

THE  
**Young Truants.**



AN  
INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING LESSON  
FOR THE  
*Youth of both Sexes.*

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By W. F. SULLIVAN, A. M.



LONDON:

*Printed for*

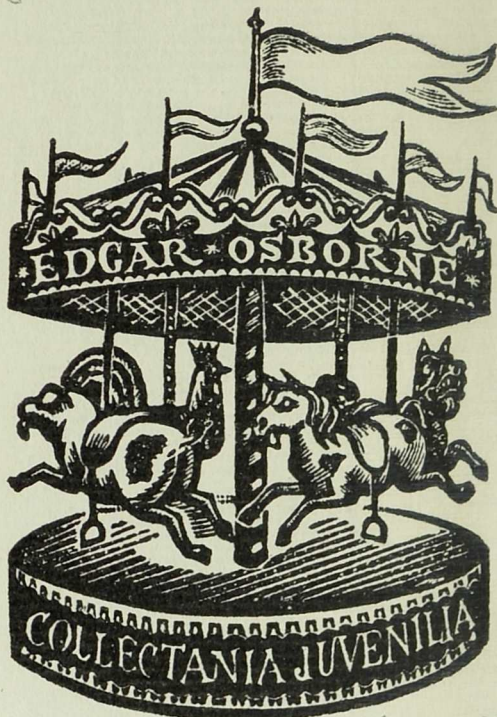
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PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Margaret Baxter August 22

1818



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III







Fanny, the Young Truant, recognising her Mama, and begging protection from the Cruelty of the Gipsy Woman.

Page 34.


THE  
**Young Truants ;**



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**Lesson**  
*FOR THE YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.*



BY  
W. F. SULLIVAN, A. M.  
TEACHER OF ELOCUTION AND BELLES LETTRES.



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MR. CROSWAY was the son of a Whitby captain, in the Greenland trade, who sent him to London when about fifteen, to the care of his own brother, who resided in Great Eastcheap, and kept an outfitting and ship-chandler's warehouse. The boy had no particular turn for business ; but was of a mild and sedate disposition, and amenable to whatever line of life his father, or his uncle, thought proper to appoint for him ; he was therefore settled with the latter, and initiated into the business. His sober habits and sedulous attention soon won the confidence of this near relative, who,

having realized a decent competency, thought of retiring at the age of fifty-seven, for the benefit of his health, somewhat impaired by too close application, to a little country box, pleasantly situated on the borders of Epping Forest.

Being now a widower, left with one only child, a daughter, about two years older than this nephew, he, before he finally relinquished the concern, proposed an union between them. Young Crosway, though he had no particular liking for his cousin, she being rather plain in her person, had prudence not to object to such an advantageous offer; and it was highly acceptable to the young lady; accordingly the marriage soon took place, and the nephew, now in his twenty-eighth year, succeeded the old gentleman in his very lucrative business.

The uncle, for the ensuing ten years of his remaining life, came regularly to town every Christmas, and spent a month with his son-in-law and daughter, and



was highly delighted with his two grandsons, Jacob and James, both fine boys, and for whose schooling he paid, as he placed them at an eminent academy in Woodford; for it was his wish they should be bred to business and the compting-house; and in this wish the father and mother acquiesced; but the good lady did not survive her father above six years.

This loss was felt by the husband in the usual way; he was afflicted, but not inconsolable, for in less than two years he married again a young lady of twenty-three, of the name of Gadfree, whose disposition was by no means so settled as his former partner. Many of his friends blamed Mr. Crosway for uniting himself to one so much younger than himself, full twenty years at least, but he considered, that though she brought no money at present, on the contrary a strong spirit and inclination for expence, yet she was likely to succeed to a very handsome estate on the demise of a

maiden aunt, a Miss Rachael Oddley, a very eccentric character; a sketch of whose most prominent features we shall just draw for the amusement of our young readers.

This old lady, though possessed of full seventeen hundred pounds per annum, and at least ten thousand pounds in the funds, for she usually laid up a snug four hundred pounds a year, which, like a snow-ball, kept increasing as the years rolled onward, denied herself almost every comfort at home, unless a beverage to which she had been long attached, namely, new milk, strongly diluted with genuine cogniac, sugar, and nutmeg: this was a luxury, notwithstanding her parsimony, she could not resist.

As she returned from church one bitter cold Sunday, the snow drifting with the piercing blast, a poor half-naked shivering wretch asked her charity as she alighted. "Jonathan," cried she, "give that poor creature a crown!" "Madam," returned Jonathan, with a

stare, "a crown! good lack! do I hear right? but where should I get it?" His mistress did not hear his soliloquy, but ran to her parlour-fire, and stirred up the dying embers to warm herself; she then rang the bell for her milk posset, to which she added a double quantity of eogniac; this, with a shovel of hot cinders to her expiring fire, and the aid of the bellows, at length caused her blood to circulate, and perceiving the poor man waited at the street-door, she called "Jonathan, give that creature the shilling I ordered." The shilling, madam! I hav'nt a sixpence in silver in the house." "Well," exclaimed the charitable lady, who was by this time comfortably warm, "give the wretch what halfpence you have, and send him about his business." "I have not a farthing, madam, and as to broken victuals, you know, my lady, we are on board wages." "Then tell the fellow to begone, or I'll send the beadle to him. Strange! that such wretches are suffered to beset our doors in this man-

ner." Thus was this miserable object turned away from her door; for, as her body waxed warm, her charity grew cold, and as impenetrable as ice.

Whether this sharp and cutting order, which sunk into the heart of the expecting and shivering petitioner, who, as the old servant reluctantly delivered his mistress's command, threw up his eyes, and faintly exclaimed, "Heaven help the poor! for the rich can help themselves," or that the cogniac itself was affected by the severity of the frost, certain it is, but from what cause we know not, the warmth it diffused was but transient; for the milk began to curdle on the stomach, and she became sick at heart; a dreadful shivering succeeded, and this charitable lady was put to bed in a violent fit of the ague.

Surely our young readers will consider this old gentlewoman's illness as the just infliction of an offended Deity for such insensibility and hardness of heart.

Jonathan and Rebecca, finding their

mistress grow worse, sent for Dr. Cataplasm, who instantly ordered bottles of hot water to be applied to the pit of the stomach and the soles of the feet, while he administered the cogniac in its genuine purity, as an internal specific ; but he might as well have prescribed cold water, her stomach rejected it, and the physician pronounced her case to be desperate. He said, " Her pain had ceased, but a mortification had taken place, and she could not survive many hours." She now fell into a lethargic stupor, from which she only awoke to experience the last agonies, for she expired before morning, in her 73d year.

Mrs. Crowway, who had been married now upwards of twelve years, no sooner came into possession, than she discovered the air of Eastcheap was peculiarly detrimental to her health ; the street itself was too dirty, and so narrow that a gentleman's carriage seldom or ever passed their door ; so she at length persuaded

her easy good husband to take a house in the vicinity of Manchester-square, where she could breathe a little, and see the world. For the sake of peace and quietness, Mr. Crosway consented, and in a short time they removed thither with their two children, a son and daughter; the boy about ten and the girl turned of seven years; leaving the superintendance and management of his business to his two sons, Jacob and James, by his first wife, now steady grown-up young men.

Being now independent in her own right, Mrs. Crosway no longer consulted her husband's inclination, but took the reins into her own hand, and determined to bring up their son and daughter gently, according to her own way of thinking; it was in vain for the husband to remonstrate; he was bid to mind his own business in the city; and at length the only satisfaction he enjoyed, was his daily visits to Eastcheap, where he with pleasure observed the thriving state of his concern under the able and vigilant

guidance of his two sons, the vulgar plodding young cits, as his present lady politely called them, and he frequently returned home with a heavy heart to wait many hours for his wife's return from the play, opera, and concert.

This young son and daughter inherited more of their mother's disposition, the bloom of the Gadfreys, than the settled temper and deliberate perseverance of their father; they grew every day more humoursome, and more impatient of controul, and there was a spirit of opposition in their tempers, which alarmed Mr. Crosway much, but made little impression on their less discerning mother, who would not suffer them to be thwarted or opposed in any shape, which would only render them stupid, and damp their fine growing spirit; that her son was to be brought up a gentleman, as heir to seven hundred pounds a year, and her daughter was to be all accomplished, as she had already settled on her five thousand pounds, to accumulate till her marriage.

Mr. Crosway frequently hinted, but in the gentlest terms, to his lady, that it was high time to send their children to some academy and boarding-school, where their education and morals might be carefully attended to; as he observed his own time was mostly occupied in the city, and that her's was taken up in paying and receiving visits, and public amusements became her chief employ. The lady could not deny her husband's observations, but declared she would be very particular in the choice of those to whom her son and daughter were to be committed. Mr. Crosway then mentioned three eminent academies in the vicinity of London, kept by Dr. Flogham, Mr. Tightrein, and Dr. Scarbottom, gentlemen of known abilities, and strict morals. "I'll have no Floghams, Scarbottoms, nor Tightreins, over my son, I assure you, sir," answered the wife, "to spoil his lively temper, and keep him moped up all day with a desk stuck at



the pit of his stomach, to fit him for your filthy counting-house ; no, sir, I don't wish to make my boy a book-worm, nor a conjurer ; he shall be a gentleman, and not a learned fool ; nor a mere cypher, by breeding him up to figures, like your sons, Jacob and James, who delight in nothing but addition and multiplication of money ; he shall make a different figure in the world. And as to my daughter Fanny, I'll send her to no Mrs. Strictmore's, nor Mrs. Rigid's schools, believe me, but to Mrs. Gloss-over's, who has masters of the first eminence to teach her pupils all the polite arts and sciences ; so, Mr. Crosway, I insist on Peregrine being sent to Mr. Slack's academy at Lewes in Sussex, near which place my estate lies, who, when he knows that, will treat my son with proper deference and attention." " Well, Mrs. Crosway," replied the meek husband, " I see it is in vain to oppose your opinion, however contrary to my own ; so have it your own way ; all I

say is—mark the end of it, that's all."

According to the mother's sovereign will and pleasure, for the patient husband was allowed no voice in the business, were this hopeful young heir and heiress, Master Peregrine and Miss Fanny, disposed, and Mr. Slack's and Mrs. Gloss-over's seminaries were fixed on for their reception. While she herself conducted her beloved daughter to the lady's school, Mr. Crosway was commanded by the wife to conduct their son to the academy within a mile and a half of Lewes. He was about to take places in the stage, but his spouse scorned such a vulgar conveyance, and insisted on his hiring a post-chaise and four, with his livery servant on horseback to attend, and thus to roll into Lewes in style. It was in vain he objected to such unnecessary expence, "it was nothing out of his city profits, and he had no right to comment upon her conduct in this affair," The truth is, the good and pliant lady took the advice

of her worthy friend, Mrs. Counteract, in most things, and poor Mr. Crosway was literally crossed in all his ways, and defeated in every attempt to regain the proper ascendancy of a husband; so he quietly yielded to imperious necessity.

Mr. Slack received this new pupil and his father with polite attention; and listened to Mr. Crosway's remarks with a smile of sly complacency; he observed, that Mr. Crosway might spare himself any particular injunctions relative to his son's treatment, which he perceived were not his own, but the suggestion of a mistaken and over indulgent mother; that his plan was the result of many years' experience, from which nothing could make him swerve; for that though his name was Slack, he was never yet found remiss in the punctual discharge of his duty." The husband confessed, "that he, for his own part, was happy to hear this, but, in making this observation, he had only complied with his wife's injunctions; but that he willingly resigned

the boy to his superior judgement and guidance." Saying this, he shook the honest schoolmaster cordially by the hand, and bidding his son to be a good, dutiful, and attentive boy, and to consider his preceptor as a parent, he took a most affectionate leave of little Peregrine, who parted from this good father without any emotion of filial tenderness; his sole regret being the separation from his mother, which he showed sufficiently in his dissatisfied looks, and the pouting sulky airs he gave himself on the occasion; but which, for the present, passed unnoticed.

Far different was the behaviour of Mrs. Glossover, who received Mrs. Crosway and her daughter with the most obsequious smiles and fulsome adulation, which any woman of the smallest penetration would have perceived to be wholly artificial, and have called disgusting flattery; but Mrs. Crosway's vanity was highly gratified by such a reception; she was far, very far from being a sensible woman; she was a weak,

but self-sufficient person, of narrow notions, who looked for implicit compliance with her silly commands, in which she was most profusely promised a most punctual acquiescence by this insinuating preceptress; from whom she departed with a thousand promises of ample remuneration, and in full persuasion of her own superior judgement in the choice of such a seminary for the idol of her affections.

How this mother's superior judgement may be estimated, we shall soon see in the melancholy result. We have before hinted, in pretty plain terms, the untoward dispositions of these two children; we shall not say, it wholly sprung from the mother's mistaken indulgence; no, for they were naturally perverse and froward, but which temper, so far from being checked in their infancy, was suffered to gain strength as their years increased, from their mother's erroneous treatment.

Hard would have been the task of the

most skilfull in the education of such spoiled and petted children; Mr. Slack himself, with the best intentions, promised more than his health would permit him to perform; he was frequently laid up for weeks with the gout; during which the management of his school devolved on Mr. Careless, his principal assistant, a man of sound learning, who paid by far more attention to the correction of the Latin exercises and the conjugation of a Greek verb, than to the regulation of the morals and temper of the pupils; the scholars therefore had too much liberty, for the usher was an easy, indolent man; and by no means sufficiently strict in discipline and method. Master Peregrine for some time went on tolerably well; but if checked for any fault, he would hide himself, if possible, and sulk for an hour: he had a strong propensity to rambling; and when he accompanied the boys in a walk, he always loitered shamefully behind, which often caused an alarm for his safety.

This culpable behaviour he persisted in, notwithstanding the many admonitions of his master, from whom such flagrant conduct could not be entirely hid. Tired at length with throwing good advice away, he confined the young gentleman more strictly, and wrote to his father an account of his son's proceedings, saying he should be obliged to use severity, such as he was unaccustomed to inflict, but would much rather Mr. Crosway would take his son home, as, during two years past, he had been more plague than profit. The father in answer begged Mr. Slack to try him for another year, but by all means to punish him as he deserved.

It was now high time for Mr. Slack to exert his authority, and the power delegated by the father of this youth; for in truth, any farther indulgence, or lenity, as it worked no reformation in him, would have had very serious consequences, it would have caused a total insubordination throughout the academy; many

of the scholars would have complained, and justly, of undue partiality; and a general insurrection was to be dreaded; accordingly, no great length of time elapsed before this perverse youth absented himself for three whole days, and did not return, till he had spent all his pocket-money, of which he had a too liberal allowance, and was nearly starved with hunger. We shall judge of his master's apprehensions and anxiety during this interim; when pressed to explain his motive for such strange behaviour, he obstinately refused to make an answer. This provoked his master beyond all patience, and he was immediately ordered to be horsed. It was in vain for him to resist; his twistings and plungings were of no avail; and his bottom smarted pretty severely; for Mr. Slack, though slow to punish, was not remiss in the application, when necessity obliged him. Master Peregrine roared out lustily, and his tears flowed plentifully, but they sprung from passion, not



contrition, and his little savage aspect proved, that even the sound flogging he had just undergone, had made no impression on his mind, though it left striking marks in red characters on his person. A log was then affixed to his leg, which he was compelled to wear for a fortnight. The boys were ordered to have a watchful eye over him, and Mr. Careless had instructions to confine him, and not suffer him outside the doors on any account.

Whether it was the periodical visitation of his complaint, or, more probably, the agitation and alarm poor Mr. Slack had for three days suffered on this boy's account, certain it is, he was seized in a day or two after with very alarming symptoms, as the gout seemed more inclined to mount to his stomach than settle, as usual, in his feet. Master Peregrine was not sorry for this, for he was a very spiteful and revengeful little fellow, and all his hope was, to get the log off from his leg, and they then would be surprised to see what a good boy he would be.

This he said in the hearing of several boys, and many believed him. Mr. Careless began to take pity on him, and at the end of the week, ventured to relieve his leg from its ignominious load; for the artful little rogue limped very much, and complained of a great soreness and pain in his ankle. It certainly was acting very incautiously, and disobeying his employer's injunctions, but Mr. Careless was a good-natured man, and was won by his apparent sorrow; but he had cause to repent his ill bestowed lenity, for the youth was no sooner released, and found his legs at liberty, than getting up the next morning before day-break, he stole down from the sleeping-room, while all the boys were in profound repose, gently unlocked and unbarred the doors, got into the play ground, and from that into the orchard, and from thence forced his way through a hedge into a bye-lane, which winded into the high road.

We shall now leave him to reap the fruits of his headstrong disobedient con-

duct; and we may easily imagine the terrible consternation which seized poor Mr. Careless, when his absence was discovered; he knew the whole blame would be laid to his account; and how to acquaint Mr. Slack of the matter, he was wholly at a loss; in fact the poor man was really to be pitied: he had handbills, descriptive of the runaway's person, immediately printed, and circulated within thirty miles round; inserted it in the country paper; in short, he omitted no means to recover the lost fugitive, but all to no purpose. He endeavoured to keep the secret from Mr. Slack during his illness, dreading the shock it might occasion, but unfortunately, through some oversight, the principal got a sight of the paper; the shock had an instantaneous effect, the gout attacked his stomach, and baffled medical aid, and in three days the unfortunate gentleman fell a victim to the disorder and the agitation of his mind.

The school was in consequence broken

up, and poor Careless left to seek another situation. Previous to which, with a trembling hand, he wrote the account of Mr. Slack's death, and inclosed a hand-bill to Mr. Crosway, which conveyed the dreadful intelligence of his son's elopement.

The consternation and grief the parents felt on this melancholy news is not easily to be described; the father was struck dumb, but the rage of Mrs. Crosway knew no bounds; she laid the whole blame on her husband, who had advised the schoolmaster to severity towards her son; for nothing else could force the dear child to such a step. She ordered him immediately to take horse, and skirre the country round, and not to dare to return without him. The obedient husband obeyed the orders given very readily, and after a month's fruitless search, and every possible enquiry, returned with a heavy heart to witness an additional calamity; he found his wife in strong convulsions, she was unable to speak,

and could only point to a letter she had received that morning from Mrs. Gloss-over ; it was short, but it contained volumes ; it ran thus.

“ In obedience to your strict commands, I have treated your daughter, Miss Fanny, with the greatest lenity and indulgence, but, I am sorry to say, she has proved a very ungrateful, froward child. The most endearing advice that woman could bestow, have I repeatedly given, as all my young ladies can witness. I only confined her the other day for a few hours for some wilful neglect, while I took our boarders an evening’s walk, and she has been missing ever since ; if she is gone home, and has found her way to your house, I request you will reprimand her yourself for this conduct, and I would take it as a favour, if you would provide some other seminary, as it is with reluctance I declare, I find her totally unmanageable. I am, madam, &c.”

This was a double shock to this worthy parent, who really loved his children : he

forbore to reproach his lady with her folly, as he observed her very alarming situation and affliction ; he accordingly posted to Hammersmith to Mrs. Gloss-over, who was surprised and alarmed to hear she was not at Manchester-square, for she had always threatened, when displeased, to return home. Here this lady recapitulated the kind treatment Miss Fanny had received at her hands, that she had discharged two servants for not having a strict eye over her during her absence, and lamented, in strong terms, that ever she was entrusted with the care of her.

Nothing now remained but to advertise the young lady as lost, describing her age, person, and dress, with a handsome reward to any one who would bring her to her disconsolate parents ; but this advertisement, though put in every paper, and posted up in almost every street, was equally unavailing as the efforts used for the discovery of their son ;—four long years elapsed, and all

hope of recovering either was now entirely given up. Mrs. Crosway became melancholy, her health greatly suffered, and a residence in the country was deemed indispensable for the preservation of her life ; accordingly, a handsome villa, near Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, was taken, and thither she retired. She no longer saw company, but lived very retired, and became an altered and a serious, religious woman.

In one of those solitary walks, she used to indulge her melancholy reflections in, accompanied at a small distance by a footman in livery, in passing through some fields by the roadside to avoid the dust and inconvenience of public notice, on a clear bright summer's evening, when the warbling of the little feathered choristers, and distant bleating of the lambs, proclaimed peace and happiness around, amid this innocent and cheerful scene, she heaved a profound sigh. "Alas !" thought she, "all nature seems in placid mirth around, enough to

inspire the heart with adoration and thanksgiving to the great bestower of all sublunary blessings; the ruddy smiling aspect of the milk-maids, the jocund whistling of the rustic, as he drives his team along, proclaiming their hearts at ease, grateful and contented with their humble lot, while I, amid affluence and plenty, feel miserable; for I have perverted the gifts of providence in frivolous and empty vanity; have sacrificed my children through mistaken fondness; committed them, entrusted them to the care of those whose compliance and mercenary acquiescence with my ruinous notions, have entailed misery on them and me! Cruel and unnatural mother that I have been! I neglected to implant in their tender minds, the duties of religion and obedience; I suffered their little passions to predominate, when I should have checked their first appearance. In my daughter, had I kept a watchful and parental eye upon her, I should now find a true friend, a dutiful and grateful com-



panion, the solace of my lonely hours! In my son, I should now have viewed a youth of promise, ripening into manhood, the pride of his father and glory of his mother; but now, I have either to lament their premature death, or, if still living, the inexpressible torture of thinking I deserve their bitterest hate, and not the grateful incense of their filial piety. Oh! dreadful thought! I have lost too, deservedly, the esteem and confidence of the best of husbands! my life is doomed to endless remorse and unavailing penitence!———Here her feelings overcame her. “Oh! Almighty Parent of the universe,” she exclaimed, “look down in mercy, and pardon an unhappy mother, who now too late perceives her guilty error. Oh! shouldst thy compassionate goodness ever deign to restore them, how would my future life be devoted for their true welfare and happiness! Oh! no! I am undeserving of such signal mercy!”——

She paused, overpowered with emotion;

and though no mortal eye perceived her agitation, that omniscient being who penetrated the inmost recesses of her soul, looked down at length with pity, and beheld the agony of the humbled, and now truly contrite suppliant; for, as she cast a hopeless glance around, fearful of being noticed by her servant, her ears were struck with the distant screams and piercing cries of a voice in distress. "William," said she, turning round to her footman, "run, and learn from whence those lamentations come."

The man vaulted over the gate, and in a few minutes returned, saying, it proceeded from a gang of gipseys, who were striking their tents, and saddling their asses, in a neighbouring green lane; and one of the women was unmercifully beating a young girl, her daughter, and crying out, "I'll teach you to run away from us, you young jade! what a life I have with you, you ungratefull little wretch!"

Mrs. Crosway observed to her servant,

that though the gipsey woman had a right, doubtless, to chastise a disobedient child, yet as those itinerant people were in general very rude and savage, perhaps her presence might make her desist from her barbarous usage of the girl. "I'll no further interfere than to moderate the mother's passion; I too well know the fatal effects of letting children have their own headstrong humour; for moderate and timely correction is the indispensable duty of a parent." Accordingly she crossed into the road, followed by her man, and at length approached the scene of action.

The young gipsey no sooner perceived a well drest lady, than she rushed forward, and threw herself prostrate at her feet, beseeching her to save her from that wicked woman, who was not her mother, but had forcibly kept her for years from all knowledge of her parents and friends. The old gipsey now came up in a furious rage, and endeavoured to force her away; but Mrs. Crosway and her servant inter-

posed ; on which the woman poured forth a torrent of abuse, wondering how a person could dare to interfere between a mother and her child, “ that she was a lying hussy, that she was more than a mother to the ungrateful slut.” On these words, and seeing a crowd of sunburnt males and females of the gang approaching, Mrs. Crosway, quite terrified, was about to resign the little tawney suppliant, who, catching hold of her robe as she was turning away, threw up her streaming eyes, which no sooner met those of Mrs. Crosway than the poor girl, uttering a piercing shriek, fell backwards in a faint. On which Mrs. Crosway pulled out her smelling bottle, and gave it to her servant to recover her, while, with an agitated and severe look, she addressed the gipsey, “ Tell me, woman, how came you by this unfortunate child ? for something strikes me, forcibly convinces me, she is not your daughter ; tell me instantly the truth, and I will suffer you to depart in quiet ; if not, and

you refuse to resign the girl, be assured, I will have you and your whole party apprehended, and transported for life."

Struck with conscious alarm at the lady's visible emotion, and determined manner, and hearing the distant approach of horses, the old gipsey briefly replied, "Well, if I'm not her mother, I have acted better than her mother did, for I found her stripped almost naked, and perishing in a dark lane with cold and hunger; the clothes she is clad in, are royal robes to the filthy rags she was then covered with. I took her out of compassion, and fed, and kept her ever since; she told me a lying, trumped-up story about her parents, which could not be, from the condition I found and relieved her from;—but take her, and make much of her; yet you'll repent your mistaken charity, she is an ungrateful, lying young jade; and much good may it do you with your bargain; but I think I deserve something for her maintainance for four years past." "Yes," returned the in-

dignant lady, "you deserve the severest punishment the law can inflict for secret-  
ing her so long, and not seeking out her  
parents, by whom you would doubtless  
have been liberally rewarded; but you  
had other views, to render her subservi-  
ent to your own vile purposes."

A carriage now appeared in distant  
view, and the girl now recovering, cast  
her eyes towards Mrs. Crosway, and  
faintly exclaimed, "Mother! dear, dear  
mother! don't you know me? Oh! look  
on, and pity your poor lost Fanny!"  
Mrs. Crosway turned, her heart sickened,  
and she dropped insensibly into the  
footman's arms, which were extended to  
receive his falling mistress, while the  
girl, kneeling at her feet, bedewed her  
hand with scalding tears. The post-  
chaise now drew near, in it were two  
gentlemen travellers, whom the old wo-  
man and her gang no sooner perceived  
than they fled in dismay in different di-  
rections across the fields.

The gentlemen, as they drove past,

seeing the situation of the lady, stopped and alighted, and politely offered their assistance. The servant requested, they would convey his mistress home, as her house was close by the road they must pass, and not two miles distant; they immediately complied, and lifted her into the chaise, while William cut across the foot-path with his little gipsy charge, who stuck close by the astonished servant's side.

Mrs. Crosway, when she came to herself, could scarcely credit what had passed, but looked on the late occurrence as a dream of the deluded imagination. As she was pondering, irresolute how to act, William the footman entered, and informed his lady, "that the little gipsy girl persisted in saying, she is your daughter, madam; she has asked after my master; remembers when she lived with you in Eastcheap; recollects when you removed to near Manchester-Square; talks of two gentlemen, her grown-up brothers, Jacob and James; in short, I

am persuaded she must be our dear lost young lady. She has entreated Martha to clean her, and begs with tears to be admitted to you. Do, pray, my dear lady, see her." "Well, William, I will see her; desire Martha to bring her to me; though I am almost certain she cannot be my lost child; as neither her complexion, hair, shape, nor features, bear the least resemblance to my poor Fanny; but as she is a destitute orphan, I will provide for her, and heaven may have sent her to supply my dear child's place." William obeyed his mistress's orders.

Martha soon appeared with the little girl, who trembled violently, as she entered the parlour where Mrs. Crosway was reclining on a sofa; the feelings of whom were no less agitated as she bade her draw near. "Come hither, child, don't be alarmed; let me view you accurately, and then examine you." On this, with eyes of anxious scrutiny, she surveyed her from head to foot, and



then ejaculating a heartfetched sigh, exclaimed, "It is impossible; you cannot be my child!" "Oh, my dear mother! do not say so; don't you send me back to the wicked gypsies; I am indeed, indeed, your own Fanny Crosway!" Here the poor girl burst into an agony of tears. "How old are you?" asked Mrs. Crosway. "About thirteen, I believe, madam." "That indeed would be the age of my girl; but she had flaxen hair, fair complexion, and a blooming colour; she was a fine grown girl, and remarkably tall of her age; but your hair is black as a coal, your skin quite like a Mulatto's, your features coarse, your voice harsh, your size dwarfish and meagre, and your whole person every way unlike my lost child." "As to her skin, madam," cried Martha, "I can answer what is not exposed to the weather is as fair as alabaster; and for her hair, I am sure it is not the natural colour, for it is purple in many places." "Oh!" cried the girl, "they

washed me with the juice of walnuts, and kept always dying my hair, and combing it with a lead comb, and blacked my eyebrows and lids, indeed they did, mamma, every week." "Did you perceive any particular mark about her person as you washed her?" asked the mistress.

"There is a visible mark of a ripe mulberry under the child's left breast, madam." "Let me see it, let me see it!" cried Mrs. Crosway, starting from her seat. The part was immediately exposed, and the mark evidently appeared. Transported at the sight, the enraptured mother rushed into her embrace, and strained her daughter to her palpitating bosom. "Kneel, kneel with me, my child! in humble adoration to that merciful and inscrutable Providence who has compassionated our mutual sufferings, and restored us to each other!" The pause was solemn and affecting.

"But tell me, my poor suffering child, how you fell into the hands of these





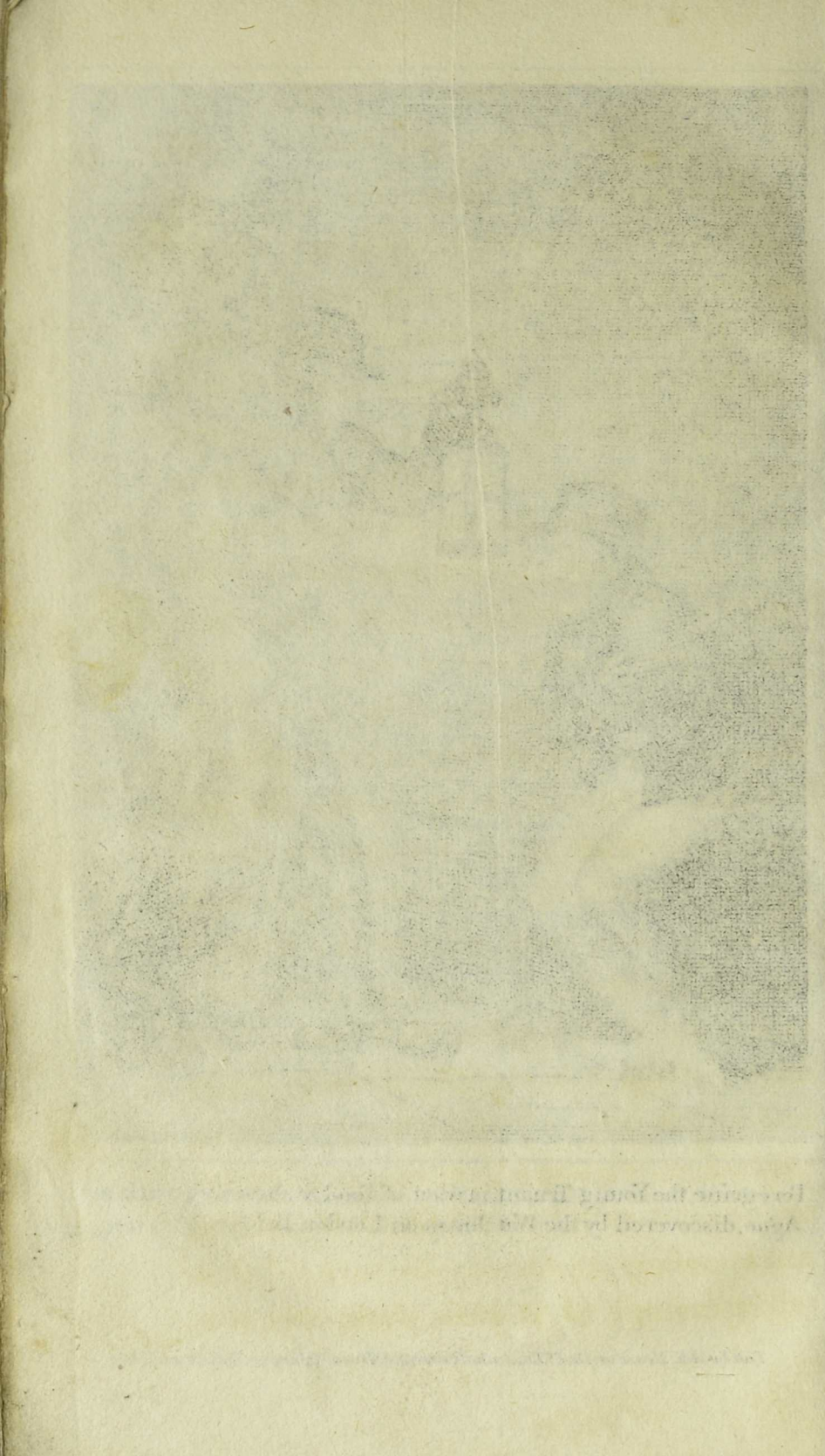
The miserable situation of Fanny, the Young Truant,  
after being stripped of her Clothes.

Page 42.



Peregrine, the Young Truant, in want of Food, & shivering with an Ague, discovered by the Watchman on London Bridge.

Page 47.



wicked gypsies." Miss Fanny, as we shall now call her, related her history in the following brief manner—

“It was my own headstrong temper, mother; I was a very sad, naughty girl, and Mrs. Glossover was too kind and indulgent to me. I could not bear to be confined, nor forced to do any thing; I neglected my reading and needle-work greatly, and threatened often to return home, and complain to you, mamma, if I had not my own way in every thing. One evening, having been very stubborn, the mistress confined me, while she and the governesses took our young ladies for an airing; I watched my opportunity to escape, and slipped out without bonnet or spenser; and ran as fast as I could across the fields, as I thought towards Brompton, in the hope to reach town that way. I was afraid of being overtaken, or stopped, so ran on giddily till I lost myself; and I wandered about, not knowing which way to turn; I then fell a crying; as it grew dark, two wo-

men came up, And what's the matter, my pretty dear, said one of them. I told them, I wanted to go home to Manchester-Square to my mother. Come with us, my dear, said they, we live near your mother; and we'll bring you to her; so I walked on cheerfully with them, till they got into bye-roads, and we did not meet a soul: it became quite dark; I grew frightened, and fell a crying, and refused to go on; on which one of them threatened to kill me: they tied a handkerchief across my mouth, and then they stripped me stark naked, fastening an old dirty torn bedgown round me, and ran away with all my clothes. I could not cry out, nor overtake them; so I wandered about a great while, till I saw a light; I made up to it; I was trembling and shivering with cold; it was a fire of dry sticks and leaves, and a parcel of strange looking people were gathered round it, boiling a kettle; there was a little tent near, and their asses feeding by the road-side:



they took me in, and warmed me; put clothes on me, and gave me a hot supper, and then put me into the tent upon straw, and rolled a blanket over me; so I fell fast asleep, being quite tired. They woke me early, and told me I must go with them for a little while, for a few days, and then they would bring me to my parents, so I was obliged to comply; and they travelled on for many days, and rested only at night: they lived very well, and were all very merry; but when they got far, far into a strange country, full of high mountains and rocks, among people who could not speak English, I was quite frightened; particularly when they made me beg; and then they taught me to steal eggs and fowls; and beat me cruelly, and starved me, if I refused. Oh! I have travelled a great, great way, all over England and Scotland, I believe, till my poor feet were all cut and blistered. Oh! I have had a sad, sad time of it. I could never make my escape, though

I often tried, but they watched me too closely for that, and I never knew where we were, or where we were moving to. Oh! mother, my dear mother, I'll never, never leave you again. I have been a wicked girl; and am not fit to be your daughter; make me your kitchen-wench, any thing for a bit of honest bread; for they have almost starved me of late!" Here poor Miss Fanny finished her melancholy tale. "Alas! my unfortunate child," cried the mother, whose tears flowed plentifully at this recital, "great have been your sufferings; and you now see the fatal fruits of neglect and disobedience of advice; but your errors are, I trust, amply atoned for; and your future life must be spent in religious thanksgiving for your providential restoration to your family. Your poor father, how he will rejoice! I shall write to him immediately; and in the mean time, rely on my affection and my care. I no longer wonder at your altered appearance; but time, nourish-

ment, and rest, will soon recruit your wasted strength and spirits. Be henceforth good; be dutiful, and recover your lost time; and all will go well, I warrant.

William was dispatched to town with the joyful news; and the glad father immediately returned with him; he was greatly shocked, though delighted, at embracing his lost Fanny; and the parental advice the worthy man gave her, sunk deep into her heart, and she became an altered girl, hourly improving in person and in manners. Her attention and diligence were unremitting, and in less than two years, all traces of her former erratic life were obliterated.

Nothing now was wanting to their complete happiness, had not the thoughts of their unhappy and lost son, Peregrine, frequently damped the satisfaction they might otherwise have enjoyed; ten years rolled on, and his death was concluded as inevitable. Miss Crosway, now twenty-three, and deemed an heiress of consi-

derable property, had many advantageous offers, but she rejected them all, determined to remain with her mother, whose health required attention, and to repair, by a dutiful assiduity, her former conduct.

Mr. Crosway, being now advanced in years, and grown fat and unwieldy, resigned his concern in Eastcheap to his sons, Jacob and James, whom he constituted joint and equal partners; the eldest of whom was now married to the only daughter of Alderman Scrip, a gentleman well known in the Alley, with whom he got six thousand pounds. The father now lived wholly in the country with his lady and daughter, and seldom came to town.

As one of the drowsy guardians of the night was crying the hour of five in the morning in the gloomy month of November, he was attracted by the moans of a person who had taken shelter from the tempestuous weather in one of the recesses in London-bridge; the watch-

man raised his lantern, and beheld the figure of a weather-beaten and emaciated man in a tattered sailor's jacket and trowsers: he stopped and questioned him; the poor man said, he had arrived only the night before in town from Plymouth; that the little money he had was expended in the journey; and he had begged his way for the last sixty miles; that being penniless, and a stranger, he had taken refuge there for the night; but the cold had struck to his heart, and he was now shivering with the ague. The watchman, who did not want feeling, brought him to the next watch-house, where the constable of the night kindly received him, and placed him by the fire; he gave him some bread and cheese, and a draught of porter, which seemed to refresh him; told him, he might remain till day-light, and then proceed to find his friends, if he had any. The sailor thanked him, and replied, he had some relations in London, but friends he could now not call them, as he had

forfeited their regard, he believed, from his conduct when a boy; but he had dearly paid for it. It was now sixteen years since he had seen his parents; they might be dead; but he would enquire after them in the morning. He then asked the constable, if he knew whether any of the Crosways still lived in Eastcheap. "Crosway! Crosway!" answered he, "yes, I think there is a Crosway living there, who married, about five years back, Alderman Scrip's daughter, of Finsbury-Square; there are two brothers in partnership, and thriving men, I promise you. Do you know them?" "Yes," returned the sailor, "but very probably they won't know me. Is their father still living?" "That I can't say," said the constable; "but you'll soon find the house."

Between six and seven, the constable and watchmen retired from their stations, when the former told the sailor, he must now proceed; and slipping a shilling into the poor fellow's hand, bade him

go to some public-house, and refresh himself, and wait till nine o'clock, when he could call in Eastcheap, and if he knew the gentlemen, and had any recommendation to them, doubtless they would befriend him, and procure him some birth; "they are worthy characters, and it is in their power to serve you."

The poor sailor thanked the constable for his great kindness to him, and departed.

At nine o'clock, he stopped at the warehouse-door, and enquired for Messrs. Jacob and James Crosway. The porter asked his business, saying, they were at breakfast. He said, he had something of consequence to mention to either of them. The porter went backwards; and presently returned with Mr. James.

"Well, friend," said James, "what's your business with me?" The sailor, looking at him, cried out with strong emotion, while the tears fell in large drops down his sunburnt cheeks, "Every

thing here reminds me of times past ; happy times ! never, never to return ; I recollect that counting-house ; it stands unaltered in the same place ; I remember you too, sir, though it is sixteen long years since I beheld you ; but I unfortunately am so altered as not to be known by my nearest kindred. Oh ! James, do you not know me ?” “ Know you, friend ! no ; who and what are you ?” replied James, in surprise. “ Your brother ; the lost Peregrine ! your little half-brother, whom you were once so partial to ; but I was a young reprobate, and ran away from my school at Lewes ; and have been deservedly a fugitive and vagabond ever since. Oh ! I have deserved it all ; but I have sorely suffered ; endured hardships past recounting ; suffice it to say, I have not been above two months released from slavery at Algiers, where I have been immured more than five years ; it was the glorious enterprise of Lord Exmouth which rescued me, and several hundred



fellow-sufferers, from the worst of bondage. Oh! James! brother! dear brother! look not thus coldly on the unfortunate, now penitent Peregrine. You were always good, always gentle, always fond of your little brother. I well remember, when I was running giddily, and fell against the corner of your counter, and cut my cheek and ear most cruelly, you took me in your arms; you bathed my head, and bound the wound; the marks of which I still retain. Look, James, altered as I am, these still are visible.” “My brother!” exclaimed James, strongly affected, “is it possible? You are indeed strangely altered; but something tells me, my heart informs me, that you are he: the circumstance you have mentioned, I well remember. Yes, you are my poor, lost brother!” James now took him in his affectionate arms, and folded him strongly to his fraternal bosom. “Alas! poor, poor lost creature! unfortunate Peregrine! you are in a deplorable, miserable plight!

Come with me, brother, quietly up stairs. You must change yourself from head to foot. I would not have Jacob nor his wife see you thus on any account. I'll send for a barber to shave and cut your hair; and let me see,—yes, I can supply you with every necessary." Saying this, and taking measure of him with his eye, he brought down from the shelves a new blue coat, buff waistcoat, and grey pantaloons, shirt, neckcloth, and silk handkerchief, shoes, and stockings, and gave him about a pound in silver, and two Bank-notes of two pounds each. "Our brother shan't see that you come so distressed; yet he is a good fellow in the main, though his wife is very proud; and he is now, as our father was, too much ruled by the female branch; but no matter." "Is my father and mother still living?" enquired Peregrine, with trembling anxiety. "Both, both," returned the worthy James; "I need not say how happy they will be. Have you breakfasted?"

“ I have had a little refreshment ; but could take some tea, or coffee.” “ You shall have it, brother. Come with me to my bed-room ; and quickly change yourself ; and in the mean time, I’ll break your arrival to my brother.”

Having brought him to his own private apartment, James descended to the breakfast-parlour. Mrs. Crosway, his sister-in-law, asked him, what could make him stay so long, and keep the breakfast cooling. “ Business, sister ; business must be minded,” answered James, with a countenance full of information. “ Any fresh orders for outfitting ?” asked Jacob. “ I can only say,” returned James, “ this will be a very busy day with us. I shall take horse and ride off to Cheshunt immediately to our father, and bring the family with me back to town ; so prepare for their reception, sister. We shall be back about five ; and have dinner ready about that time.” “ Why, what’s the matter ?” cried Jacob ; “ you are in a strange

bustle, methinks." "Why," said James, smiling, "you know I am no infidel, brother; but the occurrence this morning would convince a Sadducee of the resurrection of the dead. In short, there is a stranger above stairs to whom I must introduce you." "Ay," cried Jacob, "it must be our good and worthy Captain H——, of the Lord Melville Indiaman, whom we all thought dead. How happy shall I be to see him!" "Is there none," returned James, seriously, "whom you would be more happy to see?" "None, none on earth," Jacob replied. "I warrant we shall have swinging orders." "I am sorry to hear you say so, brother," said James, "because, were it the captain you mention, which is not the case, your joy seems blended with interested views." "Then who is it? Speak," said the brother, "why this mystery?" "Go up to my room, and you will see our lost sheep, our brother Peregrine." "Peregrine!" exclaimed Jacob, "impossible." "I

did not say it was possible; I only say 'tis fact; *bona fide* fact." "Good lack!" cried Jacob, "and how does he look? how does he appear?" "Is it the shabby, sailor-looking, vulgar fellow I saw you talking to in the shop, brother?" asked Mrs. Crosway, drawing herself up. "I hope not; for I can't admit him here on any account to disgrace us." "Make yourself easy, sister; though he is much weather-beaten, he has good clothes on his back, a gold watch, and money in his pocket, I assure you," said James; for this worthy man had left his own watch on the table, as he quitted his brother, and desired him to slip it into his fob, as he changed himself.

Jacob ran up stairs, and soon descended with his brother Peregrine, and introduced him to his wife, who received him with a distant, constrained civility; his worn and harassed countenance and figure made him look nearly double his age, and his deportment was awkward

and embarrassed; it was too evident that he had changed the school at Lewes for the school of adversity; and James, the good James, left him with his brother Jacob, recounting his past life, which he did without disguise, to the no small displeasure and mortification of the delicate wife, who rose, declaring such misfortunes must have been brought on by his own wilful misconduct; and she had no pity for such a scape-grace, who had degraded himself and family. Jacob hinted as much, while James, ordering his horse to be saddled, cried, "Never mind, brother; I'll bring those who will rejoice to receive you, I warrant. Poor fellow! you have paid dearly for your pranks; but consider, Jacob, what a mere child he was when he ran away from school, not above twelve."

About six in the evening, James returned with his father, mother, and sister, Fanny. The meeting was truly af-

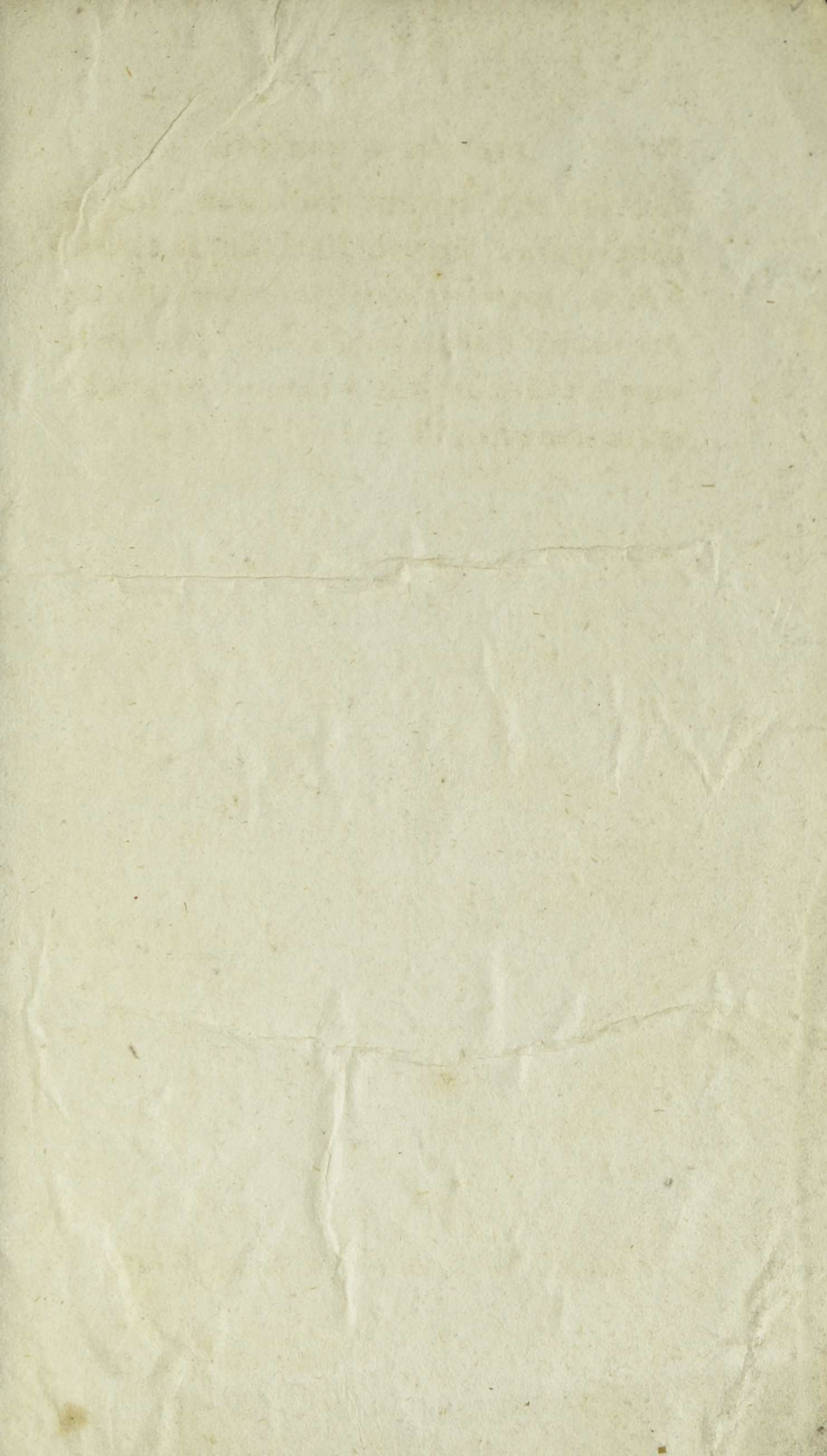
fecting; and even young Mrs. Crosway could not refrain from participating in the general pleasure, while Peregrine fell at his parents' feet, and sobbed aloud, "Forgive, forgive me, dear father! pardon, dear mother! a fugitive and a vagabond have I been upon the earth. I have deservedly suffered. May every undutiful and headstrong child endure but half the miseries I have undergone; and their penitence must be lasting." Here he recapitulated his sufferings; his punishments on board a man of war for desertion; his shipwreck; and his captivity for six years with the Algerines; till finally released by the expedition of Lord Exmouth.

Jacob drily observed to his father, that he seemed to pay more attention to Peregrine than such a son deserved. To whom Mr. Crosway, with a parental look, replied, "Jacob, you are not yet a father. 'Thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine and James's ;

but this thy brother was dead, and is  
alive again ! he was lost, and is found !  
Verily, there is more joy in heaven over  
one sinner that repenteth, than over  
ninety and nine just persons which need  
no repentance !”

THE END.





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