



A Tinker.

FRONTISPIECE.



MISS SUPINE.

THE LIFE

OF

Master Watty & Miss Jessy

SUPINE;

OR,

The Evils of a bad Education.

—(O)—

Adorned with Cuts.

—(O)—

WELLINGTON:

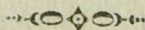
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PRICE TWO-PENCE.

THE
LIFE

OF

Master and Miss Supine.



MASTER Watty and
Miss Jessy Supine,
were the only children of a
rich merchant, who, having

by a long period of successful traffic acquired a good fortune, quitted business, in order to retire from the noise and tumult of the city, and enjoy in perfect ease his great acquirements.

Watty and Jessy were by nature strong, hearty children, but Mrs. Supine being of a weakly constitution, she persuaded herself the

children were the same. The doctor visited them every morning; and, as education never fails in some measure to influence the mind, Master Watty soon began to fancy himself all his mother's false tenderness supposed him to be. If the wind was high, or the weather was frosty, he sat lounging by the fire-side, more like a helpless old man, than a strong youth, never

failing to observe that the cold affected him so that he



could not bear it, for his mamma knew he was *very delicate*. If his masters at-

tempted to teach him to read, write, or indeed any other science, he was wearied in a few minutes; it made his eyes sore, his head ache, his hands feverish; in short, learning had so many bad effects, that it was obliged always to be relinquished, he was so *very delicate*.

Education had not the same effect on Miss Jessy;

by nature of an active, lively disposition, she did not give in to the indolent habits of her brother; but yet her conduct was not more praiseworthy; for, entirely accustomed to follow her own will, she was slatternly, ignorant, and vulgar. Mrs. Supine could not indeed plead that Miss Jessy was *very delicate*, for she was dreaded wherever she visited, as she was

sure, by her careless, romping tricks, to do some mischief, as breaking china, tearing



books, greasing the furniture, &c. &c. to all of which

her mother would simply observe, that the dear girl's spirits out-stripped her strength. Unhappily for these misguided children, they lost their father at an early age, or perhaps some effectual step might have been taken for their improvement—as it was, they continued in their slothful ignorance, until their follies had taken too deep root ever to be eradicated; and

though their family and fortune made them received in company, yet both were equally disliked wherever they came, every one observing, that Miss *Hoyden* (as they called Jessy) should have been a boy, and Watty *Minikin* (as they termed young Supine) a girl. Miss Supine had in reality a handsome person, but the coarseness of her manners made that ad-

vantage disregarded; and though her clothes were usually richer than those of any of her companions, she was ever the worst dressed, as her apparel had always the appearance of being hung on with skewers rather than pinned with the neatness that a young woman should particularly observe. Frequently as she went up to an assembly-room, by her heedless

carriage she tore her gown,
or petticoat out of the plaits,
at dinner spilt the soup in her
lap, cut her fingers, or some



other careless trick, which

want of observance could alone have made her commit.

Young Supine's faults, I need not tell you, were of a different kind; at home, he was a dirty, indolent sloven, abroad, a finical, ridiculous, ignorant coxcomb, treated with contempt by men of sense, and made the laughing stock of the women.

Young Supine had just attained his twenty-first year, and Jessy her nineteenth, when they lost their mother, and were left possessors of a large property, without prudence to guide them, or any friend to control—both began their career different ways, yet both were equally the prey of designing sharpers. Young Supine was too indolent, and indeed igno-

rant, to see into any of his affairs, he therefore trusted all to his steward, who soon enriched himself at his weak master's expence. Large as his fortune was, his accounts far exceeded it; and, though to any thinking mind the consequence was inevitable, yet was the slothful Supine too lost in folly to make the necessary exertion to put a stop to what must, if conti-

nued, be the destruction of his property. At length, an old friend of his father, who saw the situation of his affairs, with more friendship than politeness, ventured to remonstrate with him on the impropriety of his conduct, advising him immediately to dismiss his steward, and two-thirds of his attendants, to examine carefully into his affairs, and, by active exer-

tion, to mend his shattered fortune, or, at least, to preserve the fragment that re-



mained. Supine heard this advice with his usual apathy,

answering, with a yawn,
“ That he was obliged to
him, yet saw no necessity
for his immediately adopting
it; that it was very happy
for those whose constituti-
ons would bear the turmoil
of business; but, for his
part, his nerves were too
weak, and he might as well
be ruined in his fortune, as
die with the fatigue of pe-
rusing papers, mortgages,

deeds, leases, and a thousand other things he hated.

The old gentleman heard him with a greater degree of patience than his folly deserved—"What" said he—"is your particular ailment? I have heard of weak nerves, but have been too busy all my life to attend to the understanding of diseases; do they affect your sleep? do

they destroy your appetite?
do they derange your memory?
or do they make you blind or lame?"—"No" replied Supine—"I sleep well, I eat heartily, my memory is good, and you well know that I am neither blind nor lame: but the malady is particular; I have a dislike to business, I hate exertion, and even sometimes find it troublesome to feed myself."

The old gentleman, at this reply, lost all patience, and starting up, he repeated, “Troublesome to feed yourself!—then I wish I had the feeding of you; though I am no physician, I am convinced a good horse-whip would effect a cure.—Good day—should you ever recover from this *dreadful* disease, consider me as your friend; but while it continues, I have no

wish to see you, as I consider *idleness*, though not contagious, a worse disease than the plague."

With these words the old gentleman left him, and three years more saw all his fears on Supine's account verified; his fortune was dissipated, his houses and lands were sold, and himself confined within the walls of a prison, where,

after languishing a few months in poverty, dirt, and want, he died unpitied and



unlamented, a woeful example of sloth and folly.

In the mean time Miss Supine had dissipated her fortune in a manner equally unworthy; possessed of no resource within herself that could amuse an idle hour, she played deep, and lost immense sums; all those domestic cares that are the particular province of a woman she neglected; she was the loudest, yet most disregarded in all company; she layed

wagers, bought horses, drove a phæton, and smacked her whip with the grace of a hackney coachman: in short, she was a contrast to all that was feminine or truly deli-



cate, and, at the age of twenty-three, lost her life in a fox-chase, her horse throwing her in leaping a gate, and dashing out her brains.

FINIS.

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