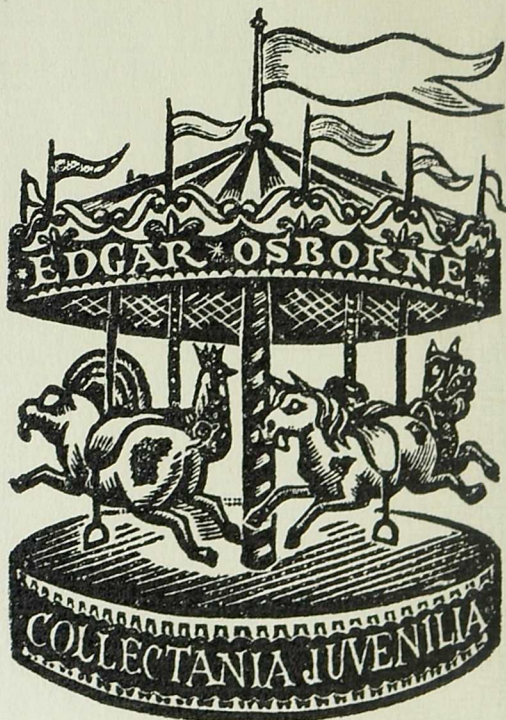


LUMSDEN & SONS
Edition of
TOMMY PLAYLOVE
Jacky Lovebook

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FRONTISPIECE.

THE
HISTORY
OF
TOMMY PLAYLOVE
AND
JACKY LOVEBOOK.

Wherein is shewn the
SUPERIORITY OF VIRTUE OVER VICE,
However dignified by Birth or Fortune.



EMBELLISHED WITH ELEGANT CUTS.



GLASGOW:
PUBLISHED BY J. LUMSDEN & SON.



1819.

THE
HISTORY

OF

Tommy Playlove & Jacky Lovebook.

HIGH birth, which ennobles the good, only serves to render vice and folly more conspicuous. The reader of the following pages cannot fail of being convinced of the truth of this observation, if he reads with attention, and with the resolution to improve himself; and if he means not to do this, it is desired that he will immediately make a present of it to those who will.

Master Tommy Playlove was the son and heir of Sir Thomas Playlove, Knt. and Harriet his wife. It would be tiresome to the reader were we to trace this family to its origin; to avoid, therefore, a digression so unnecessary to the design of this book, it will be sufficient to observe, that the family of the Playloves is one of the most ancient and numerous in Europe.

Sir Thomas, the father of our hero, died soon after the birth of Tommy, leaving him, together with two daughters, to the care of his disconsolate widow.

Lady Playlove was a very worthy woman; but unhappily her affection for her children was not governed by prudence; insomuch, that she gratified them in every thing they asked or cried for, without attempting to direct their choice, or withholding from them those things in which it was improper to indulge them.

As Lady Playlove had never before been blessed with a boy, her grief for the loss of her husband was in some measure alleviated by the pleasure she took in fondling her infant son; though, at the same time, it must be confessed, that her affection was carried to an excess, which made her a continual prey to tears and anxieties, lest she should by any accident be deprived of him.

As soon as Tommy began to prattle and run alone, strict orders were given to the nursery-maid, and to all about the house, not to contradict him, nor even to deny him any thing he asked for, on pain of losing their places; because, as Lady Playlove observed, thwarting him would break the boy's spirit.

Tommy, in a little time, by being continually indulged, grew so peevish, mischievous, and tyrannical, that he made every one about him uneasy, except his mamma; who viewing all his little actions with the eye of partial fondness, mistook his perverseness of temper for the tokens of a manly and becoming spirit.

Daily observation proves, that children who are much humoured, grow in time so unreasonably peevish, that they cannot be satisfied with such indulgencies as are proper, but will even expect

to be gratified with things absolutely impossible to be obtained. This was the case of Tommy Playlove in many instances; two of which may serve as specimens of the rest. The first of these happened as follows:

One winter's day, as the maid was holding him at the nursery window, it happened to snow pretty fast, and Tommy, who had never before seen snow fall, was highly delighted: but when it ceased, he was angry with the maid, and bid her make it snow again. The girl told him it was not in her power, which very much exasperated him; he cried violently, and pinched and scratched her so, that she was obliged to hold his hands; upon this he roared out so loud, that his mamma ran up into the nursery, frightened almost out of her senses, to enquire the cause; when the young rogue, who had learned to tell fibs as soon as he could speak, stretched out his arms to go to his mamma, crying at the same time, "Nanny has beat me—Nanny has beat me."

In vain the poor girl endeavoured to justify herself, by declaring the truth: Lady Playlove would not hear a word she had to say, but turned her out of doors immediately.

Lest the reader should imagine it somewhat unlikely that Tommy, who was then but two years old, should at so tender an age be capable of telling fibs, it may not be improper to observe, what every one upon reflection will find to be true, that this vice is very early instilled into children by the bad management of those who have the care of them.

When Tommy had committed any fault, such, for instance, as wilfully breaking a china cup, or the like, if he received the slightest check for the offence, he would cry violently; then immediately his mamma, or those about him, for fear the baby



should be too much vexed, endeavoured to appease him by telling him, it was not he that did so and so, but it was the cat, or Bob, or Molly, (a poor boy and girl who were servants in the house,) and that they should be beat for it.

The other instance of Tommy Playlove's untoward behaviour, arising from too great an indulgence, is the following:

When the family resided in the country, the maid and his two sisters used frequently to take

him into the yard where the poultry was kept, to divert him with feeding the chickens, and sometimes running after the little pigs.



One of the pigs was very familiar, and would suffer the girl to take him up and hold him to Tommy, who would pinch his ear, and be highly pleased with his squeaking.

One day at dinner, a roasted pig being brought to the table, Tommy bid his eldest sister, Miss Harriet, who was about seven years of age, bring the pig to him, that he might pinch his ear, and make him squeak. The company laughed heartily at the child's whimsical simplicity, and told him it was dead, and could not feel him: their

laughing raised Tommy's anger, and he disturbed all at table with his crying. At length his mamma ordered Harriet to draw the dish towards him: this appeased him for a moment, and he laid hold of the pig's ear; but not finding it make any noise, he grew ten times more outrageous, and bid his sister make it squeak: she told him she could not, and laughed heartily. Upon this, the perverse boy took an opportunity of darting his little hands at her face, and with his nails drew blood from her cheeks. When he saw what he had done, he laughed, and was satisfied.

It becomes a painful task, however, to relate such very naughty incidents in the life of our hero; we shall therefore beg leave to continue the history.

When Tommy was about eight years of age, his mamma began to have some thoughts concerning his education; for he had hitherto only been taught to read English a little at home by her and his sisters. Lady Playlove would not, upon any account, be persuaded to send him to a boarding-school, because her fondness could not bear the thought of his being absent from her, though but for a day; she therefore chose a private tutor in the house; but this was to little effect; for Tommy would not submit to the directions or instructions of the gentleman provided for that purpose; so that the preceptor, tired out with the perverseness of his pupil, declined the office, and left the family.

About this time Lady Playlove removed with her family to her house in town, for the winter

season, and there resolved to place Tommy at some public school; thinking that the company and example of other young gentlemen would be the best incitement to her son's progress in education.

Accordingly, as her own house was not far from Westminster school, she determined to place him there; but upon treating with the masters for that purpose, she wanted to make it a condition, that her son should not be beat upon any account; and if it should ever be necessary to reprimand him, (which also she would wish to avoid,) it must be done in so gentle a manner, as not to vex him; for she would not have his spirit broke upon any consideration. Lady Playlove added, that she had been informed the boys were obliged to attend school very early; but that she could not think of sending Tommy before ten o'clock in the morning at soonest.

This, and a great deal more of the same kind of discourse, the gentleman heard with patience, as it came from a lady, and then told her, that they could not break the rule of their school to favour the son of the greatest personage in the kingdom; that correction was never administered by them but when the bad behaviour of the boys rendered it necessary, and then it was imprudent to withhold it; and as to the hours of attendance, they were from seven in the morning till twelve, and from two to five; and that they could not admit any young gentleman who would not conform himself to their rules. After this declaration they took their leave of Lady Playlove, who was much displeas'd with their refusal.

Lady Playlove now sent for the master of a private school in the neighbourhood, who readily complied with every thing she demanded: and Tommy was put under his tuition the Monday following.



Mr. Syntax, for that was the name of the schoolmaster, was one of those pedagogues who made the improvement of their scholars the least of their care, and by omitting correction, and even reproof, where it is often absolutely necessary, are sure to secure the approbation of the mothers in general, as well as of the boys. Mr. Syntax gave them very short tasks, and was not very solicitous whether they were done properly

or not; he indeed altered their errors with his pen, but seldom reprimanded them for carelessness, or showed them where the mistakes lay. His school was indeed open at seven o'clock in summer, and nine in the winter; but the boys came at what hour they pleased; and their time when at school was rather employed in playing tricks with each other than in studying their lessons.

But though what we have here said of Mr. Syntax is strictly true of him in general, yet, from the said regard to truth, it must be confessed, that when he met with a boy who manifested a love for learning by extraordinary diligence and attention to his book, he caressed him very much, and would kindly answer the questions and solve the difficulties which might obstruct the progress of the studious little pupil.

This school could not fail to please Tommy, who, in short, was so charmed with the lenity of the master, and the amusements he met with among his school-fellows, that he was never backward in going there; and his mamma, upon this account, was the happiest woman in the world.

Tommy, as we have before observed, being suffered to have his own way in every thing, without controul, was inclined to be very perverse, and therefore he soon contracted an intimacy with those boys who were of the same disposition with himself, without paying any regard to the mild entreaties of his mamma, or of his master, to the contrary. The names and characters of his chief playfellows were as follow:

Billy Wilful, an obstinate uncontroulable boy,

who regarded neither the threats nor the advice of his parents or master, but followed the bent of his own foolish inclinations.

Tom Hardy, a bold daring lad, who was the captain of the school at the play of "Follow the Leader," and was ever at the head of all exploits that required boldness and personal courage, and was never afraid to fight any boys, though of twice his own size.

Bobby Scapegrace, an abandoned boy, who stuck at no mischief, if he could by doing it obtain an apple, a top, or any other trifle of that kind.

Dick Funny, an arch, sly rogue, who was the schemer of all mischeivous plans, but at the same time a great coward; for he always brought his companions into a scrape, and then sneaking off to escape his share of the punishment.

Ned Slippery, an idle blockhead, who hated the sight of a book, would run of errands, or do any dirty work, if he was thereby excused from his lesson: and would sometimes play truant twice or thrice in a week.

There was indeed another boy, of whom Tommy became fond from views of interest: this was the best boy in the school, both for his love to learning and for the sweetness of his manners: his name was Jacky Lovebook; of whom we shall have occasion to speak more at large in the following pages.

In the mean time, to prevent my reader from being surprised that Tommy should associate with a youth of a disposition so different from his own,

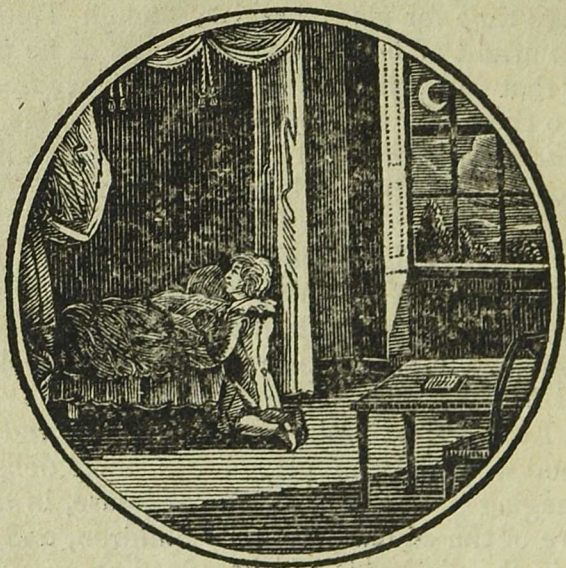
I must inform him, that when Tommy began to learn Latin and French, Master Lovebook, who had made a tolerable progress in both, would kindly assist him in his exercises, which saved Tommy much troublesome study, and gave him the more time for play; besides, though Tommy was not afraid of being corrected, yet, as he perceived that Mr. Syntax showed great encouragement to those who were careful in their tasks, he thought he might as well gain his esteem as not, as he could do it by the labour of another.

Master Jacky Lovebook was the son of Mr. Edward Lovebook, a reputable tradesman in Westminster, who had a wife and two children, whom he maintained in a creditable manner by his industry and frugality.

Mrs Letitia Lovebook, his wife, was a prudent and good woman, who placed her chief delight in managing the concerns of her house, in taking care of the education of her children, and, in short, in the discharge of every duty of an affectionate wife and mother.

No couple could be more happy than Mr. Lovebook and his wife. They both loved their children extremely well, which was manifested by their discreet manner of bringing them up; for though they denied them no innocent amusement suitable to their age and station, yet they never gratified them in such things as were hurtful or improper; above all, they took care to instruct them in their duty to God as early as possible; and they had the happiness to find that their instructions were

not thrown away: for, as the children grew up, they behaved with great dutifulness to their parents, and with respect and complaisance to every body.



Master Jacky gave many early proofs of the advantages which arise from a virtuous education. In the first place before he ate his breakfast, went to school, or (if a holiday) to play, he said his prayers; and before going to bed at night he did the same, and this without being put in mind by his parents to do so, for he never omitted this duty from the time when they first taught him.

Secondly, he never neglected a due attendance at school, was very assiduous when there, and

when school hours were over, constantly did his task before he went to play.

Thirdly, he always carefully avoided the company of idle, naughty boys: and never went out of his father's house to play, without the consent of his parents, and then only when invited by some good and orderly boys like himself.

Lastly, in his amusements of this kind, though he was a very sprightly lad, he never behaved rudely, or made use of improper expressions, and would not on any account tell a fib: for, as he used to say when he had accidentally done any thing amiss, such as breaking a plate, or the like, "Why should I deny this matter, when at the same time I know, that, by doing so, the blame must necessarily fall on the innocent? perhaps the poor servant may be suspected of it, and I may see my mamma offended with her for what I know can be only just imputed to me. Dear me, I would not be guilty of such a thing for the world; for I am sure I could have no sleep, nor could I expect God Almighty would pay any attention to my prayers, or let his angels watch over me, and guard me from danger, while I had such a heavy sin in my heart; whereas, on the other hand, if I confess the matter to my mamma, she will examine into it, and if she finds it was an accident, she will think no more of it; but, if it appears to have been done through want of proper care and attention of me, she will very justly reprove me, by which I shall be made to act with more thought in future; and, upon my asking forgiveness, I shall be again restored to her favour. How much

better is this than suffering the torture of a guilty conscience, perhaps for a long time, and forfeiting all hope or right to the protection of my heavenly Father! I am so well persuaded of the great advantage of truth over lying, that I will never let slip any opportunity of convincing my little friends and little playfellows of the same."

Thus did Jacky Lovebook use to reason with himself; and thus I hope and entreat that all my little readers will reason with themselves in all cases of this kind; and though I do not set up for a fortune-teller, yet I have the best authority in the world for assuring them, that they will live honoured and beloved by all who have the happiness of knowing them here on earth; and secure to themselves a place among the angels in heaven, who live forever in the presence of God Almighty, singing praises and glorifying him who made the world, and who gave his only Son, Jesus Christ, our Saviour, to die for our sins, and to redeem us with his precious blood.

I will now present my reader with a few instances of Master Lovebook's goodness of heart, and particularly of his tender affection for his sister, Miss Nancy Lovebook, whose delicacy of manners and other accomplishments may hereafter be the subject of another work of this nature.

Jacky and his sister were one day invited to Mr. Goodman's house in the neighbourhood, where a very large company were to meet to celebrate Master Goodman's birth-day. Jacky, as he very well knew the company, had promised himself a great deal of pleasure; nay, I am told, that he

could hardly sleep the night before: however this may be, it is certain that he arose in the morning a full hour before his usual time, and had said his prayers and washed his hands and face, combed his hair, and was completely dressed before breakfast. After breakfast he took down a book, which he was very fond of, called "Filial Duty recommended and enforced," which he bought of my friends, the Publishers, wherein are contained a most entertaining variety of little histories and anecdotes of great men; for he thought, and thought justly too, that nothing could make him better received in company, than being acquainted with what the best and wisest men in all ages and countries have said, and written, and performed. In this book did Jacky read attentively, till it was time to think of setting out for Mr. Goodman's; when, just in the minute that he enquired if his sister Nancy was ready, he was told by the maid, that Miss Nancy was taken suddenly ill with such a violent pain in her face, that it was impossible she could go; but that she had desired it might not prevent him from the pleasure he had promised himself.

"Pleasure," said Jacky; "what pleasure can I possibly partake of, while I know that my dear girl is in pain. "No," said he, "I will not go indeed. Pray, papa, let Sally go and make my apology to Mr. Goodman, and say what a misfortune has hindered us from partaking of the happiness to which he so kindly invited us."

So saying, he ran up to his sister's room, and having kissed her, and expressed his sorrow for

her affliction, which indeed, he could not do without shedding tears, he sat by her, and used every means in his power to console her.



After some time the pain abated, and Jacky told her how much pleasure and improvement he had received in the book he had been reading, telling her, at the same time, that if it would be agreeable to her, he would be happy to read some passages to her; as, he said, it would pass the time away, which he thought could not then be better employed. Nancy kissed her brother, and thanked him over and over for his kindness. Jacky took the book, and read for a whole hour, but not without stopping several times to ask his sister, if she did not find the close attention she paid to the

book to affect her head, and increase the disorder.

The servant who had been sent to Mr. Goodman's soon returned, and brought the compliments of the whole company; and, what was more, the praises of Mr. Goodman for Jacky's tender behaviour to his sister; they had likewise sent a nice assortment of fruits and sweatmeats, and a particular request that Master and Miss Lovebook would favour them with a visit as soon as ever she was able to go out;—a plain proof this, that there can be nothing lost by denying ourselves a present gratification to attend to the offices of friendship and affection.

Another time a gentleman from the country, who was very intimate with Mr. Lovebook, and who had some business which would detain him some time in town, was invited by Mr. Lovebook to make use of his house while he remained in London.

This gentleman, whose name was Robinson, had taken a great liking to Jacky and his sister, particularly the former, whose attention to his learning had furnished him with a pretty general knowledge of things, and made his company very desirable to Mr. Robinson, who was a gentleman of great learning and genius.

One day, as Jacky was walking out with Mr. Robinson, it happened that they saw a cat frisking and playing at the door of a house, the beauty of which they stopped a moment to admire. "How happy," says Jacky, "does this poor animal appear to be in its situation: its good nature, and the beauty of its skin, must make it very

much prized by its owner. In short, I cannot imagine any degree of happiness beyond what I think that pretty creature must feel at this time."

Jacky had scarcely uttered these words, when there came by a shabby idle fellow, who no sooner set his eyes on the cat, than he whipped her up, hid her under his coat, and walked away with her.



Jacky stood for a moment quite astonished; but afterwards, turning to Mr. Robinson, he begged that gentleman to let him run after the man.

"And what will you do," said he, "when you come up with him?"—"Sir, said Jacky, "if you will not be offended, I will give the man the six-

pence you gave me this morning. and so get him to let me have the cat, which you know I can carry back to its home; for, poor creature, it makes my heart bleed to think what may be its fate, if that man is suffered to carry it away."

Having obtained Mr. Robinson's leave, young Lovebook ran as fast as his legs would bear him after the man, who by this time had made several turnings and windings, in order to escape pursuit; when he overtook him, "Sir," says he, "you have got a very pretty cat there:—will you sell it to me?"

"Aye, little master," returned the fellow, "you shall have it for a shilling."

Our little hero was now at a sad loss, as he knew he had but sixpence about him. However, after a little while, he recollected that he had got a peg-top in his pocket; and this, though it had twelve acorns, he determined to give the man, besides the sixpence, in exchange for the cat.

The bargain was soon struck; the man took the money and the top; and Jacky, with the pretty cat and a joyful heart, returned to his friend; and then, after relating the success of his negotiation, went and delivered the poor animal (who licking his hands and looking wistfully up in his face, showed tokens of the most lively gratitude) to its mistress, from whom he received many flattering commendations for his generous and humane dispositions.

When he had finished this business, Mr. Robinson observed to his young friend, that he might derive instruction even from this trifling incident;

“for, (said he) as in the moment when you thought that little animal enjoying the most perfect degree of happiness, danger was just at hand; so it is in life, my dear boy; and though it is absolutely necessary that you allow yourself innocent recreation, yet it behoves you never to be off your guard against the evils which continually surround you!”

After this useful piece of advice, Mr. Robinson told Jacky, that, as a reward for his generous conduct, he would ask Mr. Lovebook to let him take him to Sadler's Wells in the evening.

“I am truly sensible, Sir,” said Jacky, “of your goodness, and am extremely obliged to you for your kind offer; but if you will be so good as to take my sister Nancy instead of me, you will add much to the obligation; for I have already been there once this season, and she never was there in her life.”

This good-natured proposal so won the heart of Mr. Robinson, that he declared he would be the friend of young Lovebook as long as he lived; he then gave him a half crown for the loss he had sustained in buying the poor cat from slavery; and, moreover, took both him and his sister to the Wells in the evening, where he treated them with every thing their little hearts could wish.

Qualities such as these, together with his being a very sensible and witty boy, as has been before observed, made him beloved by every body; so that the parents of all his schoolfellows were fond of him as a playmate for their sons.

Among the rest Lady Playlove having heard

of the extraordinary character of Master Jacky, took an opportunity of going in her chariot one day to buy something at Mr. Lovebook's shop. Lady Playlove made herself known to Mr. Lovebook, and they soon fell into chat about the school, and other such matters, which she at length ended by desiring that Master Jacky might come and play with her son Tommy as often as possible.

To this proposal Mr. Lovebook readily agreed, and returned the Lady many thanks for the honour she did him in inviting his son.

Jacky happened not to be at home when Lady Playlove called at his father's house; but on being told of the invitation when he came home, he did not seem to show so much satisfaction as was expected. Upon this, his father told him, that he thought he should have made him very happy by telling him of the lady's civility.

Jacky modestly replied, " Sir, to tell you the truth, I am not very fond of Master Playlove's company; for though he comes of a rich family, and his mamma, as I have been told, is a very good lady, yet I perceive he is of an obstinate, perverse, and revengeful temper, and does not love his book so well as I could wish; besides, he has lately associated himself with a set of boys belonging to our school, who are very idle, and I have reason to believe very wicked too, which I should not have mentioned to you, Sir, as you know I am not apt to tell tales, only that you should not think I showed any reluctance on hearing from you of the lady's invitation, without a cause.

“ It is true Master Playlove behaves very civilly to me, and has several times taken my part against some rude boys, who would have insulted me, because I was more in my master’s favour than they; and, in return for his civilities, I sometimes show him how to do his exercises, and the like; not that I would encourage him to neglect his studies, but that, by giving him such little instructions as I am capable of, he may be the less discouraged, and find learning more easy than he would otherwise do.

“ In short, Sir, my greatest dislike to Master Tommy is, his keeping company with boys who are good for nothing. However, Sir, if you order me to make him my companion sometimes, I shall not scruple to obey you.”

Mr. Lovebook was so charmed with his son’s sensible reply, that he shook him by the hand with great eagerness, and told him, that as he had promised Lady Playlove he should sometimes be her son’s playmate, he desired he would; but, whenever he found him in any thing that was bad, he would be so far from desiring him to continue his visits, that he would not suffer him to go near the house, or have any thing to say to him; for that he valued innocence of mind in his children beyond any thing the world could afford.

Mr. Lovebook then gave Jacky sixpence towards buying a new book to add to his little library; for Jacky was so fond of reading, that he laid out all the money that was given him in purchasing entertaining and instructive books, to read after school hours were over; of which books he had

by this time got a great number, all elegantly bound and gilt; and he often used to say, that he should be the happiest boy in London, if he had but money enough to buy one of each of the pretty and useful books that are to be sold at the Publishers.



After the above conversation between Mr. Lovebook and his son, the former retired to relate what had passed between them to his wife, who was highly pleased with this new proof of Jacky's virtuous principles; and Jacky immediately set about doing the evening's task given him by his master.

The next day Tommy Playlove invited young Lovebook to spend the afternoon with him, it be-

ing Thursday; and Lady Playlove sent her servant with a card to Jacky's father, in order to make the invitation the stronger; for she was the more solicitous about it, as she had promised to pay a visit to a neighbouring Lady that afternoon, and feared that Tommy might play some unlucky trick in her absence, unless he was innocently amused with such an orderly companion as Jacky. Mr. Lovebook consented; and our hero accordingly went about four o'clock.

When he arrived at Lady Playlove's house, he was ushered into a spacious parlour, very elegantly furnished, where he found his schoolfellow Tommy sitting by a table, which was set out in a very genteel taste with fruits and sweetmeats, that they might regale before they went to divert themselves.

Tommy received young Lovebook very affably; for, to say the truth, he knew how to behave with politeness, though he did not practise it so frequently as he ought, especially to those whom he considered as his inferiors.

As soon as Jacky was seated, Tommy asked him why he did not come sooner?—Jacky replied that he came as soon as he had finished his Latin and French exercises; for he never thought of going any where till they were done. At this Tommy set up a laugh. "Why," says he, "if you had left it undone for once, old Syntax would not have punished you, I dare say; for the old fellow is good-natured enough."

Jacky replied, that though his Master might excuse a neglect of that kind, yet he could not,

in justice to himself and the duty he owed his parents, who were at the expence of his education, be guilty of such omissions. "Besides," added he, "tho' Mr. Syntax may pardon such offences, yet he loves those boys who are punctual and careful in doing their tasks. But supposing there was no *correction* to be feared, I assure you I take a pleasure in getting forward in learning, and therefore cannot be negligent."

The word *Correction* sounded rather too harsh for the ears of Master Tommy, which occasioned him to break out thus:

"Correction! O yes, to be sure; correction, indeed! Why, I have not done my task yet, nor will I do any to-night; and if old Syntax offers to correct or to huff me to-morrow morning, I will cut off the knocker of his wig, and make him eat it for his breakfast."

This foolish bravado, so disrespectful of his master, made Jacky blush, and caused the footboy, a country lad, who was waiting in the room, to laugh; which Tommy perceiving, though the poor lad did all he could to stifle it, he started up in a passion, and taking the china plate, in which had been some strawberries, off the table, he threw it with great vehemence at his head, by which the plate was broke into a thousand pieces, and the poor boy's face so terribly cut, that it was a very great chance he did not lose his eye.

Tommy, however, not content with this, ran to the fire-place, and snatched up the tongs, protesting that he would take him by the nose with that instrument, and lead him out of the house. But

Jacky Lovebook interposing, favoured the escape of the poor foot-boy, and with much difficulty pacified Tommy, by telling him that Bob (which was the servant's name) did not mean to affront him; but, being a country lad, could not be supposed to be quite master of good manners.

As soon as Tommy's passion had subsided, he made an apology to Jacky Lovebook for his behaviour, in giving way to his anger before a visitor; but added, that he could not bear to be laughed at by any body, much less by a servant. Jacky assured him that he was not affronted in the least, but was sorry to see him so enraged at such a trifle, and which could reasonably give no offence, when no offence was intended. He concluded with saying every thing he could in favour of Bob, in order to prevent his losing his place, which he had reason to believe (from Tommy's threats) would be the consequence.

Matters being, however, so far settled, young Playlove proposed to his schoolfellow, that they should go and amuse themselves in the garden, it being now the beginning of May, and the weather very fine, to which proposal Jacky very readily consented.

As soon as Jacky had set his foot in the garden, he espied at the end of it a noble summer-house. Upon which, stopping short, he said to Tommy, " Oh! what a delightful place is that to read and study in! if I had such an one to go to at home, I should scarcely ever be out of it. It comes into my head Master Tommy, to propose to you, to employ ourselves in it before we go to play,

after this manner:—Do you take a pen and ink, and your task-book, and do your exercises. In the mean time, I can divert myself by reading a little book that I have in my pocket, and if you meet with any thing doubtful or difficult, I will endeavour to assist you in clearing it up.”



Tommy made many objections to this proposal; however, at length, Mr. Lovebook's arguments being founded on reason and truth, prevailed; and Tommy set about his task, to the great satisfaction of Jacky.

This is an instance of the usefulness of the precepts and example of a good boy to his school-fellows, and how great an influence such an one sometimes has even over the most idle and obsti-

nate. For the truth is, a good and virtuous behaviour has something in it so irresistibly amiable, that the most abandoned cannot help secretly applauding it, though they foolishly give way too much to their own perverse inclination to imitate it.

This was just the case of Tommy Playlove; for though he did not conform himself to act like Jacky Lovebook, yet he could not help loving and respecting him; and used often to say to Jacky (whom, because of his frequently given him sober advice, he had nick-named the Parson,) "I don't know how it is, Parson, but you persuade me to any thing you please."

Tommy having finished his task, they proceeded to divert themselves at play in the garden, when Master Lovebook was so exceedingly cheerful, and so dextrous at all the innocent amusements practised by boys of his age, that Tommy was surprised, and expressed his astonishment to Jacky, by observing, that he did not think it was possible, when he considered how close he was in studying, that he could be so alert, and so experienced in all the plays and games.

To this Jacky replied that he loved play at proper seasons as well as any body, that is, after school hours were over, and school exercises finished; for then, having no neglect of duty to disturb his mind, he could enjoy harmless pleasure with the greatest satisfaction.

Tommy could not forbear approving of Jacky Lovebook's conduct in this respect, although he confessed that his practice had been quite the contrary; for that he always went to play first,

and did his task afterwards, and sometimes not at all.—“ But, (added he) I think I will try your method, Parson, if it is only for novelty’s sake.”

Master Lovebook being now anxious to get home, took his leave of Master Playlove; but when he was got to the door, Tommy insisted on seeing him home, and would not be prevailed on to the contrary; so together they went.

When they came to Mr. Lovebook’s house, Tommy was invited in, and they would have had him to stay and sup there, as his mamma was abroad; but this he declined, and, after having sat a little while, Mrs. Lovebook sent the maid home with him, it being then growing dark.

Just before they reached Lady Playlove’s house, who should overtake him but Billy Wilful, Tom Hardy, Bobby Scapegrace, Dick Funny, and Ned Slippery, all of whom were Tommy’s school-fellows and cronies, and whose characters were given at large in the beginning of this history.

They expressed great joy at meeting with Tommy, and asked him where and how he had spent the afternoon; of which he informed them; and now being arrived at his mother’s house, he bid Mrs. Lovebook’s maid good night, and thanked her for her kindness in seeing him home.

Tommy Playlove, instead of knocking at the door, and going in, as he ought to have done, now turned about to his companions, and inquired where they had been, and where they were going so late at night?

They replied, that they had been rambling in

the fields all the afternoon, and they were now going to have some diversion.

"What diversion," says Tommy "can you have now in the dark?"

"The darker the better," answered Dick Funny: "Come you shall go along with us."

"Indeed I cannot," replied Tommy, "for my mamma will be uneasy at my being abroad so late; and I will not vex her, as she is so very kind to me as never to deny me any thing I ask."

In answer to Tommy's reasonable excuse, Dick Funny cried out, "How dutiful you are grown on a sudden! I suppose that sanctified rogue, Lovebook, has been preaching to you. I imagine he will in time make you as hypocritical and canting a fellow as himself."

To the persuasion of the other boys, Ned Slippery added, that Tommy might tell his mamma that he staid to sup at Jacky Lovebook's house, and all would be very well.

Falsehood being a vice with which Tommy was too well acquainted, and had used with too much success, he relished the advice of Slippery, and accordingly went with them.

The night's adventures consisted of several mischievous feats, practised only by the lowest and most abandoned boys; and therefore we shall not disgrace our history with a particular recital of them.

After several unlucky exploits, these bravoes proceeded to the old trick of knocking loudly at people's doors (after having fastened a string to the knocker, and tied the other end at the door of the next house,) and then running away.

It happened that a footman belonging to a family in the street where they began this part of their diversion, was passing by on the opposite side of the way, and perceiving what they were about, hastened home, imagining they would be at his master's house on the same business, and resolved to be prepared for them.

When he got home, he made known his design to his fellow-servant, and they waited, with each a horse-whip in his hand in the hall, on purpose that they might be in readiness to receive the young gentlemen properly.

They had not been many minutes in this situation before he heard them fumbling about the knocker, in order to tie the string before they knocked.

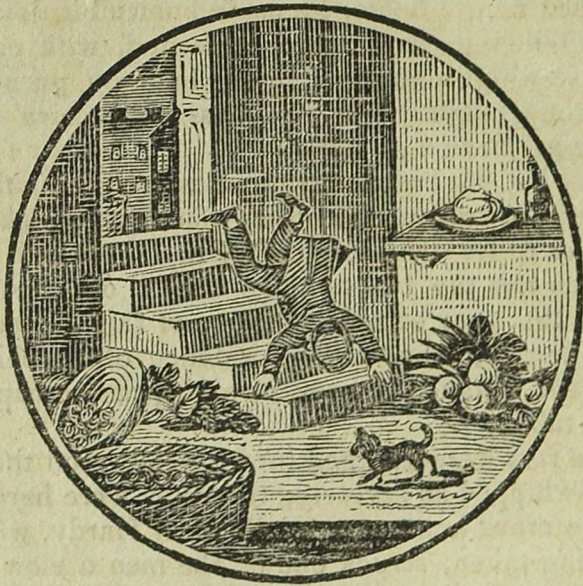
Upon this the two footmen rushed out so suddenly, that they seized every one of them except Dick Funny, who, under pretence of watching at a little distance to prevent a surprise, escaped being taken.

The rest were dragged into the hall, and there horse-whipped so severely, that they were hardly able to crawl home; especially Tom Hardy, who, on being taken, struck one of the men a blow in the face, which so exasperated him, that he beat him unmercifully, and the rest of them were more roughly handled on account of his resistance.

After having thus severely received the discipline of the horse-whip, they crawled to their respective habitations, like dogs (as the saying goes) who have burnt their tails; not having the smallest relish left for any more frolics.

As to Dick Funny, though he made his escape

when his companions were seized by the footmen, yet he also met with a disaster; for, in hastily running away when he saw the fate of the others, he struck his foot against a tub of oysters which stood on the ground before a green-stall, and pitched head foremost into the cellar.



By the fall his head was terribly cut, and he remained speechless for some time. When he came to himself, the oyster-woman conducted him home, and he remained a long time before he was cured, under the hands of an eminent surgeon, who assured him, that but for the protection of God Almighty, which he hardly deserved, he must have broken his neck.

Thus we see, that all these boys, who only an hour or two before set out in high spirits and expectation of fine diversion, as they called it, deservedly met with such accidents as brought them heartily to repent. I say deservedly, because their principles were bad, or they could never have placed their happiness in giving pain and trouble to people that never injured them.

As for Tommy his case was particularly severe, as he got punished not only for the guilt of that night, but also for many of the former tricks of his companions, in which he had borne no part.

In short, they all wofully experienced the truth of the observation of a great writer, "that punishment often follows very close upon the heels of vicious actions:"

It was past eleven o'clock at night before Tommy Playlove reached home; for, after he had parted with his wicked companions, and was left alone to his reflexions, he felt such a load of anxiety at his heart, as it is impossible to describe.—It now occurred to him, that he had heaped misery on his head, which was not incurred originally by any inclination of his own, but was merely the consequence of suffering himself to be led away by the persuasion of boys whom he knew to be of abandoned principles, and who had of course no character to lose; that he had been severely beaten, and sorely bruised; that his clothes had been torn in the scuffle, and he was now ashamed, if not afraid, to go home.

Reflecting in this manner on his uncomfortable situation, he wandered up one street and down

another; in short, any way but that which led directly home.

At last, however, being convinced that it would be better to venture home, at all events, than to lie in the streets all night, he took courage, and knocked at his mother's door. The door was opened by Lady Playlove's maid, who we may be sure was not a little astonished to see her young master in such a dismal pickle, his cloaths torn from his back (as we before observed,) and himself so bruised as hardly to be able to walk.

Glad, however, to see him returned in any manner, after having been given over as lost, she took him up into her own room, and talked to him very seriously on the subject; concluding with informing him, that her lady had sent after him to every place she could think, and that finding the strictest search ineffectual, she had been seized with fits, and carried in a very dangerous condition to her bed, where she then lay, attended by a physician.

This intelligence quite overpowered Tommy: he asked, however, if he might see his mamma, to beg her pardon. The maid said it would not be proper to disturb her that night, but persuaded him to go to bed, assuring him that she would do her best offices in his favour, and that he would be introduced to Lady Playlove in the morning.

Tommy now went to bed, but his heart was too full to suffer him soon to go to rest—a thousand distracting ideas rushed into his mind; he

was shocked beyond measure when he reflected on the imprudence by which he had been so shamefully exposed, and his heart bled within him, when he considered to what a dangerous state his folly had reduced an indulgent parent. Wearied, however, with crying, and the blows he had received, he at last fell into a slumber.

The mind of our hero had been too much agitated to partake of the rest which wearied nature permitted to his body; and he saw (or rather fancied he saw) enter his apartment a man of a venerable aspect, whose hair was white as silver, and who wore, flowing from his shoulder, an azure robe. There was something in his appearance so conciliating and friendly, that Tommy was rather affected by shame than by fear upon beholding him.

As he advanced towards the side of the bed, he made signs to Tommy that he was not to look upon him with fear, but with reverence only, and desired him to listen with mute attention to what he should say.

“My name is Wisdom,” said he, “and I am the son of Experience. It is a melancholy truth, that friendly as I am, and desirous of multiplying benefits on mankind, they disregard my offers, and despise my counsel, till severe and unseen misfortunes convince them of their error, and then they are sometimes apt enough to fly to the arms, and humble enough to hear with satisfaction the wholesome dictates, of unerring wisdom; and God forbid,” added he, with a most solemn emphasis, “that they should seek me in vain.

“ I have many disciples in the world, who, by an early application to the study of good books, and a dutiful obedience to my precepts, have qualified themselves for the task of instructing others; to one of these was you fortunately introduced, but too little attention have you paid to his advice.



“ I will be short with you, young gentleman. If you wish to attain to happiness—to which the path of virtue is the only road—make young Lovebook your friend and constant companion; for his words are lessons of wisdom, and his manners are those of virtue; and here on earth (as the poet says) virtue alone is happiness. Be

wise then, be happy, and farewell.—May the Almighty Father bless and prosper you?”

With these words the vision ended, and walked majestically from his sight, leaving our hero in a most agreeable surprise.

Tommy was so much cheered by what he had heard, and his heart so much lightened when he found he had happiness still within his reach, and that it was not yet too late to turn from folly to wisdom, that he was soon composed into a refreshing sleep, from which he did not awake till he was called by his servant to breakfast. And here it was that Tommy began his plan of reformation.

He had now one thing more to get over, which was to make his peace with his mamma; but God Almighty was so good as to receive his promise of future amendment, and to bring him happily through his trouble. When he came into the parlour he found his good mother perfectly recovered, and ready to pardon his offence. Throwing himself on his knees before her, he returned thanks for her recovery; and having asked and received her blessing, he sat down to breakfast with such a real pleasure in his heart as he had never felt before, and which none but the good ever can feel.

Tommy Playlove was obliged to stay at home all that day, in consequence of the bruises he had received the night before, and which he now felt more severely than when they were first inflicted on him. In order, therefore, that he might not lose any time, he sent to Jacky Lovebook the following letter:

DEAR LOVEBOOK,

I am so truly sorry for my past misbehaviour (too much of which you have been witness to, and of the rest you have no doubt been by this time informed,) that I hardly know how I should address you, were it not that I am now entirely convinced of my error, and resolved (with the help of God Almighty) to set seriously to reform it. I have so much to say to you, my dearest boy, and much need of your company and conversation: so I beg you will ask leave of your parents to spend this day with me at home, where I promise you I will not give you such cause to be displeas'd as you met with yesterday from

Your much obliged friend,

T. PLAYLOVE.

Postscript. Pray be kind enough to bring some books with you.

Master Lovebook was at school when this letter arrived at his father's house—Mrs. Lovebook, however, having learned from the servant what was the purport of the note, sent to beg the favour of Mr Syntax that he would let Jacky leave school, and excuse his absence for the rest of the day. This done, Jacky went home, changed his cloathes, then hastened with a joyful heart to make his young friend happy.

When he was introduced to Tommy, he was equally surpris'd and pleas'd to see that he had a book in his hand. As it had not been the custom with Tommy to read much, young Lovebook

asked him what he had been studying? to which Tommy answered, "My dear boy, I have received lately such a favour from Heaven, that I am sure I can never be enough thankful for it; but I am determined to be in future constant in my prayers and praises, morning and evening, and to that purpose I was studying."

Jacky replied, that he was very happy in seeing such a change, and would endeavour, in the course of a few visits, to give him such instructions, and to lay down such weighty reasons why he should follow them, as could not fail of confirming his good purposes, and insuring his future happiness.

"O parson," cried Tommy, and a tear started in his eye, "you are indeed a friend. I am resolved to be guided by your advice in every circumstance of my future life."

He then informed his friend of the extraordinary vision he had beheld the preceding night, and of the effect it had upon him. Jacky having made some very sensible remarks on this *dream* (for he assured him that it was nothing more) told him, that to begin his instructions, he should beg leave to make a few leading remarks on the nature of his past errors, that, by thus striking at the root of evil, he might make the cure more speedy and more certain.

"When I," said Jacky, "have been about to do any thing that was not right, I have considered that my grand-papa, and other of my friends, who I hope are in Heaven, may be permitted to look down upon me, and see me in the very act;

and if that should be the case, how should I hope ever to be happy in their presence when I die!

“ You are about a good resolution, you say, to be *constant* in your prayers; I entreat you to be also *devout*. Supposing for a moment, that the king was in the room with you, and to him you were addressing your prayers, would you not be very serious and devout in the performance?”

Tommy answered, “ Undoubtedly to the first man in the kingdom it would be my duty.”



“ If so,” replied Jacky, “ how much more devout and sincere ought you to be, when you know that God himself—to whom all the kings of the earth bow down—is present with you, though

invisible to your sight, and that to him you are praying for life, and all that can make life comfortable; and, which is more, for eternal happiness!"

When Jacky ended his discourse, which had a most solemn and powerful effect upon Tommy, he threw his arms on the neck of his friend, and protested he would never forget his counsel.

They now proceeded to diversion, and spent the day in harmony and love. Tommy was from that time quite a new character; and Jacky gained such credit from the circumstance, as was afterwards the making of his fortune.

In a few days after this affair, Lady Playlove gave a dinner to several ladies and gentlemen, and among them were many of distinction. Jacky Lovebook was now looked upon almost as one of the family; he was, of course, invited on this occasion.

The behaviour of this young gentleman attracted the notice, and deservedly obtained the approbation of the whole company. He was modest, but not sheepish. He never presumed to *begin* a discourse on any subject; yet had confidence enough to give his humble opinion in a respectful manner, when it was asked of him.

By this behaviour every other boy is likely to reap the same advantages that Jacky Lovebook afterwards obtained.

When it was time to retire, and Jacky had taken his leave of the company, and was gone home, one of the guests, who was no other than

Sir Sampson Sycamore, inquired very particularly of Lady Playlove about the young gentleman who had just left them; and being informed of the situation of his family, and that they had not the means for bringing him up in any other way than as a mechanic, he declared that it was injustice to suffer such talents to be so lost in the world; and that assiduity and worth like his deserved a better reward. At that time, however, nothing farther passed, excepting that Tommy Playlove did his young friend the justice to inform the company of the important benefits he had derived from the friendship and tender attentions of the young gentleman they had been pleased so to admire.

Not many days after this, Mr. Lovebook received a letter, which, on opening, he found contained nearly as follows:

“ SIR,

“ It was my good fortune to fall into company with a son of your’s, a few days ago, at Lady Playlove’s house, whose manners and conversation so surprised and charmed me, that I am induced to request you will give me leave to take upon me to finish an education which he has already so meritoriously pursued; and rely upon it, that I have it in my power to confer on him the reward of his transcendant merit.

“ I am, Sir,

“ With due respect,

“ Your’s, &c.

SAMPSON SYCAMORE.”

“ P. S. I beg that you will answer this with all the speed consistent with the duty of a prudent parent.”

Jacky's parents experienced the most pleasing sensations upon reading this letter. They had no reason to doubt the sincerity of Sir Sampson's professions, and they with grateful hearts blessed Providence for its kindness to their child. Mr. Lovebook then wrote a very respectful letter to Sir Sampson Sycamore, wherein he thanked him for his benevolent intention, and declared himself perfectly happy in surrendering up his son to the disposal of so honourable a patron.

When young Lovebook waited on Sir Sampson Sycamore, the Baronet told him, that he should reside with him for some time, in order that he might be instructed in the Latin and Greek languages by a private tutor whom he had engaged for that purpose, preparatory to his going to the university, to which place, he assured him, he had determined to send him, if Jacky approved of it, and to support him there while he completed his studies.

Our hero being now from the inconveniency of a noisy school, pursued his studies with such alacrity, that at the end of six months the tutor was dismissed, and preparations were made for his removing to Oxford, where, agreeably to his wishes, he was brought up in the study of divinity.

When he had resided long enough at college to receive the honours of the university, Sir Samp-

son presented him to a living which he had at his disposal, and young Lovebook became very soon a shining ornament to his profession—the confidant and friend of the now worthy Mr. Playlove—and the universal benefactor of mankind.

I have now conducted my hero to the reward of his labours, in the practice of goodness, and might here, with a good grace, make my bow to the reader, and take my leave; but if I have not tired him in what he has read, and he will allow me to present him with a few more pages, I will do my best endeavour to furnish him with as much instruction and entertainment, and in as few words as possible.

I have already said, that Mr. Lovebook was now the constant friend and companion of young Playlove. Indeed it could not be otherwise, for the latter never spent an hour in his company without seeing something in his manner, and hearing something in his discourse, that tended to make him a wiser and a better man.

It happened one day, as they were returning home after a walk, that they were met by a man much advanced in years, and very meanly dressed. As he passed, he pulled off his hat to our gentleman, and Mr. Lovebook returned the compliment in the same manner, but his companion took no notice of the poor man.

When they had proceeded a few steps further, however, young Playlove said, “How could you act so beneath yourself as to move your hat to a man so poor, and so much your inferior?” “For that very reason, my dear friend, returned Love-

book, because I would not have it said, that a man so poor, and as you call it, so much my inferior, should have more complaisance and better manners than myself.—Besides,” added he, “if you knew what a pleasure it is to the heart of a poor person, when he sees that he is noticed by those whom he deems above him, you would never refuse so small a favour.”



By this time they came up with a poor old couple, a man and his wife; the man had lost both his legs, and was supported by crutches, and, though thus disabled, he was obliged to lead his wife, who was stone-blind.—“Bless your poor souls,” said Mr. Lovebook, and he gave them an half crown; “your miseries are great indeed;

but there is a God above, who can and will ease you of your burden, when to his wisdom it shall seem fit." He then told the poor man where he lived, and desired him to call on him the next day, and he would see if he could do something further for him and his wife. The helpless objects of his benevolence prayed for a thousand blessings on him, and followed him with their eyes till he was fairly out of sight. Now his companion Playlove too gave him a little piece of money; but it was not given, like Lovebook's, in the genuine spirit of charity. This Lovebook perceived, and thereupon took an opportunity to make his friend acquainted with the true difference between charity and the merely giving a gift.

"Allow me, my friend," said he, "to tell you, that few people have tenderer feelings than the poor and the deformed; and as they too often meet with affronts and scoffs from the wicked, they are very naturally suspicious, and will sometimes be wrung to the heart, if they think any one passes by and slights their distress. We should treat them, therefore, with the utmost tenderness. They are often more cheered, and made more happy at heart, by a gentle word, or a look of pity, than by the gift of a piece of silver; as a poor beggar once told a gentleman who took a pinch of snuff out of his box, and afterwards dropped sixpence into it; 'Dear, worthy Sir,' said the poor man, 'you do not know how great a kindness you have done, in condescending so to notice one who is daily accustomed to the most bitter and heart-piercing reproaches and reflections on his poverty.'

The little reader, who has carefully marked the progress of this history, will have perceived, that one of the heroes of it was born with a good disposition, which was carefully nourished by his parents, and improved to perfection by a course of close attention to learning. And that this worth, though found in a humble station, claimed, and obtained, by the fostering hand of patronage, its own proper reward.

He will observe also, that the other, being born to affluence, and left early to the sole care of an indulgent mother, was, by a foolish and mistaken fondness, brought up in a habit of wilfulness, which, by the order of his parent, was not to be curbed or controuled; which, as he grew up, led him to the most hateful train of ideas and evil practices; and which, but for the interposition of a friend, might have precipitated him into ruin. By means of this virtuous companion, and a little disagreeable experience, he was at length persuaded of his folly; and by looking up to Heaven, from whence alone we can derive lasting blessings, he obtained the grace thoroughly to reform the error of his way, and became in time as good as if he had never known evil.

But though my readers will see, that it is very possible to reform, even after a long career of vice and folly, yet at the same time, they cannot but perceive how much preference is to be given to the self-approbation of a life well spent, like Jacky Lovebook's, when compared with a wicked course and a late repentance, like that of Tommy Playlove.

