universe at large is my dominion; and besides, I am the most illustrious object that was ever gazed at.

But the moon says, in the next place, with a voice not half so much exalted as the sun’s, I am the queen of night. I send my silver beams to give you light, as often as the sun withdraws at evening from the world.

You may keep looking at me without danger; for I am never so resplendent as to dazzle the spectator, much less do I burn. I am so good natured that I let poor glow-worms blaze among the hedges, which the sun, unpitying as he is, will not.

The stars shine round about me; but I myself am far more luminous than any star: nay, all the stars together give not so much light as I do: and I seem among their multitude as if I were a fair round pearl, surrounded by ten thousand little diamonds.

When you lie asleep, I dart a beam of silver brightness through your curtains; and my words  
are

are, sleep on, little friend, in safety. You are tired. I will not disturb your slumber,

You have heard the nightingale. *She* sings for me, who sings much better than all other birds. She perches on a spray, and fills the forest with her music, no less sweet and gentle than my brightness, while the dew descends on every flower, and all is calm and silent in my empire.



## THE ROSE-BUSH.

**W**HO will give me some nice tree or other for my garden? said little Frederic one day to his brother Augustus and Jasper, and his sister Jemima.

(Their papa had given them each a little bit of ground to sow or plant, as they thought proper.)

Oh not I, said Augustus; not I, said Jasper.

Well then, I will, answered Jemima. Let me know what sort of trees you would like?

A rose-bush, cried Frederic. Do but look at mine: it is the only one now left me; and the leaves, as you may see, are turned quite yellow.

Come then, said the lively Jemima, come and chuse one for yourself. On which she led him to



a little spot of ground that she had cultivated; and the moment they had entered, pointing with her finger to a charming rose-bush, told him he had nothing else to do, than take it up immediately.

*Frederic.* How, sister! you have only two, and with besides to give me up the finest! No, no; here is the least, and just such as I want.

*Jemima* You do not know how much pleasure I shall feel, if you will but take up the other Frederic, This may scarce produce you any flowers next summer; but the other will, I am certain: and you know, I shall be pleased as much with looking at it elsewhere, when full blown, as if it had continued in my garden.

Frederic overjoyed, approached the rose-bush, took it up; and Jemima, much more pleased, assisted in the transplantation.

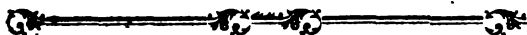
It appears that the gardener noticed this surprising piece of kindness in the little girl. Away he ran, selected from a number of young Windsor pear-trees, one which he thought the finest, and immediately conveyed it into Jemima's garden, planting it exactly in the spot which the rose-bush had possessed before.

Those who have a churlish nature hardly ever are assiduous: therefore when the summer months were come, Jasper and his brother having never attended their rose plants, they promised no great quantity of flowers, and to increase their disappointment, the chief part of those which they thought were coming, perished in the bud; while on the contrary Frederic's rose-bush, in consequence of great attention paid it by himself and Jemima, bore the finest centfoil roses that the whole county could boast; and as long as it remained

mained in flower, the happy Frederic always had a rose to stick in Jemima's bosom, and another for himself to smell.

Likewise did the Windsor pear-tree thrive surprisingly : it scattered a delicious perfume over all the garden, and soon grew so thick and lofty as to yield a tolerable umbrage. Jemima used to come and take her seat beneath it, when the sun was hottest ; as her father also did, when he would tell her charming stories, some of which would make her all at once burst out a laughing till her sides even ached again ; and others produced such agreeable melancholy in her, that soon after she would smile with pleasure at the recollection of her sorrow.

Here is one that he told her for her generosity towards Frederic ; by which story she was thoroughly convinced that such as we oblige can recompence our generosity ; which circumstance, he said, without adverting to the satisfaction of our hearts, must be a strong incentive to kind actions.



## THE NOSEGAY.

**C**APTAIN DORMER, and his amiable Lady, had lived during several years at their seat in Dorsetshire, happy in themselves, and beloved by all around them, when they received the unwelcome account that the Captain was commanded  
to

to join his regiment, which was ordered to embark for America. The news of this event filled all the country with sorrow, The rich grieved for the loss of so excellent a neighbour; the poor mourned for the departure of their kind and constant benefactor; and the tenants and servants wept aloud at the thoughts of being separated from a master who had always treated them more like children than dependants. But in vain were their intreaties that he would remain; honour called upon him to depart, and Mrs Dormer saw, with the utmost sorrow, that to honour he would sacrifice the strongest feelings of his breast. She resolved however not to be left behind, and in a short time they exchanged the tranquil pleasures of Belmount, for the horrors of carnage and war.

Mrs Dormer had not been long in America before she lay in of twins, both daughters, and very beautiful. In the care of these sweet children she found some relief during the frequent absences of her husband, and would often indulge the hope of returning peace, when the Captain, instead of engaging in the slaughter of his fellow-creatures, might enjoy the delight of improving his little Fanny and Sophia. The children daily became more fond of their parents, often clinging to their father when they saw him preparing to go out, and always clapping their little hands with joy when they saw him return. As soon as they were able to speak, Mrs Dormer taught them to say Papa, and in a short time, when they saw him at a distance, they would directly leave their play, and running up to their mama, would cry out.—  
“ Papa is come, dear papa is come to see his little  
“ girls.”

The

The improvements of the children became more visible every day, and they were daily more dear to their parents, when Captain Dormer, returning from a foraging party, was fiercely and suddenly attacked by the Indians, and a desperate engagement ensued. The time when Mrs Dormer had expected his return had long passed, and she sat in silent agony looking at her dear children, whom at one moment she feared were deprived of their parent, and the next, stepping to the room door, she anxiously listened to every noise, and was fearful lest even the sound of her own breath should prevent her from hearing the well-known step of her beloved husband. At length a sound reached her ears; it came nearer; it increased, and she flew down stairs in the fond hope of welcoming the return of what was most dear to her. The door was opened, but it no longer opened to admit the tender husband and fond father joyfully returning from the labours of the day; Captain Dormer was brought in a mangled, lifeless corpse. — Thus cruelly deprived of her husband, Mrs Dormer resolved to return to England, and to employ her time in the education of her little girls. She took them down into Dorsetshire, and instructed them herself; and little Fanny and Sophia Dormer were soon remarked as the neatest work-women in the country. But their good mama did not direct their attention merely to the little arts of making trifling ornaments; she taught them that virtue was superior to accomplishments, and that what was useful was more excellent than what was merely elegant. Little Fanny soon understood, that though music gave her great delight, it was still more delightful by her own sweetness

to charm all around her; and Sophy learned that no pleasure was equal to the pleasure of doing good to her fellow creatures:

In this happy retirement Mrs Dormer continued for some years improving her sweet girls in real virtue and useful knowledge. At this time Lady Aubrey, a relation of Mrs Dormer's, paid her a visit, and upon her return would gladly have prevailed with the good mother to suffer both her daughters to spend some time with her in London. This, however, Mrs Dormer could not agree to, but as Fanny had shewn a strong affection for her Ladyship, and earnestly wished to see London, she consented to her going; and Sophia, who preferred the company of her mama to any other enjoyment, was left at home. At first indeed, she felt uneasy without her sister; she found a solo on the harpsichord was not half so agreeable as a duet, and the beautiful alcove in the garden was not near so pleasant, as when Fanny sat with her there, at her drawing or needle-work. By degrees, however, she became reconciled to her loss, but frequently thought that Fanny could not enjoy half the pleasure in London that she did at Belmount, in assisting her mama to work for the poor people of the village, or in going with her to visit those who were sick. But her greatest delight was in the office which Mrs Dormer had given her of distributing the broken victuals, which were given away to the poor every day at her gate. This was the highest pleasure Sophy could receive. She flew with rapture to the house-keeper to obtain her welcome burden, under which she tottered to the door. She exulted in seeing so many poor creatures made happy by her bounty, and

and delighted to hear them say, "Here comes the good little girl; she will, one day, be as good a lady as her mama;" and she often thought with great pleasure of the joy which her sister Fanny would have, when she returned, in this new employment.

But Fanny's visit to Lady Aubrey unfitted her for the innocent pleasures of Belmount. She never heard of such a thing as working for the poor from her Ladyship; and cards, dress, and elegant equipages, engaged the attention of all the circles to which Fanny was admitted. She almost learned to forget the poor; and when she returned to Belmount, she spoke haughtily to the servants, and scarcely noticed her inferiors; and when the poor came to receive their daily allowance, instead of serving them, she either turned away, or suffered her little favourite-dog Surley to bark at them, and shake their tattered clothes.— All the village talked of her pride, and lamented that the good Mrs Dormer should have such a naughty little girl; but the good and gentle Sophia was loved by them all. They presented her with the choicest flowers in their gardens, and the most beautiful bantams and pea-fowls were sent to the poultry yard of the good little girl that behaved so well to every one. When Mrs Dormer came from church, all the farmers and their wives made their best bows and curtsies to the good lady, who spoke kindly to them all. She was followed by Fanny, who never turned her head aside; but when Sophia came near, the children plucked one another, and said, "Here comes the good young lady, see how good humoured she looks; she will ask us all how we do." Fanny

Fanny could not avoid seeing how disagreeable her pride made her to every body, and she found herself much less happy than she was before she went to London; but she had learned there to think that such behaviour was right, and, if it was an error, she foolishly resolved rather to adhere to it than to own she had been wrong. She was one day invited with her sister to a ball at the house of a lady in the neighbourhood, where she was to meet all the young people in that country. Her heart exulted in the thoughts of this gay party, and she resolved to behave in the same manner she had seen some fashionable ladies do in London. Upon entering the room she advanced to a small knot of young ladies of her acquaintance; and without speaking to the rest of the company, began to make remarks upon their dress and manners in a whispering voice, but in a tone loud enough to be heard. After some time a young lady, whom she had never seen before, entered the room, in a dress made up in a manner very different from any that Fanny had ever observed; she directly began to sneer at her, and declared, that for her part she was surprized such strange figures should think of mixing with people of fashion and wondered where they came from. The young lady, confounded at so rude a reception, retired to a corner, where she was joined by the good humoured Sophia, who chatted with her till the lady of the house returned into the room, and introduced her to the company as the eldest daughter of the Duke of Dorset, who was just returned from a tour to France. Nothing could exceed the chagrin of Fanny when she found that the young lady whom she had been ridiculing was the

the principal person in the company, and that the dress she had despised was the admiration of all who saw it. She had not the assurance to endeavour to repair her fault by apologies, or press her acquaintance upon the lady whom she had so grossly affronted. Indeed she saw that neither her excuses nor intimacy would be accepted, and she had the mortification of hearing her sister Sophia receive a very pressing invitation to Dorset House, in which she was not included.

Fanny was greatly mortified at this incident, and she resolved never to behave in such a manner again. She ought indeed directly to have endeavoured to conquer every feeling of pride, and to return to that behaviour which made her beloved by every body; but she only resolved that she would not again laugh aloud at a stranger, in a genteel company, and run the risk of offending her superiors. As to the poor and miserable, she thought them beneath her regard.

Some time after this Fanny and Sophia were again invited to the house of a lady, whom as Fanny regarded her as a person of great taste, she was desirous to please by her appearance.— She put on all her little finery, but found that one thing was necessary to complete her dress, which was a Nosegay, and this she determined to buy when they reached the town. They set off in the carriage, attended only by servants, and by Fanny's little dog which ran at the side of the chariot. Fanny could talk of nothing but of calling at the florists, and of the elegant Nosegay with which she should be adorned. At length they saw a little tattered girl lying asleep upon the side of the road, whom Surly directly attacked, and began



began to shake her ragged clothes. Sophia called him hastily away, and would have succeeded before he had awakened the poor little girl, but Fanny encouraged him to proceed; upon this the child starting up aimed a blow at the dog, which he avoided and made a snap at her leg. The poor terrified girl then endeavoured to run away, but in running missed her step, and fell down the bank into the ditch. She had hurt her foot, and lay crying in the ditch till Sophia ordered the servant to take her up, and, contrary to the advice of Fanny, desired him to place her in the chariot that they might convey her home. She began to comfort the poor child, and enquired about her hurt; but she continued to cry out, "O my poor mammy, my poor mammy, what will she do, now I cannot run about and beg for her and my daddy!" Who is your mammy, said Sophia, and what shall we do for your foot. "Oh! don't mind my foot," said the child, "give me only some bread for my poor mammy and daddy, and my little brother, and I don't care what becomes of my foot."

The child had scarcely finished her speech when the carriage stopped at the door of a cottage, which the little girl said was her home. When she attempted to get out she found herself unable to walk, and was obliged to be carried by the footman, who accompanied by Sophia, entered the house, while Fanny remained in the carriage sullenly pouting at her sister's condescension, and very angry to be so delayed. She was indeed sorry to see the poor child so hurt, and when she was taken out of the carriage gave her what money she could spare; but she took care to keep enough to buy her elegant Nosegay. When Sophia entered

entered the house, she found a scene of misery which she could not have conceived. The father of the little girl had long laboured under an ague and fever, her mother was worn down with poverty and fatigue, and her little brother crying for hunger in a corner of a poor cottage, stripped of almost all its furniture, which had been sold to buy necessaries. Sophia found that little Sally had gone out in the morning to beg something for this afflicted family, and that, quite exhausted with hunger and fatigue, she had sat down upon the bank and cried herself to sleep. The tender heart of Sophia was greatly affected by this distress; she emptied her pocket of every farthing which it contained, and gave it to the good woman of the house, and would not keep enough to buy the collar which she had once intended for her little favourite squirrel. She then prepared to leave the cottage, but before she went desired the poor people to get what was necessary, and told them she would soon return with her good mama, who would give them cloaths and victuals enough.

The sisters then proceeded to their visit. Fanny bought her Nosegay, which was very beautiful; but the sweetness of Sophia, and the cheerfulness which the thoughts of the good action she had been performing inspired her with, made her so agreeable, that all the company were charmed with her, but paid little attention to Fanny. At night when they returned, Mrs Dormer noticed Fanny's Nosegay, which, though it had begun to fade, was still very beautiful. This pleased Fanny, and she cried out, Ah! mama, I was sure you would like "it, it is so very pretty, and my sister liked it very much indeed." "Then why did she not buy

“one?” said Mrs Dormer. Fanny hung down her head, and in a faltering tone answered, “Because she had no money.” Mrs Dormer surprised at this, for she had given some to each of them that very morning, enquired from Sophia what was become of it; Sophia then recounted to her mother the condition in which she had seen the poor people at the cottage, but took care not to mention a word of Fanny’s ill behaviour: she then told her the way in which she had disposed of her money, and the promise she had made of taking her mama to the cottage; and ended by begging that she would go with her in the morning. Transported with her conduct, Mrs Dormer pressed her virtuous child to her bosom, and promised to take care of the wretched family, for whom Sophia was so much interested. Then looking with anger at Fanny, she said, “Did you then give nothing to these poor unhappy creatures?” Fanny hung down her head in silence, for she was ashamed to speak; but Sophia said, “Oh yes, mama, indeed she gave them all the money she had; except just enough to buy her Nosegay and a trinket for her little watch; and I am sure if she had gone into the cottage and seen their misery, she would have given them that too.” “She sat at the door then,” said Mrs Dormer, “while you went in.” Then turning to Fanny, “Proud and unfeeling girl,” said she, “who could prefer vain and trifling ornaments to the delight of relieving the sick and miserable! Retire from my presence; take your trinket and Nosegay, and receive from them all the comforts which they are able to bestow.”

Sophia

Sophia would gladly have retired with her sister. She was grieved at the displeasure she had incurred from her mama, and she wished earnestly to sooth and comfort the dejected Fanny. Mrs Dormer however chose that she should be left alone, and Fanny was obliged to pass the night by herself. She then began to reflect upon the happiness which she had known before she went to visit Lady Aubrey: she was then beloved by every one, every body met her with a smile; all the servants were ready to oblige her, and all the neighbours loved her, now all was changed, and no one except Sophia, no, not even her mama, seemed to love her. At this thought she wept bitterly. "And why am I not beloved?" said she, "And why does every one shun me, at the very time that they are so fond of my sister? Alas! it is because I am not so good as she." Fanny then thought of the vexatious situations into which she had been brought by her vanity and pride.—they had caused her to be shunned not only by her inferiors, but by those above her, and had made her generally hated or despised. Heartily ashamed of her conduct, and grieved at its consequences, she passed the greatest part of the night in weeping, and in resolving that she would again be good, and again behave in such a manner as should make her beloved by all, and happy in herself.

Towards morning Fanny fell asleep, and, as she was much tired with lying awake so long, she slept till it was pretty late; the next day when she awoke she enquired for her mama, and was resolved to ask her forgiveness, and to inform her of her sorrow for her past faults, and her resolution to amend. She was informed that Mrs Dor-

mer and Sophia were gone to the cottage, and had taken cloaths, and other necessaries for the family, and had sent for a physician to attend the sick man. " Ah !" said she, " Sophia is happy, and she deserves to be so, for she is good ; I was not worthy to have the pleasure of going to the cottage, but I will be good and happy too." She then rose, and the first thing she saw was her Nosegay, which the maid had carefully put into a pot of water the night before.— This Nosegay, said Fanny, shall be the constant memorial of my faults, and of my repentance.— She then reached her pallet, and making a beautiful sketch of the almost dying flowers, she wrote under them in a large hand, *Virtue never fades*, and placed the drawing in the most conspicuous part of the room. When Mrs Dormer returned, she was struck with the elegant performance, and calling for Fanny, had the delight of hearing from herself what had passed in her mind during the past night, and her resolutions of amendment.— After some time, during which Fanny had entirely laid aside her haughty behaviour, the indulgent Mrs Dormer would have removed the drawing that it might no longer mortify her child ; but Fanny begged it might remain, and whenever she found herself inclined to return to her former folly, she placed herself before the picture, which soon became ; not merely the shameful memorial of past faults, but the elegant monument of her return to virtue.

RATIONAL

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# RATIONAL SPORTS.

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## P E R S O N S.

JOHN,	<i>Eldest Son.</i>
EDWARD,	<i>Second Son.</i>
JANE,	<i>Eldest Daughter.</i>
GEORGE,	<i>Third Son.</i>
WILLIAM,	<i>Fourth Son.</i>
BARTLE,	<i>Fifth Son.</i>
SUSAN,	<i>Second Daughter.</i>

## T R A D E S.

# D I A L O G U E I.

*Jane.* **W**HO will play at Trades?

*George.* I will

*William.* And I will.

*Susan.* May I?

*Jane.* If you please my dear.—*Bartle* will you?

*Bartle.* O yes.

*Jane.* Come then.

*Susan.* How do we play?

*George.* You will see,—*Jenny* begins.

*Jane.* I will be a Milliner; and I will sell a thousand things.—*Jack* says, that is the meaning of the name; and I will make caps and ruffles, and such things.

*George.* And I will be a Haberdasher, and I will sell as many things as you : pins, tape, needles, thread ; and I will have a great shop.

*William.* And I will be a Pedlar ; and I will buy my goods of *George*, and carry them a great way about, and call at all the houses ; and I will keep a stall at the fair, and sell my goods.

*Jane.* Will *Bartle* be a Huckster ?

*Bartle.* What is that ?

*Jane.* A kind of Pedlar, who sells fruit, and cakes ;—go to the school, and Jack and Ned will buy.

*Jane.* And what will little *Susan* be ?

*Susan.* I do not know.

*Jane.* You may be a little Mantua-maker and make gowns.

*Susan.* So I will.

*Jane.* Now I will be a Grocer ; and sell sugar, tea, spice, figs, raisins, currants,——

*George.* Then I will be a Confectioner ; and come to your shop for the sugar with which I boil my sweetmeats ; and the fruit I will buy of *Bartle*.

*William.* I will be a Pastry-cook ; and make nice tarts, and cakes ; and deal with you all for fruit, and sugar, and sweetmeats.

*Jane.* Now I will be a Stationer, and Bookfeller. I will keep good paper, pens, ink, sealing-wax, and wafers ;—who wants a good pencil ?

*George.* I will be a cooper ; and make tubs and casks.

*Jane.* I will be a Chymist ; and I will make physical oils, and such sort of things ; and *George* shall be a Druggist ; and he shall sell all sorts of drugs, and dried herbs, and sirops for medicine.

*George*

*George.* Bartle has got a new hammer, so he shall be a Carpenter;—then he must have a chisel, gimblet, a plane, a saw, and I cannot tell how many tools;—but can he tell how to make his glue.

*Bartle.* No.

*George.* Of the skins of beasts boiled to a strong jelly,—when it is cold it hardens into cakes.

*Jane.* There are several sorts of glue for different uses, made of different substances.

*George.* Now I will be a Brasier; and sell all sorts of things in brass and copper: and *Bartle* shall be a Plumber and deal in lead—and *William* shall be a Glazier; and he shall sell glass, and glaze the windows.

*Jane.* No, *William* shall be a Tinker; and mend kettles.

*George.* Then *Bartle* shall be a Cobler; and mend shoes.

*William.* Then *George* must be a taylor; and make cloaths.

*Jane.* Let *Susan* be a Draper; then what will she sell?

*George.* Cloth to be sure, you know; there are both Linen and Woollen-drapers.

*Jane.* My paper is made of old linen boiled to mash.—Draper! what is your cloth made of?

*Susan.* I do not know.

*Jane.* A forfeit then—or a penalty—Come hither, and give me a kiss.

*Jane.* Bartle. what does a Cobler deal in?—you should say leather.

*Bartle.* What is leather?

*Jane.* Do you not know?—The skins of beasts tanned—What tools do you want?—Say, an awl.



*George.* Draper!—When you are asked what your linen is made of, answer hemp or flax.—They are both plants.—You know what the woollen clothes are made of?

*Susan.* O yes.

*Jane.* Brazier! what is your brass made of?

*George.* Copper ore melted with lapis calimnaris.

*Jane.* Very well Brazier.

*Jane.* Now sister you should be asked what your muslins are made of?—and answer cotton—Then I ask what is cotton?—you answer, it grows in pods upon trees and plants.

*George.* Grocer!—you sell cheese—What is it made of?

*Jane.* Milk.

*George.* What part of it?

*Jane.* The curd—I have seen the rennet mixed to make the milk part into the curd and whey.

*Susan.* Is that the nice whey which I tasted one morning?

*Jane.* Yes—*Susan*, you know what butter is made of!

*Susan.* Of cream.

*Jane.* But how?—You do not know—Then I will tell you. It is shaken about very much, then it parts into curd and whey—The curd is butter; the whey is called butter-milk.

*George.* Where do you get your best figs, Grocer?

*Jane.* From Turkey.

*George.* What is chocolate?

*Jane.* The meat of a nut called cocoa;—the shell we use by the name of cocoa.

*George.* You sell spices—What is cinnamon?

*Jane.*

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Jane. The bark of a tree.

George. Mace?

Jane. The hulk of the nutmeg.

George. What is sago?

Jane. A pith.

George. Ginger?

Jane. A root.

Jane. Pray druggist do you answer a few questions.—What is your gall-nut?

George. The nest of an insect.

Jane. Cochineal?

George. An insect.

Jane. Kermes is of the same kind; an insect of the gall kind, and its nest.

George. I could have told—and rhubarb is a root. Vermicelli for soups, is paste from *Italy*; so called because it looks like *worms*. My macaroni, paste from *Italy*—My salop, a root ground to powder—the root of one kind of orchis.

Jane. What is manna?

George. A gum which oozes from an ash-tree in *Calabria*.

Jane. What is sperma-ceti made of?

George. The brain of one kind of whale.

Jane. Turpentine is—what?

George. Turpentine, pitch, rosin, tar, frankincense, all flow from trees.

Jane. Cream of tartar?

George. A preparation from tartar, which is found sticking to the tops and sides of wine casks.

Jane. Whence do tamarinds come?

George. From both the *East* and *West-Indies*

Jane. How do they grow?

George. In pods somewhat like those of a bean,  
and

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and upon a tree, a little like our ash. Prunes are plums dried, and brought from *Bourdeaux*. Ifing-glass is the glue of a fish—I forgot to ask the Stationer what her parchment was made of.

*Jane*. Skins of sheep and goats—and vellum, is made of the skins of very young calves, kids and lambs.

*(Here the Maid comes in.)*

*Maid*. Supper is ready my dears.

*Jane and George* finging

Come Coblers and Taylors ;

Come Soldiers and Sailors ;

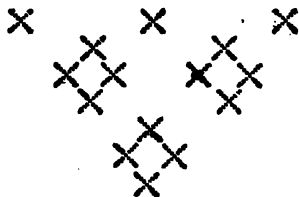
Come Grocers and Glaziers ;

Come Tinkers and Brasiers ;

Come, come, come all away,

We 'll play at trades another day.

*(They go out)*



DIALOGUE



## DIALOGUE II.

CONTINUATION

OF

## T R A D E S.

*John.* **I** AM a *Russian* Merchant. I export Woollen Clothes, Stuffs, and Tin-lead. I import in return Hemp, Flax, Linen, Tallow, Furs, *Russian* Leather, Iron, Potashes, and Naval Stores.

*Jane.* *Susan* is a Merchant. She trades to *Spain*. Her ship shall bring abundance of good things, Oranges, Lemons, Nuts, Chefnuts. Now go into the parlour, and bring an orange. Whilst *Susan* performs her voyage we can examine the globe.

*John.* That was well managed. See here are some of the spice-islands of which we were speaking.

*Edward.* Here is *Ceylon*, whence the cinnamon comes.

*Jane.*

*Jane.* Here is *Sumatra*, here grows Pepper.

*John.* Pepper grows likewise on another island; here it is, *Java*.

*George.* I have found the *Molucca* islands—where Cloves grow.

*Edward.* And here are the *Banda* islands, which produce both Nutmegs and Mace. For Mace, you know, is the hulk of the Nutmeg.

*Jane.* I know it. But the Cloves, how do they grow?

*John.* Upon trees which resemble bay trees; in clusters, like bunches of grapes.

*Edward.* Here comes *Susan*. Let us trade nearer home. Look *Susan*—here is *Holland*—your little Clock, and Chairs, your Table, and all the furniture of your doll's kitchen came from hence. The Linen for your papa's shirts too—and we are forced to buy all the Nutmegs, Mace, Cloves, and Cinnamon of these people, though they grow a great way from their country.

*John.* *Susan*! come hither my little dear! here is *China*—it is a great way off, you see. Your pretty set of Cups and Saucers came from hence, and your mama's Chintz Gown, and fine Cabinet which stands in the drawing-room, and those Dressing boxes which stand upon the toilet in the best dressing room, came from *Japan*; there it is. We have Silk too from *China*, and Tea.

*Edward.* Amber comes from *Japan* too.

*William.* Brother, you forgot that Cloves grow in an island called *Amboyna*.

*Bartle.* What sort of tree produces the Bark? Such I mean as *Mary* took when she had an ague?

*John.* A tree about the size of a cherry-tree. The *Kinquenna*, it grows in *Peru*.

*William.*

*William. Watts* speaks of the riches of *Peru* in his hymns.

*John.* Gold is found in every province of *Peru* washed down from the mountains. Silver Mines likewise abound in *Peru*.

*George.*—The Mines of *Potosi*—

*John.* They are the richest. There are two quicksilver mines near *Lima*—particularly in the mountains of *Oropega*.

*Jane.* How is that found?

*John.* In a kind of stone called *Cinnabar*—which also yields *Vermilion*.

*Edward.* *Storax*, *Guaiacum*, and several other gums and drugs are produced here.

*John.* Here they make bread of the *Cassavi* root, as in other parts of *America*.

*Jane.* I have tasted it. Is it true that the root is poisonous till the juice is extracted?

*John.* So I have been told.

*George.* I read somewhere that the sheep of *Peru* were formerly the only beasts of burden there.

*Edward.* Whilst we stay in *Spanish America*, let us visit *Amazonia*. Here grow *Cocoa-nuts*, *Pine-Apples*; and the forest-trees are *Cedar*, *Brasil-wood*, *Ebony*, *Logwood*, *Iron-wood*—and many sorts of dying woods. *Cotton*, *Sugar*, *Sarsaparilla*.

*George.* What sort of a tree is *Ebony*?

*William.* I know—it is called *Shrubby Hare's Foot*—*Jupiter's Beard* of *Crete*. It grows naturally there, and in some of the islands of the *Archipelago*; but it is said to be only about four feet high.

*George*

*George.* Is that bush of currants, which *Cole* the gardener brought, really the same kind as that which produces our dry currants?

*John.* I believe not. For *Dr Chandler* describes the leaf of that vine as being larger than that of the common. They grow in large clusters, are black, or of a deep purple—and the people who gather and dry them, suppose that we use them in dying.

*Jane.* Do they not discover that they are good to eat?

*John.* *Chandler* eat of them, and had puddings made with them; but the inhabitants were before ignorant of their use in food—and, indeed, did not treat them as if they had an idea of their being eaten.

*George.* How so?

*John.* They trod them down with their feet into holes where they caked together—and when they are put in the ships they heat; and fill the vessel with an intolerable stench.

*Susan.* Here comes papa with a nice nosegay.— Ah, papa!

*Papa.* Little dear! I brought you these flowers to wear for your birth-day.

*Susan.* I thank you papa. Pray what is this?

*Papa.* An Auricula, a native of the Alps.

*Susan.* This is an Anemone.

*John.* The most beautiful Anemones came from the *East Indies*. Do you recollect, *Ned*, how selfish *Monsieur Bachelier* was said to be?

*Edward.* You mean in keeping the double Anemone so long in his garden without giving a root to his best friend.

*Jane*

*Jane.* If ever theft had been allowable it would have been there.

*Edward.* So thought his friend who visited him in his counsellor's robe—and, sweeping it over the flowers, is said to have stolen some seeds in an artful manner.

*William.* When *Chandler* travelled in *Greece*, he described a part of his road as being full of *Anemones*.

*George.* Whence came the *Ranunculus*?

*John.* From *Tripoli*, in *Syria*; probably in the time of the *Crusades*.

*Edward.* The *French* received very fine ones from *Constantinople*.

*Jane.* Pray, papa—did not *Mr Green* say, that the *Tea-plant* would grow in *Europe*?

*Papa.* Yes, my dear.

*Jane.* I would not venture to assert it, without asking you.

*Edward.* Has it not been known to do so, some years?

*Papa.* Not many. The true *Tea-plant* had never been introduced into *Europe* till the year 1763.

*John.* What was that plant which grew in the *Botanical Garden* at *Upsal*, and was brought thither, by mistake, for the *tea plant*?

*Papa.* The *Camellia*.

*John.* That is not the name which *Plume* mentioned, *Ned*?

*Papa.* No—the plant which generally goes by the name of *Tea-plant*, in the *Botanical Gardens*, is the *Cassine*. The *Chinese* have often deceived those who sought to bring the plants or seeds;—nor will the seeds bear to be brought.

*Jane*



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*Jane.* How then was it contrived ?

*Papa.* *Linnaeus*, after twenty years of fruitless endeavours, succeeded ; by having the fresh seeds sown in a garden-pot in *China* ; and so they were brought to *Upsal*.

*John.* Surely similiar assiduity would enable us to cultivate spices, which the *Dutch* now monopolize.

*Papa.* The *French* have already introduced the nutmeg and clove into the islands of *Bourbon*, *France*, and *Secheilles*. Cloves have likewise been produced in *Cayenne*.

*Jane.* Of what place is Flax a native ?

*Papa.* *Egypt*. It grows in those parts which are flooded by the *Nile*.

*George.* Rice should grow in water. Should it not papa ?

*Papa.* "Every well watered place,"\* in *Isaiab*, alludes to the method of planting rice.

*John.* Pray tell us the method.

*Papa.* They sow it upon the water ; and before sowing, while the earth is covered with water, they cause the ground to be trodden with oxen, and other cattle who go midleg deep. This is the way of preparing the ground for sowing.

*Edward.* This is a particular method of tillage.

*Papa.* The prophet is likewise supposed to allude to this particular mode of tillage, in use among the *Egyptians*, in another passage, where he speaks of "the lands that the river has nourished;"† for that word should be substituted for *spoiled*, as *Louth* assures us.

*John.* I now recollect imperfectly some account

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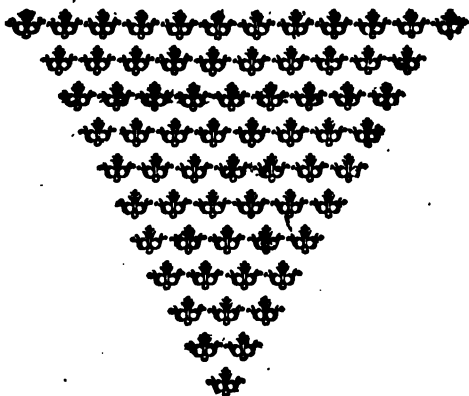
\* *Isaiab* xxxii. 20.

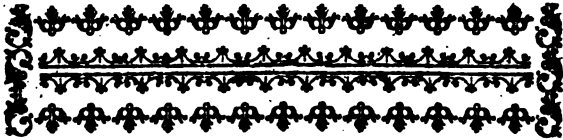
† *Isaiab* xviii. 2. 7.

I met with of the *Egyptians* treading-in their corn.

*Papa.* When the Nile had retired within its banks, and the ground became somewhat dry, they sowed their land, and then sent in their cattle, to tread in the seed; and without farther care expected the harvest.

*Susan.* When shall we eat the cakes, and all the nice things?





THE TIMBER - MERCHANTS.

DIALOGUE III.

CONTINUATION

OF

T R A D E S.

*Susan.* **Y**OU are very good to play with  
us—

*John.* We will play at Trades. I know you love that play.

*Bartle.* I do very much.

*Susan.* And I.

*John.* We play at Trades on purpose to please you little ones.—I will be a Timber-merchant. I have Oak-timber excellent for wheel-spokes—for ship-building—for hoops—for spray—for bavin and coals.

*Bartle.*

*Wife.* Pray what is bavin'?

*Board.* I think a sort of small brush-wood used for the purpose of kindling.

*John.* Who buys my Oak?—the bark is very useful to the Tanner and Dyer—so is the saw-dust. —Girls come and buy my Oak—the ashes and lees are good for your washing.

*Edward.* I am a Timber merchant. I deal in Elm—it is of singular use where water-works are required, for pipes, pumps, and ship planks, below water—and you who are Wheel-wrights, come and buy of me—the roots of my Elm are of use to the Turner for curious dappled works—Butchers, come and buy my elm for your chooping-blocks—Hat-makers, come and buy your blocks—Wheelwrights, here are axle-trees—Trunkmakers, come and buy my Elm for your leather-trunks—Carvers, come and buy my Elm for your curious foliage; it rarely warps.

*George.* I am a Timber-merchant. I recommend to you my Horn-beam—it is better than yew or crab for mill-cogs—it is both flexible and tough—excellent for heads of bettles—yoke-timber—stocks and handles of tools: it is also excellent for the Turner's use—it makes good hedges—and it makes good fires.

*Jane.* I am a Timber merchant. I deal in Ash. My Ash is of universal use next to the Oak. It is of use to the Soldier, Scholar, Carpenter, Cooper, Turner, Thatcher, Husbandman, Cartwright, Wheelwright, and to the Apothecary; for in *Catalabria* grows a kind of Ash, which produces the drug called Manna.

*George.* You boast very much of your Ash.

*Jane.* I have more to say in praise of my Ash, former

formerly the inner bark was used to write upon—but to talk of present times: it is of use for plough-trees, wheel-rings, harrows, oars, blocks for pulleys, &c. the bark is good for tanning nets. it is of use for hop-poles, spars, handles and stocks for tools, spade-trees, &c. carts, ladders, and other tackling for the pike to the plough, spear, and bow—so says my old author.

*John.* I deal in Chestnut; and assert, that next to the Oak, it is sought after by the Joiners and Carpenters.—The Chestnut formerly built a great part of our antient houses in *London*.—Contrary to the Oak, it will appear fair without, and be decayed within—so I confess it yields to the Oak.

*Edward.* I have Walnut-tree wood to sell. It is of universal use in *France*—and in *New England* instead of yew. The white *Virgin* Walnut, called Hickery Nut, is very common in most parts of *North America*.

*George.* I think what is called the Black *Virginia*, is not in *North America*.

*Jane.* I speak in praise of Hazel, for poles, spars, hoops, forks, angling rods, faggots, cudgels, coals, springes to catch birds—it affords the best coals used for gun-powder.

*George.* No. Birch affords the best coals for that purpose. Hazel affords the *charming* rods.

*John.* Pshaw?

*Jane.* The coals are of use to painters, as are those of Sallow. Hazel makes good riding sticks too.

*Edward.* I sing the praise of Birch.—I do not boast of it as Timber, yet it does for the husbandman's ox-goad, hoops, screws, brooms, panniers, wands,

wands, bavin; bands and withs for faggots;—and it affords the best coals for gun-powder.—Birch supplied arrows, bolts, shafts, our old *English* artillery;—also dishes, bowls, ladles, and other domestic utensils, in the good old days of more simplicity, yet of better and truer hospitality. So says my old author. It is said, that hair-powder is partly made from Birch.—In *New England* the *North Americans* make canoes, boxes, buckets, dishes, and baskets of Birch; likewise small craft, or pinnaces.—The inner white cuticle and silken bark was antiently used for writing tablets, before the invention of paper.—There is a Birch Tree in *Canada*, whose bark will serve to write on, and may be made into books.—Of the twigs they make pretty baskets.—It is said that the poor people in *Sweden* grind the bark to mingle with their bread corn. The decayed wood is excellent mould for choice plants.

*John.* I take *Osier*.—*Osier* is the aquatic and lesser *Salix*. This supplies baskets, hampers, lattices, cradles, bodies of coaches and waggons, being light and durable.—It serves for chairs, hurdles, bands, the stronger for being wreathed; and to support the banks of impetuous rivers.—In fine for all wicker and twig works.

*Edward.* *Sallow* is nearly allied.—I speak of *Sallow*.—Of use for stocks of gardeners spades, rakes, mops. The coals are soon consumed;—yet they do for painters scribbles. Of the *Sallow*, as of the *Lime*, shoemakers have their carving or cutting boards, as best to preserve the edge of the tools.

*George.* I have *Willow* to sell;—it is of the same family, and serves for most of the same uses as the

Sallow. Likewise for boxes, such as the apothecaries and goldsmiths use; for cart saddle-trees, clogs, for pattens, forks, rakes, especially the teeth; for light ladders, hop-poles, supporters for vines; hurdles, sieves, lattices, little casks, especially to preserve verjuice in; pales of some kinds; hives for bees; trenchers, trays, and the best boards for whetting table knives upon; coals, bavin, &c. and excellent firing. The wood putrified, and reduced to a loamy earth in the hollow trunks, is the fittest to be mixed with fine mould for choice flowers.

*John.* I deal in Alder. Of old they made boats of it; and, except the ark, the first vessels we read of were made of this material; we will look into the first Georgic, (*which is referred to.*) The poles of Alder are as useful as those of the willow. The coals exceed them, especially for gun-powder.—The wood is useful for piles, pumps, hop-poles, water-pipes, troughs, sluices, small trays, trenchers, and wooden reels. The bark is useful to the dyer; and some tanners and leather-dressers use it. The leaves laid to the foot fresh, are said to be refreshing to the weary traveller.

*Edward.* As you are come to idle sayings, I will cut your tale short, and speak in praise of my Poplar and Abele, of which the timber is incomparable for all sorts of white wooden vessels, especially for bellows; it is almost of the nature of Cork, so is of use for soles as well as heels of shoes. You may likewise make brooms —

*John.* The Lime, or Linden tree, is convenient for such uses as the Willow;—for some it is preferred as being stronger and lighter; for yokes. See what *Virgil* says. it is useful for mode's for  
building

building, pumps for ships, lattices for windows; shoe-maker's dressers to cut upon; for coals for gunpowder, it is better than Alder; of use for scribbles, for painters to make their first draughts with; for white staves for officers

*Edward.* The Maple was formerly in great repute for the beauty of some parts of it. We read of a table which sold for its weight in gold. To make the wonder rather less, I should observe, that the turners will work it so thin as to be almost transparent.

*Jane.* Of the Beech I could say much, but that I think we talked of it the last holidays—however, not to hazard omitting the Beech, I will observe in few words, that it is of use to the Turner for dishes, trays, rims for baskets, dressers, &c. to the Wheelwright and Joiner, for large screws, &c. to the Upholsterers, for chairs, and bedsteads: to the Husbandman, for shovels: it supplies fuel, billet, bavin, and coals though not lasting ones. The timber is little inferior to elm if it be altogether under water. Floats for fishing-nets are made of the bark instead of cork. Cutlers make scabbards for swords of the thin lamina or scale of this wood; which supplies band-boxes and boxes for writing covered with thin leather or paper, and hat-cases; and formerly book covers—I wonder we can not split it ourselves; but send it elsewhere for that purpose. It is said, that bees love to hive in the hollow of a Beech-tree. Beech will take the colour and polish of Ebony (but it is liable to worms, and brittle:) and stained with foot and urine, it is made to resemble walnut. The mast is a favourite food with swine, deer, squirrels, mice, thrushes, blackbirds, fieldfares, &c. &c. and



is said to render the flesh of pheasants peculiarly delicate. In some parts of *France* they grind the bark in mills, and it affords a sweet oil. The leaves of the Beech, which afford so agreeable a shade all the summer, being gathered about the fall, afford good matresses—besides their tenderness and loose lying together, they continue, sweet for seven or eight years; before which time straw will become hard and musty. The leaves are thus used by divers persons of quality in *Denmark*; and in *Switzerland* I have lain on them to my great refreshment—so says my old agreeable author, who thus speaks of the Beech in old verse.

“ Hence in the world’s first years, the humble  
 shed,  
 Was happily and fully furnished;  
 Beech made their chests, their bed and homely  
 stools,  
 Beech made their board, their platters and their  
 bowls.”

(*Enter Maid.*)

*Maid.* Young ladies and gentlemen, supper is ready.

(*The younger ones go out with the Maid.*)

*John.* I will now read to you a sweet passage from *Evelyn*.

“ But, after all let us not dwell here too long, whilst the inferences desired from those temporary objects prompt us to raise our contemplations a little on objects more worthy our noblest speculations, all our pains, and curiosity; representing that happy state above, namely, the celestial Paradise.—Let us, I say, suspend our admiration awhile of these terrestrial gaieties, which are of so short a continuance; raise our thoughts from be-  
 ing

ing so deeply immersed and rooted in them—  
 aspiring after those supernal, more lasting, and  
 glorious abodes; namely, a Paradise; not like this  
 of ours, with so much pains and curiosity made  
 with hands, but eternal in the Heavens—where  
 all the trees are trees of life; the flowers all ama-  
 ranths; all the plants perennial, ever verdant;  
 ever fragrant; and where those who desire know-  
 ledge may fully satiate themselves, taste freely of  
 the fruit of that tree which cost the first gardener  
 and posterity so dear; and where the most vo-  
 luptuous inclinations to the allurements of the sense  
 may take and eat, and still be innocent—no for-  
 bidden fruit—no serpent to deceive—none to be  
 deceived.

“Hail! O hail! then, and welcome you blef-  
 sed Elysiums—where a new state of things expect  
 us—where all the pompous and charming delights  
 that detain us here a while, shall be changed into  
 real and substantial fruition.—Eternal springs and  
 pleasure celestial, becoming the dignity of our  
 nature.—”

*William.* You managed excellently well—the  
 little ones were delighted, and we were very high-  
 ly entertained.

*John.* They would have been disgusted to hear  
 all pass in grave reading; so we gave a dramatic  
 turn to our extracts; it was easily done you see,  
 by handing my extracts round.

*Jane.* I am charmed with this passage which you  
 reserved for us.

*John.* The author treats of planting—he was an  
 enthusiast to trees.

*George.* When did he live?

*John.*

*John.* He was born in 1620, and died in 1705—  
(*Enter a Servant.*)

*Servant.* My master and mistress wish you to go into the parlour,—Miss—and you, gentlemen.

*John.* Let us clear away our papers—

*George.* Brother here is a book belonging to you.

*John.* *Edward*, this is your pocket-book.

(*They go out.*)

## THE RAMBLE.

### DIALOGUE IV.

*Mrs Teachwell's Parlour. A Table with Globes,  
Maps, &c.*

*Mrs* TEACHWELL,  
*Miss* SPRIGHTLY,  
*Miss* GAY,  
*Master* SPRIGHTLY.

*Master Sprightly is supposed to be a visitor; and brought into the Room to be entertained with the Globe, the Geographical Box, &c. &c.*

*Master Sprightly.* I NEVER saw one of the geographical boxes—pray how do you use them?  
*Miss Sprightly*

*Miss Sprightly.* These counters, you see, have each the name of a country; and the play is to dip in at a venture, and take one out;—take one—what have you got?

*Master Sprightly.* Spain!

*Miss Sprightly.* Then you should say what the climate, soil, and situation of *Spain* are—what commodities we import from thence; and what articles we supply the Spaniards with.

*Master Sprightly.* A very agreeable play!

*Mrs Teachwell.* Shall we dip?—or shall we choose?

*Master Sprightly.* Choose, if you please Madam.

*Mrs Teachwell.* Will you confine yourself to *Europe*? or will you prefer to ramble over all parts of the globe?

*Miss Sprightly.* I shall like to ramble.

*Master Sprightly.* I wish to leave *Europe*, because I had rather visit those countries of which I have read in the *Scripture*.

*Mrs Teachwell.* Come, then—we will fly into *Asia*—reach me that map—here is *Arabia*—will that please you?

*Master Sprightly.* Very much, madam.

*Mrs Teachwell.* *Arabia* is divided into three parts;—*Arabia Petraea*—*Arabia Deserta*—and *Arabia Felix*—*Miss Sprightly*, do you recollect from whom the *Arabians* are supposed to descend.

*Miss Sprightly.* From *Ishmael*; and it was foretold of him, that “his hand should be against every man, and every man’s hand against him.”

*Mrs Teachwell.* And how is this fulfilled?—you answer me, *Miss Gay*.

*Miss Gay.* They are robbers—and seldom fail

to plunder travellers.

*Mrs Teachwell.* The word *Arab* is said to be derived from *robber*;—the same people are likewise called *Saracens*, or *inhabitants*, of the *Desert*. Look in the map, and explain it to your brother.—What do you see?

*Miss Sprightly.* Here is *Arabia Petraea*—here are the famous mountains of *Sinai* and *Horeb*.

*Miss Gay.* The air of *Arabia* is very hot, and the winds often poisonous.

*Mrs Teachwell.* The sands are terrible to pass, particularly in windy seasons; for then they drive in the traveller's eyes, so as to deprive him of sight; and, thus bewildered, he is often buried in them: there are very few springs, so that passengers often perish with thirst.

*Master Sprightly.* The camel is well suited to that country.

*Mrs Teachwell.* He is peculiarly adapted to the climates where he is placed: you recollect that he has a number of cells within him, which serve as reservoirs of water?

*Miss Sprightly.* Yes, Madam—and you once told me, that the drivers sometimes kill a camel to supply themselves with water, when they are greatly distressed.

*Mrs Teachwell.* I could detain you here all day, with accounts from different authors of such places as are recorded in Scripture.

*Miss Sprightly.* I am in no haste to leave the country.

*Miss Gay.* Nor I, indeed, Madam.

*Mrs Teachwell.* My dears,—I mean only to give you a slight taste to excite your curiosity; there is an inexhaustible fund of entertainment in reserve  
for

for you, in the works of those learned men who have travelled with a view to illustrate the Bible history.

*Miss Sprightly.* Surely, madam, you will indulge our curiosity a little further.

*Mrs Teachwell.* Your curiosity pleases me;—to say the truth, I know not how to quit the subject which leads to an explanation of a passage in the Scripture;—but perhaps, *Master Sprightly*, you will regret the want of variety—your smiles say *no*.

*Master Sprightly.* And I say *no*.

*Mrs Teachwell.* In the time of *Moses* this whole country was known by the name of the *Wilderness of Paran*—whence *Mount Sinai* was called also *Mount Paran*.—The Bishop of *Clogher* translated an account of a journey from *Grand Cairo* to *Mount Sinai*,—there are described the fountains of *Moses*, thence may be seen an aperture in the mountains on the other side of the *Red Sea*; whence the children of *Israel* entered the *Red Sea*, when *Pharoah* and his host were drowned; you may read the account in the fourteenth chapter of *Exodus*.

*Master Sprightly.* Pray, Madam, how wide is the sea in that part?

*Mrs Teachwell.* About four or five hours journey;—the aperture is called *Piha-hiroth*, the mouth or opening of *Hiroth*.

*Master Sprightly.* I love to know the derivation of names—pray whence was the name *Sinai*?

*Mrs Teachwell.* From the *Hebrew* for a bush—you know why?

*Master Sprightly.* I do, Madam.

*Mrs Teachwell.* There are agreeable descriptions of the scene of the greater part of the miracles performed

performed by *Moses*;—but I will not detain you any longer than just to remark upon the written mountains.

*Miss Sprightly.* Madam!

*Mrs Teachwell.* You know that it is supposed the giving of the law from *Mount Sinai* gave birth to writing by letters, (which is called literary writing)—you know that the *Israelites* wandered in the wilderness of *Kadish* forty years—but probably you never heard of the *Written Mountains*?

*Miss Gay.* No, indeed, Madam.

*Mrs Teachwell.* There are whole mountains engraved with characters, which are supposed to be the ancient *Hebrew*; for it is conjectured that they were lost during the *Babylonish* captivity, and the *Chaldee* used instead—but I am entering too deep—come, whither will you make your next excursion?

*Miss Gay.* If you allow me to choose, we will remove into *Africa*;—I long to talk of *Egypt*.

*Mrs Teachwell.* You are well acquainted with the situation and soil of *Egypt*—you know that the river *Nile* overflows the country, and is distributed by canals, to every part; supplying sufficient moisture to make the land fruitful without rain; which they very rarely have—but perhaps you do not know the origin of the *Sphinx*?

*Miss Sprightly.* The creature with the head and neck of a woman, and the body of a lion! I supposed it to be fabulous.

*Mrs Teachwell.* Certainly—thinking of it as an animal; but you are to understand, that the *Egyptians* used the hieroglyphical method of recording events; that is, the method of writing by pictures

pictures—now the rise of the *Nile* was of such consequence, that the nation recorded the period of it; and this they did by carving; instead of saying in such months the *Nile* is at its greatest height, they placed this image—you know the signs of the Zodiac—this is composed of two of them.

*Miss Gay.* Leo and *Virgo*.

*Mrs Teachwell.* The same—and all the signs themselves are said by the learned to be derived from the *Egyptians*. *Libra*, or the Scales, marked equality: *Virgo* or the Virgin (who was represented with ears of corn in her hand) shewed the time of harvest; and the like.

*Miss Gay.* The pyramids were full of emblematical characters, I think.

*Mrs Teachwell.* They were, some were perhaps designed to express the doctrine of their divinity: some expressive of the names, qualities, and inventions of eminent persons,—Happy! had they stopped here; but it is supposed that idolatry began from these figures.

*Miss Sprightly.* Was not *Papyrus* an Egyptian plant?

*Mrs Teachwell.* It was a reed—of great service to the *Egyptians*—they made boats of it, and cloaths. It grows to the height of ten feet, and is now called *Al-berdi*.

*Master Sprightly.* Was not paper made of it?

*Mrs Teachwell.* Either the inner rind, or the pith supplied a substance upon which the inhabitants wrote; and from thence came our word paper.

*Master Sprightly.* Was not *Egypt* called the land of *Ham*?



*Mrs Teachwell.* It was.

*Master Sprightly.* Was not the *Hippopotamus* found in *Egypt*?

*Mrs Teachwell.* Sometimes—and the *Crocodile*, the *Camelion*, the *Ibis*, the *Ostrich*. A great number of *Storks* likewise visit *Egypt* after a flood, and are as serviceable in destroying reptiles, as the *Ibis* was formerly. There are abundance of curiosities, such as the *Labyrinth*, the *Mummy-pits*—(*Here Mrs Teachwell looks at her watch*)—but I am sorry to inform you that we cannot stay to converse about them, my allotted time being expired.

*Master Sprightly.* Madam, I thank you for my agreeable entertainment.

T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
L I T T L E J A C K .

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**T**HERE was once a poor lame old man that lived in the midst of a wide uncultivated moor, in the north of England. He had formerly been a Soldier, and had almost lost the use of one leg by a wound he had received in battle, when he was fighting against the enemies of his country. This poor man, when he found himself thus disabled, built a little hut of clay, which he covered with turf dug from the common. He had a little bit of ground which he made a shift to cultivate with his own hands; and which supplied him with

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potatoes

potatoes and vegetables. Besides this, he sometimes gained a few halfpence by opening a gate for travellers, which stood near his house. He did not indeed get much, because few people pass that way. What he earned, was, however, enough to purchase clothes, and the few necessaries he wanted. But though poor, he was strictly honest, and never failed night and morning to address his prayers to God; by which means he was respected by all who knew him, much more than many who were superior to him in rank and fortune. This old man had one domestic. In his walks over the common, he one day found a little kid that had lost its mother, and was almost famished with hunger: he took it home to his cottage, fed it with the produce of his garden, and nursed it till it grew strong and vigorous. Little Nan, (for that was the name he gave it) returned his cares with gratitude, and became as much attached to him as a dog. All day she browsed upon the herbage that grew around his hut, and at night reposed upon the same bed of straw with her master. Frequently did she divert him with her innocent tricks and gambols. She would nestle her little head in his bosom, and eat out of his hand part of his scanty allowance of bread; which he never failed to divide with his favourite. The old man often beheld her with silent joy, and in the innocent effusions of his heart, would lift his hands to heaven, and thank the Deity, that, even in the midst of poverty and distress, had raised him up one faithful friend.

One night, in the beginning of winter, the old man thought he heard the feeble cries and lamentations of a child. As he was naturally charitable

table, he arose and struck a light, and going out of his cottage, examined on every side. It was not long before he discerned an infant, which had probably been dropped by some strolling beggar or gypsy. The old man stood amazed at the sight, and knew not what to do. Shall I, said he, who find it so difficult to live at present, incumber myself with the care of an helpless infant, that will not for many years be capable of contributing to its own subsistence? And yet, added he, softening with pity, can I deny assistance to an human being still more miserable than myself?—Will not that Providence which feeds the birds of the wood and the beasts of the field, and which has promised to bless all those that are kind and charitable, assist my feeble endeavours?—At least, let me give it food and lodging for this night; for without I receive it into my cottage, the poor abandoned wretch must perish with cold before the morning. Saying this, he took it up in his arms, and perceived it was a fine healthy boy, though covered with rags; the little foundling too seemed to be sensible of his kindness, and smiling in his face, stretched out his little arms as if to embrace his benefactor.

When he had brought it into his hut, he began to be extremely embarrassed how to procure it food: but looking at Nan, he recollected that she had just lost her kid, and saw her udder distended with milk: he, therefore, called her to him, and presenting the child to the teat, was overjoyed to find, that it sucked as naturally as if it had really found a mother. The goat too seemed to receive pleasure from the efforts of the child, and submitted without opposition to discharge the duties of

a nurse- Contented with this experiment, the old man wrapt the child up as warmly as he could, and stretched himself out to rest, with the consciousness of having done an humane action. Early the next morning he was awakened by the cries of the child for food, which, with the assistance of his faithful Nan, he suckled as he had done the night before. And now the old man began to feel an interest in the child, which made him defer some time longer the taking measures to be delivered from its care. Who knows, said he, but Providence which has preserved this child in so wonderful a manner, may have destined it to something equally wonderful in its future life; and may bless me as the humble agent of its decrees? At least, as he grows bigger, he will be a pleasure and comfort to me, in this lonely cabin, and will assist in cutting turf for fuel, and cultivating the garden. From this time he became more and more attached to the little foundling; who, in a short time, learned to consider the old man as a parent, and delighted him with its innocent caresses. Gentle Nanny too, the goat, seemed to adopt him with equal tenderness as her offspring: she would stretch herself out upon the ground, while he crawled upon his hands and knees towards her; and when he had satisfied his hunger by sucking, he would nestle between her legs and go to sleep in her bosom.

It was wonderful to see how this child, thus left to nature, increased in strength and vigour. — Unfettered by bandages or restraints, his limbs acquired their due proportions and form; his countenance was full and florid, and gave indications

tions of perfect health; and, at an age when other children are scarcely able to support themselves with the assistance of a nurse, this little foundling could run alone. It was true that he sometimes failed in his attempts, and fell to the ground; but the ground was soft, and little Jack, for so the old man called him, was not tender or delicate: he never minded thumps or bruises, but boldly scrambled up again and pursued his way. In a short time, little Jack was completely master of his legs; and as the summer came on, he attended his mamma, the goat, upon the common, and used to p'ay with her for hours together; sometimes rolling under her belly, now climbing upon her back, and frisking about as if he had been really a kid. As to his cloathing, Jack was not much incumbered with it; he had neither shoes, nor stockings, nor shirt; but the weather was warm, and Jack felt himself so much lighter for every kind of exercise. In a short time after this, Jack began to imitate the sounds of his papa the man, and his mamma the goat; nor was it long before he learned to speak articulately. The old man delighted with this first dawn of reason, used to place him upon his knee, and converse with him for hours together, while the pottage was slowly boiling amid the embers of a turf-fire. As he grew bigger, Jack became of considerable use to his father; he could trust him to look after the gate, and open it during his absence: and, as to the cookery of the family, it was not long before Jack was a complete proficient, and could make broth almost as well as his daddy himself. During the winter nights, the old man used to entertain him with stories of what he had seen

during his youth; the battles and sieges he had been witness to, and the hardships he had undergone; all this he related with so much vivacity that Jack was never tired of listening. But what delighted him beyond measure was to see daddy shoulder his crutch, instead of a musquet, and give the word of command. To the right—to the left—present—fire—march—halt—all this was familiar to Jack's ear as soon as he could speak, and before he was six years old, he poised and presented a broom-stick, which his daddy gave him for that purpose, with as good a grace as any foldier of his age in Europe.

The old man too instructed him in such plain and simple morals and religion, as he was able to explain. "Never tell an untruth, Jack, said he, even though you were to be flayed alive; a foldier never lies." Jack held up his head, marched across the floor, and promised his daddy that he would always tell the truth like a foldier. But the old man, as he was something of a scholar, had a great ambition that his darling should learn to read and write; and this was a work of some difficulty; for he had neither printed book, nor pens, nor paper in his cabin. Industry, however, enables us to overcome difficulties; In the summer time, as the old man sat before his cottage, he would draw letters in the sand, and teach Jack to name them singly, until he was acquainted with the whole alphabet. He then proceeded to syllables, and after that to words; all which his little pupil learned to pronounce with great facility: and, as he had a strong propensity to imitate what he saw, he not only acquired the power of reading words  
but

but of tracing all the letters which composed them, on the sand.

About this time, the poor goat which had nursed Jack so faithfully, grew ill and died. He tended her with the greatest affection and assiduity during her illness, brought her the freshest herbs for food, and would frequently support her head for hours together upon his bosom. But it was all in vain; he lost his poor mammy, as he used to call her, and was for some time inconsolable; for Jack, though his knowledge was bounded, had an uncommon degree of gratitude and affection in his temper. He was not able to talk as finely about love, tenderness, and sensibility, as many other little boys, that have enjoyed greater advantages of education; but he felt the reality of them in his heart, and thought it so natural to love every thing that loves us, that he never even suspected it was possible to do otherwise. The poor goat was buried in the old man's garden, and thither little Jack would often come and call upon his poor mammy Nan, and ask her why she had left him? One day, as he was thus employed, a lady happened to come by in a carriage, and overheard him before he was aware. Jack ran in an instant to open the gate; but the lady stopped, and asked him whom he was bemoaning so pitifully, and calling upon. Jack answered, that it was his poor mammy, that was buried in the garden.—The lady thought it very odd to hear of such a burial place, and therefore proceeded to question him. “How did your mamma get her living?” said she. “She used to graze here upon the common all day long,” said Jack. The lady was



still more astonished; but the old man came out of his hut, and explained the whole affair to her, which surpris'd her very much; for though this lady had seen a great deal of the world, and had read a variety of books, it had never once entered into her head that a child might grow strong and vigorous by sucking a goat, instead of eating pap. She therefore looked at Jack with amazement, admir'd his brown but animated face, and praised his shape and activity. "Will you go with me, little boy, said she, and I will take care of you, if you behave well." "No, said Jack, I must stay with daddy; he has taken care of me for many years, and now I must take care of him; otherwise I should like very well to go with such a sweet, good-natured lady." The lady was not displeas'd with Jack's answer, and putting her hand in her pocket, gave him half a crown to buy him shoes and stockings, and pursued her journey.

Jack was not unacquainted with the use of money, as he had been often sent to the next village to purchase bread and necessaries; but he was totally unacquainted with the use of shoes and stockings, which he had never worn in his life, or felt the want of. The next day, however, the old man bad him run to town, and lay his money out as the lady had desired; for he had too much honour to think of disobeying her commands, or suffering it to be expended for any other purpose. It was not long before Jack returned; but the old man was much surpris'd to see him come back as bare as he went out. Heigh, Jack! said he, where are the shoes and stockings which you were to purchase? Daddy, answered Jack, I went  
to

to the shop, and just tried a pair for sport, but I found them so cumbersome, that I could not walk, and I would not wear such things, even if the lady would give me another half crown for doing it; so I laid the money out in a warm jacket for you, because the winter is coming on, and you seem to be more afraid of the cold than formerly. Many such instances of conduct did Jack display; from which it was easy to perceive, that he had an excellent soul, and generous temper. One failing, indeed, Jack was liable to; though a very good-natured boy, he was a little too jealous of his honour. His daddy had taught him the use of his hands and legs, and Jack had such dispositions for the art of boxing, that he could beat every boy in the neighbourhood, of his age and size. Even if they were a head taller, it made no difference to Jack, provided they said any thing to wound his honour; for, otherwise he was the most mild, pacific creature in the world. One day, that he had been sent to the village, he returned with his eyes black, and his face swelled to a frightful size: it was even with difficulty that he was able to walk at all, so sore was he, with the pommelling he had received. What have you been doing now, Jack, said the old man.—Only fighting with Dick the butcher. You rogue, said the old man, he is twice as big as you are, and the best fighter in all the country. What does that signify, said Jack, he called you an old beggarman, and then I struck him; and I will strike him again when ever he calls you so, even if he should beat me to pieces; for you know daddy, that you are not a beggarman, but a foldier.

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In this manner lived little Jack, until he was twelve years old ; at this time his poor old daddy fell sick and became incapable of moving about. Jack did every thing he could think of for the poor man ; he made him broths, he fed him with his own hands, he watched whole nights by his bed-side supporting his head and helping him when he wanted to move. But it was all in vain ; his poor daddy grew daily worse and perceived it to be impossible that he should recover. He one day therefore called little Jack to his bedside, and pressing his hand affectionately, told him that he was just going to die. Little Jack burst into a flood of tears at this information, but his daddy desired him to compose himself, and attend to the last advice he should be able to give him. " I have lived, said the old man, a great many years, in poverty, but I do not know that I have been worse off than if I had been rich. I have avoided perhaps many faults, and many uneasinesses, which I should have incurred had I been in another situation ; and though I have often wanted a meal and always fared hard, I have enjoyed as much health and life as usually falls to the lot of my betters. I am going to die ; I feel it in every part ; the breath will soon be out of my body ; then I shall be put in the ground, and the worms will eat your poor old daddy." At this Jack renewed his tears and sobbings, for he was unable to restrain them. But the old man, said ; " Have patience, my child ; though I should leave this world, as I have always been strictly honest and endeavoured to do my duty, I do not doubt but God will pity me, and convey me to a better place ;  
where

where I shall be happier than I have ever been here. This is what I have always taught you, and this belief gives me the greatest comfort in my last moments.—The only regret I feel, is for you, my dearest child, whom I leave unprovided for. But you are strong and vigorous, and almost able to get your living. As soon as I am dead, you must go to the next village and inform the people that they may come and bury me. You must then endeavour to get into service, and work for your living; and, if you are strictly honest and sober, I do not doubt that you will find a livelihood, and that God, who is the common father of all, will protect and bless you. Adieu, my child, I grow fainter and fainter; never forget your poor old daddy, nor the example he has set you; but, in every situation of life discharge your duty, and live like a soldier, and a christian." When the old man had with difficulty uttered these last instructions, his voice entirely failed him, his limbs grew cold and stiff and in a few minutes he expired without a groan. Little Jack, who hung crying over his daddy called for him in vain, in vain he endeavoured to revive him. At length, he pulled off his clothes, went into his daddy's bed, and endeavoured for many hours to animate him, with the warmth of his own body; but finding all his endeavour fruitless, he concluded that he was indeed dead and therefore, weeping bitterly, he dressed himself and went to the village as he had been ordered. The poor little boy was thus left destitute and knew not what to do; but one of the farmers, who had been acquainted with him before, offered to

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take him into his house, and give him his victuals, for a few months, till he could find a service.— Jack thankfully accepted the offer, and served him faithfully for several months; during which time he learned to milk, to drive the plough, and never refused any kind of work he was able to perform. But, by ill luck, this good natured farmer contracted a fever, by overheating himself in the harvest, and died in the beginning of winter. His wife was therefore obliged to discharge her servants, and Jack was again turned loose upon the world, with only his clothes, and a shilling in his pocket, which his kind mistress had made him a present of. He was sorry for the loss of his master; but he was now grown bigger and stronger, and thought he should easily find employment. He therefore set out upon his travels, walking all day, and inquiring at every farm-house for work. But in this attempt he was unfortunate, for nobody chose to employ a stranger: and though he lived with the greatest oeconomy, he soon found himself in a worse situation than ever, without a farthing in his pocket, or a morsel of bread to eat. Jack, however, was not of a temper to be easily cast down; he walked resolutely on all day, but towards evening was overtaken by a violent storm of rain, which wetted him to the skin before he could find a bush for shelter. Now, poor Jack began to think of his old daddy, and the comforts he had formerly enjoyed upon the common, where he had always a roof to shelter him, and a slice of bread for supper. But tears and lamentations were vain; and therefore, as soon as the storm was over, he pursued his journey, in hopes of  
finding

finding some barn or outhouse to creep into for the rest of the night. While he was thus wandering about, he saw at some distance a great light, which seemed to come from some prodigious fire. Jack did not know what it could be; but, in his present situation, he thought a fire no disagreeable object, and therefore determined to approach it. When he came nearer, he saw a large building which seemed to spout fire and smoke at several openings, and heard incessant noise of blows, and the rattling of chains. Jack was at first a little frightened, but summoning all his courage, he crept cautiously on to the building, and looking through a chink, discovered several men and boys employed in blowing fires and hammering burning masses of iron. This was a very comfortable sight to him in his present forlorn condition; so finding a door half open, he ventured in, and placed himself as near as he dared to one of the flaming furnaces. It was not long before he was discovered by one of the workmen, who asked him roughly, what business he had there? Jack answered, with great humility, that he was a poor boy, looking out for work; that he had had no food all day, and was wet to the skin with the rain, which was evident enough from the appearance of his clothes. By great good luck, the man he spoke to was good-natured, and therefore not only permitted him to stay by the fire, but gave him some broken victuals for his supper. After this, he laid himself down in a corner, and slept without disturbance till morning. He was scarcely awake the next day, when the master of the forge came in to overlook his men, who finding Jack, and hearing

hearing his story, began to reproach him as a lazy vagabond, and asked him why he did not work for his living. Jack assured him there was nothing he so earnestly desired, and that if he would please to employ him, there was nothing that he would not do to earn a subsistence. Well, my boy, said the master, if this is true, you shall soon be tried; nobody need be idle here; so calling his foreman, he ordered him to set that lad to work, and pay him in proportion to his deserts. Jack now thought himself completely happy, and worked with so much assiduity, that he soon gained a comfortable livelihood, and acquired the esteem of his master. But unfortunately, he was a little too unreserved in his conversation, and communicated the story of his former life and education. This was great matter of diversion to all the other boys of the forge; who whenever they were inclined to be merry, would call him Little Jack the beggar-boy, and imitate the baaing of a goat. This was too much for his irascible temper, and he never failed to resent it: by which means he was engaged in continual quarrels and combats, to the great disturbance of the house; so that his master, though in other respects perfectly satisfied with his behaviour, began to fear that he should at last be obliged to discharge him.

It happened one day, that a large company of gentlemen and ladies were introduced to see the works. The master attended them, and explained with great politeness every part of his manufacture. They viewed with astonishment the different methods by which that useful and necessary ore of iron is rendered fit for human use. They examined the furnaces where it is melted down, to disengage

disengage it from the dross, with which it is mixed in the bowels of the earth, and whence it runs down in liquid torrents like fire. They beheld with equal pleasure the prodigious hammers which, moved by the force of water, mould it into massy bars, for the service of man. While they were busy in examining these different processes, they were alarmed by a sudden noise of discord, which broke out on the other side of the building; and the master inquiring into the cause, was told, that it was only little Jack who was fighting with Tom the collier. At this, the master cried out, in a passion, there is no peace to be expected in the furnace, while that little rascal is employed; send him to me, and I will instantly discharge him.— At this moment Jack appeared, all covered with blood and dirt, and stood before his angry judge in a modest but resolute posture. Is this the reward, said his master, you little audacious vagabond, of all my kindness. Can you never refrain a single instant from broils and fighting? But I am determined to bear it no longer; and therefore you shall never, from this hour, do a single stroke of work for me. Sir, replied Jack, with great humility, but yet with firmness, I am extremely sorry to have disobliged you, nor have I ever done it willingly, since I have been here; and if the other boys would only mind their business as well as I do, and not molest me, you would not have been offended now; for I defy them all to say, that since I have been in your house, I have ever given any one the least provocation, or ever refused to the utmost of my strength, to do whatever I have been ordered. That's true, in good faith, said the foreman; I must do  
Little



Little Jack the justice to say that there is not a more honest, sober, and industrious lad about the place. Set him to what you will, he never sculks, never grumbles, never slights his work; and if it were not for a little passion and fighting, I don't believe there would be his fellow in England.— Well, said the master a little mollified, but what is the cause of all this sudden disturbance. Sir, answered Jack, it is Tom that has been abusing me and telling me that my father was a beggarman and my mother a nanny-goat; and, when I desired him to be quiet, he went baaing all about the house; and this I could not bear, for as to my poor father he was an honest soldier, and if I did suck a goat, she was the best creature in the world, and I won't hear her abused while I have strength in my body. At his harangue, the whole audience were scarcely able to refrain from laughing, and the master, with more composure, told Jack to mind his business, and threatened the other boys with punishment, if they disturbed him.

But a lady who was in company seemed particularly interested about Little Jack, and when she had heard his story, said, This must certainly be the little boy who opened a gate several years past for me upon Norcot Moor. I remember being struck with his appearance, and hearing him lament the loss of the goat that nursed him.— I was very much affected then with his history, and since he deserves so good a character, if you will part with him, I will instantly take him into my service. The master replied, that he should part with him with great satisfaction to such an excellent mistress; that indeed the boy deserved all the commendations which had been given; but since

since the other lads had such an habit of plaguing, and Jack was of so impatient a temper, he despaired of ever composing their animosities. Jack was then called, and informed of the lady's offer, which he instantly accepted with the greatest readiness, and received immediate directions to her house.

Jack was now in a new sphere of life. His face was washed, his hair combed, he was clothed afresh, and appeared a very smart active lad. His business was, to help in the stable, to water the horses, to clean shoes, to perform errands, and to do all the jobs of the family; and in the discharge of these services, he soon gave universal satisfaction. He was indefatigable in doing what he was ordered, never grumbled, or appeared out of temper, and seemed so quiet and inoffensive in his manners, that every body wondered how he had acquired the character of being quarrelsome. In a short time, he became both the favourite and the drudge of the whole family; for, speak but kindly to him and call him a little soldier, and Jack was at every one's disposal. This was Jack's particular foible and vanity; at his leisure hours, he would divert himself by the hour together, in poizing a dung-fork, charging with a broom-stick, and standing centry at the stable-door. Another propensity of Jack's, which now discovered itself, was an immoderate love of horses. The instant he was introduced into the stable, he attached himself so strongly to these animals, that you would have taken him for one of the same species, or at least a near relation.— Jack was never tired with rubbing down and  
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currying them; the coachman had scarcely any business but to sit upon his box; all the operations of the stable were intrusted to Little Jack, nor was it ever known that he neglected a single particular. But what gave him more pleasure than all the rest, was sometimes to accompany his mistress upon a little horse, which he managed with infinite dexterity.

Jack too discovered a great disposition for all the useful and mechanic arts. He had served an apprenticeship already to the manufactory of iron, and of this he was almost as vain as being a foldier. As he began to extend his knowledge of the world, he saw that nothing could be done without iron. How could you plough the ground said Jack; how would you dig your garden; how would you even light a fire, dress a dinner, shoe a horse, or do the least thing in the world, if we workmen at the forge did not take the trouble of preparing it for you? Thus Jack would sometimes expatiate upon the dignity and importance of his own profession, to the great admiration of all the other servants.

These ideas naturally gave Jack a great esteem for the profession of a blacksmith, and in his occasional visits to the forge with the horses, he learnt to make and fix a shoe as neatly as any artist in the country.

Nor were Jack's talents confined to the manufactory of iron; his love of horses was so great, and his interest in every thing that related to them, that it was not long before he acquired a very competent knowledge in the art of saddlery

Jack

Jack would also sometimes observe the carpenters when they were at work, and sometimes by stealth attempt the management of their tools ; in which he succeeded as well as in every thing else ; so that he was looked upon by every body as a very active, ingenious boy.

Here was in the family where he now lived a young gentleman, the nephew of his mistress, who had lost his parents, and was therefore brought up by his aunt. As Master Willets was something younger than Jack, and a very good-natured boy, he soon began to take notice of him and be much diverted with his company. Jack, indeed, was not undeserving this attention ; for although he could not boast any great advantages of education, his conduct was entirely free from all the vices to which some of the lower class of people are subject. Jack was never heard to swear, or express himself with any indecency.— He was civil and respectful in his manners to all his superiors, and uniformly good-natured to his equals. In respect to the animals entrusted to his care, he not only refrained from using them ill, but was never tired with doing them good offices. Added to this, he was sober, temperate, hardy, active, and ingenious, and despised a lie as much as any of his betters. Master Willets now began to be much pleased with playing at cricket and trap-ball with Jack, who excelled at both these games. Master Willets had a little horse which Jack looked after ; and not contented with looking after him in the best manner, he used to ride him at his leisure hours with so much care and address, that in a short time he

made him the most gentle and docile little animal in the country. Jack had acquired this knowledge, partly from his own experience, and partly from paying particular attention to an itinerant riding master that had lately exhibited various feats in that neighbourhood. Jack attended him so closely, and made so good an use of his time, that he learned to imitate almost every thing he saw, and used to divert the servants and his young master with acting the taylor's riding to Brentford.

The young gentleman had a master who used to come three times a week to teach him accounts, and writing, and geography. Jack used to be sometimes in the room while the lessons were given, and listened according to custom with so much attention to all that passed, that he received very considerable advantage for his own improvement. He had now a little money, and he laid some of it out to purchase pens and paper and a slate, with which at night he used to imitate every thing he had heard and seen in the day; and his little master, who began to love him very sincerely, when he saw him so desirous of improvement, contrived, under one pretence or another, to have him generally in the room while he was receiving instruction himself.

In this manner Jack went on for some years, leading a life very agreeable to himself, and discharging his duty very much to the satisfaction of his mistress. An unlucky accident at length happened to interrupt his tranquillity. A young gentleman came down to visit Master Willets, who, having been educated in France, and among

mong genteel people in London, had a very great taste for finery, and a supreme contempt for all the vulgar. His dress too was a little particular, as well as his manners; for he spent half his time in adjusting his head, wore a large black bag tied to his hair behind, and would sometimes strut about for half an hour together with his hat under his arm, and a little sword by his side.— This young man had a supreme contempt for all the vulgar, which he did not attempt to conceal; and when he had heard the story of Jack's birth and education, he could scarcely bear to be in the same room with him. Jack soon perceived the aversion which the stranger entertained for him, and at first endeavoured to remove it, by every civility in his power; but when he found that he gained nothing by all his humility, his temper, naturally haughty, took fire, and, as far as he dared, he plainly shewed all the resentment he felt.

It happened one day, after Jack had received some very mortifying usage from this young gentleman, that as he was walking along the road, he met with a show-man who was returning from a neighbouring fair, with some wild-beasts in a cart. Among the rest was a middle-sized monkey, who was not under cover like the rest, and played so many antic tricks, and made so many grimaces, as engaged all Jack's attention, and delighted him very much; for he always had a propensity for every species of drollery. After a variety of questions and conversation, the show-man, who probably wanted to be rid of his monkey, proposed to Jack to purchase him for half a

crown. Jack could not resist the temptation of being master of such a droll diverting animal, and therefore agreed to the bargain. But when he was left alone with his purchase, whom he led along by a chain, he soon began to repent his haste, and knew not how to dispose of him.— As there was, however, no remedy, Jack brought him carefully home, and confined him safe in an out-house, which was not applied to any use.— In this situation he kept him several days, without accident, and frequently visited him at his leisure hours, with apples, nuts, and such other presents as he could procure. Among the other tricks which the monkey had been taught to perform, he would rise upon his hind-legs at the word of command, and bow with the greatest politeness to the company. Jack, who had found out these accomplishments in his friend, could not resist the impulse of making them subservient to his resentment. He, therefore, one day, procured some flour, with which he powdered his monkey's head, fixed a large paper bag to his neck, put an old hat under his arm, and tied a large iron skewer to his side, instead of a sword; and this accoutered led him about with infinite satisfaction, calling him Monsieur, and jabbering such broken French as he had picked up from the conversation of the visitor. It happened very luckily at this very instant, that the young gentleman himself passed by, and instantly saw at a glance the intended copy of himself, and all the malice of Little Jack; who was leading him along, and calling to him to hold up his head and look like a person of fashion. Rage instantly took

took possession of his mind, and drawing his sword, which he happened to have on, he ran the poor monkey through with a sudden thrust, and laid him dead upon the ground. What more he might have done is uncertain, for Jack, who was not of a temper to see calmly such an outrage committed upon an animal whom he considered as his friend, flew upon him like a fury, and, wresting the sword out of his hand, broke it into twenty pieces. The young gentleman himself received a fall in the scuffle, which, though it did him no material damage, daubed all his clothes, and totally spoiled the whole arrangement of his dress. At this instant, the lady herself, who had heard the noise, came down, and the violence of poor Jack was too apparent to be excused. Jack, indeed, was submissive to his mistress, whom he was very sorry to have offended; but, when he was ordered to make concessions to the young gentleman, as the only conditions upon which he could be kept in the family, he absolutely refused. He owned, indeed, that he was much to blame for resenting the provocation he had received, and endeavouring to make his mistress's company ridiculous; but as to what he had done in defence of his friend the monkey, there were no possible arguments which could convince him he was the least to blame; nor would he have made submission to the king himself. This unfortunate obstinacy of Jack's was the occasion of his being discharged, very much to the regret of the lady herself, and still more to that of master Willets. Jack therefore packed up his clothes



is frequently difficult to force a way, and the hills themselves abound in precipices. It happened that one of the officers whom Jack was attending upon a shooting party took aim at some great bird and brought it down; but as it fell into a deep valley, over some rocks which it was impossible to descend, they despaired of gaining their prey. Jack, immediately, with officious haste, set off and ran down the more level side of the hill, thinking to make a circuit and reach the valley into which the bird had fallen. He set off, therefore, but as he was totally ignorant of the country, he in a short time, buried himself so deep in the wood, which grew continually thicker, that he knew not which way to proceed. He then thought it most prudent to return; but this he found as difficult to effect as the other. He therefore wandered about the woods with inconceivable difficulty all day, but could never find his company, nor even reach the shore, or obtain the prospect of the sea. At length the night approached, and Jack, who perceived it to be impossible to do that in the dark, which he had not been able to effect in the light, lay down under a rock, and composed himself to rest, as well as he was able. The next day he arose with the light, and once more attempted to regain the shore.— But unfortunately he had totally lost all idea of the direction he ought to pursue, and saw nothing around him but the dismal prospect of woods and hills and precipices, without a guide or path. Jack now began to be very hungry, but as he had a fowling piece with him, and powder and shot, he soon procured himself a dinner;

dinner; and kindling a fire with some dry leaves and sticks, he roasted his game upon the embers, and dined as comfortably as he could be expected to do, in so forlorn a situation. Finding himself much refreshed, he pursued his journey, but with as little success as ever. On the third day he indeed came in sight of the sea, but found that he was quite on a different side of the island from that where he had left the ship, and that neither ship nor boat was to be seen. Jack now lost all hopes of rejoining his comrades, for he knew the ship was to sail at farthest upon the third day, and would not wait for him. He, therefore, sat down very pensively upon a rock, and cast his eyes upon the vast extent of ocean which was stretched out before him. He found himself now abandoned upon a strange country, without a single friend, acquaintance, or even any who spoke the same language. He at first thought of seeking out the natives, and making known to them his deplorable state; but he began to fear the reception he might meet with among them. They might not be pleased, he thought, with his company, and might take the liberty of treating him as the white men generally treat the blacks when they get them into their possession; that is, make him work hard with very little victuals, and knock him on the head if he attempted to run away. And therefore, says Jack, as he was meditating all alone, it may, perhaps, be better for me to stay quiet where I am. It is true, indeed, I shall not have much company to talk to, but then I will have nobody to quarrel with me, or baa, or laugh at my poor daddy and mammy.

Neither

Neither do I at present see how I shall get a livelihood, when my powder and shot are all expended; but however I shall hardly be starved, for I saw several kinds of fruit in the woods, and some roots which look very much like carrots.— As to clothes, when mine wear out, I shall not much want new ones; for the weather is charmingly warm; and therefore, all things considered, I don't see why I should not be as happy here as in any other place.—When Jack had finished his speech, he set himself to finding a lodging for the night. He had not examined far before he found a dry cavern in a rock, which he thought would prove a very comfortable residence. He therefore went to work with an hatchet he had with him, and cut some boughs of trees, which he spread upon the floor, and over those a long silky kind of grass, which he found in plenty near the place, to make himself a bed. His next care was, how to secure himself in case of any attack; for he did not know whether the island contained any wild beasts or not. He therefore cut down several branches of trees, and wove them into a kind of wicker-work, as he had seen the men do hurdles when he lived with the farmer; with this contrivance he found he could very securely barricade the entrance of his cave.— And now, as the evening was again approaching, he began to feel himself hungry, and seeking along the sea shore, he found some shell-fish, which supplied him with a plentiful meal. The next day Jack arose, a little melancholy indeed, but with a resolution to struggle manfully with the difficulties of his situation. He walked into the woods

woods and saw several kinds of fruit and berries, some of which he ventured to eat, as the birds had pecked them, and found the taste agreeable. He also dug up several species of roots but feared to taste them, lest they should be poisonous. At length, he selected one that very much resembled a potatoe, and determined to roast it in the embers, and taste a very small bit. It can hardly, thought Jack, do me much hurt, in so very small a quantity; and if it agrees with me I will increase the dose. The root was fortunately extremely wholesome and nutritive, so that Jack was in a very short time tolerably secure against the danger of wanting food. In this manner did Jack lead a kind of savage, but tolerable contented life, for several months; during which time he enjoyed perfect health, and was never discovered by any of the natives. He used several times a-day to visit the shore, in hopes that some ship might pass that way and deliver him from his solitary imprisonment. This, at length happened, by the boat of an English ship, that was sailing to India, happening to touch upon the coast; Jack instantly hailed the crew, and the officer, upon hearing the story, agreed to receive him; the captain too, when he found that Jack was by no means a contemptible sailor, very willingly gave him his passage, and promised him a gratuity besides, if he behaved well.

Jack arrived in India without any accident, and relating his story, was permitted to serve in another regiment, as his own was no longer there. He soon distinguished himself by his courage and good behaviour on several occasions, and before long

long was advanced to the rank of a serjeant. In this capacity, he was ordered out upon an expedition into the remote parts of the country. — The little army in which he served now marched on for several weeks, through a burning climate, and in want of all the necessaries of life. At length, they entered upon some extensive plains, which bordered upon the celebrated country of the Tartars. Jack was perfectly well acquainted with the history of this people, and their method of fighting. He knew them to be some of the best horsemen in the world; indefatigable in their attacks, though often repulsed returning to the charge, and not to be invaded with impunity; he therefore took the liberty of observing to some of the officers, that nothing could be more dangerous than their rashly engaging themselves in those extensive plains, where they were every moment exposed to the attacks of cavalry, without any successful method of defence, or place of retreat, in case of any misfortune. These remonstrances were not much attended to, and after a few hours farther march, they were alarmed by the approach of a considerable body of Tartar horsemen. They, however, drew up with all the order they were able, and firing several successive volleys, endeavoured to keep the enemy at a distance. But the Tartars had no design of doing that with a considerable loss, which they were sure of doing with ease and safety. Instead therefore of charging the Europeans, they contented themselves with giving continual alarms, and menacing them on every side; without exposing themselves to any considerable danger. The  
army

army now attempted to retreat, hoping that they should be able to arrive at the neighbouring mountains, where they would be safe from the incursions of the horse. But in this attempt they were equally disappointed; for another considerable body of the enemies appeared on that side, and blocked their passage. The Europeans now found they were surrounded on all sides, and that resistance was vain. The commanding officer, therefore, judged it expedient to try what could be effected by negotiation, and sent one of his officers, who understood something of the Tartar language, to treat with the general of the enemies. The Tartar chief received the Europeans with great civility, and after having gently reproached them with their ambition, in coming so far to invade a people who had never injured them, he consented upon very moderate conditions to their enlargement. But he insisted upon having their arms delivered up, except a very few which he permitted them to keep for defence in their return, and upon retaining a certain number of Europeans as hostages for the performance of the stipulated articles. Among those who were thus left with the Tartars Jack happened to be included, and while all the rest seemed inconsolable at being thus made prisoners by a barbarous nation, he alone, accustomed to all the vicissitudes of life, retained his cheerfulness, and prepared to meet every reverse of fortune with his usual firmness.

The Tartars, among whom Jack was now to reside, constitute several different tribes or nations which inhabit an immense extent of country both  
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in Europe and Asia. Their country is in general open and uncultivated, without cities or towns, such as we see in England. The inhabitants themselves are a bold and hardy race of men that live in small tents, and change their place of abode with the different seasons of the year. All their property consists in herds of cattle, which they drive along with them from place to place; and upon whose milk and flesh they subsist. They are particularly fond of horses, of which they have a small but excellent breed, hardy and indefatigable for the purposes of war, and they excel in the management of them, beyond what is easy to conceive. Immense herds of these animals wander loose about the deserts, but marked with the particular mark of the person or tribe to which they belong. When they want any of these animals for use, a certain number of their young men jump upon their horses with nothing but an halter to guide them, each carrying in his hand a pole with a noose of cord at the end. When they come in sight of the herd, they pursue the horse they wish to take at full speed, come up with him in spite of his swiftness, and never fail to throw the noose about his neck as he runs. They are frequently known to jump upon young horses that have passed their whole life in the desert, and with only a girth round the animal's body to hold by, maintain their seat, in spite of all his violent exertions, until they have wearied him out and reduced him to perfect obedience.— Such was the nation with whom the lot of Jack was now to reside, nor was he long before he had an opportunity of shewing his talents.

It

It happened that a favourite horse of the chief was taken with a violent fever, and seemed to be in immediate danger of death. The kan, for so he is called among the Tartars, seeing his horse grow hourly worse, at length applied to the Europeans, to know if they could suggest any thing for his recovery. All the officers were profoundly ignorant of farriery; but when the application was made to Jack, he desired to see the horse, and with great gravity began to feel his pulse, by passing his hand within the animal's fore-leg; which gave the Tartars a very high idea of his ingenuity.— Finding the animal was in an high fever, he proposed to the kan to let him blood, which he had learned to do very dextrously in England. He obtained permission to do as he pleased, and having by great good luck a lancet with him, he let him blood very dextrously in the neck. After this operation he covered him up, and gave him a warm potion made out of such ingredients as he could procure upon the spot, and left him quiet. In a few hours the horse began to mend, and to the great joy of the kan, perfectly recovered in a few days. This cure, so opportunely performed, raised the reputation of Jack so high, that every body came to consult him about their horses, and in a short time he was the universal farrier of the tribe. The kan himself conceived so great an affection for him, that he gave him an excellent horse to ride upon and attend him in his hunting parties; and Jack, who excelled in the art of horsemanship, managed him so well as to gain the esteem of the whole nation.

K

The



The Tartars, though they are excellent horsemen, have no idea of managing their horses, unless by violence: but Jack in a short time, by continual care and attention, made his horse so docile and obedient to every motion of his hand and leg, that the Tartars themselves would gaze upon him with admiration, and allow themselves to be out-done. Not contented with this, he procured some iron, and made his horse shoes in the European taste; this also was a matter of astonishment to all the Tartars, who are accustomed to ride their horses unshod. He next observed that the Tartar saddles are all prodigiously large and cumbersome, raising the horseman up to a great distance from the back of his horse.— Jack set himself to work, and was not long before he had completed something like an English hunting saddle, on which he paraded before the kan. All mankind seem to have a passion for novelty, and the kan was so delighted with this effort of Jack's ingenuity, that, after paying him him the highest compliments, he intimated a desire of having such a saddle for himself. Jack was the most obliging creature in the world, and spared no labour to serve his friends; he went to work again, and in a short time completed a saddle still more elegant for the kan. These exertions gained him the favour and esteem both of the kan and all the tribe; so that Jack was an universal favourite and loaded with presents, while all the rest of the officers, who had never learned to make a saddle or an horse-shoe, were treated with contempt and indifference.— Jack, indeed, behaved with the greatest generosity

fty to his coutrymen, and divided with them all the mutton and venifon which were given him; but he could not help fometimes obferving, that it was great pity they had not learned to make an horfe shoe inftead of dancing and drefling hair.

And now an ambaffador arrived from the Englifh fettlements, with an account that all the conditions of the treaty had been performed, and demanding the reftitution of the prifoners.— The Tartar chief was too much a man of honour to delay an instant, and they were all reftored, but before they fet out, Jack laboured with indefatigable zeal to finifh a couple of faddles, and a dozen horfe-shoes which he prefented to the kan, with many expreffions of gratitude. The kan was pleas'd with this proof of his affection, and in return made him a prefent of a couple of fine horfes, and feveral valuable fkins of beafts.— Jack arriv'd without any accident at the Englifh fettlements, and felling his fkins and horfes, found himfelf in poffeffion of a moderate fum of money. He now began to have a defire to return to England, and one of the officers, who had often been oblig'd to him during his captivity, procur'd him a difcharge. He embark'd, therefore, with all his property, on board a fhip which was returning home, and in a few months was fafely landed at Plymouth.

But Jack was too active and too prudent to give himfelf up to idlenefs. After confidering various fchemes of bufinefs, he determin'd to take up his old trade of forging; and for that purpofe made a journey into the North, and found

his old master alive, and as active as ever. His master, who had always entertained an esteem for Jack, welcomed him with great affection, and being in want of a fore-man, he engaged him at a very handsome price, for that place. Jack was now indefatigable in the execution of his new office; inflexibly honest where the interests of his master were concerned, and at the same time humane and obliging to the men who were under him, he gained the affection of all about him. In a few years, his master was so thoroughly convinced of his merit, that growing old himself, he took Jack into partnership, and committed the management of the whole business to his care. He continued to exert the same qualities now which he had done before, by which means he improved the business so much, as to gain a considerable fortune, and become one of the most respectable manufacturers in the country.— But, with all this prosperity, he never discovered the least pride or haughtiness; on the contrary, he employed part of his fortune to purchase the moor where he had formerly lived, and built himself a small but convenient house, upon the very spot where his daddy's hut had formerly stood. Hither he would sometimes retire from business, and cultivate his garden with his own hands, for he hated idleness.— To all his poor neighbours he was kind and liberal, relieving them in their distresses, and often entertaining them at his house, where he used to dine with them, with the greatest affability, and frequently relate his own story:

in order to prove that it is of very little consequence how a man comes into the world, provided he behaves well, and discharge his duty when he is in it.

K 3

FLATTERY.

## F L A T T E R Y.

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*Lady Downright.*  
*Matilda her Daughter.*  
*Miss Bland.*

*Mat.* O D E A R mama, kiss me for the good news I have to tell you.

*Lady D.* What is it my dear?

*Mat.* I am just going to introduce to you the most agreeable acquaintance in the world, Miss Sachariffa Bland, a sweet girl: she is to be here presently.

*Lady D.* Here? I imagined that to visit in this house, the person should be first introduced to me.

*Mat.* Very true mama, but I was so sure of your liking her company that I thought it no harm to dispense with ceremony for this time.

*Lady D.* Do you give the name of ceremony to your duty? This shews you as heedless as usual:

usual: but the young Lady's behaviour does not shew that reserve or discretion that I could wish in the person whom you desire to make your friend. I think, she should have waited for my invitation.

*Mat.* Why, she was so impatient to pay you her respects— You cannot think how highly she speaks of you.

*Lady D.* How can she know me? I never saw her but once, and then by chance at a third person's.

*Mat.* Well, that interview was enough to form her opinion of you. She has drawn so favourable a picture of your good qualities that I shall be always proud of having such a mother.

*Lady D.* And no doubt too, her skilful hand has drawn a fair portrait of *your* accomplishments.

*Mat.* I don't know how it is, but you cannot imagine how many happy qualities she discovered in me,—more than I myself was aware of.

*Lady D.* But which you are now clearly convinced belong to you.

*Mat.* Yes, it is so plain! so striking!

*Lady D.* I shall be apt to fear that she did not reckon diffidence amongst the number of your happy qualities.

*Mat.* Perhaps you are joking, and yet she was almost tempted to chide me for having too much. However she agreed at the last, that diffidence was more necessary to me than another, to disarm the envy of such as do not possess equal accomplishments.

*Lady D.* Really I wish you joy of these fine discoveries.

*Mat*

*Mat.* Why máma she was so just in her parr-egyric upon you, that I am the more apt to give her credit with regard to myself! Oh! she is a sweet girl!

*Lady D.* I don't wonder that you are so much taken with her.

*Mat.* How can one help loving her? She is of so amiable a temper, you never hear a word from her lips but is perfectly obliging.

*Lady D.* Have you been often in her company?

*Mat.* Only twice, with the Miss Delmores, at their house. She has a great deal of friendship for them, but they do not seem sufficiently to return it. Do you think that the Miss Delmores possess much penetration? I have visited them these four years, and in that time they have not been able to know me as perfectly as Miss Bland in three days.

*Lady D.* What makes you imagine so?

*Mat.* Because they have sometimes taken upon them to find little defects in me, which, however, I flatter myself do not belong to me. I should suppose them to be somewhat envious.

*Lady D.* It happens pretty often that I take the same liberties with you. Do you imagine me also to be jealous of your merit?

*Mat.* Oh! that is quite different, You only speak to me out of friendship, and for my good; But—

*Lady D.* Why cannot you suppose your friends to have the same motive? Without being so strongly interested in your improvement as your own family, may they not with it nevertheless very affectionately, in order that you may be more worthy a continuance of that intimacy which has  
subsisted

subsisted between you from your childhood? Besides, I know them sufficiently to be convinced, that in their remarks and advice to you, they have always preserved the discretion of friendship.

*Mat.* But then they chid me for such trifles.

*Lady D.* Your self-love is ingenious enough to impeach their delicacy; however, I see for my part, strong reason from their behaviour for your valuing their attachment. I am persuaded that nobody in the world, next to your relations, can be more worthy of a distinguished place in your friendship.

*Mat.* Oh! I am sure Miss Bland has already as much friendship for me as they have. But I hear somebody coming up stairs. It is she! It is she! How happy I am! Now you will see her.

*Miss Bland.* (*approaching Lady Downright with an assumed air of respect.*) Your Ladyship will pardon my taking the liberty of introducing myself thus abruptly; but in all companies I have heard your estimable qualities mentioned so handsomely, that I could not resist the desire I felt of paying you the tribute of my respects. I am no longer surpris'd that Miss Downright is already possess'd of such splendid accomplishments.

*Mat.* (*whispering her mother.*) There, mamma!

*Lady D.* Miss, your compliment is very pretty. It would have come indeed with more weight from a person better qualified by age or intimacy to form an opinion of us; especially if she had had the delicacy to express it in any other manner than bluntly to our faces.

*Miss*



*Miss Bland.* (a little disconcerted.) Who can suppress the sentiments which you inspire even at first sight? Ah! had I so amiable a mother?

*Lady D.* Do you think, miss, that this will testify much respect to your mother?

*Miss Bland.* Pardon me, madam, I cannot tell how to express my admiration of your character. Look where I will, I can find none that can be compared with your ladyship: and as to Miss Downright, what young lady of her age can dispute the palm with her for wit, grace, or accomplishments! I am not apt to be blindly partial even to those that I esteem; for instance, I have the greatest friendship for the Miss Delmores, and wish to shut my eyes to all their faults, but how awkward, stiff, and inanimate they are when compared to your daughter!

*Lady D.* You certainly forget that they are her friends, and that this description of them cannot be agreeable to us, particularly as they by no means deserve it. Besides, I hear that you have a thousand times complimented them on their agreeable qualities, and that in the most pompous style.

*Mat.* Indeed so she has mama; this change surprizes me. It is no longer ago than yesterday, that she said all manner of fine things to them.

*Lady D.* I see, that is no reason why the lady should treat them as favourably behind their backs.

*Miss Bland.* One does not like to mention disagreeable truths. For my part, I tell none their faults except my real friends.

*Lady D.*

*Lady D.* I do not know whether my daughter should think very highly of that distinction; but I should be much afraid, were I in her place, of becoming the subject of this same sort of confidence with some other of your *real friends*; for, I suppose, you have a good many of that description.

*Miss Bland.* Bless me! what an opinion your ladyship entertains of me! I have too sincere a love for Miss Downright.

*Lady D.* Well, ma'am, as you are so sincere, I must be also sincere with you on my side; and assure you, that as I did not, nay, could not expect this visit, I had set apart this evening for the purpose of conversing with my daughter, on several important points of education. I see every reason not to delay a moment longer what I have to say to her, concerning the danger of silly credulity, as well as the meanness of servile flattery, and I should fear that such topics might not be agreeable to you. When my daughter and I shall be so near perfection as you are pleased to suppose, we will then receive your compliments without scruple. I shall give you notice, ma'am, when the period arrives; and in the mean time, your most obedient.

*Miss Bland.* (*retiring in confusion.*) Your ladyship's humble servant.

*Mat.* Oh! mama, what a reception you have given her.

*Lady D.* Should I keep any measures with a person who comes to insult us in our own house.

*Mat.* Insult us, mama?

*Lady*

*Lady D.* Is it not an insult to put a cheat upon us? And is it not putting a gross cheat on us, to load us with compliments and praises the most false and ridiculous possible? Do you think that she really takes you for a prodigy of graces and accomplishments, as she did not blush to call you to your face? Did not she speak in the same style to the Miss Delmores, and have not you heard how she treated them? Did you not mark with what unnatural adulation she would have complimented me at the expence of her own mother? I do not know how I refrained from treating such an instance of meanness with all the contempt and indignation that it merited.

*Mat.* A shocking character indeed!

*Lady D.* It is the character of all flatterers who dare to aim at governing others, while their littleness and fervility sink them to the lowest rank of the human species.

*Mat.* How? Do you think that Miss Bland would have aimed at governing me?

*Lady D.* Your inexperience hindered you from seeing through her artifices, coarse as they were. But while she insinuated herself into your favour, by praising you at the expence of truth, what were her views? To gain the ascendant over your understanding, by reducing you at length to the habitual necessity of being flattered. That she might rule you with more absolute dominion, did she not endeavour to alienate your friendship from two amiable young ladies, by ridiculing them, or by hinting them to be secretly envious of those imaginary perfections that she ascribed to you? Had she succeeded in thus intoxicating  
your

your mind, who knows if she would not have attempted to sap the foundation of all your duties, by representing my advice to you as harshness, and reproach the anxiety of my affection for you, as a splenetic humour, and my authority as tyranny. What would have then become of you, abandoned by your friends and your parents?

*Mat. (throwing herself into her mother's arms.)* O my dearest mama, I see it clearly, without you I should have been lost. From what a dangerous acquaintance have you saved me!

*Lady D. (embracing her tenderly.)* Yes, my dear, we are now re-united for ever. I perceived your surprize at seeing me treat Miss Bland with so much freedom and seeming incivility, but you know that all my happiness is centered in you; judge then of my feelings, when I saw it so near being imbibed by her seducing arts. You have as yet no idea of the unhappy condition of a woman who is early spoiled by flattery. Coming into the world with pretensions that nothing can justify, and an opinion of her own merit, in which nobody else joins her, what mortifications must she experience! As to the homage that she expected, the more her pride exacts it, the more she finds it withheld, and the sneer of contempt supply its place. If, blinded as she is with self-opinion, a transient ray of reflection should enlighten her for a moment, and shew her the true state of herself, what shame must she feel on finding herself destitute of a claim to those qualities which she imagined herself to possess, and what regret at having lost the opportunities of acquiring them! On what should she, for the future,  
found

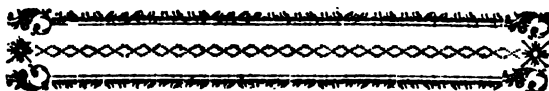
found her pretensions to public esteem, to the love of her husband, or the respect of her family? To stifle the reproaches of her mind, as well as the troublesome consciousness of her own want of merit, she can suffer none about her but despicable flatterers of the same stamp with those who first corrupted her understanding; and to crown her disgrace, while she contemns them, she feels herself worthy of their contempt. Irritated by all these mortifications, she is still further tortured at the sight of desert in another, even in her own children. If she distinguishes any by her regard, it is those whom she has tutored to a servile compliance with her folly; and thus she is condemned to the crime of corrupting their veracity, in order to make them worthy objects of her affection.

*Mat.* Dear madam, turn away this picture; it fills me with horror.

*Lady D.* Well then, in order to rest your imagination upon more agreeable objects, picture to yourself a young woman adorned with that modesty which is so graceful, and with that diffidence in her powers of pleasing which gives them their highest charm. Even the flatterers respect her, even the envious receive her with a smile.— By modestly yielding to her rivals all that they assume, she takes the surest way to gain a superiority over them. She seems to appear every day with a constant addition of good qualities, as the esteem which she inspires puts people upon finding new graces in her character. Assisted by the advice of her friends, which her diffidence induces her to accept, she is beloved by them as the crea-  
ture

ture of their good wishes. The homage address'd to her from all quarters, enhances her value in the eyes of her husband, who therefore studies to become more worthy of her affection by his constancy and attention. Her children, nourish'd by her virtues, look up to no other pattern, and indeed the experience of her own success, will make her the more proper to direct their education. She will be able to qualify them for the happiness which she herself enjoys. More and more pleas'd every day with herself, and with every thing that is round her, she will be happy in the prime of life, and secure to herself, in a more advanced age, the grateful esteem of her acquaintance, whose attachment her merit will have rendered both zealous and sincere.

*Mat.* Dear madam, make me that happy woman. Henceforth I shall distrust the most dextrous flattery; and if ever my self-love become blind, I will look up to your prudence and affection to enlighten it.



T H E  
C O M P L I M E N T  
O F  
*T H E N E W Y E A R .*

**U**PON a certain new-year's day, little Peregrine came into the parlour, just before breakfast was ready. He advanced, and with the greatest gravity saluting his papa, began as follows, in a solemn tone of voice.

“As formerly the Romans were accustomed every new-year's day to wish their friends all happiness; so *I*, thrice honoured father, come—  
So *I*, thrice honoured father come—come—  
come—”

The little orator at this stopped short. It was in vain; he fretted, rubbed his forehead, and began to fumble in his pocket. The remainder of this excellent harangue was not forth coming.—

The poor little boy was vexed, and quite in agitation. Mr Vesey saw and pitied his embarrassment, embraced him tenderly, and said as follows: “Truly a most elegant oration! You yourself, no doubt, composed it?”

*Peregrine.*

*Peregrine.* No, papa; you are very good to think so, but I am not half learned enough for such a task. It was my brother that drew it up. You should have heard the whole. He told me that it was in periods; and the periods he said, were rounded off into the bargain. Look ye, I will run it over once, and you shall hear it then: or would you rather hear mama's? I have *that* perfectly, I am sure. It is extracted from the Grecian History.

*Mr Vesey.* No, no, Peregrine, it is not necessary; and your mother and myself, without it, are as much indebted both to your affection and your brother's.

*Peregrine.* Oh, he was a fortnight, I assure you, at the work; and I employed a deal of time in learning them. What an unlucky thing that I should now forget, when I most wanted to remember it! No longer ago than last night, believe me, I delivered the whole speech without the least hesitation in the servant's room, and speaking to your wig-block, if it could but tell you.

*Mr Vesey.* I was then at study in my closet, and to comfort you, must say, I heard it.

*Peregrine.* (*brightening up.*) Did you?—I am glad of that! and do not you think, papa, that I spoke it very well?

*Mr Vesey.* Surprisingly, I must acknowledge.

*Peregrine.* Oh, but it was very fine!

*Mr Vesey.* To say the truth, your brother has quite crammed it full of eloquence. And yet, I should have liked a single word or two much better from yourself.

*Peregrine.* But sure, papa, to say that I wish



the person to whom I am speaking a happy new year, and nothing else, is far too common to give pleasure.

*Mr Vesey.* Yes: but why then nothing else? as if, instead of offering such a naked compliment, you could not previously have thought within yourself, what I wished most of all to enjoy during the course of this new year.

*Peregrine.* Oh, that is not difficult, You wish, no doubt, to have your health, to see your family, your friends and fortune flourish, and to enjoy a deal of pleasure.

*Mr Vesey.* Well; do not you wish me all this?

*Peregrine.* Yes, with all my heart,

*Mr Vesey.* What hinders then, but you could have made me up yourself a charming compliment, without requiring the assistance of another?

*Peregrine.* Really I did not think myself so learned; but it is always thus, when you instruct me; since I find out things which I did not think were in me. I can now make compliments to every one that I know. I need say nothing but what I have mentioned just this moment.

*Mr Vesey.* It may suit, I must acknowledge, many people; but should certainly be different with respect to others.

*Peregrine.* Yes, I understand you pretty well, papa; but I do not know what the difference should be; so explain it to me, now we are alone.

*Mr*

*Mr Vesey.* With all my heart. There are a multitude of what are called good things, that one may wish any person whatsoever to enjoy; such as what you mentioned just now: there are others, that refer to different individuals according to their situations, age and duties. For example; one may wish to a man who is happy already, the long continuation of his happiness; to an unhappy man, the end of his affliction; to a man in office, that God's providence may bless his labours for the public welfare, give him necessary penetration, with the gift of perseverance to continue in them; and establish the enjoyment of felicity among his country men, by way of recompence on his endeavours. To an old man one may wish a length of life exempt from every inconveniency; to children; on the other hand, the preservation of their parents, progress in their studies, with a love of arts; to parents, the completion of their hopes, in bringing up their children; every species of prosperity to such as are our benefactors; and the long continuation of their kindness. It is our duty even to bethink us of our enemies, and to pray that God may show them the injustice of their conduct, and inspire them with a wish of meriting our friendship,

*Peregrine.* O papa, how much I thank you! I have now a buget full of compliments for every one. I shall know what sort of wishes they will expect, and have no occasion for my brother's rounded periods, as he calls them: but why, as we should always have these wishes in our heart, pray tell me why the first day of the year, in pre-

ference to any other, should be pitched upon to publish them?

*Mr Vesey.* Because our life is, as it were, a ladder, every step of which is presented by a year. It is natural that our friends should flock together, and make merry with us, when our foot has got in safety on the step next to *that* which we lately trod, and to express their wish that we should climb the rest with equal safety. Do you understand me?

*Peregrine.* O papa, quite clearly.

*Mr Vesey.* It is however in my power to make this clearer still, by using what we call another figure.

*Peregrine.* Ah, let us have it, pray, papa.

*Mr Vesey.* Do you remember, then, our going to the top of that fine church in London, called St Paul's?

*Peregrine.* Oh! what a charming prospect from the golden gallery there! Why, you remember we could see all London and a great deal of the country from it!

*Mr Vesey.* Greenwich hospital particularly struck your eye; and as you could not have any notion of the distance, you proposed that we should the following week go there on foot to dinner.

*Peregrine.* Well, papa; and did I not, pray, walk the whole long journey like a man?

*Mr Vesey.* Yes, well enough. I had no reason to find fault with your performance; but remember, I took care, at every mile-stone on the road, to make you sit and rest a little.

*Peregrine.* So you did indeed; and it was in  
my

my opinion, no bad idea at the first, to put up those figured stones beside the road. One knows at any time what distance one has walked, how much is still to come, and so regulates one's pace accordingly.

*Mr Vesey.* In this you have yourself explained the advantages which arise from our dividing life into those equal portions that we call years: for every year is something like a mile-stone in the road of life.

*Peregrine.* I understand you. And the seasons are perhaps, so many quarter-miles, which tell us that we shall very soon arrive at the next stone.

*Mr Vesey.* Your observation is extremely just; and I am glad that this little journey is still fresh in your remembrance. If you take it in a proper point of view, it will exhibit a true picture of life. Remember, if you can, the different circumstances that took place while you were passing on to Greenwich; tell them in the order in which they fell out, as well as you are able, and I will make the application.

*Peregrine.* I should scarce remember the whole business better, had it happened yesterday. At first, as I was full of spirits and desired to let you see it, I set out upon a trot and made a number of trips; I do not well know how many. You advised me to go slowly, as the journey would be rather long. I followed your advice and had no reason to repent. Upon the way, I asked for information at the sight of every thing of which I did not know the meaning, and you were pleased to tell me.—When we happened to go by a bit of grass, we sat down on it, and you read a story-book that

you had brought out in your pocket to divert me. Then we got upon our feet again; and as we went along, you told me many other things not only useful but diverting likewise. In this manner, though the weather was not altogether fine, though we had sometimes rain, and once a hail-storm to encounter, we arrived at Greenwich, I remember, very fresh and hearty, and made afterwards a charming dinner.

*Mr Vesey.* Very faithfully related, Peregrine! but for some few circumstances, which, however, I am glad you have not introduced; as for example, your attention to a poor blind man whom you caught by the arm, if you remember, to prevent him from falling upon a heap of stones that lay before him, and on which he might have broke his legs; the assistance that you afforded a poor washer woman's boy, by picking up a handkerchief of linen which had fallen out of the cart; but particularly the alms that you gave to several people on the road.

*Peregrine.* Do you think, then, papa, that I forgot them? I know that we should not boast of any good, that we may have had the opportunity of doing.

*Mr Vesey.* And on that account, I am greatly pleased in dwelling on it; as a recompence for so much modesty. It is just that I should repay you some small portion of the joy which you caused me.

*Peregrine.* Oh! I saw tears rolling in your eye, not once alone, nor twice, but often. I was so delighted! if you knew how much that sight made me forget my weariness! I walked much better  
for

for it. But let me have the application that you just mentioned.

*Mr Vesey.* It is as follows, Peregrine. Give me all the attention in your power.

*Peregrine.* Fear nothing. I will not lose a syllable, sir, of what you tell me, I assure you.

*Mr Vesey.* The look, then, which you cast round you from the golden gallery, all over London, and a great deal, as you mentioned, of the country, is expressive of the first reflection of a child upon the multitude about him. The long walk that you chose to Greenwich, is the journey which we propose to ourselves through life. The eagerness with which you wished to hurry on at setting out, without consulting your ability for running, and which cost you such repeated trips, is the natural impetuosity of youth which would excite us to the worst excesses, if a faithful and experienced friend were not to moderate it.—The instruction that you derived, as we were walking on, from reading and conversing with me, and the actions of good-will and charity that you performed, took off from the fatigue of such a journey; and you finished it thereby with satisfaction to yourself, though there had fallen a deal of rain, and even hail. These circumstances, too, convey instruction; for in life there are no other means than the performance of our duty, to keep off disquietude and to cherish peace within us, notwithstanding those vicissitudes of fortune which would otherwise, perhaps, go near to overwhelm us: and the comfortable meal that we made at the conclusion of our journey is no other than an emblem of the recompence which God gives

gives us when we die, to crown those virtuous actions that we have laboured to perform while in this world.

*Peregrine.* Yes; yes, papa; all this squares wonderfully well, and I shall have a deal of happiness, I see before hand, in the year that is now begun.

*Mr Vesey.* It rests with yourself alone to make the year quite happy; but once more, let us return to our excursion. Do you recollect when in going round, that we might see a little of the park, we came upon Blackheath? The heavens were then serene, and we could see behind us all the way that we had been walking.

*Peregrine.* Yes, indeed, papa! and I was proud of having walked so far!

*Mr Vesey.* By *proud*, you mean rejoiced. Are you then equally rejoiced at present, while your reason which now dawns within you, pauses and casts back a look upon the way that you have already made in life? You entered it quite weak and naked, without any means of making, in the least degree, provisions for your wants. It was your mother who gave you your first food, and it is I that have the forethought to subsist you.—How do we desire you to repay us? We want nothing more, than that you should yourself endeavour to be happy, by becoming just and honest; by acquiring a due notion of your several duties; and by seriously intending to discharge them. Have you then fulfilled these few conditions, no less advantageous to yourself than easy? Have you first of all been grateful to God's goodness, who has willed that you should be born  
of

of parents possessing wherewithal to bring you up in ease and honour? Have you always shewn those parents the obedience and respect that you owe them? Have you paid attention to the precepts of your teachers? Have you never given occasion for your brothers or your sisters to complain of envy or injustice in you? Have you always treated those who wait upon you, with a proper sort of condescension, and at no time claimed from their inferior situation, what it was their duty to refuse you? In a word, do you possess that love of justice, that equality of conduct, and that moderation which we, by our instruction and example, are at all times doing what we can to set before you?

*Peregrine.* Ah, papa, let us not look so much at what is past, but to the future. Every thing that I should have done, I promise by God's blessing to do hereafter.

*Mr Wesley.* That is well said: embrace me, therefore, Peregrine. I accept your promise, and confine to its performance all the wishes that I need make, on my side, for your happiness, on this renewal of the year.



FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

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D I A L O G U E I.

On FISHING,

BETWEEN

A MASTER AND HIS SCHOLAR.

*Maſt.* **W**H Y Billy, you are a ſtrange unto-ward boy, if I could get you to be as fond of your book as you are of your play, I ſhould have ſome hopes of making you a ſcholar ; but while you are ſo fond of rambling, I am afraid I never ſhall.

*Schol.* I have been only walking down by the river-ſide, with my angle-rod, Sir, and while the fiſh were ſporting in the water, I threw in my bait and hook, and took a few ſmall gudgeons, but I think I ſhall not be fond of going a fiſhing again.

*Maſt.* Why, was you in any danger of being drowned ; or do you think your ſucceſs bad ?

*Schol.* No, Sir, I was not in any danger, and as to my ſucceſs, I think, I have had as much, or  
more

more than I could wish for, if I were to go again; for I cannot but think it a pity, and am sorry to destroy those pretty creatures.

*Maft.* Why fo, child, do not you fuppose they, as well as other creatures, were created for the ufe of man, and are they not part of our food; has not the God of Nature, the king of the univerfe, given man a dominion over the creatures?

*Schol.* But I did not want thofe poor little creatures to feed upon, or fatisfy my hunger, and therefore, I am afraid, I cannot answer destroying their lives, to make myfelf diversion; for I remember, Sir, you have feveral times told me, I muft never put any of God's creatures to pain to make myfelf fport.

*Maft.* Why, Billy, this is all very true, and I am always pleafed to fee the principles of humanity growing in young minds. A difpofition of cruelty to our fellow creatures, or even to the meaneft infect in the creation, it is what I would with you always to avoid; there is not the leaft queftion to be made but that every creature can feel pleafure and pain, and many perhaps in a more intenfè degree than either you or I fhould do; for it is obferved by naturalifts, that fpiders, flies, and ants, have the fenfe of feeling in a much greater perfection than men. And Pliny fays, that feveral animals, as oysters and earth-worms, which are thought to have no other fenfe, yet have this of feeling; and if fo, it is much better; and more humane, not to add to any of their infelicities of life, but more efpecially, where it is done out of fport and wantonnefs, as it is a means  
to

to promote habits of cruelty and folly. I am glad to find what I have said to you on this subject, has had so good an effect upon you; you must always endeavour to cherish the principles of humanity, love, peace, and benevolence, if ever you expect the love and regard of either God or man. You see instances daily amongst your school-fellows, that are fractious and turbulent, and promoting quarrels upon every little trivial occasion, that those that are above them, and out of their power, always hate and despise them, and those that are below them, often fear them, but never love them.

*Schol.* We have a very remarkable instance of this, Sir, in a boy, that is a son to a servant of my father's, he robs all the poor birds of their young ones that he can find in the neighbourhood: and seems to take delight in the cries and lamentations the old ones make, when they find themselves robbed of their all, which to me appears so brutal a temper, that I am ashamed and afraid to keep him company; for though I am fond of the young ones, I never took any from the old ones without reluctance, and when they have followed me with their cries, have carried them back, and delivered them back, and delivered them again into the possession of their fond parents, and must own I have felt more pleasure and satisfaction for returning one back to its owner, than in all I have ever taken away or destroyed.

*Maft.* This, child, is no more than the natural consequences of a humane temper and disposition, and such a one as, if carefully observed and cherished

rished, will not only tend to make you a good and useful member of society, and such as every one will esteem and love, but will render you (in some degree) like the father of the universe, who is daily shedding his benign influence upon his creatures all around him.

• I might justly remark to you, how readily these poor innocent creatures, the fishes, take the bait you so artfully prepare for them, by which all their happiness with their lives are destroyed; and from whence it will be easy to infer, how subject unthinking youth is to catch at the destructive baits and snares laid for him by the great enemy of mankind, the destroyer of souls: And if so, 'tis surely our highest interest, not only to be continually upon our guard, and to watch against every temptation to sin, but to cultivate every habit of virtue upon our minds, as love to God, good will and benevolence to our fellow-creatures, as these alone can render us amiable both to God and man.

DIALOGUE

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## DIALOGUE II.

### On FOWLING,

BETWEEN

BILLY AND HIS ELDER BROTHER CHARLES.

*Billy.* I Am surpris'd, brother, you can take a pleasure in these acts of cruelty.— 'Tis true you have destroyed a brace of the most beautiful creatures, one of whose feathers you cannot by all your art form or create.

*Cha.* I think, brother, I have a great deal more right to destroy them, than you have impertinently to reproach me for it; pray what are they made for?

*Billy.* Not to indulge you in acts of cruelty! I apprehend, God made them for higher and more valuable purposes; at least, I am sure he never gave you authority to take away their lives, merely to make yourself *sport*.

*Cha.* Why, do not every *sportsman* do it, that has a pleasure in the exercise of such lawful diversions as shooting, and the like?

*Billy.*

*Billy.* By the same rule, you might find reasons for doing many things that might be much more prudent to let alone; and though this perhaps may be lawful, yet I think there are innocent amusements enow to be found in which there is less cruelty, and where no poor innocent creature needs be bereaved of its life; for though we may have a power over the lives of the creatures, I am so much a friend to acts of humanity and benevolence, that I would deny myself the satisfaction of the best of meats, sooner than be obliged, like a Jew, to butcher the poor creatures with my own hands, even to supply myself with food, and much less to make myself diversion, at an expence so dear to them:

*Cha.* From your own reasonings, brother, you seem to admit this is lawful; and if so, I think there is not any just objection to be brought against it; for, pray how are the lives of such numbers of people in the world to be supported, without the destruction of these creatures that God hath given for our support?

*Billy.* God hath given us a variety of vegetables, as well as animals, for the support of life, and such as are perhaps more suitable to the habits and makes of our bodies; and we may frequently observe those people that live on little else, enjoy as large a share of health, and often more so, than those that feed upon what we esteem more solid diet.

You'll please to remember, who has told, *There's things lawful that are not expedient*; But admitting them lawful, as you suppose, for the same reason as I would not turn hangman to execute

ecute a criminal condemned by the laws of my country, so neither would I indulge those acts of cruelty, butchery, and inhumanity, that generally grow upon persons that accustom themselves to imbrue their hands in blood; as they are so much opposite to that benevolence and humanity, that I should always wish to cultivate and cherish.

*Char.* I am sorry, brother, to find this old musty fellow at Nottingham, has filled your head with so many whimsical notions; you had none of these before you were under his tuition.

*Billy.* Surely, brother, you'll not venture to call humanity, benevolence, and a friendly disposition towards every creature that God has made, that is capable of feeling pleasure and pain, whimsical notions! 'Tis true, my master has taken a great deal of pains to inculcate principles of this sort upon my mind, and I can't but think it my duty to pay a deference and regard to him: He has frequently told me, it is cruel to bereave any creature of life to make myself sport and pastime; and I am persuaded, brother, if you'd think deliberately and impartially, you'd be of the same mind, for I imagine you'll allow their may be beings in the creation as many degrees above us, as we are above the fowls of the air; and if so, you'd think it hard, that even these superior beings should sport away our happiness, and perhaps our lives too! and would have a much higher opinion of them, if they were to treat you in a more friendly and benevolent way: And surely such a disposition must much more resemble the great author and giver of life.

If

If diversion is all you want, you may find a variety of innocent amusements, without running and destroying the happiness of those creatures that have the same dependence upon providence for their lives and support, as you and I have; if God regards the cries of the young ravens, 'tis not unreasonable to believe he never neglects any of his creatures, in whatever rank of being he has placed them.

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## DIALOGUE III.

On a PROUD and HAUGHTY

CARRIAGE to INFERIORS.

BETWEEN

Miss EMELIA and Miss LEMIRA.

*Lem.* I AM very glad to see you: I have been wishing for you all the afternoon.

*Em.* I thought I saw a little girl with you? I hope I have not sent her away.

*Lem.* O, that is only a neighbour's daughter, that I let come and play with me sometimes, when I am alone. I do not mind sending her away.

M

*Em.*



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*Em.* Nay, but pray let her come in again; I would not have her go upon my account. She will be angry perhaps.

*Lem.* So let her, if she will, I do not care: For, to tell you the truth, I do not love she should come; but my papa has some acquaintance with her father and mother, and he says, they are very good people, and she is a pretty civil child, so will have her here often: But they are poor folks, and I do not think her fit company for me. However, as to affronting her, I cannot do it; for if I could, I should have done it long ago.

*Em.* Lemira, I am loth to be always finding fault with you; but you took what I said last time to you so well, that I hope I shall not offend you if I am free in speaking again.

*Lem.* No, Emilia, I shall not be angry; for I am sure you speak to me for my good.

*Em.* Then indeed, Lemira, I am sorry to see so much of a haughty temper, as you have discovered concerning this child. You know, pride is very unbecoming, as well as sinful.

*Lem.* I am not proud, not I: But I think it is beneath a gentleman's daughter to keep company with such poor children.

*Em.* Then, I can assure you, I very often act beneath myself; for there's Lydia—I suppose you know her; don't you.

*Lem.* Yes, I think her mother keeps a little shop. I believe I bought some ribbands of her; is it not she you mean?

*Em.* Yes, 'tis she; and I can assure you, some of the pleafantest hours I spend, are in that child's company.

*Lem.*

*Lem.* I cannot tell what you admire in her, indeed, Emilia, I thought you had a better fancy: I know the girl by sight.

*Emi.* You know her only by sight; and the mean, though decent appearance she makes, renders her contemptible in your eyes: But I know her by intimate acquaintance; and her handsome carriage, good temper, wit, and above all, goodness, renders her an agreeable companion to me.

*Lem.* I do not know what she may be; but, in general, I hope you'll allow it most proper to keep company with such as ourselves.

*Emi.* Yes, I grant 'tis best, when we can, to have such for our intimates; on this account, because we are most likely to learn of them a behaviour suitable to the rank in which we are placed. But then, when we are with those that are below us, we should treat them with a great deal of civility and kindness; which by your own account, you have not this child we were speaking of.

*Lem.* I am civil enough to her, I think. You would not have me carry it to her, as if she was a rich man's daughter; would you?

*Emi.* I would have you behave towards her as a creature of the same rank of beings with yourself; and as considering, that 'tis God alone who has made a difference in the circumstances of your parents and hers. But pray, before we go any further, what are her friends? for I thought, by the glimpse I had of her, she looked pretty well dressed.

*Lem.* Her father was designed for a lawyer, and I have heard say, was at Oxford for learn-

ing; but his father, through misfortunes, not being able to maintain him till he got into business, he was obliged to seek for maintenance in a meaner way, and got himself a place which brings him in hardly enough to keep them. As to her dress, indeed she generally goes neat enough; for her mother was a gentleman's daughter, and she takes pains to have her make as genteel an appearance as she can, with what she has, which is chiefly my old cloaths.

*Em.* Well, Lemira, now I think you much more to blame than I did before.

*Lem.* Why so, pray?

*Em.* Because, for ought I can find, she came off as good a family as we.

*Lem.* What if she did? I tell you they are so poor now, as to be glad of my old cloaths.

*Em.* Then, according to your notion, I perceive, if my papa should lose his money, and grow poor, you would not care to keep me company any longer.

*Lem.* Yes, indeed, I should, Emilia. Why should you have such a thought?

*Em.* Nay, I can think no otherwise, by what you say yourself. At first I thought you only meant, that you did not like to keep company with the ordinary set of children; but now I find the chief of your objections lies in their parents not having so much money as yours, and not being able to keep them so fine. Now I would only have you consider how you would like it, supposing your papa should lose most of what he has, as many merchants have done, if you found yourself slighted and despised on that account

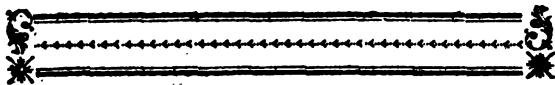
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and thought unfit company for any of your old acquaintance. What think you of it, making the case your own.

*Lem.* I must confess I should think it very hard.

*Em.* Then I hope you will see reason to change both your opinion and conduct, and beware of such a temper and behaviour for the future; for the wisest of men has told us, that *pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.*— And so changeable and uncertain is every thing in this world, that we know not how soon we, who now make so great a figure, through our parents' prosperity, may, by their death, or losses, be reduced to as low a condition as this child is now in; and she may, by Providence, be raised to the height from which we fell. My Mama has frequently told me of such instances, to teach me humility, and guard me against boasting of what I at present enjoy.

*Lem.* I am fully convinced of the reasonableness of your discourse; and hope, my dear Emilia, that I shall think of, and endeavour to follow your good advice.



## DIALOGUE IV.

ON READING THE

SCRIPTURES,

BETWEEN

MISS CHARLOTTE AND MISS OLIVIA.

*Char.* I Came to play with you Olivia, this afternoon, if I may.

*Ol.* Yes, Charlotte, why should you question it? For I am very glad to see you, and my Mamma is always willing to have you here.

*Char.* I was afraid you had got a task to learn, because I saw you with a book in your hand; that made me say so.

*Ol.* No, I was not getting any thing; I was only reading a chapter to myself.

*Char.* You love reading better than I, for I think I have read enough at School; I do not love reading at home too.

*Ol.* Not love to read the word of God, Charlotte! 'Tis sad indeed, if you do not.

*Char.*

*Char.* Yes, I like well enough to read it ; but not at school, and at home too.

*Ol.* I read at School as well as you ; but I generally read a chapter to Papa or Mamma besides, and sometimes to myself.

*Char.* If you like to read so much, it is nothing to me ; but I think you have no great occasion for it, you can read better than I.

*Ol.* No, I cannot ; but that's not the chief thing I read at home for.

*Char.* No ! I thought what all children read their books for, was to learn.

*Ol.* Pray, what do other people read for ? don't your Papa and Mamma too read the Bible ?

*Char.* Yes ; but they read it to mind the sense, which is none of our business till we are bigger.

*Ol.* O dear Charlotte, do not speak so ! What is it none of our business, to know what God said to us in his word ?

*Char.* No, not till we are older ; for we cannot understand it yet : I cannot at least ; I don't know what you do.

*Ol.* Yes, you and I too are capable of understanding something of it, if we read it carefully ; nay, there's my little brother, who is not above five years old, will often give my Mamma an account of what he has been reading at school ; and if 'tis any pretty story, will tell her most of it.

*Char.* Why, are there any pretty stories in the Bible ? I love stories dearly ; but never found any pretty ones there.

*Ol.* No ! that's strange indeed ! You might well say you did not understand what you read ; but the reason is, because you did not mind.

*Char.* Yes, I do mind; or else, how could I learn to read!

*Ol.* You mind to read the words right; but, I find, not at all what you are reading about.

*Char.* No, indeed; that's true: For I always thought 'twas what I knew nothing of. But what are the stories about? I should like to mind them.

*Ol.* I am sorry to see you so ignorant indeed, Charlotte. Were you never taught who was the first man? and who was saved in the ark, when the world was drowned?

*Cha.* Yes, I was taught these questions, when I was a little baby, and was in my Royal Primer.

*Ol.* Well, and do not you remember reading these stories, when you was in the beginning of Genesis?

*Char.* No indeed, I don't, are they there?

*Ol.* Yes; and towards the latter end is all the story of Joseph, that his brethren sold into Egypt.

*Char.* O, I remember that was in those questions; and there was one about Daniel's being put into a lion's den; is that in the bible too?

*Ol.* Yes, that is in the sixth chapter of Daniel; and in the 3d chapter is the story of three children, in the fiery furnace.

*Char.* I'll look for these stories, and read them. But pray tell me what others there are?

*Ol.* Charlotte, there are so many, that I cannot tell you a quarter of them. In the New Testament, the first five books are full of very pretty ones

*Char.* What are they about?

*Ol.*

*Ol.* I hope, Charlotte, your Mamma has told you, that *Jesus Christ* came into the world to save sinners; that he was born of the *Virgin Mary*; that whilst he lived here, he did a great many miracles, made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and raised the dead to life.

*Char.* I do not know; if she has, I have forgotten. Is all this in the New Testament.

*Ol.* Yes; as also how *Christ* was put to death on a cross; how he rose again in three days, and afterwards ascended into heaven.

*Char.* Well, I believe I shall love to read these stories; I'll read some every day, and mind more what is read at school.

*Ol.* Pray do; and I do not question but you will be pleased with them. But I will not keep you any longer in talk about this; we'll go to play, if you please, and have a little more discourse, the next time I see you.



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DIALOGUE V.  
REFLECTIONS ON READING THE  
SCRIPTURES,  
BETWEEN THE SAME.

*Ol.* YOU see, Charlotte, I have soon returned your visit, and am glad to find you employed as you found me.

*Char.* Yes, Olivia, I have been reading some stories every day since I was with you; I am glad you put me upon it, for I have been mightily pleased with them.

*Ol.* So, I thought you would, when you said you loved stories; and I hope you will consider what use you are to make of them, for 'tis with that design they are written for us.

*Char.* Dear Olivia, I must beg you to tell me, how I must do that, for I do not know; but I shall be willing to learn whatever you shall teach me; for I find that you have been better instructed than I, and know a great deal more.

*Ol.* That I have had good instructions, I must own; for my Papa, and Mamma too, has taken a great deal of pains with me, but to my shame may I speak it, I know but little: However, I shall

shall be very willing to tell you any thing I do know. And as to what I was speaking of, my Papa often put me (when I have read a story to him) on thinking what I was to learn out of it, that was particularly suitable to me.

*Char.* Pray make this a little plainer to me; for I do not well understand you.

*Ol.* I will, if I can. Tell me what story you have been reading now, Charlotte, and we'll see what we are to learn from that; and then you will know what I mean.

*Char.* I was reading in the 2d book of Kings, chap. ii. about the children that mocked the prophet Eliha, and how two she-bears came out of the wood, and tore 42 of them.

*Ol.* That is a very remarkable story indeed; what did you think when you read it.

*Char.* I thought they were very wicked children; and God shewed how angry he was with them, by letting the bears kill them.

*Ol.* That was a very good thought. You remember what they said, do not you?

*Char.* Yes, *Go up, thou bald head; Go up, thou bald-head!*

*Ol.* Well, and what made it so wicked in them to say so? For 'tis to be thought, 'twas true that the prophet was bald.

*Char.* I suppose, 'twas because they spake it to deride and jeer him; did they not?

*Ol.* Yes, to be sure they did. They could not think what to say, to express their scorn and contempt of this holy man; and so jeered him on account of a natural defect. And sure, this should be a caution to all children, (who are but too prone to this evil) never to express their contempt of others

others, by mentioning any natural or accidental infirmity or defect.

*Char.* I did not think of this use of the story before; but, as you say, 'tis indeed a very common thing, when we would shew our anger against any, to call them crooked, hump-backed, bald-pated, one-eyed, or whatever other imperfection they may have; which this story convinceth me is very wrong.

*Ol.* It is indeed; and as my Papa told me, when I read it to him, I should consider that 'tis both foolish and wicked. 'Tis very silly to reflect on any one, for what he cannot help; and 'tis very wicked, as 'tis indeed reflecting on God himself, who made us all, and, for wise reasons, permitted those defects in nature, or suffered those accidents to befall them by which they came: And the dreadful lot of these children, methinks, should be enough to check us; whenever we find any inclination, so much as to entertain a thought of this nature; much rather ought we to turn our minds to thankfulness and praise to our gracious God, who has formed us so perfect, and preserved us from being maimed or deformed by sad disasters.

*Char.* Dear Olivia, I am much obliged to you, for giving me those good instructions; and as I have not the advantages of learning as you have, I hope you will be so good as tell me a little more, the next time we meet.

*Ol.* That I will, most readily. And if you ask me about any thing I do not know, I'll pray Papa, or Mamma to tell me; and pray, my dear, come to see me quickly

DIALOGUE

## DIALOGUE VI.

### ON DEATH,

BETWEEN

POLLY AND HER MAMMA.

*Mam.* **W**ELL, Polly, where have you been rambling?

*Polly.* I have been walking in the church-yard, Mamma, and reading the verses upon the grave-stones, till I think I am almost tired.

*Mam.* But your eyes look red, child, what have you been crying for?

*Polly.* Why, Mamma, I saw several graves that must have been made for children, that were about my size, and are now very probably, reduced to dust; and I could not help reflecting with myself, that this might have been my case, as well as poor Miss Gardener's, the sight of whose grave (as one of my dear play-fellows) drew tears from my eyes pretty plentifully.

*Mam.* But, my dear, you should rather have acknowledged the distinguished mercy and goodness of God, that when he sent that grievous distemper the small-pox, under which poor Miss Gardener languished, groaned, and died, he did not,

at

re-united to their new-raised bodies, and enter us on a state of everlasting happiness, in the society of God, the holy angels, (and as the Scripture tells you) the spirits of the just that are made perfect.

*Polly.* When you talk of the resurrection, *Mamma*, it seems mighty strange to me, how all that scattered dust, that has been dispersed from place to place, and all these rotten bones, that are quite lost and gone, and perhaps have been so for many hundred years, should be all brought together, and every part united into its proper place, as I have often told they will.

*Mamma.* This child, is quite beyond your comprehension of mind; but the same God who has a power to form and create us at first, and who breathed into us the breath of life, by which we became living souls, has certainly a power of doing this. And as our blessed redeemer Christ Jesus is become the first fruits of them that sleep (as your Bible tells you) so certainly, at the last day, he will, by his almighty power, awaken the sleeping dead, in order to demonstrate, in the face of the whole world, the equity of his proceedings; when the wicked shall be sentenced to misery, and the just and faithful received into mansions of happiness, where they shall be forever with the Lord.—Thus, *Polly*, you see what encouragement you have to pray often to God for his grace, to support you against temptation, and to use your utmost endeavours to live continually in his fear, and do nothing that may offend him. If you do this, you will always have happiness in view, that will support you against the fears of dying.

# THE MILLINER.

A COMEDY.

IN ONE ACT.

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## THE PERSONS.

MRS DUNFORD, *the Milliner.*

JUDITH, *Forewoman.*

NANCY,

MARTHA,

JULIA,

ISABELLA,

LADY LINTON.

LADY ELFORD.

} *Shop-girls.*

*The SCENE is at Mrs Dunford's House in PARIS.*

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## SCENE I.

*On a stage is seen a counter; and at the bottom a glass door which opens to the street.*

*Mrs Dunford is sitting at work, and Judith at her side; next to Judith sits Nancy, and on the other side Martha, Julia and Isabella, likewise at work; Candles are placed on the counter.*

MRS DUNFORD, *(who after a short silence, raises her head and observes the young girls on the opposite side speaking softly.*

SO, girls, what is the meaning of all this whispering?—Is that the way you work,

N

I must then always keep my eye upon you—In your situation you ought to be very diligent and industrious—See Judith.—Do you ever see her listening, or her nose up in the air?—She thinks of nothing but her work—However, she can laugh as well as another; that is natural at her age; but there is a time for every thing. (*Here follows a long silence.*) Judith, some thread—

*Judith.* There, Madam, (*reaching the thread.*—*A silence, after which the girls opposite to Mrs Dunford burst out into a laugh, but endeavour to stifle it.*)

*Mrs Dunford.* Well, what now?—

*Martha.* Indeed, ma'am, it is Miss Julia that makes us laugh.

*Julia.* It was you, miss, that began—

*Martha.* Who, I?—I did not say any thing.

*Mrs Dunford.* I am not displeas'd that you divert yourselves, provided your work does not stand still; besides, some allowance must be made for youth; but what I positively insist upon is, that we have no concealings, nor speaking low. You ought all to look upon me as your mother, and you would be very much to blame if you kept any thing secret from me.

*Isabella.* Indeed, madam, we must be excessively ungrateful, if we did not love you with all our hearts!—I in particular.—(*She sighs.*)

*Mrs Dunford.* Certainly I have no desire but your good.—(*After being some time silent.*) It is seven o'clock, I must go out—Judith, go and fetch my cloak.—

*Judith.* (*rising.*) Do you go out alone, madam?

*Mr*

*Mrs Dunford.* Yes, I am going to Lady Clements's. *(Judith goes out.)*

*Martha.* Lady Clement's, that lives in Rich-lieu street?

*Mrs Dunford.* Yes, the same.

*Julia.* I have been twice at her house; she is rather elderly, but a very agreeable lady.

*Mrs Dunford.* Yes, indeed, she is so; I had the honour of serving her fifteen years, and I know what she is—I owe my fortune to her: it is to her I owe my marriage, my being settled in business, and the reputation of my shop: so that there is nothing in the world I would not do for her.

*Nancy.* That is very natural.

*Julia.* Is she not the mother of Lady Linton?

*Mrs Dunford.* Yes,

*Julia.* What a beautiful woman is Lady Linton!

*Martha.* And good.

*Isabella.* I have never seen her.

*Martha.* Because she has been three months at her house in the country.

*Judith, (returning to Mrs Dunford.)* Here is your cloak and your gloves, madam. What band-box will you take?

*Mrs Dunford, (rising.)* Not any. Lady Clements no longer buys finery; she has left that off.

*Julia.* Lady Elford, however, is as old as she, and yet she loves fine things.

*Mrs Dunford.* That is because the one is a woman of sense, and the other a fool. Farewell; it is late.—Adieu, my children; mind your work. Judith, is my mother above?



*Judith.* Yes, madam.

*Mrs Dunford.* And Magdalene with her ?

*Judith.* Yes, Madam.

*Mrs Dunford.* That is well—I must go—I will be back in an hour. *(She goes out.)*

## SCENE II.

JUDITH *taking Mrs Dunford's place,* NANCY,  
MARTHA, JULIA, ISABELLA.

*Nancy.* How careful she is of her mother!—

*Judith.* She would give her her heart's blood.

*Isabella.* Mrs Murray is likewise a very good woman.

*Nancy, (to Isabella.)* You have been here only three weeks; but when you know her better, you will love her a thousand times more. She is as worthy, as charitable, as pious, as her daughter; and that is saying every thing.

*Isabella.* Tell me, then, Miss Nancy, what is the reason she almost always wears a *close gown*, and never trimmed *facques*.

*Nancy.* It is because she was only a peasant, before Mrs Dunford made her fortune.

*Isabella.* O that is the reason, then of her country dialect ?

*Nancy.* Certainly.

*Judith.* When Mrs Dunford saw herself in a situation to admit of it, she took her from the village where she lived, and brought her here—

*Isabella, (sighing.)* It is being very fortunate to have it in one's power to be the cause of a mother's happiness.

*Judith.*

*Judith.* Yes, indeed, to have even the hope of it, gives one a heart to work.—(A long silence.)

*Julia.* To-morrow is a holiday; I am glad of it.—

*Martha.* Yes, and we will go and take a walk after service.

*Julia.* O, I shall have a greater pleasure than walking.

*Martha.* What is it?

*Julia.* Mrs Dunford has lent me a charming book to read.

*Judith.* 'Tis Pamela, I'll wager?

*Julia.* It is so.

*Judith.* She made me read it twice, and many a tear I shed.

*Martha.* I have read it too——

*Judith.* Lady Clements gave it long ago to Mrs Dunford when she was young.

*Martha.* It is called a romance?

*Judith.* Yes; but Mrs Dunford says it is the only one we should read; all the rest are bad, especially for us.

*Nancy.* I remember she once scolded me very much because I was reading Hypolito Earl of Douglas——and she was right, for there is nothing in it but insipid love-itories—but instead of that, Pamela has such charming interesting events.—

*Judith.* Pamela is so virtuous; she has such a love for her father and mother.—

*Julia.* There is no such thing as reading it without having a desire to resemble her—

*Isabella.* O, Miss Julia, will you be so good as to lend it me?

*Julia.* Yes, I promise you, you shall have it.

*Isabella.* Miss Judith, I have been told that Mrs Dunford sends for fiddles to come here at carnival time? I was always wishing to ask you about it——(ah, my needle is broke)——is it true?——

*Judith.* Yes, indeed. Mrs Dunford is desirous that we should work, but likewise she is willing to procure us amusement.

*Martha.* O yes, on Monday and Shrove Tuesday she invites her acquaintance, and makes us all dance from five o'clock till ten.

*Isabella.* How long is it till Shrove-Tuesday?

*Julia.* Alas! it is still five weeks.

*Isabella.* That is a great while.

*Julia,* (*rising and going from the counter.*) I must walk a little my feet are quite benumbed with the cold.

*Isabella,* (*rising.*) And I too.

*Nancy,* (*to Judith.*) Judith, was not you at Lady Elford's this morning?

*Judith.* Yes, with Julia.

*Julia.* O, what a tiresome creature is that Lady Elford! She kept us waiting more than two hours. It is very droll—the old coquette?—I would not be her maid, however.

*Isabella.* Was she at her toilet?

*Julia.* Yes, before the looking-glass; she looked at herself with a melancholy air, and I believe that put her out of humour, for she is never so intolerable as when she is going to have her head dressed.—She kept such a growling!—She so scolded her valet and her maids—She stupified them so as to make one pity them.—How awkward  
you

are! How clumsy you are!—She had no better language to give them; and in so rough a manner, with her eyes sparkling like a fury! O the odious woman!

*Isabella.* And did she buy any thing?

*Julia.* Yes, our whole box. But to see her manner!—with a disdainful careless air, as much as to say, I do not want any thing.—(*She mimicks her.*) Miss, what is the price of that?—Two guineas, madam.—It is horrible! it is hideous!—such taste!—so fantastical!—(*All the girls laugh except Judith.*)

*Isabella, (still laughing.)* She made all those wry faces?

*Martha.* O, it is very true; that's just her.

*Julia.* And then, though she looks sour, she buys. All this is to pretend a careless indifference, to make people believe she no longer cares about dress, because she very well knows, that to be so attentive to it at her age is very ridiculous. But the drollest thing of all is, when she is shown some piece of dress that is evidently much too young for her, it is a comedy indeed.—O fie, says she, who can wear such a thing! How ridiculous!—what wretched taste!—how excessively vulgar!—(*The girls laugh again.*)

*Judith.* Well, but tell me, Julia, if Mrs Dunford was here, would you tell all these stories?

*Julia.* They are not stories; I invent nothing.

*Judith.* But, is it pretty to make game of our neighbour in such a manner, especially people to whom we owe respect;—You invent nothing, so there is great merit in that; and you do not think detraction is a fault.

*Nancy.* Judith is right, and we are wrong in laughing.

*Judith, (to Julia.)* What I say to you, Julia, is from my regard to you.

*Julia.* For which reason, my dear Judith, I will profit by it. (*She embraces her.*) Do not be angry. Marry, you are older than I; you have been a long time with Mrs Dunford, and it is to be expected that you should be prudent and reasonable; but I promise you, I will not again speak ill of any one.—Well, let us sit down; I will go to work; come, Isabella.

(*They sit down as they were before.*)

*Isabella.* Miss Judith, what is the reason Mrs Dunford never sends me into the city.

*Judith.* Because you are only fourteen.—

*Isabella.* Julia is but fifteen.

*Julia.* For which reason I never go alone.— There is nobody but Nancy and Judith who go by themselves, and they very seldom.

*Isabella.* But I can go with another.

*Julia.* Certainly; but in general Mrs Dunford does not approve of such young people as we going frequently abroad.

*Isabella.* But, however, I should like to see ladies at their toilets.—Ha! there is a coach stopping at the door.

*Judith.* Nancy, go and see who it is.—(*Nancy rises and opens the door; She returns laughing.*) Well, who is it?

*Nancy. (laughing.)* It is.—

*Judith.* What is the matter?

*Nancy.* It is Lady Elford.

(*All the girls laugh.*)

*Isabella.*

*Isabella.* What! the lady that Julia was just now mimicking?

*Julia.* The very same.

*Judith.* Take care, let us have no giggling.

*Martba.* O, never fear.

*Julia, (low to Isabella.)* Put on a grave face.

*Isabella, (low.)* I cannot.

*Julia, (low.)* Nor I.—Let us pretend to blow our noses.— *(They pull out their handkerchiefs.)*

*Julia.* Here she comes.

*(All the girls rise up.)*

## S C E N E III.

LADY ELFORD *(followed by her servants, who remain at the bottom of the stage.)* JUDITH, NANCY, MARTHA, JULIA, ISABELLA,

*Lady Elford.* Where is Mrs Dunford?

*Judith.* She is gone out, Madam?

*Lady Elford.* Is my robe trimmed.

*Judith.* Your ladyship did not desire to have it before Monday.

*Lady Elford.* I absolutely must have it to-morrow.

*Judith.* It is impossible, madam.

*Lady Elford.* Impossible!—you may do it if you work all night.—

*Judith.* In this house, madam, we never work all night on the eve of festivals, because of the service next day.—

*Lady Elford.* So you do not work all night?—that is another affair.

*Judith.* I beg your ladyship's pardon; but I have the honour to acquaint you, that—

*Lady.*

*Lady Elford.* Go and bring my robe, Miss; I shall carry it home.—  
*(Judith goes out.)*

*Nancy.* The petticoat is all trimmed, and has a very fine effect.—

*Lady Elford.* It is not that I care about it; I do not pay much attention to these things—but I would be served with readiness.

*Nancy.* If your Ladyship had said at first that you wanted it for to-morrow, every thing would have been laid aside.

*Lady Elford.* Show me some caps.—*(Nancy and Martha rise and take down some band-boxes.)*

*Julia.* Will your ladyship please to have a chair?

*Lady Elford.* No; I do not intend to stop any time.

*Julia, (aside.)* I'll lay a wager she will stay an hour.  
*(Nancy and Martha bring a band-box.)*

*Lady Elford.* These are all common things.

*Nancy.* There are two charming caps, madam.

*Lady Elford.* Yes, they are well enough upon the hand; but when one comes to wear them they look horribly.

*Martha, (aside.)* I believe so indeed, on that face.

*Lady Elford.* Well, I will take them.—And have you any hats ready made?

*Nancy.* Yes, madam.

*Lady Elford.* I would have them quite plain, without any ornaments; besides, there are none pretty but what are so.

*Julia.* Will your ladyship please to see one of six guineas that was bespoke?

*Lady Elford.* A hat of six guineas! That must  
 be

be curious.—How can any one lay out six guineas on a hat? It is really very foolish!

*Julia.* Your ladyship is very magnificent, however; for we had the honour of making a *conti* in blond about fifteen days ago, for which your ladyship paid seven guineas.—Here is the hat.—*(She brings her a hat ornamented with flowers and feathers.)*

*Lady Elford.* How frightful! *(The girls turn away laughing.)* Who is it for?

*Julia.* It is for Lady Linton.

*Lady Elford.* It is so foolish!

*Julia.* It was not she that bespoke it, it was her father-in-law.—She does not like high-priced millinery; she has no need of it; she is so young and handsome! —

*Lady Elford, (very peevishly.)* Take away that hat, and the other things too, they are all frightful. I don't know for what reason I take my millinery here; there is nobody has any taste but Miss Millard.

*Nancy.* Here is Judith. *(Judith returns holding the petticoat of a trimmed robe.)*

*Lady Elford.* Let me see—bring it here — Well, I am not dissatisfied with that; the taste is good enough.

*Judith.* Your ladyship desired that it should be made as handsome as possible in blond.

*Lady Elford.* That is very well, very noble.—What a difference between that and a robe trimmed with flowers!—You will add some tassels.

*Judith.* Yes, madam.

*Lady Elford.* I gave you the pattern.

*Judith.* They are already made madam.—

*La*



*Lady Elford, (examining the petticoat.)* I think there should be some knots in these hollows.

*Judith.* They shall be put, if you please, madam.—

*Lady Elford.* But what colour?

*Judith.* White, madam.—

*Lady Elford.* No, that will be lost in the blond—but flesh-colour—

*Judith.* That will be very pretty.

*Julia, (aside, brushing up her shoulders.)* At forty-five, to wear a robe trimmed with rose coloured ribbons!—

*Lady Elford.* I love none but gay colours; I cannot endure the *prune de Monsieur*, and the *puce*.—

*Julia.* I hear another carriage stopping.

*(She goes to see.)*

*Lady Elford, (looking still at the petticoat.)* When the tassels and knots are placed, it will be truly charming.

*Julia, (returning.)* Ah, Miss Judith, it is Lady Linton.

*Judith, (laying the petticoat on the counter.)* Well—O, how glad I am!

*(She runs to the door)*

*Lady Elford.* Good God, what joy! Miss, carry my petticoat up stairs, and don't show the robe to any one.—Come, where are my servants? *(She moves some steps to go; Lady Linton appears.)*

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

LADY ELFORD, LADY LINTON, JUDITH, NANCY,  
MARTHA, JULIA, ISABELLA.

*Lady Elford (to Lady Linton)* So your Ladyship is at last returned!—May I venture to ask how many days?

*Lady Linton.* We arrived but this night.—

*Lady Elford.* And one of the first objects of your attention is to come to Mrs Dunford's; that seems to be quite natural: besides at your age—You seem to be thinner than when I saw you last?

*Lady Linton.* I am a little changed perhaps, but I find myself in excellent health.

*Lady Elford.* I flatter myself with the hope of our supping together on Monday, at Lady Clements's.

*Lady Linton.* No, madam, I cannot have that honour, for we set out to-morrow for three weeks.

*Lady Elford.* What, so speedily!—Well, madam, I leave you; for certainly you have great business to do here.

*Lady Linton.* I am afraid, madam, that I have interrupted your's—

*Lady Elford.* I only dropt in here by accident, as you may very well suppose—

*Julia, (to Lady Elford.)* Did not your ladyship say you would take away your robe?

*Lady Elford, (drily)* No; keep it.

*Julia, (taking the petticoat from off the counter.)* I must take that petticoat off the counter.

*Lady*

*Lady Linton, looking at the petticoat.*) I think it is exceedingly pretty!—

*Julia.* There are to be flesh-coloured ribbands in the hollows, madam.—

*Lady Linton.* This robe is your ladyship's?—

*Lady Elford.* You think, perhaps, it is a little too youthful for me; but it is a fancy of Mrs Dunford's.

*Lady Linton, (still looking at the petticoat.)* It is a very gay fancy.

*Julia, (aside.)* Even ridiculous.

*Lady Elford.* Adieu, madam; I am happy to have had the honour of meeting you; I pray you take care of your health, that you may return to us with that charming bloom you have at present.

*Lady Linton, (smiling.)* What value should we set on charms which three weeks may make us lose?

*Lady Elford.* But health is so valuable!—Tell Mrs Dunford, Miss, to come and speak with me to-morrow. Adieu, my lady.

*(She goes out.)*

## SCENE V.

LADY LINTON and the girls, who all come about her.

*Judith.* From what does she fancy that Lady Linton is changed?

*Julia.* I promise you, she was very desirous to have said she was grown ugly.

*Lady Linton.* My dear Judith, I want very much to see Mrs Dunford; I am at present in  
want

want of a maid, and I should be glad to have one of her recommending; Mrs Dunford is such a worthy woman!—Pray how does she do?

*Judith.* Thank God, madam, wonderfully well—she is gone to Lady Clements's—

*Lady Linton.* To my mother's—It is certainly upon my business. But still I have another affair to speak of to her. I have brought a poor little country girl with me, who, I believe, has five or six brothers; and I wish Mrs Dunford would take her into her house.

*Judith.* To learn to be a milliner, madam?

*Lady Linton.* Yes; she is only fourteen, and is very pretty, gentle, and modest. She shed tears at leaving her father and mother—Poor little dear, she is truly interesting. I am certain, if she comes here, she will preserve her goodness of heart piety, and pure morals; and Mrs Dunford will do me a real service in taking charge of her.

*Judith.* O madam, she certainly will take her with great pleasure: Mrs Dunford is so devoted to your ladyship, whom she has known from your birth, and to whom she owes every thing—

*Lady Linton.* I love her too with all my heart; and her good mother, how is she?

*Judith.* Perfectly well, madam.

*Lady Linton,* (*looking at Isabella.*) I do not know this young girl.

*Isabella,* (*curtsying.*) I have been only three weeks here madam.

*Judith.* Ah, madam, she is a sweet girl.—She has a mother who makes linen for the common people, and yet gained a scanty livelihood; when  
unfortunately

unfortunately, she was seized with a languishing disorder, and reduced to the greatest misery.— This young girl went servant of all work to a tradesman's wife in the neighbourhood, and every day carried her dinner and supper to her mother; when her mother grew worse, she passed the night in nursing her, without making a boast of it, and in such a way that it was a considerable time before it was discovered: The poor girl was become as thin as a lath; she never complained, and worked incessantly; till Mrs Dunford being acquainted with it, took charge of Isabella, and treats her as if she were her own daughter.

*Lady Linton (looking at Isabella.)* What a charming girl!—Come hither, my dear Isabella.—Dear me, how beautiful she seems, especially since I have heard her story—Come and embrace me, my heart.—*(She embraces her: Isabella kissing her hand.)*

*Lady Linton.* “ Servant of all work ! ”—such a delicate form—What strength, what virtue, a good heart can give !—Is your mother recovered ?

*Isabella.* Yes, madam, thank God, and has taken to work again. She had sold all her little moveables; but Mrs Dunford bought them again for her, and likewise a charming walnut tree cupboard; my mother is very happy at present.

*Lady Linton.* Worthy Mrs Dunford!—How you ought to love her!

*Isabella.* O yes, madam.

*Lady Linton:* You must prove it to her, by following her counsels attentively, and by assiduous application to your business. *(She pulls her purse out of her pocket, and gives it to Isabella.)* Here, my child, I suppose you will be very glad to give this to your mother. Mrs Dunford will be pleased that

you

you accept this little proof of my regard. (*She embraces her again.*)

*Isabella.* Good heavens, madam, I am so confounded.

*Judith, (low to Nancy.)* What an adorable young lady!—

*Lady Linton.* Judith, I beg you will not forget my commission to Mrs Dunford about my little country girl; young ladies, I recommend her to you.

*Julia.* Ah, madam, we shall love her as if she was our sister!

*Lady Linton.* I depend upon it, and that you will make my little Jennet as obliging and amiable as yourselves. Farewell, Judith; farewell, Isabella.

*Isabella.* I wish to thank your ladyship—but I cannot—my heart is so full.—

*Lady Linton.* My dear child, never mention it. Adieu; I desire you will tell Mrs Dunford, that her goodness to you has made me love her still better. It is a truly good action, and must inspire you with endless gratitude. (*She goes out, all the girls follow her to the door.*)

## S C E N E VI.

JUDITH, NANCY, MARTHA, JULIA, ISABELLA.

*Judith.* Well, is there in this world a more charming woman than lady Linton.

*All at once.* O, no, no.

*Isabella, (to Judith.)* Here, Miss, see what she has given me.

(*Giving her the purse.*)

○

*Judith.*

*Judith, (after having counted the money.)* There are ten guineas!

*Isabella.* O my poor mother!—Alas, Miss Judith, it is late; but however, I should be glad to carry it this evening to my mother.—

*Judith.* That is but right; Nancy, will you go with her?

*Nancy.* With all my heart, I am ready.

*Isabella.* My dear Miss Nancy, you are very good!—But won't Mrs Dunford be angry?

*Judith, (to Isabella.)* No, no, I will answer for her.

*Julia, (to Isabella.)* Besides, that your talk for the day may be done, I will help you when you come back, and we will sit up an hour later than usual.

*Martha.* I will help her too as soon as I have finished my cap.

*Judith.* Go your way then, Isabella.

*Isabella.* Thank you ladies; I assure you, you do not oblige one that is ungrateful.

*Nancy.* Come, my dear friend.

*(She gives her her arm.)*

*Julia, (to Isabella.)* Wait till I embrace you— for I am as glad of your happiness as if it was my own.—Come—don't lose time; walk fast.

*(Isabella and Nancy go out.)*

SCENE

## SCENE VII.

JUDITH, MARTHA, JULIA.

*(They sit down to work.)*

*Judith.* Poor Isabella ; she well deserves to be happy.

*Julia.* Yes indeed ; she is so good !—

*Martha.* And such a modest look withal !—  
The other day there was a young lord who came into the shop—

*Julia.* Yes, to buy flowers.

*Martha.* The same—Well, Isabella, immediately caught his eye, I saw that.—

*Julia.* And I too ; he kept roving about on our side to look at her ; and then he said, that she had a *pretty face*, and the finest eyes !—She lent a deaf ear to it all, and held her head in this manner, leaning over her work ; so that he was finely caught, as he had no opportunity of speaking of her eyes, since they were looking down— but he returned, and began to praise her *eye-lashes*——I would be glad to ask you if any one ever thought of praising *eye-lashes* ? For my part, I wanted excessively to laugh.—As to Isabella, to whom it was all directed, she sat quite motionless, and kept her gravity so well, that my gentleman walked off, and looked so foolish and out of countenance——

*Judith.* That is just what every young girl should do ; without which she will draw upon herself the contempt even of those people who



direct such idle discourse to her.—But let us talk of Lady Linton: Oh, how I love her!—

*Julia.* Why are not all the ladies like her? For my part, I cannot conceive the meaning of it, as it is said there is not one of them all who does not wish to please and to be loved; they need only to be unaffected, obliging, affable, and compassionate! these are the infallible means of succeeding with all the world—By my faith, without that, they will not gain the love of any one—to desire to be loved without being good, is not reasonable.

*Judith.* Somebody knocks.

*Julia.* I am going. (*She goes to the door.*)

*Judith.* Perhaps it is Mrs Dunford.

*Julia, (returning.)* It is an old English lady just arrived; she speaks such terrible gibberish, and wants to see some caps and things in her carriage. I will carry some old shop keepers to her which are in that band-box, and she will buy the whole as if they were the newest fashion.

*Judith.* O fie, Julia, would you cheat a lady because she is a foreigner? In short, are not the least frauds, though in the smallest things, still contrary to probity? Besides, by such conduct, would you not injure the true interest of Mrs Dunford; for the dealer who is not honest, is very soon punished, by the loss of reputation, credit, and customers?

*Julia.* That reasoning is as clear as the sun; I shall not be found overcharging, I am cured of that; but however, I will sell a little dearer to that English lady than to our constant customers.

*Judith.*

*Judith.* You should not overcharge any one; but you know very well that the price to customers is not the same as to strangers.

*(Julia takes a band-box and goes out.)*

*Martha.* Upon my faith, there are some customers who pay so badly, that they do not deserve much attention on that head.

*Judith.* Therefore, when that is known, they are charged higher, which is but just: but there are certain bounds, beyond which conscience forbids us to pass; and as Mrs Dunford says, nothing can warrant a dealer becoming an usurer.

*Martha.* I think I hear Mrs Dunford's voice?

*Judith.* Yes, she is speaking to Julia.

*Martha.* Ay, here she comes.

## S C E N E VIII.

MRS. DUNFORD, JUDITH, MARTHA, JULIA.

*Mrs Dunford.* Come, Julia, shut the shop, it is nine o'clock.

*Judith.* Madam, do you know Isabella's story.

*Mrs Dunford.* Yes; I found Julia at the door with a lady in a coach, and she has told me of the generosity of Lady Linton; but I am not surpris'd at it, for I know a thousand instances of that kind in her. But, my girls, go up stairs; wait supper till Nancy and Isabella return, and in the mean time I will talk with Judith; I have something to say to her.

*(Julia and Martha go out.)*

## SCENE IX.

MRS DUNFORD, JUDITH.

*Mrs Dunford.* You must know, I am just come from Lady Clements, who has desired me to look out for a maid for Lady Linton: she requires a worthy person, a girl, in short, for whom I can answer; and I have cast my eye upon you, my dear Judith.

*Judith.* What, madam! I leave you after the obligations I am under to you! No, there is no advantage can tempt me to leave you.

*Mrs Dunford.* My dear child, I certainly make a very great sacrifice in parting from you: but Lady Clements is my benefactress, and I think myself extremely happy in having it in my power to give her this proof of my attachment; and therefore I beg it as a favour that you will consent.

*Judith.* Madam, I will do whatever you please to order me; however—

*Mrs Dunford.* You will have a good, a virtuous mistress, in Lady Linton.

*Judith.* I know it, madam; and certainly, if it was not for the sorrow of leaving you, I would engage in her service with the greatest joy.

*Mrs Dunford.* She sets out to-morrow, and, Judith, you must set out with her; I have promised to Lady Clements, who wishes for it very much.

*Judith.* What, so soon.

*Mrs Dunford.* Yes, my dear; when once one is determined on a thing, it should be done with the best grace possible.

*Judith.*

*Judith.* But, madam, I know nothing of being a lady's maid, nor in what manner I should conduct myself in a great family.

*Mrs Dunford.* You must be polite to all the servants, but not familiar with any, and you will be respected by the whole. You will have a companion: show her a great deal of attention, but do not form any intimate connection with her till after a long acquaintance, and you are sure she is as worthy as yourself.

*Judith.* And if she is malicious, envious?—

*Mrs Dunford.* You will not make her your friend; and in discharging your duty properly, you have nothing to fear from her.

*Judith.* But if she speaks ill of me to my mistress?

*Mrs Dunford.* Our superiors, who have the advantage of education over us, for that reason have in general more understanding than we, and can very easily discover the motives of our actions. Besides, it does not require great discernment to distinguish the zeal of malice; envious people betray themselves every moment, and the least artful can see through them at first sight.—

*Judith.* One great happiness is, that Lady Linton is goodness itself; she is never peevish and whimsical.—

*Mrs Dunford.* Indeed Judith, there is nobody perfect in this world; you must think of that; but when one finds a mistress who is just and has a good heart, every thing may be suffered without uneasiness.

*Judith.* You think, then, that Lady Linton has faults?

*Mrs Dunford.* I know of none; I only that one cannot fail to find some fault in the son we see every day, especially when she has motive for pleasing us, and nothing obliges to constrain herself. Besides, has not a particular cause of vexation? Can she be moment in the same temper? She may be frequently hasty, because she is thoughtful, and attention engaged in affairs of consequence; may be accused of whims, because she is in trouble. You must bear all this with patience; and if yourself, when you see your mistress in a temper, "She is perhaps sick; or tormented by some private grief."—Then Judith, instead of being soured by a hasty expression or a harsh word, you will pity her, and that will engage you to still more.

*Judith.* But how must I conduct myself to please her and make myself loved?

*Mrs Dunford.* By sincerely attaching you to her: if you love her, she will love you. This is the only way to succeed: do not seek any other; if you do, you will find yourself mistaken. It is not natural to love her who gives us where we live, who is attentive to our happiness, who regards our little interests, who protects our family, who desires nothing but our good; she in short, who teaches us to be careful, and makes us subsist in our old days, if we serve her with fidelity?—The great misfortune of servants proceeds from their exaggerating the faults of those they serve, and not thinking sufficiently of their good qualities; feeling too keenly their insults, and their benevolence too weakly. What is the consequence? The

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have no attachment to their superiors, and certainly cannot be loved. When they do not serve with affection, they are no better than slaves; and every duty which they think harsh and painful, is only discharged by halves.

*Judith.* As for me, I shall love my mistress with all my soul, I am sure of that.

*Mrs Dunford.* Then you will be perfectly happy. I advise you, my dear Judith, whatever liberties she may allow you to take, that in your behaviour to her you never step beyond the bounds of the most profound respect. My dear girl, we are never right but in our proper place: when we quit it, we are compelled to return; and that is truly distressing and mortifying! In short, never speak of your mistress, let it be to whom it will, but to speak well of her; you should conceal her faults, and boast of her good qualities. When I served Lady Clements, I remember, I was more proud when I heard her extolled, than if I had been praised myself. I looked upon myself, when in her house, as in my own family; I knew no interest but her's; so far from thinking of grasping or obtaining presents, my whole attention was employed to save her expence. I lived upon good terms with my companions; I never had a dispute with any one: but if I saw a servant acting improperly and injuring my mistress, after being thoroughly convinced (for it is wrong to suspect upon slight grounds) I acquainted her without hesitation. In this manner during the fifteen years I served Lady Clements, I may boast of having been of very great use to her, and of having established excellent order in her family.

I have been amply rewarded in the first place by the testimony of my own conscience; and in the next, by the numberless benefits I have received from that excellent mistress. I had for a companion a girl who was avaricious and selfish, who had no other idea but grasping at presents and heaping 'up her savings: when she quitted the service of Lady Clements, she had a great deal of cloaths and linnen, and about two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds in ready money, which she had acquired at the expence of her probity. As she paid herself with her own hands, she had no reward; by her little pilferings, which could not secure her in bread, she lost her reputation and an annuity: And I, who had amassed nothing, have had a fortune by my mistress's means, which has exceeded all my hopes. Thus it is, Judith, that, independent of religion and virtue, our interest alone should determine us to conduct ourselves with integrity. Fix these ideas well in your mind, That masters have a perfect judgement of their servants; that they have sometimes the weakness to suffer knaves to remain with them, but never reward them; and that all the advantages and all the little thefts that can be made in a house during fifteen years, never equals the lot which a good master always secures to a sincerely affectionate domestic.

*Judith.* I listen to you, madam, with equal pleasure and attention, for the reasonings is too clear to be above my comprehension; and besides, I think that in every condition of life, self-satisfaction and a good reputation are worth all the treasures in this world.

*Mrs*

*Mrs Dunford.* Persevere in these worthy sentiments, my dear girl: be always pious and virtuous; prefer integrity to every thing; and, in your humble station, you will be respected and esteemed, and even fortune will find you and prevent your wishes. But let us go up to my mother: she will be very glad to hear these particulars; for she is attached to the family of Lady Clement's, as much as I myself. Come, my dear. (*She takes her by the arm, and they go out.*)

THE



**T H E P H I A L S,**  
**A C O M E D Y.**  
**I N O N E A C T.**

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**T H E P E R S O N S.**

*The FAIRY.*  
MELINDA.  
CLARA.  
ELIZA.

*The SCENE is the palace of the Fairy.*

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**S C E N E I.**

*The FAIRY, MELINDA.*

**M**Y dear **FAIRY.** Melinda, for these three months since I saw you, the children whom you intrusted to my care have given me a great deal of vexation.

*Melinda* What, my daughters?

*Fairy.* Don't frighten yourself; the evil is not without remedy. You know that I presided at their birth; but as my power is limited, I had but one gift to bestow upon them: it was left to my choice, and I did not hesitate; I gave them tender, grateful hearts —

*Melinda*

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*Melinda.* That was equally to serve them and yourself; for such a gift is worth all other gifts.

*Fairy.* I repent not of what I have done: virtue is preferable to beauty; but even virtue without a good heart, is of little value. But to be happy, to be loved, a feeling heart is not sufficient. I have consulted the fates for the sake of your daughters; and I observed, that the happiness of both depends entirely on their preferring the qualities of the heart and understanding, to all the advantages of figure.

*Melinda.* They are educated by you, therefore I have nothing to fear.

*Fairy.* I give all possible attention to their education; but I must own to you, they do not keep pace with my wishes. Clara is gentle, and has a happy genius to learn; but she is conceited, indolent, and seldom gives application.

*Melinda.* And her sister?

*Fairy.* Eliza has candour, sensibility, and gaiety; but she is giddy, trifling, and violent. Added to this, they already have a great share of vanity: they have been told they are handsome; and instead of receiving such a compliment as a common civility, they have taken it for a truth. They are not disagreeable, but they are very far from being beauties.—Judge then what they prepare for themselves!

*Melinda.* My God! what have they to be vain of? They have great defects from nature, and to you they owe every advantage they possess.

*Fairy.* However, I have been perfectly satisfied with them these two months; I have found a method of humbling and punishing them.

*Melinda.* How?

*Fairy.* I made them believe that I had rendered  
them

them hideous; and by my arts I fascinated their eyes in such a manner, that, either in looking at themselves in a glass, or at one another, they found they were frightful: I cautioned all who were about them, and every minute for the few first days it was constantly repeated to them that they were dreadfully ugly. They at first cried bitterly; the youngest especially, Eliza, was quite inconsolable. I comforted them; and told them, that the only thing they could do was to make their deformity forgotten, by their good qualities, their virtues, and their talents. They believed me, and—But hush, I hear a noise; certainly 'tis the girls coming in search of you. I leave you together. Farewell; do not forget to confirm them in their error. *(She goes out)*

## SCENE II.

MELINDA, CLARA, ELIZA. *The girls remain at the door hiding their faces.*

*Melinda.* Poor little dears, they dare not come forward; they are afraid I shall be shocked at the sight of them.

*Clara, (weeping.)* Come, sister, there is no help for it, she must see us.

*Eliza.* Do you go first.

*Clara.* I dare not.

*Melinda, (aside.)* I must pretend not to know them.—*(Aloud.)* Why don't my children come? I must go and find them.—

*Clara.* Do you hear that, Eliza?—

*Eliza.* I find that the Fairy has not acquainted her with our misfortune.—

*Clara.* She looks at us without knowing us.

*Eliza.* How can she, since we are so changed?

*Clara*

*Clara.* Cruel Fairy! —

*Melinda, (approaching and addressing herself to them.)* Who are you? What do you want?

*(Clara and Eliza draw near, both weeping.)*

*Melinda.* What strange figures!

*Clara, (to Eliza.)* Do you see how we terrify her?

*Eliza.* We are much to be pitied.

*Clara.* Ah! I have never been so grieved at being frightful as now.

*Melinda.* I pray you, young ladies, tell me, who are you?

*Clara and Eliza, (throwing themselves at her feet)*

Ah, mama!

*Melinda.* What do I hear?

*Clara.* Yes mama, we are your children.

*Melinda.* You! good God!

*Eliza.* Dear mama, pray acknowledge us; for notwithstanding our frightful change, our hearts are still the same.

*Melinda. (raising them.)* That is sufficient: I pity you for a misfortune which, however, may easily be borne, and you may be persuaded I shall not love you less.

*Eliza.* What excellent goodness!

*Clara.* Well then, I am comforted.

*Melinda.* Come and embrace me, my dear children. Be but amiable, gentle, and virtuous, and you will have no occasion to regret the trifling charms which you now want.

*Clara.* Mama, I am Clara.

*Eliza. (sighing.)* And I Eliza

*Melinda.* I distinguished both of you by your voices.

*Clara.* The Fairy did not tell you any thing!

*Melinda.* She concealed your ugliness from me;

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in tolerating vice, exposes and punishes it. The greater the number of people collected together, the more faults and irregularities will be found; therefore, in suffering from those of the world, we should excuse them.

*Eliza.* That requires great generosity.

*Melinda.* It requires only justice. Are you without faults? Do not you need the indulgence of others? You ought certainly to be prepared to grant what you yourself require.

*Eliza.* I have great faults; but I am only a child, and will diligently endeavour to correct them.

*Melinda.* Indulgence is of the number of the virtues, and stamps a value upon all the rest; so, of course, perfection even does not excuse you from it, but quite the contrary.

*Clara.* It seems to me likewise, that it is much better to be silent, than to make ourselves uneasy; we should detest wickedness, and shut our eyes as much as possible against that which we cannot prevent.

*Melinda.* A want of indulgence is always accompanied with contention and ill-nature: let us shun the wicked; but let us pity them, and learn to live with them if it must be our fate.— They are rather deserving of compassion than contempt.

*Clara.* Pray, mama, explain to me what it is to be wicked, for I do not rightly understand it.

*Melinda.* My dear, what is meant by a wicked person is one who has a bad heart, incapable of any sort of tenderness, that loves nothing.

*Clara.* Ah, mama, you are right to say that they are to be pitied. They can never be happy.

*Melinda.*

*Melinda.* Wicked people are rarely to be met, though wickedness is common, and is usually the effect of a want of understanding, idleness, and levity.

*Eliza.* What! can they be guilty of wickedness without being wicked?

*Melinda.* That happens every day. With good hearts and many amiable qualities, there are people who suffer themselves to be led into most guilty errors.

*Eliza.* But how mama?

*Melinda.* By faults trivial in appearance, but dreadful in their consequences: By ill founded vanity, giddiness.—

*Eliza.* Giddiness! Ah, mama you make me shudder. What, I. may one day——O sister let us correct ourselves.

*Melinda.* Nothing is more easy; you need only to reflect, and have a sincere desire to amend.

*Clara.* O I will apply without intermission.

*Melinda.* Such attention, my children, will secure both your happiness and mine. But who is this coming to interrupt us. Ha! it is the Fairy.

## S C E N E III.

FAIRY, MELINDA, CLARA, ELIZA.

*Melinda.* Come, Madam, and receive my best thanks; I am delighted with Clara and Eliza; they are indebted to you for a degree of reason and sensibility which makes me very happy.

*Fairy.* I am happy to find you are pleased.

*Melinda.* I am chiefly so from their promises and the hopes they give me of their correcting all their faults.

*Fairy.* Well, I am ready here to offer them a sure and speedy means.

*Melinda.* What is it?

*Clara and Eliza.* O say what is it.

*Fairy.* Hear me attentively: To rid you of a ridiculous vanity, my dear children, I have been obliged to render both of you frightful. Of all advantages beauty is the least valuable, tho' I own that to have a disgusting figure is disagreeable; however, if I can give you every virtue and all the charms of understanding for your portion, you will have made a good exchange.— But I mean to leave all to your own choice, and therefore come to make you the following offer. I have compounded for each of you two phials, which contain a divine essence, the one of which will carry off your deformity and restore you to your former looks, or the other will bestow upon you every quality of the heart and understanding in which you are deficient. But you must choose one of them, for I cannot give you both; my power does not extend so far.

*Eliza.* What a pity!

*Fairy.* Here are the phials— (*She takes the phials out of a box.*) This one, of a rose colour, will by drinking it, make your ugliness disappear; and in like manner the white will make you perfect.

*Melinda.* Well, what say you?

*Clara.* Mama, 'tis you should advise us.

*Fairy.* No, no; you must decide for yourselves.

*Eliza.*

*Eliza.* Let me see the rose-coloured one.

*Melinda.* Eliza —

*Fairy (to Melinda.)* I pray you be silent,

*Eliza.* I only wanted to look at it. (*The Fairy gives her the phial.*) how agreeable it smells!

*Fairy.* We will leave you by yourselves to consult together, and in half an hour shall return to know your answer.

*Clara.* Ah! do not leave us.

*Fairy.* It is absolutely necessary, we must not constrain you.

*Eliza.* If we drink both phials.

*Fairy.* It will have no effect, the mixture will destroy their virtues. Here, Clara, here are your two phials; and Eliza, here are your's.—  
Adieu.

*Eliza.* The rose-colour will restore our original form.

*Fairy.* They are properly marked, so that you cannot mistake in case you determine before our return. Come! let us leave them.

*Melinda.* My dear Clara! my dear Eliza! —

*Fairy (to Melinda.)* Come, once more, follow me.—(*She says to Melinda aside in going out.*) One moment longer, and you would have spoiled my experiment. (*They go out.*)

## SCENE IV.

CLARA, ELIZA.

*Clara, (after a short silence.)* Well sister!

*Eliza.* Well, Clara!

*Clara.* What shall we do?

P 3

*Eliza.*



*Eliza.* We must reflect on what we are about. (*They sit down and place their phials on a little table.*)

*Clara.* The Fairy herself owns it is a great misfortune to have a disgusting figure.

*Eliza.* And, alas, we are frightful!—

*Clara.* What then?

*Eliza.* The hazard is great—Here is a looking-glass upon this table.

*Clara.* I'll lay a wager that is a malicious trick of the Fairy. A looking-glass at present is only a dangerous temptation; *Eliza*, let us not look in it.

*Eliza.* That is a delightful scruple! it is always good to have a looking-glass to consult.—  
(*She places the looking glass upon the table.*)

*Clara.* Let us only consult our reason.

*Eliza.* We should hear the opinions of all the world. (*She looks at herself in the glass.*) What a figure!

*Clara.* Ah sister, you are going to choose the rose-coloured phial.

*Eliza,* (*still looking at herself.*) I never saw my ugliness so extraordinary, so hideous.—Certainly, *Clara*, your's is not so disagreeable.

*Clara.* 'Till now you seemed to me to think quite the contrary.

*Eliza.* That was because I did not examine myself attentively. I only do myself justice; surely your figure is not so shocking as mine.

*Clara.* What an idea!

*Eliza.* In the first place, you are not near so crooked as I am.

*Clara.* I don't think so.

*Eliza.*

*Eliza, (still looking at herself.)* I am by far worse-coloured than you are.

*Clara.* I don't see that.

*Eliza.* But look, examine both our figures in the glass, and you will allow it.

*Clara, (leaning and looking at herself.)* Oh, I am a thousand times more frightful than you.

*Eliza.* How shall we decide, sister?

*Clara.* I do not know——this glass has unsettled all my ideas. *(She looks again.)*

*Eliza.* The Fairy might very well say that it is impossible with such countenances ever to appear in the world.

*Clara.* Under such a disgusting exterior who will ever look for understanding or a good disposition?

*Eliza.* We and our internal perfections will be left to take care of ourselves.

*Clara.* Besides, cannot we correct our faults ourselves, without the help of the white phial? 'Tis true, it will not be so speedily.

*Eliza.* But we need not be in such a hurry.

*Clara.* To be sure, we are very young.

*Eliza.* Come, come, let us no longer hesitate. *(She takes the rose-coloured phial.)* Here, sister?

*Clara.* Give it me——

*(Eliza uncorks hers, and Clara sinks into a reverie.)*

*Eliza.* Clara, what stops you?

*Clara.* Eliza.

*Eliza.* What is the matter with you? you tremble!

*Clara.* Ah, sister, what are we going to do?

*Eliza.* You cannot determine for yourself; come then, I will set you the example.

*Clara, (snatching the phial from her.)* No, dear Eliza, you should take it from me, I am oldest.

*Eliza.* And I the most reasonable.

*Clara.* Hear me, I pray you: If we prefer that phial, we shall distress mama.

*Eliza.* Ah, if I thought so, I would rather break it.

*Clara.* Well, sister, you may depend upon it; I observed her anxiety when she left us; she trembled for fear we should make an imprudent choice.

*Eliza.* Indeed I recollect the last look she cast upon us at parting; it was very tender and melancholy.

*Clara.* That look should teach us our duty, we must follow it.

*Eliza.* Our deformity is not so grievous, as our mama is dear to us.

*Clara.* She and the fairy only desire our happiness.

*Eliza, (taking the phials.)* Let us sacrifice ourselves for her; here, dear Clara.

*Clara, (taking the white phial.)* I no longer hesitate to choose this. *(They both drink.)*

*Eliza, (after having drunk.)* Now I have accomplished it.

*Clara, (looking at her sister.)* What do I see!—

*Eliza.* Ah, sister, you have resumed your original figure.

*Clara.* And so have you.—O Heavens! can we have mistaken the phials?

SCENE

## SCENE V.

*The FAIRY, MELINDA, CLARA, ELIZA.*

*Fairy.* Take courage, my dear children, come and embrace us.

*Melinda, (embracing them.)* Clara! Eliza!—how I love you!

*Clara,* Then we are happy.—But by what prodigy did the white phial——

*Fairy.* After the decision which you have just made, we must not look upon you as children.—I shall no longer deceive you; all that has happened to you, was done only to try you. Your affection for your mother and me, has got the better of your vanity; and such a sacrifice was the work of reason and sentiment, and you may judge whether or not we esteem it, and if our hearts are sensible of its full value.

*Eliza.* But shall we always have the same faults?

*Melinda.* In choosing the white phial, it was almost a proof that you did not need it.

*Clara, (to Melinda, and the Fairy.)* You are satisfied; then we ought to be so.

*Melinda.* You have got rid of your deformity, and you are dearer to us than ever; this is what you have gained by your good conduct. Never forget, my children, that in every event in life, the most worthy and virtuous resolution is always the best and most certain of success.

THE

T H E D O V E,  
A C O M E D Y,  
IN ONE ACT.

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T H E P E R S O N S.

ROSINA, } Sisters.  
AMELIA, }  
ZELIS, a Friend of Rosina, and Amelia.  
COLIN, the Gardener.

*The SCENE is in a House in the Country.*

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S C E N E I.

*The stage represents a Garden.*

*The curtain rises; Amelia is seen near a tree, holding a dove in her bosom; Rosina holds a basket of flowers, and in reverie seems to look attentively at her sister; she is leaning against an orange-tree which Colin waters.*

ROSINA, (*after a short silence.*)

**S**HE thinks of nothing but her dove! —

*Amelia.*

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*Amelia.* Poor little dove, how it leans upon my bosom! How gentle and quiet it is! How I love it. (*She kisses it.*)

*Rosina,* (*struggling up her shoulders.*) How affecting!

*Amelia.* Colin, have you put feed and water in the dove-cot?—

*Colin.* Yes, Miss.

*Amelia.* Here, carry my dove there, but take care you do not hurt it! Softly then; you will crush it—there, very well, gently, so.—Wait, Colin; let me take my leave of it!—(*She kisses and caresses it again.*) Charming little creature! Go then, Colin—(*Colin goes with the dove.*)

## SCENE II.

ROSINA, AMELIA.

*Rosina.* Truly, sister, I am very much surprised to see one of your age give up all her time to the fondling a bird!—

*Amelia.* But I don't find fault with your passion for flowers; why do you laugh at me and my dove, Rosina?—

*Rosina.* There is a great difference! Flowers are nothing but a subject of amusement to me; but your melancholy turtle is an object of the most lively, tender affection to you.—

*Amelia.* Most lively!—tender!—What folly!—But after all, is not a gentle, sensible dove, a more interesting subject than a rose?

*Rosina.* For which reason I would sacrifice to you, without reluctance, all my roses, orange-trees, white lilac, and even the charming myrtle  
white

which Zelis gave me; but you, Amelia, cannot resolve to give your dove to me.

*Amelia.* What do you intend by these reproaches? How long, Rosina, have you doubted my friendship? Has it ever deceived you?

*Rosina.* O! I know what —

*Amelia.* For my part, I do not understand what you would be at.

*Rosina.* Let us change the subject. — Zelis is expected to-day.

*Amelia.* After a six months absence, it will give me a great pleasure to see her!

*Rosina.* O, I do not doubt it; for, if I must tell you my thoughts, you have never loved any thing so much as Zelis. —

*Amelia.* (*smiling.*) Do you think so sister? —

*Rosina.* Yes, not even your dove. —

*Amelia.* I remember that formerly you was so unjust as to believe I preferred Zelis to you; but since she has been absent, you seemed to have got entirely the better of that prejudice. — When you assured me of it, did you deceive me, sister? —

*Rosina.* I shall never deceive you, Amelia — but I love you too well not to be frequently uneasy, agitated, and out of sorts with myself. — You are my true and only friend, and I cannot bear that another should share with me in your confidence and affection. —

*Amelia.* You deserve both the one and the other, and you are my sister; so that if Zelis were mistress of all the good qualities which attach me to you, I should still love you better than her. —

*Rosina.* Because I am your sister! Ah, how cold that is? —

*Amelia*

*Amelia.* But do you set no value upon the pleasing bands by which we are united, those sacred ties of blood which make it our duty to love one another?

*Rosina.* So you love me because it is a duty?

*Amelia.* No; but that duty makes my affection more tender.

*Rosina.* O how differently we feel! But somebody comes.—

*Amelia.* Perhaps it is Zelis!

*Rosina.* Truly I think I hear her voice.

*Amelia, (runs to meet Zelis.)* Ah? 'tis certainly she.

*Rosina.* What joy!—What transports!—What more could she do for me?—Well. I will constrain myself.—(*Amelia and Zelis return, having hold of each other by the arm.*)

## S C E N E III.

ROSINA, AMELIA, ZELIS.

*Zelis.* Where is she?

*Amelia.* There she is. (*Rosina advances some steps, Zelis runs to her and embraces her.*)

*Zelis.* Rosina, Amelia, how happy I am to find myself again with you!

*Rosina.* I assure you my heart shares in the pleasure.—

*Amelia and Rosina.* We did not expect you till the evening.

*Zelis.* We came on without stopping.—My mother was so impatient to see your's. for she loves her as we love one another. While they are



*Amelia.* Ah, heavens!

*Zelis.* And that from the very next day after my arrival at Paris.—

*Rosina.* How so?

*Zelis.* The first day I had two teeth drawn, the next, I had two thousand papers put in my hair; the third, I had a pair of stays tried which smothered me; and the eighth—ah, that was a day of punishment indeed.

*Amelia.* Really, you alarm me!

*Zelis.* The eighth they took me to a ball.

*Rosina.* Is that all? I had formed to myself a very delightful idea of a ball.—

*Zelis.* Good heaven, what a mistake you have been in!—The preparation alone is sufficient to disgust one for life—If you knew what it is to dress for a ball; it is the most painful, and at the same time one of the most comical things in the world.

*Rosina.* Well, tell us all about it.

*Zelis.* For my part, I was charmed at the thoughts of going to a ball.—Alas! I did not know what it was. I had heard talk of dances and collations; I did not ask for any thing better, and expected the day of the ball with impatience; it came at last, and I was told that I was to be dressed in the habit of a shepherdess.

*Amelia.* A shepherdess! the dress at least was well chosen; it must be convenient for dancing.

*Zelis.* Yes, convenient truly! They have a very droll idea of shepherdesses at Paris, as you shall judge. For the first of all they began by fixing an enormous cushion on my head.—

*Rosina*

*Rosina.* A cushion?—

*Zelis.* Yes, they call it a *tocque*.—They fix this *tocque* with great pins as long as my arm; and then put upon it, Lord knows how much false hair—

*Amelia.* False hair, and you have such beautiful hair of your own!

*Zelis.* No matter for that, there must be false hair; they are so fond of art, that they employ it even when it is good for nothing, and frequently when it disfigures; in this manner, with their confounded *Herison* †, they made me a monstrous head.—Over all was placed a great hat; and above the hat, there was gauze and ribbons; and above the ribbons, a bushel of flowers; and above the flowers, half a dozen feathers, the shortest of them at least two feet high—

*Rosina.* But have done, my dear *Zelis*, you exaggerate; how was it possible you had strength to carry all this?—

*Zelis.* Yes, in this manner was I loaded. I could neither move nor turn my head; for the least motion made me lose my balance, and almost overset me.—Afterwards they dressed me: they put on my new stays, which squeezed me so, I could not draw my breath; they next put on a *consideration*.—

*Amelia.* A consideration! what is that?

*Zelis.* It is a kind of hoop filled with hair, made with iron, and excessively heavy; I was then dressed with a robe covered with garlands; and in this condition was I led to the hall, when I was told, *Take care not to rub off your rouge, nor*

*Q* *spoil*

† *Herison* is a Hodge-hog.

*Spoil your head-dress, or tumble your cloaths, and enjoy the pleasures of the place.*

*Rosina.* Ah, poor wretched creature!—And could you dance?

*Zelis.* Alas! I could scarce walk.—

*Amelia.* You was let loofe, however. at the ball.

*Zelis.* O, you are not there yet. I was seated on a bench, and ordered to wait there till some one should come and ask me to dance. I waited a long time, and looked so wretched and unhappy, that nobody could think I had the least desire to dance. I was asked, however, at last; but the place was taken, and I was obliged to return to my bench.

*Rosina.* How was that; the place was taken?

*Zelis.* Yes, truly; at these balls, the ladies who run the best, dance the most; they go to keep their places.—

*Amelia.* What, is their not places for every one?—

*Rosina.* Besides, it is very unpolite to prevent other people from dancing.

*Zelis.* I met with some young ladies at the ball who were much worse than unpolite, for they were cruel: they laughed at my suffering, perplexed look; they stared at me from head to foot, in a manner—a very rude manner, I assure you; and then they laughed among themselves, as if they would have split their sides.

*Amelia.* O fie! What you have told us, I should not in the least have suspected.

*Zelis.* I was undoubtedly ridiculous; but as I appeared timid and awkward, ought they not rather to have pitied and excused me?

*Rosina*

*Rosina.* Well, let them come here with their tocsques, their considerations, their perriwigs, and their rouge; I shall laugh at them in their turn, and ask them to run a race; we shall see if they can catch me, or if they can jump a ditch better than I.

*Amelia.* No, sister, let us never imitate what we disapprove: to be the object of mockery, is but a small misfortune; but it is a great one to yield to such a dangerous inclination, since it would prove that we can be unjust and cruel.

*Rosina.* But it is truly tragic, where, to play the first part, one must be the person oppressed.

*Amelia.* Yes, but the oppressed in that case are sure of the favour of all good hearts; do you reckon that nothing?

*Rosina.* O no; for I would rather have the approbation of Amelia, than the applause of all these wicked little Misses who laughed at the distressful situation and awkward manner of Zelis. But come, finish the story of your ball; did you dance at last?

*Zelis.* O no; the place was always taken, and I was very soon entirely abandoned by all the dancers.

*Rosina.* Poor girl! how you was to be pitied! — And was the ball room a fine place?

*Zelis.* By no mean's; and it was so intolerably hot, that though I sat motionless upon my bench, I was as warm as if I had been dancing.

*Amelia.* And this is what is called great pleasure, entertainment! — What a difference between that and our country balls upon the great Downs, where we are not smothered, where we

dance as much as we please, and are so cheerful!

*Zelis.* O, I am overjoyed to find myself here again!—But let us talk of our schemes for tomorrow; I shall be very desirous to go to the farm, there is such excellent milk there.—By the-by, how does my good mother Nicole do, is she not grown old?—

*Amelia.* No, still the same, always good-humoured.

*Zelis.* And the white lamb she promised me?

*Amelia.* Alas! *Zelis*, it is dead.

*Zelis.* Ah me!—Well I had such a foreboding when I went away; don't you remember?

*Rosina.* Yes, I remember.—But Nicole is rearing another for you.—

*Zelis.* *Rosina*, have you plenty of flowers this year?

*Rosina.* The myrtle which you gave me is more beautiful than ever: it was struck with a north wind, and I was very apprehensive about it for two days; but, thanks to the industry of Colin, it is perfectly recovered.

*Zelis.* Ah, Colin! I shall be glad to see him.

*Amelia.* You will find him greatly grown.

*Zelis, (to Amelia.)* And the dovecoat?

*Amelia.* Ah, *Zelis*, for these three months I have had a charming dove that makes me neglect all my other birds; it understands me, knows me, comes to me—and it is so pretty.—

*Zelis.* White, I'll engage.—

*Amelia.* Yes.—

*Zelis.* With a black ring round its neck.

*Amelia.* Just so.

*Zelis*

*Zelis.* O I die with impatience to see it.

*Amelia.* I will carry you to it now.

*Zelis.* And is it fond of you?

*Amelia.* Most surprisngly.

*Zelis.* Take good care that you do not lose it.

*Amelia.* I have not courage to cut its wings, and for that reason am apprehensive.

*Rosina, (aside.)* A very interesting conversation truly.

*Zelis.* Do you take it when you go to walk?—

*Amelia.* I am absent from it as little as possible.

*Rosina.* Would not any one think she was talking of a friend; I can hold no longer. (*She moves some steps to go out.*)

*Amelia.* Where are you going Rosina?—

*Rosina.* I am going for some flowers to give to *Zelis.*

*Amelia.* You will join us again at the dove-coat, I shall go there with *Zelis.*

*Rosina.* Very well.—(*Aside.*) I shall be there before them. (*She goes out running.*)

## S C E N E IV.

ZELIS, AMELIA.

*Zelis. (looking at Rosina as she goes out.)* In what haste she leaves us!—What is she about?

*Amelia.* I cannot say.—You know, *Zelis,* that *Rosina* frequently has whims that cannot be accounted for: she is good and tender-hearted, but she distracts and disturbs herself almost always without reason.

*Zelis.* Yes, she has some singular ideas. She torments herself: for instance she loves you great-

ly; but it is not a right kind of love, for she does not place an entire confidence in you; a mere nothing disturbs and alarms her; I believe it is what is called jealousy.

*Amelia.* But I have told Rosina that she was the dearest to me of all my friends. If she questions my sincerity, how can she still love me? If she believes me, how can she be jealous? In either case, I cannot understand her jealousy.

*Zelis.* Because you are reasonable, and in this respect Rosina is not.

*Amelia.* What can be done to cure her of this strange humour?

*Zelis.* I do not know, I am afraid it will be very difficult.

*Amelia.* Let us go and find her.—But what does Colin want?—He looks as if he was scared.—

## S C E N E V.

ZELIS, AMELIA, COLIN.

*Amelia.* What do you want, Colin?

*Colin.* Ah, miss!

*Amelia.* What is the matter?

*Zelis.* Say——What has happened?

*Colin.* A sad misfortune!——

*Amelia.* Ah, Heaven! my dove!——

*Colin.* It is lost.

*Amelia.* Ah!

*Colin.* I found the dove-coat open, and the dove gone.

*Zelis.* Leave us, Colin.—(*Colin goes out.*) My dear Amelia, I protest to you I am a thousand  
times

times more grieved at the loss of your dove than for my white lamb.

*Amelia.* Ah, my poor little dove!—O, if you had but seen it.

*Zelis.* Perhaps it may be recovered.

*Amelia.* I cannot flatter myself with that hope.—Ah! if I had cut its wings!—

*Zelis.* Alas, I thought of that!—but I darst not mention it.

## S C E N E VI.

ZELIS, AMELIA, COLIN, ROSINA *holding a sbut Basket.*

*Rosina, (at the bottom of the stage)* They are dismayed.

*Amelia.* Don't I hear my sister?

*Zelis.* Yes, it is she.

*Amelia.* Ah, Rosina, my dove!—

*Rosina.* I know your misfortune, and I see it is greater than I imagined, for you seem quite oppressed.

*Amelia.* What an ironical manner!—Indeed sister?—when you was uneasy about your myrtle, I did not laugh at you.

*Rosina, (aside.)* That reproach strikes me—I deserve it. *(She seems to think.)*

*Zelis.* You are unjust, Amelia; Rosina loves you, and therefore must share in all your griefs; have not I been weeping for the loss of your dove, and can the friendship of Rosina be less tender?

*Amelia.* Dear Rosina, have I afflicted you? I pray you, forgive me.

*Rosina*



*Rosina, (aside.)* My perplexity increases.—  
ah! what have I done?—

*Amelia.* Come and embrace me, my dear sister  
—but say, what is the matter with you?

*Rosina, (embracing her.)* Amelia!—

*Amelia.* Well?

*Rosina, (in confusion,)* If you recover your dove,  
will you be satisfied?

*Amelia.* What, do you know any thing of it?

*Rosina, (still confused.)* No; it is a simple ques-  
tion.

*Zelis.* That question surprises me—*Rosina,*  
you look down, you are struck dumb.—Ah!  
the dove is not lost, you know where it is.—

*Amelia.* What do you say, *Zelis*? Can you ima-  
gine my sister capable of wishing to afflict me,  
to make a sport of my distress; and to dissemble  
with me? No, *Rosina* has a feeling heart; she is  
sometimes unreasonable, but she is as candid as  
she is feeling; I know her heart, and I cannot  
suspect her.

*Zelis.* Let her justify herself then?—but see  
how she blushes! O what a guilty look—

*Amelia.* Sister, what is the meaning of this con-  
fused look? can it be possible?—

*Rosina.* O my dear *Amelia*? (*She weeps.*)

*Amelia.* *Rosina*, what is become of my dove?  
do not conceal it from me.

*Zelis.* *Rosina* has stolen it, that is plain.

*Amelia.* Sister, you are silent.

*Zelis.* I will answer for her—The history of  
the dove is written on her forehead. *Rosina* was  
jealous of the dove; she has stolen and shut up  
her rival.

*Amelia.* *Rosina*!

*Rosina.*

*Rosina.* Ah, sister! what shall I say to you? Zelis has guessed it—Yes I have your dove.—I intended, however, to restore it to you—but I will not attempt to excuse myself. I see my whole fault; I have given you uneasiness, I have deceived you, I am ungrateful and foolish; in short, I do not deserve the friendship of Amelia. You will no longer love any one but Zelis; I must expect it—I shall die at the thoughts of it, that is certain—Ah, sister, at least grant me your pity.

*Amelia.* Thou dear unjust friend!

*Rosina.* What! you still love me?

*Zelis.* (laughing.) Yes, next to me, you shall be Amelia's dearest friend.

*Rosina.* Ah, Zelis, what cruel and bitter pleafantry!

*Zelis.* On this subject I believe you will think none agreeable.

*Amelia.* Do not torment her any more; but I cannot recover from my surprife— you jealous, Rosina! and of what? of a bird?

*Zelis.* She was jealous of me when we were together, and in my absence it was thrown upon the poor dove. She would have been jealous of good Mother Nicole, or indeed of any thing; for I observe that the jealous, to give themselves up to their whims, have no need of pretences or reasonable causes.

*Rosina.* Alas! she is right. —

*Amelia.* What, Rosina, could you think I loved my dove better than you?

*Rosina.* O no—but it engaged all your attention, you talked of it incessantly —

*Amelia.* You are inconceivable: if I suffer, you suffer with me; when my hand was wounded yesterday

yesterday with the thorn, you shed tears; why then cannot you likewise partake in my pleasures?

*Rosina.* These ridiculous whims are corrected for life, at least I hope so. Your mildness, your reason, but more particularly your friendship, have at last shown me the excess of my folly—Come, sister, come and find your dove; it is near at hand, in the little thicket of roses.

*Amelia.* I shall not take it again; I give it to you, Rosina; keep it, and may the hand that bestows it make it more dear to you.

*Rosina.* Ah, sister—how shall I love it from henceforth!

*Zelis.* Yes, but take care that Amelia in her turn does not become jealous——

*Rosina.* Ah, I wish to heaven!

*Zelis.* See how she corrects herself!—She has been just now praising your reason; but in the bottom of her heart she wishes to see you partake of her folly.——

*Amelia.* No, no; Rosina has too good an understanding, not to be sensible, that she whose delicacy goes the length of distrust, is a torment to herself, and offers a mortal injury to the object that is the occasion of it, Think of it, my dear Rosina, and repeat to yourself every day, That friendship cannot exist without esteem and confidence.

A GOOD

A GOOD HEART COMPENSATES FOR  
MANY INDISCRETIONS.

A D R A M A,

IN ONE ACT.

---

C H A R A C T E R S.

MR VAUGHAN.  
MARY ANNE, - - *his Daughter.*  
FREDERICK, - - *his Nephew.*  
DOROTHEA, - - *his Niece.*  
SERVANT,  
PETER, - - *an old Coachman.*

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SCENE, *An apartment in Mr Vaughan's Country-House.*

S C E N E I.

*Mr Vaughan.*

**T**HIS is what one gains by taking charge of other people's children! 'This Frederick, how I loved him? he was, I believe, dearer to me than my own son, and the scape-grace now plays these pranks!

pranks! How could he change so far from what he promised in his infancy! Such goodness of heart, such spirit, such cheerfulness! The courage of a lion, and the mildness of a lamb! One could not help loving him. But let him never appear before me again. I will never even hear him mentioned.

## S C E N E II.

*Mr Vaughan, Dorothea.*

*Dorothea.* Did you send for me, uncle? What are your commands?

*Mr Vaughan.* I have fine news for you, concerning your rogue of a brother.

*Dorothea, (turning pale.)* Concerning Frederick?

*Mr Vaughan.* There, read that letter from Richard, or I will read it to you myself. (*reads.*)

“*Dear Papa,*

“I am sorry to have none but disagreeable news for you; however, it is better that you should receive them from me, than from another. Our dear Frederick”——Oh! yes. He deserves that affectionate name now.—“Our dear Frederick goes on very indifferently. He sold his watch some days ago, and what is still worse, the greatest part of his school books and books of devotion. I will tell you how I came to know it. At a standing of second-hand books, I asked the other day by chance for the *Whole Duty of Man*; for as I had worn mine out by dint of reading it, I thought I could not do better than to buy another.

ther. The Bookseller shewed me one which I knew immediately to be Frederick's. I was positive of it, as his name was upon the title page. I bought it for sixpence, but did not say a word about it for fear of prejudicing our school fellows against him. I contented myself with shewing it to the head master who sent for the bookseller, and asked him from whom he had that book. The bookseller confessed that he had bought it from my cousin, and Frederick could not deny it, but said, he had sold it because he wanted money; and that meantime, until he should be able to buy another, he had borrowed one from a friend who had two. The head master would know what he had done with this money, and Frederick told him, though I suspect his account to be all a fib. Oh! thought I to myself, we must find if he has not parted with some of his necessaries too. I thought first of the watch that you gave him for his new year's gift, to let him see how his time went, which was a matter that he minded very little, as you may remember. I asked him what o'clock it was. He seemed confused and told me that his watch was at the watch-maker's.— I went thither that moment, in order to be certain. There was not a word of truth in it. I expostulated with him, as an affectionate cousin ought? but he answered me that it was no concern of mine, and that his watch was much better as he had disposed of it than in his sob, as he had no longer occasion to know the hour, for his business. Who knows what he may have done worse? for one cannot guess the whole." Well what do you say to this, Dorothy?

*Dorothy*

*Dorothea.* Dear uncle, I own that I am as much displeas'd at my brother as you are. Notwithstanding——

*Mr Vaughan.* A little patience! this is not all. The best of the story is to come. (*reads.*)

“ Only hear what he has done since. The day before yesterday he went out in the afternoon without leave. Evening came on; he did not return. Supper bell rang: he was not to be found. In short, he staid out the whole night, and did not come in until the next morning.— You may imagine how he was received. They asked him where he had been; but he had invented all his stories before-hand. And indeed though every thing that he said were true—however, he is to appear this evening before all the masters; and if they do him justice he will be expelled shamefully, or at least sent home. What afflicts me most is his ingratitude for all your kindnesses, the disgrace that he brings on us, and the irregular way of life that he follows. I cannot believe that he told truth, in speaking of the place where he spent the night.” And, why do not you mention it? “ But I wish that he may. It would be still worse, and he would only be the more worthy of your resentment. He threatens now, to run away, and go home ” Yes, yes, let him come! let him only put his foot upon my threshold; he will see the consequence. Let him go where he spends his nights. As for you, Dorothea, I desire you never to speak a word to me in his favour. They may put him in prison, send him home, expell him ignominiously; it is all equal to me. I shall never concern myself  
about

about him. He may go to some sea port and ship himself as cabin-boy for the West Indies. I have used him as my son too long.

*Dorothea.* True, my dear uncle, you have been as a father to us, and even our own parents could not have shewn more care and kindness to us.

*Mr Vaughan.* I have done it with pleasure, and take no merit to myself for it. Your mother, while I was abroad on my travels; did the same for my children. So it became my duty, and I never to this day declined it: but——

*Dorothea.* Ah! if my brother has forgot himself for a moment, it is owing only to his impetuous temper. You have had him long under your eye. Whenever he had done a fault, his repentance and sorrow for having offended you, always exceeded the offence.

*Mr Vaughan.* Well, and how many indiscretions have I pardoned him? When he burned his eyebrows and hair with his fire-works; when he threw a stone through one of our neighbour's windows, and broke a large looking glass; when he fell into the mire, and spoiled a new suit of clothes; when he overturned the handsomest carriage that I ever had; did not I forgive him all this? I attributed these mischievous freaks to petulance that did not however as yet shew a bad disposition: but to sell his watch and his books, to leave his school a nights and lie out, to fly against his masters, and still to have the face to think of coming home to me!

*Dorothea.* My dear uncle, be pleased first to hear what he can say in his justification.

*Dorothea.*



*Mr Vaughan.* Hear him? Heaven forbid that I should even see him. I shall tell all my tenants to receive him with a good stick, if he offers to come amongst them.

*Dorothea.* Ah! no. Your heart could never consent to such harshness. You will not deny the request of a niece that loves and honours you as her father.

*Mr Vaughan.* You shall see whether that will be difficult to me.

*Dorothea.* Will you have me think then that you no longer love the memory of your sister, that you no longer love me.

*Mr Vaughan.* You? I have no fault to find with you; and therefore your brother's misbehaviour shall never change my sentiments as to you. But if you love me, do not teaze me with any more sollicitations. Study only to live happy in my friendship.

*Dorothea.* How can I live happy, while I see my brother in disgrace with you?

*Mr Vaughan.* He has deserved it but too well. why not tell what he did with the money, and where he lay out?

*Dorothea.* It appears from the letter that he confessed both. It is only Richard that will not believe him. (*Looks at Mr Vaughan with the tears in her eyes.*) Ah! dear uncle—

*Mr Vaughan, (a little softened.)* Well. He shall have one chance more, on your account. I will wait for the head master's letter.

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

*Mr Vaughan, Dorothea, Servant.*

*Mr Vaughan.* What do you want ?

*Servant.* A messenger, sir, would speak with you.

*Mr Vaughan.* What has he brought ?

*Servant.* A letter from the school. (*Gives him the letter.*)

*Mr Vaughan,* (*looking at the superscription.*)

Right ! I was waiting for this. It comes from the head master : I know the hand. Where is the messenger ? Let him wait for my answer.

*Servant.* Shall I shew him up ?

*Mr Vaughan.* No ; I will go down. I wish to inform myself from his own mouth. (*Goes out.*  
*Dorothea following him, the Servant makes signs to her to stop.*

## S C E N E IV.

*Dorothea, Servant.*

*Servant.* Harkye, Miss Dorothea ! come here !

*Dorothea.* What have you to say ?

*Servant.* Master Frederick is here.

*Dorothea.* My brother ?

*Servant.* If he be not come yet, he is not far off.

*Dorothea.* Who told you so ?

*Servant.* The messenger that overtook him on the road. Ah ! Miss, what has Master Frederick done ?

R

Dorothea

*Dorothea.* Nothing unworthy. Do not believe him capable of it.

*Servant.* Ah! I never thought so of him.— Heaven knows we all loved him, and would have given our lives for him. He satisfied us for the least service that we could do him. He spoke for us to your uncle, whenever he was in a passion with us; and he was a friend to all the poor people in the neighbourhood. I wonder how his schoolmaster could be angry with him. Ah! I see how it is. They were going to punish him for some arch prank, and he, being a fine spirited young gentleman, would not be used so roughly.

*Dorothea.* Where did the messenger find him?

*Servant.* About a stage off. He was sleeping under a willow on the bank of a little stream.

*Dorothea.* My poor brother!

*Servant.* The man stopped till he awoke.— You must think how surprized Master Frederick was on seeing him. He imagined that this man had been sent after him to bring him back; and he told him that he would sooner be torn to pieces than go with him.

*Dorothea.* Ah! I know his stout resolute way.

*Servant.* The messenger protested to him that, (he had such a regard for him,) if he were sure to be scolded, or even lose his place for it, he would not molest him. He then told him his message, and how they spoke of him at school.

*Dorothea.* And what did my brother resolve to do?

*Servant.* Although he was spent with fatigue, he walked on by the messenger's side, and they came together as far as the edge of our grove.—

Master

Master Frederick struck in there, to go and hide himself in the grotto, and there he will stay for the messenger's return, to know how your uncle will take matters.

*Dorothea.* Oh! if I could speak to him!

*Servant.* It is likely that he wishes it, as much as you.

*Dorothea.* My uncle often walks that way. If he should meet him in the first of his passion! Oh! be so kind as to run and tell him to hide himself in the barn, behind the trusses of hay. I will go to him as soon as my uncle walks out.

*Servant.* Never fear, Miss. I will bring him there myself, and help him to hide himself. ( *Goes out.*)

S C E N E V.

*Dorothea, (alone.)*

What troubles he continually causes to me! yet I cannot help loving him.

S C E N E VI.

*Dorothea, Mary Anne.*

*Dorothea.* Ah! dear cousin, how I did long to speak with you! and yet, alas! I have but very ill news for you.

*Mary Anne.* I know the whole. My papa just now gave me my brother's letter to read. That from the schoolmaster has redoubled his anger against Frederick,

*Dorothea*

*Dorothea.* I do not know how to go about justifying him.

*Mary Anne.* I would wager that he is innocent. Do you know Richard's hypocrisy! He does all the faults, and is cunning enough to lay the blame of them upon others. This is not the first instance of his striving to hurt your brother in my papa's opinion. Twenty times has he, by underhand complaints, had him almost turned out of the house; and then, when matters have been cleared up, he himself has been found the only person in fault. I see, even from his letter, that he is a pickthank, and that Frederick, at worst, has been only imprudent.

*Dorothea.* What comfort your kindness affords me! Yes, my brother is naturally well inclined, free, sincere, generous, unsuspecting; but he is also petulant, daring and inconsiderate. He is headstrong in his resolutions, and loses respect for those that do not treat him according to his humour.

*Mary Anne.* And Richard is envious, dissembling, hypocritical, and fawning. Like a cat that gives you at first a paw as soft as velvet, and afterwards strikes you with her talons at the moment when you depend most on her kindness. How willingly would I give my brother, with all his false virtues, for yours, "with all his imperfections on his head." The worst is, that Frederick is not here.

*Dorothea.* And if he were?

*Mary Anne.* Eh! where is he then? Let me run to him. I long to see him.

*Dorothea.* Hift! I think I hear my uncle talking to himself.

*Mary*

*Mary Anne.* Well, you are Frederick's sister; it is but right that you should see him first. I will stay here with my papa, and try to soften him. Do you run to the poor wanderer, and give him some words of comfort and hope.

*Dorothea.* Yes, and a good lecture besides, I assure you, for he deserves it at all events. (*Goes out*.)

## S C E N E VII.

*Mr Vaughan, Mary Anne.*

*Mr Vaughan.* I am so provoked with this boy that I have not been able to write, to send back the messenger. However, he may stay here till to-morrow morning. Let me compose myself a little.

*Mary Anne.* How, papa! are you still angry with my poor cousin? Is his crime so very great then?

*Mr Vaughan.* Truly it becomes you much to excuse him. I see that your head is no better than his, and you would have done worse, perhaps, in his place. Yet you have both of you a good example before you.

*Mary Anne.* Who is that?

*Mr Vaughan.* My good boy Richard.

*Mary Anne.* Oh! yes. My brother is a boy of great veracity, indeed, very generous! he is a pretty pattern!

*Mr Vaughan.* I know that Dolly and you are no friends to him. I myself, from your opinions of him, had conceived a prejudice against him; but his master gives me such a good account of him to-day——

*Mary Anne.* Nay, did not all his masters quite sicken you with his praises here? They knew his father's fortune, and people always hope to wheedle presents from a father, by flattering him concerning his son.

*Mr Vaughan.* I grant, they may have flattered me a little with regard to him; however, from his earliest childhood he has never played me a single prank of the thousands that Frederick has.

*Mary Anne.* His pranks never hurted any body but himself.

*Mr Vaughan.* You would make one mad. Did he hurt nobody but himself, when he overturned my chariot? a carriage elegantly gilt, and quite new, that had just cost me two hundred pounds!

*Mary Anne.* It was but an accident; imprudence is pardonable at his age. Peter was trying the carriage, and Frederick teased him so much to take him up on the seat, that at last he did.— After they had gone a little way, he dropped the whip, and Peter went down for it. The horses, finding the reins in weaker hands, set off. Luckily the harness gave way, and nothing suffered but the carriage.

*Mr Vaughan.* That was not enough, perhaps; And who, upon the whole had more reason to complain than I?

*Mary Anne.* Frederick who had his head terribly cut; but above all, poor Peter that lost his place by it.

*Mr Vaughan.* I cannot think of it yet with patience. That fine adventure cost me above eighty guineas!

*Mary*

*Mary Anne.* And how much grief did it cost the good natured Frederick ! He will never forgive himself for having occasioned poor Peter's disgrace.

*Mr Vaughan.* Two good-for-nothing fellows, fit to go together ! I am surpris'd, however, that you pick out the worst characters, and plead their cause. Really it is a pity that you were not born a boy, to be companion to your cousin. I think, you would have had charming adventures together.

*Mary Anne.* Nay, but——

*Mr Vaughan.* Hold your tongue ! your teasing tires me. I am going to take a turn in the garden. Go find Dorothea, and both of you come to me. (*Goes out without his hat.*)

S C E N E VIII.

*Mary Anne.*

I shall have a good deal of trouble to bring him about. However let us not despair. He is only ill-natured in words.

S C E N E IX.

*Mary Anne, Dorothea.*

*Dorothea, (half opening the door, and peeping in.)*  
Hift.

*Mary Anne.* Well ?

*Dorothea.* Is my uncle out ?

*Mary Anne.* He is just gone. Where is Frederick ?

R 4

*Dorothea*



*Dorothea.* He waits for us on the back stairs.

*Mary Anne.* You have no more to do but take him to our room.

*Dorothea.* No; that won't do. Jenny is there.

*Mary Anne.* Why, cannot we bring him here? Nobody comes here when my papa is out.

*Dorothea.* You are right; and it will be easier too for him to slip out upon occasion. Stay here, I will bring him up.

## S C E N E X.

*Mary Anne.*

How curious I am to hear him tell his story! And I shall be glad to see him too. It is above a year since he left us. Ah! I hear him. (*Goes to the door to meet him.*)

## S C E N E XI.

*Mary Anne, Dorothea, Frederick.*

*Mary Anne, (embracing him.)* Ah! my dear cousin.

*Dorothea.* He deserves this kindness, indeed, for the trouble that he has caused us.

*Mary Anne.* I see him, and all is forgotten.

*Frederick.* My dear cousin, do I find you then still the same? You have never been so hard upon me as my sister.

*Dorothea.* If I were as much so as your uncle; ah! then——

*Frederick.* In the first place, what does he say? Can it be true that he is so enraged against me?

*Dorothea*

*Dorothea.* If he knew us to conceal you here, we should have no more to do but to quit the house, and go about our business.

*Mary Anne.* Oh! it is very true. Do not think of appearing before him yet awhile. He is in a humour to do you a mischief just now.

*Frederick.* What can our head master have written to him?

*Dorothea.* A handsome encomium upon your exploits.

*Mary Anne.* My brother had touched a little upon the subject by yesterday's post.

*Frederick.* What! has Richard written? Then I have occasion for nothing more to justify me. He knows the whole matter as well as I, for I entrusted him with every thing.

*Mary Anne.* One needs only to judge of you from his letter.

*Frederick.* Well, if I be not innocent, I am the greatest rogue——

*Dorothea.* That is saying nothing. You must be either the one or the other.

*Frederick.* And could you think me guilty? What is my crime? selling my watch?

*Dorothea.* No more than that? who can tell if your shirts too, and your clothes——

*Frederick.* Very true. I would have sold every thing, if I had occasion for more money.

*Dorothea.* A very pretty defence, truly! and to pass whole nights from the school!

*Frederick.* One night, sister.

*Dorothea.* And to fly against a proper chastisement!

*Frederick.* Say, rather against an outrage that I did not deserve. If I had submitted to it, I should

should always have borne a blot in the opinion of my uncle : and if they had expelled me, I should never have appeared before you.

*Mary Anne.* But, dear Frederick, what can you say in your defence? We should know it, in order to clear you to papa.

*Frederick.* Here is the fact. Some days ago they talked of a fair that was to be in the neighbouring village. Our master gave a few of us leave to go there, in order to amuse ourselves, and gratify our curiosity.

*Dorothea.* Ah! then it was for oranges and tarts that your watch and your *Whole Duty of Man* went, or perhaps for a fight of monkies and tumblers.

*Frederick.* Surely, my sister must have a great taste for these things, to suppose that one could spend money on them. No, it was not so. I was dry, and went into a public house to have some beer.

*Dorothea.* Why, this is worse still.

*Frederick.* Really, sister, you are very severe.— But do let me finish. While I was sitting there——

*Mary Anne, (listening at the door.)* We are undone! my papa! I hear him!

*Dorothea.* Run? run!

*Frederick.* No; I will wait for my uncle, and throw myself at his feet.

*Mary Anne.* Oh! no, dear cousin; he is not capable of listening to you. Do, for my sake——

*Frederick.* You would have me?

*Mary Anne.* Yes, yes; leave me to manage for you. (*She pushes him by the shoulders to the door of the back stairs, shuts it upon him and returns.*)

SCENE

## S C E N E XII.

*Mr Vaughan, Mary Anne, Dorothea.*

*Mary Anne.* Ah! papa, I see you are returned already from your walk.

*Mr Vaughan.* I am looking for my hat. Hang it, I do not know where I have left it.

*Dorothea, (looking about.)* Here, here it is.

*Mr Vaughan.* You could not think of bringing it to me.

*Dorothea.* I must have been blind sure, not to see it.

*Mary Anne.* Who can think of every thing?

*Mr Vaughan.* Truly, you have so many things to take up your attention!

*Mary Anne.* I was just thinking of poor Frederick.

*Mr Vaughan.* Must I constantly have that name rung in my ears?

*Mary Anne.* Well papa, let us talk no more about him. Would not you chuse to finish your walk before the dew falls?

*Mr Vaughan.* No. I will go out no more this evening. (*Mary Anne and Dorothea look at each other, shaking their heads with an air of disappointment.*) It is too late. Besides, I have just been told that my old coachman is below, and would speak with me.

*Mary Anne and Dorothea.* What, Peter?

*Mr Vaughan.* Whatever damage he has caused me, the mischief is done, and he has been sufficiently punished for it. I would know what he has to say to me.

*Mary*

*Mary Anne.* He might very well wait until you returned from your walk.

*Mr Vaughan.* No, no. I shall dismiss him the sooner. After all—(*Mary Anne and Dorothea whisper together.*) (*to Mary Anne.*) When your father—(*to Dorothea.*) When your uncle speaks to you, I think that you should listen to him.—After all—(*Dorothea endeavours to steal away.*)—Where are you going, Dorothea?

*Dorothea.* (*Confused.*) I have business down stairs.

*Mr Vaughan.* Well, tell Peter to come up.—(*Dorothea goes out.*)

### S C E N E XIII.

*Mr Vaughan, Mary Anne.*

*Mr Vaughan.* After all, I pity the poor man. I never had so good a coachman. My horses were so sleek, that one might see one's face in their coats; and he never embezzled their corn at the alehouse.

*Mary Anne.* Ah! if you had kept him, you would have spared poor Frederick many a sorrowful moment.

*Mr Vaughan.* Say no more of him. It was he that occasioned me to discharge Peter, and to be at present without a coachman; for after him I conceived a dislike to all others. I shall never find one to replace him.

### S C E N E

S C E N E XIV.

*Mr Vaughan, Mary Anne, Dorothea and Peter.*

*Dorothea.* Uncle, here is Peter.

*Peter.* I beg pardon, sir, but I cannot think that you are still angry with me. I hope you will not take it amiss that I have made bold to wait on you as I passed the house, and to beg you to let me have a discharge.

*Mr Vaughan.* Did not I give you one?

*Peter.* I never had any other than "There take your wages; quit my house this moment, and never let me see you again." You did not give me time, sir, to ask for a gentler discharge.

*Mr Vaughan.* You did not deserve more ceremony from me; after destroying my finest carriage. I wish that Frederick had broke his neck at the same time.

*Peter.* What can one say, Sir? A Coachman's sense is in his whip, and I had just lost possession of mine. But I shall be wiser for the future.

*Mr Vaughan.* Well, it is all over. How do you live?

*Peter.* Ah! dear master, since I left your house I have never had a happy moment. You know, upon quitting your service, I went to live with Major Bramfield. Oh! what a master! he could never speak but with his cane lifted up; rest his soul!

*Mr Vaughan.* He is dead then?

*Peter.* Yes, to the great joy of his soldiers.—  
He never gave me his orders without swearing  
like

like a Turk. His horses had their full measure of corn, and his people plenty of hard knocks, but not much bread.

*Mary Anne.* Ah! poor Peter! why did you stay in his service?

*Peter.* Where could I go! What kept me there besides, was, that my wife found employment in the house in washing and mending the linen.— She earned at least half as much as maintained our children —Every one trembled before the Major. Death alone made him tremble, and laid him low. At present I am out of place, and do not know where to lay my head.

*Mr Vaughan.* But you know that I never wish any one to starve, much less an old servant.

*Peter.* Ah! I always thought so; but those terrible words “Never let me see you again,” — sounded continually like a clap of thunder in my ears. Ten of the Major’s greatest oaths could not have frightened me so much.

*Mary Anne.* And you have had no master since?

*Peter.* Ah! Miss, it is not here as in London. In the poor little villages about here, people want their corn more for themselves than for their horses. I worked at daily labour in the fields, my wife spun, and my children went about asking charity. But we altogether made so little, that we were not able at the week’s end to pay the rent of a poor garret. Very soon we had nothing but the earth for our bed, and the sky for our covering. My poor wife died of grief and hardship. (*wipes his eyes.*)

*Mr Vaughan.* You deserved it all. Why did not you come and ask my assistance?

*Mary*

*Mary Anne, (to Dorothea.)* Now my papa shews himself once more. A good sign for Frederick.

*Peter,* Ah! fir, what a woman it was! Sure never was a better wife. Whenever I came home at night without having earned a farthing, and thought that I must go to bed hungry, I always found half of her morsel of bread left purposely for me. When I foamed with rage like one in despair, and would destroy every thing around me, she always restored me to my calm senses, and made me a reasonable man again. Now she is dead, and I cannot bring her to life. There began my real unhappiness, and heaven knows where it will end.

*Dorothea.* Ah! poor Peter!

*Peter.* I had no more hopes of finding a service in these parts; so I set out one fine evening with my little girl in my arms, and I took my boy by the hand. We walked a great part of the night, and slept the remainder under a hedge. Next morning, by break of day, we were in sight of a town. Luckily there was a fair there that day. I earned some money by carrying burthens.—But, fir, I must say, it was an angel, an angel from heaven, Master Frederick——

*Mr Vaughan.* An angel?—What Frederick? that reprobate?

*Mary Anne and Dorothea, (approaching Peter with looks of joy and curiosity.)* What Frederick? Frederick?

*Peter.* Dear master, use me ill if you will; but not that fine generous child. I would rather that you should trample me under your feet.

*Dorothea.* Oh! tell us Peter, tell us.

Peter.



*Peter.* My little Lucy went to ask charity at the door of a public house. Master Richard and master Frederick were sitting there at a table, with some beer before them.

*Mr Vaughan.* Ay! fine inclinations truly! in an alehouse!

*Dorothea.* Nay, uncle, he only went to refresh himself.

*Mr Vaughan.* What business had he in the town at all?

*Mary Anne.* He had leave to see the fair.— Your good Richard, you see, was there too.

*Peter.* He presently knew my child, and rose from table in spite of all that his companion could say. He made poor little Lucy drink a glass of beer, took her by the hand, and leading her out, heard from herself a brief account of our misery. He then desired her to bring him to me, and found me in the next street, drinking out of my hat at a well, as the heat of my work had made me dry. I thought that I should run mad with joy upon seeing him. All shabby and dirty as I was, I took him in my arms before every body; and hugged him so close, the folks were afraid that I should stifle him. Ah! he was heartily glad to see me too. At last, as there were a number of people about us, he told me to lead him to a place where we might be by ourselves, and I took him to a barn, where I had already bespoke my bed for the night.)

*Mary Anne.* Ah! papa I would lay a wager—

*Mr Vaughan.* Silence. Well, Peter?

*Peter.* I told him all that I have now told you. The dear child began to cry as if he would break his heart. I should beg for you, cried he

as

as I am the cause of your misfortunes ; but I will not sleep without relieving them. Here, Peter, said he, feeling his pockets, take what money I have about me. I was not for taking it ; that made him angry. I told him that it was money given for his amusement, and that as for me, I was used to hardship. He frowned, and stamped with his feet, and I verily believe would have hit me if I had not taken his purse.

*Mr Vaughan.* How much was there in it ?

*Peter.* Almost a crown. He would keep no more than six-pence. It shall never be said, continued he, that an honest servant of my uncle's, who has neither robbed nor defrauded any one, shall be obliged in his old age to go begging with his children, and not have so much as a lodging. Take a little room. Before three days I will return, and I will support you ever until I shall have written to my uncle. We have both provoked him against us ; but he is too humane, and too generous, to abandon you to misery.

*Mr Vaughan.* Did he really say so, Peter ?

*Peter.* I can take my oath of it, master.

*Mary Anne.* Well, well, we can believe you ; finish your story.

*Peter.* How do you employ your children ? said he, as he took my Billy upon his knee. Employ them ? said I, they go about selling nosegays and toothpicks ; and when nobody buys, they ask charity. That is not right, said he. They would never learn any thing by that trade but idleness and profligacy. You should make your boy learn a trade, and put the girl out to a decent service.

*Mary Anne.* Frederick was very right there, papa.

*Peter.* Yes, said I; but how can I offer the children to any body in these rags? If I had only three guineas, I could soon settle them. There is a weaver hard by, that employs young hands, and would take my Billy, if I could give him two guineas fee; and a dairy-man's wife would take Lucy into her service, if she was a little clad.—Then I could go and offer myself for service in some rich family, and not be reduced to stroll about like a vagrant.

*Mr Vaughan.* And what did Frederick say?

*Peter.* Nothing, sir. He went away, but two days after he returned. Where is the weaver that will take your son apprentice? carry me to him. So I did, and he spoke with him privately for a while. And the dairy-man's wife, said he, that will take charge of Lucy—where does she live? I took him there too. He left me at the door, went and spoke to the woman in her dairy, joined me again without saying a word, and we came away. After we had walked about forty yards, he stopped, and taking me by the hand, My honest old friend, said he, make yourself easy as to your children. He then pointed me to a shop of second-hand clothes that happened to be not far off, where he had paid beforehand for this jacket, and great coat.—Don't I look like a squire in them?

*Mary Anne.* O my excellent cousin! good-natured Frederick!

*Mr Vaughan,* (*wiping his eyes.*) I see now where the watch went.

*Peter.*

*Peter.* That is not all, fir. Did not I catch him slipping money into my pocket? I was positively for returning it to him, and told him that he had already done too much for me. But if ever I saw him fall in a passion, it was then.— He assured me, fir, that you had sent it to him for my use. And when I was for coming here directly to thank you, he told me that you would not have it mentioned. Ah! thought I to myself, Mr Vaughan was *so* good a master! Perhaps he would take me again. For all that I did not dare to come, as Master Frederick had forbidden me.

*Mr Vaughan.* O Frederick! my dear Frederick! you have still then that noble and generous heart that I always took you to possess from your infancy.

*Mary Anne.* And what determined you at last to appear again before my papa?

*Peter.* The case was this: They would not take my Billy without a copy of the register of his baptism, and for that I must come here to the clerk of this parish. As I entered the village, I heard that my Lord Vasty wanted a coachman. It seemed as if Master Frederick had sent good luck along with me. I waited on my Lord, who promised to take me if I could bring him a proper discharge from my last master. I could not go into the other world to ask the Major for one; so I took my chance, though sadly afraid, to apply to you. And should you even refuse me, I shall at least have returned you my acknowledgments for the relief that you were so kind as to convey to me through the hands of Master Frederick.

*Mr Vaughan.* No, honest Peter; you are indebted for them to himself alone. It is he who has stripped himself to cover you. But he is also indebted to you for the return of my favour. From what a misfortune you save him! Yes, but for you, but for you, so great was my resentment against him, that I should have banished him from my presence for ever.

*Peter.* Say you so, sir? Then I should be the happiest man in the world! What, to save him from misfortune, as he has me! Each of us to owe that obligation to the other!

*Mr Vaughan.* That sneaking varlet Richard had almost turned my heart against him. How could I trust that knave who has so often imposed upon me! But the head master of the school—

*Mary Anne.* Why, papa, he must have imposed on him as well as you.

*Mr Vaughan.* But bless me, they write me word that Frederick is run away. If he should grow desperate! If any misfortune should happen to him!

*Peter.* A horse! a horse! I'll bring him back to you, if he were at the world's end. (*Going to run out.*)

*Dorothea, (holding him.)* My dear uncle, would you really pardon him? Would you take him to your arms once more?

*Mr Vaughan.* Ay; though he had sold all his clothes! though he were to return as naked as he was born! (*Dorothea makes a sign to Mary Anne, and runs out.*)

*Mary Anne.* What if he were here papa?

*Mr Vaughan.* Here? has any one seen him? Where is he? where is he?

*Peter.*

*Peter.* Ah! if he was here! if he was here!  
I would jump up to the ceiling for joy.

*Mary Anne.* Well, papa, do you see him!

S C E N E XV.

*Mr Vaughan, Frederick, Mary Anne, Dorothea,  
Peter.*

(*Frederick entering, kneels to his uncle. Peter  
shows an extravagance of joy. Dorothea and Mary  
Anne melt into tears.*)

*Frederick.* Ah! uncle, my dear uncle, will you  
forgive me?

*Mr Vaughan.* Forgive you! I love you a thou-  
sand times better than before. You deserve it;  
and shall never leave me again.

*Frederick.* No uncle; never, never. (*Turning,  
he sees Peter and takes him by the hand.*) Ah! if  
you had seen the misery of this poor man and his  
children! If you had been the cause of their  
distress!

*Peter.* 'Twas I, 'twas I myself. why should I  
have let you climb upon my seat, or have left  
you to manage a pair of fiery horses? but who  
could refuse you any thing? I could not, though  
the carriage were to run over me through it.—  
So mark, Master Frederick; never ask me any  
thing improper again! I should agree to it, I  
know; but I should go and drown myself di-  
rectly.

*Mr Vaughan.* Why did not you write me an  
account of all this, instead of selling your watch,

your books, and perhaps your clothes? It was at least an imprudence in a child like you, who knows not the value of things.

*Frederick.* Yes, that is true? but to let this family be a moment longer in their distress, seemed to me as bad as murder. Besides, as you had turned Peter away in a passion, I was afraid that you should forbid me to assist him; and that by disobeying your express orders I should make myself more blameable.

*Mr Vaughan.* What, then, you would have disobeyed me there?

*Frederick.* Yes, uncle; but in that only.

*Mr Vaughan.* Kifs me, my brave Frederick!— After all, there is one article in the letter which makes me hesitate; that is, your lying out. Where did you pass the night?

*Frederick.* I had carried Peter the money that day. Our master was not at home in the evening, and I knew that the doors would be shut at ten o'clock. I thought to be home before; and so I should, if I had not gone astray after dark.

*Dorothea.* Poor brother! where did you lie then?

*Frederick.* I found an empty old shed, and there I stretched myself upon a great stone, and never slept so well in my life. I was so happy to have relieved Peter!

*Mary Anne.* Ah! that ill-natured Richard!— He took good care not to tell us all this, and yet he knew it.

*Mr Vaughan.* From this moment I withdraw my regard from him, and you alone——

*Frederick.* No, uncle; I will not be happy at the expence of another, and far less at that of your son.

*Dorothea.*

*Dorothea, (taking him by the hand.)* How much ought I to love such a brother!

*Mr Vaughan.* Well, let him remain at the school; you shall never leave me. I wish to have you always near my heart, and will have masters for you of all sorts, if they were to come a hundred miles.

*Peter, (making a low bow.)* My worthy master, you are still the same.

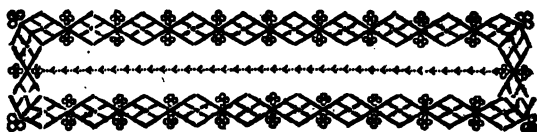
*Mr Vaughan, (patting him on the shoulder.)*— Peter, have you agreed with Lord Vasty?

*Peter.* Bless your heart, sir, I had not my discharge.

*Mr Vaughan.* You shall not need one. I see I shall make Frederick and you happy in having you near each other once more: but never let him mount upon your seat again. We shall take care of your children too.

*Peter, (sobbing and crying for joy.)* Dear master! Sir!— are you serious? Is not this a dream?— Frederick! Master Frederick! shall my poor children— Ah! let me go and see my old friends in the stable!





## CECILIA AND MARIAN.

**B**EFORE the sun had risen above the horizon to enliven with his splendor one of the finest mornings of the spring, young Cecilia went down into her father's garden to taste with more appetite, as she roved through its walks, the sweetness of a little cake of which she intended to make her breakfast.

Every thing that could add to the beauties of the rising day united to charm her. The pure breath of zephyr, while it diffused a calm around, refreshed every sense. Her palate was feasted with sweets; her eye with the lively freshness of the springing verdure; her smell with the balmy perfume of a thousand flowers; and that her ear alone might not be without its share of delights, two nightingales perching near her on the top of a green arbour, charmed her with their morning song. Cecilia was so transported with all these delicious sensations that her fine eyes were bedewed with a moisture which, however, rested on her eye lids without dropping in tears. Her heart felt a soft emotion and was impressed with feelings of tenderness and benevolence. All at once this agreeable calm was interrupted by the  
found

found of steps, and a little girl came forward towards the same walk, eating with great appetite a piece of coarse brown bread. As she, too, came into the garden for amusement, her eyes wandered from one object to another, without being fixed on any; so that she came close up to Cecilia before she perceived her. On seeing who it was, she stopped short a moment, and looked down; then like a young deer that is frightened, and almost as swift as one, she ran back again with all her speed. Stop, stop, cried Cecilia, wait for me; why do you run away? But these words made the little wild creature fly still faster.— Cecilia pursued; but, as she was less used to running, could not possibly come up with her.— Luckily the little stranger had turned up another walk; and that in which Cecilia was led directly to the garden gate. Cecilia, as sensible as she was pretty, slipped softly along by a close hedge that bordered the walk, and reached the end of it just as the little girl was going to pass by.— She caught hold of her unawares, crying, Ah! now you are my prisoner. Oh! I have you fast, you cannot escape now. The little girl struggled to get out of her hands. Do not be ill-natured, said Cecilia to her; if you knew how well I mean to use you, I am sure you would not be so shy. Come, my good child, come along with me for a moment. These friendly words, and still more, the gentle tone of her voice with which they were pronounced, encouraged the little stranger, and she followed Cecilia into a summer-house that was near.

Is your father alive? said Cecilia, making her sit down beside her.

*Marian.* Yes, Miss.

*Cecilia.* And what does he follow?

*Marian.* Any trade at all to earn his bread.— He came to day to work in your garden, and has brought me with him.

*Cecilia.* Oh! I see him down there, upon the lettuce bed. It is fat Thomas. But what are you eating for your breakfast? Let me see; I want to taste your bread. Oh dear! how it scrapes my throat! Why does not your father give you better than this?

*Marian.* Because he has not so much money as your papa.

*Cecilia.* But then he earns some by his work, and he could afford you household bread, or else something along with this to make it palatable.

*Marian.* Yes, if I was his only child; but there are five of us, and we all eat heartily; and then one wants a frock, and another a jacket, and that makes my father quite at a loss what to do.— Sometimes he says, 'tis all in vain for me to work, I shall never earn enough to feed and clothe this young fry.

*Cecilia.* Then you never eat any plum cake?

*Marian.* Plum cake? what is that?

*Cecilia.* See, here is some in my hand.

*Marian.* La! I never saw any before in my life.

*Cecilia.* Taste a little of it. Don't be afraid.— You see I eat it.

*Marian, (joyfully.)* Oh! dear Miss, how good it is.

*Cecilia.*

CECILIA AND MARIAN. 269

*Cecilia.* I believe so. My good girl, what is your name?

*Marian, (rising and making her a low curtsy.)*  
Marian, Miss, at your service.

*Cecilia.* Well, my good Marian, stop here for me a moment. I am going to ask something from my governess for you, and will return immediately. But don't you go away.

*Marian.* Oh! no; I am not afraid of you now.

Cecilia ran to her governess and begged her to give her some currant jelly for a little girl who had nothing but dry bread for breakfast. The governess was pleased with the good nature of her amiable pupil. She gave her some in a cup, and a small roll at the same time; and Cecilia ran with all her speed to carry Marian this breakfast. Well, said she as she came up, have I made you wait long; Here, my good child, take this; lay down your brown bread, you will eat enough of that another time.

*Marian, (tasting the jelly, and licking her lips.)*  
It is like sugar. I never tasted any thing so sweet.

*Cecilia.* I am glad that you like it. I was pretty sure it would please you.

*Marian.* What, do you eat such as this every day? Ah! we poor people do not know what it is to taste it.

*Cecilia.* I am sorry for that. Hark ye, come to see me now and then, I will always give you some. But bless me, how healthy you look! Are you never sick?

*Marian.* Sick, what I? no never.

*Cecilia.*

*Cecilia.* I have always seen her barefoot. Ask the gardener else.

*Mrs Allen.* Then she makes them all over blood, when she walks on the gravel or pebbles.

*Cecilia.* Not at all. She runs about in the garden like a little deer; and she says, laughing, that God almighty has made the soles of her feet hard, like a pair of shoes.

*Mrs Allen.* I know that you never tell stories, but I confess that I can hardly believe what you say now. I should be glad to see the wry faces that my Cecilia would make in eating her bread quite dry, without butter or sweetmeats.

*Cecilia.* Oh! I know it would stick in my throat.

*Mrs Allen.* Nor should I be less curious to see how she would set about walking barefoot.

*Cecilia.* Well then, mama, do not be angry, but yesterday I had a mind to try. Being all alone in the garden, I took off my shoes and stockings to walk barefoot. I felt my feet sadly hurt, but still I walked on. At last I struck against a stone. Oh! that did so pain me, that I went back as softly as I could, and put on my shoes and stockings, and I promised fairly never to walk barefoot again. My poor Marian! yet she is so all the summer.

*Mrs Allen.* But how comes it, then, that you cannot eat dry bread, nor walk barefoot as she does?

*Cecilia.* The thing is, perhaps, that I am not used to it.

*Mrs Allen.* Why then, if she uses herself, like you, to eat sweet things, and to wear shoes and stockings,

stockings, and afterwards if the brown bread should go against her, and she should not be able to walk barefoot, do you think that you would have done her any great-service?

*Cecilia.* No, mama: but I mean that she shall never be obliged to do so again all her lifetime.

*Mrs Allen.* A very generous design! and will your pocket-money be sufficient for that?

*Cecilia.* Oh! yes, mama, if you will only add ever so little to it.

*Mrs Allen.* You know that my heart is never against helping the distressed, whenever an occasion offers. But is Marian the only child that you know in necessity.

*Cecilia.* Nay, I know many other besides.— There are two, especially, just by in the village, that have neither father nor mother.

*Mrs Allen.* And they without doubt stand much in need of assistance.

*Cecilia.* Oh! they do indeed, mama.

*Mrs Allen.* But if you give Marian every thing, if you feed her with biscuits and sweetmeats, while you let the rest die with hunger, will there be much justice and humanity in that management.

*Cecilia.* But now and then I shall be able to give them something. Yet after all, I love Marian best.

*Mrs Allen.* If you were to die, and Marian had been used to enjoy every indulgence——

*Cecilia.* I am pretty sure that she would cry for my death.

*Mrs Allen.* Yes, I am convinced of that. But  
T
then

then would she fall into indigence again, and perhaps be obliged to do some disgraceful action, in order to live well and dress well as before.— Who would then have the blame of her ruin?

*Cecilia, (sorrowfully.)* I should, mama. So then I must never give her any thing again.

*Mrs Allen.* I do not think so; however, I should imagine that you will do well to give her, sweet things seldomer, and to make her a present rather of a good coat.

*Cecilia.* Why, I was thinking of it. I will give her, if you please, one of my frocks.

*Mrs Allen.* I suppose your muslin slip would become her surprizingly; especially without shoes or stockings.

*Cecilia.* Oh! every body would point at her. How shall we do then?

*Mrs Allen.* If I were in your place, I would be sparing in my amusements for some time, and when I had saved a little money, would lay it out in buying whatever was most necessary for her.— The stuff that poor children wear, is not very expensive.

Cecilia followed her mother's advice. Marian came seldomer indeed to see her about breakfast time, but Cecilia made her other presents that were more useful. At one time she would give her an apron, another time a petticoat; and she paid the schoolmaster of the village so much a month for her schooling, that she might improve herself perfectly in reading. Marian was so sensible of these kindnesses that she grew every day more tenderly attached to Cecilia. She came frequently to see her, and would say to her, have

you any commands for me? Is there any work that I can do for you? And whenever Cecilia gave her an opportunity of doing any slight service, it was pleasing to see with what joy Marian exerted herself to oblige her. One day she came to the garden gate to wait for Cecilia's coming down, but Cecilia did not come. Marian came back again, but could not see Cecilia. She returned two days successively, but no Cecilia appeared. Poor Marian was disconsolate, not finding her benefactress. Ah! said she, can it be that she does not love me? I have perhaps vexed her without meaning it. I am sure, if I knew in what, I would ask her pardon, for I could not live without loving her. Just then Mrs Allen's maid came out. Marian stopped her.—Where is Miss Cecilia? asked she. Miss Cecilia? replied the woman. She has, perhaps, not long to live. I am afraid that she is in her last moments. She has the small-pox. O dear heart! cried Marian, I won't let her die: and running to the stairs, she flies up into Mrs Allen's chamber. Madam, said she, for God's sake tell me where is Miss Cecilia? I must see her. Mrs Allen would have stopped Marian, but the door being half open, she had a sight of Cecilia's bed, and was already by her side. Cecilia was in a violent fever alone, and very low in spirits; for all her little acquaintances had forsaken her.—Marian, drowned in tears, took her hand, squeezed it in hers, and kissed it; saying Ah! is it thus I find you! Do not die, I pray you; what would become of me, were I to lose you? I will stay with you night and day. I will watch over you



and serve you; will you allow me? Cecilia squeezing her hand, signified to her that she would do her a pleasure in staying constantly with her. Marian was now become, with the consent of Mrs Allen, Cecilia's nurse; and performed this part to admiration. She had a small bed made up for her close beside her little sick friend, and never left her a moment. On the slightest expression of pain from Cecilia, Marian rose immediately to know what she wanted.— She gave her with her own hands, the medicines ordered her by the physicians. Sometimes she would go and gather bulrushes; to amuse her by making handsome little rush baskets while she looked on. Sometimes she would tumble all Mrs Allen's library over, to find pictures for her in the books. She exerted her imagination in search of every thing that was capable of diverting her Cecilia from the sense of her illness.— Cecilia had her eyes closed by the disorder for near a week. This time appeared to her very tedious! but Marian told her stories of what happened in the village; and as she had profited well by her lessons at school, read to her whatever she thought would give her pleasure. Now and then, too, she addressed her with the most sensible consolations. With a little patience she would say, God almighty will have pity upon you, as you had pity on me. At these words she would weep, then quickly drying her eyes, Will you let me sing you a pretty song to divert you! Cecilia had only to make a sign, then Marian would sing her all the songs that she had learned from the young country maids about. Thus the time  
passed

passed over, without hanging heavy on Cecilia. — At length by degrees her health was re-established: she could open her eyes again: her lowness of spirits left her; the pock dried up, and her appetite returned. Her face was still covered with red spots. Marian seemed to look at her with more pleasure than ever, while she thought how narrowly she had missed losing her. Cecilia on the other hand regarded her with equal tenderness. How shall I be able to pay you, she would say, to my satisfaction, for all that you have done for me? She asked her mama in what manner she might recompence her tender and faithful nurse. Mrs Allen, who was almost beside herself with joy to see her dear child restored to health after so dangerous an illness, answered her, leave it to me. I shall take charge of acquitting both your obligations and mine to her. She gave private orders to have a complete suit of clothes made for Marian, and Cecilia undertook to try it on her the first day that she should be allowed to go down into the garden. It was a day of rejoicing through the whole house. Mrs Allen and all her family were transported with gladness at the recovery of Cecilia. Cecilia was delighted that she had it in her power to recompence Marian: and Marian was out of her wits with joy to behold Cecilia once more in the same spot where their acquaintance had commenced, and besides, to find herself new clad from head to foot.



## THE FARMER.

**S**IR John Downton had shut himself up one morning in his study, in order to give his attention to some affairs of consequence. A servant came to inform him that farmer Martin his tenant was at the street door and desired to speak with him. Sir John ordered him to shew the farmer into the drawing-room, and to request him to stay a moment, until his letters should be finished. Robert, Arthur and Sophia, Sir John Downton's children, were in the drawing-room when Mr Martin was introduced. He saluted them respectfully as he entered, but it was easy to see that he had not learned his bow from the dancing-master; nor were his compliments of a more elegant turn. The two boys looked one at the other, smiling with an air of contempt. Their eyes measured him very familiarly from head to foot. They whispered each other and laughed out so loud that the poor man blushed and did not know what countenance to put on. Robert even carried his incivility so far, as to walk round him, holding his nose, and asking his brother, "Arthur, do not you perceive something of the smell of a dung-heap? And going for a chafing dish of hot coals, he burnt some paper over it and carried it round the room, to disperse as he said, the unpleasant smell. He then called a servant and

and desired him to sweep up the dirt that Martin had left on the floor-cloth with his nailed shoes. Arthur, mean time, held his sides, laughing at his brother's impertinencies.

It was not the same with Sophia their sister.— Instead of imitating the rudeness of her brothers, she reproved them for it, endeavoured to excuse them to the farmer, and approaching him with looks of good-nature, offered him wine to refresh himself, made him sit down, and took his hat and stick herself and laid them by. In the mean time Sir John came out of his study, and approaching farmer Martin in a friendly manner, took him by the hand, asked how his wife and children were, and what had brought him to town.

“Sir, answered the farmer, I came to pay you my half-year's rent:” and at the same time he drew out of his pocket a leathern bag full of money. “You will not be displeas'd, continued he, that I have been something beyond my time: our roads were so flooded, that I could not carry my corn to market sooner.

“I am not at all displeas'd with you, replied Sir John: I know that you are an honest man and have no occasion to be put in mind of your engagements.” At the same time he had a table laid before the farmer, to count the money on.— Robert stared at the sight of farmer Martin's guineas, and seemed to look at him with a little more respect.

When Sir John had counted the Farmer's money and found it right, the latter drew out of his great-coat pocket a small jar of candied fruits. “I have brought something said he, for the young

*Sir John.* What should he do then to get rid of it?

*Robert.* He should—he should—

*Sir John.* He should, perhaps, not put dung upon his grounds at all?

*Robert.* There is only that way.

*Sir John.* But if he did not enrich his land, how could he draw a plentiful crop from it? And if he had always bad crops, how could he manage to pay me the rent of his farm?

Robert would have replied, but his father gave him a look in which Arthur and he plainly read his displeasure.—The next Sunday, very early, the good farmer was at Sir John Downton's door. He sent up his compliments, and kindly invited him to come and take an excursion to his farm. Sir John, pleased with his hearty obliging manner, would not mortify him by a refusal. Robert and Arthur earnestly entreated their father to make them of the party, and promised to behave themselves more civilly. Sir John yielding to their solicitations, they mounted the four-wheeled chaise with joyful looks, and as the farmer had a pair of excellent horses and drove well, they were at his house before they had any suspicion of it. Who can describe their satisfaction when the chaise stopped? Cicely, wife to farmer Martin, appeared with a smiling countenance at the wicket, which she opened, and saluted her guests; and taking the children in her arms to help them down, she kissed them, and led them into the yard. All her own children were there in their best clothes, who welcomed the young gentlemen, saluting them with great respect. Sir John would willingly

ngly have stopped a moment to talk with the ones and cares them, but Mrs Martin pres- sum to go in; least the coffee should grow. It was already poured out, at a table which covered with a napkin as white as snow.— coffee-pot was not of silver, nor the cups of a, yet every thing was in the neatest order. Bert and Arthur, however, looked at each o- sily and would have burst out in a laugh if had not feared to offend their Father. But ly, guessing their thoughts by the looks which exchanged, made an apology for their fare, h she confessed was not so fine as they would : had at their own house; however she hoped they would be satisfied with the cheerful en- inment of poor people. With the coffee they muffins of a delicious taste. It was easy to hat Mrs Martin had used all her art in knead- and baking them.

fter breakfast, the farmer asked Sir John to at his orchard and grounds, to which he con- ed. Cicely took all the pains imaginable to e this walk agreeable to the children. She red them all her flocks which covered the s, and gave them the prettiest lambs to play t. She then led them to her pigeon-house: y thing there was clean and wholesome; e were on the ground two young pigeons h had just quitted their nest, but did not as yet to trust their callow wings. Some of mothers were sitting over their eggs, and o- s busied in giving nourishment to their young h had just broken the shell. From the pigeon- e they went to the bee-hives: Cicely took care

care that they should not go too near them; but however she gave them a view of the bees at work.

As most of these sights were new to the children, they seemed very much delighted with them: they were even going to take a second review of them, if farmer Martin's youngest son Tom had not come to inform them that dinner waited.— They were served on pewter and drank out of Delft ware: but Robert and Arthur were still so full of the pleasure of their morning's walk that they were ashamed to indulge their satirical humour; they thought every thing excellent. It is true, Cicely had surpassed herself in preparing them the best cheer.

After dinner, Sir John perceived two fiddles hung up against the wall. What person here plays those instruments? said he.

My eldest son and I, answered the farmer; and without saying any more, he made a sign to Luke, his son, to take down the fiddles. They played some old tunes by turns on the fiddles, both sprightly and pathetic, of which Sir John expressed his satisfaction in the most flattering manner.

As they were going to hang up the instruments again, "Come Robert and Arthur, said Sir John, it is now your turns. Play us some of your best tunes:" and at the same time he put the fiddles into their hands. But they did not know even how to hold the bow, and their confusion raised a general laugh.

Sir John then requested the farmer to put the horses to, that they might return to town.— Martin pressed him strongly to pass the night with him,

him, but at length yielded to Sir John's excuses. — "Well, Robert, said the gentleman to his son, as they returned, how do you find yourself after your little journey?"

*Robert.* Very well, Papa. Those good people have done their utmost to give us every satisfaction.

*Sir John Downton.* I am happy to see you satisfied. But if farmer Martin had not taken so much pains in doing the honours of his house, if he had not offered you the smallest refreshment, would you have been as well pleased with him as you now seem to be?

*Robert.* No, certainly.

*Sir John.* What would you have thought of him?

*Robert.* That he was an unmannerly clown.

*Sir John.* Robert, Robert, this honest man came to our house, and far from offering him any refreshment, you made game of him. Which then is the best bred, you or the farmer?

*Robert, (blushing.)* But it is his duty to receive us well. He gains by our lands.

*Sir John.* What do you call gaining?

*Robert.* I mean, that he finds it his advantage to gather in the crops of our corn-fields, and the hay of our meadows.

*Sir John.* You are right. A farmer has occasion for all that; but what does he do with the grain.

*Robert.* He maintains with it, himself, his wife and his children

*Sir John.* And with the hay?

*Robert.* He gives it to his horses to eat.

*Sir*



*Sir John.* And what does he do with his horses?

*Robert.* He uses them in plowing the ground.

*Sir John.* Thus you see, that one part of what he gains from the earth he returns to it. But do you believe, that he consumes the remainder with his family and his horses?

*Robert.* the cows have part of it too.

*Arthur.* And his sheep too, and his pigeons, and his poultry.

*Sir John.* That is true. But are his whole crops consumed upon his own ground.

*Robert.* No. I remember to have heard him say that he took part of them to the market, to sell for money.

*Sir John.* And what does he do with this money?

*Robert.* I saw, last week, that he brought you a leathern bag full of it.

*Sir John.* You now see who draws the greatest profit from my lands, the farmer or I. It is true he feeds his horses with hay from my meadows, but his horses serve to plow the fields which without these plowings, would be exhausted by weeds. He feeds his sheep too, and his cows, with the hay; but their dung contributes to make the fallow grounds fruitful. His wife and his children are fed with the corn of the harvest, but in return they pass the summer in weeding the crops, and afterwards, some in reaping them, some in threshing; and these labours again turn to my advantage. The rest of his corn and hay he takes to market to sell them, but it is in order to give me the money that he receives. Suppose that  
there

there remains some part for himself, is it not fair that he should have a recompence for his labours? Now therefore, once more tell me, which of us two draws the greatest profits from my lands?

*Robert.* I now plainly see that you do.

*Sir John.* And without this tenant, should I have that profit?

*Robert,* Oh! there are many tenants to be had,

*Sir John.* You are right; but not one more honest than this. I had formerly let the farm to another who impoverished the land, cut down the trees, and let the outhouses run to ruin. At quarter-day, he never had any money for me; and when I would expostulate with him, he shewed me clearly that his whole stock was not sufficient to answer my demand.

*Robert.* Ah! the knave!

*Sir John.* If this man were of the same kind, should I receive much profit from my estate?

*Robert.* Certainly not.

*Sir John.* To whom then am I obliged for what I do receive.

*Robert.* I see that you owe it to this honest farmer.

*Sir John.* Is it not therefore our duty to receive a man well who renders us so great services?

*Robert.* Ah! papa, you make me see very plainly that I was wrong.

For some minutes a deep silence ensued. Sir John then resumed the discourse thus; Robert, why did not you play upon the fiddle?

*Robert*

*Robert.* You know, papa, that I have never learnt.

*Sir John.* Then Farmer Martin's son knows something that you do not.

*Robert.* That is true. - But then does he understand Latin as I do?

*Sir John.* And do you know how to plow? can you drive a team? can you sow wheat, barley, oats, and other grain, or rear a crop of them? Would you know how so much as to fix a hop-pole, or prune a tree, so as to have good fruit?

*Robert.* I have no occasion to know all that: I am no farmer.

*Sir John.* But if all the people in the world knew nothing else but Latin, how would things go then?

*Robert.* Very ill; we should have no bread, no vegetables.

*Sir John.* And could the world do very well, even though nobody knew Latin?

*Robert.* I believe it could.

*Sir John.* Remember then all your life what you have just seen and heard. This farmer so coarsely clad, who saluted and addressed you in so rustick a manner; this man is better bred than you, knows much more than you, and things of much greater use. Therefore you see how unjust it is to despise any one for the plainness of his dress or the ungracefulness of his manner.

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## THE YOUNG SPARROWS.

**L**ITTLE Robert one day perceived a sparrow's nest under the eaves of the house, and running immediately for his sisters to inform them of his discovery, they all contrived together how to get the little covey into their possession. It was agreed to wait until the young ones should be fledged; and then Robert should raise a ladder against the wall, and his sister should hold it fast below, while he climbed up for the nest.— When they thought the little birds sufficiently feathered, they made ready to put their design in execution. It succeeded perfectly, and they found three young ones in the nest. The old birds sent forth piteous cries on seeing their little ones, whom they had nourished with so much care, taken from them; but Robert and his sister were so overjoyed, that they did not pay the least attention to their complaints.

They were at first something puzzled what to do with their prisoners. Augusta, the youngest, being of a mild and compassionate disposition, was for having them put into a cage: she promised to take the charge of them upon herself, and to feed them regularly every day: she described in a very lively manner to her brother and sister, the pleasure that they should have in seeing and hearing those young birds when grown big.—

U

This

*Grace.* Ah! Miss Alicia, what cruel words!

*Alicia.* I must certainly obey my father. But we are neighbours: we are not forbidden to look at each other; and whenever our eyes can meet unobserved—

*Grace.* Oh! mine shall take care to seek yours, and to tell them that I shall never forget to love you.

*Thomas.* Who will hinder us to be in your way when you go out to walk? and then—

*Alicia.* You are right. A smile, a little wink or side look can pass without being seen. Come, take comfort: all will go well. But where is the squirrel? As I am going into my room, I will carry it up.

*Thomas.* Stop a moment; I will go and fetch his house, and carry it for you as far as your door. *(Alone in the summer-house.)*

*Alicia.* Good bye, my dear Grace.

*Grace.* Ah! Miss Alicia, I cannot believe that it is to be for ever.

*Thomas.* *(returning in a fright with the squirrel's house.)* Stop! the squirrel is not here.

*Alicia.* What! my squirrel gone? O dear

*Thomas!*

*Thomas.* Somebody must have opened the door, for I remember to have shut it.

*Alicia.* It can be none but my brother. He was sitting when you made me a present of it; and when we were talking here, he slipped into the summer-house and opened his little door.

*Thomas.* He only carried away the squirrel to his hole. He is a better hunter than you do. He

*Thomas*

*Thomas.* Well, stay ; he cannot be very far off. If I can discover him upon some tree, I need only shew him a nut to make him come down immediately. I will go and hunt all about.

*Alicia, (to Thomas.)* I wish you success in the chase, my dear friend ! *(to Grace.)* Poor Thomas ! I pity him, he was so happy in making me that present !

*Grace.* That is true indeed. He never was at ease until he had brought it to you.

*Alicia.* Well I must leave you, my dear Grace : I will take the terrace walk ; it leads to the house, and do you go out by the little door of the garden, and slip round along the wall. You need only stand under my window, without taking notice of any thing. I will throw you the purse with a letter. If papa is not in my way, I will come and bring them to you myself.

*Grace.* O my dear generous friend, what good nature ! *(they go out different ways.)*

S C E N E VI.

*Mr Crumpton, Constantine.*

*Constantine.* Well, papa, was I wrong ? You see what pains my sister takes to obey you.

*Mr Crumpton.* And what is this story of a squirrel ?

*Constantine.* I did not tell it to you while we were hid, because they would have heard us.— But here is the affair : The dear friend Thomas made a present of the squirrel to the dear friend Alicia. The dear friend Alicia received this  
wgly

have put these birds to the very same torture, though they never did you any harm. And you, young ladies, you that should be more tender-hearted, did you suffer this.

The two little misses were standing by silent, but hearing these last words, and feeling the keenness of the rebuke, they sat down with their eyes swimming in tears. The tutor, remarking their sorrow, was touched with it and said no more to them.

Robert did not cry, and endeavoured to justify himself thus: I could not think that I did them any harm. They sung all the while, and they clapped their wings as if they were pleased.

*The Tutor.* Do you call their cries singing? But why should they sing?

*Robert.* I suppose to call their father and mother.

*The Tutor.* No doubt. And when their cries should have brought them, what did the young ones mean to tell them by clapping their wings?

*Robert.* I cannot say exactly; perhaps to ask their help.

*The Tutor.* Just so. Therefore, if those birds could have expressed themselves in our speech, you would have heard them cry, "Ah! father and mother save us! We have unhappily fallen into the hands of cruel children who have plucked all our feathers. We are cold and in pain.— Come, warm us and cure us, or we shall die".

The little girls could hold out no longer; they sobbed and hid their faces in their handkerchiefs.

It was you, Robert, that led us to this cruelty.—

We hated the thought of it ourselves. Robert

was

was then himself sensible of his fault. He had already been punished by his tutor plucking his hair; he was now much more so by the reproaches of his own heart. The tutor thought there was no occasion to add to this double punishment. It was not, indeed, from an instinct of cruelty, but purely from want of thought, that Robert had done this ill-natured action, and the pity which he felt from that moment for all creatures weaker than himself, opened his heart to the sentiments of kindness and humanity that have animated him all the rest of his life.

## TOMMY MERTON.

**T**OMMY Merton was very passionate, and thought he had a right to command every body that was not dressed as fine as himself. This opinion often led him into inconveniences, and once was the occasion of his being very severely mortified. This accident happened in the following manner: One day, as Tommy was striking a ball with his bat, he struck it over the hedge, into an adjoining field, and seeing a little ragged boy walking along on that side, he ordered him, in a very peremptory tone, to bring it to him.—The little boy, without taking any notice of what he said, walked on, and left the ball; upon



which Tommy called out more loudly than before, and asked, if he did not hear what was said? Yes, said the boy, for the matter of that, I am not deaf. Oh! are you not? replied Tommy; then bring me my ball directly. I don't chuse it, said the boy,. Sirrah, said Tommy, if I come to you, I shall make you chuse it. Perhaps not, said the boy, my pretty little master. You little rascal, said Tommy, who now began to be angry, if I come over the hedge, I will thresh you within an inch of your life. To this the other made no answer, but by a loud laugh; which provoked Tommy so much, that he clambered over the hedge, and jumped precipitately down, intending to have leapt into the field; but unfortunately his foot slipped, and down he rolled into a wet ditch, which was full of mud and water. There poor Tommy tumbled about for some time, endeavouring to get out, but it was to no purpose; for his feet stuck in the mud, or slipped off from the bank; his fine waistcoat was dirtied all over, his white stockings covered with mire, his breeches filled with puddle water. To add to his distress, he first lost one shoe, and then the other; his laced hat tumbled off from his head, and was completely spoiled. In this distress he must probably have remained a considerable time, had not the little ragged boy taken pity on him, and helped him out. Tommy was so vexed and ashamed, that he could not say a word, but ran home in such a dirty plight, that Mr Barlow, his tutor, who happened to meet him, was afraid he had been considerably hurt; but when he heard the accident which had happened, he could not help smiling,  
and

and advised Tommy to be more careful for the future, how he attempted to thresh little ragged boys.—Sir, answered Tommy, a little confused, I should not have attempted to beat him, only he would not bring me my ball. Mr B. And what right had you to oblige him to bring your ball? T. Sir, he was a little ragged boy, and I am a gentleman. Mr B. So then every gentleman has a right to command little ragged boys? T. To be sure, sir. Mr B. Then, if your clothes should wear out, and become ragged, every gentleman will have a right to command you? Tommy looked a little foolish, and said, But he might have done it, as he was on that side of the hedge. Mr B. And so he probably would have done, if you had asked him civilly to do it; but when persons speak in a haughty tone, they will find few inclined to serve them.—But as the boy was poor and ragged, I suppose you hired him with money to fetch your ball. T. Indeed, sir, I did not; I neither gave him any thing, nor offered him any thing. Mr B. Probably you had nothing to give him. T. Yes, I had though—I had all this money (pulling out several shillings.) Mr B. Perhaps the boy was as rich as you? T. No, he was not, sir, I am sure; for he had no coat, and his waistcoat and breeches were all tattered and ragged; besides he had no stockings, and his shoes were full of holes. Mr B. So, now I see what constitutes a gentleman—A gentleman is one, that, when he has abundance of every thing keeps it all to himself; beats poor people if they don't serve him for nothing; and, when they have done the greatest favour, in spite of his

insolence, never feels any gratitude, or does them any good in return. I find that Androcles's lion was no gentleman.

Tommy was so affected with this rebuke, that he could hardly contain his tears, and, as he was really a boy of a generous temper, he determined to give the little ragged boy something the very first time he should see him again. He did not long wait for an opportunity; for as he was walking out that very afternoon, he saw him at some distance gathering black-berries, and going to him, he accosted him thus: Little boy, I want to know why you are so ragged; have you no other cloaths? No, indeed, said the boy; I have got seven brothers and sisters, and they are all as ragged as myself; but I should not much mind that, if I could have my belly full of victuals.—T. and why cannot you have your belly full of victuals? Little Boy. Because daddy's ill of a fever, and can't work this harvest; so that mammy says, we must all starve, if God almighty don't take care of us. Tommy made no answer, but ran full speed to the house, whence he presently returned, loaded with a loaf of bread, and a complete suit of his own clothes. Here little boy, said he, you were good-natured to me, and so I will give you all this because I am a gentleman, and have many more. Nothing could equal the joy which appeared in the boy's countenance at receiving this present, excepting what Tommy himself felt, the first time, at the idea of doing a generous and grateful action. He strutted away without waiting for the little boy's acknowledgments, and happening to meet Mr Barlow, as he  
was

was returning home, told him with an air of exultation, what he had done. Mr Barlow coldly answered, You have done very well in giving the little boy clothes, because they are your own: but what right have you to give away my loaf of bread without asking my consent? T. Why, sir, I did it because the little boy said he was very hungry, and had seven brothers and sisters, and that his father was ill, and could not work. Mr B. This is a very good reason why you should give them what belongs to yourself; but not why you should give away what is another's.— What would you say, if Harry Sandford were to give away all your clothes without asking your leave? T. I should not like it at all; and I will not give away your things any more without asking your leave. You will do well, said Mr Barlow; and here is a little story you may read upon this very subject.

### *The Story of CYRUS.*

CYRUS was a little boy of very good dispositions, and a very humane temper. He had several masters that endeavoured to teach him every thing that was good, and he was educated with several little boys about his own age. One evening, his father asked him what he had done or learned that day. Sir, said Cyrus, I was punished to-day for deciding unjustly. How so? said his father. Cyrus. There were two boys, one of whom was a great, and the other a little boy. Now it happened that the little boy had a coat that

that was much too big for him ; but the great boy had one that scarcely reached below his middle, and was too tight for him in every part ; upon which the great boy proposed to the little one to change coats with him, because then, said he, we shall be both exactly fitted ; for your coat is as much too big for you, as mine is too little for me. The little boy would not consent to the proposal ; upon which the great boy took his coat away by force, and gave his own to the little boy in exchange. While they were disputing upon this subject, I chanced to pass by, and they agreed to make me judge in the affair. But I decided that the little boy should keep the little coat, and the great boy the great one, for which judgement my master punished me. Why so ? said Cyrus's father ; was not the little coat most proper for the little boy, and the larger coat for the great boy ? Yes, sir, answered Cyrus ; but my master told me I was not made judge to examine which coat best fitted either of the boys, but to decide whether it was just that the great boy should take away the coat of the little one against his consent ; and therefore I decided unjustly, and deserved to be punished.

THE FATHERS RECONCILED, BY  
THEIR CHILDREN.

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A D R A M A,

IN ONE ACT.

C H A R A C T E R S.

MR CRUMPTON

CONSTANTINE,

ALICIA,

THOMAS,

GRACE,

*his Son.*

*his Daughter.*

*Son of the Apothecary  
of the Village.*

*his Sister.*

---

*The scene lies in a garden, under the windows of Mr  
Crumpton's house in the country. On one side a  
summer house, and at the bottom of the stage a tuft  
of trees.*

S C E N E I.

*Mr Crumpton, Alicia and Constantine.*

*Alicia.* **B**UT papa—  
*Mr Crumpton.* I repeat it to you.  
Let neither of you henceforward, under pain of  
my displeasure, have the least connection with  
the apothecary's children.

*Alicia.*

sessions in the world. Continue still in the same generous disposition towards me and my children.

I have the honour to be, &c".

(*Mr Crumpton, without shutting the letter looks at Alicia.*)

*Alicia, (running to him.)* Now, papa, you shall know how this money came into my hands, and forgive me for not owning it before!—

*Mr Crumpton, (kissing her.)* I know the whole, my dear Alicia. I heard your conversation. I am delighted with the nobleness and generosity of your sentiments. I do not blush to confess, that perhaps, but for you, I was going to commit an action that would have made me unhappy all my life. Here is your money. Make that noble use of it which your excellent mother enjoined you. Do not fear that I shall ever suffer it to be exhausted by your bounty. Your little grove shall remain, my dear children, and friendship shall unite you still.

*Alicia, (taking his hand.)* O papa! I owe you now a second life.

*Grace, (taking his other hand)* O sir! what goodness! Ah! how my father—

*Mr Crumpton.* Tell him, my dear Grace, that I request him to take his note again; that I have a small alteration to make in it, of which I will speak to him.

*Constantine.* How? papa, you—

*Mr Crumpton.* Hold your ill-natured tongue. You have given me to-day proofs of a very bad heart.

*Constantine.*

*Constantine.* I have only obeyed you. Must not children obey their parents.

*Mr Crumpton.* Without doubt they must.— But when the commands of their parents are unjust, they must then first obey their duty and their Maker. If your heart did not tell you that mine yielded too much to passion, I have no further hopes of you. See how Alicia has acted.

*Constantine.* But Mama did not leave me any money at my own disposal.

*Mr Crumpton.* Because she foresaw the improper use that you might have made of it. And then, had not you words at least of comfort for your little friends, and for a man who had once the care of your education? But what is become of the squirrel? Have you given orders to find him?

*Constantine.* I could see nobody in the garden.

S C E N E X.

*Mr Crumpton, Constantine, Alicia, Grace, Thomas.*

*(Thomas enters running, and out of breath. He holds the squirrel in one hand, the other is wrapped in a handkerchief stained with droops of blood.)*

*Thomas.* Joy! joy! here he is! I have found him, here he is! *(perceiving Mr Crumpton, he stops short.)*

*Alicia, (running to him) O! my good Tommy, she takes the squirrel.)* My pretty little Tommy, have I found you? Oh! you shall never escape from me again. Come, sir, march into your house once more. *(Shuts him up in his house, and carries him into the summer-house.)*



*Constantine.* For what? all correspondence is at an end.

*Mr Crumpton.* I think your request reasonable, and grant it. You may tell them at the same time that their father must pay me in three days, or else he will repent it.

*Alicia.* How? my dear papa, does Mr Garvey owe you any thing?

*Mr Crumpton.* Do you think that I would ask him for what he did not owe me? But that does not concern you. Only remember to obey me.  
(*He goes out.*)

## S C E N E II.

*Alicia and Constantine.*

*Alicia.* Well, brother, is this your friendship for Thomas and Grace?

*Constantine.* Well, sister, is this your obedience to your father?

*Alicia.* You pretend to obedience? it is hypocrisy; nothing more. You only flatter him to wheedle some money from him. You love nothing in the world.

*Constantine.* Because I do not take pleasure in continually disobliging him? Would you have me run after these children now he has forbidden me?

*Alicia.* You little deserved their friendship, if it costs you no more to give it up. But whenever your expectations from any one are at an end, your affection for them soon vanishes.

*Constantine*

*Constantine.* As if I had ever any thing to expect from children of that sort!

*Alicia.* What was that case then of mother of pearl which you prevailed on Grace to give you not a week ago? and those tablets that you contrived to coax so dexterously from Tommy yesterday? You have cringed to them a thousand times for a nosegay or an orange; and now——

*Constantine.* Now I must obey. But truly the apothecary's children are fine company to grieve after!

*Alicia.* Yes, and I shall see you perhaps, this evening in the middle of the dirtiest boys of the village.

*Constantine.* I shall not lose much by the exchange.

*Alicia.* And they still less.

*Constantine.* I do not care. But here comes Mr Thomas; advise him as a tender friend not to come too near me,

*Alicia.* If you do not like to see him, you may go away.

*Constantine.* I do not like to see him, and I will stay.

S C E N E III.

*Alicia, Constantine, Thomas (carrying a little wooden house, painted blue.)*

*Thomas, (to Alicia.)* Oh! how glad I am to find you!

*Constantine.* Dear Tom, what have you there in that little house?

*Thomas.*

*Harriot.* For my part, when I am my own mistress, I will do as my aunt does, I will rise late too.

*Emilia.* Truly, sister, when we are so happy as to have such a mother, we ought not to propose following any other example; can we find a better model?

*Harriot.* No—surely; but I believe it is much more easy to imitate my aunt than mama, and that is what makes me hesitate in my choice

*Emilia.* Certainly it is difficult to attain to perfection; but at least, Harriot it is right to form the resolution.

*Harriot.* As to me, I own I have not much ambition; and then I find I shall never be perfect: is it not so, Mrs Davers?

*Mrs Davers.* But that is according.

*Harriot.* That is according! How is this? a very pleasing answer indeed, Mrs Davers.—I may become perfect?—that is very comical.—Emilia, Agatha, do you hear? Mrs Davers does not despair of seeing me perfect: well I own I could not have expected it.

*Agatha.* Such an opinion ought to encourage you.

*Harriot.* But perhaps Mrs Davers only said it to laugh at me.

*Mrs Davers.* No, not at all, I really think it; it is very possible that you may one day be good, gentle, amiable, obliging, in short, an accomplished girl.

*Harriot.* Accomplished!—O that is too much, there is no resisting this; my dear Mrs Davers, allow me to embrace you.—Accomplished

little rogue, go into your house again. You must take it back, friend Thomas.

*Constantine.* Yes, do not you hear? You must take it back.

*Thomas.* How? he is not mine now. You would not disoblige me Miss Alicia? No, I know you would not. (*he runs to the summer-house.*) There. I will leave him here on the bench.

*Constantine, (to Alicia)* Only dare to take it, and see if papa won't make you pay dear for it.

*Alicia.* I am almost inclined to take it, because of your threatening. My papa has not forbidden me to receive squirrels. I am sorry for poor Tom, that I have nothing to give him in return but a sad farewell.

*Constantine.* Well leave it to me; I will dismiss both him and his squirrel.

*Alicia.* No, no, do not take that trouble. (*to Thomas, as he returns.*) Once more my friend, I cannot accept your present. I have such disagreeable news for you that I do not know——

*Constantine.* Yes, yes, Mr Thomas. If you shew yourself before our garden, or only look at the walls of our house!——

*Thomas.* What? could you have the heart, Sir, to hinder me? I thought you had more friendship for me.

*Constantine.* Our friendship is broken off, to let you know; and pray do not think——

*Alicia.* I beg you will excuse his ill manners.— You do not know, perhaps, that your father has had a quarrel with ours.

*Thomas.* Pardon me, I know it, and it has made me uneasy enough. However, I did not think that the matter went so far as to break off our friendship. And I should still less have expected it from Master Constantine.

*Constantine.* Sister, will you send him away immediately, or shall I go and acquaint my papa?

*Thomas.* if you are to have any trouble on my account Miss Alicia——

*Alicia.* Do not fear, my friend; you may stay awhile. My papa will not take it amiss.

*Constantine.* We shall see that; I will open the cause to him. *(he goes out but returns a moment afterwards and slips into the summer-house unperceived.)*

#### S C E N E IV.

*Alicia, Thomas.*

*Thomas.* For heaven's sake, Miss Alicia, tell me, what have I done then unto your brother!

*Alicia.* In the first place the matter is that he is a little jealous on account of the squirrel that you have given me. Then he thinks that he will curry favour with *our* papa, in taking part in his quarrel with *yours*. For my papa is very angry, and I do not know why.

*Thomas.* Nor I neither. I only heard my father say as he walked about by himself, I could not have expected this from Mr Crumpton. He then went to find my mother; and as my sister was with her then, she must know what the business was.

*Alicia*

*Alicia.* In the mean time, my papa has forbidden us to see you or speak to you.

*Thomas.* What! shall I see you no more? shall I not be allowed to speak to you? Ah! how shall I part with you? what will my poor sister do who is so fond of you? Oh dear! what have we done then?

*Alicia.* Comfort yourself, my dear Thomas; we shall still be good friends, and if we are forbidden to see each other, who will hinder us to think one of the other? Thus for instance; when I play with your squirrel, I shall think of you.— I will always call him by your name. Oh! how I shall love him.

*Thomas.* How happy you make me in telling me so! I do not know whether I should now grieve any more; but here comes my sister. She looks very dull.

SCENE V.

*Alicia, Thomas, Grace.*

*Alicia, (running to meet Grace, and saluting her.)*  
My dear Grace!

*Grace.* My good Miss Alicia! (*Constantine appears at the bottom of the stage, leading Mr Crumpton privately behind the summer-house.*)

*Thomas, (to Grace.)* Ah! you are going to hear disagreeable news

*Grace.* And I bring you no better. My father and mother are in such trouble.

*Thomas.* Did I not tell you so? Well, what passed?

*Grace.* Your father perhaps may be angry with ours, but certainly his demand is something unreasonable.

*Alicia.* Unreasonable? that cannot be. Ah! if it were so, I should still have hopes of persuading him. Tell me, however, what is it?

*Grace.* You know that handsome tuft of trees that is behind your garden?

*Alicia.* Oh yes; where we used to go in the spring evenings to hear the nightingale sing.— A charming little grove!

*Grace.* You know, too, that this little grove was given to my father by old Mr Drury, in return for his services to him during his life-time.

*Alicia.* Well!

*Grace.* Well, Mr Crumpton wants to have it.

*Alicia.* What, my papa?

*Thomas.* What our pretty little grove?

*Grace.* My father told him, that he should be very happy to oblige him; that he should never forget how much he and his family were indebted to him; but that his friend had desired him on his death-bed never to part with this grove, that it might always serve to keep him in his memory.

*Alicia.* With all the respect that I owe my papa, I cannot deny but he is in the wrong here.— But however, he would not have it for nothing. That is not his way of thinking.

*Grace.* Oh dear, no. He means to pay my father for it, and even perhaps more than it is worth.

*Thomas.* And what does he wish to do with it? Has he not a view of it as well as we?

*Grace*

*Grace.* He wants to cut down all those fine trees.

*Alicia, and Thomas.* Cut them down?

*Grace.* You know the hill that is behind the grove? He says that will make a fine prospect.— Now the grove is at the foot of the hill; so, to have the prospect, he must cut down the grove.

*Alicia.* Ah! now I see why he brought down an architect from town who talks to him about grottos and bridges and Chinese temples. My father dreams of nothing but improvements.— He has a plan of them continually in his hands, and talks of them a hundred times a day, even to me. And I who made myself so happy to see all these fine things shortly! Ah! I'll have nothing to do with them. Let your father keep his grove.

*Thomas.* What would become of the birds that chirp so sweetly on those venerable trees, and who generally built their nests there, because nobody disturbed them, and we carried them food there?

*Grace.* And the refreshing cool that we breathed there in the hot summer day?

*Alicia.* And the echo that used to answer us from the hill when we sung?

*Grace.* The prospect of a grove in full leaf is I believe, as good as that of a hill.

*Alicia.* And then what occasion has my father for a new prospect? He has so many others on every side.

*Thomas.* I should think that one of my own limbs was lopt off at every stroke of the hatchet.



*Mrs Davers.* Remember you, Miss, that I desire you would learn to hold your tongue, and be so good as to begin this instant. It is idle balderdash which occasions almost every indiscretion and mischief: besides, it deprives a woman of all her graces; and if it was possible that a person of very great wit had that fault, in spite of her merit, she would only be looked upon as a gossip equally ridiculous and troublesome.

*Harriot, (aside.)* Here is a very long discourse in praise of silence.—*(Aloud.)* Mrs Davers, allow me to ask you one question, it is for information; is *balderdash* a proper expression?

*Mrs Davers.* I do not know, Miss; I did not learn my language by rule; I may make use of improper expressions, but I give you only good precepts; do not stop at words, but attach yourself to things; I would advise you to learn that custom.

*Harriot, (after a short silence, affects to cough.)* What a terrible cough! I am almost choaked.—

*Lucetta, (laughing.)* Yes, with the desire of speaking.—Mrs Davers, will you allow me to tell a story to the young ladies?

*Harriot.* A story! *(They all rise.)*

*Mrs Davers.* Yes, you may tell it.

*Lucetta.* Well, but first look at this ring.

*Agatha.* How beautiful it is!—

*Lucetta.* It was brought to me two days ago, with a desire that I would persuade my lady to buy it.

*Emilia.* What is the price of it?

*Lucetta.* The person asks only five-and-twenty guineas, and it is worth fifty.

*Harriot.* Well, has mama bought it?

*Lucetta*

*Lucetta.* No indeed: the very low price made my lady suspect, either that the ring was stolen, or is the property of some person in great want of money; and she charged me to make the strictest enquiry upon that head.

*Emilia.* Well, what have you discovered?—

*Lucetta.* That this ring belongs to a lady from the country, who is in great distress at this very moment! She came here upon business, and fell sick; and was scarce recovered from a malignant fever which lasted five weeks, when she found herself without money, pressed by her creditors, and in great trouble. She will not have recourse to any one; and in the mean time, while she waits for assistance which she expects to be sent to her from the country, she is obliged to sell this ring for present subsistence. This story occasioned my discovering likewise, that there is in the same inn, where the lady lodges, an old blind woman of whom she took care, whom she has been obliged to abandon, and who is in dreadful misery.

*Agatha.* Does mama know all this?

*Lucetta.* No, not yet; but I shall acquaint her as soon as madam Celia leaves her.

*Mrs Davers.* I know very well what my lady will do.

*Lucetta.* O yes, that is not difficult to guess.

*Emilia.* The poor lady, who has found herself obliged to forsake the unhappy blind woman; how I pity her!

*Mrs Davers.* In short, that is one of the great motives of compassion which distress must excite; the not being able to follow the emotions of humanity, which are so natural.

*Emilia*

*Harriot*, But, mama, I have no sacrifice to make, I do not want any thing.

*Lady Orfan*. I think you proposed yesterday to buy a pretty desk we saw at the cabinet-maker's.

*Harriot*. That is true, indeed.—But I shall have a guinea left; the desk is only six-and-thirty shillings; Emilia will lend me fifteen shillings and I can buy it.

*Lady Orfan*. What, have recourse to borrowing for a trifle which you can easily do without! Besides, you must never run in debt but when it is absolutely necessary. If you have not a good heart, I cannot give it you, but it is possible for me to teach you to reason justly. If in doing a good action, we retrench nothing from our common expence, we only commit a folly; if we borrow from one hand to give to another, we disorder our finances, and usurp the appellation of benevolent, for there is no virtue without reason, Act consistently, which is all that I have any right to expect from you; buy the desk, or help the poor woman; but never expect to unite the pleasure of gratifying all your whims with the happiness of being useful to the unfortunate; that is impossible.

*Harriot*. Since I must choose, surely I shall not hesitate; I give up the desk with all my heart.

*Lady Orfan*. In that case you have merit in what you do, since it will exercise your self-denial. Without that, where would be the merit

*Harriot*. My dear mama, I am sensible of that; and every time I regret the want of the desk, I will think of the blind woman, and I shall regret it no longer.

*Lady*

*Lady Orfan.* And you may even say, "if I had not been compassionate, I should have had a desk which now I do not care for; instead of which, the remembrance of a good action remains to me, an honest poor woman blesses me, and mama loves me the better." (*She embraces her.*)

*Harriot.* O mama, from this instant I think no longer of the desk, I assure you; and I see that what I at first thought a sacrifice, is not one, but the contrary.

*Lady Orfan.* It is so of all those which virtue requires; they are only difficult before the execution: in proposing them, we only consider what they may cost; but in doing them, the pain alone which they inspire is a sufficient recompence. I hope, my dear Harriot, you will know a still more pleasing value, that which a feeling mind can give. But go with Agatha, return to your governess.

H Y M N S

By Mrs BARBAULD.

H Y M N I.

CHILD of mortality whence comest thou?  
why is thy countenance sad, and why are  
thine eyes red with weeping?

I have seen the rose in its beauty; it spread its  
leaves to the morning sun—I returned, it was dy-  
ing upon its stalk; the grace of the form of it was  
gone; its loveliness was vanished away; the leaves

thereof were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again.

A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs.—I returned, the verdure was nipt by the east wind; the branches were lopt away by the axe; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed; it mouldered away and fell to the ground.

I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the stream; their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies shone like the green emerald: they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance—I returned, they were brushed into the pool; they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them, the pike had seized them: there were none found of so great a multitude.

I have seen man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowed with beauty; his limbs were full of activity; he leaped; he walked; he ran; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those— I returned, he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him; and the breath out of his nostrils:—therefore do I weep, because **DEATH** is in the world;  
the

the spoiler is among the works of God : all that is made, must be destroyed ; all that is born, must die ; let me alone, for I will weep yet longer.

## H Y M N II.

I have seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground—I looked again, and it sprung forth afresh ; the stem was crowned with new buds, and the sweetness thereof filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon : there was no colour, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music ; gloom and darkness brooded around—I looked, the sun broke forth again from the east, and gilded the mountain tops ; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

I have seen the insect, being come to it's full size, languish, and refuse to eat, it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone ; it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move—I looked again, it had burst it's tomb ; it was full of life, and sailed on coloured wings through the soft air ; it rejoiced in its new being.

Thus shall it be with thee, O man ! and so shall thy life be renewed.

Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out of the dust.

A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lieth in the bosom of the earth: but thou shalt be raised again; and if thou art good, thou shalt never die any more.

Who is he that cometh to burst open the prison doors of the tomb; to bid the dead awake, and to gather his redeemed from the four winds of heaven?

He descendeth on a firey cloud: the sound of a trumpet goeth before him; thousands of angels are on his right hand.

It is Jesus, the Son of God; the saviour of men; the friend of the good.

He cometh in the glory of his Father; he hath received power from on high.

Mourn not therefore, child of immortality!—for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God, is subdued: Jesus hath conquered death:—child of immortality! mourn no longer.

### H Y M N III.

THE rose is sweet, but it is surrounded with thorns: the lily of the valley is fragrant, but it springeth up amongst the brambles.

The spring is pleasant, but it is soon past: the summer is bright, but the winter destroyeth the beauty thereof.

The rainbow is very glorious, but it soon van-  
isheth.

isheth away: life is good, but it is quickly swallowed up in death.

There is a land, where the roses are without thorns, where the flowers are not mixed with brambles.

In that land there is eternal spring, and light without any cloud.

The tree of life groweth in the midst thereof; rivers of pleasure are there, and flowers that never fade.

Myriads of happy spirits are there, and surround the throne of God with a perpetual hymn.

The angels, with their golden harps, sing praises continually, and the cherubim fly on wings of fire!

This country is heaven: it is the country of those that are good; and nothing that is wicked must inhabit there.

The toad must not spit its venom amongst turtle-doves; nor the poisonous hen-bane grow amongst sweet flowers.

Neither must any one that does ill, enter into that good land.

This earth is pleasant, for it is God's earth, and it is filled with many delightful things.

But that country is far better: there we shall not grieve any more, nor be sick any more, nor do wrong any more; there the cold of winter shall not wither us, nor the heats of summer scorch us.



In that country there are no wars nor quarrels,  
but all love one another with dear love.

When our parents and friends die, and are laid  
in the cold ground, we see them here no more; but  
there we shall embrace them again, and live with  
them, and be separated no more.

There we shall meet all good men, whom we  
read of in holy books.

There we shall see Abraham, the called of God,  
the father of the faithful; and Moses, after his  
long wandering in the Arabian desert; and Elijah,  
the prophet of God; and Daniel, who escaped  
the lions den; and there the son of Jesse the  
shepherd king, the sweet singer of Israel.

They loved God on earth; they praised him on  
earth; but in that country they will praise him  
better, and love him more.

There we shall see Jesus, who is gone before us  
to that happy place; and there we shall behold  
the glory of the high God.

We cannot see him here, but we will love him  
here: we must be now on earth, but we will often  
think on heaven.

That happy land is our home: we are to be  
here but for a little while, and there for ever,  
even for ages of eternal years.

T H E . E N D .





W. Birchalls Book  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 6. 1802

