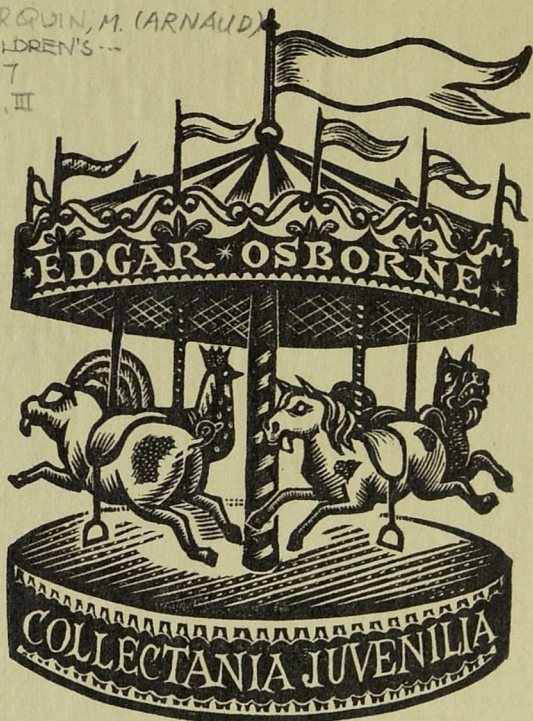


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BERQUIN, M. (ARNAUD)
CHILDREN'S ---
1787
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M. Brown del.

Foot sculp.

Robin with the Pipkin came at last, and filling both Porringers, approached his Parents; and said; dear Father, & Mother, there's some breakfast, for you.

See page 1

T H E
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE
FRENCH OF M. BERQUIN;

COMPLETE
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

ORNAMENTED WITH FRONTISPIECES.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, OPPOSITE
BURLINGTON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

COUNTY OF ...

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ROBIN

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O F T H E

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T H E

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

R O B I N.

ROBIN was about six years of age. He was not wicked, but his mother let him always have his way; and then his father was afraid he might unfortunately cry his eyes out, if he wanted any thing, and should not get it. Being thus indulged, his whims grew every day more frequent, and they could not always be complied with; for his parents were extremely poor, and lived, as the expression is, from hand to mouth. He grew at last quite obstinate and quarrelsome, insisted upon having every thing he saw, and when he could not get it, would grow sulky, tear his clothes to show his spite, do nothing he was bid to do, and often the reverse.

His parents were quite grieved to see him thus, and thought his heart was bad. Alas! cried out his mother, I once hoped our little Robin would in time console us in our sorrow, be the joy of our old age, and work for our support, when we were past our strength, reflecting we had done so much to feed and bring him up: but, on the other hand, he is the greatest grief we have. His principles are quite corrupt, began the father; every one will hate him utterly, and not a soul assist him in his need. He will commit some wicked action, and be punished for it by his country. He will live in shame and misery. God grant I may be dead before this comes to pass.

These mortifying thoughts would constantly be uppermost within them. They were now no longer cheerful at their daily toil, and had no appetite at meals. Their sorrow had a visible effect upon their health; their strength soon failed them; and one morning, being more depressed than usual, they had not sufficient spirits to get up. Not so the little Robin: he was up as usual, and required

his breakfast. Robin, said his mother, I am very ill, and cannot rise to get it you. On which he sulked, she wept, and Hutchinſon, his father, ſighed. The little archin waited yet ſome time; but ſeeing neither of them ſtir, reſolved on what he had to do. He went that inſtant to a neighbour's houſe, that he might get a light, as he deſigned to make a fire. A little girl came down to let him in; and ſeeing Robin, aſked him what he wanted, with a tone of voice that ſeemed to ſay he was not welcome; for ſhe did not like him in the leaſt. I want to light my candle, answered Robin. Well, do ſo, returned the little girl, as I have let you in: but don't come here again. This way of talking Robin did not much approve of. He was very eaſily offended; ſo he went away, and did not even light his candle.

After this, he viſited another neighbour, who came down; but ſeeing Robin through the caſement, would not even aſk him what he wanted, but went up again. Refuſed admittance every where alike, he then came home, put down the candle, and bethought himſelf of going to a good old woman's, who uſed formerly to treat him with ſweet things. He went and aſked her for ſome breakfast. Breakfast! answered Frances: why has not your mother let you have ſome? She is a-bed, ſaid Robin. Well, your father then? He likewiſe is a-bed. They ſay they're ill. And would you leave them then, and come to me for victuals? Get you gone! I've nothing for you. Had I more, than what I want myſelf, I'd give it to poor children that are fonder of parents than you are, and make them happy, while you every day torment them.

Robin came away in tears, and walked home very ſlowly. In the way, he recollected he himſelf had frequently ſhammed illneſs; and ſuppoſed it not impoſſible his parents were at preſent ſhamming illneſs too. For certainty, he got upon a little chair, held back the curtain, and beheld how pale they were. He ſaw they had been crying too. This ſight affected him. He put the curtains to again, ſat down beſide the bed, and held his hands up to his face. Unhappy as I am! ſaid he, ſuppoſe my parents were to die, what would become of me? I am reſuſed admittance every where, and can't obtain a bit of bread. I muſt then have been very wicked! my poor mother! how you have at all times loved me! and how

how much have I not grieved you! And my father, my dear father—— Who can tell, alas! but they will die?

He sat a little longer thinking; and returning after to the house that had at first refused him entrance, begged for heaven's sake they would let him have a little bread and milk, to make a breakfast for his parents. His affliction, and the humble tone of voice with which he now addressed them, got him easily a hearing. Look ye, said the good man of the cottage, since you ask me thus, I'll not refuse you. Take the half of this brown loaf, with some, too, of this milk, and warm it for your parents. 'Tis but just you should prepare their breakfast, while they're working both so hard for you. He durst not mention they were ill, because he feared the same reproaches Frances had bestowed upon him, though he merited them now much less: on which account, his charitable benefactor did not go himself to see them; which he would have done, had he but known their situation, since he loved them greatly.

In the interim, Robin brought away the bread and milk, came home, made up a fire, and putting on a pipkin, boiled the milk. It was no sooner ready, than he drew a little table towards the bed. His mother heard him move about the chamber. What can Robin be about? began his mother. Nothing good, I fear, said Hutchinson. She wished to know, endeavoured to sit up in bed; and looking through the curtains, which were very flimsy, saw the little table with two porringers, and Robin, who was cutting bread into them. Upon this, she jogged her husband. See, said she, I verily believe he's doing this for us; else, why two porringers upon the table? Would to God, said Hutchinson, he were! I am not hungry, but should like to be convinced he's better than we've thought him.

Robin, with the pipkin, came at last; and filling both the porringers, approached his parents. Hold, said he, dear father; hold, dear mother.—Here's some breakfast for you both.—And is it you that got it? said the father. Who could give you all this bread and milk? 'Twas neighbour such-a-one, said he. The father and the mother bade him put down both the porringers again. Their eyes grew bright with joy. Dear child! come hither, they cried out. You are not what we thought you; but

bring both of us to life again. So saying, they held out their arms: he bent to their embrace; he wept, as they did likewise; he desired forgiveness for the grief he had occasioned them; and promised they should henceforth be rejoiced by his behaviour.

He was in their arms as yet, when Frances entered with her breakfast in her hand; and which she brought, to share it with her indisposed good neighbours. She was moved at such a piteous sight, shed tears of joy, and blessed the little Robin; who, on his side, tenderly embraced her also. They all breakfasted together, and had never in their lives before enjoyed so sweet a meal.

The happiness of such a day soon re-established this good father, and this loving mother, in their former state of health. The little boy became, too, very happy. He acquired the love of every one that knew him, was caressed with justice by his parents, and the charitable Frances, who rejoiced to do them all the good she could.

A M E L I A.

AMELIA scarce was six years old, was very fond of her mamma, and wished continually to be with her. On a certain day, Amelia's mother wished to go to market, and the little girl entreated to accompany her thither. You will only incommode me, child, said she. No, no; I hope I shall not incommode you, said Amelia; and with so much urgency, that her mamma at last was forced to give her leave.

They set out, therefore, both together. As it chanced, their house was in the country, and the paths proved very bad. Amelia frequently was forced to walk behind her mother, when the ruts would not permit them to have hold of one another. They were now got very near the town; and as it chanced, the road was crowded with a multitude of people passing every way. The little girl was often separated from her mother; but this gave her no uneasiness, as after two or three such accidents, she had with ease rejoined her: but the nearer they approached the

the

the market, she perceived the crowd augmenting. This should necessarily have made her watchful of the way her mother went; and yet, a sort of puppet-show that was exhibiting, had charms sufficient to detain her. She stopped short to gaze at Punch and Punchinello. In the midst, however, of her entertainment, she turned round, but could not see her mother; she ran on, called out, and scrambling up a bank, at once looked over all the people's heads: but 'twas in vain. She could not see her, could not hear her voice; and now, the little maiden, being frightened, durst not mix among so great a crowd, that jostled one another. So she got into a corner, called out mammy! mammy! and burst into a flood of tears.

The people that went by, looked at her. *There's a little girl*, said one among them, *in a piteous taking! What's the matter with you?* asked another. *I have lost my mammy! Oh, don't mind it;* answered he. *You'll find her out again, I warrant you.* A third said, *Don't cry so, my little girl. She won't for that come to you sooner.* Thus said many, and they all went on about their business.

By good luck, at last, however, an old woman, who sold eggs and butter, and was lame, and therefore could not walk without a crutch, was going by, but seeing her in such distress, stopped short, and pitied her. *And which way was your mother going, little dear,* began the woman, *when you lost her? She was going to the market,* said Amelia. *Well, be comforted,* replied the first; *and come along with me. I'll take you to the market. You will find her there, no doubt.* Amelia gave her hand, that moment, to the good old woman, and soon reached the market. As they entered, she perceived her mother, gave a cry of joy, and up her mother came immediately. She took the little girl into her arms, and said, *You frightened me exceedingly, my child, by wandering from me: and the child, that moment, fell a hugging her, and cried.*

She told her of the puppet-show, which she had stopped to look at; how she called out after her, and how the good old market-woman, and she only, had taken pity of, and brought her through the crowd. Amelia's mother thanked her, bought the eggs and butter she had left, and gave her more than what she asked. Amelia kissed

6 BETTER TO GIVE THAN RECEIVE.

her ten times over; and while going home, would talk of nothing but the good old market-woman.

When the first fine weather came, Amelia begged her mother would go see Dame Dunch, which was the market-woman's name: and she consented, took a loaf of bread, and half a pound of tea, with sugar in proportion. Dunch's dwelling was a wooden one: it was not large, but very clean and comfortable. In the front, there was a little grass-plot, shaded upon every side by fruit trees; upon which, Amelia danced till evening with Johanna, whom, it seems, her aunt had sent for to divert Amelia; and Johanna was a special little girl.

Amelia's mother always bought Dame Dunch's eggs and butter, but complained she put them at too low a price; while Dunch would have it she was paid too much. Amelia and her mother gave the good old woman all the assistance in their power; and when in *her* turn the old woman could be serviceable to Amelia or her mother, she would put on her cloth apron, take her crutch, and come quite out of breath, but very joyous.

Thus they did each other mutual service: but the good old woman had the greatest reason to rejoice, that she had taken pity on a little girl in trouble. In the act of helping her, she did not think that her good heart would gain her such a world of happy hours.

BETTER TO GIVE THAN RECEIVE.

Thisbe and Latitia.

Thisbe. **W**HAT a charming day is Christmas Monday, when one has such handsome presents! how I long to see it!

Latitia. O, don't speak about it, sister. The first five and twenty days of this dull gloomy month, appear much longer than the rest all put together. What fine things we are to have! I dream about them every night, and wake a dozen times, when Christmas Monday is the first thing I think of.

Thisbe.

Thisbe. Do you recollect, last year, how all mamma's acquaintance brought us play-things and confectionary. We had really so much, we knew not where to put them.

Letitia. They were spread upon a large square table, and mamma came out to call us with her charming voice. Come, come, said she, and take these presents. She embraced us, and shed tears. I never saw her half so happy as that day, when she beheld us jump about the room for joy.

Thisbe. I think, indeed, she seemed much happier than ourselves.

Letitia. One would have thought, 'twas she that had received the Christmas boxes.

Thisbe. There must consequently be a pleasure, I suppose, in giving: so I'll tell you what we ought to do,

Letitia. We are very little, and of course have little we can give. But still we have it in our power to get this pleasure.

Letitia. How, pray, *Thisbe*?

Thisbe. Why, it wants a fortnight now, you know, of Christmas Monday: and we both have money in our pockets.

Letitia. Yes; I've upwards of a crown. What therefore shall we do?

Thisbe. You recollect our fair comes on to-morrow. Well then, we must get up early, and work hard, and study diligently, and do every thing we ought to do, that in the afternoon we may get leave to go and see the fair. Now I have more a good deal than nine shillings. We will each take half our money, and go buy the prettiest things we meet with. We will bring them home all cleverly wrapped up, and early upon Christmas Monday, give them to our gardener's children.

Letitia. Yes; but then, *Thisbe*, the poor woman's children who comes here to work occasionally, must have something likewise.

Thisbe. Right; I did not think of them. O, how delighted they will be! I fancy the poor little children in their joy, will say they never had a Christmas-box before.

Letitia. In that case, we shall be the first to cause them such a deal of pleasure.—O, my dear, dear sister! I must hug you for that thought!

8 BETTER TO GIVE THAN RECEIVE.

Thiſbe. Yes, but ſtay a little. I've another in my head. This money we deſign to ſpend—

Lætitia. Is ours; and we may lay it out as we think proper.

Thiſbe. Yes, that's true. But—

Lætitia. Well, but what?

Thiſbe. We had it from mamma, you know; it was her preſent to us, as in general all our money is. Now ſiſter, if we lay this money out in preſents for the children, 'twill be then mamma has made theſe preſents, and not we.

Lætitia. That's true indeed; and yet we have no other money.

Thiſbe. We can, notwithstanding, hit on ſome expedient for the purpoſe, I dare ſay. For in the firſt place, I can work indifferently at my needle, and you knit with tolerable eaſe.

Lætitia. What uſe will this be of?

Thiſbe. You'll not be long before you've knit a pair of garters for papa: and I have been this fortnight at a pair of ruffles, which he does not know of. What then hinders, pray, but we may finiſh theſe two articles a day or two on this ſide Chriſtmas Monday?

Lætitia. Well, and if we do, what then?

Thiſbe. We can preſent the garters in that caſe, and ruffles to papa, who will be glad to buy them of us, and pay thrice as much as they are worth.—

Lætitia. Yes, yes: I'm ſure of that. But ſtill the fair will be to-morrow; and we can't before that finiſh what you know is to procure the money we would lay out at the fair.

Thiſbe. Nor is it neceſſary either; for the money we ſhall want to make our purchaſe with to-morrow, we may borrow of ourſelves; and afterwards repay it upwards of two days before we make our preſents. Thus then we ſhall have it in our power to ſay, indeed, 'twas we alone gave Chriſtmas-boxes to theſe poor dear children.

Lætitia. A good ſcheme indeed! 'Tis always you that are the readieſt at theſe matters: but 'tis likewise true, that you're the eldeſt.

Thiſbe. Bleſs me! How rejoiced we ſhall be both, in being able to afford them ſo much pleaſure!

Lætitia

Lætitia. I could wish to-morrow were the day.

Thiſſe. Don't fear but it will ſoon come now; and we ſhall ſtill be pleaſed in waiting its arrival.

THE GOOD SON REWARDED.

THE little Abel ſcarce was turned of eight years old, when he was ſo unhappy as to loſe his mother. It afflicted him ſo much, that nothing could reſtore him to the gaiety ſo natural to young children. Mrs. Philipſon, his aunt, was forced to take him to her houſe, for fear his ſadneſs ſhould ſtill aggravate her brother's inconſolable diſtreſs.

They went, however, frequently to ſee him; and at laſt, the time was come for going out of mourning. Abel therefore quitted his; and, though his heart was full of ſorrow, he endeavoured to aſſume a lively countenance. His father was affected at this ſenſibility: but all it did, alas! was to occaſion him more ſorrow, in reflecting on the mother of this amiable child he had for ever loſt; and this reflection, every one remarked, was bringing him with ſorrow to the grave.

It was a fortnight now, ſince Abel, as his cuſtom was, had been to ſee him; and his aunt was always urging ſome pretext or other in the interval, as often as he wiſhed to go. The truth is, Mr. Philipſon was dangerously ill. He durſt not aſk to ſee his child, from apprehenſion that the ſight of his condition might too much affect him. Theſe paternal ſtruggles, joined with that affliction he was under, ſo exhausted him, that very ſoon there was no hope remaining of his cure. He died, in fact, upon the day before his birth-day.

On the morrow, Abel having waked betimes, tormented Mrs. Philipſon ſo much for leave to go and wiſh his father joy, that ſhe at laſt conſented; but he ſaw his mourning was now going on again.

And why this ugly black, ſaid he, to-day, when we are going to papa?—Who's dead now, aunt?

His aunt was ſo afflicted, that ſhe could not ſpeak a word.

Well then, said Abel, if you will not tell me, I'll enquire of my papa.

At this she could refrain no longer weeping; but burst out into a flood of tears, and said, 'Tis he, 'tis he is dead.

What, my papa dead! answered he. Oh heaven! take pity on me. My mamma, first dead! and now, papa! Unhappy as I am, and parentless! what will become of me? Oh my papa! mamma!

These words were scarcely uttered, when he fell into a swoon; nor could his aunt, without much difficulty, bring him to again.

Poor child, said she, don't thus afflict yourself. Your parents are still living.

Abel. Yes; but where?

Mrs. Philipson. In heaven, with God. They are both happy in that place; and will at all times have an eye upon their child. If you are prudent, diligent, and upright, they will pray that God would bless you; and God certainly *will* bless you. This was the last prayer your father uttered yesterday, when dying.

Abel. Yesterday! when I was thinking of the pleasure I should have in seeing him this morning.—Yesterday! He's not then buried yet? Oh aunt, pray let me see him. He would not send for me, fearing to afflict me; and perhaps I should have, on the other hand, afflicted him. But now, that I can no how give him pain, I would once more behold him, for the last, last time: pray let me go and see him, my dear aunt.

Mrs. Philipson. Well then, we'll go together, if you promise you'll be calm. You see my tears, and how much I am grieved for having lost my brother. He was always doing me some good or other: I was poor, and had no maintenance but what his bounty gave me. Notwithstanding which, I yield myself, you see, to Providence, that watches over us. Be calm, then, my dear child.

Abel. Yes, yes; I must indeed be calm: But pray, aunt, carry me to my papa, that I may see at least his coffin.

Mrs. Philipson then took him by the hand, and instantly went out: the day was very dark, and even foggy. Abel wept as he went on.

When they were come before the house, the mutes were at the door; and Mr. Philipson's late friends and neighbours standing round his coffin. They wept bitterly, and praised the integrity of the deceased. The little Abel rushed into the house, and threw himself upon the coffin. For some time he could not speak a word; but raised at last his head a little, crying out, See how your little Abel weeps for having lost you! when mamma died, you consoled me, and yet wept yourself; but now, who is there will console me for your loss! Oh my papa! my good papa!

He could not utter more: his sorrow almost strangled him. His mouth was open, and his tongue seemed motionless. His eyes at one time fixed; and at another, rolling in their sockets, had no tears to shed. His aunt had need of all her strength to pluck him from the coffin. She conducted him as far as to a neighbour's, begging she would keep him till his father's burial was over; for she durst not think of carrying him to see it.

Very soon the bell was set a tolling. Abel heard it; and the woman, to whose care he had been trusted, having quitted the apartment for a moment, he availed himself of such an opportunity; got out, and ran that instant to the church-yard, where the funeral was gone. The minister had finished, and the grave was filling up;—when, all at once, a cry was heard of, *Bury me with my papa!* and Abel jumped into the grave.

The mourners were affected at it: Abel was drawn out, all pale and speechless; and, in spite of his resistance, carried home.

He was for upwards of three days continually fainting; and his aunt could no how bring him to, not even at intervals, except by speaking to him of his dear papa. At last, his first excess of anguish was allayed: he wept no longer, but was very sorrowful.

A worthy merchant heard of this deplorable affair. He had not been without some knowledge of the father; therefore he repaired to Mrs. Philipson's, that he might see the little orphan. He was very much affected at his sadness, took him home, and was a father to him. Abel soon considered he was really the merchant's son, and every day gained greater ground in his affection. At the age of twenty, he conducted all the business of his bene-

factor with so much success, that in reality the merchant thought it was his duty to assign him half the profits of it for the future; to which recompence, he added his beloved daughter.—Abel hitherto had kept his aunt, by husbanding the little perquisites belonging to him; and, by this event, he had the further happiness of making her quite easy for the remnant of her days; but never did his father's birth-day come about, but he was seized in some sort with a fever, on recalling to his memory what he once had suffered at that season; and to those sensations he was then affected with, did he impute the principles of honour and integrity he followed, during his long life succeeding it.

THE NEW-YEAR'S WISH.

UPON a certain new year's day, the little Alfred came into the parlour, just before the breakfast things were ready: he advanced, and with the greatest gravity, saluting his papa, began as follows, with a solemn tone of voice:

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

The little orator at this stopped short. It was in vain; he fretted, rubbed his forehead, and began to fumble in his pocket. The remainder of this excellent harangue was not forth coming. The poor little boy was vexed, and in an agitation. Mr. Hunter saw and pitied his embarrassment, embraced him tenderly, and said as follows: Truly a most elegant oration! you yourself, no doubt, composed it?

Alfred. No, papa; you're very good to think so; but I'm not half learned enough for such a task. It was my brother drew it up. You should have heard the whole. He told me, 'twas in periods; and the periods, as he said, were rounded off into the bargain. Look ye, I'll but run it over once, and you shall hear it then: or would
you

you rather hear mamma's? I have *that* perfectly, I'm sure. It is extracted from the Grecian history.

Mr. Hunter. No, no, Alfred, that's not necessary; and your mother and myself, without it, are as much indebted both to your affection and your brother's.

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

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

Alfred, (brightening up.) Did you?—I am glad of that! and don't you think, papa, I spoke it very well?

Mr. Hunter. Surprisingly, I must acknowledge.

Alfred. O, but it was very fine!

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

Alfred. But sure, papa, to say I wish the person I am speaking to a happy new year, and nothing else, is far too common to give pleasure.

Mr. Hunter. Yes: but why then nothing else? as if instead of such a trivial compliment, you could not previously have thought within yourself, what most of all I wished for, in the course of this new year.

Alfred. O, that's not difficult. You wish, no doubt, to have your health; to see your family, your friends, and fortune flourish; and enjoy a deal of pleasure.

Mr. Hunter. Well; don't you wish me, then, all this?

Alfred. Yes, yes, with all my heart.

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

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

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

Alfred. Yes, I understand you pretty well, papa; but don't know what the difference should be; so explain it to me, now we are alone.

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

Alfred. O, papa, how much I thank you! I have now a budget full of compliments for every one I go to. I shall know what sort of wishes they will look for, and have no occasion for my brother's rounded periods, as he calls them: but why, as we should always have these wishes in our heart, pray tell me why the first day of the year, in preference to any other, should be pitched upon to publish them?

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

Alfred. O papa, quite clearly.

Mr.

Mr. Hunter. 'Tis however in my power to make this clearer still, by using what we call another figure.

Alfred. Ah, let's have it, pray, papa.

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

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

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

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

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

Alfred. So you did indeed; and 'twas at first, in my idea, no bad notion, to put up those figured stones beside the road. One knows at any time what distance one has walked, how much is still to come, and regulates one's pace accordingly.

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

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

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

Alfred. I should scarce remember the whole business better, had it happened yesterday. At first, as I was full of spirits, and desired to let you see it, I set out upon a trot, and made a many trips; I don't well know how many. You advised me to go slowly, as the journey

would

would be rather long. I followed your advice, and had no reason to repent. Upon the way, I asked for information at the sight of every thing I did not know the meaning of, and you were pleased to tell me. When we happened to go by a bit of grass, we sat down on it, and you read a story-book, that you had brought out in your pocket to divert me. Then we got upon our feet again; and as we went along, you told me many other things not only useful, but diverting likewise. In this manner, though the weather was not altogether fine, though we had sometimes rain, and once a hail-storm to encounter, we arrived at Greenwich, I remember, very fresh and hearty, and made afterwards a charming dinner.

Mr. Hunter. Very faithfully related, Alfred! but for some few circumstances, which, however, I am glad you have not introduced; as for example, your attention to a poor blind man, whose arm, if you remember, you laid hold of, to prevent him from a danger he was getting into, owing to a heap of stones that lay before him, and on which he might have broke his legs; the assistance you afforded a poor washer-woman's boy, by picking up a handkerchief of linen that had got out of the cart; but more than all, the alms you gave to several people on the road.

Alfred. And do you think, papa, then, I forgot them? Just as if I did not know we should not boast of any good we may have had the opportunity of doing.

Mr. Hunter. And on that account, I'm greatly pleased in dwelling on it, as a recompence for so much modesty. 'Tis just I should repay you some small portion of the joy you caused me.

Alfred. O, I saw tears rolling in your eye, not once alone, or twice, but often. I was so delighted! if you knew how much that sight untired me! I got on the better for it afterward. But let me have the application you just mentioned.

Mr. Hunter. 'Tis as follows, Alfred. Give me all the attention in your power.

Alfred. Fear nothing. I won't lose a syllable you tell me, I assure you, sir.

Mr. Hunter. The look, then, you cast round you from the golden gallery, all over London, and a great deal, as you mentioned, of the country, is expressive of the first reflections

reflections of a child upon the multitude about him. The long walk you chose to Greenwich, is the journey we propose ourselves through life. The eagerness with which you wished to hurry on at setting out, without consulting your ability for running, and which cost you such repeated trippings, is the natural impetuosity of youth, which would excite us to the worst excesses, if a faithful and experienced friend were not to moderate it. The instruction you derived, as we were walking on, from reading and conversing with me, and the actions of good-will and charity that you performed, took off from the fatigue of such a journey; and you finished it thereby with satisfaction to yourself, though there had fallen a deal of rain, and even hail. These circumstances, too, convey instruction; for in life, there are no other means than the performance of our duty, to keep off disquietude, and cherish peace within us, notwithstanding those vicissitudes of fortune that would otherwise, perhaps, go near to overwhelm us: and the comfortable meal we made at the conclusion of our journey, is no other than an emblem of the recompence God gives us when we die, to crown those virtuous actions we have laboured to fill up our lives with in the world.

Alfred. Yes, yes, papa; all this squares wonderfully well, and I shall have a deal of happiness, I see beforehand, in the year that's now begun.

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

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

Mr. Hunter. By *proud*, you mean rejoiced. Are you then equally rejoiced at present, while your reason, that now dawns within you, pauses, and casts back a look upon the way you have already made in life? You entered it quite weak and naked, without any means of making; in the least degree, provision for your wants. It was your mother gave you your first food, and it is I that have the forethought to subsist you. How do we desire you should repay us? We want nothing more, than that you should
yourself

yourself endeavour to be happy, by becoming just and honest; by acquiring a due notion of your several duties; and by seriously intending to discharge them. Have you then fulfilled these few conditions, no less advantageous to yourself than easy? Have you first of all been grateful to God's goodness, who has will'd you should be born of parents having wherewithal to bring you up in ease and honour? Have you always shewn those parents the obedience and respect you owe them? Have you paid attention to the precepts of your teachers? Have you never given occasion for your brothers or your sisters to complain of envy or injustice in you? Have you always treated those that wait upon you, with a proper sort of condescension, and at no time claimed from their inferior situation, what it was their duty to refuse you? In a word, do you possess that love of justice, that equality of conduct, and that moderation we, by our instruction and example, are at all times doing what we can to set before you?

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

Mr. Hunter. That's well said: embrace me, therefore, Alfred. I accept your promise, and confine to its performance all the wishes I need make, on my side, for your happiness, on this renewal of the year.

THE CHRISTMAS-BOX.

A DRAMA, in Two ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. WOODVILLE.

LEANDER,

HERO,

CHARLES, - - -

SCIPIO, - - -

HARRY, - - -

} his Children.

Leander's Friends.

an Orphan.

a Servant.

SCENE. An apartment in the house of Mr. Woodville.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Charles and Scipio.

Scipio. SO early with us, Master Charles?

Charles. Yes, Scipio; and still more, 'tis you I want to speak with.

Scipio. Me, sir? what then can occasion me the honour of your visit?

Charles. What except the pleasure, Scipio, of seeing you? The truth however is, that I am come to know what Christmas-boxes you have had.

Scipio. What Christmas-boxes, do you ask me? If my mother, Sophy and myself have but the necessary things of life, we are content.

Charles. But Mr. Woodville, surely, lets you want for nothing.

Scipio. It is true, indeed, we are his debtors for whatever we possess, and he continues in our favour the respect, as I may say he had for my poor father; and his son, too, has a friendship for us. Do you see, sir, this new suit of clothes I have upon me? 'tis Leander's present. It was bought for him, but his papa permitted him to give it me, by way of Christmas-box. He has prevailed too on

Miss

Miss Hero, to present my sister with a few of her cast clothes; and we were last night very happy in receiving them.

Charles. Yes, yes: but if you talk of Christmas-boxes, it is he that has received some fine ones!

Scipio. Certainly, his father is so rich! and yet, I know not if his pleasure was as great as ours. Fine things are no novelties to him. And what we may receive, whenever we think proper, never gives us so much joy, as what *they* feel, to whom their benefactors unexpectedly make presents.

Charles. I agree with you in this: but can't you tell me what Leander has received? No doubt but he has shown you all his presents.

Scipio. Yes, yes, that he has indeed: but how shall I remember the whole catalogue? Let me reflect a little. In the first place, he has had some books, a case of mathematical instruments, a microscope, silk stockings, and a set of silver buttons for a suit of clothes, complete.

Charles. But those are not the things I wish to be informed of. What I want to know about, friend Scipio, are the sweetmeats and nice things, that generally are presented, at this season of the year, to children of our age.

Scipio. O, his papa has given him no such things: he says that sweetmeats do but rot the teeth; and as for playthings, certainly Leander is too big, that he should wish to have such matters. It is only from his aunt he has received these trifles. She, indeed, has given him something of the sort.

Charles. Ay, ay! and what for instance?

Scipio. How can I remember them? There's in the first place, a great cake; a quantity of candied orange peel; some capillaire; and sweetmeats; half-a-dozen companies of French and English soldiers, cast in lead, and in their uniforms; a draft-board; fish and counters; and about a dozen china figures made in Derbyshire. But rather go and speak to him yourself. He'll show you every thing he has received. Why do you put these several questions to me?

Charles. O, I know what I'm about. I had my reasons for interrogating you, before I went up stairs into Leander's room.

Scipio.

Scipio. And what, pray, are those reasons? May I know?

Charles. I had determined never to reveal them: but, provided you will but be secret——

Scipio. I'm no prater.

Charles. Give me then your promise.

Scipio. There's my hand.

Charles. Well then, I'll tell you, as a secret I would have you keep, Leander's finely taken in!

Scipio. Leander's finely taken in! my friend? I can't endure such language.

Charles. Then I'll tell you nothing. I'm still master of my secret: you know that.

Scipio. How, Charles! And can you wrong, then, my dear friend Leander at this rate?

Charles. O! be assured I shall not wrong him personally: but I speak of an affair in which we both have come to an agreement.

Scipio. But, if taken in, he is deceived.

Charles. No, no: he has deceived himself entirely.

Scipio. I don't understand a word of this enigma.

Charles. I'll explain the matter to you. We had previously agreed we would go equal sharers in our Christmas-boxes, whatsoever they might be, respecting every thing that in its nature was divisible.

Scipio. Well, pray, and can he lose by such a bargain? His papa is not so rich as your's. Your Christmas-boxes therefore must, at least in point of value, equal his, and very probably exceed them.

Charles. It is true, indeed, I have received a very handsome Christmas-box. This watch, for instance; but a watch, you know, is not to be divided.

Scipio. On your honour, you have had no other present?

Charles. Nothing, I assure you, but a cake and two small boxes of preserves. My father says as Mr. Woodville does, that sweetmeats hurt one. While mamma was living, it was quite another thing, for then I had such delicacies in abundance; and Leander knows as much, who saw my last year's Christmas-boxes. It was this induced him to make such a bargain with me; and last week too, we confirmed it on our word. You see, then——

Scipio. Yes, I see too clearly, that Leander is to be your dupe. He will have only half a cake and some preserves

erves for what he is to give you up. 'Tis true, his aunt has sent him more than he can eat. But is it true then, Master Charles, that you had nothing else? I must confess, I find it very difficult to credit your assertion.

Charles. Difficult to credit my assertion! Shall I swear, then, to the truth of what I say?

Scipio. Swear! Out upon it! Should a little gentleman, as you are, think of swearing in this matter? 'Tis entirely your affair; and if you are deceiving my good friend Leander, you will lose much more than he, Charles.

Charles. But, Scipio, do you know I don't approve of such remonstrances? It is Leander's business to reflect on the affair. Suppose Leander had received no Christmas-box?

Scipio. There was no fear of that. His friends are generous, and Leander's conduct pleases them. Your Christmas-box is such a trifle! 'T would be quite unhand-some in you, to expect Leander should have all the disadvantage on his side; and therefore we must go and tell him.

Charles. Oh! that's done already. Late last night I sent him half the cake I've had, and part of my preserves. I've likewise written him a little letter on the subject.

Scipio. What, then, you'll persist in your demand upon him?

Charles. And pray what would you do, in my situation? You that talk so much!

Scipio. I would have nothing from him, having nothing upon my side to bestow; and therefore quit him of his promise.

Charles. Oh! your humble servant! Keep your counsel to yourself. Our bargain is a wager; and when people think of laying wagers, 'tis that they may win. Next year it shall be as he pleases; but at present, if he does not give me half of every thing he has received, his cake, his orange-peel, his sweetmeats, foldiers, fish and counters, china ware, and so forth; if there's any thing you have forgot to tell me of, I'll follow him through all the streets, courts, lanes, and every thoroughfare in London, and proclaim him for a cheat. Yes, tell him that from me, friend Scipio; and, that such as we should keep our promise, after we have sworn to one another.

Scipio. After you have sworn! Fie, fie upon your oaths! I'm very poor; and yet, if you would give me all the Christmas-boxes that were ever made you, not excepting even your fine watch, I would not swear in such a trifling matter. It should be a very solemn business only I would take an oath in.

Charles. Why, Scipio, you're a downright simpleton. Without this swearing, how should any one be bound to keep his promise?

Scipio. Do you ask that seriously? His very promise should compel him to observe it, and the word of honest people be as sacred as an oath. If you judge otherwise, I don't know what I am to think of you.

Charles. 'Tis your idea, then, Leander will be faithful to his promise?

Scipio. My idea? Should he break it, I would never look upon him, insignificant as I must own myself, as long as I have breath. But no, he will not break it; and to keep his word, will have no manner of occasion for an oath.

Charles. That we shall see. However, tell him every thing I've said, that he may act accordingly.

Scipio. There's nothing I need tell him. He don't want a monitor to do his duty.

Charles. And pray add, I wish him joy that he's so finely taken in.

Scipio. What then, you would insult as well as——

Charles. No: but I divert myself at his expence, as he would do at mine. Let him alone! another time, if he thinks proper, he may be revenged.

Scipio. No, no; this is the only business of the kind he'll be engaged in with you for the future.

Charles. As he pleases. I have wherewithal, by this day's lucky business, to console myself. (*He goes out.*)

Scipio (alone.) I could not have imagined Charles had been so mercenary. If, in truth, he has no more than what he tells me from his father, why then did he not break off the bargain, when he found 'twould press so hard upon his friend? What avarice! and what meanness likewise! 'Tis Leander's fault, however, and will hardly ruin him. But here he comes.

S C E N E III.

Scipio, Leander.

Leander (with a paper.) Ah! dear Scipio, I deserve, and richly, to be hooted for my folly!—Read this letter.

Scipio. I have learned what it contains. But pray how came you to make such a bargain? Certainly you should have first asked leave of your papa and aunt, since what your parents and relations give you should not be disposed of without their consent.

Leander. That's true; but it is done.

Scipio. And you must keep your word. But wherefore give it then?

Leander. Because last year, and the preceding, Charles had better Christmas-boxes than myself; and I supposed—

Scipio. Ah, ah! I understand the matter. You designed to dupe him then; and therefore are with justice punished.

Leander. Had I been contented with my own!

Scipio. However, no complaints, Leander. Is not still your half sufficient for you?

Leander. So you fancy—

Scipio. Don't go on. Leander means to ask me, if he ought to keep his word.

Leander. But are you certain every thing was fair and open on the part of Charles?

Scipio. I think him honest, since he told me so himself; and 'tis my practice to think well of every one, till he has once deceived me.

Leander. But how happens it, his father should have been so sparing towards him? Every former Christmas he has had a store of presents.

Scipio. They were his mamma's; and now she's dead, his father thinks as yours does, and instead of childish toys, has bought him a fine watch.

Leander. Yes, yes; I know it. He'll conceal what ought to be divided, of his presents, and yet I must give him up half mine.

Scipio. Should he behave so, he would be a knave.

Leander. And should I, in that case, be bound to keep my promise with him?

Scipio.

Scipio. What's this question, my good friend Leander? Just as if you were to ask me, whether, if he proves a cheat, you might not be so likewise?

Leander. But, unless I tell him, he will never know what I have had.

Scipio. And can you hide this knowledge from yourself?

Leander. But I have hardly had, from my papa, more things that can be shared, than he. The rest, you know, were from my aunt.

Scipio. Did you except what any one but your papa might give you, in your bargain?

Leander. O! no, no.

Scipio. Then your objection's answered.

Leander (*vexed.*) What then shall I do?

Scipio. I've told you that, already. You have but one way to take in this affair.

Leander. If I think fit to take it, to be sure I may; but what can force me, if I don't?

Scipio. Your honour. Should you be so shameful as to break your word, then Charles will certainly expose your conduct, and with justice.

Leander. O, I don't mind that a rush. I'll answer him at any time; but how, pray, will he be convinced that I have broke my word?

Scipio. He knows, already, every thing you have received. 'Twas I that told him.

Leander. What, and can you have betrayed me, Scipio?—I'll preserve no future friendship with you.

Scipio. I should die with grief if I had willingly betrayed you, dear Leander; I can very easily excuse my conduct, by declaring, that before I knew of your agreement, Charles contrived to take me by surprize. But if it were not so, and he had called upon me to speak truth, I must have done it. To be honest, one should no more lie than break one's word.

Leander. You take his part against me! and shall I be still your friend? No, no.

Scipio. 'Tis as you please. I know what it must cost me if I lose your friendship, which is much more precious to me than even all the gifts your family have heaped upon me; but at every risque, I have no other counsel

for you : and although you should not rest my friend, nothing shall keep me, while I live, from being yours.

Leander. A good friend, truly, to look on while I am robbed!

Scipio. And who, pray, robs you but yourself? Why should you thus have entered into an agreement, at the risque of losing?

Leander. But I might have gained.

Scipio. And then would you have claimed from Charles your bargain?

Leander. Would I?—What a question!

Scipio. Why then would you not fulfil it on your part, and show you can be just, when the conditions are so easy?

Leander. Are so easy? What! the loss of half I am possessed of?

Scipio. Have you not the other half still left? Well then, imagine you received no more; but think particularly how much reputation such an action will procure you in men's eyes, when they observe you put no value upon what the generality of children are so fond of, but can scorn them when your word is to be kept. As many as are told of your fidelity will love you. Granting Charles designs to trick you, I am sure he'll never have the courage afterwards to look you in the face; whereas, upon the other hand, you'll walk before him with your head up, sure of the esteem of all good people. Yes, my dear Leander, let us always deal uprightly, whatsoever be the price it costs us. Ah! if I were rich, you should not have to mourn your loss a moment upon this occasion. I would give you every thing I had to make you compensation.

Leander (embracing him.) O! how much, my dearest Scipio, is not your behaviour to be praised? while I must hate myself for mine. Yes, I confess it, I was mercenary and unjust, but will be so no longer. I will look with scorn upon the baubles that had charms enough, as I imagined, to corrupt me: so let Charles directly have his share, and you yourself shall halve them: give him what you please. All I desire is, that you would not scorn me for indulging such mean thoughts: I will be henceforth worthy your esteem and friendship.

Scipio. And you are so. You were never worthier of it than at present. I was well acquainted with your heart,

and

and knew what measures you would take. This conquest of yourself will cause you much more satisfaction than the trifles you give up: when some few days are passed, they would have lost their charms, and you would certainly have given the whole away at once, to any child that should have wanted them.

Leander. Yes, yes; you know me very well indeed. What therefore can I do, to show you my regard and gratitude for having saved my honour?

Scipio (embracing him.) Still, Leander, love me.

Leander. Always, always: but 'tis proper I should now go fetch my presents, and make haste to share them. I am quite uneasy till they are gone, and fear I shall repent of what I am about to do, if I don't soon dispatch it.

Scipio. You would soon repent of that repentance, should it happen: I am certain of it. (*Leander goes out.*)

Scipio (alone.) No; were all his presents mine, I should not be so pleased as I am now, in thus saving Leander's reputation. And, in fact, how happy he must be himself, in having kept his word at the expence of what he thought so precious! Doubtless but this sacrifice he's making costs him dear: well then, 'twill be on that account more glorious. I was certain of his principles. He needed nothing but a little explanation of the matter, to behave with honour.

S C E N E III.

Scipio and Leander.

Leander, (bringing in a large two handled basket.) Come and help me, Scipio, that I may not let the basket fall; for every thing within it, now, I look upon as sacred. I have left the cake in the beaufet, for fear of breaking it: but when 'tis wanted, I'll go fetch it. Here's the candied orange peel however: (*he opens the parcel and gives it to Scipio.*) This, I take it, is about the middle. Take this side for Charles, and let me have the other in the box.

Scipio. No, no; it will be better far to halve it in his presence; he may otherwise imagine you have eat some of it. So let's see the rest of the confectionary.—First, four bags of sweetmeats.—Two for each.—Two bottles, next, of capillaire.—One Charles's; and the other your's.—How many fish and counters are there here?

Leander. Two hundred fish, and twenty counters.

Scipio (after having counted out a half of each.) These are his. The bag can't be divided. You must therefore take it with the other fish and counters.

Leander. And these soldiers. How delighted we should both have been, in ranging them against each other, when the winter evenings were come on.

Scipio. We should, indeed; but I am more delighted as it is. The English soldiers shall be yours. Their uniform is red, and therefore much more lively than the white.—A draft-board, and a microscope.

Leander. Ah! luckily, they cannot be divided!

Scipio. In reality they cannot; but together they may make two lots; and each of you take one: for Charles, when he appears, may fall a quibbling with us: and I recommend you to keep clear no less of his suspicions, than his open accusations. Give him up the draft-board, and keep you the microscope. You may employ it, to obtain the knowledge of a thousand beauteous objects, that escape our eye-sight.

Leander. Ah! here comes what will occasion me most pain to part with!—These sweet china figures.

Scipio. You could not have put all together on your chimney-piece. Can you inform me what they represent?

Leander. The Muses and the Seasons.

Scipio. Give him then the Seasons. You may justly take the best in your division, and the Muses cannot, with propriety, be parted. But *Leander*, not to settle things by halves, let me advise you to throw in the other fish and counters with the bag. His *Seasons* will be taken as valuable as your *Muses*. (He puts all the fish and counters into Charles's heap.) There they are.

Leander. You make me do whatever you think fit.

Scipio. What I would do myself, if I were in your place. But what comes here?—Ha! ha! a set of copper-plates!—I did not mention these to Charles.

Leander (with joy.) You don't say so!

Scipio. But what of that? 'Tis just the same as if he knew it. Let me count the number: one, two, three; (he counts two dozen, reading over their inscriptions, and dividing them accordingly.) These, (taking up one parcel,) it seems, then, are the reigning kings of Europe; and these

these other, (*counting*) one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, great men, that flourished once in England.

Leander. Well, which parcel shall we chuse?

Scipio, (*showing him two plates, selected from the second parcel.*) Here; here's our choice: this portrait is that Hanway, you have heard your father speak so often of with rapture: and here's Gay, whose fables always give you so much pleasure. Keep, by all means, such a good companion. (*He puts the prince's into Charles's lot; and Hanway, with the other six, into Leander's.*) That's the whole.

Leander, (*with a sigh.*) Yes, yes.

Scipio. But why that sigh?

Leander. Because you make me give him up so many charming things.

Scipio. Not I, my dear Leander, 'tis you make yourself do this. It was your resolution; and is still so, is it not?

Leander. Yes, yes. I have nothing else to beg, dear Scipio, but that Charles may have his share immediately, the sight of so much I must part with grieves me.

Scipio. Think no more about it. You have done your duty. I'll go speak to Charles, and bring him hither. If, as you imagine, he has cheated you, I wish—I can't well tell you, how much harm I wish him. (*He goes out.*)

Leander (*alone.*) Yes, yes, how much harm you wish him! in addition to my loss of all these charming things, the harm to me, is, that he'll laugh at my simplicity, in making such a bargain. When he sent me, late last-night, my miserable portion of his presents, doubtless he began that moment to enjoy his triumph. (*He approaches the table, and surveys the things upon it with a look of sorrow.*) I must part then with so much! and part with it to one that meant to trick me! I can't help preferring, now, whatever is not in my share. These bags of sweetmeats seem much bigger than my two. That draught-board likewise, that I thought to play on, when my friends should come and see me, seems much prettier now than lately. And those soldiers! they'd have made me up an army. All this, but just now, was mine, and I must give it up, and give it up for nothing too!—for nothing! (*he reflects within himself a little.*) Is my word then nothing? and my honour, is that nothing? If—but don't I hear a tread?

Yes, yes, 'tis Charles; or now I look again, not he, but Hero.

S C E N E IV.

Leander and Hero.

Hero (looking eagerly at every thing upon the table.) What are you about Leander? and what signifies all this? Do you intend me one of these two shares? I can't well think so; but should look upon it as quite loving in you—

Leander. Ah, my dearest sister, I would give you half my Christmas-box with pleasure: but it is not in my power, as half of what you see, is mine no longer to dispose of as I please.

Hero. Is yours no longer!—and why so, Leander!—But oh, now I understand you!—This is some new trick of Scipio. He is always wheedling you for something, which he tells you others want, and what he can pinch out of you this way, he's sure to keep himself.

Leander. Don't speak, dear sister, in this manner of that worthy boy. I would give every thing I have to think as he does.

Hero. Well then, why are you no longer master of your own?

Leander. You'll say, I'm justly punished for my gripingness; for I must yield to Charles one part of my papa and aunt's late gifts.

Hero. Instead of giving me that half? and why?

Leander. Because we bargained to divide our Christmas-boxes. I have had a deal this year, and he unfortunately nothing.

Hero. Then I'd give him nothing: that's but just.

Leander. But we have pledged our honour to each other. He has kept his word, and I must keep mine also, or be looked on as a thief.

Hero. Ay, ay! You've got this notion from your Scipio. I am mad to think you let yourself be governed by a chit who lives on our assistance.

Leander. But pray, sister, though the notion should be Scipio's, is it not a just one?

Hero. Is it not a just one! Never. Look ye, I would lay a wager that he's now agreed with Charles to share whatever he can thus persuade you out of.

Leander.

Leander. Do you think so seriously? But no; you do him wrong: he is too generous to do that.

Hero. 'Tis you, Leander, are too weak; or you might think he'd much more naturally take your part than any other's, if he were not interested.

Leander. I profess myself his friend, and he is interested that I should not be a cheat.

Hero. Good!—Ha! ha! ha! And so then, that you may not be a cheat, you'll willingly be cheated by another?

Leander. Better than cheat him myself.

Hero. And in a manner so ridiculous!—Ha! ha! How finely they are laughing at you!

Leander. What! is Scipio laughing at me?

Hero. If he helps to cheat you.

Leander. But I've pledged my word. The shares are made, as you may see, and Charles is coming.

Hero. Well, and let him go away. I shall be glad to see you catch them, when they think you caught.

Leander. You'd have me then disgrace myself, that I may save these baubles?

Hero. But suppose with honour you could save them?

Leander. Ay, pray how?

Hero. Why then, papa, or rather aunt, for she may be more easy of persuasion, must be told the whole affair, and they'll forbid your parting with their presents.—I myself will take the business on me.

Leander. No, no, sister; if you love me—

Hero. You're determined to be pillaged. Be it so, then. I have no objection in the least, since 'tis not I shall be the loser by it: on the other hand, I shall enjoy the opportunity of laughing at your cost. And yet, on second thoughts, I'll run and tell papa, if it be only to obtain you a good scolding, since you will not follow my advice.

Leander. But, sister—hear me!—Pray come back a little!—What! you won't?—You can't imagine how much you'll displease me! (*He follows, and endeavours all he can to bring her back, but she refuses.*)

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Leander, (returning after a few minute's absence.) I could not possibly prevail upon her to come back; but she would go and tell papa.—In fact, she's in the right.—If my papa and aunt forbid me, I keep every thing, and do not break my word. I wonder, this idea did not sooner strike me. 'Tis indeed unjust in some degree; and there's a voice within me that condemns it. I should not have entered into this agreement, without thinking of each separate circumstance, and guarding properly against them. I wish Scipio were but here, to fix me one way or another. I'm put to it for his counsel. When he comes, I hope 'twill be alone. Ah! here he is; and as I wished to have it, no one's with him.

S C E N E II.

Leander and Scipio.

Scipio. Charles will very soon be here. He's gone to ask his father's leave for coming. Be of courage, dear Leander; nor let Charles suspect these play-things are of any value to you. I begin to think he does not deal with you upon the square in this transaction. I spoke to him rather seriously; and by his answers, he appeared embarrassed.

Leander. O, I'm sure he means to trick me; notwithstanding which, I must be satisfied.

Scipio. And have you not great cause for satisfaction? You have done your duty.

Leander. Well, I'll try to conquer my reluctance in this point, and put on a good face before him; but would any one conceive what Hero told me not ten minutes since? That I should beg papa or aunt to lay their orders on me, who would certainly forbid my giving any thing away; and thus I should preserve my Christmas-box and reputation?

Scipio. And your peace of mind;—would you preserve that likewise?

Leander.

Leander. No, indeed. I even thought, while she was speaking, how disgraceful such an application would be to me.

Scipio. Why then hesitate a moment longer? O, my dear Leander! let us never stifle those first whisperings of integrity and generosity that may be heard within us. You will soon experience how much inward satisfaction flows from listening to them. Have we any real need of these poor gimcracks here, to make us happy? Oh! when you have parted with them, I'll be more industrious to procure you other sources of amusement. If my friendship is of any value to you, be assured I shall esteem you ten times more, if you consult your honour in this matter.

Leander. Yes. I will do so, dear Scipio, and be proud of yielding to your counsel, as in every other matter, so in this too. I will follow it, however Hero may persuade me to do otherwise. These *gimcracks*—as you call them. Out upon such childishnesses! for to prove how truly I despise them, look, I'll add my two remaining sweetmeat bags to Charles's.—There—they shall be mine no longer.

Scipio. Bravely done, Leander! You are like a general who returns in triumph, after having won a battle.

Leander. Always have an eye upon me; and if you observe—

Scipio. I know what you would say; but softly, here comes Charles.

SCENE III.

Leander, Scipio, and Charles.

Charles, (somewhat embarrassed) Good morrow, dear Leander; I'm told you want to speak with me.—It grieves me, notwithstanding—

Leander. What, pray, grieves you?

Charles. That my Christmas-box has been so trifling; and—

Leander. Oh, never mind it, if that's all.

Scipio. Leander is but so much the more pleased, that he can compensate for what you want; and I could wish you knew with how much pleasure he fulfils his promise

now; but he himself can tell you what he thinks on this occasion.

Leander. Yes. What I am now to do, I do with all my heart. (*He takes Charles by the hand, and brings him to the table.*) So look ye; here are all my presents: we first halved them pretty nearly; after which I added something to your share, that you might have no reason to complain.

Scipio. Two articles, the microscope and draft-board could not be divided. By the terms of your agreement, therefore, might your friend have kept them both; but he has honourably chosen to give up the draft-board; and accordingly I put it to your share.

Leander. I'm sorry, Charles, these china figures could not be divided equally. I've kept the *Muses*: but because the *Seasons* were less valuable, I have added to them all the fish and counters in this bag, which were my own. You may, however, still make choice of either lot you please.

Charles. No, no, my friend. I'm quite content already.

Leander. But not I. There is, besides all this, a cake below, of which the half is mine. I make a present to you of the whole, and run to fetch it.

Charles, (calling him back.) No, not now, Leander.

Scipio, (stopping Charles.) Let him, let him, Charles. — (*To Leander.*) Yes, go my friend. (*Leander goes out.*) Well, I'm sure you'll own Leander thinks quite nobly, since you see his promise is so sacred to him. Any other in his situation might have been afflicted at the disadvantage of the bargain made between you; but Leander goes beyond the agreement, and is happy in exceeding thus your expectations.

Charles, (confused.) True: you make me blush, dear Scipio. And I can't tell how it is—

Scipio. You have no need to blush, as if it were a fault in you, that you received no greater presents from your father.

Charles, (turning away.) Poor Leander!

Scipio. Should you pity him, he would have reason to complain; whereas at present he has none. It would have been the shame of tricking you, and nothing else, that

that must have rendered him unhappy. Look at what you have, and be rejoiced, as he is.

Leander, (coming in with the cake.) Hold; here's what I give you: half, as I've already said, is over and above the bargain.

Charles, (putting back the cake with one hand, and concealing with the other hand his face.) No, Leander; 'tis too much.

Leander. Take it, take it, Charles: but don't imagine I am doing thus, through shame, for having wished to keep back any of my presents from you. Scipio, as for that, I'm sure will be my witness.

Scipio, (looking steadfastly at Charles.) That I will; and in the face of the whole world. *(Charles wipes his eyes.)*

Leander. But sure you're crying, Mr. Charles? What ails you?

Charles. Nothing, nothing—Only that you see me here, a pitiful, mean, sorry fellow, that has cheated you.

Leander. You cheated me? that cannot be! have we not been acquainted with each other from our infancy? And are we not both children of good friends and neighbours?

Charles. Yes; and 'tis that circumstance, Leander, aggravates my guilt. I don't deserve that you should think so generously of me. *(He takes Leander by the hand.)* 'Tis however in my power to prove I am not totally unworthy of your friendship. In reality, I have received no playthings, or the like, this Christmas from my father, but—*(searching his pockets)* here are three new guineas I requested he would give me in their stead. You see then, I was only a deceiver, while you acted towards me with such generosity: but I repent, and give you up the half. 'Tis in reality your own; but if you've any pity in you, pardon me my knavery, and be still my friend.

Leander, (embracing him.) Yes, always while I live.—How you rejoice me! Not however with your money, as I shall not take it.

SCENE IV.

Scipio, Charles, Leander, and Hero.

Hero. Scipio must come immediately to my papa.

Scipio. O, my dear young lady, can't he stay a little? I shall lose the pleasure—

Hero. Yes—of squeezing something from my brother! but you've heard the message; so come with me. What! you'd have papa wait for you! (*She gets hold of his hand, and pulls him along.*)

Leander. Sister! sister! only a few minutes.

Hero, (mocking him.) Brother! brother! No; I'll have him with me. (*She goes out with Scipio.*)

Leander, (taking hold of Charles's hand.) O my dear friend Charles, how I rejoice while I am speaking! I could have no right to hope for such sincerity of conduct from you.

Charles. How! When you bestow upon me half your things, without expecting any in return from me.

Leander. No, no: you must not thus applaud my generosity. You can't imagine how reluctantly at first I parted with this half; and had it not been for the exhortation Scipio gave me to so good a work, I should not, in the end, have kept my word.

Charles. And 'tis to him I am indebted likewise for the satisfaction of not having quite compleated my unworthy tricking scheme. He set the baseness of it in so full a light before me! And when afterward I entered here, and found with how much generosity you had proceeded in your distribution—

Leander. In my distribution! It is Scipio that has all the merit of it. I can't tell what happy art he has; but to deprive myself of what I had beforehand so much cherished, was a pleasure to me. There is, notwithstanding, something in your share I added of myself.

Charles. But you shall keep the whole: for I'll have nothing of it, and am happy to get rid of such a burthen. I should never have presumed to look you in the face. I could not think how much one suffers by becoming a dishonest man.

Leander. And how, too, was not I tormented? But at present I experience how much pleasure flows from gene-

rousty.

rosity. All this is due to Scipio. So necessitous, and yet so upright! Sure he could not claim a recompence for telling you my Christmas-boxes?

Charles. He, my dear Leander! What can cause you such a thought?

Leander. My sister, in her jealousy, would fain have had me think so.

Charles. Ah, if you had heard how handsomely he spoke about you, and espoused your interests in our conversation! I had need of all my art and cunning to get from him what you had received. And therefore, henceforth he shall have what he has merited so well, my friendship: and I'll give him the remaining half of my three guineas.

Leander. No, no, Charles; leave me to recompense him as I well know how: and keep your money, with the half you have a right to, of my Christmas-boxes.

Charles. What? I keep it? Never. Look ye; rather let us give him every thing we should have shared between us. We have well deserved to lose, and he to have it.

Leander. Yes, with all my heart. And do you know what you must do? We have it in our power to please him very much. I'll order all these things upon the table to be carried to his mother's; so that he may see them there, the first time he goes home.

Charles. Good! good! provided by the by, he don't return too soon, and interrupt us.

Leander. I'll go fetch the servant. In the mean time pack them up as quick as you are able, in the basket. I'll be back again immediately. *(He goes out.)*

Charles (alone, and while he fills the basket.) Oh, the good, good Scipio! I can't keep from representing to myself how happy we shall make him! and what's more too, I shall have my part therein. I would not give it up for all these pretty things. Who could have yesterday persuaded me, I should enjoy more satisfaction in bestowing on another what I so much wished for, than in keeping it myself? I wish I were papa, to recompense him as he merits. Thanks to his persuasion, I am now convinced that to be just, gives much more hapiness than to possess great riches.

Leander, (returning with Harry.) Come in, Harry. *(He bolts the door.)* What we want you for is this; to take the
basket

basket here before you on your shoulder, and convey it to where Scipio's mother lives, for Scipio.

Harry. Oh, with all my heart, sir; we are every one so fond of that young man!

Leander, (to Charles.) I hope you've almost finished.

Charles. In a moment. I have got in every thing except the china figures, which I'll put a-top, that they may not be broke.

Leander. Well thought of; but make haste, for fear of his return.

Charles. There, that's the last.

Leander, (to Harry.) Now, Harry, you have nothing else to do than carry it this moment where you know. Don't loiter by the way, and take especial care of breaking any thing.

Charles. Stay; here's the guinea and a half I said I'd give him. I'll just wrap them up, and put them with the fish and counters.

Scipio, (at the door without.) Open, open: it is Scipio.

Leander. Bless us! what are we to do? *(coming towards the door.)* A moment, friend, and we'll admit you.

Charles. Hark ye, Harry; here's the money: slip it some how or other, as you go, into the basket.

Leander, (to Harry.) He'll suspect us; so take up the basket, and withdraw into a corner of the room, here just behind the door, till he has passed you.

Charles. Yes, close up against the wall; and afterwards slip out without his seeing you.

Harry. I understand you.

Scipio, (as before.) Well, Leander, am I not to enter? Your papa is coming.

Leander, (to Charles.) I may open now?

Charles. Yes, yes; all's done. *(The servant goes behind the door.)*

Leander (opening to Scipio, who comes in) I ask your pardon, my good friend, for keeping you so long without: but we were busy. *(He takes his hand, and places him in such a manner, that he cannot see the servant without turning round)*

Scipio. Busy, pray? And at what? *(He turns about, and sees Charles making signs, which are intended for the servant to slip out.)* Why all these signs?—*(Perceiving the servant with the basket.)* Ah, ha!—and what has Harry got there

in the basket? (*He goes up to Harry, and attempts to look into the basket.*)

Harry (*preventing him.*) Softly, softly.—'Tis a secret.

Scipio. How! a secret?

Harry. You'll know what it is when you get home.

Scipio, (*keeping him from going out.*) No: I'll know this moment! Is it possible I can have guessed! and would my dear friends then affront me so?

Leander. Affront you? 'Tis a poor acknowledgment with which we pay those services you have so lately done us. (*He offers him the basket.*) Yes, dear Scipio, all these things are yours.

Charles (*presenting him the money likewise, which the servant has returned him.*) And this gold also. (*Scipio puts his hand aside. Charles throws the money, thus refused, into the basket, which Leander still continues offering Scipio.*)

Scipio. What are you about? no, never, never.

Leander. I will have it so.

Charles. And I entreat it as a favour of you. Be my friend, as you have shown yourself Leander's.

Harry. If I durst but add my prayer to that of these two gentlemen! You will occasion them more pain than they should suffer, by refusing their request. I wish I had it in my power to offer you my present, as they have. It would indeed be little, but come wholly from my heart; for all the family, and every one that knows us, love you.

Scipio. O, my best Leander! my kind Charles! (*he embraces them,*) and you, my dearest Harry! you draw tears of joy and admiration from me; but your generous bosoms carry you too far. I have not merited what you are doing for me, and shall therefore never take it.

Leander. You would wish to mortify me then? And cruelly refuse my friendship?

S C E N E the last.

Scipio, Charles, Leander, Harry, and Mr. Woodville.

Mr. Woodville, (*having entered some little time before unnoticed, and stood still to be a witness of the conversation; but advancing now, as if he had heard nothing.*) Well; and shall I always find you sparring thus at one another?

Leander.

Leander. O papa, let your authority determine our dispute; for Scipio treats us very harshly. He has made me faithful to my promise—

Charles. He has brought me to preserve my honour.

Leander. And now scorns us, when we would be grateful.

Scipio, (throwing himself into Mr. Woodville's arms.) O, my worthy patron! and my second father! save me, save me from their generosity. I was so happy just this moment, as to vindicate my conduct from the accusation thrown thereon, and shall I now belie it? No: I should, in that case, justly be suspected of a mercenary disposition. Let them not corrupt me, I beseech you.

Mr. Woodville. How you charm me, my dear children. No, good Scipio, these their presents are a very nothing, when compared with so much delicacy and disinterestedness. Ill put an end to such an honourable contest. (*To Charles and Leander.*) Keep you each your own: I'll take it on me to evince your grateful natures.

Leander. O, papa! of how much pleasure you deprive my heart!

Charles. And how you punish me; as, very likely, my behaviour merits: but you're witness on the other hand to my repentance. Condescend then to prevail on Scipio—

Scipio, (to Mr. Woodville.) No; for heaven's sake, sir, don't listen to him.

Mr. Woodville. I do listen to him; and will have you be compliant upon this occasion. It would too much look like pride, should you refuse him: and besides, it would be cruel to deprive him of the pleasure arising from a generous action. Take this money then, and send it to your mother, who first taught you such a noble way of thinking.

Scipio. You compel me to accept it, sir, and therefore I obey. O, how rejoiced she'll be to have it; but at least, sir, let Leander keep his presents.

Mr. Woodville. Well then, let him; but to share them with his friend. I'll buy the whole again with these three guineas.

Scipio. Ah my kind, good benefactor! put some limits to your generosity. I don't know well what I'm about. So much beyond all measure is my joy. My poor dear
mother!

mother! 'tis a long while now since she has been so rich as I shall make her!—O, my good, good friends! (*He embraces Charles, and afterwards Leander, without power of speaking to them.*)

Mr. Woodville. I owe you likewise a reward, Leander, for complying thus with Scipio's noble counsels.

Leander. How, papa, can you reward me so much to my satisfaction, as by what you have so recently done for him?

Mr. Woodville. That's a very nothing. Hitherto he has been only the companion of your pleasures, but shall henceforth be the partner of your studies: I will make no difference between you in respect to education.

WAR AND PEACE.

COLONEL Nicol, recently arrived from India, to respire in peace, with all his family about him, could not close his eyes, the first night after his arrival, till towards break of day, for thinking of the pleasure he had tasted, in embracing his dear wife and children, after such an absence; but at last, a grateful slumber stole upon him, and soft dreams composed his agitated bosom. When he awoke, which was not till the heat of noon was over, the first objects he beheld about him were his children, who had placed themselves around his bed in expectation of his waking. He received their sweet caresses, clasped them tenderly himself, and putting on his things as quickly as he could, went down into the garden with them.

The serenity then reigning round about, the pleasure of revisiting those places his own hands had cultivated in times past, the joys of being once again restored in safety to his family, when such an interval of separation had elapsed, and even the recollection of the dangers he had often been exposed to, every thing inspired him with unspeakable affection; and his children, sensible of this, employed the opportunity, to ask him question after question.

He related every thing worth knowing, that had happened in his long and tedious voyage from and back again to England, and the battles he had been concerned in. He described the extended countries he had marched through, and the numerous nations he had seen, together with their customs, characters, and manners.

During his recital, he was careful to take note what sort of feelings it excited in their hearts, and what was the expression of those feelings in their countenances. At the slightest mention of the dangers he had run, he felt the little girls, by instinct as it were, press tenderly his knee: they sighed, and now and then let fall a tear; while Constantine, his son, was animated, and seemed ready, or at least his features spoke him ready, to enfront the same degree of danger. In particular, a species of impatience sat upon his countenance, when he was told what fights his father had been present at.

Papa, at length he cried, if I were but as big as you, how I should like to go to war, that, in my turn, I might appear as brave a man as you.

The Colonel. But, Constantine, you know not what a cruel wish you yield to.

Constant. What, papa! and don't you mean I shall in future be a soldier?

The Col. Yes, I do, indeed.

Constant. And is not the profession of a soldier necessary?

The Col. Too much so, I must confess. 'Tis with a kingdom just the same as with a human body. Both are subject to interior maladies, and outward accidents. The doctor watches carefully the body, to prevent complaints within it, that might happen through the fermentation of sharp humours, or to save it from those ills it might sustain from hurtful objects. Just so, likewise, does the foldier watch the state, of which he is a member, to suppress seditions that might rise within it, and repel the invasion of ambitious nations dwelling round about it.

Constant. But, papa, if the profession of a soldier be so necessary, ought not I to wish for opportunities of exercising it?

The Col. What would you think of that physician, who, impressed with a desire of practising his art, should wish a dangerous

dangerous malady, a plague for instance sake, or something like it, should befall his fellow-creatures?

Constant. O, papa, how wicked!

The Col. What then should I think of him, who, to assuage or satisfy a principle of pride, or else ambition, should desire the greatest scourge that can attend on human nature might lay waste his country?

Harriot. Ah! Constantine, think of that, and let's see what you'll answer!

Constant. And yet war, papa, is quite delightful, and particularly if one were a king.

The Col. In what, then, do you think it so delightful?

Constant. In the first place, because then a king may make himself more powerful.

The Col. But be it granted, kings may have recourse to war with justice. When they wish to have more power, do you imagine that in prudence they should do so; that is, go to war? Suppose within yourselves, dear children, that the lands about my own estate here are as many little empires, and their owners, Mr. Marchmont and the rest, as many kings within them.

Harriot. Ay, as those of France and England. Do you understand?

Constant. Don't be uneasy, sister, upon my account. I understand extremely well. Pray, dear papa, go on!

The Col. If I prevail upon my tenants to take arms, and if they can obtain possession of a field belonging, as I said just now, to Mr. Marchmont, is it not quite likely Mr. Marchmont then will give his tenants arms, and beg them to defend that field, which they must know is his; and very possibly encourage them to seize on something that belongs to me?

Emily. Yes, that's quite natural.

The Col. If so, then I am plunged into a sea of trouble, and must always be upon the watch, that I may rob my neighbour, or prevent his robbing me. Of which, the consequence is this: that if I prosper, I must reasonably fear my neighbours will conspire together to impede my further violences; and divide my spoils, if I am beaten.

Constant. Ay, papa; but then, the glory you would gain, by letting all the neighbours see how brave you are?

The

The Col. I understand you; and to gain this glory, which at best is but imaginary, I shall go and hazard the repose and life of those I ought to look on as my children? But 'tis very possible my neighbour may be braver by a deal than I; what then shall I have gained by this fantastic wish of glory?

Constant. As I take it, you should previously provide yourself with such a force, as to be sure of conquest.

The Col. I might still reply, by hinting that my neighbour certainly would take the same advantages; might possibly be more successful, and so make my enterprising disposition cost me dear at last. But, for the sake of argument, I'll grant, Constantine, fortune favours me, and my estate is much enlarged: alas! this very circumstance, 'tis very likely, may become my ruin.

Constant. How, papa? Methinks you would become the richer for it. With a greater quantity of land, you would have much more money coming in.

The Col. Ah, Constantine! 'tis not on the size of an estate its worth depends, but on the care one takes to cultivate it.

Harriot. Certainly; for only think of Wilfdon-heath, where Mr. Angel lives. Why, no one in his senses would give up a quarter part of such a little orchard as we have, for all that heath.

Emily. I easily believe you. Wilfdon-heath produces only furze and brambles, while our orchard has a deal of fruit.

Constant. But what would hinder you from cultivating all the land you might have taken from your neighbour?

The Col. If I have before-hand lost in the dispute a number of my tenants, and a portion of the rest are still employed in arms, who then will cultivate my fields? I shall have, notwithstanding, in the interval to feed those men, who have forsaken agriculture, and instead, are occupied in laying waste the ground they tread on. Now, to feed them, I must put fresh burdens upon those that still remain employed in cultivating my estate, and make them pay me larger rents. If I impose upon them, they will leave their farms, and chuse more kind and peaceful landlords than myself. Of course, I shall have none about me but armed tenants, who, if ever they conceive themselves

themselves ill treated, will be likely to conspire against me.

Constant. I have read, indeed, such things in history: my tutor very lately, I remember, pointed one out to me.

The Col. Let us now, upon the other hand, suppose, Constantine, that instead of vexing any of the nations round me; for I drop the idea of a landlord, and speak as if I were the king of England, and alluded to the king of France; suppose, I say, instead of vexing any of the king of France's subjects, I should do my utmost to attach them to me, by a commerce advantageous both to them and my own people, and by being scrupulously careful to prevent whatever might occasion, for the time to come, division and dispute between us; and should give encouragement, within my own dominions, to the arts of agriculture, so that every one I govern might enjoy, if he thought fit, the sweets of peace, and that serenity which always flows from justice; should I not be happier, thro' the happiness of every one about me, than from any boast of having conquered? And in that case, would not my dominion be established on a much more solid base, than if I had enlarged its limits, when the consequence must be, that every part becomes much weaker?

Constant. But, papa, don't you remember you compared, just now, a kingdom to a human body? If a human body then, as mine, grows stronger every day, as it grows bigger, sure a kingdom must become more powerful, in proportion as its size increases.

The Col. So it would do, I confess, if that increase were carried forward, as it is in nature, by a slow and gradual rate, and not in consequence of sudden revolutions.

Constant. Pray, explain this last particular.

The Col. I'll make it clearly understood, by what I saw take place between a little boy and girl, on board the ship in which I came to England,

Constant. What you saw take place between a little boy and girl? I can't conceive how any thing like that can be of use in settling this affair!

The Col. One evening, their mamma gave each of them a piece of cake. The girl was less a great deal than her brother, and had notwithstanding very near as large a piece. The boy remarked that circumstance, and snatched

her

her share away. Now, what do you imagine led him to this action of injustice?

Constant. I suppose he thought it wrong his sister, being less than he, should have a piece almost as large.

Emily. O! what a mighty man!

The Col. Exactly such is the pretext assigned in general by all conquerors. But what happened to the little boy? When he had finished eating, he grew sick. The aliments we swallow, being meant to strengthen us, 'tis very natural to fancy that the more we take the stronger we shall be: so also 'tis not monstrous for a child to fancy that a prince, whose territories are increased, should find his power increased as well. But in reality, 'tis with a kingdom just as with our stomach. Being over-charged, it must be out of order. If the little boy had been contented with the piece he had received, (for you must know he was an ailing child, and therefore had not so much as his sister, who was very hearty,) it would have digested properly, and strengthened him; whereas, by eating more than he could bear, it had the effect upon him I have just now mentioned. If his sister, following the example he had set her, had proceeded upon this to take away his bit of cake by force, as little as she was, he would not then have had sufficient strength to save it from her.

Constant. But, perhaps, he would have thought of the injustice he had done, and yielded it without a struggle?

The Col. That's a generosity of which the common sort of conquerors are not capable of to one another. If they were but so in favour of their subjects only, how could they reflect upon the multitude of victims they must sacrifice upon the altar of their vengeance or ambition, the first time they combat with the people they have made their enemies, and not be struck with horror at the thought? I should imagine it would be well, if kings, upon the point of undertaking any war, should have a picture hung before them, setting forth the horrors of that war, so that their minds might be incessantly affected at the recollection of it; and at midnight, when all nature otherwise is still about them, hear the groans of wounded men reproaching them as the occasion of those pains they suffer, the despairing cries of wives and mothers loading them with curses, and the clamours of a people famishing for want of bread. Their souls are sometimes wrought

on, by unjust solicitations, to grant criminals their life; and yet they sign, without remorse, what shall condemn to death even thousands of their unoffending subjects. A good king employs whole years in meditating on a project that may finally prove beneficial to some portion of his state, to population, trade, or agriculture. Twenty years shall pass away before the project is perfected; while a warlike, that is, cruel king, shall, by the resolution of a moment, half exterminate his people, put a stop to agriculture, tie up the industrious hands of artizans, deprive the poor of their subsistence, by depriving them of daily work, reduce whole families to dissolution, and at last entirely overthrow his realm!

Constant. And yet, papa, I've often heard great fortunes have been made by hundreds, in the time of war.

The Col. And this is an addition to the evils it foment; for, not to speak of those antipathies the inequality of wealth produces in the hearts of such as are each other's neighbours, those enormous fortunes cherish a degree of luxury that cannot but corrupt men's manners to the last excess. The pomp with which it is surrounded, the enjoyment it procures, the shameful deference or respect men dare not, if they would, refuse it, stimulate the generality of those who are upon an equal footing in regard to rank with the luxurious, but less wealthy, to affect it with the same indecency, that they may either satisfy their pride, or keep up their respectability. They waste their real wealth in keeping up their luxury, that they may gain possession of that shadowy wealth they fancy they *shall* get. Intimidated by the dread of their approaching ruin, if they do not hasten to prevent it by unlawful methods, they embark in dangerous enterprises, and expose not only what they have, but what as many as the hope of a fallacious profit will inveigle to be partners in their schemes, may trust them with. Their ruin is at last announced; but the example will not terrify cupidity, that always hopes to prosper more than others, by employing subtler artifices: and as soon as probity is given up, then mutual trust is banished, and a nation's commerce perishes through the excess of that abundance it created.

Constant. But if any land grows rich by peace, should we not always have sufficient cause to fear the same misfortune?

The

The Col. Not at all. 'Tis only suddenly made fortunes that intoxicate the minds of their possessors, and excite them to abuse the fortunes they have got together. Riches gradually gained, or in the ordinary course of commerce, are in consequence of many years consumed in toil. Men hardly ever dissipate the treasure they have laboured hard to get, but lay it by, to serve them in the wearisome condition of old age: besides, their fortunes are, in that case, much more equable, and every one is rich, while no one overflows with wealth. The country, having far less wants in that serenity it is blessed with, is not under the necessity of grinding the laborious husbandman; but, on the other hand, is able to encourage him in furnishing the trading part of the community with those supplies of corn and other vegetables it requires.— An empire strengthened thus by trade and agriculture, may give laws to other empires, even on account of its tranquillity. Its neighbours fear it, and instead of making inroads on a people that must be too powerful for them, seek alliance with that people. This alliance draws mankind together, roots out national antipathies, and kindles sentiments of unity and concord in their stead. The prince has only to prevent abuses in the state. A perfect legislation causes justice and strict order to prevail among his people, and they pass from individuals to whole states. Trade, arts, and sciences, may be compared to bridges that proceed from one to t'other, and on which not only Peace, but Plenty, constantly walk to and fro, that they may keep inviolate the happiness of those they have united.

Constant. I conceive your meaning pretty clearly: yet, in case there be no war, then soldiers are unnecessary, and my regiment must be broke before I join it?

The Col. Not so fast, Constantine; for an undefended state would be exposed, by reason of its riches, to a multitude of enemies. It should keep up a regulated force in peace, if it would have one in the time of war. But then, instead of looking on an unconcerned spectator, while the military quench their spirit in debauchery and sloth, it should assign them labours to keep up their strength, and make them useful to the state. They should be stationed on the public roads, and such as are employed at present on them, never quit the plow and sickle: an additional connection would, in that case, forcibly unite them

them to their country, in that natural propensity men feel to value what their industry in some sort has created, and the pride with which they are at all times ready to defend it. The superior officer, who should direct their labours, would not, we must own, observe his name recorded in the papers of the day, and no where else, for trifling enterprises, such as history descends not to perpetuate; but would himself engrave it on a pillar, raised upon the spot where once ascended a high hill he should have levelled, on the side of a canal or post he should have dug, or at the opening of a bridge he should have built. The traveller then would come from the remotest part of Europe to consider the magnificence and boldness of his toil, his countrymen would bless the benefits ensuing from it, and a generation not then born, in future time rise up, and wonder at its durability. The colour of his coat no longer would excite one thought of bloodshed, but of gratitude so justly due to benefits, and of respect invariably paid to ingenuity. His leisure moments would be spent in the extension of those sciences he should before have cultivated, and suggesting plans of policy, resulting from his observations made in different provinces. Retiring in the end, to pass away the residue of life on his estate with honour, in the recollection of those benefits he had communicated to his country, his activity would flourish still in agriculture. I even dare propose myself as an example. I'm inclined to think, I have been serviceable to my king in India; but shall much more boast of benefiting for the time to come my native land, by cultivating the inheritance a father left me, and by giving you, my children, a becoming education. I shall do my utmost to atone for that involuntary violence I may have done humanity, by henceforth being a protector of the needy round about me; and I hope I shall not die without the conscious satisfaction a good citizen enjoys, in having carefully discharged his duty.

Constant. What you say, papa, appears to me quite reasonable. Why then do not all men think as you do?

The Col. Why, Constantine, but because they have unfortunately been brought up in prejudices, and not had sufficient resolution to correct them? Hitherto, philosophers have spoke to none but those, whose understandings could not see the truth and beauty of those principles

which I have happily been taught. Nor is there any hope that men, now come to years of reason and reflection, should be taught to see them! so that those philosophers must get new pupils. 'Tis in infancy the future man must be prepared. By giving him betimes a tincture of integrity, beneficence and generosity, he will obtain, in his maturity, the habit of displaying them in every action of his life: and place his glory in contributing, as far as he is able, to that general revolution so much to be wished for in behalf of virtue. A young prince possessed of these exalted notions, and persuaded that the rising generation have them too, might rationally hope to govern a new sort of people, who would certainly afford a model to all other lands. Congratulate yourselves, dear children, on the circumstance of being born in those auspicious times, when children are, not only here, but universally throughout all Europe, the peculiar objects whose felicity philosophers are studying to promote; and not they only, but even women—Women, notwithstanding narrow-mindedness delights at all times to disparage, as it does, their understanding. Possibly for you, and your contemporaries, is reserved the happiness of seeing the last traces of injustice and barbarity effaced among mankind. Thrice happy I, myself, if giving now these first ideas of a system of morality, so simple but sublime, I take but one step forward in the business of establishing this system in your hearts. You will do all you can to second my endeavours, by communicating my instruction to your future children.

ABSOLUTE OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

Euphrasia, **W**ELL, Miss Obstinate! you won't (to her doll.) then, I suppose, do what I bid you? you'll be always with your neck as stiff as if you were a sentry in St. James's park. Hold up your head! and look at me! See how I put my neck—There.—Don't you think that's charming! O, you're mighty dull this morning. Take care, Miss, however, and don't put me in a passion; or depend upon it I shall be as angry with you, as mamma was yesterday with me, for beating Pompey.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mason (*having heard a few of these last words.*) Why, you seem quite serious! Has your doll then failed in her behaviour towards you?

Euphrasia. I am showing her what airs and graces would become her; and she won't even hear me.

Mrs. Mason. I confess, it cannot but displease one, that such salutary counsel should be thrown away. However, you were speaking, I believe, of being angry.

Euphrasia. O, no, no, mamma: I was but finding fault;—but very likely you heard every thing I said?

Mrs. Mason. Suppose I did not hear a syllable; and let me know what you were saying to her. Is it possible you can object that I should know your little secrets?

Euphrasia. No, mamma, I cannot. I am sensible young ladies, on the other hand, should have no secrets between them and their mamma.

Mrs. Mason. Well said, my little heart! and therefore tell me, word for word, as well as you are able, every thing you told your doll.

Euphrasia. Well then, mamma, she would not hold her head a little thus, upon one side, and I was telling her, if she refused to follow my directions, I would be as angry with her, as you were with me last night for beating Pompey.

Mrs. Mason. You suppose then I was angry with you?

Euphrasia. I imagined, when I saw you looking at me, it was not as you were used to do; and therefore I supposed so.

Mrs. Mason. No; it was not anger, it was sadness. In the first place, I was sorry you could have a heart to hurt your dog; and in the next place, I was apprehensive Pompey might avenge himself, if you went on to strike him without mercy: if you recollect, I told you so; and as you seemed to be so much offended at my admonitions, I was fearful you would show yourself quite disobedient in the end; on which account I was so much afflicted, that I could not but shed tears. You saw I did; and therefore you supposed me in a passion.—In a passion!—out upon the word! I should have been as faulty in respect to you, as you were in respect to Pompey.

Euphrasia. But you are not angry then, mamma, at what I told my doll?

Mrs. Mason. Well; not a word of being angry: but respecting certain airs of coquetry you wished to teach your doll, and even gave a pattern of yourself—I should be glad to touch on that a little.

Euphrasia. I supposed they set me off to great advantage; for Miss Humphreville, not long since, told me so.

Mrs. Mason. I think I ought to know that better than Miss Humphreville; and I assure you, I am not at all of her opinion.

Euphrasia. Yet I practised something of that kind, mamma, before my looking-glass last night, and thought it mightily became me.

Mrs. Mason. You imagine, then, such twists and monkey tricks are worth the native grace of childhood! 'tis quite plain, then, you don't know to what they tend.

Euphrasia. To what, pray? Tell me.

Mrs. Mason. Why to nothing less, Euphrasia, than to make you give into the habit of an odious affectation, and to have as hypocritical a heart as carriage.

Euphrasia. Bless me! is that true, mamma? I'm very glad, then, I was drawn into this conversation on the subject; as without it, I should certainly have run the risk of falling into such a vice, without intending it.

Mrs. Mason. And I, Euphrasia, full of confidence in your ingenuous candour, should not very likely have perceived it, till the malady had made so great a progress, as to render difficult the application of a proper remedy. You see, then, of what consequence it is to pay no manner of attention to the instruction children, hardly more experienced than yourself, may give; but rather to consult *me* always, when you want advice.

Euphrasia. Yes, yes, mamma; I promise you I will, since you will give me good instruction. How should I in future feel, were you to charge me with this vice of affectation, as you know you have done with respect to other faults, in company? They have been always trifling faults; and yet, to be reprov'd in public for them, shamed me: but for affectation—Oh, I verily believe, to be accus'd of that, would kill me with confusion.

Mrs. Mason. I have sometimes been oblig'd to take this method of a public accusation, that the lesson I design'd you, might impress itself more deeply; but believe me,

we may strike a plan out that will save you, for the time to come, all such humiliation.

Euphrasia. Ah, mamma, how good you are! I shall be glad to have it.

Mrs. Mason. Then the plan is, to obey me at the slightest nod I give, when any thing is to be done, or left undone. You will do well to think within yourself, and find out, if you can, the reason of my prohibition or command; but if you cannot find it out, be, notwithstanding that, obedient; and the first time we're alone, come then and ask me. I shall very willingly explain my reason.

Euphrasia. Ah, mamma, your plan is indeed a very clever one; and I shall save myself a deal of care by following it.

Persuaded of the wisdom of this plan, Euphrasia never ventured for the future upon any the least doubtful action, without first consulting her mamma. She came at last to understand the slightest token from her, and could tell what it was proper she should do, in circumstances of embarrassment. The tender admonition of the mother, and her own reflections, gradually gave her such experience, as was far above her age; and all that knew her were as much surprized as captivated with the prudence of her conduct, and the ripeness of her understanding. At the age of twelve she was possessed of all the happiness to be enjoyed on earth, the inward satisfaction of her own approving heart, the attachment of her friends, and the affection of her parents.

THE PRUDENT OFFICER.

COLONEL Tavernor, who, by his merit, had attained to that high rank, observed with great concern, the officers belonging to his regiment gave their time and faculties entirely up to play. Intent upon their reformation, he invited them one day to dine with him; and having brought the conversation round to such a point that gaming might be naturally introduced, he gave them the subjoined short narrative of his own life.

I was no sooner come from college, than my parents bought me a lieutenantcy, then vacant in the regiment I have now the honour to command. The love I had contracted in my infancy for study, made them hope I should be equally desirous to discharge the duties of my new condition, and attain the reputation they durst image to themselves they were to see me in. For some few months, I acted so as not to disappoint their expectations; but soon after, the pernicious model set before me by my brother officers, with their persuasions, having drawn me in to make one with them at their meetings, the insatiate demon *Play* obtained such strong possession of my heart, that every duty hindering me from gratifying this new passion, soon became intolerable. I could hardly bring myself to quit the gaming table for an hour, however I might stand in need of rest. In sleep, I dreamed of heaps of gold and silver. I was always shuffling cards, and the continual noise of dice was in my ear.

The natural necessity of eating was become my punishment: I swallowed up my meat in haste, that I might be as little absent from my gambling partners as I could.

The beautiful mornings of the spring, the charming evenings of the summer, the voluptuous calmness of the weather when 'twas harvest, every thing, in short, most capable of pleasing the imagination when it contemplates on nature, was to me entirely lost; even friendship had no further place within me. I was only in the company of gamesters. The idea of my parents was grown painful to me; and if ever I reflected upon God, it was in blasphemies poured out against his holy name.

At first, I must acknowledge, fortune was particularly favourable to me; which had so bewildered and debased my understanding, as to make me often spread my winnings on the ground, and lie upon them, that all those who knew me might assert with truth, and in the literal sense of the expression, I was used to roll on gold.

For three whole years my life passed on in these unworthy occupations. 'Tis impossible for me, at present, to remember them, and keep from blushing at the stain they have reflected on my honour: and if possible, I would efface them now, by giving up a half of the remaining days I have to live. But how shall I presume to mention an excess more frightful still, of which no worthy conduct will

will remove the blot, even after twenty years all passed in probity and honour? Judge, my friends, how anxious I must be to render my deplorable example useful to you, by the pain I suffer, when I thus submit to so humiliating a confession.

I was once upon a time commanded to go out with a recruiting party; but, alas! resigned the business of it to my serjeant, while I followed my unhappy passion. Two days afterward he brought me twenty men to have their bounty money paid them. I had lost the night before, not only every thing I was possessed of in the world myself, but likewise the whole sum delivered me for this recruiting service. Think then, gentlemen, what must have been my sorrow and despair, in such a situation! I dispatched that moment an express to where our regiment lay in quarters; and ingenuously confessing my misconduct, begg'd a brother officer to lend me what I wanted.

How! replied that officer, give up so great a sum of money to a gambler by profession? No; if I must either lose my property, or give up my connection with a man whose conduct makes his friendship infamous, it is my property I'll keep.

Immediately on reading this insulting answer, I was utterly beside myself; and still remember, as what happened yesterday, the dreadful images that all at once came crowding into my imagination: upon one hand, the distress and indignation of my father, the dishonour I was fixing on my family, as well as every one that knew me, and the dread of being broke with infamy; and on the other hand, the brilliant prospect of that rise I might have come to, by an honourable conduct in my post: nor did I afterwards recover the possession of my understanding, but to think of perpetrating a new crime, that I might be delivered from that ignominy which my first would bring upon me. I was ready to go through with such a desperate resolution, when I saw the very officer come into my apartment, whose reply had hurried me, as I have said just now, into this state of madness.

In the first emotion of my rage, I fell upon him like a fiend; but he disarmed me very quickly; and while I but little thought of what was to ensue, embraced me, and began as follows. "I replied a little harshly to your letter, as I meant, by such an answer, you should see the

horror of that situation into which your rashness has precipitated you; but I perceive the effect it has upon you. Now that you repent, my property, my life, and every thing I have, you may command, as you think proper."

"Hold," continued he, and threw his purse upon the table, "here is what will serve to pay your new recruits: and the remainder may supply you at the gaming-table, if you mean returning thither."

Mean returning to the gaming-table! Never, never, answered I; and clasped him to my heart.

Since which, I have precisely kept my word. From that day forward I determined to have done with all expensive pleasures, and apply my savings to the purpose of repaying what my generous friend had lent me. I employed my leisure time in study. My attention to the service recommended me to my superiors; and to such a happy revolution in the course of my affairs, I am indebted for the honour of my present station in the army.

This recital made so powerful an impression on his officers, that every game of hazard ceased among them, and a noble emulation to arrive at useful knowledge, quenched that low ambition to win money that before was in them. Such was the good consequence resulting from their prudent colonel's lesson.

A STROKE OF POLICY.

A Worthy private gentleman, observing with concern his only son upon the point of taking to a spendthrift way of living, let him do as he thought proper; and it was not long before the son had run himself behind hand to a great amount. I'll pay whatever you may ask for, said the father to him, as my honour is much dearer to me than my money; but take notice of what follows: You love joyous living, and I love the poor. I've given away in charity a great deal less than I was used to do, before I thought of your establishment. I'll think no longer of it, as a libertine should never marry; so indulge yourself as much as you think proper, but on this condition: I declare, that when, at any time, you spend beyond

yond the money I allow to keep you as a gentleman, some hospital, or other charitable institution, shall receive from me, as much as you require to satisfy your debts; and I'll begin this very day. Accordingly the money was that moment ordered to a certain charity; and thus the youth, on being doubly punished for his prodigality, was quickly cured of a disease that otherwise would have insured his ruin.

THE LITTLE GAMBLERS.

A DRAMA, in two ACTS.

C H A R A C T E R S.

Mr. GRANDISON.

JULIANA, - - - *His Daughter.*VICTOR, - - - *His Son.*RUPERT, - - - *Victor's Neighbour.*BERNARD, - - - *His Friend.*

RICH, }

BOYD, }

CRIB, }

- - - *Gamblers.*

The SCENE is in the garden of Mr. Grandison; during the first act, in one part, after which it changes to another part.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Rupert and Bernard.

Bernard. **W**HAT have you to do at Victor's, then?

Rupert. I want to have a little conversation with him, Bernard; and you know him likewise.

Bernard. Yes, by sight. You have not always been so intimate, I fancy, as you are at present.

Rupert. Not before my father took a lodging here, adjoining his apartments. We see one another often now; and last night were together for an hour or two, at cards.

Bernard. I think, of late, you talk of nothing else but cards; and I have seen you frequently with Rich and Boyd, of whom I can't say any good.

Rupert. You know them but too well; and would to heaven that I had never seen them!

Bernard. Is it so? But you may break off their acquaintance when you please.

Rupert. 'Tis not, at present, in my power. Would you betray me, if I told you something?

Bernard. We have long been friends; and would you fear to trust me, Rupert?

Rupert. O my dear good Bernard! they have made me miserable, and engaged me to do things for which my father would renounce me if he knew them. I have not a moment's peace.

Bernard. Alas! what are they?

Rupert. Yesterday they got me to go with them to a place where one *Crib* waited for them. We sat down to play, and I lost all I had.

Bernard. They cheated you, no doubt. But still there's no great mischief done; for never play again, and then your loss will be a gain.

Rupert. But this is not the whole. As I had no more money, and still wanted to win back my loss, I still play'd on, and in the end they got possession of my watch, my coat and waistcoat buttons, buckles, and, in short, of every thing I had worth selling. I owe *Crib* a guinea likewise, and he'll tell my father, if to-day I can't find means to pay him.

Bernard. There's but one thing you can do. Confess the whole directly to your father. I am sure he'll pardon you on your repentance.

Rupert. Never! never!

Bernard. What then will you do?

Rupert. I dare not tell you.

Bernard. Let me know it.

Rupert. I communicated my distress to Rich and Boyd, and they advised a scheme to extricate me.

Bernard. A fine scheme, no doubt!

Rupert. It is not certainly the fairest, as you'll say; but what am I at liberty to do? I have already introduced them to young Victor. He has money.

Bernard. Well; you don't intend to rob him, surely?

Rupert.

Rupert. Heaven forbid! They only mean to serve him just as Crib served me; and then we are to share the winnings, so that I may pay my debt.

Bernard. And so, because you have yourself been pillaged, you would aid them to defraud your friend too? But how know you Victor will not win?

Rupert. Oh! no: he plays quite fair.

Bernard. And you then like a sharper?

Rupert. Like a sharper?

Bernard. No; I'm sensible you play as fair as Victor, and on that account you lost. Now, as I hope you always mean to play so, how can you be sure of winning then?

Rupert. I don't know how it is; but they inform me they have certain ways by which they're sure of winning.

Bernard. Ways! They're knavish tricks, and would you use them? I'm not rich, and yet I would not mend my fortune by your certain ways. I'm even sorry you have told me your intention.

Rupert. My dear Bernard, have compassion on me, and I promise——

Bernard. Promise! What can bring me to assist in your deception?

Rupert. No; I mean to say, that if I'm but so lucky as to pay this odious Crib, I'll break off all connection with him and his friends, and never touch a card again. If I should break this promise, you shall be at liberty to tell my father every thing. (*Bernard shakes his head.*) Yes, every thing. And then, it will not rest with me to cheat: I cannot if I would, and Crib has taken that upon himself. I shall but play my cards: they've promised I shall be no loser, but divide the profit with them.

Bernard. Well; I'll make a party with you.

Rupert. I desire no better, and will instantly invite young Victor for the afternoon. His father is at present in the country, and will not come back perhaps these three weeks.

Bernard. Quite convenient! But take notice, if yourself should cheat him——

Rupert. Don't talk so. I wish I had not told you the affair.

Bernard. And so do I. I should not then be answerable for it.

Rupert. Answerable?

Bernard. To my conscience, surely. I can see a worthy youth is on the point of being cheated.

Rupert. But it is not you will cheat him.

Bernard. Rupert, if you saw a thief even pick a stranger's pocket, ought you to keep silence?

Rupert. Victor will but lose two, three, or possibly four guineas, and be cured of playing.

Bernard. Just as you are cured. But here comes Victor, I observe.

SCENE II.

Rupert, Bernard, Victor.

Victor. Good morrow to you both.

Bernard. Good morrow, Victor.

Rupert. What, you have not yet been down into the garden, when 'tis such fine weather?

Bernard. Mr. Victor does not like to run about as you do, and can entertain himself in his apartment.

Victor. Yes; but I have been already walking in the garden, and even breakfasted with Juliana and my father in the grove.

Rupert (surprised.) Is he returned so soon? I fancy you are not satisfied at that.

Victor. Not satisfied! when he has been three weeks away?

Rupert. I love my parents well enough; and yet, if they should take it in their heads to travel, 'twould not vex me.

Victor. And, for my part, I could wish my father never out of sight, he's so extremely kind!

Rupert. And mine so harsh, I must not think of pleasure when he's near me.

Bernard. Who can tell what pleasures you expect?

Victor. I thought you were in want of nothing on that head. Since we have lodged together, I have almost every day observed you at the door; and when I've met you in the garden, never could I see you under any thing appearing like restraint.

Rupert. No, no; I've always met you on the days my father dined abroad, and that's the only time I have to

use as I think proper; therefore I do turn it to account. But now your father is come home, I take it we shan't see you quite so often in an evening?

Victor. Why not, Rupert? He refuses me no pleasure I can ask. However, I must say I find no company like his; and he, too, frequently has said he thinks my company and Juliana's quite delightful.

Rupert. What a charming father! So then he permits you to go out both when and where you like?

Victor. He does, because I always tell him where I'm going.

Bernard. And because he knows you never go but where you tell him?

Rupert. What then do you do for entertainment, when you're both together?

Victor. In the summer evenings, frequently we take a walk.

Rupert. In winter?

Victor. We sit down before the fire, and talk of fifty curious matters; or I study geography, and take a lesson in the mathematics. Sometimes too, with Juliana and a friend or two, we act a little drama of some kind or other. You can't think how that amuses us!

Rupert. But sure such different studies are enough to crack your brain!

Victor. Upon the other hand, they come of course, as if they were a game.

Rupert. A game at cards I should suppose much more delightful. Do you ever play at them?

Victor. Yes, truly; and my father frequently makes one.

Rupert. And do you play for money?

Victor. Doubtless; but a trifle notwithstanding, just enough to interest one; and particularly, as by that my father says one learns to lose with temper.

Bernard. That's quite right; one ought to husband, as they say, one's purse.

Victor. Oh! don't imagine I want money. I have more than I can use.

Rupert. How much?

Victor. A crown a week.

Rupert. A good allowance, truly! And all that to purchase trifles?

Victor.

Victor. Yes, such trifles as my father would not like to have me trouble him about; and that, I must acknowledge, makes me much more careful.

Bernard. I believe so. One can hardly chuse but know the worth of things, when one must pay for them one's self.

Victor. True, Bernard. And besides, one naturally saves in that case, as myself have found it; so that what with presents and some other matters, I have now five guineas in my pocket, without reckoning silver.

Rupert. Such a deal! And how can you employ it?

Victor. Have I nothing then to buy? However, I can otherwise dispose thereof. I pay to have our footman's daughter put to school; and every Monday morning send a trifle to a writing-master I had once, and who is now grown blind: these, both together, make up something; and I keep the rest for ordinary uses, and among them, play.

Rupert. At which you're tolerably lucky. You remember you won half a crown of me the other night, at *One-and-thirty*.

Victor. I was sorry, as I always am, to win of friends.

Rupert. Then you shall have an opportunity at night of losing, if you think but fit. Are you engaged?

Victor. No; I shall stay at home. My father is to draw out a petition for a widow woman, who would get into an alms-house.

Rupert. That's quite well: and mine goes out at five. Come then to me, and I'll endeavour to amuse you. We shall have Rich, Boyd, and Crib.

Victor. I'll run and ask my father's leave. Shall you be here when I return?

Rupert. No, I must go and give them notice of the party; but your answer Mr. Bernard will bring to me.

S C E N E III.

Bernard, Victor.

Victor. Will you go in with me, Mr. Bernard? I am sure my father will be very glad to see you: he has often told me what a great esteem he has conceived this long while for you.

Bernard.

Bernard. I am very happy in his partiality. The esteem of such a gentleman is highly honourable; but at present I am rather indisposed, and shall remain, with your permission, in the garden.

Victor. Do; a turn or two will settle you, and I shall not be absent long. (*He goes out.*)

Bernard (alone.) I don't know what to do in this affair! Poor Rupert is afflicted! I should like to extricate him; but to let the worthy Victor fall a victim! No, the accomplice is not better than the robber; and to favour roguery is just as bad as doing it. I'll therefore go and tell the whole. But, softly! here comes Juliana. Let me first of all do every thing I can to aid her in preserving Victor from the danger, and yet not betray my friend.

S C E N E IV.

Bernard, Juliana.

Juliana. What, you here, Mr. Bernard, and alone? I thought I saw my brother talking with you.

Bernard. He has just now left me.

Juliana. I should like he never were to leave you, if his company were but agreeable to you: I should not be uneasy then.

Bernard. You do me honour, miss; but surely Mr. Victor is too sensible to give you any pain.

Juliana. I have no pain while he keeps company with such as you: but shall I come directly to the point? I don't think any good of those frequenting Rupert's company; and he, by all means, wants to mix with them.

Bernard. I have not yet perceived their company has hurt him.

Juliana. True; but my poor brother, I must say, is innocent, and somewhat credulous: he judges every one is like himself. What would become of him, if those he thinks his friends were what they should not be? I have remarked you do not much approve of Rupert's intimates.

Bernard. To say the truth, my dear young lady, I should rather wish that Rupert would be satisfied with Mr. Victor's friendship. There is one advantage, notwithstanding,

withstanding, that his father watches over him, as yours does over Victor, and instructs him what to do.

Juliana. The mischief often is remarked too late; 'tis easier to prevent than cure it.

Bernard. I am sure you love your brother tenderly, and therefore hear me; but tell no one it was I that mentioned what I'm going now to say. Young Rupert has prevailed upon him, just before you entered, to make one with him and his three intimates. They mean to play, no doubt; but do your utmost to divert your brother from partaking with them. I designed to wait here for his answer, but don't think 'tis proper I should carry it. I make no doubt but he will quickly bring it. Pray don't judge amiss of me that I retire; and think of the advice my duty, as a friend to Mr. Victor, bade me give you.

S C E N E V.

Juliana (alone.)

As a friend! This looks a little serious! Ah, my poor dear brother! should it chance that you, who are at present all the joy and consolation of my father, were to change, and be the cause of his affliction for the time to come!

Victor (re-entering.) My father's friends are willing, I can see, to take the earliest opportunity of paying him their compliments on his arrival, just as if he had been absent for a twelvemonth. I could no how thrust a word in.

Juliana. You had something then of consequence to tell him?

Victor. Of the greatest consequence to me. I want to pass the evening with my friends.

Juliana. With Mr. Rupert, doubtless?

Victor. Yes.

Juliana. I thought so. You might easily have guessed, however, such a friend as Rupert does not please me.

Victor. Truly, Rupert's greatly to be pitied, being so unfortunate as not to have a place in your good graces! And what should he be, to merit such an honour?

Juliana. He should be—just such a one as you are.

Victor.

Victor. Do you mean to joke?

Juliana. No: I am very serious, I assure you; and consider you a very amiable young man without a fault, unless indeed it be the want of due politeness to your sister.

Victor. And why so? because that sister is a little critic, and pretends to greater understanding than her brother.

Juliana. Truly, I had quite forgot to mention modesty, when I was drawing up your panegyric.

Victor. But what means this prating? and pray tell me, why these intimations with regard to Rupert? Do you know him?

Juliana. I would know him by his actions.

Victor. Are you always by him, to remark them?

Juliana. I can guess them from the company he keeps.

Victor. I understand you perfectly: his company displeases you, because I'm one that is acquainted with him.

Juliana. Surely, brother, he must have acquaintances of longer standing than yourself; and them I speak of, as I would of good-for-nothing fellows.

Victor. Good-for-nothing fellows?

Juliana. Yes, that play, and practise each dishonourable trick to win their adversary's money, and then spend it more dishonourably still.

Victor. O, what two great crimes! they play when they are got together; and they spend their winnings as they please. We do the same, I fancy. And besides, you say they play to win; but they have often lost to me.

Juliana. Yes, yes; they've lost their copper, and have won your silver.

Victor. Well, and if they have, the loss was mine, not yours. But this is just like what my sister is. She would be sorry if she could not vex me in my pleasures, notwithstanding I do every thing to heighten her's.

Juliana (taking him by the hand.) No, brother; every pleasure you can have, is also mine; but for the world, I would not have your pleasures hurt you, and deprive me of the satisfaction I receive from loving you.

Victor. I know indeed you love me; but am hurt to find you fancy I'm incapable to guide myself.

Juliana. And yet you would not be the first that—but here comes my father.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Juliana, Victor, and Mr. Grandison.

Mr. Grandison. My dear children, I have just now been enjoying a delightful satisfaction!

Juliana. That of being visited on your return by your acquaintance, I suppose you mean? But certainly your friends must cherish you, when we who are restrained by your authority, rejoice as much as they can do.

Victor. Yes, truly; for without you we can find no pleasure.

Mr. Grandison. You must notwithstanding learn to do without me; since, according to the ordinary course of nature, I shall certainly go first.

Juliana. O, sir, would you afflict us at a time we thought of nothing but rejoicing?

Victor. Yes, sir, you will live, and long we hope, for our advantage. But let's talk no more on such a gloomy subject.—I've a little favour to request.

Mr. Grandison. Well, come, let's hear it.

Victor. Mr. Rupert—you're acquainted with his father—Well, he has invited me to spend the evening with him.

Mr. Grandison. You have then a new acquaintance. I am glad you pick up such good company so near you.

Juliana. You hear that? good company!

Victor. I think him so; I have already sat down with him several times, and he has introduced me also to some friends of his.

Juliana. Good company, I fancy, likewise.

Victor. Yes, for I must know them better sure than you.

Mr. Grandison. When I employed the words *good company*, I meant discreet and well brought up.

Victor. Yes, sir, extremely so.

Juliana. And how are you to know they're such, as you have only seen them once or twice?

Victor. But have I not been hours together with them?

Mr. Grandison. How did your acquaintanceship begin?

Juliana. At play!

Victor. And why not so? My father lets me play.

Mr.

Mr. Grandison. 'Tis true for recreation, and for such a sum as being gained, will not induce the immoderate love of money; or if lost, not put one out of temper; and this likewise, at a time, when nothing can be done more profitable.

Juliana. But I thought, sir, something might be always done more profitable?

Victor. Yes, if, as for instance, speaking for myself, I could but nail my thoughts continually to some book or other.

Mr. Grandison. The remark of Juliana is not amiss. One may employ a leisure evening better than at play, no doubt, if people would be always rational, or even innocently mirthful; but as scandal sometimes will go round, or folly, in such case, you know, I bid you play, and often take a part myself.

Juliana. And these I doubt not, brother, are the reasons why you play?

Victor. I don't see any right you have to catechize me.

Mr. Grandison. But why take offence at what she says through friendship?

Victor. Rather, sir, from a desire to hurt me in your thoughts.

Mr. Grandison. Can you conceive such notions of your sister?

Juliana (with a tone of tenderness.) Brother!

Victor (with the same tone.) Juliana, pardon me: I'm in the wrong to tax you thus: but grant, however, your insinuations unavoidably must hurt me.

Mr. Grandison. Her suspicions may have some foundation, that reflect not upon you: we need not fear, I think, our dispositions towards each other, so united as we are. (*Juliana and Victor take their father by the hand.*)

Juliana. O sir, how good you are!

Victor. You lay by all a father's rights, and are our friend.

Mr. Grandison. If I were any other than your friend, I should not be compleatly qualified to bring you up. I might perhaps connive at your neglecting outward ceremonies of respect; but not your failure in that confidence I look for from your tenderness. You should not have a secret you would keep hid from me, as whenever you may chance to be in danger, my experience may preserve you
from

from it. Let me therefore ask you, Juliana, what are the objections you have formed against your brother's new connections?

Juliana. They are always taken up with cards.

Victor. Who told you so?

Juliana. No matter who I have my information from: the thing is, whether it be true?

Mr. Grandison. I have already told you what I think of playing: every thing depends upon the game you play at.

Victor. O! it needs no great attention: 'tis the game of *one and thirty*.

Mr. Grandison. I confess I don't approve it much.

Victor. Why not? There can be nothing in the world so innocent. Whoever's *one and thirty*, or the nearest to it, wins.

Mr. Grandison. And do you know 'tis what we call a game of chance?

Victor. Because one has a chance to win or lose? and must not this be said of every game?

Mr. Grandison. With this material difference, that at *one and thirty*, chance alone decides; whereas, in many others, skill is to be shown. In short, one wants but fingers, and no head for games of chance: and in my thought, such games are utterly unworthy of a thinking man.

Juliana. They cannot even amuse one.

Victor. Don't say so, dear sister. There's a deal of pleasure in expecting such or such a card as one may want.

Mr. Grandison. Because the love of money makes it so. And as this love of money operates very powerfully, 'tis a strong temptation for ten thousand rogues to follow gaming as a trade; and therefore unsuspecting people generally are their dupes.

Victor. Do you believe so, sir? but how?

Juliana. I fancy they must have some art or other, to arrange the pack in such a way, as to obtain what cards they want.

Mr. Grandison. Yes, that is in reality their secret. I can't tell their method; but am certain they employ some method, and have seen deplorable examples of it in my travels.

Victor. O pray tell us what examples?

Mr.

Mr. Grandison. With a deal of pleasure. When at Bath, I was acquainted with a young gentleman, who lost one night above twelve thousand pounds, which was his all.

Juliana. His all! poor youth! and what then did he do to live?

Victor. He must have been beside himself.

Mr. Grandison. Despair obtained possession of his features, when he saw his fortune irretrievably thus lost. He looked so frightful, I was forced to turn away my sight; he gnashed his teeth, plucked up his hair by handfuls, and beat violently on his breast: he gasped and panted like a dying man, and left the room quite mad.

Victor. And pray, sir, among those who won his money, was there no one who would give it back, as I should certainly have done?

Mr. Grandison. They kept their seats; and still continued playing on: or if they turned off their attention from the cards, it was to look upon him with contempt.

Juliana. The wicked wretches!

Mr. Grandison. But the worst part of the story is as follows: That this poor young man destroyed himself before the morning.

Juliana. O how shocking!

Victor. Dreadful! and from henceforth, sir, I'll never touch a card, I promise you. I'll run and tell this Rupert—

Mr. Grandison. Softly, softly: you are always much too hasty in your resolutions. One should never wholly give a pleasure up, because, when carried to excess, it may be hurtful. I have often told you, that a game at cards, when friends are met together, is amusing, innocent, and even useful.

Juliana. Useful, sir?

Mr. Grandison. Yes, useful; as it teaches us to bear our fortune; and not triumph when we win, or be dejected at our little losses.

Victor. Heaven be praised, I'm not so fond of money as to hurt another by my insults in good fortune: or evince I'm hurt myself, by being vexed when I'm unlucky; but to shun what possibly might happen, 'twill be better for me not to visit either Rupert or his friends.

Mr. Grandison. You would be only weak, if this should

be your final resolution: for at least you have it in your power, when with them, to refrain from playing.

Victor. O, I know them: they would absolutely make me play.

Mr. Grandison. Well, play as much as they would have you, as by that means you will gain a better knowledge of them. But instead of going to this Rupert, or his friends, invite them hither. You may also tell them, Juliana very likely will make one.

Juliana. But, fir—

Mr. Grandison. Yes, yes; I have a reason.

Juliana. But suppose they win my money?

Mr. Grandison. You shall have it all from me again. And tell them, Victor, you expect a friend, whom you'll prevail on to sit down and play amongst them.

Victor. But you know, fir, I expect no friend?

Mr. Grandison. When I inform you of a friend you have at home, who will be with you, can't you guess what friend I glance at?

Juliana. Sly! Why sure you understand papa? he glances at himself.

Mr. Grandison. Yes, Victor; for you recollect just now you said I *was* your friend.

Victor. O, yes; they'll play indeed, if you are of the party!

Mr. Grandison. Therefore you shall not inform them who that friend is you expect. As soon as I have finished my petition, I'll return and join you. I shall see what's proper to be done. 'Till then, play with them, and at any game they chuse.

Victor. So then you'd have me run to Rupert and his friends?

Mr. Grandison. Yes, yes: and don't forget desiring Bernard's company. I shall be glad to see him. All his masters praise him wonderfully, and yourself have frequently been lavish in his commendations.

Juliana. But he merits every tittle of it.

Victor. One word more, fir; shall we meet here in the garden?

Mr. Grandison. As you please. The weather is so fine, you may appoint them in the summer-house. (*Victor goes out.*) He's gone: let's follow him, and take our station near the summer-house: as we are walking, I'll inform you of my reason.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Mr. Grandison, and Juliana.

Mr. Grandison. We are here: and now I need not fear they'll be before me, and do any thing I shall not notice.

Juliana. You are in the right, sir, to take this precaution, as I fear your presence will be much more necessary here than mine.

Mr. Grandison. You fear?

Juliana. Yes, sir; for I have told you Mr. Bernard was not long since with me. From some words he dropped, I've reason to believe my brother's company have laid a plot to cheat him of his money.

Mr. Grandison. All the better, if he finds himself their victim. I will hide myself behind the summer-house there, just by that partition, and hear every word they say. They'll enter here, and cannot possibly discover me: but in the interim take you care; and if you see their roguery, seem as if you did not.

Juliana. I shall find it hard, sir, to dissemble. 'Twill be painful to me, should I see my brother prove the object of their ridicule, and fall a victim to his open nature.

Mr. Grandison. By himself alone can he be fully undeceived; as with the greater ease I shall in that case get him to be more attentive for the future in the choice of his connections, and so cure him likewise of his love for gaming, which, I must acknowledge, he seems ready to give into.

Juliana. How, sir, can he have a thought of going thus to cards? He ought to know himself. He is so credulous, that every sharper must suppose him proper for his purpose! and so warm, that at the first ill luck he falls into a passion!

Mr. Grandison. Yes, that's just his character. I did not think you so observant, Juliana.

Juliana. One should be in truth observant of another's conduct, if one means to serve him. And—

Mr. Grandison. A knock; it must be Rupert's friends: they don't desire to lose a moment. I now leave you. I'll go round about, and gain my station. (*He goes out.*)

Juliana, (alone.) How I long to know the issue of all this! Alas! dear brother! who can tell but that your future happiness in life depends on the decision of the present afternoon!

S C E N E II.

Juliana, Victor, Rupert, Bernard, Rich, Boyd, and Crib.

Rupert, (to Juliana.) I was afraid, Miss Juliana, as your brother knows, our company might incommode you: but he would not—

Victor. Incommode her! I'm in hopes she'll keep us company.

Juliana. With all my heart, if you think proper, gentlemen.

Boyd, (with constraint.) You do us honour, madam.

Crib, (whispering Rupert.) This is quite unlucky! In politeness we must play the game she likes. You should not have consented to come here.

Victor. Perhaps I shall be able, gentlemen, to introduce a friend of mine to your acquaintance likewise.

Rich. Shall you?

Victor. Yes, and not without a pocket-full of gold.

Rupert, (aside.) That's well.

Juliana. We'll stay here in the garden, if you please.

Bernard. We can't do better. We shall have the pleasure of a charming walk.

Rich. Do you design to walk?

Bernard. What else?

Boyd. Why play?

Bernard. But I don't understand your play; and if I did, I shall not wish to lose my money.

Crib. Wish to lose it! just as if 'twere certain you would lose it!

Bernard. Sir, with you particularly. You're too skilful by a deal for me.

Victor. If I should win, I promise I'll return you every farthing.

Rupert. And I too.

Rich and Boyd. And we.

Bernard. You'd make a fool of me. To lose my money, and receive it back, or on the other hand, win yours,
and

and keep it, is not what I do: so don't concern yourselves on my account. I'll see you play, or else walk up and down the garden hereabouts.

Juliana. My father, gentlemen, can't have the honour to receive you, (*Rich and his company seem rejoiced.*) but has bid me entertain you. Victor will get ready some refreshments, and I'll run and fetch the cards.

Crib. That's needless: I've a pack about me.

Victor. How! about you?

Crib. Yes: I study them.

Juliana. And have you fish too?

Crib. I shall beg you'll get us them, unless we are to stake our money.

Rupert, (aside to Crib.) You remember I've no money?
—(*aloud*) No, no: we shall hardly know what we're about. And so, miss, if you'll be so kind—

Juliana. Enough, I'll bring the bag. Come, brother.

S C E N E III.

Rupert, Bernard, Rich, Boyd, and Crib.

Boyd, (going into the summer-house with Rupert, Rich and Crib, while Bernard walks about.) I am sorry we are here.

Rich. What matters, since the father is not here?

Crib. You should not have consented to the place of meeting, Rupert.

Rupert. Here, or in my room; what difference does that make?

Rich. And then, when Victor has lost every thing, we'll carry off his money, and go play where we think proper.

Boyd. We shall empty, very likely, the young lady's pocket also.

Crib. Yes; that's what I look for: let's take care, however. We'll put in our fish at two-pence each, for half a dozen deals or so; and when the game grows warm, and they have won a little, we'll then make them double.

Rupert. You remember, Crib, your promise?

Crib. Don't you be uneasy. We know one another. All our loss shall be in counters, and we'll have no reckoning when the game is over. I'll dispose the cards in such

a way, that we must lose at first, and that will draw them on.

Rupert. But Crib, you know you fleeced me quite the other day; and I have now but six-pence in my pocket. How am I to pay my loss?

Crib. Your loss! we shall be sure to win, if we attend to what we do.

Boyd. I should be glad if Victor's friend would come: he'll be another pigeon we shall pluck.

Rich. Yes, yes! I know of none so easy to be dup'd, as these same bookish fellows.

Crib. We had best begin, that they may find us busy when they come. (*He takes his cards out.*) Stay; I'll put them so that you may lose. (*He shuffles them.*) Now you shall see. (*He gives three cards to Rupert, Rich, and Boyd; lays down as many for himself, and then addresses Rupert.*) Do you stand?

Rupert. No: beg.

Crib. There.

Rupert, (looking at the cards.) Out!

Crib, (to Boyd.) And you?

Boyd. One card, but not a high one.

Crib. Much good may it do you!—there.

Boyd. Out too!

Crib, (to Rich.) Now you are to be out. You beg, I fancy?

Rich. No; as Boyd and Rupert are both out, I stand.

Crib. And so will I. How many are you?

Boyd. Twenty-five.

Crib. And I just thirty. I have won: And yet I might have lost by doing the reverse of what I did; as you shall see the two first games we play, when Victor and the lady comes, who having won, will then have no objection to play higher.

Rupert. But how can you be sure of winning when you please?

Crib. You have already paid for your instruction, and I'll let you know the secret. I tell every thing to friends, when I have pocketed their money. With my art you'll win of others what you've lost of me, and so be quits.

Rupert. Well, let me know.

Crib. You see, (*shewing the cards,*) the ten and court cards are a very little longer than the rest, and all the smaller

smaller ones, as high as five, not reckoning in the aces, somewhat broader; by which means I can at pleasure bring the picture cards, &c. to the top in shuffling, and the five, and those below it, to the bottom. I contrive to give you two of those on the top; and afterward, the other from the bottom: so that at the most you have but five and twenty, and will therefore generally beg. Well then, you have it from the top, and must infallibly be out.

Rupert. I understand you.

Crib. This is all my lesson, and you have it upon easy terms; ask Rich and Boyd else, who so profitably follow my instructions. But I see the lady coming in, so pull about the deal.

SCENE IV.

Rupert, Rich, Boyd, Crib, and Juliana.

Juliana, (*putting down a box upon the table, with a pack of cards, and fish and counters in it.*) You don't lose any time, I see.

Crib. I was but showing Mr. Rupert a new game.

Rupert. You'll sit down with us? We shall have that honour?

Juliana. If I knew the game you play at—

Boyd. 'Tis a very easy game. 'Tis only *One and thirty.*

Rich. Had you never seen it play'd, you'll know enough to beat us at it by the second deal.

Juliana. I know a little of it. 'Twould be, very likely, better for me not to play with those that know it so completely as you gentlemen; however, if it gives you pleasure—

Rupert. O yes, miss, the greatest in the world.

Boyd. And even should you win, too, all our money.

Juliana, (*with a smile.*) Yes, that's my intention.

Rich. You'll be scarce the richer for it at the end; we play but for a trifle.

Rupert, (*with impatience.*) Well! and what are we about? We pass away the time in talking.

Crib. We must wait for Mr. Victor: 'tis but just we should amuse him; we're his guests.

SCENE V.

Rupert, Rich, Boyd, Crib, Juliana, and Victor.

Victor. Here, here I am. The servant will be with us very shortly. I have ordered some refreshment.

Rupert. Come, sir, we are waiting for you.

Victor. Thank you.

Boyd. Let's give out the fish.

Rich. We're six: to every one two dozen, and ten counters: that's ten dozen more.

Rupert. But how much every fish?

Crib. Just what the lady pleases.

Juliana. O, 'tis rather as you like.

Victor. Our fish were two-pence each, when last we played together; five staked every deal by each, and half a dozen the bon-ace.

Juliana. Well, be it so.

Crib. Here's therefore to begin. (*Crib takes the cards and deals. The lady and her brother win by Crib's contrivance three times running.*)

Juliana. Hey! hey! if we go on in this way, I shall soon fulfill my prophecy, I fancy.

Crib. While we play so low as two-pence, we shall never ruin one another.

Boyd. Well then, shall we make it four-pence?

Victor. O, with all my heart. I've so much money, you can't break me easily. (*He shakes his purse that Crib and his companions look at with pleasure.*)

Juliana. And I can risque as much, I fancy, as my brother.

Crib. We must first then pay our debts, that we may have our full account of fish and counters.—Let me see, (*after having counted.*) I've lost one counter, and six fish; that's eighteen fish; and eighteen twice is six and thirty,—just three shillings: there they are.

Rich. I've all my counters, but am master of no more than two poor fish; that's two and twenty lost, or three and eight-pence. There.

Boyd. I'm come off much the worst. Two counters gone, and twice as many fish; which come to four and eight-

eight-

eight-pence.—I put down a crown, and take up four-pence.

Victor. Well, and you too, Mr. Rupert?

Rupert. I've lost least. No more than fifteen fish, or half-a-crown. I'll change a guinea, when we rise, to pay it.

Juliana. Good! So now I'll see my winnings. One, two, three—Three counters, and three fish. That's six and six-pence just: of which I take four shillings, and the two and six-pence, Mr. Rupert, you shall owe me.

Victor. So that all the rest is to pay my four and forty fish.—'Tis comical enough, however, we should be the only winners!

Rich. O, I always lose, for my part.

Rupert. So that now the fish are four-pence?

Victor. Yes, that's settled.

Crib, (*shuffling the cards.*) Come, I'll deal.

S C E N E the last.

Rupert, Rich, Boyd, Crib, Juliana, Victor, Bernard, (*who came in a little while before,*) *and Mr. Grandison.*

Mr. Grandison, (*to Rupert and his friends, who seem confounded.*) Pray don't disturb yourselves.

Victor. Sit down: my father does not come to interrupt us. I informed you I might have a friend to introduce, and he'll play with us. Won't you, sir?

Juliana. O yes: pray play; we shall be very glad to get your money, and these gentlemen, I know, will like to share it too.

Mr. Grandison. With all my heart. So every one sit down. (*To Rupert and his friends, who seem quite overwhelmed.*) But what's the matter, gentlemen? Are you afraid to play with me? I can assure you I'm no sharper. (*They sit down at last.*) You (*to Crib*) were dealing when I entered; so continue pray; but first let's see, have you a pack complete? (*Crib wants to drop the cards, but Mr. Grandison secures, and looks them over.*) 'Tis droll enough to have the court-cards all together thus! but Juliana, why not give us cleaner cards? Pray hand me over those—

Juliana. 'Twas not my fault, sir, as this gentleman (*showing Crib*) had brought them in his pocket; and the play was going on when I came in with ours.

Mr. Grandison, (to Bernard.) What you here, Mr. Bernard! I am very glad to see you; but pray don't you play then?

Bernard. I'd rather be a looker on: you know I've nothing, sir, to throw away.

Mr. Grandison. You're in the right to think so, and your prudence merits praise. *(To Crib.)* But come, sir; here are better cards, *(Crib takes them with a trembling hand,)* at least a little cleaner: what's your game? Pray tell me.

Victor. One and thirty.

Mr. Grandison. And for what?

Juliana. No more than four-pence every fift. I've won all this! four shillings; and a two and six-pence owing me by Mr. Rupert, who wants change.

Mr. Grandison, (aside.) Wants change! I smell a rat! *(to Juliana.)* So much as four-pence! that's too much a little; but no matter, if we've all of us enough to pay our losings. So let's see your money. Mr. Rupert, I begin with you; *(Rupert is confused.)* What ails you? Are you taken ill?

Rupert. Ye-e-es, sir—Let me—

Mr. Grandison. What's all this? one stammers, and the other seems confounded! *(to Crib.)* You sir, too, are disconcerted?

Victor. What's the matter with them?

Mr. Grandison. 'Tis high time I should explain the reason of this strange behaviour. Victor, you observe the consequences of a guilty conscience. Happily they are not yet so totally abandoned, as to hide their villainy beneath a brazen frontispiece, and bully in their own defence.

Victor. What say you, sir? You're sure mistaken: 'tis my sister, as she told you, and myself, that are the only winners.

Crib, (taking courage.) Have we failed to pay our losings, every one, but Mr. Rupert?

Rupert. No: but why? because you've cheated me already out of all my money.

Mr. Grandison. I was right in thinking they'd unmask themselves: And Victor, you may see what villains you were got with.

Victor. O, I can't think so, sir.

Mr. Grandison. Well then, Mr. Rupert, do you speak; you seem least hardened. Tell me, was there not a plot among you to defraud my children?

Rupert. Yes indeed, sir; but for my part, I assure you I was forced into it. All my wish was to get back a part of what I had beforehand lost. If you but knew how much this wicked fellow has squeezed from me, for the other two are nothing to him, you would say he should be sent to prison.

Mr. Grandison. You have well deserved your loss, by mixing with such company: but tell me how much you have lost?

Rupert. Two guineas, and a few odd shillings with them all together; and my watch, coat buttons, buckles, and a guinea more in money afterwards, in private with the tallest: but the guinea I still owe him; and he threatened if I got not Mr. Victor to sit down and play this evening, he would tell my father.

Bernard. This, sir, I can say in Rupert's favour, that he gave me just the same account this morning, and was grieved at what he thought himself compelled to. The grand criminal is Crib, the tallest; the two others in comparison—

Mr. Grandison. I comprehend what you would say; and therefore (*to Rich and Boyd,*) little rascals, get you gone this instant. Possibly 'tis not as yet too late, that I should think of rescuing you from infamy; and therefore I'll inform your parents of your conduct.

Rich and Boyd, (dropping on their knees.) Pardon us this once, sir, we beseech you; and we'll never come again within your doors.

Mr. Grandison. That's what I mean; but then 'tis not enough my children should be safe in future from your roguery, I owe the same good service to all fathers. What perversity! at such an age not only to be gamblers, but vile cheats! the hatefullest of men! However, out of pity to your youth, and from the hope I have of your amendment, I will do no more than tell your parents; but if ever I am told you still continue your detestable employment, I'll make known your infamy to every one about us. So be gone, and never let me see you here again. Be gone, I say. (*Rich and Boyd withdraw in*

silence and confusion.) And you, sir, is it true that you have got these things from Rupert?

Crib, (with hesitation.) Yes, sir.

Mr. Grandison. You have cheated him, but that's no matter. Rupert lost them, and has merited his fortune. We will put a value on them.

Rupert. I could wish, indeed, I had sufficient to redeem my loss.

Bernard. Oh, sir, if all I'm master of suffices, Rupert may command it. I have full five guineas, take them for the service of my friend.

Mr. Grandison. You have a generous nature, Victor!

Rupert. What, to me such friendship!

Victor. We are neighbours both, and you may pay me weekly, or in any way you please. (*Crib gives Rupert his things.*)

Mr. Grandison, (to Rupert.) Is every thing returned you?

Rupert. Yes, sir; and I am saved by your and Victor's generosity, from the resentment of my father. Oh, I'll never risque his gifts again in such a manner.

Mr. Grandison, (offering Crib the money.) Here's the value of your theft, for such it must be called; and you shall have it to subsist upon in prison till you're called to answer for your crime, as possibly you may not have the means without it. Nay, expect not by sollicitation to divert the rigor of my justice. Your seduction of two youths, your felony upon the property of this young man, and your attempt to make him instrumental in the robbery of another, well deserve that rigour. This must be your sentence; so withdraw a little for the present. (*Crib withdraws, and weeps for very rage.*)

Rupert, (falling on his knees to Mr. Grandison.) Oh, dear Sir! from what a gulph of ruin you preserve me! And without you what would not have been my evil fortune, when thrust out from home, and very likely stigmatized in public for my vices? I am then indebted to your pity for my reputation, my repose, and my existence. (*He rises, and embraces Victor.*) And my generous Victor, you that I was going—

Victor. Utterly forget it, as I do; and for the time to come be happy.

Mr. Grandison. Mr. Bernard's testimony of your grief at being forced into this plot, alleviates your offence; and therefore you may still continue visiting my son; but after what he has just done in your behalf, I shall account you the most profligate of youths, unless you study to deserve his friendship.

Rupert. Oh, I will do so. Rely upon me, sir.

Mr. Grandison. And as for you, dear Bernard, I have reason to be charmed with what so many tongues have told me of your modesty and virtue.—By your laudable example, you may very much contribute to the happiness of Victor.—I request you to be often with him; and if I can shew my gratitude by being serviceable to your happiness, I shall promote it with as much affection as your parents would do.

Bernard. Your esteem, dear sir, is happiness sufficient for me.

Mr. Grandison. You observe, dear children, the unhappy consequences that result from gaming?

Victor. Yes, sir, and shall shudder all my life at the idea of them.

Mr. Grandison. You observe too, Victor, with what care and circumspection one should chuse a friend?

Victor. Yes, that too, sir; and am convinced how happy 'tis for me to have a friend, as I have said already, in my father.

T H E M O N K E Y.

FRANCIS, and his play-mate Percival, were at the window. As it chanced, they heard a pipe and tabor. Looking up the street, they saw a bear approaching sternly, and a man conducting him that held a chain, to which the creature at the other end was fastened. I should be afraid, said Percival, to stand too near that animal; for do but listen, Francis: Did you ever hear such growling? I should quake if I were by him. Oh, he could not hurt, answered Francis; you may see he has a muzzle to prevent his biting.

They were talking thus, when Bruin, or the bear, was come exactly opposite their window, in his progress down the street. Two monkeys now took up the little gentlemen's attention. One was light and nimble, but the other not so active. Both were jumping to and fro on Bruin's back, who suffered them to play their tricks as if he did not care about it. They had fruit in plenty thrown them by the mob, which they laid hold of in their paws as soon as it was flung to them, and swallowed almost instantly. But what delighted them particularly, were the nuts the people threw them. Seated on their breech, and holding them between their two fore-paws, they broke the shells, and picked the kernels out with something of an air.

It chanced a very large one came among the rest. The heavy monkey raised himself upon his long hind-legs to get it; but the little one darting forward, seized it in the air before it could have time to reach him. Cheated of his prey in this wise by the little one, he gnashed his teeth with rage. His front grew wrinkled, and his eyes flashed fire: he thrust his claws out, fell upon the little one, and seemed upon the point of tearing him to bits. The bear found it very difficult to save him.

Do you see, said Francis to his little friend, how frightful that same monkey is become since first he fell into a rage, and how he shews his teeth? Oh no, I should not like to be within his reach! How terrible! I should be scared to death!

Indeed? said Percival. Well then, can you imagine it; but yesterday, when you were in a passion, you were like him. Look ye, you had all his wrinkles; you even grinned as he does now; your eyes shewed what a passion you were in, and like the monkey, you seemed ready to devour poor little Harry, who had notwithstanding done you no great harm. I only wished I could have got a looking-glass. Your face was in reality so ugly, 'twould have frightened you.

Indeed? said Francis: Is it possible that I resembled such an odious beast? I could not but have been extremely frightful if I did; and must endeavour for the future to be never in a passion. When I find I'm growing angry, I will then bethink me of the monkey, recollect the malice in his countenance, and that will make me shudder

at the thought of being like him. Do you too, my good friend Percival, if I forget this resolution, like a friend remind me of it.

Percival assured him he would do so, and was faithful to his promise. Francis by degrees got rid entirely of his wrathful habit, or was very rarely in a passion. He enjoyed the greater happiness, and his indulgent parents were not less transported at his reformation.

T H E A L P S.

THE sun was rising in the heavens. The dew drops that are seen on every leaf so early in the morning, glittered with the colours of the rainbow; and the shadows of the trees were shortening on the ground, when Damon, having hold of Corydon and his son, came out, and sat down on his garden terrace, to enjoy the freshness of the morning.

Dearest father, said the son, pray wake me always at this hour; for I am charmed with contemplating such a scene as now I see all round me! How delightful the whole prospect! but perhaps it would be more so, were it not confined by yonder mountains that lift up their snowy tops so high, that any would think they propp'd the clouds above them.

I don't think as you do, said the father. Those same mountains leave us space enough, and *that* made up of fields and meadows, to contemplate; and by thus confining, as you say, the prospect, help to vary it; and more particularly so at evening, when the sun still tips them with a thousand streaks of gold, even after the whole level plain is dark.

When we shall once have visited those mountains, and considered its inhabitants, you will be pleased with contemplating on them, I am certain, since they cannot but suggest agreeable sensations.

How can men, said Corydon, be fond of living on such mountains, covered as they are with snow? It is not there they live, said Damon; you will seek in vain to

find inhabitants upon the heights: 'tis at the bottom of the mountains they are situated. There are charming vallies stretched among them; but before the traveller can obtain them, he discerns no prospect saving that of barren rocks. This prospect being passed, he comes to wide extended carpets of the greenest sod; he breathes an air embalm'd on all sides by ten thousand odoriferous flowers that grow there; and his ear is pleasingly affected by the murmurs of as many streams, descending from the summit of the hills. The sun, by shining on them with his noon-day radiance, makes them put on the appearance of the brightest silver. And amongst them, some, precipitated from a rock, re-echo when they reach the bottom, and *there* rise in clouds, as one may say, of dust, that yield a trembling kind of light. Their passage is distinguished by a multitude of charming flowers that blossom on the margin; and the flowers, whose stalks wave to and fro, obedient to the breeze that agitates them, and the waters that flow in among them, heighten the delightful prospect.

Spring is very late, and harvest very early in this region; whence it happens that the ground brings forth no other sort of grain, than what is sowed some little while before the summer, and grows ripe betimes in autumn: hence, too, comes it, that the fields are shaded by no other trees than those producing cherries, plums, and other early fruit. Here and there the traveller meets with hamlets; and the houses in it, that are made of wood, are so much blackened by the sun, as to afford a very striking contrast with the smiling verdure of the little orchards that surround them.

In those hamlets, Corydon, live many innocent and happy families, that for the space of five or six long months, are almost buried under snow. As long as that sad season lasts, they take the greatest care imaginable of their little flocks; at times they visit one another, spin the flax they have beforehand gathered, and make different articles of furniture in wood, which either they make use of, or are sure to sell for money to their neighbours.

As soon towards summer as the sun has melted that vast heap of snow that covered all their fields and habitations, and the river that flows through their vallies has completely

completely carried off the water which their lands were overflowed with, all the men begin to cultivate their fields or meadows, and the women labour in their gardens. During summer, the industrious father of his family repairs to other districts with the produce of his labours, and brings back, in barter for them, those conveniencies of life that are not to be had for money even in his hamlet.

Many travel upon mules, and cross their craggy hills along such paths as have been cut through rocks, and those, too, over frightful precipices. They transport to very distant parts the honey they have stored in autumn, which is universally acknowledged excellent. They likewise traffick in the skins of goats, which they entrap while climbing up the rocks, or find among them dead. Another article of merchandize for which they are distinguished, is the dormouse, that benumbed by the excessive cold, retains in holes and hollows, which she digs herself to serve by way of habitation, and in which she lies rolled up in some sort like a ball, and on a bed of hay, that heat and life which, with returning spring, the sun develops; and a fourth great object of their commerce is the crystal they contrive to aim at, in the gaps or chasms of their highest rocks. And many, on the other hand, are guides to foreigners who have the curiosity to travel over, and inspect their frozen mountains.

I myself have been upon them, Corydon, like many others, guided in my way by one of those good men.—I call them good, in opposition to the multitudes that live in towns and civilized society, but who have lost a great deal of their natural simplicity by frequent converse with such foreigners as have employed him to be guided through the country. I admired the people, and their way of living; therefore having satisfied my curiosity upon the mountains, I determined to remain among them some few days, that I might gain a better knowledge of their manners.

I must let you know what conversation I heard pass between the wife and child of *my* conductor while I lived among them. I was sitting on the grass, beneath a pine-tree: Julian, my conductor, had that day set out before the dawn, to guide two English gentlemen who came on the preceding evening to inspect the mountains. It was
still

still broad day-light, but the sun was rapidly descending towards the west. The mother got upon a rising ground; the son came after her. They fixed their eyes upon the icy masses that advanced their cloggy cliffs on t'other side the valley, and the wife began as follows:

The Mother. I am looking to no purpose. I discover nothing. I don't see him yet.

The Son. Let's go to yonder rock before us, shaded by those trees, and we shall see much better thence. 'Tis there we shall be able to discern more plainly all that quarter of the mountain where my father, I suppose, must be.

The Mother. Well, we are now got to it; notwithstanding which, I can distinguish nothing more than from the spot we've left. 'Tis all lost labour: he does not appear. And yet the sun is nearly setting, and the day will soon close in.

The Son. Oh mother, we shall yet have two full hours of day-light.

The Mother. And perhaps he may be four or five leagues distant. Who can tell exactly where he is? I wish he would give over wandering thus among the mountains. Never does he set out on his journeys, but I tremble, lest unfortunately he should not return alive: or else come back with broken limbs by falling down upon the ice, or while he scales the rocks.

The Son. I need not tell you he has promised he will drive this trade no longer, when the profits he has made shall be enough to buy the little field between our cottage and the *Arva*.—We shall then live comfortably with our flock, our honey, fruits, and field of barley.

The Mother. Ah! dear son, I should much rather wish to live in less abundance, so that I might only have more peace of mind. The happy days we are to have when he has got this field, will have been bought too dearly, at the price of that distress and trouble these his journeys cost. But don't I see him? No, not yet. If he should be obliged to stay all the night upon the ice!—If it—but you have got, I see, that spying-glass a traveller lately left behind him in our hut, and that brings objects fifty furlongs off, as near as if they were but ten. Look therefore if there's nothing to be seen. You know the use thereof extremely well; but I, for my part, not at all.

The

The Son. I'll rest the end of it on this old trunk. I think I see—yes, mother—something, and it moves.—'Tis he, I verily believe!—Yes, yes, 'tis he indeed!—He's walking on the broken flakes of ice that lie near yon big rock, and which last month, you know, were separated from it.

The Mother. Let me have the spying-glass. Quick! quick! perhaps, too, I may see him.—I must shut one eye, you say?—I have;—but I distinguish nothing. Every thing is black.—Stay, stay. O, now I see the rock!—and likewise men! and Julian is among them! but I've lost them now: they're out of sight: I can't recover them again. Hold you the glass; I shall perhaps discern them with my naked eye.—Yes, yes, I see them. They are coming on, and in the middle of the valley. Julian, I can see, comes first.

The Son. They stop: my father sticks his pole into the ice before him, and prepares to take a spring. There, there! he's up, and down again. No doubt but there was one of those large gaps before him in the ice, of which so often he has told us: What can cause them?

The Mother. I don't know exactly; but have heard that when the ice below is melted, *that* above it, having no support, gives way, and opens with a noise that one may hear a great way off. You have observed the great round table in our curate's kitchen? Well, the leg it stood on in the middle was too much higher than the other, and one day the sides had many heavy things laid on them. Unexpectedly it split exactly in the middle, and the crack grew wider, till the sides could rest upon the shorter legs. And now I suppose these gaps are so occasioned likewise. But look once again, and see what they are doing. They seem standing still. The gap sure don't prevent them from advancing?

The Son. I can see their countenances very plainly. They seem asking one another what they ought to do. Ah! now my father takes a second spring; and now he's got safe over one more gap.

The Mother. Yes, yes; I see him too. What rashness! He might slip in springing, or when over; or he might not possibly spring far enough, and drop into the gap. He does not take a single step but what he knows, as well as I do, makes my heart sink in me. He should think

think 'tis not impossible but I may see him; he should argue it within himself, and say my wife *does* see me, and my danger frights her.

The Son. He is very far, perhaps, from guessing what we're now about.

The Mother. He knows that while he is absent on this dangerous business, I send forth my eyes to seek him. Would to heaven I could but shut them.

The Son. Yes, let's do so, mother. Let us put our hands before them, and not look again till he has cleared the valley, and is safe.

The Mother. I cannot. I had rather tremble every moment for his safety, than lose sight, though for a moment only, of him: But where is he? I can see him now no longer.

The Son. Nor I either.—They have disappeared. Ah mother!

The Mother. My poor child: embrace me; we are now left to ourselves, and I have nothing in the world to comfort me but you. Yes, they have disappeared indeed; and in a moment too! I did but turn away my eyes to fix them upon you, and in that instant they are vanished! An abyss perhaps has opened under them as they were going on: perhaps they may be tossing in it, not yet dead, but making unavailing efforts to get out, and calling for assistance with a voice that no one, to their cost, is nigh enough to hear. I'll hasten to the spot: come, follow me, my child; my knees knock one against another, and will hardly bear my body up; but I shall soon find strength sufficient to go forward. Come; but stay a little.—Don't you, dear child, see something there in motion? there, just where I point to; at the bottom of yon rock?

The Son. Yes, yes; I think I do.—'Tis one of them.—'Tis one of them indeed; and now I can discern the other. I can see his hat; but still I look in vain to find out my poor father.

The Mother. He will come, and I dare hope to see him very soon. The gentlemen must first have got out of the frozen valley, and they hide him from us. Doubtless it will not be long before we see him. Look again, my child.

The Son. I can see only the two gentlemen; my father is not with them.

The Mother. And the gentlemen, do they seem waiting for him then? Have they their faces turned towards the place they come from?

The Son. No; they walk straight forward.

The Mother. So much then the better. If your father were not following them, or could not, they would hardly do so: they would try whatever they were able to assist him in his danger.

The Son. Yes, yes; we should do as much; but they, upon the other hand, seem rich; and I have often heard that such despise the poor.

The Mother. Not all; and then, too, they are men, and must be sensible of peoples misery like others. Would not you stretch forth a hand to help your little dog, were he in danger? Would you leave him unassisted?

The Son. No indeed: but why? because I love him: and do rich men love the poor? I have had money given me by one rich man to fight my play-mate.—Ah! I think I see my father now; yes, there he is! yes, yes, indeed; and, as you said, behind the gentlemen.

The Mother. Yes, yes; I see him too. Thank God! But still my heart beats grievously. I'm in a tremble: So let's both sit down; we'll have our eyes fixed on them till they're safe on this side of the valley; and by that time, as I hope, my agitation will be calmed. Methinks they come on very quick. No doubt they wish to end their journey before day shuts in. Look, son: I fancy they are drawing nigh a precipice before them; and my fears again come on me.

The Son. 'Tis a mass of ice that forms a hollow underneath. It looks as if it were suspended in the air, and they don't seem to know their danger; for they stop.

The Mother. They stop! and may, perhaps, without expecting it, be swallowed up, or buried in the ruins, should the ice fall down! It will fall down, and I shall see—oh heavens! fly for your life, my Julian! my dear Julian! fly! see what a mass of ice may overwhelm you! Fly!—My voice, alas! at such a distance, is not to be heard. My cries are useless. I am most unhappy!

The Son. Mother, I can see no longer through the spying-glass, because I cry; and yet I cannot take away my eyes. But now I see again. Yes, there they are, and they have cleared the precipice. Quite cleared it. They are

are out of danger now: I see them: they turn back to view the rock they have perhaps passed under, without knowing at the time what a peril they were in. They lift their arms up; they are talking to each other; they are looking at some object that attounds them.

The Mother. They are out of danger; that's enough for me. I see them: they have nothing now but level ground remaining. Kiss me, my dear child; and let us both pass on to meet your father. But at no time in my life shall I forget what I have felt this afternoon. Let us make all the haste we can, and beg he would no more thus venture into danger. We shall have the little field, in that case, somewhat later; or it may be not at all; and 'tis no matter. We have lived till now without it; our enjoyments have not been on that account the less; we have in short been happy; and what more can we desire? I shall not for the future know he is returning to those frozen regions, without fearing every danger I'm apprized of, and all those I can but guess at. He may be, perhaps, safe seated at his ease beneath a tree; but I shall fancy I behold him struggling in a gap, and striving to get out. Whatever money he receives from those he may conduct, —if he but loves us, he should think he buys it at a price too dear.

The mother and the son on this went forward, and I followed them till they had gained the valley. They pressed on to meet a husband, and a father; and at last, when they observed him with the Englishmen draw near, they durst not note him. They sat down together, let him pass, and then got up and followed slowly after. It was not before they reached their cottage, that the wife and son ran both to Julian, and together sunk into his arms. The son related every thing they had both seen and feared. The mother did not speak at first; but when she saw her husband touched by the affectionate behaviour of his son, she once again embraced him, and shed tears. He promised he would never more affright her by returning to the ice, but cultivate his field in peace.

THE BREAKFAST.

COME, come, said a certain Mr. Bellamy to Albany his son, one beauteous summer morning, here's a basket with some cake and currants in it. Let's be gone, that we may breakfast by the river's side.

With all my heart, papa, said Albany, and jumped about for joy. He took the basket in one hand, and with the other in his father's, hastened towards the river. Having reached it, they walked on a little way to chuse a proper place; when Mr. Bellamy arriving at a very pleasant spot, cried out, Let's stop here, Albany; for this methinks will yield us a delightful prospect, while we sit and eat.

Albany. But how are we to eat without a table?

Mr. Bellamy. Fortunately, here's the trunk of an old tree would serve by way of table very well, if we had need of one; but you may eat your currants as they lie together in the basket.

Albany. So I can: but how shall we supply the want of chairs?

Mr. Bellamy. And do you reckon this soft grass then nothing? See how thick 'tis set with flowers. We'll take our seat upon it: or perhaps you'd rather chuse the carpet?

Albany. Chuse the carpet? Why you know, papa, the carpet's fast nailed down upon the parlour floor.

Mr. Bellamy. 'Tis true there is a carpet there: but still there's one here also.

Albany. I don't see it if there is.

Mr. Bellamy. Why what's the grass then, but a carpet for the fields? And what a charming one beside! 'Tis of a fresher colour, and much downier too than any one we have. How spacious too! it covers every hill, and all the level plain. The lambs repose upon it at their ease. Think, Albany, what they would have to suffer, on a bare or stony piece of ground! their limbs are so extremely delicate, they could not but be very quickly injured. They have mothers, but those mothers cannot make them up soft feather-beds. God therefore has provided for them better than the poor sheep can, and made them this
soft

soft couch, where they may roll about, or sleep entirely at their ease.

Albany. And then, papa, there's one good thing besides, that they may eat it when they like.

Mr. Bellamy. O ho! I understand your meaning. So here take your cake and currants.

Albany, (biting off a bit.) O! how good! There's nothing wanting but a story while I'm eating. Will you tell me one, papa, the prettiest you may know?

Mr. Bellamy. With all my heart. Your cake reminds me of a story I can tell about three cakes.

Albany. One, two, three cakes! O what a charming story that must be! So quick, papa, and tell it me.

Mr. Bellamy. Come first, and sit beside me then. Be wholly at your ease, and then you'll hear the better.

Albany. I'm quite ready; so begin, papa.

THE THREE CAKES.

Mr. Bellamy. **T**HERE was a little boy named Paul, about your age. His parents had but lately fixed him at a boarding-school. He was a special boy, for ever at his book, and happened once to get the highest place at exercises. His mamma was told it. She could no how keep from dreaming of the pleasure; and when morning came, she got up early, sent to speak with cook, and said as follows: Cook, you are to make a cake for Paul, who yesterday was very good at school. With all my heart, replied the cook, and set immediately about it. 'Twas as big as—let me see,—as big as—as a hat when flapped. The cook had stuffed it with nice almonds, large Pistachio nuts, and candied lemon-peel, and ic'd it over with a coat of sugar, so that it was very smooth, and of a perfect white. The cake no sooner was come home from baking, than the cook put on her things, and carried it to school. When Paul first saw it, he jumped up and down like any Merry Andrew. He was not so patient as to wait till they could let him have a knife, but fell upon it tooth and nail.—He ate and ate till

till school began, and after school was over ate again: At night too 'twas the same till bed-time. Nay, a little fellow Paul had for a play-mate, told me that he put the cake upon his bolster when he went to bed, and waked and waked a dozen times, that he might take a bit. I can't so easily believe this last particular; but then 'tis very true at least, that on the morrow, when the day was hardly broke, he set about his favourite business once again, continuing at it all the morning, and by noon had ate it up. The dinner bell now rung, but Paul, as one may fancy, had no stomach, and was vexed to see how heartily the other children ate. It was however worse than this at five o'clock, when school was over. His companions asked him if he would not play at cricket, taw, or kites. Alas, he could not; so they played without him. In the mean time Paul could hardly stand upon his legs; he went and sat down in a corner very gloomy, while the children said one to another, What's the matter with poor Paul, that used to skip about, and be so merry? See how pale and sorrowful he is! The master came himself, and seeing him, was quite alarmed. 'Twas all lost labour to interrogate him. Paul could not be brought to speak a single word. By great good luck, a boy at length came forward in the secret; and his information was, that Paul's mamma had sent him a great cake the day before, which he had swallowed in an instant as it were, and that his present sickness was occasioned only by his gluttony. On this, the master sent for an apothecary, who soon ordered him a quantity of physic, phial after phial. Paul, as one would fancy, found it very nauseous; but was forced to take the whole, for fear of dying; which, had he omitted it, would certainly have been the case. When some few days of physic and strict regimen had passed, his health was re-established as before; but his mamma protested she would never let him have another cake.

Albany. He did not merit so much as the smell of such a thing. But this is but one cake, papa; and you informed me there were three, if you remember, in your story.

Mr. Bellamy. Patience! patience! here's another cake in what I'm going now to tell.

Paul's master had another scholar, and his name was Francis. He had written his mamma a very pretty letter, and it had not so much as a blotted stroke. In recompence for which, she sent him likewise a great cake; and Francis thus addressed himself: I will not, like that glutton Paul, eat up my cake at once, and so be sick as he was. No, I'll make my pleasure last a great deal longer. So he took the cake, which he could hardly lift by reason of its weight, and watched the opportunity of slipping up into his chamber with it, where his box was, and in which he put it under lock and key. At play-time every day he slipt away from his companions, went up stairs a tip-toe, cut a tolerable slice off, swallowed it, put by the rest, and then came down and mixed again with his companions. He continued this clandestine business all the week; and even then the cake was hardly half consumed. But what ensued? At last the cake grew dry, and quickly after mouldy; nay, the very maggots got into it, and by that means had their share; on which account it was not then worth eating, and our young curmudgeon was compelled to fling the rest away with great reluctance. No one grieved however for him.

Albany. No indeed; nor I, papa. What, keep a cake locked up seven days together, and not give one's friend a bit! That's monstrous! but let's have the other now.

Mr. Bellamy. There was another little gentleman who went to school with Paul and Francis likewise, and his name was Gratian. His mamma sent *him* a cake one day, because she loved him, and indeed he loved her also very much. It was no sooner come, than Gratian thus addressed his young companions. Come and look at what mamma has sent me; you must every one eat with me. They scarce needed such a welcome piece of information twice, but all got round the cake, as you have doubtless seen the bees resorting to a flower just blown. As Gratian was provided with a knife, he cut a great piece off, and then divided it into as many shares as he had brought boys together by such a courteous invitation. Upon this he ranged them in a circle, and beginning with the boy that then stood next him, he went round, distributing to each his portion, till the shares were all disposed of in this manner. Gratian then took up the rest, and told them he would eat his piece next day; on which he put

it up, and went to play with his companions, who were all solicitous to have him chuse whatever game he thought might entertain him most.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely past as they were playing, when a poor old man, who had a fiddle, came into the yard. He had a very long white beard, and being blind, was guided by a little dog, who went before him with a collar round his neck, to which a cord was fastened that the poor blind man had hold of. It was noticed with how much dexterity the little dog conducted him, and how he shook a bell that, I forgot to say, hung underneath his collar, when he came near any one, as if he had designed to say by such an action, Don't throw down or run against my master. Being got into the yard, he sat him down upon a stone, and hearing several children talking round him, My dear little gentlemen, said he, I'll play you all the pretty tunes I know, if you will give me leave. The children wished for nothing half so much. He put his vioiin in tune, and then thrummed over several jigs, and other scraps of music, that 'twas easy to conjecture had been new in ancient times. The little Gratian saw that while he played his merriest airs, a tear would now and then roll down his cheek, on which he stooped to ask him why he wept? Because, said the musician, I am very hungry. I have no one in the world will give my dog or me a bit of any thing to eat. I wish I could but work, and get for both of us a bit of something, but I've lost my strength and sight. Alas! I laboured hard till I was old, and now want bread. The generous Gratian hearing this, wept too. He did not say a word, but ran to fetch the cake he had designed to eat himself. He brought it out with joy, and as he ran along, began, Here, good old man, hold! here's some cake I give you. Where? replied the poor musician, feeling with his hands; where is it! for I'm blind, and cannot see you. Gratian put the cake into his hand, when laying down his fiddle on the ground, he wiped his eyes, and then began to eat. At every piece he put into his mouth, he gave his faithful little dog a bit, who came and ate out of his hand; and Gratian standing by him, smiled with pleasure at the thought of having fed the poor old man when he was hungry.

Albany. O the good, good Gratian!—Let me have your knife, papa.

Mr. Bellamy. Here, Albany; but why my knife?

Albany. I'll tell you. I have only nibbled here a little of my cake, so pleased I was in listening to you! So I'll cut it smooth.—There—See how well I've ordered it!—These scraps, together with the currants, will be more than I shall want for breakfast: and the first poor man I meet with going home, shall have the rest, even though he should not play upon the violin.

OH THE UGLY BEAUTY! OUT UPON HER!

Margaret, Elizabeth.

Margaret. **B**ETSY, have you seen my sister Caroline's new dog?

Elizabeth. Not yet, dear cousin.

Margaret. You have then a pleasure still to come: Why she's the drollest little creature in the world!

Elizabeth. Indeed? and what's her name?

Margaret. Would you believe it!—BEAUTY.

Elizabeth. That's a pretty name indeed!

Margaret. O cousin, she's much prettier than her name.

Elizabeth. And how is she so very pretty?

Margaret. First, she's hardly bigger—see (*closing her hand*) than this.

Elizabeth. I love a little dog.

Margaret. And then one don't know what to take her for—a greyhound or a spaniel.

Elizabeth. That's quite funny, I protest!

Margaret. If you could only see her tail; 'tis like a bow-pot; and her ears that sweep the ground; and then her long, long hair, as soft as silk, that curls about her eyes and muzzle; and the whee whee little tiny face that peeps out underneath it; O, she's quite a picture!

Elizabeth. Is she black or white?

Margaret.

Margaret. She's neither black nor white, but something of a coffee colour.

Elizabeth. Ah! that makes me think of what I like for breakfast. I don't get it frequently.—They hardly ever give me any thing but milk.

Margaret. What milk, and nothing else?

Elizabeth. And bread: that's all. But let's return to Beauty.

Margaret. Why she knows more tricks than any Scaramouch: They've taught her to hold out her paw; and she distinguishes the right hand from the left. If any one throws down a glove, she'll run and bring it to the owner, without ever being wrong.

Elizabeth. You don't say so?

Margaret. And then she makes believe she's dead: she lies down on her side, and don't get up again without a signal from my sister. If you put a garden stick between her paws, she'll be a sentry, and mount guard: but what's still best of all, she'll dance a minuet as well as Madame Simonet!

Elizabeth. Well now, that's wonderful, and she must sure have had a charming education! but pray Peggy tell me, is she gentle and good-natured?

Margaret. Why I can't say much as to that; for when she sees a stranger in the house, she'll bark and snarl like mad: and one can hardly hinder her from running in between his legs to bite him.

Elizabeth. That's the very thing at night, if she were to keep the house!

Margaret. And sometimes too, she'll take it in her head to go and teaze papa's great dog without occasion: and she never sees him eating any thing, but instantly she'll run and snatch it from him if she can: but Jowler luckily's exceedingly good-natured!

Elizabeth. How! and does she do all this?

Margaret. Yes, truly.

Elizabeth. And you call her *Beauty*?

Margaret. She's so funny and genteel!

Elizabeth. Go, Peggy—I should never fancy her, however funny and genteel she may be; for papa has often told me, a bad heart makes every body frightful—*Oh the ugly BEAUTY! Out upon her!*

THE BUTTERFLY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

So butterfly! sweet pretty butterfly! come here, and rest upon this flower I hold out in my hand.

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

THE SUN AND MOON.

WHAT a charming evening! Come, Hilario, said a certain Mr. Manning to his little boy; the sun's just ready to go down. How glorious he appears! We may behold him now. He does not dazzle us as much at present as he did at noon, when he was up so very high. How beautiful the clouds too, round about him, seem!

They're

They're of a purple, gold and scarlet colour! But behold how swiftly he descends! Already only half his orb is visible. And now he's wholly vanished. Farewell sun; you have now left us till to-morrow morning.

Look, Hilario, towards that quarter of the heavens just opposite to where the sun descended. What may that be shining so behind the trees? a fire? No, nothing like it, but the moon. How large and red it is! One would suppose 'twere full of blood! This evening 'tis quite round, or as they say, full moon. 'Twill not be quite so round to-morrow evening; less so the next evening; less the evening after; and so on, decreasing something every evening, till at last 'twill be in some sort like a wire bent round into a semicircle, when a fortnight's gone.

It will be then new moon, when you will see it in the afternoon. From day to day you will observe it afterward grow bigger, and seem rounder, till in fourteen days 'twill be again full moon, and rise as now it does behind the trees.

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

Fear nothing, dear Hilario: there's no danger. I'll explain the reason why, when you can understand the matter; so at present only listen while I mention how the sun and moon address you.

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

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

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

I give too heat, as well as light. 'Tis I that ripen with my beams the fruit in gardens, and the corn that grows

in fields. If I should cease a moment to assist the course of nature, nothing then could grow, and famished men would die, in that case, of despair, in all the horrors of that darkness you yourself are so afraid of.

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

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

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

This same eagle darting from the summit of some elevated mountain, shapes his progress towards me with a towering wing, and soon is lost amid my beams, through which he darts to pay me homage every minute of the day. The lark, suspended in the air a great deal lower, sings, while I am rising, his best song; and wakes the other birds that slumber in ten thousand trees. The cock remaining on the ground, proclaims the time of my return to mortals with a piercing voice. But on the other hand, the bat and owl avoid my presence: they fly from me with a plaintive cry, and hasten to take refuge in the ruins of those towers I once saw proudly rising, domineering afterward for many ages over spacious countries, and then sinking with the burthen of old age.

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

But

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

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

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

When you lie asleep, I dart a beam of silver brightness through your curtains; and my words are, Sleep on, little friend, in safety. You are tired. I won't disturb your slumber.

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

THE ROSE-BUSH.

WHO will give me some nice tree or other for my garden? said one day the little Andrew, to his brothers William and Augustus, and his sister Annabella.

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

O, not I, said William and Augustus.

Well then, I will, answered Annabella. Let me know what sort of trees you'd like?

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

Come then, said the lively Annabella, come and chuse one for yourself. On which she led him to a little spot of ground she cultivated; and the moment they had entered, pointing with her finger to a charming rose-bush, told him he had nothing else to do, than take it up immediately.

Andrew. How, sister! you have only two, and wish besides to give me up the finest! No, no; here's the least, and just the one I want.

Annabella. You don't know how much pleasure I shall feel, if you'll but take the other, Andrew. This may scarce produce you any flowers next summer; but the other will, I'm certain: and you know I shall be pleased as much with looking at it elsewhere, when full blown, as if it had continued in my garden.

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

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

Those who have a churlish nature, hardly ever are assiduous: therefore when the summer months were come, Augustus and his brother's rose plants never having been attended, promised no great quantity of flowers; and to increase their disappointment, the chief part of those they thought were coming, perished in the bud; while Andrew's rose-bush, on the other hand, in consequence of great attention paid it by himself and Annabella, bore the finest centfoil roses the whole county had to boast of; and as long as it remained in flower, the happy Andrew always had a rose to stick in Annabella's bosom, and another for himself to smell to.

Likewise did the Windsor pear-tree thrive surprisingly: it scattered a delicious perfume over all the garden, and soon grew so thick and lofty as to yield a tolerable umbrage. Annabella used to come and take her seat beneath it, when the sun was hottest; as her father also did, when he would tell her charming stories, some of which would make her all at once burst out a laughing till her
sides

sides even ached again; and others gave occasion to such welcome sorrow in her, that soon after she would smile with pleasure at the recollection of her sorrow.

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

THE LITTLE CHURL INSTRUCTED.

LITTLE Sam went out one morning with his neighbour Philip, to divert themselves by gathering flowers. Their eagerness would not allow them to dispatch their breakfast in the house: they took it with them in their hands.

They met a beggar woman in the way, who had a child apparently expiring, as it were, with hunger.

My dear little master, said the woman, looking upon Sam, who happened to be first, for heaven's sake give my child a morsel of your bread. He has not had a bit of any thing to eat since yesterday.

It may be so, said Sam: but I am very hungry likewise and went forward, munching all the way.

Now what was Philip's conduct? He was no less hungry, we must think, than his companion; but beholding how the poor child cried, gave up his bread and butter; and received a hundred blessings, which God heard in heaven.

But this is not the whole. The little boy, revived by what the charitable Philip had bestowed upon him, instantly began to run before his benefactor, brought him to a meadow, where he knew there was a multitude of flowers, and helped to make up so magnificent a bow-pot, that the pleasant smell proceeding from it made him quite forget his trouble.

Philip, after this, went home and shewed it with a deal of pleasure; for not only was the sweetness of it very

grateful, but its size was such, that he might easily have hid his face behind it.

Next day likewise they went out, and then another little boy, whose name was Aby, met them.

After having taken half a dozen turns with Sam and Philip in the meadow, Aby, looking down, perceived his buckle lost, and begged they would assist him both in searching for it. Oh, says Sam, I can't spare time enough for that at present, and went on; but Philip stopped immediately, that he might be of service to his little friend.

He walked a long time up and down, both stooping all the way, and patting with his hand, to try if he could feel it in the grass: and had at last the happiness to find it.

Aby too was happy; and they set about the business that had brought them thither.

Aby, out of gratitude, bestowed the finest flowers of those which he had gathered, upon Philip; but paid no regard to Sam, who had refused to help him; so that Philip had that day as well, a finer bow-pot than the other, and came back as satisfied as Sam was discontented.

Sam supposed the third day he might prove more lucky: He preceded Philip, and desired him to collect a finer bow-pot than he should. But hardly were they got into the meadow, when behold the little boy who had been fed by Philip, came to meet him with a basket full of flowers; and which, it seems, he had that morning gathered.

Sam would have begun to gather for himself; but how was he to find the flowers? The little boy had got up earlier by a deal than he; and therefore he had still less flowers that day than either of the two preceding.

They were going home, but met the little Aby.

My dear friend, said he to Philip, I have not forgot the service yesterday you did me, and have taken such a liking to you, I could wish to be at all times in your company. Papa too, though he never saw you, has the same ideas in your favour, and has bid me come and fetch you to his house this morning: He designs to tell us merry stories, and will afterwards play with us.

I will take you to a garden here hard by us, which we have to walk in, where you'll find I've four or five companions of my age to welcome you; and we will all together do whatever you think proper.

Philip

Philip instantly laid hold of Aby's hand, and flew like lightning with him towards the garden. As for Sam, poor fellow! he went home quite melancholy. Aby had not once invited him.

He learnt by these three days adventures, but particularly by the last, how much one gains by kindness and assistance granted others. He reformed his churlish temper; and would certainly, in time, have shown himself as courteous to the full as Philip, if this last, by having exercised a friendly disposition from his cradle, had not with a greater grace conferred his favours.

THE AFFECTIONATE PRESENT.

Mrs. Dennison, Miranda, her daughter.

Miranda. MAMMA, you know it will be very soon my brother's birth-day; and I don't know what to offer him. I hope you'll therefore give me something to present him with by way of keep-sake.

Mrs. Dennison. Doubtless I might easily do so, but I should like much rather to present him with that something on my own account. Do you imagine I enjoy less pleasure than yourself in making presents? and besides, reflect that if I give you any thing, that after you may give it to your brother, 'tis my gift, not yours.

Miranda. That's true indeed, mamma: and yet I should be very glad if I had any thing to give him.

Mrs. Dennison. Well then, let's reflect a little. How shall we proceed? You cannot surely but have something by you! as for instance sake, your little orange-tree?

Miranda. My little orange-tree, mamma, whose blossoms I employ to make up all my nosegays!

Mrs. Dennison. Well, what think you of your lamb?

Miranda. O, dear mamma! my lamb, that loves and follows me so prettily!

Mrs. Dennison. Your doves, then?

Miranda. I resolved, you know, to bring them up before they well had broke the shell; so they're my children, and I cannot part with them.

Mrs. Dennison. I see you've nothing then to give your brother!

Miranda. Now I recollect, I have.

Mrs. Dennison. And what?

Miranda. You know that purse, my aunt Teresa gave me for a Christmas-box last year: at least 'tis very pretty!

Mrs. Dennison. True, my dear: but do you think your brother will be pleased with such a gift? for not to mention he can never wear it long, I fancy you remember, when you had it first, you did not like it much yourself, and put it carelessly into a drawer, as what you had no wish to see again; and this your brother knew, and cannot but remember when you bring it out.

Miranda. But notwithstanding that, mamma, 'tis still a very pretty present.

Mrs. Dennison. No, my dear: that only can be called a pretty present, which we should be glad to keep, and which the party so obliged, would equally be glad to have.

Miranda. And must I give my brother every thing I should be glad to keep?

Mrs. Dennison. No: just as much, or just as little, as you please; provided what you give appears to be a token of your friendship.

Miranda (after a little reflection.) Well, well, I'll make up a nosegay of my finest orange blossoms, and present it Henry, with my lamb.

Mrs. Dennison. Well fancied! such a gift will show him your affection, since he knows you would particularly like to keep the lamb yourself.

Miranda. Nor yet, mamma, is this the whole; for every day I'll take a walk out with my brother, that the lamb may use itself to follow him, as well as me. The little creature in this manner will be quite familiar with my brother, when I give him; and my brother love him better.

Mrs. Dennison. Come my dearest, and embrace me. Be assured, this delicate attention will encrease the value of your present. Thus the merest trifle may become a valuable object, when bestowed with such a grace. You could not give your brother, or even me, such joy with any other present.

Or myself, mamma, replied Miranda, with vivacity.

You

You will be happier still, continued Mrs. Dennison, when once the birth-day comes; because, as I must stand for something, I intend you shall perform the honours for me, of a little cold collation, to be served up in the garden, for your brother, and such friends as he may wish to have invited.

Hearing this, the little lady kiss'd her mother's hand with ardour, and immediately ran off to make up half-a-dozen artificial roses, with a crimson ribband, she had by her. And those roses she intended to dress out the lamb with, on her brother's birth-day, when she made him so affectionate a present.

THE HOBGOBLIN.

A Ridiculous maid servant had possessed the imagination of her master's children with a hundred foolish tales of spirits, and particularly of a black-faced goblin, as she said.

Antonia, one of these poor children, for the first time in her life, beheld a chimney-sweeper knocking at her father's door. She made a lamentable outcry, and betook herself for refuge to the first apartment she found open, which apartment was the kitchen.

Hardly had she hid herself behind a table, when the black-faced man came in, as if, in her imagination, he had meant to follow her.

This frightened her a second time; and up she ran into a pantry, higher than the kitchen floor by half-a-dozen steps, and not a great way from the fire-place: where she thought she should be safe from danger, in a corner.

She had hardly come, however, to herself, when suddenly she heard the frightful fellow singing in the chimney; and, with brush and scraper, making all the while a rattling noise against the bricks about him.

Being seized with terror, she jumped up, and leaping through a window, which was rather low, into the garden, ran quite breathless towards an arbour at the bottom of it, where she fell half dead, and almost void of motion, close beside a tree.

In this new situation, hardly durst she look about her; when by chance she saw the black-faced man again appear, and wave his brush about him, at the chimney top.

On this, Antonia almost split her throat with crying out, Help! help!

Her father heard the cry, and running towards the arbour, asked what ailed her, that she cried out so! Antonia had not strength sufficient to articulate a single word, and therefore, keeping silence, pointed to the place where Grim was sitting then astride, and flourishing his brush.

Her father smiled; and to convince her what small cause she had for terror, waited till the chimney-sweeper was come down. He bade him then be called, and cleaned a little in Antonia's presence; after which, without explaining matters any further, he sent up into the house to fetch his barber, who, it happened, was then waiting for him, and who consequently had his face all over white with powder.

She was heartily ashamed of having feared so much, without occasion; and her father took this opportunity of giving her to understand, there were whole nations, in a certain quarter of the globe, all over black by nature, but not therefore to be dreaded by white children; since these last were, in another country, generally nursed by women purchased of those nations, without losing any of their whiteness.

Ever afterward Antonia was the first to laugh at silly stories, told by silly people, of hobgoblins and the like, to fright her.

THE FRANK CONFESSION.

HENRY and Geneura, one day got permission from their dear mamma, to take a turn or two about the garden, by themselves: they had deserved this confidence placed in them, by their past discretion.

They amused themselves, by playing for a time together, with that decent gaiety by which 'tis easy to discern young children have been well brought up.

Against

Against the garden wall grew many fruit-trees, and amongst them a young cherry-tree, that had no earlier than the year before been grafted, and was now in fruit. Its fruit indeed was very little; but on that account, perhaps much finer.

Mrs. Pennington, their mother, did not want to gather them, though ripe. She kept them for her husband's eating, who that very day was to return from York, where business had a long time kept him.

As the children were accustomed to obedience, and forbidden once for all to gather any kind of fruit, or pick up even such as they might find upon the ground, to eat it, without asking leave, she thought it useless to say any thing about this cherry-tree.

When Henry and Geneura were fatigued with running up and down the terrace, Come, said Henry, let's do something else now; upon which they joined their hands, and walked sedately towards the bottom of the garden, casting every now and then a look of appetite upon the fruit with which the espaliers were loaded.

They were soon come up to this late grafted tree. A little blast of wind had shook the finest cherries from it, and they lay upon the ground close by. Young Henry was the first to see them. He advanced his foot, stooped down, and picked them up, ate some, and gave Geneura some, who ate them likewise.

They had not yet flung the stones away, when as it chanced, Geneura recollected her mamma's command to eat no fruit but what she might think fit to give her.

Ah! said she to Henry, we have disobeyed mamma by eating any of these cherries, and shall make her angry with us, when she comes to know it. What had we best do?

Henry. Why need mamma know any thing about it? We may hold our tongues.

Geneura. No, no; she needs must know it, brother. She forgives us frequently the greatest faults we can be guilty of, when we confess them of ourselves.

Henry. Yes, yes; but in this instance we have disobeyed her, and she never yet forgave us disobedience.

Geneura. When she punishes our faults, I need not tell you, brother, 'tis because she loves us; and in consequence of being punished, we are not so very likely to forget,

forget, as otherwise we should, what we may do, and what we may not.

Henry. True, but she is always sorry when she punishes our faults, and being sorry, she's unhappy: so I should not like to see mamma unhappy, which would be the case did she but know what we have done.

Geneura. I should not like to see mamma unhappy, brother, any more than you; but would she not be much more so, upon discovering we had wished to hide our faults. Should we be bold enough to look her in the face while we were secretly reproached by our own hearts? or rather, should we not be quite ashamed to hear her call us her dear children, knowing as we must, how little we deserve it?

Henry. Ah, my dearest sister! you have quite convinced me; and indeed we should, in that case, be two little monsters: therefore let's go to her, and acknowledge what we've done.

They kissed each other, and went hand in hand to their mamma's apartment.

Dear mamma, began Geneura, we have disobeyed you, and forgot what you forbade us. Punish me and Henry as we merit, but pray don't be angry with us; we should both be quite uneasy were our fault to make you sorry or unhappy.

She related, in the next place, what her brother and herself had done, without endeavouring to excuse the action.

Mrs. Pennington was so affected with the openness of Henry and Geneura, that a tear of tenderness and love escaped her. She could not resolve on punishing their fault, but generously overlooked it. She well knew that children of a happy disposition are more powerfully wrought on by the recollection of a mother's kindness, than by that of her severity.

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THE LITTLE PRATER.

L EONORA was endued with spirit and vivacity. When scarcely six years old, she was exceedingly well practised in the art of managing her needle, and could very cleverly employ her scissors. All the garters her papa and brothers wore were of her making. She could read with ease in any book she happened to take up; her writing was also extremely neat and fair. She did not huddle great and little letters in one word together, neither did they lean some this and others that way; and her lines went strait along, not dancing up and down from one side of her paper to the other, as too often I have seen in many children's copy-books, even older by a year or two than Leonora.

Her papa too, and mamma, were no less satisfied with her obedience, than her masters with her diligence and study. She kept up a perfect union with her sisters, treated every servant with the greatest affability, and her companions with regard and condescension. All her parents friends, and every stranger that came there a visiting, were equally enchanted with her company and conversation.

Who would think, that with so many recommendatory qualities, and so much understanding, any little girl could possibly be so unfortunate, that none, when they grew acquainted at the house, could bear her? Such was Leonora, notwithstanding; for a single fault she had unhappily contracted, was so great as to destroy the effect of all her juvenile accomplishments. The intemperance of her tongue made every one forget the graces of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart. In short, our Leonora was the greatest prater living.

When, for instance, she was sitting down to work, one might have heard her say, O, ho! I fancy 'tis high time I should be doing something! What would my mamma say, should she find me sitting with my arms across, a lolling on my elbows?—O my itars! how much I've got to hem here! all this apron! But at worst, I never let the grass grow under me when I set out, and I shall soon have done.

done. Ah! there the clock strikes: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—Yes, positively nine o'clock! Well then, I have but two poor hours before I go to music; yet a deal of business may be done in such a length of time. Mamma, when she observes how diligent I have been, will be sure to give me sweetmeats.—O! what pleasure I shall have in looking at them! Nothing do I love like nice crisped almonds. Not that I don't like egg-plumbs preserved: they are very good too, for papa popped one into my mouth last Thursday, and then gave me a whole bagfull; but I think crisped almonds better.—I should like to see Miss Winifred this morning: I would show her the fine petticoat mamma has bought me. Winifred's a funny little girl enough! I like her vastly. O! but she loves talking, and I don't know how it happens, but one cannot thrust a word in when her clapper's set a going. Where's my thimble got to? Sister, have you seen my thimble? Patty must have surely lost it for me, when she came to sweep the parlour.—It's so like her! she is always such a hair-brained creature! Who can work without a thimble? I, at least, never take a stitch, if I mislay it; for the needle pricks one's finger, and one's finger bleeds of course; and then, besides the pain it gives one, how one's work looks when 'tis spotted with red marks! Why, Patty! Patty! where can you be got to? Have you seen my thimble? O, no! here it is; and just as if the matter were contrived on purpose, at the bottom of my work-bag.

It was thus the little creature would be always dinning people's ears that happened to be near her. When her parents were engaged in any interesting conversation with each other, she would come and mix in their discourse, by prating upon twenty different subjects. And at dinner, she had hardly ever ended with her meat, before the pie or pudding was on the table. She would really forget to eat and drink, while everlastingly employed in prating.

Her papa would frequently reprove her twenty times a day for this defect; but all reproof was lost upon her, neither would the greatest punishment produce a reformation in her conduct. As it was not possible for any one to hear himself when she was by, Miss Chatterbox was often sent to pass the morning all alone in her apartment. During dinner, they would put her at a little table by herself,

self, as distant from the company as they could place her. Leonora seemed afflicted at this separation, but was therefore not a whit more silent. She had always something to converse of, even with herself, and, notwithstanding, talked so loud that every word she said was heard; for 'twas the same to her if any body was or was not by her: and I verily believe, that, rather than be mute, she would have entered into conversation with her knife and fork.

From such a foolish habit, what advantage did she get? The story tells us, only punishment and hatred. If you should not be convinced of this by what I have already mentioned, you will certainly be so when you read what follows:

Once upon a time, her parents were invited to go down into the country for a week or fortnight, by a friend. 'Twas autumn then, the weather was extremely fine, and 'tis not easy to conceive what great abundance there was then of every kind of fruit, pears, apples, nectarines and peaches.

Leonora thought it was designed to make her of the party, but stood very much surpris'd when her papa, directing both her sisters to get ready for the journey, told her she must stay at home. She fell a crying, ran to her mamma, and said, My dear mamma, what fault have I committed, that papa should be so angry with me?—Your papa, she answered, is not angry with you; but believe me, 'tis impossible for any one to bear your constant chatter. You would surely interrupt our pleasure, and the pleasure of the family we are now going to; and therefore for the future, when we visit, we must leave you constantly behind us.

Must I never speak, then? answered Leonora.

That, said her mamma, would be no less a fault than what we wish to see you cured of. You are not to be entirely mute; but then you ought to wait till you perceive your turn for speaking is come round, and not incessantly prevent your parents, and as many as have more experience than yourself, from talking. You should also take care how you say whatever comes into your head. When you desire to be informed of any thing, 'tis not improper you should know you ought to ask, employing as few words as possible; and having any thing to tell, you should,

should, in that case, first of all reflect within yourself, if those about you would or would not like to hear it.

Leonora, though she could not reasonably call in question this advice, would not have wanted words to justify her prating, if she had not heard that moment her papa call out that every thing was ready; and, in fact, the coach was off that very instant.

Leonora fell a sighing, and with tears pursued the carriage till her eye no longer could discern it. When 'twas wholly out of sight, she went into a corner, and began to weep most bitterly. Ah, bubbling gossip! she began, (*now speaking to herself,*) 'tis owing all to my long tongue that I have thus been punished. I'll take care, in future, it shall never speak a word more than it ought.

Some few days after they returned. Leonora's sisters brought home with them baskets full of pears and apples. They were both exceedingly well tempered; therefore Leonora would on no account have gone without her share, but then the tears she had been shedding so completely took away her appetite, that 'tis not to be wondered at she did not wish for any. She that moment ran to her papa, imploring his pardon for her fault in having forced him, (she knew,) much against his will, to punish her. We have been both unhappy, added she; but for the future I'll take care, and never speak too much.

Her father tenderly embraced and kissed her.

On the morrow, Leonora was permitted to sit down and take her dinner with the rest. She spoke but very little, yet whatever she thought to say was full of grace and modesty. 'Tis true, it cost her very much to check her tongue, that, through impatience and the itch of talking, rolled, if I may say so, this and that way in her mouth; but on the following day, this work of checking her propensity towards talking was less painful, and the next day still less so. At length the difficulty, by a gradual diminution, was completely done away. At present she has totally got rid of her bad habit, and she figures in society with credit to herself, and pleasure to her friends, who are no longer vexed with what they were accustomed to entitle, in derision, her *incessant clack*.

HOT COCKLES.

The Elder and Younger.

The Younger. BROTHER, all our friends have left us, and yet still I'm in a playing mood. What game shall we make choice of?

The Elder. We are only two, and should not, I'm afraid, be much diverted.

The Younger. Let's, however, play at something.

The Elder. But at what?

The Younger. At blindman's buff, for instance.

The Elder. That's a game would never end. It would not be as if there were a dozen, of which number some are generally off their guard; but where there are but two, I should not find it difficult to shun you, or you me: and then, when we had caught each other, we should know for certain who it was.

The Younger. That's true, indeed. Well then, what think you of *Hot Cockles*?

The Elder. That would be the same, you know. We could not possibly guess wrong.

The Younger. Perhaps we might. However, let us try.

The Elder. With all my heart, if it will please you. Look ye, if you like it, I'll be the *hot cockles* first.

The Younger. Do, brother. Put your right-hand on the bottom of this chair here: now stoop down, and lay your face quite close upon it, that you may not see. That's well; and now, your left-hand on your back. Well, master! but I hope your eyes are shut?

The Elder. Yes, yes: don't be afraid.

The Younger. Well, master, what have you to sell?

The Elder. Hot cockles! hot!

The Younger (*slapping him.*) Who struck?

The Elder (*getting up.*) Why who, you little goose! but you?

The Younger. Yes, yes; but with which hand?

The eldest did not dream of such a question: he was taken by surprize, and said *the right*, at hazard.—'Twas, however, with the left he had been struck; and so the youngest thus outwitted him.

G O D ' s B I R D .

Mrs. Arne, Edward and James, her sons.

Mrs. Arne. JEMMY, what have you, my dearest, done with all your money?

James. Given it away.

Mrs. Arne. Away, my little fellow! and to whom?

James. A very wicked boy.

Mrs. Arne. No doubt, to make him better?

James. Yes, mamma. Pray don't the birds that fly about, belong to God?

Mrs. Arne. They do; as well as we ourselves, and every other creature.

James. Well, mamma; this wicked boy had stole a bird from God, and carried it about to sell. The little bird cried out with all its strength; and he was pinching close the beak, to hinder it from crying. He was certainly afraid, mamma, that God would hear it cry, and punish him for so much naughtiness.

Mrs. Arne. And you, my little man—

James. And I—I gave the wicked boy my money, purse and all, that he might give God back again his bird—I fancy God was very glad. (*He jumps about for joy.*)

Mrs. Arne. He was, no doubt, to find my little fellow has so good a heart.

James. The boy perhaps was wicked, dear mamma, because he wanted money?

Mrs. Arne. Very likely.

James. I am therefore glad I gave him mine; because, mamma, you know I don't want money.

Edward. We have had a sort of difference with each other upon this affair. My brother gave his money without counting what it was, though certainly it would have bought ten birds. I told him he should first have asked the boy how much would satisfy him.

James. Which of us was in the right, mamma?

Mrs. Arne. Not you, my heart.

James.

James. But haven't you, if you remember, often said, dear Jemmy, do whatever good you can, and ask no questions.

Mrs. Arne. I have often told you so, indeed; but then you should consider how to do it the best way you can. To day, for instance, since you had more money than was necessary to deliver the poor little bird, you should have kept the rest for such another purpose; for if other wicked boys had come into your way, as well as he did, with God's birds, and you had no more money, tell me what you would have done?

James. Why then, mamma, I would have come to you for what I wanted.

Mrs. Arne. But if I had happened to have none?

James. Ah!—so much then the worse!

Mrs. Arne. You see, then, Edward gave you good advice. You are to save your money, and not only for yourself, but others, so that you may do most good therewith. Do you suppose, my dear, there was no other bird than this in all the world, to which you might have given assistance?

James. I was thinking of no other then—I wish, mamma, you had but seen how much he seemed at first to suffer, and how glad he was, when afterward I let him fly. He was quite giddy with his joy, he knew not where to go that he might clap his wings. However, dear mamma, the boy assured me, for I made him promise, he would never try a second time to catch it.

Mrs. Arne. My little fellow, you have notwithstanding done quite well; and to reward you, here's more money.

James. More!—oh thank you.

Mrs. Arne. And a kiss into the bargain. How rejoiced I am in being your mamma! With such an inclination as you have for doing good, you need but study how to do it in a proper manner, and you'll prove the happiest creature in the world.

THE SELF-CORRECTED STORY-TELLER.

THE little Henry now was six years old, and never yet had told a falsity. He never had committed any fault, and therefore had no need to hide the truth. When any accident befel him, as to break a pane of glass, or spot his cloaths, he went immediately and told his father, who would always be so good as to forgive him, with a caution that in future he should be more careful.

Henry had a cousin, but a very naughty boy, whose name was Humphry. Humphry came one day to see him; and by way of shewing his attention, Henry made proposals for a game at drafts. His cousin eagerly accepted the proposal, on condition they should play for something. Henry for a little time refused, but in the end was wrought upon by Humphry, and in hardly more than thirty minutes, all the money he had many weeks been laying up from his allowance was compleatly gone. Affected with his loss, poor Henry got into a corner, and began to cry, while Humphry fell a laughing, and went home in triumph with his spoil.

It was not long before poor Henry's father, who had been from home, returned. He loved the child, and therefore sent to see him in the parlour. But what ails you? were his words. And what has happened? You have sure been crying?

Henry. Yes, papa, because my cousin has been here, and we have play'd at drafts.

The Father. And what of that? I see no harm done yet; for drafts are a diversion I have given you leave to take. But possibly you play'd for money?

Henry. O! no, no, papa.

The Father. And why then cry?

Henry. Because I wished to show my cousin how much money I had saved to buy myself a book. Now I had hid it all behind the great stone post without, and when I put my hand into the hole, 'twas gone. Some person, passing by the gate, has stole it.

Henry's father, some how or another, fancied this recital false; but did not mention his suspicions then. He went that moment to his brother's, and when he first saw

the little Humphry, forced a smile, beginning in this manner :

Well, my child, you have been lucky, haven't you, to-day ?

Oh ! yes, said Humphry, very lucky, sir !

And what, rejoined the other, did you win ?

A shilling, said the nephew.

What ! so much ? And did he pay you, Humphry ?

Doubtless, uncle. I have got it in my pocket.

Notwithstanding Henry had deserved a grievous punishment, his father thought it not amiss to pardon the first falsity he had been guilty of ; and therefore only told him, with a scornful tone of voice, that since he knew he had a liar in his house, he would tell all the servants never to believe him, whatsoever he should say.

Some few days after, Henry went in turn to visit Humphry, and pulled out a handsome pencil-case his sister had presented him with at Christmas. Humphry wished to have it, and in change would have been glad to give him every thing he had, his ball, his top, and rackets ; but as Henry, he observed, would not part with it, he began to play the bully, put his arms a-kimbo, and advancing towards him, said, " The pencil-case is mine : I lost it at your house, or else you stole it." Henry, to no purpose, earnestly protested 'twas his sister's present. Humphry quickly let him see he meant to force it from him ; and as Henry grasped it with both hands, he closed upon him, threw him down, got over him, and with his double-fist so pommelled Henry in the face that he was forced to yield the case.

Poor Henry, being treated in this manner, posted home, his nose all over blood, and half his hair pulled off.— " Papa, papa, (said he, as soon as he had got within his father's hearing,) look how I have been used ! The naughty Humphry has this moment robbed me of my pencil-case, and handled me as you may see."

But far from pitying him, his father answered, " Go, you liar ! You have lost your pencil-case at drafts, and to deceive me, smeared your nose with mulberry-juice, and put your hair into disorder." Henry solemnly protested, to no purpose, he spoke only truth. " I cannot credit (said the father) one who has already proved himself a liar."

Henry,

Henry, quite confounded, went away into his chamber, and bewailed most bitterly the consequences of his first untruth. Next day he begged permission to appear before his father, and implored forgiveness. "I acknowledge (he began) how wicked I have been in seeking to deceive you with a falshood once; but, dear papa, let me entreat you to give up your resolution of believing me no longer, when I even speak the truth!"

His father told me t'other day, that from that moment Henry had not let the least untruth escape him, and that therefore he had recompenced his son's veracity by trusting him implicitly. He never looked for protestations from him: 'twas sufficient Henry barely told him any thing, that he should take it for as great a certainty as if himself had seen it.

What a satisfaction this to be experienced by a tender father, and a son so worthy of him!

PLEASURE WILL NOT ALWAYS PLEASE.

I Should be very glad to play, mamma, all day, said
 Laura.

Mrs. Holmes. What, all day?

Laura. O yes, mamma!

Mrs. Holmes. I shall be very glad to give you any pleasure in my power, my little Laura; but I fear you'll very soon be tired.

Laura. Of playing! Never. You'll see that, mamma.

And saying so, the little Laura ran to fetch her play-things. She had got them all together, but was quite alone; for both her sisters were that day to be employed with different masters, till the afternoon.

At first, she play'd as she thought proper, and was very happy for an hour or thereabout; but, by degrees, the pleasure she enjoyed began to lose a little of its power to please her.

She had handled now her play-things twenty times, or oftener, and could tell no longer what to do. Her favourite doll was grown quite troublesome and tedious to her.

She

She desired her dear mamma to shew her some new method of diversion, and play with her; but unfortunately her mamma had very pressing business, and could not attend to her, however she might wish to do so.

Laura, after this, sat moping in a corner, till her sisters had quite finished with their masters, and were now about to take a little recreation. She ran to them in a melancholy mood, which was as much as mentioning how long their time of study had seemed to her, and with what impatience she had wished to see them.

They proposed immediately such games as they supposed most entertaining, since they loved her greatly. But, alas! all their sollicitude was useless. Laura could not but complain that every game they mentioned had already tired her; nay, in her impatience, she even ventured to accuse them of conspiring with each other to afford her such diversion only as they knew would not amuse her. Upon which Miss Rose, her eldest sister, an extremely sensible young lady, ten years old, took Laura by the hand, and with a smile, began as follows:

Look at us, dear Laura, and I'll tell you which at present in the room occasions your dissatisfaction.

Laura. And who is it, sister? I, for my part, don't know who.

Rose. The reason is, you don't look at yourself. Yes, Laura, you yourself occasion your dissatisfaction; for you see these games amuse *us* still, though we have play'd them over, you may easily imagine, before you were born. But then we have been both at work, and therefore are they in a manner new to us. If you, by previous study and attention, had obtained an appetite for pleasure, it would certainly have been as easy to you, as we find it, to be pleased.

The little Laura, who, however young she was, by no means wanted understanding, was so struck with these remarks, as to discern that every one who would be happy should take care to mix improving exercise with pleasing recreation. And indeed, I know not but that, after such experience gained, the menace of a whole day's pleasure would not have more terrified her than a whole day's labour.

TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

SEBASTIAN had frequently heard his father say, that children were without the least degree of knowledge, touching what was proper for them; and that all the wisdom they could possibly give proof of, lay in following the advice of people older than themselves. And yet he never had sincerely wished to understand this doctrine, or perhaps, to speak as favourably as the matter will admit of, had forgot it.

His indulgent father had allotted him and Prospero, his brother, a convenient piece of ground, that each might have a little garden, and display his industry and knowledge in the cultivation of it. And not only this, but they had leave to sow whatever seed they might approve of, or take any tree root already growing in their father's garden, and transplant it.

Prospero remembered the instruction of his father, went to have a little conversation on this subject with the gardener Rufus; and began, Pray tell me what I ought to sow at present in my garden, and how set about my work?

The gardener gave him several roots and seeds adapted to the season. Prospero that moment ran and put them in the ground, and Rufus was so kind as to assist him in the work, and give him some instruction.

But Sebastian, seeing Prospero's docility, shrugged up his shoulders. Rufus, not observing this contemptuous action, asked if he should give him some assistance and instruction likewise?

Yes, replied Sebastian, I have great occasion, to be sure, of your assistance and instruction, and particularly so the last!

On this, he went into his father's garden; and selecting for his own, a quantity of flowers, transplanted them immediately. The gardener let him do as he thought fit.

Next morning when Sebastian visited his garden, all the flowers he had so lately planted, hung their heads like mourners at a funeral, and, as he saw, were dying. He transplanted others from his father's garden, which the morning after, he observed, with much vexation, were exactly in the same condition.

He was very soon disgusted with this sort of work. 'Twas paying very dear, we must acknowledge, for the pleasure of possessing a few flowers. Of course he gave it up, and 'twas not long before his piece of ground was over-run with weeds and thistles.

Towards the middle of the spring, as he was looking at his brother's garden, he saw something red suspended very near the ground, which, on examination, he discerned were strawberries, and had an exquisite degree of flavour.

Ah, said he, if I had planted strawberries in my garden!

Some time after likewise, he saw certain little berries of a milk white colour, that hung down in clusters from the branches of a bush: upon examination, they were currants, which to look at only was a banquet.

Ah, said he again, if I had planted currants in my garden!

Eat as many as you like, said Prospero, as if they were your own.

It rested with yourself, and no one else, remarked the gardener, to have had as good; so never for the future treat with scorn the assistance and instruction any one, possessed of greater knowledge and experience than yourself, may offer; since *two heads are better far than one*; even when their ignorance is equal.

MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP.

EMILIA, Harriot, Lucy, and Sophia, had a governess who loved them with a mother's tenderness. This governess's name was Mademoiselle D'Allone.

Her greatest wish was, that her pupils should be virtuous to be happy; that a friendship for each other should increase the pleasures of their childhood; and that they should taste those pleasures without diminution or anxiety.

A kind indulgence, and exact degree of justice towards them, were the constant motives of her conduct, whether she had any thing to pardon, to reward, or punish in them.

She enjoyed, with infinite delight, the happy fruits proceeding from her lessons and examples.

The four little girls began to be the happiest children upon earth. They told each other of their faults, forgave each other, shared together of each other's joys, and could not live without each other.

But by some unhappy chance, they poisoned, as it were, the source of their enjoyments, at the very moment they began to taste its charms, and were convinced how much it could not but redound to their advantage to be guided by a person of such prudence and affection as their governess.

It happened, Mademoiselle D'Allone was forced to leave her pupils for a time, as certain family concerns necessitated her to visit France. She left them with reluctance, made a sacrifice of some advantages to the desire of quickly settling her affairs; and hardly had a month expired, when she returned in safety to her little flock.

They all received her with the greatest signs of joy: but what unhappy alteration didn't she, almost immediately, perceive in these poor little children?

If, as frequently it happened, any one among them asked the slightest favour of another, this ill-naturedly refused it, and hence followed discontent and quarrels—the uncommon gaiety that hitherto had been remarkable in all their little sports, and made their work itself delightful, now was changed to peevishness and melancholy; and instead of those expressions dictated by peace and friendship, which were heard in all their conversations, nothing now prevailed among them but incessant bickerings. Did either wish to take an hour's diversion in the garden? she was sure her sisters would assign some reason for remaining in their chamber. And in short, it was enough that any thing should meet the wish of one among them to displease the others.

It particularly chanced one day, that not contented to deny each other every sort of friendship and obligingness, they mutually distressed each other with reproaches. Mademoiselle D'Allone, who sat a witness of this scene, was so affected by it as even to shed tears.

She could not speak a word; and pensively withdrew into her chamber, that she might the better think upon the means of rendering back to these unhappy little ones,

the pleasures they had lost of their former friendship and reciprocal attachment.

She was still employed in this afflicting task, when all the four young ladies entered her apartment with a peevish and uneasy look, complaining they could be no longer happy in each other's company. There was not one of them but charged the rest with causing it, and all together earnestly desired their governess would give them back, provided she could do so, their lost happiness.

The governess received them in a very serious manner, saying, I observe, my children, you obstruct each other in your pleasures; therefore that this circumstance may never come to pass again, let each take up her corner in this very room, if she thinks proper, and divert herself in any way she likes, but so as not to interfere with either of her sisters. You may have recourse to this new mode of recreation instantly; as you have leave to play till night; but each (remember) in her corner, as I said just now.

The little girls were charmed with this proposal, took their places, and began to play.

Sophia entered into conversation with her doll, or rather told her many little stories; but her doll could not reply, and had no stories in her turn to tell. It was in vain to look for any entertainment from her sisters. They were playing, each asunder, in their corner.

Lucy took her battledore and shuttlecock, yet none applauded her dexterity: besides, she would have gladly struck it across the room, but none in that case would have sent it back. It was in vain to hope such service from her sisters; they were playing, each asunder, in their corner.

Harriot would have wished to pass the time that now hung heavy on her at the game she was so fond of, *hunt the slipper*: but alas! who was there she might pass the slipper to, from hand to hand! It was in vain to ask her sisters; they were playing, each asunder, in their corner.

And Emilia, who was very skilful, as a little housewife, thought how she might give her friends an entertainment, and of course send out for many things to market. But of her companions, none were by she might entrust her orders to. It was in vain to pitch upon her sisters; they were playing, each asunder in their corner.

It was just the same with every other play they tried at. All supposed it would be compromising matters to approach each other; and, on that account, disdainfully continued in their solitude. At length the day concluded. They returned again to Mademoiselle D'Allone, and begged her to inform them of a better species of amusement than the ineffectual one she had already recommended.

I can only think of one, my children, she made answer, which yourselves were formerly acquainted with; but which, it seems, you have forgot. Yet, if you wish to put it once more into practice, I can easily remind you of it.

Oh, we wish to recollect it, they replied, with all our hearts; and stood attentive while their governess was looking at them all—to seize with ardour the first word she uttered.

'Tis, she answered, that reciprocal obligingness, that mutual friendship, sisters owe each other. Oh, my dearest little friends! how miserable have you not contrived to make yourselves, and me too, since you lost it!

She stopped short, when she had uttered these few words, which yet were interrupted frequently by sighs, while tears of tenderness ran down her cheeks.

The little girls appeared astonished, and struck dumb with sorrow and confusion in her presence. She held out her arms: they rushed at once affectionately towards her, and sincerely promised they would love each other for the future, and agree as they had done before she left them.

From that moment they betrayed no signs of peevishness to trouble their harmonious intercourse. Instead of bickerings and discontent among them, nothing now was known but mutual condescensions that delighted all who had the opportunity of being with them.

They preserve this amiable character at present in the world among their friends, of whom they are acknowledged the delight and ornament.

THE BIRD RESTORED.

MAMMA, mamma, cried out the little Leslie G—
 one evening, running out of breath into the parlour; see, see, what I've got to shew you in my hat.

Mrs. G—. Ha, ha! a linnet! Where then did you get it?

Leslie. There's a nest, mamma, I happened to discover in the morning, as I passed along the white-thorn hedge, below the fish-pond: you may see it from the window.—There, mamma.—I waited till the evening, crept along the hedge as softly as I could, and slap! before the bird could be aware of me, was on him.

Mrs. G—. Was he by himself, then, in the nest?

Leslie. No, no; the little ones were likewise in it. They are yet so little that they have not got their feathers. O! they can't escape me!

Mrs. G—. What do you intend to do, then, with this linnet?

Leslie. Put it in a cage, mamma.

Mrs. G—. And with the young ones?

Leslie. O! I'll take the young ones too: and now I think again, I'll run and fetch them.

Mrs. G—. I am sorry, Leslie; but you won't have time to get them.

Leslie. O! 'tis not far off, as I've already mentioned. Don't you know the Windsor pear-tree? Well, 'tis close by that. I've taken care to note the place.

Mrs. G—. It is not *that* I speak of. What I mean is, that our neighbour, Justice Sharp, has sent to take you up. The constables are very likely come, and at the door.

Leslie. The constables! to take me up?

Mrs. G—. Yes, yes; to take you up! The justice has already got your father; and the constables that took him told us they would soon come back for you, with Kitty, Bell and Sally, and then carry you all four to prison.

Leslie. O, dear me! And what does he design to do with us?

Mrs. G——. You will be shut up in a little room, and never have permission to come-out a moment.

Leslie. O, the wicked justice!

Mrs. G——. However, he'll not do you any harm. They'll give you, every day, good things to eat and drink. You will have nothing to complain of but your loss of freedom, and the pleasure there would be in seeing me. (*Leslie, upon this, begins to cry.*) Well, what's the matter with you? Is confinement such a great misfortune, if they give you every thing you want? (*Leslie cannot speak for sobbing.*) The justice treats your father, sisters, and yourself, as you would treat the linnet and its young. You cannot therefore call him wicked, as you do, without confessing you are so yourself.

Leslie (sobbing.) O! ho! I'll let the linnet fly, mamma, this instant. (*He opens his hat, and the bird flies out at the window.*)

Mrs. G—— (*taking him into her arms.*) Be of comfort, my dear Leslie! for I only meant to give you some instruction, by this little story of the Justice: neither will your father, or your sisters, or yourself, be sent to prison. All I wished, was to convince you how extremely wicked it would be to shut up the poor little bird. As much as you appeared afflicted, when I told you they would take you up, so much the little bird *was*, certainly, when you deprived him of his liberty. Conceive how much the cock would have lamented to be parted from the hen, the young ones from their mother, and the mother from her young ones. This I'm sure you did not think of, otherwise you never would have taken him. Inform me, would you?

Leslie. Never, dear mamma. I did not think a moment of all this.

Mrs. G——. Well, think in future of it, and forget not that the birds, as well as every other creature, were created to enjoy their liberty, and that it would be cruel to fill up with sorrow that short period of existence God has granted them; and, to remember this the better, you should get by heart a little piece of poetry your friend has written.

Leslie. What! the Children's Friend? Oh! pray repeat it to me.

THE LINNETS.

I HOLD it fast, this linnet's nest,
 With one, two, three, four young ones in it;
 Long did I watch you, without rest,
 But pris'ners made you in a minute.

Cry, little rebels, as you please,
 And flap your wings; in vain you'll find it!
 O! you can't get away with ease;
 So stay here with me, and ne'er mind it.

But, don't I hear their mother's cries
 Utter'd, since in this state she found them?
 Yes; and their father likewise flies,
 Sadly complaining, round and round them.

And shall I cause them so much pain
 That us'd to come last spring, and hear them
 Under an oak pour down their strain,
 While the whole grove was music near them?

Alas! if from my mother I
 Were violently to be parted,
 I know, with sorrow she would die,
 Or, if she liv'd, live broken-hearted.

Should I then prove so hard, sad pair,
 As from your nest to separate you?

No: I'll not doom you to despair!
 Take back your young then, here they wait you.

Teach them, in some o'er-arching glade,
 Round you, from morn till night to hover,
 Learning to harmonize the shade,
 Throat answering throat, and lover lover.

So will I come and sit, next year,
 With the first dawn, till day's descending,
 Under the oak, and feast my ear
 While their soft notes are sweetly blending.

F I L I A L P I E T Y,

A D R A M A, in Three Acts.

C H A R A C T E R S.

STUBBS,	- -	<i>A Publican.</i>
MAUD,	- -	<i>His Wife.</i>
ROBERT <i>their Son,</i>	- -	<i>A Corporal.</i>
TRUNNION,	- -	<i>His Comrade.</i>
THOMAS,	- -	<i>Stubbs's Brother.</i>
PINCH,	- -	<i>A Land Steward.</i>
WOODVILLE,	- -	<i>Robert's Captain.</i>

During the two first acts, the scene is in Stubbs's house; but changes to a prison in the last.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Stubbs (entering,) and Maud (at her spinning-wheel.)

Stubbs. H E R E's a foldier coming, Maud.
Maud (letting fall her spindle.) A foldier !
 What are we to do? Our trade gone from us, and a foldier to provide for!

Stubbs. After all, perhaps, though 'tis not likely he should help us, he'll have more compassion on our poverty than richer folks. A foldier's character, my dear, is much misrepresented: he has far more conscience than a steward, who is hardened to oppress the poor by dint of habit, while a foldier's often thinking of another life, as he has death before him often.

Trunnion (entering.) Save you! I am come to be your guest. See, here's the billet: 'tis for two. Another's on the road.

Stubbs. With all my heart, good friend, I'd entertain you, but have nothing. Though we keep a public-house, yet trade's so dead we can't renew our licence, which is almost out. We signified as much to Justice Parsons in the neighbourhood, and begged no soldiers might be sent us; but he answered, till our licence was expired we must
 be

be looked upon as publicans, and take the consequence. Indeed, we have not now a single customer: the house is in reality a desert; and my wife here, as you see—

Trunnion. I understand you; but, for heaven's sake, my good people, tell me how you live without a bit of fire?

Maud. When one has got no fuel, and no money to buy any—

Trunnion. I, for my part, must have some to warm me, and a bit of dinner likewise. Have you any thing to give me?

Maud. Nothing; not so much as bread. We live from hand to mouth; and when we get one meal, can't tell when we shall have another. If you don't believe me, take a look about the house, and see if you discover any thing but poverty within it.

Trunnion. No, no; I believe and pity you. I have a little money in my pocket, which I can't do better than let you partake of. My good friend, here's one-and-twenty pence: go, buy us something good to eat; but first, a little wood.

Stubbs. And can you be so kind? I'll run immediately. *(He goes out.)*

Trunnion. And in the interim, with your leave, good mother, I'll examine how my arms are.

Maud. With my leave, good friend? Do what you please; you're welcome.—*(Aside.)* Stubbs is in the right; and soldiers are much better christians than too many gentlefolks.—*(To Trunnion.)* My son's a foldier likewise.

Trunnion. In what regiment?

Maud. Colonel Sheffield's.

Trunnion. What's his name then?

Maud. Robert Stubbs. Heaven knows if he be still alive. I have not heard about him for these four years.

Trunnion. Don't you be uneasy, my good woman, he's still living.

Maud. Do you know him then, dear sir?

Trunnion (embarrassed.) I can't tell that; but I suppose he's living, as he came of such good folks.

Maud. Ah, that's no reason.

Trunnion. But I wish your husband were returned. If I had but the wood, I'd make a fire. My comrade's ra-

ther boisterous, and will certainly be angry if he does not find things ready when he comes.

Maud. Oh! you'll excuse us. A good word from you will pacify him.

Trunnion. Words won't do with him, and he's a corporal beside. I must not speak to him as I should like.

Stubbs (re-entering.) Here's a faggot, and nice bit of meat; and turnips that a gardener gave me. I am glad I've brought you back a little change.

Trunnion. Keep that to buy us some small beer. I thought I should have had a pint of porter; but my family's increased, and so my liquor must be weaker: Ah! here comes my comrade.

Robert (entering.) Well, is dinner ready? What the deuce are you about?

Stubbs. 'Tis not our fault, good sir, that matters are no forwarde. Your comrade will inform you so.

Trunnion (in a whisper to Robert.) Come, finish this child's play, and tell them who you are. (*To Maud.*) Consider this young man, good mother.

Robert. Don't you recollect me?

Maud (after having looked at Robert with attention.) Heavens! can it be Bob?

Robert. Yes, yes, it is, dear mother. Oh, what pleasure to behold you after such long absence!

Stubbs. Is it possible? my son! Oh, welcome dear, dear boy, a thousand times!

Maud (embracing him.) I see you then once more before I die! Joy takes away my breath!

Stubbs. And how have you contrived to live? so many, my dear son, are dead, but you in safety!

Robert. Yes, and yet I have not been deficient in my duty. 'Tis no doubt by virtue of your prayers, that I am safe and sound. I'm quartered on you: Are you sorry for it?

Stubbs. Can you ask if we are sorry! since the day you left us, we have never been so happy.

Maud (whispering Trunnion.) My good friend, you told me something of a corporal, I think?

Trunnion. Well, Bob's a corporal. Don't you see it?

Stubbs. You're promoted then! but how came that about? You could not read.

Robert. My captain got me taught.

Stubbs.

Stubbs. Oh, what a charming man this captain must be!

Maud. Who'll now make us think that soldiers are not special people!

Trunnion. Well, well, I can see you have enough to talk of these three hours or more perhaps: so, mother, shew me where to make the fire and dress the meat; I'll do the whole myself.

Maud. At least I'll help you, my good fir.

Trunnion. No, no; you have enough to do with Bob; so do but shew me to your kitchen; you may then come back, and talk together at your ease.

Maud. Since you will have it so. (*She goes out with Trunnion.*)

Stubbs. How long do you design to stay with us?

Robert. Three days, dear father. We have made a halt here, in our way to Finchley, where the king is to review us.

Stubbs. Ah, that's well! we shall have time sufficient to talk over many things; but let's sit down.

Robert. You are not at your ease then, father?

Stubbs. At our ease! Oh no. Our trade is fallen from us, and in short, these two years past, 'tis wonderful how we subsist!

Maud (returning.) He would not let me stay and help him: he's determined to do every thing himself.

Stubbs. The kind—

Robert. Well, let that rest, dear father: go on with your tale.

Stubbs. What I have left to say is this: that we're indebted to our landlord upwards of four pounds. We cannot pay it, and the steward threatens every day to turn us out of doors, in which case we must beg our bread.

Robert. Just Heavens! could I have thought to find you in so sad a situation!

Stubbs. We should never have been in it, had the steward not contrived to make you, as he did, a soldier. It was wholly a contrivance on his part, of which I'll tell you the particulars some other opportunity. When he was nothing but a bailiff, and had scarce a coat to wear, I would not lend him money, and 'twas then he first of all began to hate us.

Maud,

Maud. And at length he has compleated his revenge. Our house is to be sold, and you will not possess a groat belonging to your father.

Robert. If you had but something to subsist on, I should not regard myself. Here's all the money I possess. I give it you with tears, because I have no more to spare you.— Let me think a little. Can't I speak with this same steward?

Stubbs. He'll be here this very day.

Robert. Then I'll be sure to tell him something that may do you good. The king is coming to review our regiment, as I said just now; so you shall go and tell him your sad situation.

Stubbs. I go tell him! I should not be able to pronounce a word before him. I should stand stock-still, or very likely run away through fear and terror, were I forced into his presence!

Robert. Never fear: he would return you a kind answer. I was once a centinel at Windsor, on the Terrace, when the king was walking there: it was upon a Sunday evening. I shall never sure forget with what familiarity he spoke to people; but that's nothing; for he met one morning with a poor man's child as he was walking through the town, and entering into conversation, found him such a clever little fellow, that he ordered him a guinea: when the father heard it, he was ever on the watch to fall in with his majesty, as he was walking out. He proved at last so fortunate as to obtain a hearing, when he thanked him for the guinea; upon which the king, would you believe it, ordered him another guinea for his gratitude, as he particularly mentioned.

Stubbs. You don't tell me so!

Robert. Believe me, I'd much rather have to speak with him than many of our serjeants.

Maud. What a gracious king!

Robert. There cannot be a better. So pray hear what I intend to do; I'll get our chaplain to indict me a petition; and though possibly you should have twenty miles to walk, no matter.

Stubbs. And what, think you, will the king do for us?

Robert. I can't tell exactly, but we'll talk to-morrow of it further. In the mean-time, be assured, dear father,

'tis

'tis much more agreeable to have to do with great than little people. Come, let's take a turn or two together through the village.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Stubbs, Maud and Robert (standing near a table.)

Maud. We have no more than two plates.

Robert. No matter, mother. Our provider will be with us very shortly.

Stubbs. What a deal of pains he takes on our account!

Robert. You don't yet know him: after fighting, he likes nothing half so well as cooking: here he comes.

Trunnion (entering with the meat and turnips dressed.)
Here, friends. Here's what will warm our stomachs this cold weather. I have made a little broth; and take a soldier's word, you'll find it excellent. So let's sit down; but first say grace. Come, help yourselves.—They say there's no such thing as eating broth without a spoon: and so here's mine. *(He takes a knife and spoon out of his pocket.)*

Stubbs. I'm very glad of that; we have but two. *(They help themselves.)*

Maud (to Stubbs.) The broth is excellent!

Stubbs. I have not ate so good these many years.

Robert. Don't spare it then. To say the truth, I've tasted worse.

Maud. We'd never wish for better: no, nor yet so good, except on Sundays.

Robert. Well, let's now begin upon the meat.

Trunnion (to Stubbs.) But how is this, my friend, you have not got yourself a plate?

Maud. O, never mind: one plate will serve us both.

Trunnion. Here's mine.

Stubbs. By no means.

Trunnion. I can make myself a plate. *(He cuts a slice of bread, and puts his meat upon it.)* We should be finely off in camp, if we were forced to wait for plates!

Robert. But father, you don't eat, what ails you?

Stubbs. Ah!

Trunnion,

Trunnion. What now!

Stubbs. I can't help sighing, to reflect I should have treated Bob at my expence on his return, but was without a bit of bread to give him.

Robert. Pray don't talk at this rate, father.

Trunnion. No, no, don't even think about it. Come, your health! (*he drinks.*) Now you, good friend.

Stubbs (taking the mug.) Come, here's our benefactor's health; and many blessings on him for his kindness. (*Drinking.*)

Maud. O, a thousand blessings! (*drinking.*)

Robert. Comrade, here's my hearty thanks for this day's friendship shewn my parents.

Trunnion. Do you wish to make me proud? You drink my health, as if I had won a battle!

Stubbs. Ay, and you deserve we should. You have yourself but little, and part with it for our sakes. (*A knock without.*)

Maud. Who's there?

S C E N E II.

Stubbs, Maud, Robert, Trunnion, and Captain Woodville.

Robert. Our captain!

The Captain (with his pocket-book.) How many are you here?

Robert (getting up.) Two, please your honour. (*They all get up.*)

The Captain. Don't rise: and you too, my good people, keep your seats. I'm charmed at so much cordiality. Have you (*to Stubbs*) occasion to complain of those we've sent you?

Stubbs. O! no sir; if they are satisfied with us.

The Captain (to Robert.) Are you content?

Robert. I'm quartered with my father: 'tis my comrade's part to answer.

The Captain (to Stubbs.) What! is this young man your son? you're very happy then; for I can tell you, all the regiment love him. (*He looks round about him.*) I'm afraid your circumstances are not of the easiest: but you're rich in having such a son!

Robert.

Robert. I thank you for this favourable testimony, and shall so behave myself, that they may never lose the joy you give them.

Stubbs. O, good sir! my bosom overflows with joy.

Maud. We should be happier, could you let him stay with us—

Stubbs. What, wife, to die of hunger? Would you think it, sir, this generous soldier, though a stranger to us, bought the dinner we've been eating, otherwise we should not have had bread to give our son? We've lost our custom; and besides, our landlord, for about four pounds we owe him—

The Captain. Threatens he will turn you out of doors: that's what you mean to say? The case, alas, is far too common: and I pity you sincerely. Here's a piece of gold I chance to have about me: it will be of some assistance to you. Robert, this is what your conduct has deserved; for 'tis on your account I give it to your parents.

Robert. Ah, my generous captain! if you knew how serviceable such a gift is, you would say yourself I never can repay you as I ought.

Stubbs. God only can repay such bounty.

Maud. May he grant you many years of happiness! If I had twenty children, I would let you have them every one with joy.

The Captain. Good woman! you repay my kindness very much indeed. One child is very valuable to a parent, and you'd give me twenty! but I interrupt your dinner. Go on, pray. Be ready, Trunnion, for the next relief: the guard will very soon turn out. Farewell, good people. I'll come once again and see you, if I can, before we go. (*He goes out.*)

Trunnion. Huzza! long live our noble captain!

Robert. So I say indeed; for he has saved us all from dying.

Stubbs. He yet never saw us, and we get a piece of gold! who could have thought a stranger would compassionate our situation, when we're treated with so much barbarity by those that know us?

Maud. O the blessed gentleman! but how much is it worth?

Stubbs.

Stubbs. Good God! could I suppose I should have ever had so much at once! What is it? Do you know its value, Bob?

Robert. I never saw so large a piece.

Trunnion. 'Tis more, I'm certain, than a guinea: but can't tell how much.—Stay, let me see.—O now I recollect. 'Tis what they call a six-and-thirty: there are several now going about. They come from Portugal: 'tis nearly worth two guineas.

Maud. What! two guineas! almost half our debt. We stood so much in fear of soldiers, and a soldier's now our guardian angel. God's good providence be praised for this repast, and the assistance he has sent us. (*They all rise.*)

Trunnion. Well now, I'll put every thing away.

Maud. Yes, truly, should I let you. Rest yourself; I'll do that part myself.

Trunnion. No, no; 'tis part of my employ. I'll have you recollect the day we quartered in your little cot as long as you both live.

Maud. There's no resisting you. (*Trunnion takes the things out.*) I'm not astonish'd now the women are so fond of soldiers; they must make such husbands! they do all the work themselves, and with so much dexterity! but I must follow, or he'll wash the plates up. (*She is going, but returns.*) Here's brother. Let's observe if he'll remember Bob.

S C E N E III.

Stubbs, Maud, Robert and Thomas.

Maud (*to Thomas.*) Look, brother, here's a young man come to see us. Don't however take him for a common soldier. Have you any knowledge of him? or you Bob, have you? go to him: he's your uncle Thomas.

Robert. Just as if I did not recollect him!

Thomas. I your uncle?—let me see.—No—Yes—Yes, he himself. My nephew, as I live!—(*they embrace.*) One need not ask about your health; you look so very well!

Robert. I hope, dear uncle, you're as well as I am.

Maud. I could wish you did but know how much his captain praises him! why can't I stay and tell you? but I'm

I'm forced to go, or I believe our cook would fet the house to rights from top to bottom. (*She goes out.*)

Thomas. I rejoice, dear Bob, with all my heart, to see you safe come home: however, trust me, if you have not heard the whole already, you could never have returned to find us more unhappy. We are all as poor, as if the country had been pillaged.

Stubbs. And our landlord's wicked steward too, would gladly, if he could, suck out the little blood that's left us.

Robert. You no longer need have any fear of him, as you can pay down half the sum you owe him. He must needs be patient, till such time as you can pay the rest.

Stubbs (*letting Thomas see his six-and-thirty.*) See brother; see what Bob has got me.

Thomas (*to Robert.*) Did you save it from your pay, or is it pillage?

Robert. Neither one, nor t'other: 'tis a present from my captain, who was here just now.

Stubbs. 'Tis, notwithstanding, all along of Bob: his captain gave it me, because he had behaved himself so well.

Thomas. In truth I'm so much better pleased; because a soldier, who would lay up such a deal of money from his slender pay, must certainly deprive himself of many little comforts in this life: and, as to pillage, call it what you please, 'tis always villainously got, and never prospers.

Robert. That was what I always thought; and therefore never would go pillaging: indeed, with all the pillage others got, I found they were not richer than myself; but on the other hand, spent half their time in prison, being always guilty of some crime or other, after they had been a robbing, for 'twas nothing else; whereas my officers were never troubled with complaints of me.

Thomas. I easily believe you. All your family are honest people; and you would not, I am sure, have been the only good-for-nothing fellow of the number. We are poor indeed, but have the fear of God before our eyes, and that's much better than the greatest riches.

Stubbs. Yes; and if the steward—

Thomas. Softly brother, here he comes.

SCENE IV.

Stubbs, Robert, Thomas and the Steward.

The Steward. Well, Stubbs; to-morrow's just at hand. You're ready I suppose to pay your rent, or you will lose your house.

Stubbs. I cannot, my good sir, pay more than half; nor should I have been able to do that, if Providence had not assisted me. Be so indulgent as to wait till harvest for the rest, and don't compleat my ruin by distressing me still further than I am distressed already.

The Steward. By distressing you! the common cant: the more one does, the more one may for such as you. How long, pray, has not this same rent of yours been growing? yet my lord distresses you; and why? because at last he tells you he will have his money!

Stubbs. But is half of what we owe him nothing? Take that half, let me beseech you, and entreat my lord in our behalf.

The Steward. Yes, yes, intreat he'd let you lead him by the nose another twelve-month! I shall hardly do so: therefore pay the whole; or else I seize, that's certain.

Robert. O! a little mercy, my good sir; and think that with a single word you have it in your power to make my father happy. If there's nothing goes unpunished in this world, 'tis surely no small matter to reduce an honest honest man to beggary.

The Steward. Mind your musquet, and not my affairs.

Thomas. Excuse a soldier's bluntness, my good sir.

The Steward. Hold your tongue likewise.—I have you down in my papers I believe.

Thomas. I'm sure you have; and not me only, but all honest people.

The Steward. What do you mean by that?

Maud (entering with Trunnion at the noise.) The steward here!

Stubbs. Be quiet, wife.—For Heaven's sake, let me beg you, Mr. Steward—

The Steward. All your prayers are useless; and to-morrow you shall set out on your travels.

Maud.

Maud. You will surely have some pity on us. We shall soon get work. Here's half your money, and our house will still be standing for the other half, if we should break our word.

The Steward. Still standing! you may burn it: but if not, I must obey the orders of his lordship.

Robert. Has his lordship ordered you to ruin a whole family, for what my father owes him? You are paid to take whatever care you can of his affairs; and by proceeding as you would, don't earn your wages. Therefore take my counsel, and for once fulfil your duty.

The Steward. You won't tell me what my duty is: so you may keep your counsel to yourself; I tell you that.

Robert. And you, I tell you, may be civil.

The Steward. And who taught you all this impudence?

Trunnion. Suppose yourself a moment in this young man's situation. He's a soldier, and a soldier knows much better what to say than any steward. You have dared to tell his father he shall go upon his travels. We all know the meaning of that phrase; and would you have him silent like a criminal before you? Who could keep his temper at the thought of such a fellow—

The Steward. Is it come to this? (*furiously to Stubbs.*) Are you disposed to pay? I ask you but once more.

Stubbs. I've told you 'tis not in my power.

Maud. And offered you the all we have.

The Steward. I'll have the whole or nothing.—If it is not sent to-morrow, you'll hear from me.

Robert (stopping him.) Once more.

The Steward. Let me go. I'll not have any thing to do with such a ragamuffin.

Robert (striking him.) Ragamuffin! there, take that: and out with you. Old rascal! get you gone! (*he pushes him out.*)

The Steward. O, vengeance! vengeance!

Stubbs. We are ruined!

Robert. Don't be frightened, father. Had you wept even blood, he would not have relaxed. I never struck a man before; but never have I hitherto been called a ragamuffin. Could I be a soldier had I borne it?

Trunnion. If you had not struck him, I was ready to strike you.

Stubbs. Who knows what it may cost us?

Robert

Robert. What, because I would not be insulted?

Maud. It was very wrong in you; for notwithstanding he insulted you, yet still you should have recollected he's a steward.

Robert. Stuff! he's not the first of his profession that has undergone a soldier's vengeance. I, for my part, think it perfect sympathy, that when a soldier sees a rogue, he naturally knocks him down.

Maud. I can't help thinking we should certainly have softened him at last.

Robert. No, trust me, never.

Maud (to Stubbs.) What think you, my love? 'Twill be much better for us to go after him.

Robert. It would be useless.

Stubbs. No, no; I'm resolved. So, Maud, let's go together.

Robert. If you must, you must: but if he yields, I'll go and lick his feet.

Stubbs. Come, wife, let's try this only method left us; and God's will be done, if it should fail. (*She goes out with Stubbs.*)

Fruccion. Your mother, I can see, has all her necessary consolations ready when she wants them. I'll go see, on my side, if our comrades can assist you.

S C E N E V.

Robert and Thomas.

Robert. And do you think, uncle, I've exposed my parents to the steward's malice more, by my behaviour, than they were already?

Thomas. Trust me, so I fear, though it was bad enough before between them. And yet, nephew, they might certainly have mended their affairs last week, if they had only had a little less compassion.

Robert. How, dear uncle?

Thomas. They discovered a deserter, but would not inform against him, notwithstanding the reward.

Robert. Indeed!

Thomas. The blacksmith here hard by was not so scrupulous, and got the money.

Robert (to himself.) A deserter!—I've a thought.—(*To Thomas.*) O uncle! I can save my father, if I please; but must have your assistance. May I trust you?

Thomas. Certainly.

Robert. But can you keep a secret?

Thomas. I have always thought I could.

Robert. Whatever happens?

Thomas. Yes, provided there's no wickedness in the affair.

Robert. None, uncle.

Thomas. Well then, speak.

Robert. But were you to betray me?

Thomas. It must sure be some extraordinary matter?

Robert. Yes; but you will have no reason to fear any thing.

Thomas. Well, come then to the purpose.

Robert. I'll desert this very night. You shall secure me, and get fifty shillings by it, which will pay my father's debt.

Thomas. I fancy you are turned fool! What, I secure you? I, your uncle? Why not bid me take a musquet up at once, and shoot you?

Robert. There's no musquet in the case. A soldier is never shot the first time he deserts.

Thomas. Well then, at least he's flogged severely.

Robert. But I need not fear even that; for all the regiment love me, and I'm sure I shall get off.

Thomas. No, no; I can't consent. Suppose your father were to know it?

Robert. Can he know it, if we are secret? For deserting, as I have told you, I shan't die: though, were there any room to fear it, I have often risked my life to benefit my country; I can risque it surely then to benefit my father. Think too, he's your brother, and that this way only we can save him and my mother too from beggary, and very likely death.

Thomas. The devil, sure, has brought me into this temptation. I can't tell what resolution I should take.

Robert. Remember you have promised me, and can't now break your word. In my despair I shall desert, and then my father will get nothing by it: so that you have no affection for your family if you refuse me.

Thomas.

Thomas. No affection!—You hold out a knife before me, and are ready, as it were, to stab me to the heart.

Robert. Well, uncle, take your choice. Time presses.

Thomas. But should you deceive me, nephew! Should your sentence be——

Robert. Of death, I've told you there's no fear. At worst, it will not exceed a whipping. I know how to suffer, and at every lash I shall bethink me I have saved my father.

Thomas. Well then, I consent to do as you direct me; but should matters fall out otherwise——

Robert. How can they fall out otherwise? Embrace me, and be secret. They call over, as we say, the muster-roll at six, and he that does not answer to his name is prick'd as a deserter: after which you shall conduct me to the guard-room, and inform them you detected me deserting.

Thomas. 'Tis the first deceit I ever was concerned in.

Robert. Don't reproach yourself, dear uncle, with it, since 'twill get us both a blessing. Let's embrace once more; and now go, find my father. But take care! let me conjure you not to cause suspicion. If I'm doing wrong, God will assuredly forgive me. What should not a dutious son do for the preservation of his parents?

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Drums and other music at a distance.

Trunnion (coming in.) O! my poor dear Bob! He should have told us his distress about the cursed steward, and not thus deserted. Who would have imagined it last night? to have gone off, been apprehended, and gone through the punishment, and all within the compass of a night and morning! But it's over, and I'm glad it is so. He has borne it like a hero; and the regiment that so loved him hitherto, will, I am sure, not love him less in future. I, for my part, could not have gone through half the punishment. But here he comes.

Robert (entering, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven.) Thank heaven! 'tis over, and my father's safe!

Trunnion

Trunnion (in surprise.) His father's safe!

Robert. Dear Trunnion!

Trunnion (embracing him.) O my dearest friend! how fares it with you?

Robert. Don't shed tears for my sake, comrades; I'm much happier than you think.

Trunnion (aside.) What signifies all this!—Shall I go fetch the surgeon?

Robert. No, dear Trunnion, thank you!

Trunnion. Well, at least then take a drop of something to support you. (*Giving him a glass of liquor.*)

Robert (squeezing Trunnion by the hand.) Thank you heartily, good comrade. (*He drinks.*)

Trunnion. I'm rejoiced the court, in consequence of our request in your behalf, remitted so much of your sentence. But pray tell me, comrade, what possessed you to desert thus!

Robert. I'm ashamed, dear Trunnion, to conceal the reason from you: so don't ask me; 'tis a secret I can never mention.

Thomas (entering violently agitated.) Well, now are you satisfied?—

Trunnion. Softly! softly! You seem agitated. Don't disturb your nephew.

Robert (whispering his uncle.) You are angry, uncle. Should you speak of the affair between us, you'll undo me.

Thomas. I'm undone already.

Robert. Are you serious?—(*To Trunnion.*) Prithee, my good friend, leave us a moment to ourselves.

Trunnion (aside.) I'm glad I have an excuse for getting off. *Thank heaven 'tis over, and my father's safe! And 'tis a secret I can never mention.* 'Tis quite plain his quarrel with the steward did not, as I thought, occasion his desertion. There's some mystery hid beneath all this! While they are conversing, I'll go tell our captain what I think of the affair. (*He goes out.*)

Thomas. Yes, so it is: your father's in so great a passion he won't see me, since he has learnt 'twas I informed against you, and received the money. What then shall I do? There's scarce a boy in the village but what will pelt me for my treachery, as they call it; and all this through you.

Robert. Be pacified, dear uncle! every thing will yet be well. The worst is past; and you have only to go back and tell my father I desire to see him.

Thomas. No, not I:—he won't permit me to approach him. I informed you so before. But what! I see him coming with my sister.

S C E N E II.

Robert, Thomas, Stubbs, Maud.

Maud (running up to Bob.) What have you been doing, son? How could you cause us so much sorrow?

Stubbs (in anger.) Are you here, abominable wretch? You have yourself converted all the joy you gave me yesterday into distress and sorrow. I will never see you more.

Robert. Dear father, pray forgive me! I have undergone my punishment.

Stubbs. For your desertion! You have not yet suffered for disgracing us in our old age. Sure sixty years, all passed without a blot upon our character, entitled us to hope we should have died without one. And 'tis you that have dishonoured us; but we renounce you!

Robert. Pardon, pardon me, dear father! Heaven's my witness, I have not disgraced you, or was far from wishing to disgrace you.

Thomas (aside.) Oh! what torture to hear this, and yet be forced to stand thus silent!

Robert (following Stubbs.) Do not, do not, father, leave me thus, without embracing me! Oh! stay a moment! And you, mother, can you shew yourself as cruel?

Maud. What can I do, son?

Stubbs. Never call him son in future. He has forfeited that name.

Maud. Forgive him, my good man; for he is still our child.

Thomas. Yes, brother, let your heart be moved to pity his affliction.

Stubbs. Hold your tongue! You also, you are full as bad as he is; you that sell your nephew for the sake of money. I'll no more in future be your brother, than his father.

Maud

Maud (having talked a little while with *Bob*.) Hear me, husband! He makes solemn promises; so pray don't kill us both. He's after all our child, the only one we have, and can I then not love him?

Stubbs. Don't speak one word more, but follow me! (He is going out, but *Bob* gets hold of him.)

Robert. Once more, and I have done. Why is it you renounce me?—for deserting? But, dear father, if the king accepts me after my desertion, you may do so too.

Maud. Hear that, my love! and recollect how much his captain yesterday advanced in his behalf.

Stubbs. I see him coming; so I'll speak to him before I answer.

S C E N E III.

Robert, Thomas, Stubbs, Maud, Capt. Woodville, and Trunnion.

Stubbs. Ah! fir, does it not afflict you, when you recollect that yesterday you said so much in praise of my unworthy son?

The Captain. He had deserved it; though indeed I could not have supposed my commendation would have had such bad effects. But (to *Robert*) tell me what could possibly induce you to desert? You must have had some very urgent motive. Let me know the secrets of your heart, whatever be the consequence. You have been punished, and have therefore nothing now to fear.

Robert. My worthy captain, do not, I beseech you, take away your favour from me! I'll endeavour to deserve it.

The Captain. If you tell the truth, I will not. For to fancy you deserted for a quarrel this good friend of your's here (pointing to *Trunnion*) tells me you have had, is hardly possible.

Robert. And yet your honour may be certain there's no other reason. 'Tis well known I never was remarkable for quarrelling with any one. The least offence appears enormous, when one has not been accustomed to it. I was so disturbed at the affair, it took away my reason; and besides, the unhappy situation of my father aided to distract me.

The Captain. What then signified those words you said to Trunnion, 'Tis a secret I can never mention, when he asked your motive for desertion? And the following stronger still, *Thank heaven 'tis over, and my father's safe?*

Stubbs (astonished.) Were those his words, sir? God forgive me, but the devil surely must have turned his brain.

Robert (sighing.) I don't remember saying any words like those you mention.

Trunnion. Yes, yes, comrade, that you did, when you first entered. It was I myself that heard you, and from friendship went and told his honour my conjectures.

Robert. They must then have certainly escaped me in my pain.

The Captain. They might so; yet they are not without a meaning.

Robert (in great embarrassment.) I don't know what answer I shall make you.

The Captain (taking him by the hand.) Don't, my honest fellow, study to deceive us. This desertion has some other reason than your quarrel. Your dissimulation very much displeases me; and you are likely to lose all my friendship.

Robert. I've no more to say.

The Captain. I see you are not worth the trouble I am taking for you, and no longer wish to be informed of any thing about you. You are more indifferent to me than the worst of men, and don't know how much you have lost by this prevarication.

Thomas. I must tell it then, at last.

Robert. Dear uncle, would you wish to make us more unhappy than we are?

Thomas (to the Captain.) I can explain the whole affair, sir; but have room to apprehend the mischief will become still greater.

The Captain. No, there's nothing you need fear; I promise you as much.

Thomas. Well then, good sir, it was to save his parents he deserted. He found means to make me turn informer, and get fifty shillings, that his father might have wherewithal to pay his debts; but now, his father will not hear a word about the money or his son. Let me beseech you,

therefore, sir, to rid me of this money that I cannot keep, and interpose at least with your authority and kindness, that my brother may be profited by what his son has so affectionately done to benefit him. (*Every one appears astonished.*)

Robert (bursting into tears.) You have heard the truth. However, I beseech your honour to believe that nothing but my father's safety could induce me to desert my colours. I despised the danger, hoping I should save him; but, since every thing's discovered, and my hopes all lost, must suffer more severely.

Stubbs (embracing Robert.) What, dear Bob! and was it for my sake you did all this?

Maud (embracing him also.) Yes, now indeed we may embrace him; though, indeed, my heart informed me all along he could not be so guilty.

The Captain (taking Robert by the hand.) Oh, my generous youth! what tenderness and courage! Yet, to say the truth, your filial piety has carried you too far; for to desert is always blameable.

Stubbs. Most certainly! Heaven keep me from becoming richer by a penny of this money.

Robert. There now, uncle, see what comes of your revealing the affair. I've made myself a double criminal to get my father money, which you find he won't accept of.

Thomas. Yes, yes, you have this to charge me with, I must acknowledge; but his honour made me first of all a promise.

The Captain (to Thomas.) Let your brother have the money. Take it (*to Stubbs*) my good friend; for Robert has deserved it richly.

Stubbs. I can never bring myself to take such ill-got money.

The Captain. I will have you take it! and what's more, I'll go and tell the matter to our colonel.—(*To Robert.*) You have not done your duty as a soldier, I acknowledge; but have shown yourself a son in such a manner, that he cannot but be moved when made acquainted with it. Wait me: I'll return immediately.

SCENE IV.

Robert, Thomas, Stubbs, Maud, Trunnion.

Robert. My consolation is, that I can now with greater confidence entreat you to forgive me, as I have finished your misfortunes, and the steward will not have it in his power to hurt you.

Trunnion. Yes, my good old man, forgive your son! He will be cured the sooner, if he has your blessing; and besides, you ought to think he will possess your cottage after you.

Stubbs. He will, and therefore I'll preserve it for him. So do you forgive your father, who has used you thus unkindly. Heaven can tell how much I suffered, from the thought that you had left your colours; and it seems you were discharging even then your duty towards me. How shall I repay you for so much affection, in the little time I have to live?

Robert. By loving me, as you have always done.

Maud. O yes! and ten times more; for every bit of bread we eat, we'll say to one another, 'tis our dear son's gift.

Robert. I'm satisfied. So thank ye, uncle, for the service you have done me.

Thomas. O yes, I am sure you ought to thank me! And now, brother, have you still a grudge against me? Things would not have had this turn, had I refused my nephew's wish; and since you pardon him, you may extend your liberality to me.

Stubbs. What can excuse your conduct, brother? I may throw myself into the flames, but he that lights them for me ought to be considered cruel. Yes, indeed. However, I'll not hate you: there's my hand.

Trunnion. Comrade, hitherto I've loved, but now respect you. Let's embrace then, and be always friends.

The Captain (coming in again.) Good luck! good luck! You are a serjeant on the spot. The colonel, when I told him the affair between your father and yourself, was happy to promote you. Take this also (*giving him a purse of money*) from him, as a witness how much he applauds your filial piety.

Stubbs

Stubbs and Maud. O, sir, may heaven reward you!

The Captain. Nothing in all this is due to me: the colonel has done every thing. (*Robert embraces his parents one after the other, and then turning to the captain, says*) I beg your honour's pardon!

The Captain. You deserve the pleasure of embracing those that gave you birth, to whom you have so well discharged your duty.

Thomas. Well, could any one have thought old Thomas, simple as he is, would come to make a serjeant, as 'tis plain I have?

Trunnion. Yes, yes; and therefore, Mr. Serjeant—

Robert (embracing him.) Neither mister, nor yet serjeant; but, as hitherto, still call me comrade.

Trunnion. Well then, comrade, let's break off a little for the present: and as nothing like good liquor suits a joyous time, as soon as we are able, make up for the villainous small beer of yesterday. His honour and the colonel shall be toasted first: so now let's beat our march!

THE BED OF DEATH.

DESCHAMPS, a bricklayer's labourer, living in a distant country town, had lost his wife about a quarter of a year before the event we are to write of. The expences of a tedious illness, and the interruption of his labour by a very rainy season, had reduced him to the last distress. His children were half naked, and had really no bread to eat. This circumstance was of itself sufficiently tormenting; but to aggravate the scene, Susanna, his poor mother in the corner of the cottage, laid upon a little straw, was almost in the agonies of death.

Deschamps, at such a prospect round about him, overwhelmed with sorrow, took a broken matted chair, and at a little distance from Susanna's bed sat down upon it, having both his hands held up, that he might hide his tears.

His mother turning towards him, with a feeble voice enquired if there was no where in the house a rag to put upon her, as she could not any how get warmth.

Deschamps. Stay, mother; I'll pull off my coat, and lay it on you.

Susanna. No, no; I won't have it, my dear son. A little straw, if you have nothing else, will do as well. But have you not a single bit of wood still left to make a fire for these poor children? You will tell me you can't go into the fields, because of that attention I require. My life is very long, since I am grown so burthensome to you!

Deschamps. Pray don't say so, dear mother. Would to God I could procure you what you want, at the expence of my own life! I'd freely give it up: but this is what I grieve for, that you suffer cold and hunger, while I'm utterly unable to relieve you.

Susanna. Don't let that, however, much afflict you, my poor son. Thank God, my agonies are not so great as your affection fears they may be: they will very quickly finish, and my blessing be the recompence of what you're doing now, and have been always doing for me.

Deschamps. O my poor dear mother! In my infancy you put yourself to many difficulties for my maintenance, and I in your old age must thus sit by and see you want for common necessaries! That, dear mother, rends my heart.

Susanna. I know 'tis not through any fault of yours; and then, *Deschamps*, upon a death-bed one has few—(believe me when I tell you so)—few earthly wants. Our heavenly father has us then particularly in his care. I thank you heartily, my dear. Your love consoles me in this hour of my departure.

Deschamps. What, dear mother, have you then no hopes of getting better?

Susanna. No; I feel within me I must die of this complaint.

Deschamps. You don't say so?

Susanna. However, this needs not afflict you. I shall soon be in a better world.

Deschamps, (*with sighs.*) Oh heaven! oh heaven!

Susanna. I say, my son, this need not grieve you. You were all my happiness when I was young, and now you prove the joy of my last moments. Soon, yes, very soon, thank heaven, you will have nothing left you but to close my eye-lids. I shall then ascend to my creator, tell what you have done for me, and earnestly beseech him to reward

ward you for it everlastingly. Think frequently of me, and I will think of you above.

Deschamps. Yes, always, always.

Susanna. There is only one thing in the world that gives me pain to think on.

Deschamps. And what is it, mother?

Susanna. I am mustering up my strength to tell you. And believe me, I *must* tell you; for 'tis like a stone oppressing me at heart.

Deschamps. Comfort yourself, dear mother then, and speak.

Susanna. I saw your little Oliver come yesterday here close behind my bed, and pull out several apples, which he ate. Deschamps, these apples were not ours; for then he would have thrown them on the table, and asked me to take some. I remember still how lovingly he used to come and fling himself into my arms, when he had any thing to give me; saying with so much good-nature, Eat some, do, my dear grandmother. O my dear, dear son! if he should be a thief in future! The idea has afflicted me since yesterday. Where is he? Pray go fetch him. I would talk a little to him.

Deschamps. Wretched as I am! (*He runs and fetches Oliver, and puts him by Susanna; she gets up with difficulty, turns herself about, takes both his hands in hers, and leans her head upon his shoulder.*)

Oliver. Grandmother, do you want me! You don't have me here, I hope, to see you die!

Susanna. No, no; fear nothing, my poor Oliver, I don't desire to frighten you; and yet, my dearest, I shall die, and very soon too.

Oliver. But not yet. Don't die till I am bigger.

(*Susanna falls backward in her bed. The child and father look at one another weeping, and each takes her by the hand.*)

Susanna, (*coming somewhat to herself.*) I'm much better now that I have changed my posture.

Oliver. So then you won't die?

Susanna. Be comforted, my little fellow. Dying is not painful to me, as I'm going to a tender father, who at present waits in heaven to see me. When I'm once with him, I shall be better off than here. Soon, soon my little fellow, I shall see him.

Oliver. Well then, take me with you: I'll go likewise.

Susanna. No, my dear, you shall not go with me; but, if it pleases God, remain a good while here behind me. You shall live to be a virtuous and good man, and when your father is as ill as I am, you shall be his consolation, and afford him the assistance he has need of. Won't you, Oliver? Won't you obey him constantly, and do what you suppose will give him pleasure? See, he does whatever he is able for my sake. And won't you promise me you'll do so too?

Oliver. Yes, certainly I will, grandmother.

Susanna. Take care then how you perform your promise. God who made both earth and heaven, cannot but see every thing you do. I fancy you believe he does.

Oliver. Yes, yes; I do believe it: you have taught me so yourself.

Susanna. How then, my dearest Oliver, could you suppose he would not see you come here yesterday behind my bed, and eat the apples you had stolen?

Oliver. I'll do so no more—no, never grandmother, believe me, while I live. Forgive me what I've done, and pray that God Almighty would forgive me too.

Susanna. 'Tis true then, is it, that you stole those apples?

Oliver, (sobbing.) Ye-e-es.

Susanna. And pray of whom?

Oliver. Of ne-e-ighbour Le-e-eonard.

Susanna. You must go to Leonard then, and ask his pardon.

Oliver. Oh don't send me there, pray grandmother. I dare not go.

Susanna. You *must*, my little friend, that you may never do the like again. For heaven's sake, my dear child, in future never take what don't belong to you; not even a bit of bread, though you were starving. God will never let you want, since it was he created you. Trust then to his assistance, tell him when you suffer, and be sure he will console you.

Oliver. Certainly, grandmother, certainly, I'll never steal again: I promise you I won't: and for the future I'd much rather die of hunger, than steal any thing.

Susanna. God hear and bless your resolution from his holy habitation. I have hopes that of his goodness he

will keep you from so great a sin. (*She clasps him to her heart, and weeps.*) You must, my little boy, this instant go to Leonard, and desire him to forgive you. Tell him I, too, beg he would forgive you. Go, my good Deschamps, with Oliver; inform him how it grieves me I'm so poor I cannot make him restitution for the theft; but that I'll pray to God for his prosperity, and beg a blessing on his family. Alas! he's no less poor than we; and were it not that his good woman works so hard, would never bring up such a family of children as he has. My dear good son, for my sake when I'm dead and buried, give him one of your day's work to make him up his loss: it matters not how little he has suffered. We should think it criminal to take away a pin. You will remember this, Deschamps?

Deschamps. Yes, mother; so don't let the matter make you any more uneasy.

He had hardly said these words, when, as it chanced, 'Squire Wealthy's steward tapped without against the window.

Poor Susanna knew him by his usual way of tapping, and the cough he constantly had on him. Bless me, 'tis the steward! said she. Surely some great mischief threatens us. He's like a raven, croaking at the window some bad tidings.

Deschamps. Don't be frightened my good mother thus: I'm not a single farthing in his debt; and for the rent we owe the 'Squire at Midsummer, I'll give him all the labour he requires in harvest.

Susanna. Yes, provided he'll but wait so long.

Deschamps went out to know the steward's business. After he was gone, Susanna fetched a grievous sigh, and said, discoursing with herself, Since he was so hard-hearted as to seize upon our goods for rent, I cannot see or hear him, but my heart revolts at the idea; and at present, in my dying moments, he must come and cough then at our window. But perhaps God's hand is in it; and he brings him hither as an admonition for me to discharge my heart of every thing that looks like malice or ill-will against him, and even pray for mercy on his soul. Well then, my God, I am content to do so. I no longer wish him any harm. Forgive his sin, as I forgive it. (*She hears the steward speaking rather loud.*)

But I hear his voice! he's in a passion!—Heaven take pity on us!—O my poor Deschamps, 'tis out of love for me that you have got again into his hands. (*She faints, on which the little boy jumps off the bed, and runs to fetch his father.*)

Oliver. O father, father! Quick, come here! My grandmother's a-dying.

Deschamps. O my God!—Permit me, Mr. Steward. I must go to her assistance.

The Steward, (going out.) Yes indeed! that's very necessary. The old Jezebel may die else!—I should think it a good riddance of bad rubbish.

Luckily Deschamps was got too far to hear these cruel words. He was already by Susanna's bed, who speedily recovered from her swoon, and thus addressed her son:

The steward came to scold you; I could hear him. Doubtless he won't grant you time, when once the quarter is turned.

Deschamps. No, mother, 'twas not that he came about: he brought me, on the other hand, good news.

Susanna, (keeping a moment silent, and appearing to collect her spirits.) But is that true, my son? or do you only wish to comfort me a little? What good news can he have for us?

Deschamps. 'Tis the 'squire's design, he says, to pull down and rebuild his house; at least the front and stables; and employ me at it, with my neighbours. I shall have at least, he says, ten shillings every week.

Susanna, (with a countenance of joy.) You don't say so?

Deschamps. Yes, certainly; and there will be a matter of two years continual work. Next Monday I begin.

Susanna. God's providence be praised for all things! I shall now die happy, seeing you enabled to get bread to feed your little ones. Death now has nothing painful in it. Heaven is merciful! may you, Deschamps, at all times find it so: but tell me, are you not by this convinced of what so often I have told you, that the more misfortunes on one side attack us, so much more God's grace awaits us on the other?

Deschamps. Yes, I am, and shall be always. But methinks you seem much better. Let me quit you for about a minute. I'll go fetch a little straw to cover you.

Susanna.

Susanna. No, no; I feel myself much warmer. Rather go with Oliver to Leonard's. That's what most of all disturbs me. Go, my son, I ask it as a favour.

Hearing this, he did not stay a moment in the room, but took his son, and going out, gave Barbara a sign to come and let him speak with her.

Take care of your poor grandmother, said he; and if a fainting fit should seize her, come and fetch me at the carpenter's; I shall be there.

Leonard was at work, and Jug his wife left all alone at home. She saw at once the father and the child had both been crying.

What's the matter with you, my good friend, said Jug, that you've been crying? What's the matter with you, my poor Oliver?

Descamps. Ah, neighbour Jug! I'm quite unhappy. This poor child of mine who wanted victuals yesterday, came here and took some apples that were yours: he has confessed he did so. My poor mother saw him eat them. —Jug, she's on her death-bed, and desires you would forgive him. I can't pay you now the worth of what he took away; but when I go to work, which will be very shortly, I'll be sure to satisfy you.

Jug. O don't speak about it, neighbour: 'tis a trifle not worth mentioning. And you, my little fellow, promise you will never take in future what's not yours. (*She embraces him.*) You're born of such good people!

Oliver. O, I promise you I won't: forgive me, Jug. I'll never steal again.

Jug. No, never for the future, my good child. You don't know yet how great a sin it is! When you are hungry, come to me, and if I have a bit of bread myself, I'll share it with you.

Descamps. Thank ye, neighbour; but I hope he'll now want bread no longer. I have got a deal of work to do at Squire Wealthy's.

Jug. Yes, I heard so of the servants, and was very glad.

Descamps. I was not near so happy when I got it on my own account, as for my mother's sake. She has at least this comfort on her death-bed. Tell my good friend Leonard I shall work with all my heart to make him compensation for his loss.

Jug. Don't speak about it, I request you once again. My husband, I am certain, will not think of any compensation. He was out of work himself, and is to have the wood work of the job you're hired for. But as poor *Sufanna* is so ill, I'll go and give her my assistance.

Jug got on her cloak, and then put up some pears and apples in a bag, and filled the little fellow's pockets likewise; took him by the hand, and bidding poor *Deschamps* go first, came after.

They had quickly reached *Sufanna's* chamber. *Jug* held out her hand, but turned away her face, that she might hide the tears she shed. *Sufanna*, notwithstanding, saw her, and began as follows :

You are crying then, my dear friend *Jug*?

Jug. Indeed I cry to see you in this dismal situation.

Sufanna. 'Tis, or ought to be, alas! our part to cry. Forgive us, I beseech you. 'Tis the first time such a circumstance has happened in our house.

Jug. Why what a serious business you are making of a trifle! 'Twas excusable in such a child!

Sufanna. But if when older, he should take to be a thief!

Jug. No, no; I'll answer for him he'll be good. My dear *Sufanna*, you deserve this recompence of heaven for your own honesty, and all the care you've taken to bring up your family in virtue. Do you want for any thing? Don't fear to tell me if you do: for every thing we have is at your service.

Oliver. Yes, indeed; for only see what *Jug* has given me! Eat, dear grandmother, do, eat some.

Sufanna. No, my child, I cannot; I shall never eat again; I feel my strength go from me, and I've almost lost my sight. My son, draw near me: now is come the moment to take leave, and give you my farewell.

Deschamps no sooner heard these words, than he was seized all over with a sudden trembling: he took off his hat, fell down upon his knees beside *Sufanna's* bed, laid hold with ardour of her hand, then lifted up his eyes to heaven, and would fain have spoke, but could not: tears and sighs prevented him.

Take comfort, said *Sufanna*; I am going to a happier life than this, and there will wait your coming. When we once meet there, we shall not part again.

Deschamps

Deschamps in some degree recovering, bowed his head, and craved his mother's blessing. Bless me, were his words, dear mother. I desire to follow you, when once my children have no further need of my assistance.

Here Susanna opened once again her dying eyes; and with uncommon fervour looking up, pronounced these words:

Hear me, O heavenly father, and vouchsafe the blessings of thy grace and favour to my son, the only one I ever had, and whose affection was the comfort of my life. Deschamps, may God be always with you, and confirm in heaven this blessing I pronounce, for having so much like a son fulfilled your duty.

Hear me now, my dear Deschamps, and carefully observe what I shall tell you. Bring your children up in virtue, and accustom them betimes to a laborious life, that if they should be poor, they may not, when grown up, lose courage, and be tempted to do wrong. Instruct them to place all their trust in God, and live good friends with one another; so that they may find sure consolation in the evils of this life. Forgive the steward his injustice. When I am buried, pray inform him I departed without any malice or ill-will against him, and besought of God that he would grant him of his grace to see the sin he had committed, and repent before he came upon a death-bed. *(She stops a little to take breath, and then goes on.)*

Reach me, my good friend, *(to Jug)* that book behind you; and my dear Deschamps, there is a little leather bag in our great chest; I wish to have it. Good! *(She takes and clasps them to her heart.)* These are the only treasure I have left on earth. And now I should be glad to see your children.

They were weeping at a table, whence their father brought them to Susanna, putting them upon their knees beside her, while she raised herself a little, so that she might see them, and began:

My dearest children, I am very sorry I must leave you motherless and poor. Think often of me, my sweet babes. I've nothing I can give you but this book: it has been frequently my consolation, and as often will be yours. When you have learned enough, read in it every evening to your father. It will teach you to be good; and if you are but good, you cannot fail of being happy.

This, Deschamps, (*taking out a piece of paper from the leather bag,*) is a certificate I brought your father of my good behaviour at our marriage. Let it pass by turns to each of your three daughters, till they marry. 'Tis my last request. And as for you, my son, I've nothing in the world to give you in remembrance of me; but the comfort is you want none. You will not forget me, I am certain.

Jug, shall I request one other favour of you, after having pardoned Oliver? When I am dead, see now and then to these poor children.—They have no one friend.—I recommend you in particular my poor dear Barbara.—She's the youngest of the three.—Where is she?—I can hardly see.—(*She stretches out her arm with difficulty.*)

Conduct my hand, and let me touch her.—O my children! (*she dies.*)

After having kept a moment's silence, and supposing she had fallen asleep, Deschamps said softly to his children, Rise, and don't disturb her slumber. Might she but recover, after having had this unexpected rest! But Jug saw plainly she was dead, and gave Deschamps to understand as much. What was not his distraction then, and that too of his helpless family? How many tears did not the little creatures and their father shed? Alas! they beat upon their breasts, and tore their hair up by the roots for anguish.

Jug, as well as she was able, comforted their sorrow, and repeated to Deschamps Susanna's parting words, which, in his grief, he had not heard distinctly.

She began that very day to shew how much she valued the deceased, by gratifying her last wish. The little orphans being brought up with her own dear children, had the same instruction; and improving by it, grew in time to be a pattern for the village; and particularly Oliver, continually having in remembrance his first fault, became remarkable in time for his fidelity and honest dealing.

THE GRADUATE IN VICE.

MR. Hartwell was accustomed every Saturday to pay his only son, a little boy whose name was Pascal, an allowance, such as was sufficient to procure him, the week through, those little pleasures and enjoyments children of his age so naturally look for. No less confident than generous, he never looked for an account from Pascal of the way in which he laid out what he gave him. He supposed his principles were such, that he would not abuse his bounty; but remember the instruction on this head he had so frequently bestowed upon him. But what lamentable consequences did not this too blind credulity produce?

For hardly ever had he touched his weekly payment, than he ran that moment to a shop hard by, and stuffed himself with pastry and nice things. His purse, in this first onset, underwent so great a diminution, that a very little in the sequel was sufficient to exhaust it totally: and during the last part of every week, he never had a farthing to regalè himself withal; and yet he did not, upon that account, less hanker after what he had beforehand so indulged in. Upon which account he was resolved to gratify his palate, and prevailed upon the pastry-cook, at first, to give him credit; but when afterwards he found the boy's allowance never was applied to pay off these arrears, while on the other hand the debt increased, he saw it was prudent to give in the bill to Mr. Hartwell. Mr. Hartwell was extremely angry with the tradesman, reprimanded his improper conduct, and forbade not only *him*, but every tradesman round about, to let his son have any thing he could not pay for on the spot. This might have been supposed a good precaution; and accordingly he thought it could not but become a check on Pascal's gluttony; whereas it only irritated matters, and the boy, as we shall see, at any risque resolved to gratify his palate.

Pascal's chamber was contiguous to his father's. After having noticed when his father generally slept the soundest, he once got up softly, came into his room, and feeling for his breeches, took out half a crown. Emboldened by this first deplorable success, he frequently repeated his offence,

offence, and for a time without detection: but there cannot be a crime, however secretly committed, but at last must come to light.

It chanced that Mr. Hartwell, some time after Pascal's first offence in this way, had a law-suit on the following day to be decided. Having thought upon it waking, 'tis not to be wondered at that it should take up his attention after he was gone to rest. In fact, he lay quite silent, ruminating on the affair, when Pascal, thinking him asleep, got up as he was wont to do. Unhappily for him, the moon threw light enough into the chamber, that a person coming in might easily be seen. Accordingly let any one imagine if he can, what Mr. Hartwell must have felt, beholding his own son thus come and rob him! He for that time stifled his resentment; but before the thief could quit his chamber in the morning, he got up, went to him, and found means to turn the conversation into such a channel, as to ask him how much he intended to lay out that day of his allowance. Nothing, answered Pascal. I have given all my last week's money to a poor man in the neighbourhood, and must deny myself a little till next Saturday.

His father could not possibly restrain his indignation any longer, hearing so detestable a lie come from him. He sprung forward, seized him by the collar, for by this time he was dressed, and found five shillings in his pocket, which was what the father had been robbed of. In proportion as he had till now been tender and indulgent to his son, so much the more severity and rigour did he treat him with on this occasion; for his reprimands were only the preamble to a harsher treatment, and the wretched Pascal was obliged to keep his bed for many days, in consequence of the correction he received.

How difficult it is to extirpate a vice that has once taken root within us! Pascal was not cured by this correction. Mr. Hartwell left his bureau-key one evening in the lock, and Pascal took a model of the wards, and got another made him at the smith's. This gave him a convenient opportunity to rob his father when he pleased; who, as he had a deal of money, and as Pascal was more cunning than to take too much at once, suspected nothing of the affair. He was at present fifteen years of age, and could affect so well, his parents thought him quite

quite reformed, till his hypocrisy was accidentally revealed.

His father had received a piece of foreign coin, with other monies, which he soon remarked, and put it up in the bureau. This piece at night was got into Pascal's hands, and Mr. Hartwell missing it next morning, could not but bethink himself of Pascal's former inclinations, and suspect him. He resolved to satisfy himself that moment, and examining his pockets, found the piece of money he had lost, together with the key, by means of which he had obtained it; and which key, as being meant to open an uncommon lock, he could not but remark and guess what use 'twas meant for.

But Pascal by this time was too big for such correction as before he had received; and therefore Mr. Hartwell did but grievously upbraid him for the present, threatening to withdraw the benefits of his affection from him. He consulted a few faithful friends he had, upon the treatment proper to be shewn him: their opinion was in general, that the harshest method of proceeding would most tend to his amendment, and advised his being sent to school in Yorkshire, where for years he might not see his family, but be subjected to the rigorous discipline and homely fare peculiar to such institutions, and of course have leisure to repent of his enormity, and be accustomed to a frugal way of life. This was their counsel; but the combats of paternal love in Mr. Hartwell's bosom, which was very far, as yet, from being quite extinct, would not permit him to pursue their salutary admonition; he inclined to something of a gentler nature, and in grief of heart, and as the only moderate method he could think of to preserve him from destruction, sent that very day to Bristol for a friend of his, who kept a boarding-school, to whose attention he consigned, upon the very day of his arrival, this unworthy son, with orders to supply him with no other money than was absolutely necessary for his want. His friend set off on his return immediately, and Pascal with him.

This was a precaution; but it came, alas! too late: the youth had utterly corrupted his first principles. His tutor's table was quite plain, though very plenteous; for which reason Pascal would go out, and at a tavern gratify his palate with the choicest wines and viands, and
for

for which he easily got credit, as his host took care to make enquiry, first of all, into his father's circumstances, who he found was very rich: nor did he stop at this; for to supply that want of money which his tutor would not, he began to play, and practised every species of deception at a gaming-house hard by.

God's providence, as if it interfered particularly to reform him, punished all his vices on the spot. Three players, his companions, who detected him endeavouring to deceive them with a pack of cards he had beforehand sorted for the purpose, fell upon him unawares, and Pascal was so roughly treated, that the people who first found him thought he could not possibly survive their vengeance.

He was carried home with scarce the least remains of life, and put to bed. His tutor ran to see him, and afforded all the succour and assistance in his power. He waited till he saw him almost re-established, to impart such counsel as might possibly affect him; which he did with all the softness possible, and pointed out the horrors he was plunging into. Miserable youth! began the tutor, what can have induced you to excesses so disgraceful? You dishonour, by your crimes, a name which in reality the probity of those before you had exalted, and made really respectable. You rob your tender parents of those hopes they had indulged when first they laid the groundwork of your education. When the youth of your acquaintance, who now consecrate that time to study you consume in scandalous excesses, shall be sought for by their country, and employed in elevated stations, you will be considered as an abject dangerous character. You will be banished from all company that have the least regard or value for their honour, and the meanest class of men will scorn you.

Pascal was at first affected with this lesson. He broke off all commerce with his partners; he was satisfied with his preceptor's table-fare; and seemed as if beginning to imagine study had some charms to please him. But this disposition soon was done away, and by degrees he had relapsed into his former way of life. He sold his books; his watch and clothes went afterwards; and he contrived to strip himself of his apparel so completely, that he could not stir abroad.

On which his creditors came all at once upon him, and receiving a refusal from the tutor to discharge the young man's debts, and satiate their avidity, wrote letters to the father, threatening to arrest him if they were not paid. Let Pascal's situation now be guessed at. Overwhelmed with the reproaches of his creditors, the indignation of his tutor, the contempt of those that waited on him, and his own remorse, he had to dread the malediction of his parents. He was sensible he had so much neglected to improve his understanding, that he could not find the least resources against want in any calling or profession. He began to think his situation desperate. A whole day he passed in his apartment violently agitated; every now and then he wrung his hands, tore his hair, and cursed his vices: but at night, still borne away by his depravity, he went from home to spend the little money he had left in liquor.

Accident that evening threw two men into his company that were employed to raise recruits for India. They remarked upon his countenance the embarrassment with which his soul was agitated, winked to one another, and began to talk of India. They described the beauty of the country, and what pay was given to the soldiery. They spoke of the advantages a youth of family might meet with there, and what a probability there was, that such a one might make his fortune: nay, they went so far as to assert that many, to their knowledge, had from common soldiers been made officers, and married wealthy widows.

Pascal heard this conversation with a visible avidity, made one between them, and enquired if it was difficult to be enlisted with these soldiers. If you wish to list, said they, we can oblige you, though we've more recruits by many than we want; but you, by your appearance, seem to claim the preference; and thereupon they offered him five guineas if he'd enter.

After some slight struggles, Pascal took the guineas, and enlisted. The remainder of the night he spent in drinking; and when morning came, was sent to learn his exercise. He found himself surrounded by a set of awkward rustics, run-away apprentices, notorious beggars, and convicted thieves, who had enlisted to escape the galls. He was under the tuition of a surly corporal, who
loaded

loaded him from time to time with curses, and severely caned him, when he could not comprehend his meaning.

Pascal's misery went on from day to day encreasing. All the money he had lately touched at parting with his freedom, was already gone in riot. He had nothing to subsist on but the coarse provision granted by the company to keep their new recruits together. Lucas, who had been a swine-herd, and was then his comrade, was much better off. He had been always used to live on oaten bread, and therefore thought himself a prince, when he could get a bit of half-baked meat. But what were Pascal's feelings, when, partaking of such coarse provisions, he reflected on the delicacies he had formerly regaled on!

Some days after came an order for the soldiers embarkation. Pascal heard this news with much more satisfaction than the people round about him thought he would have testified. If once you get to India, said he to himself, as you are young, and of a likely figure, you will make your fortune, as a multitude of Englishmen have done before you.

In the midst of all these brilliant prospects, Pascal went on board the vessel destined to transport him and his comrades. He drank down a glass or two of brandy at the moment of embarking, and they served to warm his head, and make him utterly forget his parents, whom it is not necessary we should now advert to. He went off with mad huzzas. But then the joy with which he uttered these huzzas continued hardly longer than the drunkenness that caused them. Those on board who were at present for the first time in their life at sea, began to feel a death-like sickness. Pascal, whose intemperance had hurt his inside much, endured a great deal more than any other. He was several days insensible, and nothing staid upon his stomach. Even the sight of food disgusted him; and when at last he grew a little better, and was hungry, mouldy pease, salt beef, and biscuits full of maggots, were the only victuals he could come at. When he first set sail, the soldiers had a pint of beer allowed them each; but by degrees they were deprived of this indulgence, and compelled to put up with a bare sufficiency of water, and even this they had to strain before they could drink it.

After

After six long months incessant suffering, during all which time they were in fear too of continual shipwreck, they arrived in India, wearied out with watchings for the most part, and a dreadful scurvy. Pascal was marched up the country, with his comrades, to the army: but his heart, embittered by the horror of his situation, was insensible of any thing like goodness. His abandoned course of life, the crimes he was incessantly committing, and his numberless desertions, frequently subjected him to punishment. He was determined, if he could, to quit these regions, watched his opportunity, and got on board a vessel bound to England, where he hid himself below till it had sailed; nor did he quit his hiding-place, till got a great way out to sea: he then came forth, and being brought before the captain, promised he would work his way to England for his passage; which the captain in the end accepted, as the vessel was in want of men.

What, in the interim, was become of his unhappy parents? They alas! still lived, if people may be said to do so whose sad days are spent in anguish and despair. The crimes their son had been engaged in, and with which the neighbourhood all round them rung, had forced them to renounce their place of habitation, and go down and live in Sussex, in a solitary quarter near the sea. The ship with Pascal in it, that had made a very expeditious voyage, was by this time got near home; and as the will of providence would have it, was directed to the very coast where Mr. Hartwell lived in his retirement. Pascal, as a thorough graduate in vice, conspired with ten or twelve audacious fellows of the crew, to murder every one on board who had not joined in their conspiracy, and so obtain possession of the ship. They executed their infernal purpose; and soon after steered to gain the nearest course, with all the sail they could. They came in sight of land, and hoisted out their boat at night, that they might come on shore, and pillage the inhabitants.

That very night, the unhappy Mr. Hartwell in his house was up, and watching by his wife's sick bed. Her grief for Pascal's wretched fortune had long preyed upon her constitution; and by this time, after having suffered grievously, she felt the agonies of death upon her. In the intervals of her delirium, she called out for Pascal: Where, where are you, said the dying mother? Come, that

that I may press you to my heart, and pardon you before I die. At this the door is suddenly burst open, and ten villains rush into the dwelling. Pascal, with a hatchet in his hand, was first, and led them on. The father comes to meet them with a candle; but before his son could recollect him—The remainder is too horrid to be mentioned: 'tis enough to say that Pascal and his gang were apprehended on the spot, and suffered at the gallows.

Children, if, when you have read this story, you dare think of giving way to any vice whatever, tremble at the probability of your becoming criminal, and undergoing the untimely punishment annexed to parricide like Pascal's!

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A DRAMA, in TWO ACTS.

C H A R A C T E R S.

THE COUNTESS OF C—	
AUGUSTUS,	} <i>her children.</i>
JULIA,	
HARRY,	} <i>a nobleman's younger son.</i>
ELIZA,	
GABRIEL,	} <i>friends of Julia and Augustus.</i>
LUCIAN,	
FLORA,	
RACHEL,	
ADAM,	} <i>servants to the Countess.</i>

The scene is in the country, at the Countess's, and in two rooms that open to the garden.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Rachel, (reckoning up the counters on a table.)

TIS all lost labour to stand counting thus. I can't make more than fifty-four. There should, however, be five dozen. Well, I think there never was a house like ours for hare-brain'd children; for wherever they

they once put their foot, one may be sure they'll jumble every thing together, if they don't lose something or another. I must look about however, or my lady, when she comes, will scold me finely. Here she is.

The Countess, (entering.) You seem uneasy, Rachel! what are you in search of?

Rachel. Of your ladyship's best counters.

The Countess. Don't you see them on the table?

Rachel. Yes, my lady; but the number is not complete.

The Countess. That should not be.

Rachel. That should not be, indeed; and yet there are no less than half a dozen wanting. Were there not five dozen?

The Countess. Yes; you know as well as I there were.

Rachel. Well then, there are but four and fifty.

The Countess, (after having counted them.) There are indeed no more. And yet last night the number was complete. I put them up myself, when we had finished playing. But what caused you to come now, and count them up?

Rachel. Because, as I passed by the door, I saw the children had been playing with them.

The Countess. Yet I absolutely ordered they should not be touched: they've ivory ones to play with: who could give them these?

Rachel. Themselves.

The Countess. Themselves! Where are they?

Rachel. In the garden, madam, with their little company.

The Countess. Fetch Julia here.—But stay, have none been here but Julia and Augustus?

Rachel. Yes, their friends: And who can tell—

The Countess. What, Rachel? can you possibly suspect—

Rachel. I'll answer for your children, please your ladyship, and likewise the three young St. Lukes, as if they were myself.

The Countess. And not the others?

Rachel. I don't know them well enough.

The Countess. What Rachel, two such children as the little Harry and his sister?

Rachel. If your ladyship thinks fit, I'll call Miss Julia in; but here she comes.

The Countess, (to *Julia* coming in.) Who told you, miss, to use my silver counters? Did not I—

Julia. 'Tis not my fault, mamma.

The Countess. And whose then, pray?

Julia. The little Harry and his sister's. I had got the ivory counters, when they asked me if I meant to play with them, as they never had such at home, and must have better; upon which they opened all the drawers and closets till they met with these.

The Countess. And why not mention I would never let you use them?

Julia. Good! as if they'd hear me. I believe they would have beat us, had we not surrendered them.

Rachel. Upon my word, these children, as it seems, are charmingly brought up.

The Countess. You should at least have counted them when you left off playing.

Julia. That was what I wished to do. But after I had got to twenty-four or thereabouts, young Harry snatched them from me, put them up pell-mell, and dragged us out into the garden with him.

The Countess. Do you know that six are missing?

Julia. Sure, mamma!

The Countess. How! sure! when I have told you? See now whether one can trust you in the least! You know it was your duty to take care of them.

Julia. I was confounded, dear mamma: these children are so mischievous! I was obliged to have my eye continually on them, as I thought they would have broke your china. I was obliged frequently to follow them about the room: they may have flung the counters, then, into some corner or another.

The Countess. Well, but I must have them found.

Rachel. I know but one way, madam. Were I you, I'd turn the little master's pockets inside out before they left the house.

The Countess. Fie, Rachel! would you have me thus affront their parents?

Julia. O I'm sure, mamma, not one among them can have stole the counters.

The Countess. So I think; but children of their age may be a little giddy-headed. So go to them, *Julia*, and politely ask if any one among them may not by mistake

have

have put them up into his pocket. Your commission is a nice one, and requires a little management. Take care you don't offend them, by insinuating you think any one has got them.

Julia. I'll take care, mamma.

The Countess. Accuse yourself of negligence, and tell them I shall think you've lost the counters, if they should not soon be found.

Julia. I understand you.

The Countess. And bid Adam, as you pass, come here.

Julia. I will, mamma.

SCENE II.

Rachel and the Countess.

Rachel, (who has been employed in looking round the room.) I'll answer for it, they're not here: there's not a corner but I've searched into it.

The Countess. This should not have happened in my house. I dread, yet long to know, by what means they are vanished.

Adam, (entering.) Here I am, my lady: what's your pleasure?

The Countess. To inform you, Adam, I have lost since yesterday six counters.

Adam. Does your ladyship suspect I took them?

The Countess. God forbid I should. I am too well acquainted with your honesty for that. But I suppose if you had crossed the room, you might have seen them on some chair or elsewhere.

Adam. Counters on a chair?

The Countess. I know that's not a proper place for counters; but the children have been playing where they were, and might have inconsiderately left them in some corner, and you seen them.

Adam. No, my lady, I have not.

The Countess. I'm sorry for it; and don't know what method to pursue. They must have certainly been lost since morning, as I counted them myself last night.—But look about.

Rachel. Your ladyship has seen how I've been searching for them. Servants are but badly off, when any thing is

lost about a house. However honest they may be, they're constantly suspected.

The Countess. Very likely; but the honest servant will on this occasion pardon me, if I include her in my search of the dishonest.

Adam. You may first of all examine me, my lady. Rogues are constantly the first to be displeas'd when they're suspected.

Rachel. God be thanked, I have no fear of that sort; but it cannot be a matter of indifference to the honest servant, when a thief is in the house.

The Countess. But put yourself into my place; what would you do? Think, Adam.

Adam. Do, my lady?—I've a thought this moment struck me; and provided I have leave to put it into execution, I'll engage to find the counters.

The Countess. But you must not think of giving any one occasion to suppose himself suspected.—What is your design?

Adam. I can't at present tell your ladyship. A single syllable might spoil the business: do but bring together all the children in the adjoining room. I promise you the thief, if there is any thief among them, shall betray himself.

The Countess. I can't tell whether I should let—

Adam. You know me, my dear mistress. Be assured that no one but the guilty person shall have reason to complain; and him, you, I dare believe, would not wish to spare.

The Countess. Well, Adam, as I know your prudence, I rely upon it.

Adam. Good! my lady. Therefore I'll go get my conjuring-flick; and other matters ready.—*(he goes out.)*

Rachel. Madam—did he not say something about conjuring? But that I myself am innocent, I should beforehand die of fright.

The Countess. Peace, Simpleton! What now, Augustus? *(to Augustus, who comes in.)* You seem big with something or another! have you brought the counters with you?

Augustus. No, mamma: I have but learned that six are lost. My sister told us so just this moment.

The Countess. And how was the intelligence received?

Augustus.

Augustus. We were exceedingly surprized. The two St. Lukes particularly, and their sister, want to come and plead their innocence before you.

The Countess. Plead! they are the last I should suspect of such a deed. And Master Harry?

Augustus. O, he's furious; and told Julia, that to look upon him as a thief, was but a bad reception.

The Countess. Julia was not rude, I hope, in telling them my message.

Augustus. No, mamma, quite otherwise. She spoke with great politeness.

The Countess. Why then, pray, was Harry angry? there was nothing personal in what your sister said.

Augustus. I can't well tell the reason; but Eliza drew him privately aside: he would not condescend to hear her. He's determined to be gone: his hat is fortunately here; he'll come and fetch it, and declares he'll not remain a minute in the house. He threatens he'll complain to his papa.

The Countess. He must not positively go. I'll tell his lordship of the whole affair myself, when he comes to take him home.

Augustus. The rest wish greatly for permission to appear and justify themselves before you.

The Countess. There's no need of that. I only wished to know if they could give me any information of the counters. They are all of them too well brought up, that I should venture to accuse them of a theft. But I am well acquainted with the whims of children. They'll see every thing, and finger every thing; and from a want of thought, might easily have put a thing into their pocket, without any criminal intention.

Augustus. Certainly they might, mamma; as I did, you remember, when I took my sister's purse up by mistake, and would have carried it away.

The Countess. But softly; here they are.—Go Rachel, and enquire if Adam is preparing matters. (*Rachel goes out.*)

S C E N E III.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, Harry, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucian, and Flora.

The Countess. Well, how fares it with you all, my little friends? I'm glad to see you here.

Harry. Miss Julia has just now informed us, you have lost six counters of the number we unluckily were playing with. I'm sorry for it; but could never think your ladyship would have suspected any one of us had taken them. At least I can assure you for my sister and myself, that we know nothing of them.

The Countess. God forbid I should suspect such well-bred children, as I look upon you all to be. Sure Julia did not tell you I supposed you had the counters.

Eliza. No, my lady; all she said, was to enquire if we had brought them out through inattention, or to play a little longer with them in the garden.

The Countess. Which you might have very innocently done. 'Tis she alone I blame in the affair, because she did not let you have *her* counters.

Gabriel. She designed, I think, to use them.

Lucian. I never dare to shew my face again, if I had taken nothing but a pin.

Flora, (emptying her pockets.) See, my lady, I have nothing.

The Countess. My dear children, I've already told you I am far from thinking any of you has them, when you say you have not. They are certainly of no great value; yet I cannot but confess their loss affects me.

Harry. Were they only worth a straw, they are your ladyship's, and should not now be missing. But you know there are such things as servants; and they are not always very honest. 'Tis not the first time we have suspected them at home.

Julia. But 'tis the first time any thing of the kind has happened in our house, dear master Harry, I assure you.

Augustus. I would answer for our servants, men and women.

The Countess. I have trusted them this long time; but if you, sir, (*to Harry*) have made any observations, I request you'd let me know them.

Harry. Oh, no no!—but when we went into the garden, did not what's her name—the house-maid enter?

The Countess. Rachel! Oh, I don't fear her. These six years past that I have had her, she might easily have made away with things of value, had she been dishonest.

Harry. Did not your old footman come in likewise? I don't like his looks; and should not chuse to meet him in a lane at night.

The Countess. Fie, sir! what makes you thus suspect the honest Adam? He was my father-in-law's confidential servant, and has been much longer in the family than even I myself. If *he* could possibly turn pilferer, neither you nor I could know what living creature we might trust.

Harry. 'Tis not unlikely then, but some one may have got into the room when we were gone.

The Countess. That's not at all unlikely; and I'm going to enquire. Amuse yourselves till I come back.

Harry. No, madam; after what has passed, I can't stay any longer here. Augustus, can you tell me where they've put my hat?

Augustus. 'Tis taken to be brushed; you'll have it brought you.

Harry. I must have it instantly.

Eliza. But won't you stay a little for papa? You know he means to come and fetch us.

The Countess. I can't let you possibly go home on foot. You would have upwards of three miles to walk. Stay here till I return: I won't detain you long. (*She goes out.*)

Harry. I'm very much astonished your mamma should have such thoughts of us! We steal her counters!

Julia. Neither has she such a thought. She might have fancied we had put them, without thought, into our pockets. I might easily have taken them in this way, as yourself, or any other: But as you say *steal*, she did not think of such a word, or any like it.

Harry. Had there been none here but tradesmen's children, she might well have entertained suspicions; but should make some difference now.

Gabriel. You speak of us, fir, I can see. Your looks inform me so: but let me tell you, in my turn, that 'tis one's way of living, and not birth, one should be proud of.

Harry. How these tradesmen talk about their way of living! You are very happy there are so few children hereabout, and that Augustus and myself are forced to make you our companions, or have no diversion. Did you live in London, you would not have such an honour, notwithstanding your fine way of living.

Augustus. Speak, fir, for yourself alone: for just as here, in London too, I should be proud to entertain my little friends.

Julia. Yes, certainly. They give us, to the full, as good examples as such whipper-snapper noblemen as you.

Eliza. This, brother, you've deserved. Why first attack them?

Harry. And you, too, upon me? You think certainly as I do, though you won't confess you do. Have you forgot mamma's instruction on the subject of familiarity with those beneath us? "Never mix with tradesmen's children: in the lower ranks of life you'll always have low thoughts."

Augustus. And can you possibly suspect my friends are capable of being thieves?

Gabriel. Did we approach the table?

Flora. No: whereas we saw you take the counters, and look at them half a dozen times, I fancy. (*Harry aims to strike her.*)

Augustus. Softly! You'll have me to deal with else.

Gabriel. No, no, my friend. I thank you, but I can take care of my sister. Let him even threaten her. I'm not a bit more frightened at his size than title.

Harry. O 'tis far beneath me to dispute with traders.

Julia. Very well: I hope then it is beneath you likewise to attack a little girl.

Harry. I shan't permit her to insult me.

Eliza. She would certainly have done much better, had she held her tongue.

Julia. But being such a child, she might be pardoned: and particularly when she spoke the truth.

Harry. The truth?

Gabriel

Gabriel. Yes, if you understand that word.—She said you took the counters and looked at them; and this certainly was true.

Harry. I shan't even condescend to answer.

Gabriel. You can't take a better resolution, when you've nothing but such answers for us.

S C E N E IV.

*Augustus, Julia, Harry, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucian, Flora,
and the Countess.*

The Countess. What's the meaning of all this? I won't have any quarrels here.

Harry. My lady, I expect you'll do me justice on these little folks.

The Countess. Folks! folks! and who are those? I'm not accustomed to have such as visit here called so.

Augustus. He's angry, since we were not in a humour to endure his airs.

Julia. He thought he should have had a company of dukes at least to play with.

Gabriel. And imagines we should be suspected of this theft, much rather than a nobleman.

Lucian. As if we had no character to keep, as he has!

Flora. Ay, and would have beat me, had not Gabriel taught him better.

The Countess. But it can't be true; however, let us withdraw into the adjoining chamber; Adam will be with you there: his scheme, at least, will certainly divert us; for as to any way he has of coming at the truth, respecting things that have been lost, I laugh'd at such pretensions. Yet if any of you present should refuse his company, it could not but be looked upon as very strange; and who can tell, if he or she would not, on that account, incur suspicion? But I make the affair too serious.—Go in, my good friends: I wish the whole were over.—As I said just now, 'twill make you laugh; and you'll be reconciled with one another.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, Harry, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucian, and Flora.

Eliza. To say the truth, my brother is too hasty.

The Countess. He will mend that fault, I dare persuade myself, in future: but here's Adam. (*Adam enters with a basket.*)

Adam. So; 'tis here your ladyship sees company: well then, with your permission, and the little gentlefolks, I'll introduce my cock, who, you must know before hand, is a conjurer. (*Putting down the basket on the table.*)

Flora. O, a cock! a cock!

Adam. Yes, nothing more; for look you: (*He lifts up a napkin in the basket, so that Flora and the rest discern the creature's neck and crest.*) Just like others, saving that my cock has not his equal in the world for knowledge: why, he'll tell me things no other person possibly can know of. If a single straw, and nothing else is missing, I need only run and have a consultation with him; he'll be sure to know who stole it.

Julia. You can then find out our counters, can you?

Adam. Can I? Why last Christmas, at the ale-house, I had lost my pipe; so what does I do, but away and fetch my cock, who let me know the groom had got it: and I think you recollect he broke his leg about a fortnight after.

Flora. He can talk then?

Adam. Yes, like other cocks: *Cock, cock-a-rav*—On which, I understand him just as if 'twere you spoke to me.

Julia. Yet you never told us this before.

Adam. Because we never yet lost any thing.

The Countess. Well now, a truce to all this conversation, and begin.

Adam. Not quite so fast, my lady. I must go to conjuring in the dark.

The Countess. A very easy matter; you need only close the shutters.

Julia.

Julia. I'll go out and push them to.

The Countess. You're much too short: you cannot reach them. Adam will do that himself.

Adam. Yes, madam. *(He goes out.)*

Augustus *(with the rest, excepting Harry, who appears embarrassed, lifting up the napkin.)* This same cock seems supernatural, I fancy. *(Looking at him earnestly.)* How his eyes shine!

Julia. And his comb, how red it looks! my patience! how it shakes upon his head!

Flora. Do you imagine it has so much knowledge, then, as Adam says?

Lucian. Papa has often told us, what we ought to think of such strange stories.

Gabriel. Adam is a cunning sportsman, and I'm sure can make birds hold their tongue, much rather with his piece, than teach a cock to talk by virtue of his wand.

Eliza. Who knows! my governess has told me many wondrous things of conjuration, and all that.

Harry. I wonder, sister, you can listen to such stories!

The Countess. I am glad you have these notions of the matter, and should like to laugh at Adam for his folly.

What simplicity! a cock discover thieves!

Harry *(forcing a smile.)* I fancy we shall have a deal of laughing very shortly. *(The shutters come together.)* But why put the shutters to? *(with uneasiness)* I don't love darkness.

Julia. If the cock can't see, he'll never find the thief out.—Will he, pray, mamma?

The Countess. Well asked: for I can't tell you.

Flora. I should like, if I knew how, to make him speak. Come pretty little cock, say something.—See how dark it is.—Look out a little.—He don't speak a word!

Julia. The reason is, I fancy, he'll obey his master only. *(Adam comes in again.)*

The Countess. Well, you're satisfied now, Adam, since you've thus shut out the day-light?

Adam. Yes, my lady; every thing is as it should be. And so now, let those remain that have not stole the counters, but if any one is guilty, let that one go out.—What all remain!

Harry. How cunning!

Adam. I see clearly then I must employ my art. (*He waves his wand, and draws a circle on the floor; pronouncing something unintelligible.*)

That's well! So now, my cock, take heed;
And tell us, who are rogues indeed.

Come now my little gentlemen and ladies, and let every one of you, in turn, lift up the napkin here, and with his right hand, do you see, stroke Chanticleer upon the back. You'll hear his music, when the thief once puts his hand upon him: but don't lift the cloth too high; just high enough to let your hand pass under it.

So now, my pretty cock, take heed;
And tell us who are rogues indeed.

Well! what will none of you begin?

The Countess. What, every one afraid? Why, one would think you all, at this rate, guilty!

Flora. I'm the youngest, but I'll set the example. (*She lifts up the cloth, and strokes the cock twice over in the basket.*) Do you see, the cock don't speak. It is not I then that have stole the counters.

Adam. Very well. Stand now in this place, with your hand behind you.—Is it so?

Flora. Feel, feel.

Adam. That's right. Now you, sir. (*To Augustus.*)

Augustus. O! I fear as little as Miss Flora.—There.—He has not spoke.—Must I too hold my hand behind me?

Adam. Certainly; and every one.—Come here, by this young lady.—Well, another.

Julia. I'll go next.—(*She strokes him.*) If he had said a word, he would have been a story-teller.—

Adam. By your brother here. Who's next?

Eliza. 'Tis my turn now. (*She strokes him.*) As mute as any mackarel—Yet I stroked him four times over.

Adam. Are your right hands all behind you? Don't forget that part.

Gabriel (to Harry.) I'll follow you.

Harry. As if I'd have to do with such child's play!

The Countess. You would not surely spoil our sport. A little complaisance, pray, Harry.

Harry. If that's all, I've no objection.—(*He puts his hand under the cloth.*) There.—I don't find he has spoke for me, though I have stroked him more than others.

Adam.

Adam. Here, fir, with the rest; and keep your hand behind you.

Flora. There are none now, but my brothers left, that have not stroked him. It is one of them!—O, no; I don't think so. (*Gabriel and Lucian imitate the others; upon which, the children all burst out a laughing.*)

Lucian. And where's the thief?—Why no-where.

The Countess. Adam, you should send your cock to Norwood; he's not deep enough.

Adam. I must acknowledge this confounds me.—For a little while, however, patience; and don't stir.—Stand still, I say.—They're just like so much quick-silver!—My circle, as I think, must be imperfect. I'll go fetch a candle, and examine. Pray your ladyship, let no one quit his place.

SCENE II.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, Harry, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucian, and Flora.

Harry. I knew before-hand, what all this would come to.—Stupid nonsense!

Flora. Why, this cock's no wiser than his master.

(*Eliza.* Truly, I am glad he's caught.)

Julia. And what does he design to do, when he has got his light?

The Countess. He'll shew us.

Flora. I should like to see the cock now.—He'll scarce hold his head up, I suppose, for shame.

Adam (*returning with a light, and going up to Flora.*) Come, let me see your little hand. (*She holds him out the left.*) Not this,—but that behind you. Good!

Flora (*looking at her hand, and crying out.*) O! what a hand I have! as black as any coal! And will it always be so?

Adam. Don't be frightened, little miss! I'll speak about it to my cock, and you shall have both hands as white as snow.—(*The children have not patience, but look all together at their hands, and instantly cry out at once.*)

Augustus. How black my fingers are too!

Julia. And mine likewise! What does Adam mean by this?

Eliza.

Eliza. I'd twist the creature's neck off, if I had him.

Gabriel. Fegs! my wristbands are come in a little for it!

Lucian. 'Tis as if my hand were painted!

Harry (*lifting up his hand in triumph.*) But see mine! There's none; but I have got a hand that's fit to look at.

Adam (*taking hold of Harry by the collar*) Very likely! 'Tis then you have stole the counters.—Give them up, young gentleman, this instant, or I'll search your pockets, and then blacken you all over!

Eliza. Blacken him? O, brother! if you've got the counters, give them up this moment.

The Countess. Take care, Adam, what you say!

Adam. I'm sure he has them. So, quit the counters, or expect to have a countenance as grimy as the blackest negro's.

Harry (*turning pale and trembling.*) Is it possible I should have put them in my pocket, and not thought of what I was about? (*He feels about him.*) I recollect, indeed, I had them in my hand. (*He seems surprized at finding them thrust down into a corner of his waistcoat pocket.*) Dear me! they're here indeed! Who would have thought it? (*All the children look at one another with surprise, while Harry stands confounded.*)

The Countess. Adam! (*he approaches*) take away your cock and candle, and go open us the shutters. Take care, (*in a whisper,*) and don't tell your fellow-servants how you found the counters. Say they were thrust a great way back into the table-drawer.

Adam. I will, my lady. (*He goes out.*)

The Countess. Go, my little friends, into the other room: you'll find I've ordered water there to wash your hands. Take care, and don't splash one another's clothes.

Flora. No, no:—but if this black should not come off?

The Countess. 'Tis nothing but a little ivory black, and water will remove it. You, fir, (*to Harry,*) as your hands are clean, may stay with me.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

The Countess, Harry.

The Countess. Well then, my haughty little gentleman! and is it possible you could be guilty of so scandalous an action? You, that scarce a quarter of an hour ago looked down with so much scorn upon the children of a reputable worthy tradesman, and supposed your quality disgraced by being in their company. They have at present their revenge, since they may call you, and with justice, a vile thief!

Harry. Pray pardon me, my lady!—I was playing with the counters—and without considering at the moment, must have put them into my pocket.—I have no other method of accounting for their being found upon me.

The Countess. Pitiful excuse! that aggravates your fault! At such a tender age as your's, could I have possibly imagined one with so much front?

Harry. Believe me, madam, I had certainly no bad design!—I took them without meaning so to do, and afterwards concealed the matter, from my dread of being looked on as a thief.

The Countess. But after I had bid my daughter make enquiry for them with such delicacy, you might easily have seemed to search your pockets, and restored them without blushing. Your proceeding would have then been looked upon as nothing but an inadvertency.

Harry. I did not think of that, my lady.

The Countess. What then did you think of, when you durst drop hints that possibly my honest servants might have taken them? or that my children's little friends were objects of suspicion? What were your ideas, when you made believe to stroke the cock?

Harry. But, madam, I *did* stroke him.

The Countess. Hold your tongue, you little rascal!—for that name is not too bad for your deservings. Happily, as yet, you have not got sufficient cunning to conceal your wicked actions. *You did stroke the cock!* Is that then your assertion? Don't you see, that if you had you would have blacked your hands, as all the others, Adam having smeared him over with a certain composition? Your companions were not in the least afraid to stroke him,

him, as their conscience did not any way reproach them for the theft; but as for you, the apprehension you were under that the servant's artifice might really be conjuration awed you, and the means you pitched on to avoid detection have betrayed you. Oh! how politic you thought yourself, I warrant, in pretending only, as you did, to stroke the coek: but honesty you would have found much better policy. You merit I should tell my lord, your father, of your laudable behaviour, when he comes to fetch you.

Harry (falling on his knees.) Oh, no! Pray, my lady, I beseech you! He would beat me; he would tread me under foot.

The Countess. And 'twould be better he should do so, than bring up a monster to disgrace him at some future period. For of what hereafter will you not be capable, since in the season of your infancy, as I may call it, you can perpetrate so great a crime?

Harry. Ah! madam, pardon me for pity's sake, and never—

The Countess. Doubtless you have often made these promises to others; for this hardly is your first transgression. Every circumstance confirms it. So much falsity and impudence—

Harry. Then hear me, my good lady! If you ever hear in future, that I make free with any thing whatever that's not mine—

The Countess. Inform me, in the first place, what did you intend to do with these six counters? You could hardly think you would have any opportunity of using them, but they must instantly be known. You meant to sell them, then, for money?

Harry. No, believe me! I was pleased with looking at them. I considered no one would remember having seen them elsewhere, and on that account secreted them, my lady.

The Countess. And how could you desire to have another's property? Confess! Is this your first offence?

Harry (hiding his face.) No, no indeed, my lady. I have often been a thief at home; but never having been suspected there, supposed I should have had the same good fortune here.

The Countess. A very wicked sort of reasoning this! For, granting no one upon earth suspected you, I'm certain you well know God sees and punishes whatever people do amiss. Perhaps, however, this event is for your benefit; and you will prove more likely to amend, when you have once been punished as you merit.

Harry. Let it be by you, my lady, or by any one, but not by my papa. Let him know nothing of the matter, I conjure you. Tell it, if you please, to my mamma, but keep the matter from his knowledge.

The Countess. There again! you would not have your father know it, as you fear the blows he might bestow upon you. Thus 'tis nothing but an abjectness that guides you, even in the work of your repentance; and it is not for his peace of mind you would conceal it from him, for you fear not your mamma should know it, since she would not beat you. 'Tis not your idea to consult her peace of mind.

Harry. Then tell it my preceptor.

The Countess. I am sensible, indeed, how much the knowledge of your fault would mortally afflict them; and from that consideration, not upon your own account, consent to spare you; but on this condition, that you come with your preceptor hither, and before him let me have your solemn promise of amendment. I will get him to keep watch upon your conduct; but if ever you should break your word, not only will I mention this adventure of the counters to his lordship, but let every body know it.

Harry. I consent you should do so, my lady.

The Countess. You might think that, after this, I should forbid your company with Julia and Augustus; but I have at heart your reformation, and will judge thereof myself. You may continue therefore coming here.

Harry. I thank you—yes sincerely; but how face your servants?

The Countess. You have nothing upon that account to fear, for I have had more care and forethought for your reputation than yourself, by telling Adam not to speak about it in the kitchen; and to hide your lie, have been compelled to one myself, that they might not suppose you guilty.

Harry.

Harry. Ah! my lady, how much am I not indebted to your bounty! Never shall I, if I would, forget the service you have done me. But your children?—and the little company now with them?

The Countess. I am well acquainted with their goodness, and am sure they will forgive you. Call them. (*Harry, with a downcast look, goes slowly towards the door, and bids them enter.*)

S C E N E I V .

The Countess, Harry, Augustus, Julia, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucian, and Flora.

Eliza. Go, sir, you're a thief! I'll never call you brother for the future.

The Countess. No, my dear Eliza, he is not so guilty as you think him. He has told me every thing. It was to play a little with the counters out of doors he took them; but when once the matter seemed considered as a theft, he was terrified at the idea of incurring my suspicion. This apparent guilt has sprung from a mistaken shame, which I am very willing to excuse; but not (*looking at the St. Lukes*) his scandalous endeavours to make you, my little dears, seem guilty.

Gabriel. Oh! my lady, we don't wish him any harm at present for it, as we know we should forgive even such as wrong us, and particularly when we see they are unhappy.

The Countess. Do you mark that, Harry? Such a conduct ought to shew you how much nobler 'tis to have an elevated way of thinking, than to boast an elevated birth. You find yourself entirely at the mercy even of those you have insulted; and, with all the boast of your nobility, you are the object of their pity.

Harry. Oh, what shame! but I submit to undergo it.

Gabriel. We will never introduce again the mention of this matter. It shall be a secret for the time to come between us; shan't it, brother?

Lucian. Yes, he may rely upon my silence.

Gabriel. And you, sister?

Flora. I'll not have him beat. I know what pain it gives one. (*Harry, in the transports of his gratitude, embraces them.*)

Harry.

Harry. I desire, but dare not ask, to be acquainted with you for the future.

Gabriel. 'Twill be doing us an honour, if you'll still continue upon terms of friendship with us.

Augustus and Julia. And for our part, we shall be no less delighted with your company, as long as you regard our friends.

Eliza. You're all of you too good. He does not merit such indulgence, and papa must be informed of every thing.

The Countess. You'd lose my friendship and esteem entirely, I must tell you, Miss Eliza, could you possibly be unaffected with your brother's laudable repentance, when even strangers overlook his error. Don't employ the advantage his offence affords you, to undo him in his parents good opinion; but, in future, let your counsel shew him how to act, that he may merit their affection. I dare answer, you need never be ashamed of any thing he does hereafter.

Harry. I should be unworthy of such bounty, if this lesson could be blotted out from my remembrance.

Flora. Take due care it be not, or *Beware of the cock in future!*

A GAME AT BACKGAMMON.

A Certain Mr. Harper had been buying, for his children, George and Lucy, what they call a draught-board, and backgammon table at the back, with thirty men, two red Morocco boxes, and a pair of dice.

The children did not know, as yet, both games; they were a little skilled in draughts; but then backgammon was all Greek or Hebrew to them; so they begg'd their dear papa to give them some instruction in it. Mr. Harper, who was always ready to make one in their diversions, undertook the task with pleasure; and by turns, sat down with both, while he that was not in the game, look'd on to get improvement.

I shall not detain you with describing how they reckon'd up the pips upon the dies, when they had thrown them,

by

by the assistance of their fingers; or the blunders they were every minute making. I chuse rather to inform you, that in little better than a month, they understood backgammon tolerably well; and could sit down and play with one another. Lucy bent her study to secure the hit; but George, much more ambitious, would be satisfied with nothing but the gammon.

Their papa, one day, stood by, while they were playing.—After some bad throws, George lost all temper, and his moves of course were very injudicious; but his sister, who was calm and steady, carried every thing before her.

George, like other players, while he shook the dice-box, did not fail to name the points he wanted, either to fill up his table, or defeat his adversary. *Cinq* and *quatre*, was his exclamation! *Size* and *trey*! but no: they would not come; and it was always deuce and ace, or double treys, or something to the full as bad, that turned up in their stead. He stamped upon the ground, or when he threw the dice, was so outrageous, as to fling the dice-box after, crying out, Was ever any thing so cross-grained and unlucky? one would think the matter were contrived to spite me!

Lucy, on the other hand, when she, in throwing, called for such a number as she wanted, and was disappointed, far from giving way to useless lamentation, thought within herself what *move* would be the most judicious, after her bad throw; and frequently her father was surpris'd to see how she would make amends for want of luck, and in an instant, as it were, recover, when he thought her on the point of being worsted.

—And whenever victory declared for her with all the honours of a triumph, she would constantly and modestly avoid the glory of her conquest; while poor George, ashamed of being beaten, durst not lift his eyes up. Upon one of these occasions, when his father had been standing by, and noticed his bad playing, he address'd him to the following purport: George, you've richly merited to lose this game.

George. And not this only, but the others, I acknowledge, for my fault in playing with a person that is constantly so lucky.

Mr. Harper. It would seem, to hear you talk, that luck is every thing, at such a game as this then?

George.

George. No, papa; but when one has such throws as—

Mr. Harper. It was scarcely possible your throws should benefit you, when you played your men so injudiciously, and Lucy with so much attention: but you talk of having had such throws, and there your fault lies; for you paid attention to your sister's dies, instead of noticing her men, that you might learn to move as she did. What would be your notions of a gardener, who, without consulting the variety of seasons, should conduct himself by chance in his plantation, and complain that in the end, his fruit was not so good or plenteous as his neighbour's, who had been attentive to all circumstances in the prosecution of his labour.

George. O papa, that's very different.

Mr. Harper. And in what, pray? let me know.

George. I can't well answer you in that. I think it so, however.

Mr. Harper. I'm ashamed, on your account, to see you have recourse to such poor shifts as little minds employ, when they resolve before-hand to support their cause; for tell me, have you really discerned in the comparison I instanced, any thing that hinders it from having a relation to the subject we are on?

George. To say the truth then, no. I did not once think of it. I was only anxious to avoid the appearances of being worsted in the argument I thought you would have entered into.

Mr. Harper. You may see, then, what you get by such evasions. You were only to be blamed for wanting judgment; and you added instantly thereto a want of justice, which is more condemnable. By using such a piteous subterfuge against a thoughtful adversary, do you think he will become its dupe, and yield you up the conquest? Never. He will see the folly of it first, and afterwards the meanness. You will find you might have been entitled to his pity, but will meet with his contempt; and not *his* only, but your own.

George. I hope, papa, I have not made you angry, that you speak so to me?

Mr. Harper. You are sensible I never spare reproof, when I see any thing that leads, however round-about, to meanness or injustice. Such a lesson you will get from no one but your father; and I give it you from motives of

affection, that another may not have occasion to bestow it on you from moroseness. The confession you first made me, of not having once considered what you spoke of, and which only could proceed from an ingenuous turn of mind, persuades me you will never want another lesson of the kind.—Embrace me, my dear fellow.

George. O, with all my heart! I know papa, you save me many mortifying minutes.

Mr. Harper. I can hit upon no other way of doing so, than this of giving you instruction; but at present, let us come to the comparison I instanced; and I hope we shall be no less able to derive improvement from it, than illustrate what before-hand we were speaking of.

George. Let's see, let's see, papa: I promise I won't seek to contradict you: but, provided I observe it vary in the least from what you meant it should explain, you give me leave in that case?

Mr. Harper. I desire no gentler treatment. I shall be rejoiced to have you give me juster notions; for believe me, when I tell you, that a rational self-love finds satisfaction, even in confessing its mistakes. Self-love, if rational, has always an unfeigned respect for truth, a veneration for reciprocal or mutual justice; and that reason, which can spring thus nobly from its fall, is in the way of never stumbling.

George. Ah papa! I see, I must this long while keep, as you have called it, a tight rein on mine.

Mr. Harper. You must; but loosen *that* at least of your imagination, so that you may follow while I show the way. I told you, that a player at backgammon should pursue the conduct of a skilful gardener in his garden. If the one endeavours to procure his tree a handsome looking trunk, and make such disposition of the branches, as may get him the most fruit, the other is employed in bringing up his men in such a manner, that whatever points he throws, he may be able to fill up his tables, more or less. Those points depend no more upon the one, than the variety of seasons on the other; but what equally depends on both, is this: that they should be upon their guard, in consequence of these uncertainties, and not expose the object they are labouring for, without precaution on their part. The order of a game has many favourable and unfavourable turns, as has the order of the seasons many beneficial

and malignant influences. Now the lucky chances, I may say, have a resemblance to those kindly heats that introduce fertility; and the unlucky to those nipping winds in summer, that are obstacles to vegetation. The great point is to foresee these changes. He that plays, is with discretion to run some few risques, when nothing from his adversary need be feared, but stand upon his guard whenever he's in force; and he that plants is to expose his tree, that it may have the beneficial influence of the sun, when all the elements are mixed in kindly union; but defend it, when the weather happens to grow stormy.

George. Very well, papa; things hitherto square marvelously well: but at backgammon, a good player, you are sensible, not only profits by his own dexterity, but is the better for his adversary's want of judgment, and the faults he makes; whereas, the gardener, if he plays a game, must play it by himself in your comparison.

Mr. Harper. True, George; but you must not expect that a comparison will take in every object and relation: mine is limited to those I've spoke of.

George. Do you think so? well then, I'll proceed a little further with it, if you please, papa. I look on all the gardeners of the village, as if playing with each other, to determine which shall bring the best and greatest quantity of fruit to market. He that plays most skilfully, will do so; and of course, dispose of it at higher prices, if the rest, through ignorance and inattention, shall have less or worse to sell; and consequently he will win the game.

Mr. Harper. Well argued George! You see, I hope now, what advantages one may derive from entering into rational debate, where neither party seeks to lay a snare to catch the other, and to satisfy his miserable vanity, but where both wish to give reciprocal instruction, by an interchange of what they know respectively. I only saw one face belonging to the object I exhibited to your consideration. But exciting your attention towards it, I have furnished you with the occasion of discovering one that had escaped me, and which very likely may enable me, in my turn, to discern some other it may still possess. Men have obtained no sort of knowledge otherwise than by assembling and comparing those ideas, meditation has supplied them with, in cultivating any branch of science. I compare them to as many lamps, that should be placed to
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burn before reverberators of a thousand different surfaces, but every one reflecting to a common center. 'Tis the bundle of these rays, some far more brilliant than the rest indeed, but strengthened, all by one another, that makes up that glare of light collected in the focus of their union. I shall really be glad, if you inure yourself betimes, George, to consider all the objects you would judge of, by comparing them with others that already are familiar to your understanding; by contrasting them with one another, and remarking, in this contrast, every circumstance by which they may resemble, or be foreign to each other. This same method is most natural and sure. It is a method, *they* have followed, who, by exercising their imagination, have attained to the sublimity and pathos of a Homer, a Voltaire, a Milton; who, by studying the affections of the human heart, have made themselves a Sophocles, a Moliere, or a Shakespeare; who by rising to the origin of our ideas, have become a Condillac, or Locke; who, by investigating nature, have acquired the praises of an Aristotle, a Buffon, an Edwards; who, by meditating on the title to give law, and form societies, have been a Montesquieu, a Mably, a Rosseau, a Blackstone; and in short, who by pervading the mysterious order of the planetary system, have transmitted us, together with the benefit of their researches, the illustrious names of a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Bernouilli, and a Franklin; but particularly, of a Newton: men all famous in the different sciences their genius led to, and whose names I intimate thus early to you, that in time you may be animated with a wish of studying the immortal labours they have left behind them.

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