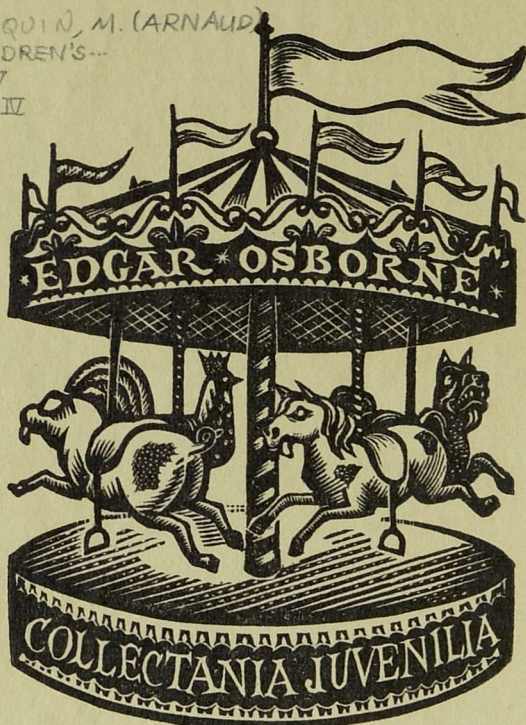


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CHILDREN'S...
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FRONTISPIECE to Vol. IV.



M. Brown del.

Stelton sculp.

*For all the World, I would not be a shoebblack.
Very likely so, said John; and I, for my part, hope
that I shall never be your's.*

See page 56

T H E
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE
FRENCH OF M. BERQUIN;

C O M P L E T E
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

ORNAMENTED WITH FRONTISPIECES.

V O L. IV.

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T H E

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

G E O R G E.

THE little George was fond of walking in a wood that bordered on his father's garden : Now this wood was formed of little trees, placed very near each other, and two paths conducting through it, crossed. One day, as he was sauntering up and down, he wished to rest himself a little, with his back supported by a tree, whose stem was yet quite slender, and which therefore shook through all its branches, when his back first touched it. As it chanced, the rustling frightened a poor little bird, that therefore issued from a neighbouring bush, and flew away.

George saw it, and was grieved. He fixed his eye upon the bush, to see if it would not return ; and while he was attentively considering it, he thought he saw among the branches, at a spot where they were twisted into one another, something like a tuft of hay. His curiosity induced him to draw nearer, and examine it. He found this tuft of hay was hollow like a porringer : he thrust aside the branches, and saw certain little balls within it, of an oval shape, and spotted. They were placed beside each other, on a layer of grass. Sure this, said George, must be what I have heard some people call a bird's nest ; and the balls are eggs. They are indeed quite little, but the bird is not so big as any of our hens.

It was his first design to bear away the nest ; however, upon second thoughts, he was contented with one egg alone ; and having taken it, ran home. He met his sister by the way, and thus addressed her : " See this little egg. I found it in a nest : there were five others with it." " Let me have it in my hand ;" said George's sister. She examines it, returns it to her brother, and then asks a second time to have it. In the end, they roll it up and down a

table, just as if it were a ball. One shoves it one way, and the other pushes it another way, till, in the midst of their diversion, it falls down and breaks. They cry, and mutually accuse each other as the cause of such a great misfortune.

As it chanced, their mother hears them thus complaining; and not knowing why they weep, approaches to console them. Both begin at once. She hears their different stories, and then taking each affectionately by the hand, conducts them to a tree that overshadowed a green bank, on which she bids them both sit down.

Be comforted, dear children, she began. That you have broke the egg between you both, is truly a misfortune; but 'tis one, however, that should not much grieve you, since you did not mean to do so. I might notwithstanding blame you, George, with justice, for the act of having brought it from the nest. You must have seen hen's eggs disposed of in a sort of nest. The mother sits on, warms and animates them. Chickens in about three weeks are formed within them, and they pierce the shell. In some few days, they come and feed out of your hand. This egg would also have become a sort of chick, which you have killed by bringing it away. The bird that flew out of the bush, as you inform me, was the mother. Doubtless she will come again, and very shortly, to her nest: she will perceive one egg is wanting, and perhaps forsake it altogether. This is frequently the case.

Perhaps this loss of but a single egg, informs them their asylum is discovered; they have every thing to be afraid of from our violence; they guess that when their little ones are hatched, he that has already robbed them, will return and seize upon their tender family. If then this nest you have been thus robbing, as I must call it, should be totally abandoned,—tell me, would you not be sorry for it?

Yes, mamma, indeed, replied the little George; and I am sorry I laid hands upon the egg; but then I did not know a syllable of what you have been telling us; and thought no harm in bringing it to show my sister, which is all I meant to do.

My little fellow, I can easily believe you, said the mother. Should you do bad actions for the pleasure some suppose there is in doing them, you would in that case have

have a very wicked heart, and I should be quite sorry I had such a son: but that I do not fear; for, on the other hand, I know you are a special boy.

Mamma, began the little girl, the nest, for I have seen it, out of which my brother took this egg, does not resemble in the least those swallow's nests we see about our out-house roof. Henrietta, said the mother, every nest is not alike; nor yet is every bird alike; for some are great, and others, on the other hand, but little. Some are never known to perch on trees, and others live at all times in them. Some are large and stupid, others small and full of industry and cunning. Some are beautiful beyond description in their plumage, which has half a dozen colours; others are of one dull colour. Some subsist on fruits, some go in quest of insects, and a multitude of others seize on smaller birds, and eat them.

Ah the wicked creatures! answered Henrietta. I don't love these last, and should be glad to spoil their nests. So too would many others, said the little one's mamma; and therefore those great birds that constantly devour the less, construct their nests in places where they cannot easily be come at; as for instance sake in woods, and in the holes of rocks, where men appear but very seldom; and at heights beyond our reach, however skilful we may be in climbing.

Therefore, dearest children, since these birds are greatly different from each other, not only in size, but also in their way of life, and in the colour of their feathers, 'tis but reasonable they should have nests different also from each other. Thus the lark that never lives in any tree, but sings, as you have heard her, mounting in the air, constructs her nest upon the ground; the swallow builds about the roofs of houses, under what we call the eaves; the owl, that people only hear by night, seeks out deserted habitations, or some hollow tree to put her eggs in; and the eagle that I shewed you yesterday, at Mr. Mason's, in his court-yard, chained, while others of his species fly above the clouds till they are absolutely out of sight, bring forth their young ones in the cliffs of craggy rocks. Those living round about us, make their nests in trees and hedges. Those that love the water, and who find the food therein, build theirs among those rushes that

grow near it, upon little islands, and at times upon the shore itself.

If one of these fine days we go into the little valley terminating our large meadow, we shall see a number of these little creatures busy in selecting the materials they compose their nests of. One you will observe employed in carrying off a wheaten straw; another will have in his beak some wool or feathers, or dried leaves; and very probably a third some moss. The swallow, by the border of a stream, you will take notice, moistens with the water which he takes up in his beak, a little bit of earth, with which he builds his habitation. Such materials as are very coarse and solid, he will take to form the outside of his nest, but lines it with the softest and the warmest. Nay, there are some birds who pull out their own feathers to make up that comfortable bed their little ones repose on.

They construct large nests, or small ones, in proportion to the number of young birds they are to hatch within them. Some will hang their nests up by a sort of thread, which thread they have the skill to form of flax, of different sorts of weeds, and of the webs of spiders. Others place it in the middle of a soft and gluy substance, whereunto they carefully stick many feathers. All do every thing they can to make it strong and solid, and secure themselves from every enemy they stand in fear of, by resorting to retired and solid places.

It is there they lay their eggs. The mother, and at times the father, sit upon them in the nest, with admirable perseverance. They are taught by nature, that the warmth proceeding from their body, when they sit upon these eggs, puts every thing within them into motion; and produces little creatures, that at last are strong enough to break the shell that holds them, and come forth.

You must have often seen a fly in winter, to appearance dead. You took it in your hands, and through the warmth proceeding from them, it was brought to life. 'Tis nearly thus with birds: the perseverance of the parents, when they brood upon their eggs, converts them into living creatures.

When the mother sits alone, the cock will bring her victuals, and sit by to please her with his music. When the little ones are once alive, they help them to get clear
 I
 of

of their confinement in the egg. Their diligence is now redoubled; they do every thing to nourish and defend them, and are constantly employed in such an interesting office. They go very far indeed to get their food, and make an equal distribution of it, every one receiving in its turn what they have brought. As long as they are very young and helpless, they contrive to bring them victuals suited to their delicacy; but when once they are grown strong and older, they provide them food more solid.

There is one, and that a very large one, called a *pelican*, who being forced to go great distances in quest of victuals for her young ones, is provided with a sort of bag. She fills it with such aliments as she is sensible they love: she warms what she procure, and renders it by such means fitter for their tender stomachs: she returns, and empties it before them.

In this state of being parents, they appear as if forgetting they want food themselves, and only think upon their little family. If either rain or tempests come, they hurry to their nests, and cover it as well as they are able with their out-stretched wings, so keeping out the wind and water that might hurt the brood. All night too, they are busy in the work of cherishing the little things. The fearfulest among them, that will fly away if they but hear the slightest noise, and tremble at the least degree of danger, know not what fear is when they have once a family to care for, but become courageous and intrepid: as for instance sake, the common hen. As great a coward as she is when by herself, she grows a very heroine, an example of audacity, when she has young ones to defend from danger. She attacks the greatest dog, and will not even fear a man, who should attempt to take them from her.

So too do the little birds endeavour to defend their young, when any one would steal or hurt them. They will flutter round the nest, will seem to call out for assistance, will attack the invader, and pursue him. If their young be shut within a cage, they will continue to come regularly, and at all times feed them. Frequently the mother will prefer confinement with them, rather than be freed from the necessity of tending on them, and will never quit the little creatures.

Poor dear birds! cried out the children, how we will in future love you! Never for the time to come, depend upon it, will we be so cruel as to do you any harm. We will look only at your nests; we will be satisfied with gazing on you, while employed in the delightful task of tending on your young, and contemplate your little family, all flying round their parents.—Yes, dear children, said the mother, thus it should be. Keep your resolution as you ought, and I shall love you for it. Never injure any creature, or occasion it the least degree of pain for pleasure's sake: on saying which, the mother went in doors, embracing her dear children, who were pleased with what she had informed them of.

J A M E S.

A Merchant, we shall here call James, had but a single son, whom he was very fond of. He was far from having a bad heart, his countenance was rather pretty, and his friends would all have loved him very much, but that he shewed, in every thing he did, a covetous propensity that shocked as many as had opportunities of knowing him. This covetousness made him violently wish for every thing possessed by others. It even wrought upon him to so great a pitch, that he would constantly refuse to share among his play-mates, or even shew them what he had himself. His father, who possessed a very amiable character, wished greatly to reform him of this fault, but never had been able. All he could do, was to shew how much it grieved him.

Little James, however, lost a great deal more by his propensity to avarice, than he had ever gained thereby. Did any body give him sweetmeats? He would get away and swallow them, curmudgeon-like, in some dark corner of the house, for fear his friends should ask to have a part. Whilst he was hid, his father would give twice as much to his companions: he perceived it, and no longer hid himself; but he no sooner fixed his eye on sweetmeats, or nice things, than he appeared as if he would devour

devour them: he pursued the hands of those that held them, and his own were in a species of convulsion.

Mr. James, as we have said before, was very much afflicted in perceiving this; and that he might not be afflicted further than was absolutely necessary, ceased to give him any more good things, or even have them in the house.

Had little James a wind-mill, boat, or other play-thing, he would never shew it: he concealed himself in the enjoyment of it, and was never happy. Or, supposing he had any sort of fruit, he would not share it with his play-mates, but devour it all alone, refusing even those he happened to love most, and such as might be hungry; therefore none among his play-mates would in turn share any thing with him: they were indeed best pleased to leave his company; they never wished to have it. When he chanced to have a quarrel, no one took his part, not even when they knew him in the right; but being in the wrong, all joined against him.

As it chanced, one day a little boy observed him with an apple in his hand, and gave him by surprize a knock upon the elbow, so that he was forced to let the apple go. He picked it up, however; but that moment, to avenge himself upon the boy that had contrived to play him such a trick, set off to catch him, but in running fell into a hog-pond, and was almost suffocated in the mud. He did his utmost to get out, but could not: he attempted, but without succeeding, to prevail upon his play-mates to hold out their hands and help him; he observed they only laughed at his distress, and, in derision danced about the pond, from which he could not extricate himself. Their cry was, "Let *him* now hold out a hand to whom you have been generous! Ask assistance where you have yourself obliged before-hand!" For a while, there was not one compassionate his misfortune: one at last, more pitiful, came forward, and approaching where he stood, stretched forth his hand, and got him out in safety. —He shook off the mud that covered him, and then, to shew his gratitude to that good little boy who had delivered him, bit off about a quarter from the apple which had caused this sad disaster, and which still he had fast hold of, and would fain have made him take it.

The good little boy, disgusted with the gift, and way of giving, took the morsel, but to fling it in his face; and this was, as it were, a signal for the rest to scout him. They pursued our little James quite home, and halloo'd all the way.

He was not void of feeling, and had never yet been hooted: he was thrown into a thinking humour, and did not afterwards come much into his father's presence, but confined himself to his apartment for above ten days together. There he asked himself, what cause his play-mates had to hate him. He addressed himself as follows: "For what reason has my little neighbour, he that even held me out his hand when I was in the hog-pond, such a number of good friends? Why is he loved so much, while I have not a single little boy will seek me out, nor either be my friend nor yet companion, nor console me in affliction?"—He discovered very soon the reason, by comparing the good boy's behaviour with his own. He recollected he was happy to do any one a pleasure; that whenever he had any fruit, confectionary, or the like, he felt more joy in sharing it with his companion, than in eating it himself, and had no species of amusement which he did not wish all those that knew him might enjoy their share in. He saw plainly, on this view of things, how much he differed from this little boy in disposition. He resolved at last to imitate him, and went out next day with both his pockets full of fruit, ran up to every boy he met, and gave him some: he could not all at once, however, give up *self*, but left a little in his pocket, which he eat in private when got home.

Although his liberality was not entire, he found occasion to be satisfied with the effect it had, since his companions now, on their part, were more generous to him: they shewed themselves more merry in his company; they took him as a partner in their little pastimes; they divided with him what they had, and he went home quite pleased.

Upon the morrow he did still a great deal better. When he met his little friends, he did not fail to pull out of his pocket every thing he had, divided it into as many shares as there were mouths to eat it, and reserved a share no more than equal for himself. Indeed, if there was any difference, some thought he took the least, and he was much more satisfied that day than the preceding.

By degrees he was habituated to be generous, and even to such as he could see had nothing in return to give: I mean to such as were in want. Of course he grew beloved: whenever his companions saw him, they ran up to meet him with the greatest joy upon their countenances; they were glad to give him pleasure. Where then is the wonder, if we tell our readers he was now quite happy.

Such a change could not escape his father's observation, and it gave him real satisfaction. He affectionately took him in his arms, refused him nothing for the time to come, and even sought occasions to delight him. Every day the little James discerned, that to be happy, it was absolutely necessary he should not desire a solitary happiness, but wish to make those round about him happy likewise.

CONVERSATION I.

L I L L I P U T.

Mr. Howell, *having in his hand a parrot stuffed, as birds, when dead, are commonly preserved, comes in, ascends a chair, and ties it to a cord already hanging from the ceiling.*

I Fancy that unlucky Rowland will not reach it at this height. One scarcely can keep any thing from such a chap. (*He puts the chair into its place again, and then goes out.*)

Rowland (entering a moment afterwards.) Where, in the name of goodness, can papa have poked our poor dead parrot? I observed it in his hand, when first he came in here; but saw him afterwards go out, quite empty. (*He looks round about the apartment; and, at last, spies the parrot hanging to the ceiling.*) Ah! ha! there he is! (*He takes a run, and jumps with all his might, but wants about three feet, or more, to reach the parrot.*) If I were but as active as our greyhound! (*He pulls a chair into the middle of the room, and getting on it, is as yet too short; he stands on tip-toe, and then jumps, but all without*

effect. *A thought now strikes him, when he instantly comes down, and runs to fetch a folio volume, lettered Plutarch on the back; he puts this volume on the chair, mounts on it, and holds out his hands.*) Shall I never reach the mark? I want, however, sadly to find out how Nicholas has stuffed it. Let me take another jump. *(He bends his knees to spring, when Vincent entering catches him at work, and hums the following words.)*

Well leap'd, in good truth! But don't let me disturb you; for however active you may be, you'll need a thousand ups and downs before you reach it. Such a bit of manhood, jump so high! Come down. I think I shall not want your Plutarch. *(He pulls him by the coat till he comes down, then gets up in his stead, and lifting both his hands, is still a great way from succeeding.)*

Rowland *(bursting out into a laugh.)* Ha! ha! ha! ha! good Mr. *Bit-of-manhood!* By the manner of your speaking, any one would certainly have fancied you as tall as—as, at least the Monument.

Vincent. But if I get upon the book? *(He does get on it, is a little nearer, but not near enough to touch it. Rowland jumps about the chair, and laughs incessantly.)* 'Tis not my fault; but, on the other hand, your Plutarch's, that though thick enough to read in, is not so to make a foot-stool. Only think! If there had only been a few more clever fellows in antiquity, the parrot would have certainly been mine.

Rowland. Or rather mine; for I, in that case, should have got it first.

Vincent. Not that I care about it.

Rowland. No indeed, not more than Reynard, in the fable, cared about the grapes: the parrot's possibly too green!—hey, brother?

Vincent. What's the use of getting at it? I can use my eyes at this, as well as any other distance.

Rowland *(bantering Vincent.)* Yes, indeed! 'tis in a charming point of view! but hark ye, Vincent, I don't think there's so much difference between our heights at last, though you are three years older.

Vincent. Only think! how vain the little creature is!—Perhaps you'd like to measure with me?

Rowland. Yes, with all my heart. *(They come together, back to back, and make the most of their respective heights; but*

but Rowland stands a tip-toe. Vincent is astonished he's so tall, till looking down he sees the reason.)

Vincent. Ah, flyboots! is it so? Yes, yes, indeed: I grant you, if you're at those tricks. Come, come, put down your heels.

Rowland (then appearing greatly shorter than his brother.) However, 'tis a plaguy thing to be so short!

Mr. Howell (coming in.) Because you can't reach Poll? You mean so? Don't you, Rowland?

Rowland. You've been watching us, papa, then?

Mr. Howell. No; but don't you see, your feet have left it written on my *Plutarch*.

Vincent. Had we been as tall as you, we should have then been able to see Poll a great deal nearer.

Mr. Howell. Yes; and plagued him after he was dead, as much as while he lived. And yet you're tall enough for any sort of mischief.

Vincent. O, papa: what pleasure we should have, if we were both as tall as you!

Mr. Howell. I know you well enough: you would not, even in that case, be content.

Vincent. 'Tis true, I had much rather be as tall as—what d'ye call him there, the giant, who came down to shew himself for money, at the fair?

Rowland. Ay, Hurlothrumbo; but at present, as we're wishing, and as wishes cost so little, we need hardly stop.—You recollect our tallest cherry-tree?—Well then, I'd be as tall as that, as tall as—tall as Gulliver, at Lilliput.

Mr. Howell. And why?

Rowland. Because I should not want a ladder, when the fruit was ripe, to get it. Do but think a little, brother: how delightful it would be, to walk about the orchard, with our heads among the branches of the trees, and browse on cherries, pears, and apples, without putting forth our hands to pull them off! 'Twould even be more pleasant, than the way we have of eating currants, from the bush; and would not this be charming entertainment?

Vincent. One might likewise walk along the streets, and look into the rooms on either side the way, three stories high: Ha! ha! I fancy we should put the people in a special fright!

Rowland. I should not fear the carriages, when I had need to cross the street. It would be only straddling.—Look ye,—thus: (*he strides,*) and I should see carts, waggons, coaches, men, and horses, all pass under me, and turn my nose up in derision of their littleness.

Vincent. You know the river that goes by our house in town? We needs must take a boat to cross it, or go round by Westminster or Black-friar's bridges. Well, I might walk through it then, which would be very cooling in the summer.

Rowland. And besides all this, you know, we should be stronger, were we bigger. If a bull should venture to attack me, as I crossed the field, I'd twist his neck off, just as if he were a rabbit; or else chuck him up two hundred yards or higher in the air, while he should be so occupied about his falling, that when down, he should forget entirely to get up and run away.

Vincent. We should not then want horses for the plough, as we might draw it easily ourselves: and in ten steps, get quite across a very spacious field. I saw, last Thursday, more than fifty men at work, in driving piles to make a cause-way. And how hard they worked! Well then, with such a hammer as my size would let me raise, one man might, in a single day, dispatch their work, and not be tired at night so much.

Mr. Howell. Fine talking truly, this; but do you know that after all your *would-be's*, you're two blockheads?

Vincent. How, papa, two blockheads?

Mr. Howell. Yes; to think you would be happier than at present, were you bigger.

Vincent. But, papa, if we were able to do more a great deal than we do at present?

Rowland. For example: would it not be quite convenient, could we reach things very high, and take a deal of ground in travelling at a step?

Mr. Howell. Before I answer you, inform me if becoming thus so very tall, you would have every thing besides remain as little as it was before your alteration?

Rowland. Certainly, papa.

Vincent. Yes, yes: there should be none but we three giants.

Mr. Howell. Thank you; but for my part, I'm contented with my size, and would not wish to change it.

Rowland.

Rowland. Yet I think we ought not to be near so big as you: for otherwise, 'twould be the children's part to whip their father.

Mr. Howell. 'Tis a happy circumstance for me, I shall not, in a hurry, be exposed to so much shame and danger.

Rowland. O, but I would spare you, recollecting you had often shewn me favour.

Vincent (to his father.) You don't wish then to be bigger?

Mr. Howell. No, indeed: but let us speak in this place for your brother and you only; and observe what would result from being bigger. In the first place, Rowland, then, if, as you wished just now, you were as tall as that same cherry-tree, how then would you be able, as at present, to go out and take your walk among so many trees, as fill our orchard? you would consequently be obliged to crawl upon all fours, and even so, you'd find it very difficult to get along.

Rowland. But you forget, papa, how easily I might put out my foot against the first tree standing in my way, and root it up. It would be nothing but a wheat-stalk to me.

Mr. Howell. Thereby you'd pursue a very prudent plan! and, in proportion as you wanted much more fruit to satisfy your palate, you'd destroy the trees that bear it; but let's go a little farther than our orchard. There are many roads about us, upon one side shaded by a row of trees, whose branches overhang the path-way.

Rowland. Yes, like that from Tooting, up to Streatham church. You took us that way very lately.

Mr. Howell. Right. Well, men that are of common heights can walk beneath those branches at their ease, and find the shade they give quite comfortable in the scorching heat of summer, and particularly at noon-day; but you would be obliged to walk along the middle of the road, and have no shade. And then, what would become of you, when you should have to make your way through any forest? What a perspiration you'd be in, when you had got quite through, by pulling up the trees for ten or half a dozen miles before you!

Rowland.

Rowland. I should be fatigued a little, but not more than were I now to make a hole sufficient for my passage thro' a hedge.

Vincent. I would uproot the tallest oaks, like that same mad-cap (What's his name?) I've read of in my English Sophocles.

Mr. Howell. I should sincerely pity those condemned to live about you; but with such long legs as you would have, you'd take it in your head, no doubt, to travel?

Rowland. Travel! Why, papa, I'd go from one end of the world to t'other.

Mr. Howell. Like enough! And in a breath, I fancy! For where, tell me, would you find a house, a chamber, or a bed, half big enough for your enormous stature? You would certainly be forced to lay all night abroad upon a hay-stack. 'That would be quite charming! Don't you think so?

Rowland. I begin to spy a little inconvenience in my system.

Vincent. Ay, indeed; you have not, brother, made your system, I can see, quite perfect.—No, that's plain; and you must have the rest of men as big as you yourself are.

Mr. Howell. That's more generous, I must own. But how then would the ground suffice to feed so many monstrous giants? In a parish that subsists at present, for example's sake, five hundred people, twenty would not find provision. We should each of us consume our ox in eight and forty hours, and easily might drink a butt of milk at breakfast only.

Vincent. Oh! but I would have the oxen bigger likewise.

Mr. Howell. And how many of such oxen might be put to graze within a common meadow?

Vincent. Truly, but a very few indeed.

Mr. Howell. I see then, that, for want of pasture, we should soon want cattle.

Vincent. Well, then there's but one thing more to look to, and the matter's settled. We must have the world grow bigger also.

Mr. Howell. Nothing puzzles you, I see. To be a few yards taller, at a minute's notice, you would stretch all nature.

nature. 'Tis a great great thought indeed: and yet, I fancy you'd be far from finding any capital advantage, after every thing were settled as you wished.

Vincent. And why not, dear papa?

Mr. Howell. Can you inform me what proportion means?

Vincent. Proportion? No.

Mr. Howell. Then stand here by your brother. Right. Now which is tallest, you or Rowland?

Vincent. You can see yourself, papa: he does not reach my ear.

Mr. Howell. Come now, and stand by me. Now which is shortest?

Vincent. I am; the worse luck.

Mr. Howell. It seems then, Vincent, you're at once both big and little?

Vincent. No, papa: I beg your pardon, I am neither big nor little, to speak properly. I'm big respecting Rowland; but I'm little with respect to you.

Mr. Howell. And if we were to grow, all three together, ten times taller, would you then be less respecting me, or bigger in respect to Rowland, than you are at present?

Vincent. No, papa: for there would always be an equal difference.

Mr. Howell. Then that's what proportion means. It is a regular gradation.

Vincent. Ah! I understand you now.

Mr. Howell. In that case, let's come back to your idea. If, in nature, every thing were to become proportionately bigger, you would still be at the point exactly whence you first of all set out. You would not then be capable of frightening people in their garrets, by just looking at them through the window; you would find it no less difficult to wade across the water, or drive piles without assistance, than at present; and be equally unable to twist off, as you expressed it, a bull's neck, or send him up two hundred yards into the air: he would be still much bigger than yourself.

Vincent. Yes, yes; I see he would be.

Mr. Howell. Rowland, have you heard us?

Rowland.

Rowland. Yes, papa.

Mr. Howell. And understood the meaning of proportion?

Rowland. You shall see. Proportion is when any one grows bigger, and another does the same.

Mr. Howell. But can you give me an example?

Rowland. I believe I can (*after having thought a little*) as thus: 'Twould be in vain for me to tell my brother, with a boast, that when three years were past, I should be three years older: he would still be oldest, as he also would be three years older than he is at present.

Mr. Howell. Excellently well conceived! And thus, though you should grow as large in stature as our cherry-tree, our cherry-tree, in turn, would have grown larger also, by the difference now between you.

Rowland. Yes, that's plain.

Mr. Howell. Could you, in that case, take the cherries with more ease than now you gather currants?

Rowland. No, papa, I could not then do any way without my ladder; not the same as formerly. That would not serve me any longer; for in this case it would be necessary the proportion should be still preserved.

Mr. Howell. And would the carriages then pass between your legs?

Rowland. No, certainly: I should be still obliged to keep upon the pavement, if I would not have them throw me down.

Mr. Howell. And what advantage, Vincent, would you then derive from such a general change of nature as your pride would introduce?

Vincent. I don't see any.

Mr. Howell. What then follows, saving this conclusion—But the bell rings: let's go in to dinner, and reserve our conversation for the afternoon.

Vincent. With all our hearts, papa.

CONVERSATION II.

BROBDIGNAG.

Mr. Howell, Vincent and Rowland.

Mr. Howell. In the morning, boys, I proved that such a general change in nature as you wished for, would produce no one advantage, and was going to propound a question, when the bell rung. Without further preface, 'tis as follows: What can be more evident than that your wish originated from your ignorance; since its accomplishment would not, at best, have made you happier?

Vincent. Truly you are right, papa. It would have been much better we had wished we might be little;—yes, quite little.

Rowland. What, as little, brother, as that Gulliver I just now spoke of, seemed among the men of Brobdignag?

Vincent. Why not?

Mr. Howell. Ha! ha! Another strange conceit! And what can be your motives to this wish?

Vincent. Because among a number of good consequences, one should never fear a famine; since a very little wheat—a handful only—would make bread enough to serve a family for four and twenty hours.

Mr. Howell. Why truly, there might be some savings!

Vincent. And besides, we should not then have cause to go to war with one another, as a place no bigger than our garden, would be large enough to build a mighty city. Men then, having much more space to range in than they want, would never go to war with one another for obtaining, (as I've heard you say they do) an inch or two of land.

Mr. Howell. I would not answer for them in that point, acquainted as I am with human folly: but I won't disturb so charming an arrangement by my fears; and therefore am contented to suppose I see both peace and plenty flourishing among us, and the golden age, as you have read in Ovid, thanks to your good management, brought back again among us!

Vincent.

Vincent. O, that's not yet all. The tutor tells me, little creatures are a deal more delicate and perfect in themselves than great ones, have a much more piercing sight, a finer sense of hearing; and in smell are much superior. Is that true, papa?

Mr. Howell. In general.

Vincent. Thus then were we less a great deal than at present, we should see, and hear, and smell too many things, of which, at present, we've no knowledge.

Mr. Howell. These advantages, 'tis true, are very precious; yet I own I should be sorry to renounce, for such advantages, the universal empire we now exercise on every thing that breathes.

Vincent. There would be no occasion to renounce it; for remember, you have often told me, men bear rule much rather by their understanding, than mere strength of body.

Mr. Howell. True; because their strength of body is exactly in proportion to their understanding. But bestow upon a Lilliputian's frame the greatest and sublimest genius; give him even our inventions, and our arts advanced to that perfection they possess among us; do you think he would be able to employ our slightest instruments, and manage properly the meanest of our numberless machines or engines? How would he defend himself against wild beasts, when even the dog he keeps within his dwelling, would, without designing any mischief, crush him under foot?

Vincent. But then, if every thing becomes proportionably little? There, I think, I have you.

Mr. Howell. Only to confound yourself; for granting this proportionality of littleness, and men immediately lose all the advantage you would give them. Their deficient harvests would not keep them from the fear of famine, and their wars, while they were no less frequent or ferocious than at present, would be more ridiculous. The inferior animals would still have finer organs, and more delicate sensations; and perhaps too, with his littleness, which could not but be laughed at, he would take upon him, as you do, to alter and reform the universe.

Vincent. I think, papa, you're much too hard upon me; one can settle nothing with you.

Rowland.

Rowland. For this reason, brother; namely, that you scarce know what you talk of. There is but one way to order matters as they should be.

Mr. Howell. Bravo!—so you take the man of consequence upon you.

Rowland. Yes, as well as Vincent.

Mr. Howell. Come, then, let me know how you would settle the affair? your system must be very curious, I suppose.

Rowland. Why then, papa, we only want one thing; to have, to have—but here comes Richard.

Richard, (entering.) One, sir, from the city wants to speak with you on business; he's a gentleman.

Mr. Howell. Another interruption! We must put off our important business till some future opportunity—perhaps to-morrow. So at present, as the afternoon's so fine, amuse yourselves abroad at cricket, if you like.

Rowland. O yes; let's go into the fields, and have a game at cricket. Come, come, Vincent.

Mr. Howell. And I'll go and see this gentleman that wants me.

CONVERSATION III.

MAN IS WHAT HE SHOULD BE.

Present. The former Speakers.

Mr. Howell. WELL, Rowland; tell us now what's that one thing we want, as you were saying yesterday.

Rowland. We only want to have a harder body, one as hard as iron.

Mr. Howell. And why so?

Rowland. You see the prick here in my little finger. It seems nothing: yet you can't imagine how much pain it gives me.

Mr. Howell. Can't I! my poor little man! I'm sorry for it.

Rowland. And the wound I gave my head about a month ago, by tumbling, as you know, down stairs. It was

was but cured a week ago: feel here, papa:—there; that's the place.

Mr. Howell. I feel the scar indeed.

Rowland. What pleasure it would be to play with Pompey, and not fear the rogue would bite me. And besides, when I were old enough to be a soldier, and go fight, I should, in that case, laugh at balls and bullets. Nay, my head would blunt the broadest sword that struck it: would not that be vastly pretty?

Mr. Howell. That it would indeed!

Rowland. In that case we should want for nothing: we should be quite perfect; should we not, papa?

Mr. Howell, (*taking out an orange.*) See here, my little fellow: smell this orange.

Rowland. Oh how fine! It must be very good to eat. Do you design to give it me, for having settled matters better than my brother?

Mr. Howell. No: 'tis not for you.

Vincent. For me, then?

Mr. Howell. Nor for you. I mean it for a certain—I don't know if I should say, a certain person; but however that be—one more perfect than you are.

Vincent. And who is that, papa?

Mr. Howell. You'll wonder, very likely, when I tell you who:—that negro figure on my mantle-piece.

Rowland. You joke, papa! why he can neither see, nor eat, nor smell.

Mr. Howell. And yet he's made of iron.

Rowland. Yes: and for that very reason can't do either.

Mr. Howell. You yourself would certainly have sacrificed the satisfaction that results from seeing, and from eating, and from smelling, to the boast that you could never break your head by falling from my mantle-piece: for were you made of iron, as you wished, you would be only fit to stand there with my other bronzes.

Rowland. Oh, I don't mean so, papa; I would be living while I had this iron body.

Mr. Howell. And how then could it be animated by that blood, and by those juices that keep up our life? By what means could its nerves be flexible, and have that sensibility which makes us so expert or ready in the use of every

every limb, and renders the enjoyment of our senses so delightful?

Rowland. Oh dear me! I see my scheme is hardly better than my brother's.

Vincent. But papa, since you're so clever in destroying thus our plans, 'tis your turn to provide us with a better in their stead.

Mr. Howell. And why should I provide one? I am marvellously satisfied with that God's providence already has established. Yet, dear children, I am sensible we are completely furnished with whatever can promote our happiness; superior in our conformation to all other animals, we tame, by virtue of our genius, that small number that in strength surpass us. If we have not the rapidity of stags and horses, we can make that composition which will overtake the one, while he is running from us, and can mount the other, to direct him whither we think proper. We have not the wings a bird has, but can put in motion those tall trees that grow in forests; and when moulded into masts, and put on ship-board with them, visit the remotest distances. Our sight, less piercing than an insect's, is not bounded to the narrow space in which we move about, but can take in an ample horizon, and contemplate upon the miracles of nature. 'Tis impossible we should stand gazing, like an eagle, at the sun; but we invent an instrument that seems to draw us nearer to that luminary, so that we may measure his immensity of distance, and observe the place he is possessed of in the midst of an infinity of stars, obscured by his superior brightness. Every other sense we have, contributes, likewise, to procure us a succession of enjoyments, and effect our safety. Conscious of our genius, we are every day in search of new discoveries; we disarm the thunder, or else tell it where to fall; we make one element resist another; we oppose the beneficial warmth of fire to the inclemency of frost; and keep the land from being overflowed by inundations. Sometimes we descend into the darkest bowels of the earth, and bring out thence those precious metals which are purified; and then, by an ingenious mode we have of mixing them together, form new substances. And sometimes we mark out those rocks that hang just ready, as it were, to fall upon our heads, precipitate them from their height into the vallies, and
soon

soon after make them re-ascend in sumptuous edifices, or in stately pyramids that prop, as we may say, the clouds so high above them. The society we enter into with our equals for the satisfaction of our mutual wants, obtains us, in return for our own toil, the labour of ten thousand hands, all eager to procure us the conveniencies of life. Upon whatever side we turn, we have at our command the various products of the universe, all brought together for our use. The sciences exalt our soul, and charm our faculties. The arts, by having introduced such numberless machines, assuage us in our labour, or refresh us when we seek repose. Both memory and reflection give us the advantages enjoyed by all that have preceded us; and aided by the grateful knowledge of our personal existence, we enjoy those pleasures that arise from family connections, and are likewise joined to others by beneficence and charity. Our happiness depends upon ourselves alone, amid the host of creatures that surround us; being sure of happiness, if we but moderately use our strength, and make a constant application of our reason to the business of determining our conduct. So that if we ever interrupt our happiness by going further than we should do, we have nothing we can blame, in that case, but our folly. We then seem children as you are, who instead of gratefully enjoying the conveniencies and comforts of our situation, and courageously enduring its few evils, vex ourselves with wishing for ideal blessings, or disgrace our nature by a lack of manly courage. Man, in short, is what he should be.

MODERN EDUCATION.

A DRAMA, in Two Acts.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. COURTLY.

BERTHA, - - - her niece.

HILARY, - - - her nephew.

MR. GOODWIN, a clergyman, formerly tutor
to the children's father.

DANDIPRAT, - a dancing-master.

The scene is in the house of Mrs. Courtly.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Mrs. Courtly, Mr. Goodwin.

Mrs. Courtly. NO, I can't forgive you, Mr. Goodwin. What! not come and see your well-beloved little friends, or me, these five years past!

Mr. Goodwin. Consider, my good lady, the inevitable duties of my parish, the bad state in which my health is, and the fear of accidents upon the road.

Mrs. Courtly. What, forty miles! a very long journey, truly!

Mr. Goodwin. Long to me, that cannot easily change place. My bodily infirmities no more permit me now to go a gadding, and especially so far from home.

Mrs. Courtly. And pray, to what strong motive, Mr. Goodwin, do we owe at last your resolution?

Mr. Goodwin. To the great desire I had of seeing Bertha and her brother, once more, I may say, before I die.

Mrs. Courtly. Don't speak of dying, or of seeing them but once more, my good sir; for with respect at least, to Bertha, one might come to view her from the furthest corner of the world! Oh such an understanding and vivacity!

Mr. Goodwin. Indeed you make me very anxious, Mrs. Courtly, to behold her: pray, where is she? I am like a child, and longing to embrace her.

Mrs. Courtly. She has not yet left her toilet.

Mr. Goodwin. Not at this late hour! And Hilary, why is not he yet come from school? I thought he would have long ago been here, and waiting to receive me.

Mrs. Courtly. You remember, 'twas a little late when your arrival was announced last night. The servants have been very busy all this morning, and my niece's waiting-woman could not leave her.

Mr. Goodwin. Pray oblige me, by dispatching some one instantly for Hilary; and in the interval, I'll go up stairs and see his sister.

Mrs. Courtly. No, no, Mr. Goodwin; the surprise of seeing you might overcome her spirits: I'll prepare her for the interview. (*She goes out.*)

Mr. Goodwin, (alone.) As far as I can see into the matter, Mrs. Courtly brings her niece up by the plan that regulated her own education, and permits her to employ a deal of time in setting off her person to the best advantage, like a doll, intended for the window of a toy-shop. Happy, if these trifles have not caused her to neglect the cultivation of her understanding.

Mrs. Courtly, (returning.) I have sent for Hilary; and Bertha's coming down this instant. She has but one feather more to settle.

Mr. Goodwin. How! one feather! just as if you could suppose a feather more or less would interest me! Should not her anxiety to see me be as great as mine is?

Mrs. Courtly. Certainly it should, and is; but then her wish to give you pleasure.

Mr. Goodwin. Possibly it will not be her feathers that will do that; but, if I recollect, you told me you had sent to fetch her nephew?

Mrs. Courtly, (somewhat piqu'd.) Oh, my nephew! you'll have time enough for Hilary.

Mr. Goodwin. You speak as if I was not to expect great things from him.

Mrs. Courtly. He's far from being vicious; but he won't attend to my instructions on the subject of good breeding.

Mr.

Mr. Goodwin. What, is he unpolished, wild, or rustic?

Mrs. Courtly. No, not that. They tell me he has got his head well stored with useful knowledge, as they call it; but that *je ne sçai quoi* the polite possess, and that *bon ton*——

Mr. Goodwin. If that be all he wants, he's not a great way from perfection;—but his heart?

Mrs. Courtly. I think it neither good nor bad: but Bertha! how accomplished she is! what enchanting manners! As for Hilary, we don't see one another often.

Mr. Goodwin. And why not?

Mrs. Courtly. For fear of taking him from his beloved studies; and because, when he comes here, he pays no heed to what I tell him on the way of living in the fashionable world. He can't express himself with any sort of grace. I sometimes carry him into the company of women, and he never has a handsome word to say.

Mr. Goodwin. Because, as I suppose, the conversation turns on matters he is quite a stranger to.

Mrs. Courtly. But sure a well-bred youth should never be a stranger to such topics as are started in the company of women!

Mr. Goodwin. A respectful silence suits his present age; and 'tis his business to be silent, and so learn to speak in future, when his turn comes round.

Mrs. Courtly. And would you make the youth a doll, that is not to have motion till his wheels are on? But you shall hear my Bertha talk; she does it with such ease! such spirit! such vivacity! There's no such thing as following her, when once she's set a going.

Mr. Goodwin. We shall see which of them will be most entitled to my love. You cannot but remember, how I promised at their father's death to look upon them as my own: I will perform this sacred duty. As I cannot tell how long I have to live, or rather I should say, how soon my death may happen, I am come to see these children, after having done them all the services I could at such a distance by remittances. 'Tis needful I should know their different characters, which I design to study; so that I may regulate accordingly the final disposition of my fortune in their favour.

Mrs. Courtly. Such proceeding is entirely of a piece with every former token of your gratitude and gener-

sity. My father and my mother's spirits certainly are pleased at your beneficence. And how can I express my obligations to you as I ought, for Bertha and her brother!

Mr. Goodwin. What you call beneficence, dear lady, in me, is no more than duty. Your esteemed and worthy father trusted to my care the education of his son, your brother; and this brother, anxious for his tutor's happiness, presented me the living I possess. To him I am indebted, therefore, for my present happiness; and as I have myself no children, his belong to me; and have a right, even while I am living, and much more then after I am dead, to all that worldly fortune I possess, and which I study to increase for their advantage, and no other purpose.

Mrs. Courtly. I can easily believe you, and in that case, Bertha, as the loveliest——

Mr. Goodwin. If I make distinctions, 'twill not be upon account of frivolous, or outside beauty; but superior virtue, or superior merit in them, will obtain the preference.

Mrs. Courtly. Ah! here Bertha comes.

SCENE II.

Mr. Goodwin, Mrs. Courtly and Bertha, (dressed in all the extravagance of fashion.)

Mr. Goodwin, (with astonishment.) Is this then Bertha?

Mrs. Courtly. You're surpris'd, I see, to find her at first sight so captivating. *(To Bertha.)* You have made us wait a little, my sweet girl.

Bertha, (making a ceremonious curtsy to Mr. Goodwin.) Because the servant could not place my feathers as I lik'd to have them, notwithstanding she removed them half-a-dozen times. I sent her off at last quite out of humour, and did every thing myself.—I hope I see you well, sir.

Mr. Goodwin, (going towards her, and affectionately holding out his hand.) And myself, dear Bertha?—*(Bertha turns away, and seems indifferent.)* Well!—are you unwilling to consider me as if I were your father?

Mrs. Courtly. Yes, my dear; your father and your benefactor. I request *(to Mr. Goodwin,)* you would excuse her;

her: she has always been brought up in modesty, and I have constantly enjoined her a reserve.

Mr. Goodwin. She would not sure have violated either, by receiving me as children do a father. I must likewise tenderly reproach her for the circumstance of having kept so long up stairs, while I was all impatience to behold her.

Bertha. Pardon me, dear sir, I was not fit to come before you with propriety.

Mr. Goodwin. But surely a young lady should be always fit to come before a merely decent man, as I am, with propriety! A modest *deshabille* is all she wants, for such a purpose, when at home.

Mrs. Courtly. You're in the right: but to receive a guest like Mr. Goodwin! the respect she owes you whispered the necessity of putting on—

Mr. Goodwin. One feather less; and might have whispered the propriety of being eager to come forth and meet a friend, who travels forty miles to see her. Yes, I own my heart would have been infinitely more delighted to behold my children—for the tenderness with which I think at all times of them, and the gratitude I owe their father, makes them such; and therefore I repeat it—to behold my children run with open arms to meet me!

Mrs. Courtly. But the veneration she was seized at first with?—

Mr. Goodwin. Let's however drop the subject. When you see me next, you will receive me more affectionately. Won't you, Bertha? You are not displeased I speak thus freely to you. I was used to such a language in your childhood; and the five long years I have consumed without once seeing you, have made no alteration in my heart. I hope when you are married, I shall have permission to continue such a sweet familiarity.

Bertha. It will be doing me a deal of honour.

Mr. Goodwin. O, no more of these same ceremonious compliments. Say only it will give you pleasure. But how much you're altered for the better since I saw you last! An elegant appearance, easy manners, and a carriage—

Mrs. Courtly. O, quite charming! quite adorable!

Mr. Goodwin. And yet all this is nothing, if one wants the grace of modesty, the charm of affability, the sweet ex-

pression, goodness marks the countenance withal, and that perpetual source of pleasure, a well cultivated understanding.

Mrs. Courtly. Yes, that sort of cultivation which can only be pursued by intercourse with fashionable people.

Mr. Goodwin. Fashionable people, madam? And is Bertha, pray, to spend her life with such? I've nothing left to wish her, if she has but those endearing qualities that may obtain her honour in a chosen company, at times indeed abroad, but commonly at home; ensuring her the approbation of her friends, and her own heart.

Mrs. Courtly. Yes, yes; that's always understood. I mean that she should learn what sort of conduct will procure her honour and respect from such as know what life is, as we say. Come, Bertha, and let's hear you play some pretty piece on your piano-forte.

Bertha. No, dear aunt, it might not be acceptable to Mr. Goodwin.

Mr. Goodwin. Not acceptable, my dearest child! I'm quite delighted when I hear good music; and think no amusement more becomes you.

Mrs. Courtly. What more worthy of our admiration, than those charming sciences called drawing, music, dancing, and perhaps, too, some few others? Bertha, give us that sweet air of Signor Pasqualini's composition you're so fond of. (*Bertha with reluctance goes to her piano-forte, and begins to play.*) No, no; you must sing too, Bertha. She has such a voice!—so sweet!—You'll hear it. If you knew how much applause she got for her performance at the concert, you'd be perfectly astonished, Mr. Goodwin. You must know, however, she's a little vain; and one must sometimes kneel, or not a note—

Mr. Goodwin. I hope I shall obtain a note, without proceeding to that ceremony.—Shan't I, Bertha?

Bertha, (in a whisper to her aunt, while looking for the air.) I'm indebted for all this to you!

Mrs. Courtly, (whispering Bertha.) For heaven's sake, Bertha, seem more cheerful; and do every thing you're asked. Your fortune very possibly depends upon it.

Mr. Goodwin. If your voice, my love, is not so clear as you could wish, no matter: only sing your best, and you are sure to please me.

Bertha

(*Bertha plays, and sings the following words.*)

Sweetly smelling flower,
Thus waking with the morning hour,
Go to my Laura's breast, and grace
With added fragrance, that already fragrant place;
So thou wilt bloom indeed:—
But like a useless weed

If on the stalk, here, thou remain,

Thy beauty will decay;

Thy fragrance pass away;

And thy bright colours glow in vain.

Mrs. Courtly, (*clapping her hands.*) Bravo! bravissimo!

Mr. Goodwin. In truth 'tis not so much amiss, considering she's as yet a child. However, I supposed I should have heard a song containing something of the principles with which, no doubt, you study to inspire her.

Mrs. Courtly. How, dear sir, don't you perceive the moral of it? (*she sings.*)

If on the stalk, here, thou remain,

Thy beauty will decay;

Thy fragrance pass away;

And thy bright colours glow in vain.

Which is as much as saying, our young women should come forth and mingle with the world, if they would turn their knowledge to advantage, and not die shut up within their houses.

Mr. Goodwin. Trust me, my dear lady, 'tis much rather there than elsewhere, worthy husbands will be glad to find them: But what's this? (*casting his eyes upon a drawing.*)

Mrs. Courtly. That's one of Bertha's doing. Don't you find it charming?

Mr. Goodwin. 'Tis not bad indeed, if Bertha did it all without the assistance of her master.

Mrs. Courtly. Why to say the truth, sir, he has touched it up a little.

Mr. Goodwin. My opinion here again is, Bertha would have shown more judgment in selecting something of a different subject; as for instance, if instead of representing thus a shepherdess surprised while sleeping by a filthy faun, she had applied her pencil to set forth some virtuous action: *that* would have improved her hand as much, while it improved still more her heart.

A Servant, (entering.) Sir, (to *Mr. Goodwin*,) your portmanteau is arrived.—Where will you have it put?—In your apartment?

Mr. Goodwin, (to Mrs. Courtly.) Do you mean, then, my good lady, I shall have my lodging with you?

Mrs. Courtly. Certainly; and by accepting it, you'll do me no less honour than myself have pleasure in the offer.

Mr. Goodwin. You oblige me. Therefore, with permission, I'll go see if every thing is right, and afterward return.

SCENE V.

Mrs. Courtly, and Bertha.

Bertha. He's gone at last, then! is he?

Mrs. Courtly. Softly, softly, *Bertha*! he may chance to hear you.

Bertha. Let him hear me if he pleases. I'm so vexed, I could destroy my drawings, tear my music book, and dash my instrument to pieces.

Mrs. Courtly. Be composed, my dear; you have occasion now for all your moderation.

Bertha. 'Tis enough, I think, I shewed my moderation in his presence. You yourself both saw and heard him.

Mrs. Courtly. People of his age have always many oddities.

Bertha. Why then expose me to them? You should not have said a word about my singing, aunt. I did not like to sing. This always comes of your desire to shew me to the best advantage, as you say; and though you see the mischief, you'll repeat it when he comes again.

Mrs. Courtly. My dearest *Bertha*, be persuaded: You don't know, perhaps your fortune in the world depends on *Mr. Goodwin*.

Bertha. What? my fortune?

Mrs. Courtly. Yes, indeed. Must I inform you how much you're indebted to his bounty?

Bertha. O! I know: as far as certain petty presents come to, which he sends me now and then: but surely I could do without his presents!

Mrs. Courtly. Ah, my dearest child, without him you would be exceedingly unhappy. What your father left you is a very trifle; and my income no great matter. By these means alone, it was not possible I could have given you such an education as you have.

Bertha. And is it possible I'm so indebted to him? Does he likewise shew himself a friend and benefactor to my brother?

Mrs. Courtly. Yes; 'tis he that pays his board and education.

Bertha. I was never told of this.

Mrs. Courtly. Since you have never wanted any thing, what need was there to tell you of it? You observe by this, of what importance you should think it to keep watch upon your conduct, and behave to Mr. Goodwin with respect. But still, my dear, this is not all; for he is come expressly for the purpose of observing you and Hilary before he writes his will, and gives you his estate accordingly; to each, as he supposes you deserve it.

Bertha. O, how sorry I am now, I seemed so vexed and fretted in his presence!

Mrs. Courtly. He is certainly a worthy man; but still was much to blame in hearing with such coldness your sweet voice, and not appearing charmed with your piano-forte. But however that be, you must absolutely seek to please him, or your brother will obtain a preference in his will.

Bertha. Alas! he merits it much more than I do.

Mrs. Courtly. More? You have too mean a notion of yourself, my sweetest, if you think so; and besides, if he should really obtain a preference, what would be your destiny? A man can always make his way through life, but what resources can a woman fly to?

Bertha. What indeed! Your argument convinces me I should have learnt things much more necessary than the use of a piano-forte, dancing, or even drawing.

Mrs. Courtly. Why, you simpleton; with such a fortune as by Mr. Goodwin's favour you may hope for, what can you desire in preference to the arts of shining in a fashionable circle? Mr. Goodwin must be won: and with a little complaisance, if you but shew it, you may do whatever you think proper with him.

The Servant, (coming in again.) Mr. Dandiprat, the dancing-master, madam.

Mrs. Courtly. Well, desire him to walk up. (*The servant retires.*)

Bertha. No, aunt; let him be sent away to-day, I beg; or I shall once again fret Mr. Goodwin.

Mrs. Courtly. He must absolutely see you dance; you move with so much ease, you'll charm him, I am certain. (*going to the door.*) Mr. Dandiprat, come in.

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Courtly, Bertha and Dandiprat.

Mrs. Courtly. Now is it not a truth, sir, Bertha dances like an angel?

Dandiprat, (bowing.) Absolutely, madam.

Mrs. Courtly. Very likely I shall have a friend come here to see her dance a little. You'll oblige me therefore, if you make her shew her skill as much as possible, to please him.

Dandiprat. That you may depend on, madam; and I'll shew my skill too.

Mrs. Courtly. A-propos; for here he comes. (*to Mr. Goodwin entering.*) A chair for Mr. Goodwin.—Here,—here, my dear sir.—You're come in time for Bertha's dancing lesson; you must see how she performs. You'd take her for a zephyr! Mr. Dandiprat, pray let your pupil dance the allemand you know of.

Bertha. I can't dance it by myself.

Mrs. Courtly. Fear nothing, Mr. Dandiprat will dance with you; and I'll hum the tune. Come, come; you'll find I do it capitally.

Mr. Goodwin. But what hinders we should have a minuet? I like that best, and beg to have it.

Dandiprat. I shall not perform it with a grace, if I must play as well as dance.

Mr. Goodwin. Sir, 'tis not your performance we consider, but your pupil's.

Dandiprat. You would judge much better of her merit in a grand Chaconne.

Mr. Goodwin. Chaconne! what's that?

Dandiprat.

Dandiprat. A dance the quality admire; 'tis in the higher stile of dancing, and the opera-house re-echoes with the plaudits of the company, when *Vestris* makes his *entrée* in it.

Mr. Goodwin. But *Bertha* never means to figure at the opera-house. I want a minuet.

Dandiprat. As you please, sir; come then, miss, a minuet. (*Bertha dances; Dandiprat moves with her, playing on his kit, and interrupts his music now and then with these instructions.*)

Your head a little higher.—Mind your shoulders.—Let your arms play freely.—Sink.—One, two, and three.—Your partner.—Look at me.

Mr. Goodwin, (*when the minuet is finished.*) Come, this is tolerable, *Bertha.* (*to Dandiprat.*) Sir, your lesson, if you please, is finished for to-day. (*Dandiprat makes a ceremonious bow, and leaves the room.*)

Bertha, (*whispering Mrs. Courtly.*) Well, aunt, you see what compliments I've had?

Mrs. Courtly. And is it possible, my dear good sir, that you are not enchanted, ravished, nay, transported? Surely your attention was diverted; or perhaps you're not recovered yet from the fatigue your journey has occasioned you?

Mr. Goodwin. I beg your pardon, madam. I've already signified to *Bertha* how I liked her dancing; but you would not surely see me in a transport at her merit in this way? No. I reserve my extasy for merit much more proper to excite it.

S C E N E VII.

Mrs. Courtly, Bertha, Mr. Goodwin and Hilary.

Hilary, (*running into the room towards Mr. Goodwin, and embracing him with ardour.*) O my dear, dear Mr. Goodwin! my good friend and father! How rejoiced I am to see you!

Mrs. Courtly. Well, what signifies all this, pray? Should you stifle Mr. Goodwin?

Mr. Goodwin. Let him do it, my good madam; for the transports of his joy delight me more than cold and ceremonious salutations. Yes, my dearest Hilary, come here,

and let me press you to my heart. What pleasing recollection you awake within me! Yes, these open features are the living image of your dear departed father!

Mrs. Courtly. Why not put your best clothes on? Do people visit in that trim?

Hilary. But aunt, it would have cost me half an hour at least to change my dress, and put my hair in order; and I never should have had the patience to delay so long the pleasure I expected, when they told me Mr. Goodwin was arrived.

Mr. Goodwin. And I too, my dear boy, was quite impatient, and thought every minute half an hour between the time of my arrival and this moment.

Mrs. Courtly. Have you nothing then to say to me or Bertha? You have not so much as wished us a good morning.

Hilary. Pardon me, dear aunt, I was so glad, I did not know what I was doing: and do you forgive me too, dear sister, (*holding out his hand*) if without intention I've displeased you. Have I, Bertha?

Bertha, (half offended.) No.

Mr. Goodwin. Excuse him, madam, upon my account; I should be vexed, were I the cause of getting him your anger.

Mrs. Courtly, (aside.) I can hold no longer.—Be so kind, good sir, as to excuse me. I have several orders I must give the servants.

Mr. Goodwin. Don't confine yourself on my account.

Mrs. Courtly, (whispering Bertha.) You'll hardly stay and hear their insupportable discourse? (*aloud*) Come, Bertha, I have something to employ you in.

Bertha. No, aunt; I'll stay with Mr. Goodwin, if he'll please to let me.

Mr. Goodwin. Let you, my dear child! I shall be glad to have you with me.

Mrs. Courtly, (going out with manifest vexation, but returning.) But on second thoughts, the servants are to lay the cloth here. Mr. Goodwin, shall I beg you to come this way? I'll conduct you to another chamber, where you will be undisturbed.

Mr. Goodwin. With all my heart.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Mr. Goodwin, Bertha, Hilary.

Mr. Goodwin. And so you say your master is content with your behaviour and improvement?

Hilary. No, dear sir; I said it would become me more to let him tell you my behaviour and improvement. This however I can say, that I am pretty well established in his favour.

Mr. Goodwin. What are you at present studying?

Hilary. Latin, Greek, and geography; the history of England, and the mathematics.

Bertha, (aside.) Here are many things I scarcely know the name of!

Mr. Goodwin. And pray tell me, do you like them?

Hilary. O, the more I learn, the more I wish to go on learning; and am not the lowest in my class.

Mr. Goodwin. Then too, your drawing, music, dancing——

Hilary. Them too I am learning; but apply myself much more this sultry weather, to the music-master and my drawing, as the doctor says I must not exercise myself too violently. In revenge, when winter comes, I shall apply myself more closely to my dancing, when a deal of jumping will be comfortable.

Mr. Goodwin. Why your plan, I must acknowledge, seems well laid.

Hilary. Besides, sir, never shall I give a deal of time to dancing; hardly more than what the doctor lets me have for recreation. The essential thing, he tells me, is to form my heart, and cultivate my understanding, so that I may live with honour in the world, become a useful member of society, and make myself by that means happy.

Mr. Goodwin, (embracing him.) You are in the right, dear boy.

Bertha, (aside.) If these are so essential, how has not my aunt neglected me!

Hilary. And yet, dear sir, though you embrace and love me so, I'm not, perhaps, so good as you imagine.

Mr. Goodwin. How!

Hilary. I'm very giddy, and I waste my time. I cannot rid myself of several exceptionable habits; and for want of thought, relapse into those very faults that I've so frequently been sorry for.

Mr. Goodwin. And will you still relapse into them?

Hilary. Not if I've my thoughts about me; but I find it very difficult to keep in memory, at all times, my good resolutions.

Mr. Goodwin. I am very glad to find you can discern yourself, these faults within you. To acknowledge we do wrong, is something of a kin to doing well. What think you, Bertha?

Bertha. I believe I'm neither giddy, nor yet wasteful of my time, nor any thing my brother is.

Mr. Goodwin. You've other faults then, I suppose?

Bertha. I never heard my aunt say I had any.

Mr. Goodwin. She should know indeed, and be the first to notice them; but love too often blinds us, so that we can see no faults in those we're fond of.—I don't mean to vex you, saying this, believe me.

Bertha, (aside.) What a man! he flatters Hilary, and answers me with nothing but vexatious speeches!

Mr. Goodwin. Wait here a little. I'll go see if Philip has unpacked my trunks: I've something for you, and shall soon be back.

Hilary. Yes, yes; we'll wait here for you. Don't stay long.

SCENE II.

Bertha and Hilary.

Bertha. I fancy he may keep his presents to himself! They must be charming things indeed *he* has to give us!

Hilary. What! dear sister! does not every thing you have in your apartment, and even upon your back, come from our dear benefactor? Should he have the veriest trifle in his trunk to give me, I should still be charmed in thinking on his bounty!

Bertha. Possibly you might; but I'm so angry with him, with myself, and with my aunt—that I could find it in my heart to cuff the dearest friend I have.

Hilary.

Hilary. What me, too, with the rest?—What ails you then, my poor dear sister? (*taking Bertha by the hand.*)

Bertha. Had you been so mortified!—

Hilary. So mortified! Have you been mortified then, sister? Who has mortified you? Not my aunt, for she will hardly let you breathe, for fear of catching cold; and would, I fancy, suffer you to tread upon her, if to touch the ground could hurt you.

Bertha. Yes, but Mr. Goodwin! he's so captious!

Hilary. How you talk! I find him, on the other hand, indulgent and good-natured.

Bertha. I've done nothing to his liking: when I sung and danced, I could not please him; and my drawing had no better fortune: he despises every thing I know; and speaks of merit much more calculated to excite his approbation, than a skill in dancing.

Hilary. And 'tis very likely, sister, you'll confess he's in the right at last.

Bertha. Confess he's in the right! My aunt's then in the wrong, according to your notion, is she? What then does he mean by merit much more calculated to excite his approbation, than a skill in dancing?

Hilary. I can tell you, and yet not be very learned.

Bertha. O yes, you indeed! Well then, what is it?

Hilary. Tell me, Bertha, do you ever read?

Bertha. Yes, doubtless, when I've time.

Hilary. And what?

Bertha. Why plays, before I go to see them; and a great variety of songs, that I may sing them to my master.

Hilary. That's fine reading, truly, for your age! And don't you think you might have books much more instructive?

Bertha. If I might, what time have I to read them? 'Tis full one o'clock before I've breakfasted, and got my morning dress on. Then comes Mr. Quaver; and when he has left me, Mr. Dandiprat. I dine at three; and after dinner, dress for company, which we receive at home; or else go out a visiting, and then the day is over.

Hilary. And is every day spent thus?

Bertha. No doubt.

Hilary.

Hilary. Well, sister, I can tell you Doctor Sharp, my master, has three daughters of about your age; but they employ their time in quite another manner.

Bertha. How?

Hilary. First then, at six in summer, and at eight in winter, they are dressed completely for the day.

Bertha. They don't sleep then enough, and must be very heavy long before night comes.

Hilary. Upon the other hand, they're brisker far than you, because they go to bed at ten the over night.

Bertha. To bed at ten!

Hilary. At ten; that they may get up early in the morning. When you're fast asleep in bed, they've read their geography, and counted. When the clock strikes ten, they take their needle-work in hand till noon; and then assist their mother in the house.

Bertha. Does then their mother mean to make them house-maids?

Hilary. She may hope, by means of such an education, to procure them something better. But however that be, should they not be taught to govern servants, regulate a table, and conduct their house?

Bertha. And after dinner are they busy?

Hilary. Why not busy? They have then their harpsichord, or writing; and at night, assemble round a table, where they read by turns in the *Spectator*, or Miss Moore's last publication, *Sacred Dramas*; while the two that are not occupied upon their book, employ themselves in mending their own garments, or examining the linen of the house, and mending it, if needful.

Bertha. So they never take, then, any recreation?

Hilary. O, I beg your pardon: they amuse themselves as if they were three queens; for all these tasks are intermixed with little sports, and pleasant conversation. They pay visits also, and receive them; but take care to have their work-bags, and I never saw them idle for a minute.

Bertha. This is certainly what Mr. Goodwin meant. And yet my aunt has often told me, such an education as you mention the Miss Sharps receive, is only fit for tradesmens children.

Hilary. But supposing they were tradesmen's children, would they find this education useless to them? They should

should certainly know household work, or how will they be able to direct a servant to do theirs? If they know nothing of it, every one will join to cheat them; and the richer they may be, the greater probability there is that even the servants they employ, will join each other to effect their ruin.

Bertha. I protest you fright me! I know nothing of the work about a house! scarce how to hold a needle! Yet I've just been told, we've nothing in the world, except what Mr. Goodwin's bounty gives us.

Hilary. Ah dear sister, the worse luck for us! should he leave us, or unfortunately we lose him—But possibly my aunt is rich?

Bertha. O no; she told me to the contrary scarce half an hour ago. She has no more than is sufficient for herself. In case then any accident should happen with respect to Mr. Goodwin, what would be our fate?

Hilary. I should be at first put to difficulties; but my master tells me, I should put my trust in God, and hope he never would forsake me. His opinion is, that there are always generous people in the world, whose friendship may be gained by an exertion of one's skill to serve them in the way of some profession, and who frequently create employment for the industrious. Thus then, in the course of some few years, when I am more advanced in learning, I might undertake to teach such children as know less than I do. I should even improve myself by such an occupation, and with good behaviour on my part, be sure of living with some sort of ease and comfort, and perhaps strike out a way to fortune.

Bertha. But what benefit could I derive from all my skill in dancing, or in drawing, or in music? I should die perhaps of hunger, notwithstanding all these vain accomplishments.

Hilary. And therefore Mr. Goodwin cannot be well pleased when he discovers you've been put to nothing but those arts that serve for ornament or pleasure.

Bertha. And vexation sometimes, Hilary; for when I dance, or sing in company, if I'm not praised as much as I conceive I merit, you can't think how much I'm fretted at the disappointment!—Shall I also tell you I am often tired of those fine matters, which my aunt says serves us to pass time away with satisfaction.

Hilary.

Hilary. And what then do you resort to for amusement?

Bertha. To the opera, dresses, fashions, walks, and scandal; as we tell in one house what we have observed beforehand in another. But these helps to conversation, and the art of killing time, soon fail us.

Hilary. I believe so; and remember what the doctor told us very lately in a lecture, that the recreations men in general resort to, are not worthy being called so, when one thinks of those that may be found in art and nature, which not only occupy our time agreeably, but teach us to reflect upon ourselves.

Bertha. You have convinced me of it by yourself, who notwithstanding you are two years younger than I am, are so much more improved. How many useful things has not my aunt neglected in my education!

SCENE III.

Bertha, Hilary, and Mrs. Courtly.

Mrs. Courtly, (having overheard what Bertha said.) And what useful things have I neglected in your education then, Miss Thankless? (*aside.*) But all this is due to Hilary.

Hilary. Well, good bye, sister, and good bye, dear aunt. I wonder Mr. Goodwin stays so long up stairs. I'll run and seek him, if you please. (*goes out.*)

Mrs. Courtly. The good-for-nothing blockhead! Let his friend be once set off, and we shall see if he presumes to come within my doors again. But what has he been saying, that you think your education thus neglected?

Bertha. Nay, dear aunt, that's true; for have you let me learn those useful matters a young person ought to know?

Mrs. Courtly. Useful matters, my divine, dear Bertha! Is there any thing then wanting in the least to your perfections? Does not every one acknowledge you are quite accomplished?

Bertha. Some things I'm acquainted with, 'tis true; but they are only such as serve to flatter vanity. Those arts that ornament the mind, as geography, arithmetic—

Mrs.

Mrs. Courtly. All downright pedantry! I should be vexed to death, if I had puzzled your poor brains with such old stuff, that's only fit for such a one as Hilary. Why Bertha, did you ever hear, where I have carried you, that fashionable women mind such nonsense?

Bertha. No indeed; but still, why not instruct me in those household arts at least, a person of my sex should be complete in? Can I even hold a needle?

Mrs. Courtly. No; and why? because I never meant you for a mantua-maker.

Bertha. But supposing Mr. Goodwin's death, as you have told me, what I am possessed of is so little, how should I subsist?

Mrs. Courtly. If that be all, I have a single word will settle every thing, as I can tell you now you'll never want for money, but even swim in plenty. I've tormented Mr. Goodwin so effectually, that he means to leave you every thing he has. But here he comes himself. I leave you with him, as he means to tell you his intentions.

SCENE IV.

Bertha, Mr. Goodwin, Hilary.

Hilary, (running to his sister with a watch.) Look ye! look ye, sister!

Bertha. How! what's this? a watch?

Hilary. Yes, sister! and a gold one! O my dear, dear Mr. Goodwin! how rejoiced I am! Pray let me go and shew it to the doctor. I'll be there and back again immediately.

Mr. Goodwin. With all my heart. Inform him, 'twas not my design to please your vanity by such a present, but that you might know the different hours allotted to your different studies, and be always ready for your masters.

Hilary. O, I shall be always ready for them now, that's certain.

Mr. Goodwin. Beg him likewise to allow you the remainder of the day from school; and say I mean to call upon him in the afternoon.

Hilary. Yes, yes, I will. *(He goes out.)*

Mr. Goodwin. Well, Bertha, why so gloomy? What's the matter with you?

Bertha.

Bertha. Nothing, sir.

Mr. Goodwin. You are not vexed that I have made your brother such a present?

Bertha. Doubtless he'll be very careful of it, and knows how to handle it!

Mr. Goodwin. I've shewn him how; and there's no difficulty in the matter. You are sensible he wanted one.

Bertha. Quite so: and I, for my part, could not find a use for such a bauble.

Mr. Goodwin. I was thinking so: you have a clock upon the staircase.

Bertha. True; and yet there's hardly a young lady I associate with, but has a watch.

Mr. Goodwin. That's lucky; you may ask them then the hour at any time.

Bertha. I may; and when they ask the same of me, make answer, I can't tell them.

Mr. Goodwin. Bertha, Bertha, you're an envious little puss, I see! but here's to prove you have not been forgotten. (*giving her a case.*)

Bertha, (blushing.) O, my dear good Mr. Goodwin!

Mr. Goodwin. Well, I see you don't know how to open it. (*he opens it himself, and shews a pair of diamond earrings.*) Are you content with these?

Bertha. O yes, if you are but content with me!

Mr. Goodwin. To say the truth, my dear, I am not quite so: we are now alone, and I must use a little freedom in conversing with you. Your dear aunt has spared no cost to let you have agreeable accomplishments; and your appearance is a proof of her affection and good taste. I could have only wished she had been minded to bestow a useful education on you.

Bertha. Hilary has been discoursing on this subject, and convinced me I want every thing that would be useful to me at a future time of life: but how may I acquire a knowledge of these useful matters?

Mr. Goodwin. I'm acquainted with a worthy gentleman, who instructs young ladies in such knowledge as is suited to their sex.

Bertha. My aunt, however, mentioned you would put me into such a state as would not need this knowledge.

Mr. Goodwin. I conceive you; and to shew my real disposition, leave you quite at liberty to chuse that way of life

life in which she meant to see you figure, since it suits your inclination. Yes, my dearest child, rely on my affection. After my decease, I'll give you every shilling I possess.

Bertha. What, all your fortune? Is it possible you should be such a generous friend?

Mr. Goodwin. Yes, Bertha, all; but not without a fear it will be still too little to prevent you're being really unhappy.

Bertha. What, sir, do you tell me?

Mr. Goodwin. Are you qualified to do yourself the slightest service? or make up, upon occasion, I don't say a costly garment, but the plainest gown you ever wore?

Bertha. Alas! sir, I was never taught.

Mr. Goodwin. 'Tis plain, then, you must always have a crowd about you to make up those articles you have no hands to make yourself. You know, I fancy, how much fashionable women have occasion to lay out, that they may keep their title up with those that are as gay and foolish as themselves! Now tell me, are you to suppose my property, when you are mistress of it, will suffice for this?

Bertha. I hope, sir, it will be enough, with the economy I shall observe, to render me as happy as you wish I may be.

Mr. Goodwin. Trust me, notwithstanding your economy, if you continue ignorant, it will not. And besides, when you are come of age, what prudent man will take a woman who possesses no one talent useful to his happiness? 'Tis plain, then, nothing but the fortune you possess will render you an eligible wife; and you are sensible, I fancy, from the little knowledge you must have of life, how miserable money-matches generally prove! My resolution is however taken, and my all in future shall be yours: if you are miserable, 'twill not be my fault.

Bertha. O, sir! but then my brother—

Mr. Goodwin. He must be content with what I do in his behalf while living, and the proof of your affection when I'm dead. I mean to have him taught whatever may be useful to him in the state of life he may incline to; as in that, with industry, 'tis not improbable but he may make a fortune. I myself am an example of this probability:

bability: he need but do as I have. I shall leave you to reflect on my intentions, and am going to communicate them to him. Think on what I've told you.

SCENE V.

Bertha, (alone.)

O, what pleasure! all his fortune! This is what my aunt desired so earnestly. I should be glad to know what Hilary will say when Mr. Goodwin tells him his intentions. He can't chuse, I'm certain, but be very jealous of me. He will have great cause: however, I shall not forget him. No, indeed; if I have any thing to spare. I must and will have something for him: but I hear, I fancy, Mr. Goodwin. Yes, he's coming back with Hilary.—A lucky thought! I'll steal into this closet here, and listen to their conversation. (*She gets in, and shuts the door, unnoticed.*)

SCENE V.

Mr. Goodwin, Hilary.

Mr. Goodwin. So your master's glad then I have made you such a present?

Hilary. Yes, enchanted; but for my part, upon second thoughts, I'm sorry for it.

Mr. Goodwin. Sorry, Hilary, and why?

Hilary. Poor Bertha! she must doubtless be quite vexed at having nothing, when I've got a watch. I would not seem indifferent to your favours; notwithstanding, if I durst, I would desire you——

Mr. Goodwin. Generous little fellow! don't you be uneasy; Bertha has received a pair of diamond ear-rings, worth ten watches such as yours.

Hilary. O, my dear Mr. Goodwin! how I thank you!

Mr. Goodwin. And I shan't confine my friendship and affection to the gift of such a trifle.

Hilary. O, my generous friend and father!

Mr. Goodwin. I observe, with grief, her education cannot but in future be the cause of sorrow to her.

Hilary. So I likewise fear, sir; my dear aunt imagines that a little drawing, dancing, sing-song, and the like, are all she is in want of to be happy in the world.

Mr.

Mr. Goodwin. 'Tis to these frivolous embellishments she sacrifices the much more important cultivation of her understanding; and forbears inspiring her with those good qualities that have alone a claim on human approbation. As your sister's reason has been so neglected, she is pleased with those applauses that are offered on the altar of her vanity. But when, in some few years, she sees how many useful matters of instruction, and how much inestimable time she has for ever lost, she will inevitably blush at her own conduct, and even execrate her flatterers; who, on their side, will repay her hatred with their ridicule and scorn.

Hilary. O, sir, you make me tremble for my poor dear sister!

Mr. Goodwin. And besides, what reasonable man will take up with a wife whose want of knowledge is so glaring; who instead of being able to establish order and œconomy within a house, must dissipate the greatest fortune by her love of luxury; and who will have an incapacity, no less unworthy the esteem of him that is to be her husband, than the veneration of his children. She must of necessity be as a stranger in the world, to every one about her. What would such a woman do without my friendship?

Hilary. O, dear sir, let me beseech you, do not take away your favour from her.

Mr. Goodwin. No; for on the other hand, I'm now upon the point of doing something for her.

Hilary. Yes, dear sir; procure her a more useful education. Bertha does not want for understanding, or good principles.

Mr. Goodwin. I would with all my heart; but at her age, can one expect she will submit to any rigid treatment, after the indulgences she has received at home? No, no; I see it will be better to determine upon something for her benefit, which shall take place when I am in my grave.

Hilary. For heaven's sake, sir, don't speak so, I beseech you. No: I trust you are to live much longer for our common good; and Providence will not so soon deprive us of our second father.

Mr. Goodwin. I am sensible of your affection; but the fear of death will not delay the fatal moment of its coming.

Bertha's future fortune gives me pain, whenever I reflect on what it may be; and in short, I am resolved to give her every thing I am possessed of, that at least she may have wherewithal to keep herself from want.

Hilary (taking hold of Mr. Goodwin's hand.) O, thank you ten times over! How rejoiced I am, sir! Shall I leave you for a moment, and go tell her this good news? But no; it will be better to conceal it from her, or at least till she has been induced to get some useful knowledge, from a notion she must live, in future, by her industry. She will, by that means, know much better how to manage what you give her. O, my dearest Bertha! after all, then, I may hope to see you happy.

Mr. Goodwin. Worthy little fellow! I'm no less delighted with your generosity, than understanding. Having such a heart, could I intend to give your sister every thing, and leave you nothing? That were to the last degree unjust: and therefore I revoke my first intention. It is you that *should* be my sole heir, and with propriety I ought to make my will accordingly.

Hilary. No, no, dear sir, preserve your first intention, and give Bertha every thing. I shall be much more diligent in my improvement, knowing I have nothing but my learning to subsist on. I shall then be much more anxious to get useful knowledge; which I doubt not, with God's blessing, will suffice for my advancement.

Mr. Goodwin. Be at peace upon account of Bertha. When I said you *should* be my sole heir, it was not my idea, Bertha should be left without a trifling legacy, sufficient to obtain her necessary things.

Hilary. Well then, let's make exchange; the trifling legacy for me, by way of token from you, and the rest for Bertha.

S C E N E the last.

Mr. Goodwin, Hilary, and Bertha (issuing from her hiding-place, and running to embrace her brother.)

Bertha. O, my dearest brother! have I merited so much affection from you?

Hilary. Yes, dear sister, if you will but do as I could wish, and be what our good benefactor so much longs to see you.

Bertha.

Bertha. If! Should it become a question? I *will* be so. I discern how much the difference of our education has exalted your ideas above mine, though I am so much older.—My good friend and father, let my future fortune be whatever you think proper; I can never be unhappy, if I leave you to determine for me. I desire instruction, likewise, and will take my brother for a model.

Mr. Goodwin. You will unavoidably be happy, if you keep this prudent resolution. But pray tell me, whence proceeds this change in your ideas?

Bertha. From the closet whence I issued, I have heard my brother's wishes for me; his disinterestedness and generous sacrifice. I've heard too how *you* love me. I will reverence you in future, and give up the little jealousies I entertained against my brother. He shall be my guide and friend.

Hilary. I will endeavour to be such, dear sister: it will be my boast and pleasure, if I prosper.

Mr. Goodwin. With what pleasing sentiments, dear children, do you not inspire me! I am now no longer sorry Providence has left me childless. I consider you no less affectionately than I should do had I given you life; and think I see your father, who looks down from heaven, well pleased in having left me such dear pledges of his love. (*Bertha and her brother take him by the hand, and bathe it with their tears.*)

Bertha. Let us not lose a moment, sir. Where does that worthy gentlewoman live, of whom you told me, as a person who would teach me useful things?

Mr. Goodwin. I'll introduce you to her shortly. I shall stay here some few days, and will endeavour to bring over, if I can, your aunt, not all at once, but by degrees, to second my designs. You must be careful not to anger or displease her. She deserves your gratitude. She has but erred respecting what was likely to insure your happiness: her wish was not the less to make you happy.

Bertha. I believe so; but renounce, from henceforth, all the nonsense I've been put to study. No more dancing, no more drawing, or piano-forte-work, in future.

Mr. Goodwin. No, dear Bertha, now you're wrong upon the other side, in such a resolution. On the contrary, you ought to cultivate them; for, in truth, they are not undesirable accomplishments. You are not to

think meanlier of them, than that never should a woman boast they are her only merit. They may render her more welcome in good company ; untire her in those cares attendant on a house and family, and make her still more fond of living in retirement ; add another tie to the attachment of her husband, guide her in the choice she is to make of masters for her children, and enable her to further their improvement. They are only prejudicial when they feed her vanity, and make her give into a fatal dissipation, or contempt of duties in that state of life to which God's providence has called her. They are flowers, in short, that may possess some little portion of one's garden, if the rest be set apart for fruits and vegetables.

THE CARE OF PROVIDENCE.

A S O N N E T.

THE mother's tender heart, round whom
 Her children throng in youthful bloom,
 With love and transport overflows,
 Such as a mother only knows,
 What time her light descending hand
 Gently taps one with action bland ;
 Another to her heart's close folds,
 Inmate already there, she holds.
 A third climbs joyous on her knee ;
 While pleas'd the little thing to see,
 Her hand assists, and with a smile
 Kissing, she pays the arduous toil.
 Her foot, held out to serve as chair,
 Dandles a fourth when seated there ;
 So too the rest, if more there be,
 Round her, close cling her progeny.
 She reads all written in their eyes,
 Their looks, caresses, smiles and sighs,
 These speaking from the heart, declare
 The thousand little wishes there.
 Their prattle all at once is heard,
 And she replies without a word ;

For smiles alone are her reply :
While joyous they stand prating by.
Yet if it chance, a word amiss,
A quarrel for the envied kiss,
Or aught unfit to hear or view,
Among the little ones ensue,
A brow dissatisfied she takes,
Yet soon the low'ring storm there breaks ;
And while ev'n gloom o'ercasts her mien,
That she's a mother 'tis well seen.

In this, so obvious to man's sense,
We see God's wond'rous providence,
That from the stores of heavenly grace,
Pours gift on all the human race.
The rich, in fortune's lap high fed,
The poor beneath their lowly shed,
All on her smile subsist and share
The blessings of her guardian care.
She knows their need, she hears their cry,
And views them with a mother's eye :
To none, among her children, blind,
But scattering gifts on all mankind.

Let none then, with presumptuous sense,
Dare tax the rule of Providence
With rigorous or even partial views ;
If for a season she refuse
Some blessing, to their heart thought dear,
As if averse their prayer to hear ;
For their soul's good, God's gracious will
Seems to subject them thus to ill,
That thro' affliction's rigid ways,
They may attain fair Virtue's praise.
Or rather, for such love we find
In his compassionating mind,
When he vouchsafes them, or denies,
No less beneficent he is than wise.

THE BORROWED PURSE.

SPENCER, though a dull companion, was a special workman. He aspired at nothing in his heart so much as to become a master; but he wanted money to set up.

A merchant, who was well acquainted with his industry, was willing to supply him with an hundred pounds, that he might open shop.

One may, without much difficulty, guess at Spencer's joy. In his imagination, he already had a warehouse full of goods. He reckoned up how many customers would crowd to buy them, and what money he should have at balancing his books.

In the extravagant emotions of that transport into which these notions threw him, he perceived an ale-house. Come, said he, and entered it, I'll have a little pleasure with one sixpence of this money.

He demurred, however, some few moments, to call out for punch, which was his favourite liquor, as his conscience loudly told him, that the moment of enjoyment was not yet arrived; that he was, first of all, to think of paying what his friend had lent him; and at present that it was not honest for him to lay out a penny of the sum, for things not absolutely necessary. He was ready to come out again, impressed by such right notions, but he thought himself, upon the other hand, that if he spent a sixpence of his money, he should still have ninety-nine pounds nineteen shillings and a sixpence left; that such a sum was full enough to set him up in trade, and that a single half-hour's industry would compensate for such a trifling pleasure as he wished to have at present.

It was thus, that taking up the glass, he sought to quiet his interior scruples; but alas, his present conduct was to open him a door to ruin.

On the morrow, so agreeable a recollection of his pleasure at the ale-house filled his mind, that he was now less scrupulous with conscience in expending one more sixpence at it. He had ninety-nine pounds nineteen shillings still remaining.

On the following days, the love of liquor had besotted him in such a manner, that he constantly returned to his beloved ale-house, but increased the quantum of his liquor, to a shilling's worth at first; then sixpence more; and so on, till he came to half-a-crown; at which he seemed to make a stand, and every time he went, he could console himself with saying, 'Tis but two-and-sixpence I am spending. O, I need not fear but I shall have enough to carry on my trade.

Such then was his delusive way of reasoning, in reply to what his conscience whispered, which would now and then be heard. It did not strike him, that his fortune was an even hundred pounds, and that the useful application of the whole depended on the fit employ to which he put its parts.

You see then, my dear little friends, how by insensible gradation he incurred a spendthrift life. He found no longer any joy in industry, employed entirely as he was in contemplating on his actual riches, which he fancied inexhaustible; and yet, from day to day, he did not fail to find it was diminishing. He was convinced, and his conviction all at once came over him just like a clap of thunder, that he could not make amends for his preceding dissipation, as his benefactor would not be so fond of lending him another hundred pounds, when he had seen him so misuse the first.

Quite overcome with shame and grief, the more he sought to stifle his ideas with hard drinking, so much by a great deal sooner, did his ruin fall upon him. And at last the frightful moment came, when quite disgusted at the thought of industry, and being, as it were, an object to himself of horror, life became a burthen, owing to that scene of poverty now opening to him.

He renounced his country, followed by despair, and joined a gang of smugglers, formidable for the ravages they spread through every country on the coast. But Heaven did not permit their violence should long remain unpunished. A disgraceful death soon ended his career of wickedness.

Alas! if when his reason first of all addressed him, he had listened, and been wrought upon by the reproaches of his conscience, easy in his situation might he now have

been enjoying, in repute and honour, the repose of a respectable and opulent old age.

You shudder, children, at his lamentable folly. Such is notwithstanding that of multitudes among us, in the use they put their money to. It was bestowed upon them for the best of purposes, and yet they exercise themselves thereby in every shameful dissipation. 'Tis but such or such a sum of money I am spending! and what's that? They think there will be enough always left them, for the proper use thereof. However in the interval, days, months, and years flow onward, and they find, at the conclusion of them, they have not made such a use thereof. In some sort, they are even happy if their conduct does not plunge them finally into despair.

TWO MADE HAPPY.

A Gentleman of fortune, passing very late one night before a blacksmith's habitation, was surprized to see him busy at his forge, when every person in the neighbourhood was gone to rest. He had a curiosity to know what reason he could have for working thus at midnight, and if twelve hours labour in the day would not suffice him to provide subsistence for his family.

It is not for myself I work, replied the blacksmith, but a neighbour here of mine, who has unfortunately been burnt out. I rise two hours before the usual time of labour every morning, and continue working two hours after at the least, and sometimes longer, as is now the case, at night: and this I do, that I may help him in his destitute condition. If I had but any thing myself, I would divide it with him; but my all is nothing but the shop I have, and some small stock of metal, which I cannot sell, because 'tis what subsists me. By thus working every day four hours at least, that comes to two days weekly, and the earnings of them I can yield to him. Thank heaven, at this time of the year there's work enough! and while I have but strength, it is my duty to assist the unhappy.

This

This is very generous, my good friend, on your part, said the gentleman, as I suppose your neighbour never will be able to repay your kindness.

Truly, sir, I fear he will not: but on his account alone, not mine. However, I am sure he would rejoice to do as much for me, were I in his condition.

At these words, the gentleman, not wishing to intrude upon the blacksmith any longer, wished him a good night, and went away.

Upon the morrow, having put into his purse a note for twenty pounds, which he could well afford to part with, from his savings, he went out, and meant to leave it with the blacksmith, whose beneficence he was resolved to recompense, and put it in his power to buy the metal he might be in want of, at the cheapest market, undertake more business, and lay by a little from his labour, to support him in old age.

But what was not his wonder, when the blacksmith bade him take his money back again! I cannot lay it out, said he, because I have not earned it. I can well afford to pay for all the iron I make use of; and if ever I should be in want of more, the merchant would supply me with it, on my note. It would be absolute ingratitude in me to take that profit from him he is used to make upon his goods, when he has never hesitated to supply me with as much as I could ask for, even when I had no other coat than that upon my back: but you may make a better use, sir, of this money, if you lend it, free of interest, to my unhappy neighbour. He might then recover his affairs, and I sleep out my belly full.

The gentleman, with all his rhetoric, not being able to prevail upon the blacksmith to accept his offer, followed the advice he gave him; and was highly gratified in thinking he had made two happy, when at first his generosity had wished to serve one only.

THE REWARD OF GRATITUDE.

A Lady, we shall give the name of Moreton to, had hardly lost her husband, when a law-suit, he had been engaged in, was determined to her disadvantage; and the greatest part of her possessions, which were all dependent on the verdict, were unpitiously taken from her. She was under the necessity of selling all her furniture, and some few jewels; after which, when she had placed the produce at a banker's, she withdrew into a village, where the necessary things of life were not so high, where she apprehended she might live with tolerable decency upon her trifling income.

Hardly had she passed a month or two in her retreat, than she was given to understand, her banker was gone off, and all her money with him. So let any one reflect upon the horror of her situation. Grief and sickness had long since disabled her from doing any thing like labour for her livelihood; and after having passed her youth in ease and pleasure, she had no resources left her in old age, except an alms-house, or the common refuge of the poor in turning beggars.

In reality, there was not one of her acquaintance who would condescend to have the least degree of interest in her sufferings. Brought by her beloved husband from a foreign country, she had no one she could fly to for assistance. None, except a tolerably near relation that herself had brought to England; and by granting him her husband's credit, rendered wealthy. But this man, whose fordid avarice was greater than his riches, was not likely to relieve another, when he would not even allow himself the necessary things of life.

Reduced to such a helpless situation, there was, luckily, one means still left for her subsistence. In the years of her prosperity, she had adopted one Clotilda, a young female orphan; and Clotilda now became her guardian angel. Mrs. Moreton's former kindnesses inspired her with a wish of shewing she was grateful for them.

No, said she, (when her unhappy mistress mentioned her design of seeking the asylum of a parish work-house,) I will never leave you. From your tenderness, I formerly

merly received the treatment of a child; and, if in your prosperity I thought it so desirable to be related to you, by adoption, I still think it more so, now, in your adversity.

Thank Heaven and your adoption, I have every thing I want, to live with comfort. Your maternal conduct was evinced in teaching me all necessary female arts; I shall, at present, therefore, look upon it as a boast, that I can exercise my knowledge for your sake. With health and courage, I shall be at least enabled to procure a living for us both.

The unhappy widow was exceedingly affected at this generous offer. She embraced Clotilda, and with joy consented to accept it.

We are now, then, to suppose Clotilda, in her turn, become the mother, by adoption, of her former benefactress. She was far from thinking it enough to feed her with the produce of an unremitting labour; she consoled her in affliction, aided her in sickness, and endeavoured, by the tenderest method, to make up for all the injustice of her lot.

The constancy and ardour of her cares did not relax a moment for two years, in which long time her mistress was made happy by her bounty; and when death removed her, she lamented with sincerity, what she considered as a grievous loss.

Some little season after this, died also the relation spoken of already, who had shewn himself so utterly insensible to every claim of gratitude and kindred. As he could not take his money with him, he supposed it would be making some atonement for his want of natural affection, if he left the injured lady every thing he was possessed of.

But this succour came too late, as Mrs. Moreton was not able to avail herself thereof. She had not even the consolation, at her death, of knowing such a change had happened in her fortune; as in that case, she might easily have turned it to the benefit of her affectionate Clotilda.

The inheritance in question therefore fell, for want of heirship, to the King. As Providence would have it, the enquiries made on such a rare occurrence, brought him to a knowledge of the generous orphan's conduct.

Ah! said he, Clotilda merits this inheritance; and therefore I renounce my rights to favour her's; and will be happy to approve myself her friend and father.

All the nation joined in the applause of such a liberal action; and Clotilda, when possessed of such a glorious recompence bestowed upon her gratitude, employed it in maintaining orphans, such as she had been; and took the greatest pleasure in inspiring them with sentiments, like those by which she had herself deserved her fortune.

THE DIRTY BOOTS.

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

All the last week's weather had been very bad, but now it was grown clear and bright; on which account young Fortunatus got his father's leave to take a ride on horseback. Now the promise of this ride afforded him the greater pleasure, as the day before, when he was out, he had been hindered, by a heavy shower of rain, from going far. However, he had been already far enough to splash his boots from top to bottom, and they were not yet quite dry.

Transported with the thought of so much pleasure, he ran down to John, who was at breakfast in the kitchen, and employing an imperious tone of voice, cried out, "John, John! I'm going out on horseback! Run and clean my boots! Well, don't you hear me?" John pretended that he did not, and continued at his breakfast, quite composed. It was in vain our Fortunatus put himself into a passion, and bestowed an hundred terms upon him. John considered it enough to answer him with
great

great indifference, "I have told you, sir, already, if you recollect, I hoped I never should become *your* shoe-black."

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

His conduct was approved of to the full by Mr. Railton, who not only blamed his son, but told him he might go and clean his boots himself, or stay at home, which ever he thought proper. He forbade the other servants to assist him in this business. "You will learn, sir, (added he,) how silly 'tis to look with scorn on services contributory to our comfort and convenience; services, the rigour of which you should rather strive to soften, by a gentleness of manners in yourself. So, since a *shoe-black's* trade is so disgraceful, be so kind as to ennoble it, by being for the future your own shoe-black."

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

THE FLIPPANT CRITIC.

AURELIA, though sufficiently good-tempered, had contracted one great fault, and that was calumny. She published every where whatever she conceived amiss in others, though they were her dearest friends. The inexperience of her age induced her very often to ascribe indifferent actions to improper motives; and a single word, or volatility of disposition, was enough to make her form the worst suspicions, which, as soon as she had formed them, she would run into company, and broach as if they were undoubted facts. She frequently even added circumstances to them drawn from her imagination, only with a view of making them more likely. You may easily conceive what mischiefs such a conduct could not but produce. It was not long before one family was set against another in her neighbourhood. The discord afterwards affected individuals: wives and husbands, brothers, masters and domestics, were at everlasting variance with each other. Mutual confidence was on a sudden done away from those whose company the little girl frequented with her mother. People went so far, at last, as to shut up their doors against her, as they would have done against a wretched creature tainted with the plague; but neither hatred nor humiliation could correct a vice that custom had so deeply rivetted within her heart.

This glory was reserved for Agatha, her cousin, who alone would now receive her visits, and return them; as she always lived in hopes of being able, in the end, to shew her the enormity of her behaviour, and preserve her life from sorrow.

Miss Aurelia went one day to see her cousin, and employed an hour or two in telling spiteful tales of all their common friends, altho' she knew with what uneasiness her cousin heard them. It was all the same to her.

And now, dear Agatha, said Miss Aurelia, having stopped for want of breath, your turn is come to tell me something. You see company enough to have a stock of little anecdotes at all times ready on your hands.

My dear Aurelia, answered Agatha, whenever I am visiting my friends, I wish to taste the pleasure of their company;

company; and am not such an idiot, as to lose it by remarking their defects. Besides, I find within myself so many, that I cannot possibly have time to think of those in others. Having every need of their indulgence, I am wise enough to grant them mine. I rather chuse to rivet my attention upon every commendable quality they have, and so endeavour to acquire it. One must be persuaded of a faultless state one's self, before one can proceed to note the faults of others. I congratulate you on this faultless state, which I, upon the other hand, am so unhappy as to want. Continue, cousin, this employment of a charitable censor, who would lead mankind to virtue by exposing the deformity of vice. You cannot fail of meriting the esteem of others for such generous cares.

Aurelia could not fail of being conscious she was, long ere this, become a public object of aversion and disgust; and therefore felt the criticism of her cousin. She began from that day forward, to reflect with real seriousness upon the danger of her indiscretion. She even trembled at the recollection of those mischiefs she had caused, and now determined to prevent their progress. It was difficult in the beginning, to throw off a custom she had long indulged in, of beholding things on the unfavourable side; but what can long withstand a steady resolution? In the end, she was so totally reformed, that she applied her penetration to such objects only as deserved applause; and the detestable enjoyments of malignity within her, were succeeded by a purer satisfaction. She was now become the first to set equivocal or doubtful actions in such points of view, that others might excuse them. When she could not put them in a favourable light, 'tis likely, she would say, 'I don't know every circumstance attending them: no doubt but there were commendable motives, such as I am not acquainted with. In short, whenever, as it sometimes chanced, the case would not admit of any thing approaching to the nature of indulgence, she would pity the offending person, and impute her fault to inadvertence, or a want of knowing what she was about.

However, it was very long indeed, before she could regain those hearts, her former ways had alienated. She was come, by this time, to the age when most young women think of being settled, but could see no prospect of a husband. People had avoided her with so much care

for years, that now she seemed forgotten, just as if she had withdrawn herself into a convent from the world.

No wonder then she should suppose she was condemned to pass her days in solitude, deprived of all those pleasures that accompany a happy marriage, and the enjoyment of a chosen set of friends: but fortune otherwise determined on her destination; for a gentleman, who came upon a visit to her father, having heard her generously undertake to shield the reputation of an absent person, some one in the company accused, was so delighted with a goodness like his own, as to conclude she was of such a turn as could not fail to make him happy. He solicited her hand, and made her mistress in return both of his heart, and every thing he had.

Aurelia, more and more convinced of the pernicious consequences flowing from the fault of blasing other people's faults, and the delightful satisfaction, self-esteem, and the respect of worthy people cannot but bestow;—of worthy people I repeat, who wink at the defects of human nature;—every day proposes her example to the children she is blessed with, to preserve them from the ruin she had nearly suffered.

She has given me leave to write her story in this book, for the instruction of my little friends; if there be any like her who may read it. I, for my part, know not there are any such; but if there should be, I persuade myself, that after the instruction of this story, they will be the better for it.

THE PROVIDENT FATHER.

The Father. **T**HIS is the first time, Charles, I have had the opportunity of being alone with you. (*Charles kisses the hand of his father, who in turn embraces Charles.*) What have you been doing ever since our separation?

Charles. I have been incessantly tormented with a thousand projects that have constantly destroyed each other. I have everlastingly been working hard, yet doing nothing, like a multitude of other young people of an ardent imagination,

gination, who as yet have no employ to take up their attention.

The Father. I am pleased to find you wish for employment, and a settled state; but Charles, we ought to wait till such time as the tree is come to its full strength, if we would wish it should bear fruit.

Charles. Do parts and wisdom constantly accompany a certain age? Is it so very strange to see a young man, not even in his twentieth year——

The Father. Have much more knowledge and intrinsic merit than old men, bent down beneath the weight of old age?—Agreed; but then 'tis very rare to see, at such a tender age, that strength of character which makes man active.

Charles. But there must be sure a time when a young man feels an irresistible degree of strength, that carries him along: a devouring fire consumes us; and I, for my part, feel a strength within me that I think half equal to the labour of removing mountains.

The Father. And then you enter into a world where nothing of that sort exists; where every step you would proceed to take is limited; where you have constantly to combat envy, sordid interest, caprice, brutal stupidity, and sordid prejudice. Believe me, the most active virtue, and an upright heart, can never hope to prove successful, if one has not therewithal an indefatigable constancy, and a penetration almost divine, to scrutinize deceit and villainy. And if these qualities are so rare, even in the wisest men, how can we hope to find them in the effervescent heart of youth? Do you know to what I compare this inward consciousness of your strength? To a torch, that will indifferently carry you before children, women, and old men, but which the first breath of wind will infallibly put out. I grant that the strength of manhood may concentrate in your heart, as fire within the substance of a stone: eternally invisible, when once 'tis struck, the eye is sure of seeing sparks come forth. However, what I say is not to shew I ought to let you pass your time away unoccupied. At present, even I am so happy as to have got you an employ.

Charles. An employ! Oh, sir, how much I thank you!

The Father. Be persuaded, that the greatest joy a father can possess is to make his children happy.

Charles. I assure you, that if ever industry, and what is more, a proper disposition, are rewarded with success, you shall not have to blush for my behaviour.

The Father. I rely, indeed, upon your zeal sufficiently to be persuaded, that at no time you will look on any occupation as unworthy of your care; for even the slightest inattention in you may draw after it the worst of consequences.

Charles. I am sensible how much the honour of my king and country calls for at my hands.

The Father. Such honour is a great affair, dear Charles, and should entirely occupy a feeling and an upright heart: and that your sentiments may always be adapted to each circumstance, observe and study what we call the genius of the nation; do whatever you are able to discover both its strength and weakness, and consult incessantly those most advanced in years, whose age has ripened their experience. Thus, Charles, never will you have to fear a misemployment of your knowledge, which too frequently young men, and even such as have the best propensities, are justly to be charged with.

Charles. I have formed myself, I think, dear father, on the surest principles.

The Father. Take care how you establish novel systems; but attack all prejudice, and not that only, but injustice likewise. Be assiduous to eradicate them from the hearts of men. In general, never publish your designs before the proper time, and build not up your reputation on the ruins of a rival. Censure no one, but proceed in silence to the execution of your enterprizes.

Charles. I have frequently remarked, that the desire of imitating upon one hand, and of blaming on the other hand, are very common faults; and that enthusiastic imitators and malignant critics are quite indolent, while they announce themselves to others with a deal of pomp and bustle.

The Father. I should even like——But I am too verbose. It is a father's heart that lays itself now open.

Charles. O! my father, can you possibly supply the son that loves you, and is so loved by you, with too many guides, considering he is really so inexperienced, and has
such

such a high career displayed before him? For your salutary counsels shall be always my directors.

The Father. Well, my child; then have a veneration and regard for truth; that is the base of every principle of action. Never labour to establish even public welfare by improper measures; and if ever any one should offer to persuade you to it, on pretences of necessity, abandon him to his remorse, and look upon him as an enemy, not openly perhaps, but so in secret, to his king and country.

Charles. How my heart is lightened of a burthen that oppressed it! and how earnestly I mean to put in practice, for the welfare of my sovereign, all the observations I have made! With how much zeal and ardour I intend to raise my voice against abuses!

The Father. Very well! But then think, think my son, that men in vain aspire to reach perfection; and remember always, that the greatest art, the greatest effort of man's genius, is to chuse the least of several evils.

Charles. Aided by your counsel and experience, I shall soon arrive at some more elevated situation.

The Father. I should rather chuse you would endeavour to become an useful man. To be continually going forward, and to quit one place, where we may frequently be necessary, with the view of filling up another where we shall not prove of so much use, is to betray our country, and to cheapen and degrade our merit. To be great, is to be nothing more than what we should be. And yet, after all, do not imagine that, proceeding in this manner, you will never meet with obstacles. You will, 'tis very likely, fail at last, oppressed beneath the burthen of those benefits you have conferred, and be condemned to live unknown; and calumny will put upon your good intentions sinister interpretations. Be not, however, upon this account discouraged, but pursue with firmness your intentions; for a time will come when your assistance will be sought for. And should even this your expectation, in itself so just, be disappointed, in such case, the consciousness of your integrity will be your recompence and consolation.

JULIAN AND ROSINA.

ONCE upon a time a certain Mr. Smith was reading in a corner of his parlour, while his wife and daughter were employed, in silence, at their tambour-frame; when, on a sudden, their little Julian entered hastily, quite out of breath, his eye brim-full of tears, his hair in great disorder, and one stocking down upon his heel. He had a raquet in his hand; and as he entered, he cried out, Come, come mamma, do pray, and see the mother of poor Christopher and Frederic. Alas! they have not had a bit of any thing to eat all day. Frederic entreated me to play with him at shuttlecock, that, as he said, he might forget a little he was hungry; and they don't know how they shall get any thing before to-morrow evening, at the soonest. I would fain have given them all the money in my purse; but, would you think it? they refused it. I made answer, Come with me, and you shall see—No, no, said they; we are already so obliged to your mamma, and dare not go again to teaze her. Then too, their poor mother, hearing this, burst out a weeping.—But I must not cry, said Julian, (crying still a great deal more,) as my papa is reading. Ah! Rosina, had you seen them, you would certainly have cried as much as I! and stooping as he spoke, he laid hold of Rosina's apron by the corner, to wipe his eyes.

The mother, melted into tears at this recital, and the little boy's behaviour thereupon, dropped her needle; and the father, to conceal a tear, held up his book before him.

Come, dear children, then, said Mrs. Smith, embracing Julian and Rosina with affection, come and let us see if we can help these three unhappy people.

While Frederic, Christopher, and the afflicted mother, knelt before their benefactress, Rosina pulled her brother by the coat, and in a whisper asked him if he recollected that nice little cake their uncle gave them in the morning? Yes, said Julian, and turned round as if he meant to run and fetch it. Keep mamma in conversation here, and make believe as if you did not know me absent; for I'll run and fetch it. No, no, said Rosina, there's no need

need of that; for only look, 'tis here.—On which the little lady, lifting up poor Frederick's hat, that accidentally was on the table, shewed her brother the nice little cake, which she had watched the opportunity of slipping underneath it.

THE SEPARATION.

The Father and his Son in Law, (entering at opposite doors.)

The Son in Law. HAVE you considered my proposals?

The Father in Law. No; for there is nothing to consider. When a couple that have sworn an everlasting love to one another in the church, and whom a child, the fruit of their reciprocal affection, would compel, as one might think, to the observance of their vows, proceed so far as to a separation, what is left then for consideration? What is one to do?

The Son in Law. However, I am so determined in my resolution, that it rests upon some few formalities, and nothing more, to be compleat.

The Father in Law (ringing.) Well, be it so. (*A servant enters.*) Tell Sophy she is wanted. (*The servant is withdrawing, but the father first says something in his ear.*)

The Son in Law. Do you approve of the allowance I design to make her?

The Father in Law. That's as you yourself think fit. I take my daughter home, and hope she'll never want.

The Son in Law. 'Tis, notwithstanding, proper we should come to some agreement.

The Father in Law. Very well: do you adjust that matter as you please.

The Son in Law (taking up a pen.) It will be done almost as soon as said. (*He sits down to write.*)

(*The Daughter enters.*)

The Father in Law. You guess, no doubt, why you are sent for?

The Daughter. Yes; and things between us being got thus far, I have expected the arrival of this moment with a deal of pleasure.

The

The Father in Law. You resolve, then, to occasion me this grief.

The Daughter. I cannot possibly consent to live any longer with him.

The Son in Law (*getting up, and putting a paper into his father's hand.*) This is the agreement I propose.

The Father in Law. By this, then, you renounce each other mutually, upon condition of two hundred pounds a year. Is this agreed on both sides?

The Daughter. Upon mine it is.

The Son in Law. No doubt.

The Father in Law. 'Tis useless for me to remonstrate any longer.

The Daughter. I must say it is.

The Son in Law. And I must say so likewise.

The Father in Law. Then, whatever I might wish, I am necessitated to consent. Go, sign this paper. (*They sign.*) So,—all's settled. There is, notwithstanding, one great difficulty yet. With which, pray, is the child to be?

The Daughter. I am his mother.

The Son in Law (*speaking at the same moment.*) I, his father.

The Father in Law. True, your rights, on either side, are equal; therefore——

The Daughter. I will lose my life, much rather than my child.

The Son in Law. The child is mine, and I will never give him up.

The Father in Law. Consider this, dear children! for this circumstance should teach, nay force you to renounce your cruel purpose. Hearts that are engrossed by one and the same child, as yours are, cannot sure be enemies to one another: and 'tis only a misunderstanding that subsists between you.—(*He takes the paper.*) Shall I tear it?

The Son in Law. If you do——

The Daughter. By no means, father.

The Father in Law. 'Tis, however, necessary you should come to something of a resolution on this head. Do you consent that Charles shall chuse which of you he will stay with?

The Daughter. Yes, with all my heart.

The Son in Law. And mine too.

(*The*

(The father in law goes out.)

The Son in Law. For my part, it will give me pleasure if I hear you're happy, as I part without the least resentment in my heart.

The Daughter. And I too wish you may in future be as happy as you have been hitherto, though I am sure you will not. *(The father in law returns with the child: the mother clasps him in her arms, and says)* Won't you stay with me, my dear?

The Child. Oh! yes, mamma.

The Son in Law *(embracing him.)* You wish to leave me, then, my precious little fellow?

The Child. No, no, papa, I'll stay with you too.

The Father in Law. But, my dear, your papa and mamma design to part for ever; and you must absolutely tell them which you wish to live with.

The Daughter. You will live me, my sweetest! won't you? Speak.

The Son in Law. With me, my child?

The Child. With both of you. *(They turn away: the father has his eyes fixed on them during some short pause.)* But why do you both turn away? Why look so melancholy? You were used to be so merry in each other's company? *(He pulls them towards each other.)* You shall not go! I'll live with you both at once. *(The son in law and mother stooping both at once to embrace their child, encounter one another, and embrace.)*

The Father in Law. I thank thee, Nature! Thou hast not forsaken me.

The Son in Law. Will you forget the past?

The Daughter. Yes, every thing.

The Father in Law *(holding out the child, that they may both caress him.)* Are you determined now to part?

The Daughter. No, father; never.

The Son in Law. This tender tie shall reunite us now for ever. I will love you for the time to come, and we will both be happy.

The Father in Law *(wiping his eyes.)* I weep; but 'tis for joy at such a reconciliation.

THE PARENTAL STEP-MOTHER.

A DRAMA, in two ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. and Mrs. MARKHAM.

STEPHEN,

MIRA,

MARGARET,

GRATIAN,

MICHAEL,

TIPPLE,

} *Mr. Markham's Children.*

} *Mrs. Markham's Children.*

A Domestic servant.

The SCENE is in Mr. Markham's Garden.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Stephen, (alone.) ONCE more then I am got into my garden, where I have not been these six months! What a pleasure every object gives me! Here's the little summer-house, where I was used so frequently to breakfast with my dear mamma. If she were living still, what happiness for both of us! she would receive me now with open arms; she would embrace me; and, on my side, I should have to tell her many little secrets: but, alas! *(beginning to cry,)* I have for ever lost her; and if still we are to love each other, we can only do so in another world. My dear mamma! if you could only hear me, though you can't come back to see your Stephen. In your stead, I have indeed a mother; but a mother, as they say, in-law: and that, as I am told, is just as much as if one were to say, a cruel mother. What then am I now to do? I never shall dare look upon her. If at least I might have lived with grandmamma! but no; papa will have me here, though poor mamma is dead. Alas! I never shall be able to live here. I know so. I will therefore only see my dear papa and sisters, and go back. Yes, yes; I will go back, and must.

Tipple (entering.) What, Master Stephen! is it you, come back again? How goes it with you then?

Stephen,

Stephen. In health, not much amiss, dear Tipple. And how, pray, are you?

Tipple. Quite well; and not a penny for the apothecary out of me! My draughts are made up for me at the *George*. But what's the matter? I can see you have been crying.

Stephen (*wiping his eyes.*) Crying?

Tipple. Yes, yes, crying! O, you can't conceal it. Have you met with any accident?

Stephen. None, Tipple, since I left my grandmamma's.

Tipple. O, oh! I understand: you weep for your mamma; but then you have another?

Stephen. One in-law you mean? If I could only shun her! But how fare my poor dear sisters?

Tipple. How? ah! bad enough. At six they must be up. I would not have them lay a minute after.

Stephen. But, so early, what have they to do?

Tipple. O, let their new mother find them work! She rules us all like slaves! and I myself must get up with the rest! I rose at seven this morning; and behold ye, both your sisters were hard at it in the garden.

Stephen. But I ask you, what about?

Tipple. Why, working at the what-d'ye-call-it?—for their brothers.

Stephen. Yes, I am told that second mothers never spare their husband's children, while they love their own: and I imagine I must go to work as well. But what's become of all my pinks and tulips?

Tipple. O, they're taken all away.

Stephen. By whom?

Tipple. By Gratian and his brother.

Stephen. So then I have lost my pretty flowers; and those two wicked little fellows have destroyed them. They have nothing now to do but take the garden from me likewise. Look ye, here they come.

SCENE II.

Stephen, Tipple, Gratian, Michael.

Gratian (*whispering Michael.*) Michael, who is that young gentleman with Tipple? If it were but Master Stephen!

Michael.

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Michael (*whispering Tipple.*) Is it he?

Tipple (*answering drily.*) Yes, gentlemen.

Gratian O, my dear, dear brother, welcome! We have wished to see you!

Stephen (*shrinking back.*) Have we been acquainted with each other long enough, that you should thus embrace me?

Gratian. We are not acquainted with you, I acknowledge; but are all three brothers.

Stephen. Yes, half brothers, sir.

Gratian. Why half? If your papa loves our mamma, and she loves him, why should not we love one another? They are man and wife, and we are therefore brothers.

Stephen. If we are, have you a greater right than I have here?

Michael (*aside.*) How quarrelsome he is.

Gratian. Why, your papa has let us work these three weeks in it.

Stephen. I was in it first; and surely you won't drive me out.

Michael. Come, Gratian; let's be gone, and leave him in his peevish humour.

Gratian. No, no, Michael: we must stay and be good friends with one another.

Michael. Do you like the sulky fellow, then, so much?

Stephen. The sulky fellow! Do you call me sulky?

Michael. Yes, and envious, and—

Stephen. You dare insult me then? and even in my garden, here?

Michael. 'Tis you began; but I'm your match; you understand me?

Gratian. Hear me, Michael; would you strike your brother? Come along, and let us not, for Heaven's sake, vex our new papa; and more particularly so, the very day he is to see his son. (*He draws him away.*)

Michael. Well, I'll go tell mamma. (*He and Gratian both go out.*)

Stephen. See now if my anxieties are not beginning. They will tell their mother I've insulted them, and she will get me anger from papa. Unhappy as I am. Don't you think so too, Tipple?

Tipple,

Tipple. Yes, indeed; but notwithstanding that, take heart. I'll be your friend; and we shall then, I think, be able to make head against them.

Stephen. Yes; but my papa?

Tipple. Let me alone with him. I've something in my head, and know a thousand tricks of these new comers, which I'll tell him; adding they have spoilt your garden, killed your flowers, and called you names. I warrant you they'll be but badly off.

Stephen. So then, my dearest friend, you'll stand up for me?

Tipple. Yes, as sure as I am Tipple.

Stephen. Thank you! thank you! I am not without a friend, I see then, though I've lost mamma: but did you notice their fine cloaths? What handsome waistcoats they had on! Who worked them? can you tell?

Tipple. Their mother.

Stephen. Yes, yes, I was thinking so: she'll always be employed upon her favourites; but who, pray, will work me such a waistcoat?

Tipple. Why indeed, if you should want one, you must work it all yourself.

Stephen. And had not they new cloaths on likewise?

Tipple. Yes: they had them, as a gift from your papa, the day he married.

Stephen. O, he did not make me such a present. I was sent with these bad cloaths into the country. 'Tis too much! I can't support the thought! My poor mamma is dead, and my papa forgets me! I have only you now left me.

Tipple. Be of comfort: matters may turn out much better than you think: but in the first place, you must see your new mamma. So follow me, and think of putting on a chearful face, as if you were rejoiced to see her.

Stephen. I can never do so.

Tipple. But you *must*, however it may go against you. I do so, though I detest her. Would you think it? she begins to tell me I must be less frequent in my visits at the ale-house; I that was accustomed to spend half the day there, in the life-time of my last dear mistress! She indeed was quite a lady. Things are marvellously altered now, and we must alter with them. Patience! when we're

we're once alone, I'll tell you what must still be done. At present, therefore, follow me.

Stephen. But will she see I have been crying, by my eyes?

Tipple. Why you are crying still.

Stephen. Then I'll not go at present: she would ask the reason of my tears. What answer should I give her?

Tipple. You might say, that coming home, you had been thinking of your dear mamma, and therefore fell a crying.

Stephen. But, provided she should speak about my quarrel with her children?

Tipple. Tell her they began it; and call me to witness what you say. But here she comes. Go and salute her boldly.

S C E N E III.

Mrs. Markham, Stephen.

Mrs. Markham. Where, where is he? (*Perceiving him.*) Is it you, my dearest Stephen? I have now then got together all my family. (*She embraces him with tenderness.*) How sweet a countenance! and what a happiness, that I can look on such an interesting child as mine!

Stephen. I likewise should be happy, could I but rejoice; and yet—(*sighing*)

Mrs. Markham. My dearest, what's the matter then? You seem quite sad, my charming little man! (*Stephen cries afresh, and cannot speak a word.*) You turn away and cry. What causes you these tears? Won't you inform me what afflicts you?

Stephen. Nothing, nothing.

Mrs. Markham. 'Tis enough, however, to distress me. Say, what gives you all this sorrow, and I'll comfort you, if possible. If your papa or sisters were to see you, they might fancy you had met with some misfortune coming home; and they are pleased in thinking they're so soon to see you. Would it grieve you to embrace them?

Stephen. Believe me, I can have no greater pleasure! But shall I embrace mamma? 'Tis for her I cry.

Mrs. Markham. She died six months ago, and do you still cry for her?

Stephen.

Stephen. Yes, yes; all my life! Oh, my mamma! my dear mamma!

Mrs. Markham. Be calm, my little dear! Endeavour to divert your thoughts, and let us speak of her no longer, since it gives you so much sorrow.

Stephen. No, no: on the other hand, let me be always speaking of her, if you mean I should feel any comfort. Would you have your children willing to forget you after you were dead, so soon?

Mrs. Markham. Dear little fellow! (*embracing him.*) You then loved her very much?

Stephen. I find so; much more now than when she lived. She was so good!

Mrs. Markham. I wish I were but able to restore her to you; which I cannot do, and therefore I will take her place, poor little fellow, in your bosom. I will love you as she did, and will be a mother to you.

Stephen. But it never can be you that bore me, fed me with your milk, and brought me up. She was my real mother, and you only half so.

Mrs. Markham. But why give me such a name? I have not called you my half-son.

Stephen. Pray pardon me! I did not say so to displease you. I begin to think you very kind; at least you seem so. But then you have children of your own, and must, of course, love them much more than me.

Mrs. Markham. You shall not find it so. Some few days hence we shall be more acquainted with each other than we can be now, and you shall see if my affection will not make you think yourself my son.

Stephen. If that indeed could be, without forgetting my mamma?

Mrs. Markham. I would not wish you to forget her: on the other hand, we will speak often of her, and your tenderness shall be a pattern for my children. Come, I long to introduce you to them.

Stephen. Oh! I have already seen them. Have they not complained of my behaviour?

Mrs. Markham. No, my little man. Have you had any quarrel then? I should be very sorry in that case, as all my wish is to behold you tenderly united to each other, just like real brothers.

Stephen. I wish nothing more than that. But where is my papa, and sisters? Let me see them.

Mrs. Markham. Your papa will very soon be home. He went this morning to dispatch some business out of doors, that he might have the afternoon entirely to himself: but, in the interim, I can take you to your sisters, who will tell you what you are to think of me.

Stephen. I wish them to speak of you; but not first. I have a deal to say of my mamma.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Gratian, Michael.

Michael. Why keep me from complaining to mamma? What I, that good-for-nothing fellow's friend! No, never. When his father once comes home, I'll tell him what a waspish son he has, that he may teach him to behave a little better.

Gratian. Do you think, then, our papa will not be vexed, when told of this same difference between you both? and would it please you to afflict him?

Michael. Certainly I should be sorry for it. What, however, can I do? since, if this little chap is not corrected for his rudeness the first day of coming home, there will be nothing but disputes in future. He will constantly insult us, but not, on my side, very patient. I shall certainly be warm, and tell him what he ought to know; and if hereafter he should think of taking on him, as just now—

Gratian. I hope then, Michael, you don't mean to beat him?

Michael. But you don't suppose I'll let myself be beat by him?

Gratian. No, certainly.

Michael. What then ought I to do?

Gratian. To-morrow, very likely, we shall see; but now it would be wrong to struggle for the mastery with each other.

Michael.

Michael. Be it now, to-morrow, or the following day, 'tis all the same to Michael; but the sooner, in my thoughts, the better.

Gratian. Brother, I beseech you wait a little longer. Stephen cannot be so sulky as you think.

Michael. And yet I know him, sure, as well as you!

Gratian. His father and his sisters say he's very condescending and good-natured.

Michael. Yes, indeed, he shewed his condescension and good-nature, when he turned his back upon me in reply to my civility.

Gratian. That was not well; but then he does not know us even yet.

Michael. He might have tried to know us.

Gratian. How you talk! 'Tis very likely something grieved him.

Michael. And are we to suffer for it?

Gratian. No; but brothers must pass over many things that others have a right to be displeased with.

Michael. It appears to me he scorns us in the light of brothers.

Gratian. No: I can't persuade myself of that.

Michael. Well, let him look a little to himself: I shan't put up with any insult from him. But he's coming with his sisters: I'll withdraw. I can't endure the thoughts of such a snappish gentleman.

Gratian. For heaven's sake, brother, let us stay and share in their amusement.

Michael. No, no: I might possibly disturb them, and will go.

Gratian. If you're resolved, I'll follow you.—(*Aside, going out.*) I must do every thing I can to soften him.

SCENE II.

Mira, Margaret, Stephen.

Mira (*holding Stephen by the hand.*) But why afflict yourself, dear brother, any longer? Our afflictions cannot bring mamma to life again.

Stephen. But will you promise me, at least, that we shall think a little of her every time we meet?

Mira. Yes, brother, I shall always think I see her with us, just as when she was alive.

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Stephen. (*affectionately looking at them.*) My dearest sister! this idea doubles the delight I have in seeing you.

Mira. And I and Margaret have been wishing, this long while, to see you likewise.

Margaret. Yes, yes; Mira's in the right, and we may now all play with Gratian and his brother: And what pleasure will not that afford us?

Stephen. O, no more about your Gratian and his brother, if you love me.

Mira. How!

Stephen. They would but interrupt our pastime: they are good for nothing but to go complaining of us to their mother, and convey away our things.

Mira. They, brother? Can you think so badly of them?

Margaret. Look ye, Stephen; (*showing an etwée.*)

Stephen. And who gave you that?

Margaret. Why Michael: he went out and bought it for me, with a crown his mother gave him.

Mira. See, too, this morocco pocket-book. It was a present made to Gratian; and he gave it me.

Stephen. Ay, ay! I see you understand each other's meaning, and will all four be against me.

Mira and Margaret. Be against you!

Stephen. Certainly. I know they hate me, having taken all my flowers away, and spoiled my garden.

Mira. Who has taken all your flowers away, and spoiled your garden?

Stephen. Those two little chaps you seem so fond of.

Mira. We don't understand you. Have you seen your garden?

Stephen. Have I seen it? What a question! Only look yourself. Where are my pinks and tulips?

Mira. Where? you have not then been at the terrace, under my mamma's bow window?

Stephen. Is there any garden there?

Margaret. Ay, surely; and a very pretty one.

Mira. Your garden here was far too little; so mamma got one marked out for all of us, behind the terrace, six times larger.

Stephen. And whose is it? Doubtless your two favourites!

Mira.

Mira. No, no ; it belongs to all of us, without distinction : we have, notwithstanding, each a portion.

Margaret. I, just like the rest.

Stephen. And is there one for me ?

Mira. Undoubtedly : and you are luckier by a deal than we. You have not taken any labour in the cultivation of your part, which, notwithstanding, you will find quite full of flowers.

Margaret. Red, yellow, blue and white in plenty, as you'll see.

Stephen. Who got them for me ?

Margaret. Why, your brothers. They have been a month employing all their recreation-time upon the work. They have selected all the prettiest flowers *their* beds supplied, and put them into yours, that at the time of your return, you might be more surprised.

Stephen. And have they done all this for me, then ? Tipple told me they had taken all my flowers away, but did not tell me why.

Mira. If you give ear to Tipple, you'll be worse off for it, I can tell you. Why he wished to make us quarrel with our brothers likewise. How ungrateful ! Their mamma consents to have him for no other reason than because ours begged papa, upon her death-bed, not to turn him off ; and all he studies, is to make her children as unhappy as he can.

Margaret. And all because mamma will have him work, instead of spending half the day with idle fellows at the alehouse.

Stephen. Is it so ? Then I begin to see he wanted to deceive me, when he promised he would be my friend.

Mira. However, we must not tell any thing about it to papa ; he would dismiss him : we must therefore carefully keep silence, and not ruin Tipple.

Stephen. Oh no, no, indeed ; since poor mamma had such a value for him.

Mira. He will soon go farther with you ; but don't listen to him.

Margaret. Notwithstanding any thing he may pretend to tell you ; but come now, and pay a visit to your garden, brother.

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Stephen. Yes, with all my heart: I long to see it.
(*Margaret and Mira take him by the hand, and go out on one side, without perceiving Gratian, who comes in with Michael on another side.*)

SCENE III.

Gratian and Michael.

(*They enter with two plates of cake and fruit, which they put down upon a table in the summer-house.*)

Gratian. But where is he?

Michael, (looking every way.) Look ye, there he is.—
There, brother, with his sisters, going to our garden.

Gratian. Truly, I am glad of that; for only think what pleasure he will have, when he discerns how busy we have been to ornament his portion of it!

Michael. Do you think so? I, for my part, would lay any wager he'll find fault with every thing about him, he's so queer! The flowers, he'll say, are badly chosen, or the box not planted as it should be, or the ground too moist, or dry, and twenty other circumstances.

Gratian. Yes; but do you know I am beginning to consider you as touchy as you fancy him? I never saw you so before.

Michael. 'Tis he that caused it. Have his sisters ever had occasion to complain of my behaviour? and I only wish to live upon good terms with him. You know with what impatience I expected his arrival here, and how I ran with open arms to meet him.

Gratian. True indeed; but, as I said before, 'tis very likely something grieves him. He's afraid perhaps his father will no longer love him, or our mother shew himself less affection than he fancies she does us. If so, 'tis surely then our duty to make much of him in his uneasiness, and win him to be friends with us, by every gentle method in our power.

Michael. You're in the right; I did not duly think of that.

Gratian. If he's as good as every body says, think, brother, how a little kindness on our part will, in the end, affect him; how his father will be fonder of us for it; and what pleasure we shall give mamma!

Michael.

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Michael. 'Tis I was in the wrong, I own. Let him but come, and I'll be so attentive to him, he must unavoidably forget the past.

Gratian. What hinders us from running to him where he is? The flowers we planted for him, will make peace between us.

Michael. That's well said; we'll therefore go immediately.—But here he comes himself.

Gratian. And see how pleased he seems besides.

SCENE the last.

Gratian, Michael, Mira, Margaret, Stephen.

Stephen, (running to embrace his brothers.) My dear good friends, my brothers, you must certainly be very much displeased with my behaviour.

Gratian. We! why so?

Michael. 'Tis over, my dear Stephen, and I love you.

Stephen. What a pretty garden you have made me! You have given me all your finest flowers, without my having done any thing to give you pleasure.

Gratian. 'Tis enough for us, if you are pleased with our endeavours.

Stephen. If I am! Forgive me, pray, dear brothers. I insulted you: I turned away, when you came running to embrace me. I will never do so for the future. We will always be good friends; and every thing I have, you shall partake of with me.

Gratian. Yes, yes, that we will; and every thing shall be in common to us; not our pleasures only, but our sorrows also.

Michael. Let us then embrace each other, and begin this friendship. *(They embrace.)*

Gratian. This is as it should be; and now, Stephen, we must go and have a little banquet that has been prepared us by mamma: we've brought and put it in the summer-house, as you may see. Let's enter. Enter you too sisters with us, and sit down. *(Here Mr. and Mrs. Markham passing by, observe the children talking to each other, stop a little, and then get into a corner, where unnoticed they may hear their conversation.)*

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Michael. It is your privilege, dear brother, now to do the honours of the feast. Mamma will have it so; as you, she says, by your arrival, are the founder of it.

Stephen. O, I'm sure I never shall have eaten any thing with so much appetite as at this feast of friendship. (*He presents them with the cake and fruit, and they begin to eat.*)

Michael. Well; and is not this much better than to quarrel with each other?

Margaret. I believe so, truly! for what quarrel can be worth these pears?

Gratian. How glad mamma will be to find we are such friends with one another!

Mira. She desires we should afford her all the joy we can. When you shall know—But I remember you have seen her.

Stephen. Yes, yes, Mira; she received me with the greatest kindness, and has so agreeable a countenance, she cannot be ill temper'd. I perceived even by her tone of voice, I should be easily induced to love her.

Mira. And how good she is to us!

Margaret. We need but please ourselves, to give her pleasure.

Mira. We were greatly to be pitied at the death of our mamma. Papa, who is employed all day in business, could not look to us. There was for ever something to find fault with in our garments, and our education was much more neglected.

Margaret. We should very probably have sunk from habit into indolence.

Mira. But since our new mamma is come, we are both set to rights. She gives us every entertainment suited to our age, and is a party with us in our little pleasures. One would think her much more interested in the preservation of our health, than of her own. I have not yet had time sufficient to remark I stand in need of any thing; she makes beforehand such provision for our wants!

Margaret. But lately I was ill; oh, very ill indeed! and 'twas herself that waited on me. She was always by my bed, and doing every thing she could to comfort me. She made up all manner of nice things; and I believe I should have died, but for her great attention to me.

Stephen. Oh, my dear, dear sisters! is it possible?

Mira

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Mira. You know too, brother, that before you left us, we had not been any ways accustomed to employ our needle. Well; mamma was kind enough to teach us. So that now we know—not only plain, but every sort of fine work too.

Gratian, (to Stephen.) See here the neck and wristbands of this shirt. Mamma extols it very much. Well, Mira did it all herself, and 'twas a present from her to me.

Mira. Which you merited beforehand; for who made me such a garden, or presented me with such fine nosegays? Brother Stephen, you must know, mamma will not have us oblige our brother, but they likewise must oblige us too; and they do more to please us, than we could have thought to ask for.

Margaret. Yes, indeed; and as a proof, I'll shew you the cork boat of Michael's making with his penknife. You shall see its nice silk rigging, satin sails, and ribbon streamers. It swims charmingly, as you'll acknowledge, in the fish-pond.

Michael. Since you made me such a handsome pair of garters—

Margaret. Garters! I can make much better things than garters now. Ah, Stephen, were you but to see a certain green and lilac strip'd silk purse! The green at least is all of my own fancying; or ask Mira. Oh, I'm sure you'll be delighted when you have it.

Stephen. How! and have you made me, then, a purse?

(Mira makes a sign that Margaret should hold her peace.)

Margaret, (embarrassed.) No, Stephen; not for you:—*(in a whisper,)* and yet it is; but you must know mamma enjoined me not to tell you. And besides, she means surprising you herself with nothing less than such a nice worked waistcoat as my brothers now have on—O, you'll soon see!

Mira. This little giddy-brains can keep no secret.

Margaret. No, because there was such pleasure in revealing it. We have been always thinking of you, brother.

Stephen. Oh, I thank you: but pray tell me, are you happy?

Mira. Are we happy? What is wanting in our situation? our mamma is really so good! I don't know how it is, but she has got the secret of converting every thing

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into a sort of pleasure. I have no amusement half so great as chattering with her: While she's joking, she instructs us.

Margaret. You should see us, Stephen, when we're reading certain little tales, a friend of ours composes for us.

Mira. Ay, indeed; you make me recollect he has not sent us any now this long, long while. Why sure he can't be ill?

Margaret. I should be very sorry, were he so. He's my good friend. He knows what every little boy and girl does in the world; and 'twould be comical should we be ever mentioned in his book.

Mira. I wish he would put us in it, on account of our mamma; that all the world might know the goodness of her heart, and how we love her.

Gratian. Yes, and I, too, for the sake of our papa, who treats us just as if we were even his real children.

Mr. Markham, (appearing.) Yes, and so you are within my heart. I make it all my happiness to think I am your father. But where's Stephen?

Stephen, (embracing Mr. Markham.) Here, papa. O, how rejoiced I am to see you, dear papa.

Mr. Markham. Embrace me, then, once more.—And now let me enquire if you are pleased with your new brothers?

Stephen. O, I never could have chosen better. I will love them, and do every thing I can that they may love me likewise.

Gratian. There will be no difficulty in that matter, since we also are determined to do just the same.

Michael. We shall but need to recollect the pleasure we have had this day.

Mira. That you may keep your promise, I'll be sure to put you frequently in mind thereof.

Margaret. Oh, sister, as to that, I'm sure I shall remember it without a monitor.

Mr. Markham. I verily believe you will do so, from what I've heard you say; for you must know, dear children, I was planted here hard by in secret, during all your conversation; and I'm sure I never shall forget it: nor I only, but another; for another has heard every thing as well as I. Come then, dear spouse, from your conceal-

concealment, and enjoy a pleasure so adapted to your goodness. (*He goes aside, and bringing Mrs. Markham forth, presents her to the children.*) Here she is, my little ones; the partner I have chosen to promote your happiness; and not yours only, but my own. The fortune providence has blessed me with already, and I hope will still continue to bestow upon me, all of which I scarce need mention I shall leave you, would be nothing, in comparison of that more valuable gift, a good and proper education. We have therefore made these second nuptials to procure you every possible advantage. Three among you wanted very much a mother, who might take the care upon her of your childhood: and the other two, a father to advance you in the world. Your interests were the same then, in these second nuptials; and for all our benefit have they been framed. Do you then promise me, dear spouse, as I on my side do, that you will never think of treating either of these children with the least degree of partiality, except indeed what his superior good behaviour may appear to merit?

Mrs. Markham. My reply to you, dear husband, is these tears; I cannot possibly repress them; and to you, my children, these embraces (*she holds out her arms, and all the children strive with one another to get closest to her.*)

Mr. Markham. And do you, dear little ones, on your part, promise to keep up a constant union with each other, to avoid all jealousy and quarrels, and like children of one parent, love each other? (*They take each other by the hand, and kneeling, answer,*) Yes, papa; we do, we do.

Mr. Markham, (raising them.) Continue then to live in such a state of friendship. You will find its charms increase continually, and the tie between you every day grow closer. You will be as happy from the services you do each other, as those little sacrifices that may frequently be needful for the sake of peace among you. Every one enjoying his own happiness, will not the less enjoy his brother's; which, in fact, he may attribute to himself. There will not be an individual round about you, but will interest himself in your prosperity, if his solicitude be worth the acquisition; and your future children will reward you by their tenderness, for having so well merited the affection of your parents.

THE MOUNTAIN PIPE.

FROM the highest summit of those hills that overlook the vale of Lucca in Savoy, an English traveller, we mean to call Fitzwilliam, was contemplating the extended landscape round about him: he was quite alone, his faithful servant being ordered to a neighbouring city, there to wait the time of his return when some few days should once have passed; which interval he meant to spend in rambling over that romantic country. More than half way down the hill, Fitzwilliam saw a hamlet, that assured him of a lodging for the night. Thus free from all inquietude, and swallowed up in thought, he left his mind to roam at large in contemplation, and his eye to wander from one object to another of the spacious view. But soon the sylvan choristers last song admonished him to think of getting under cover for the night. The sun, already hid behind the mountain, did but colour with his gold and purple rays that floated, as it were, just close above the trees upon it. He descended slowly, mortified to see the spacious horizon, whose limits he could hardly trace, contract itself as he proceeded. The crepusculum, or twilight, now began to veil it with a shade, that every step he took grew browner, till the empress of the night dispelled this gloomy darkness, with her light more placid, though less glorious than the sun's, that had so lately sunk from sight. Fitzwilliam sat down for a moment, to enjoy the picture. Nothing intercepted, or broke off his view, throughout the vast expanse. He contemplated on the infinite extent at leisure. From the trembling moon and stars that twinkled while he gazed upon them, he passed over to the calm and spotless azure of the firmament. The air was fresh, nor did the slightest breeze disturb it. Nature was absorbed in universal silence, saving the low murmur of a stream meandering through the country at a distance. Stretched upon the grass, he might perhaps have contemplated till the rising of the sun next morning: but the music of a lute, made more harmonious by a voice, soon after struck upon his ear. He thought at first his ravished senses were deluded by the power of his imagination, and experienced the de-

light of fancying he was suddenly transported in a dream to what are called the regions of enchantment. In the midst of this illusion, while both musics still continued, getting on his feet, A lute, said he, upon the mountain! he turned round on that side whence the melody proceeded, and discovered through the darksome verdure of the trees, no great way distant, the white walls and garden paling of a cottage. He approached it with a beating heart; but what was his surprise, when he beheld a youthful peasant with a lute, which he was playing on with exquisite address. A woman, seated on his right, kept looking at him with an eye of infinite affection. At their feet, upon the turf, were many children, boys and girls, and ancient people, all in attitudes of pleasure and attention. When Fitzwilliam first made his appearance, several of the children came to meet him, looked at one another, and then said among themselves, What gentleman is this? The young musician turned his head, but did not leave off playing. I, that is to say Fitzwilliam, for the author henceforth, for more perspicuity, must be supposed as speaking in the person of Fitzwilliam, could not possibly withstand the first emotions of my heart. I held him out my hand; he gave me his, which I laid hold of with a sort of transport. Every body upon this got up and made a circle round us. I informed them, as concisely as I could do, of my business in that quarter of the country, and at such a time of night. We have not, many miles about, an inn, remarked the youthful peasant, as our cottage is not near the road; but if you are content to put up with a cottage and poor people, we will do our best to entertain you.

If at first I was astonished at his execution on the lute, and taste in singing, I was still much more surprised at the politeness of his manners, the precision of his language, and the ease with which he spoke. You were not born, I told him, in a cottage? Pardon me, replied he with a smile; I *was*, and even in this. But you're fatigued, I fancy. Didier, bring a chair. Excuse me, sir; I owe my neighbours this nocturnal entertainment I'm now giving them.

I would not take the chair, but laid myself upon the grass, as all the rest did. Every body had, by this, resumed his former posture; and the silence I had interrupted

rupted by appearing as I did among them, now took place again.

The youth immediately began to play upon his lute; and in the intervals of playing, sung a favorite ballad, which he did with so much sweetness, that a tear, as I could see, stood trembling in the eye of every one about him, by the time he had repeated the first couplet. I could not refrain from envying the surprizing genius of the rustic bard, whoever he might be, that could impress so powerfully an unlettered, and almost an uncivilized society of people. I was charmed in seeing how surprizingly those beauties that are drawn from nature, please the souls of all men. Of the poet's touches, none were lost; and at the last, which was the most affecting, I heard notwithstanding round about me, nothing but half sighs, and badly stifled sobbings.

After some few minutes silence, the whole company got up, each wiping, as I could see, his eyes. They wished each other a good night with perfect cordiality. The neighbours, with their children, went away, and none were left, except an ancient man upon a seat beside the door, and whom till now I had not noticed; the musician, with the woman sitting by him; Didier, the young boy whose name I recollected; and myself.

'Twas painful for me to give up the charming state in which at that time I was plunged. I still continued sitting, but got up at last, and drawing near the young musician, put my arms out, as it were by instinct, to embrace him. Sweet it is, said I, to meet with people who surprize us at the first slight glance, and finish by attracting our esteem, before a quarter of an hour is passed. He answered me no other way than by an ardent grasp, while I was speaking, of my hand. Dear sir, began the old man upon this, you are content, I fancy, with our evening's entertainment? I am glad you have conceived so suddenly a friendship for my dear Auvergne, for which you shall repose you in my bed. No, father, interrupted Didier, who came running from the barn, I have been littering me some straw; and 'tis *my* bed the gentleman shall lie in, if he pleases. I was forced to promise I would yield to this last offer. Didier, upon this, held out his hand; the old man rested on his shoulder, and went in, when he had wished me a good night: and now I found myself

myself alone with Auvergne, and the young woman, who, he told me, was his spouse. I asked them, if, for my sake, they would not pass fifteen minutes more, in conversation with me, as 'twas moon-light, where they then were? Willingly, said Genevieve, to such a question, who was not a little vain of the attention I had paid her husband. Yes, quite willingly, replied Auvergne, who saw how much his wife desired it.

I sat down between them, with a linden tree behind me; through whose foliage, the moon darted all her brightness.

My dear friends, said I, and took the woman by the hand, pray let me know how long you have enjoyed your present happiness? These six months, answered she; and now 'tis upwards of a twelvemonth that Auvergne is happily returned among us from his travels. You have travelled then? said I, with some surprise, excited by this intimation. Yes, sir, answered Auvergne: I've visited a part of Europe.—Every thing I see about you, interrupted I, and every thing I hear you say, excites a deal of wonder in me! if you have no secret motive for concealing the transactions of your life, do not refuse me, I beseech you, when I beg to know them. Certainly you will not, answered Genevieve, with that simplicity, which conscious of no evil meaning, never hunts for phrases or set forms of speech. This gentleman appears so worthy of the favour he has asked you! and besides, you know, I always hear the story with a deal of pleasure.

He consented, with a smile, to our request; and 'tis his words I am at present going to set down, as far as my remembrance has preserved the narrative.

As I have mentioned, I was born, sir, in this cottage, towards the end of sixty-three; at present, being three-and-twenty years of age. I had the grief to lose my mother, when an infant, hardly being weaned. My father was in easy, though not in affluent circumstances, but a law-suit he was forced into, by one who is no more at present, but was then a very wealthy farmer, ruined him entirely; and he died of grief, when he was torn from his paternal cottage, and beheld it sold for the advantage of the lawyers. The old man you saw just now, who is become my father, bought and came to settle in it. He was struck with pity, seeing me an orphan at my early time of life,

life, and, though so little, told me I should be his shepherd. I was treated very kindly by him; and his children looked upon me as their brother. Notwithstanding which, the loss of my poor father, the unkindness of my other kindred who forsook me, with the thought of being nothing but a stranger in the cottage where I first had my existence, and the lonely life I led upon the mountain, whither I was sent to watch my father's cattle, all at once afflicted me, and my accustomed gaiety was changed to melancholy. I consumed whole days in weeping, while my flocks were grazing round me on the plain.

(Here Genevieve withdrew her hand, which I had got in mine, to wipe away a falling tear, and then returned it me.)

One evening I was sitting on the summit of the mountain, and amusing my afflicted thoughts by singing, to myself, the very ballad you have just now heard. Towards the conclusion, I observed a man among the trees. I noticed he was dressed in brown: his countenance was very pale; he seemed quite melancholy; and he waited till my song was finished. Thereupon, he came close to me, and enquired how far he might be from the public road? O! very far, dear sir, said I; above five miles. Can you conduct me thither? I would do so gladly, might I quit my flock.—'Tis possible your parents may accommodate me with a lodging for the night?—Ah, sir! my parents are a great way off.—Where, then?—They lived like honest people upon earth, and they are happy now in heaven.

The tone, as he informed me after, of my voice, affected this good man, and my reply, he said, could not but interest him. He put several questions to me, and my answers pleased him. Night by this time being come, I brought him to our cottage; and my master hospitably entertained him. On the morrow, they had some discourse together with regard to me, and when I was prepared to re-assume my daily charge, they told me Didier would in future take it, as the stranger meant to have me with him. 'Twould be useless I should tell you what was my affliction at the thought of quitting this dear cottage, though not mine, and parting from my Genevieve, whom even then I loved, though she was quite a child. My situation was not any way a happy one; and yet I could

could not quit it without shedding tears. I could not possibly foresee my future destination was to be decided by the present moment. Yes, to thee, beneficent protector of my youth, I am a debtor for my present happiness! thou knowest, generous man, how ardently I prayed to God for thy prosperity while thou wert living, and with what exhaustless gratitude I bless even still thy ashes! He was called *La Rue*, and had the place of organist in no great parish. You would judge imperfectly of his abilities, if you adverted to the nature and obscurity of his employment. Many travellers turned out of their road to hear his music; but their praises only made him the more modest. I much doubt, if in the course of your acquaintance, you have ever met with such a genius. He received from the affection of his father, who, when living, was a very great physician, such an education as would certainly have made *him* eminent as a physician likewise; but he rather chose to yield himself entirely to the ardent passion he had long before conceived for music. He had married the daughter of the organist, whom he succeeded, but was childless. His dear wife, whom he had lost for several years, still lived within his heart. Her image, and his books, were now the sole society he had in that deep melancholy which had seized upon his mind; but still, while he avoided men, he did not hate them. On the other hand, he did much good in secret. He was forty years of age when I came to him. He instructed me at first to read and write, and afterwards took pleasure in the cultivation of my voice, and teaching me to play the lute, which was his favourite instrument. He did not stop at musical instruction, he provided me selections from the greatest poet's works. He formed at once my heart, my understanding, and my taste. 'Twas thus he acted, for five years, the part of an assiduous master, without any expectation of reward for all his pains and labour, but from him, who best knows how to recompence the services we do our fellow-creatures.

In the midst of all these occupations, I had never banished from my mind the recollection of my cottage, or the countenance of Genevieve, the partner of my childish pastimes. I was often speaking of them to my patron, and accordingly one day—I never shall forget it, 'twas the first of June, four years ago—he rose betimes, and
going,

going, as his custom was, to take a morning's airing, bade me follow him. We talked of many matters while we went along, as chance presented subjects for our conversation; till at last he brought me to the very mountain where at first I saw him. Dear Auvergne, said he, I have fulfilled the duty Providence I thought imposed upon me, the first time I saw you. I am sensible how much you sigh, when you reflect upon the habitation whence I took you; and have had no other view in undertaking to protect and educate you, than at last to put you in a way of getting once again possession of it. I now shew it you; look at it: but take notice, I forbid, on pain of my displeasure, your returning thither, till such time as you have wherewithal to purchase it. I give you my own lute. I have instructed you to play upon it. Travel. You are not without a charming voice. Wherever people hear it, you will be the first of artists in your way, and need not be averse to take the name of an itinerant musician. Such a novelty will never fail to get you auditors and money; only be discreet and frugal; and when rich enough, return into your country, and buy out your father's cottage.

My heart beat high at this discourse, and grew enlarged with hope and joy. He held me to his bosom, shedding tears. They were the first I ever yet had seen fall from him, and they made a singular impression on me. After this, we thought of coming back, and he conducted me in silence to his house.

Upon the morrow, at the break of day, I was to leave my benefactor: he bestowed, at parting, the instruction he imagined I most needed, with two louis-d'ors. In four years time I footed it through Italy, all France, and Germany, equipped like what I was, a peasant of the mountains, with my hair as you may see at present, floating in large curls upon my shoulders. I took notice that the singularity of such a dress increased the effect proceeding from my music; and particularly in the capitals of every country I passed through. Few noblemen, I fancy, ever travelled more delightfully than I did. Every where I found a good reception, and not only from the middling sort of people, but the most polite. The quality in cities made up concerts, for no other purpose than to hear me; and in villages, I verily believe they married for the mirth of

of dancing to the music of my instrument. In many places, I had advantageous offers made me to take up my residence among them. They seduced me sometimes, I acknowledge, for an instant; but as soon as I again reflected on my cottage, every thought of fortune vanished; nor of all my projects, left one trace remaining. I remember still what sweet sensations seize me every time, while travelling, I went over any mountain, or even came in sight thereof. I sought this hamlet on it, and imagined for a moment I could see my cottage. With my mind continually full of such an image, I endeavoured to express my notions, and these couplets were my composition.

Sweet little cottage of my fire,
Where when a child I play'd;
In foreign realms, my whole desire
Pants to enjoy thy shade.

Each object lives within my mind,
That there the eye runs o'er;
The hamlet and the hill behind,
The linden tree before.

Astonish'd at men's pomp and pride,
Vast mansions oft I see;
But only can be satisfied,
Sweet rural cot, with thee.

Whence then would spring that blest'd content,
In name alone even sweet,
I should enjoy, had Heaven but meant
To keep me that soft seat?

I should indeed live happy there,
Nor thro' the world thus roam;
And Genevieve the bliss would share
Of my paternal home.

Sweet breathe my pipe then, since the strain
Pleas'd daily I renew;
For if my double wish I gain,
To music's power 'tis due.

Auvergne went through these couplets with such sweetness and expression, that the fabulous ideas of Apollo awakened in me; and methought I heard that exiled deity on earth, and in the vales of Thessaly, complaining he had lost Olympus. I desired to speak. I wanted to cry out; but found my tongue was without motion. Auvergne could not but conceive the meaning of my silence, and went on as follows:

I am now about to tell you by what means I came again into possession of this precious cottage.

Towards December last, when I had taken up my dwelling for a season at Turin, and had been twice from one extremity of Italy, in which Turin is situated, to the other, I examined what my fortune came to, and conceived myself then rich enough to pay a visit to my native mountain. I immediately set out, and after several forced journeys, came in ten days time as far as to the city where my benefactor had resided. With what anxious expectation did I not that moment enter it! and as I went along, ask every one I met, what tidings he could give me of him? But, alas! I was not to enjoy the pleasure of expressing what I owed him; or behold him, happy in the consequences of his friendship shewn me. He had two months since been dead. I went to pour my tears out on his tomb, and made a vow to heaven that I would call my first child by his name, if I should ever be so happy as to prove a father. On the evening of that day, I gained this hamlet. Every one, I found, spoke favourably of me, without knowing who I was at first. My lute, and the remembrance of our friendship, soon obtained me Genevieve's affection. I received her from her father. I bought back, with his consent, the cottage, and the field belonging to it, for two hundred crowns, with which his eldest son procured a farm below us, in the village, and has now been some time settled in it. With respect to him, he acquiesced to pass the remnant of his days with Didier, in our cottage. 'Tis from him I learn the art of husbandry; for now that I am once more in possession of my little patrimony, the amount of my ambition is to be, as was my father, a good husband, a kind parent, and a virtuous peasant. I have not, as you may see, forgot my lute, the precious instrument that made my fortune; but

still

still keep it at my side, and often put it to my lips, for my own recreation, or to please my family and neighbours.

He stopped short at this; but still I thought I heard him speaking. My attention, captivated by his narrative, was turned insensibly upon his person, after he had finished. His ingenuous animated countenance, the contrast of his dress and conversation, his attachment to a rustic habitation, and the gratitude with which he cherished the remembrance of his benefactor; his uncommon fortune, travels, and profession; every thing, I thought, exhibited the youth, in some sort, as a being of enchantment, and superior to the ordinary race of men. 'Twas Genevieve first roused me from my contemplation, by her motion in the act of leaning forward to embrace him: I embraced them both, and was embraced too by them. We got up, and went into the cottage, where, to my astonishment, I saw an air of order and propriety about me. After having made a plentiful, but light repast, upon such fruits as I was told the mountain yielded, Didier led me to a niche in one of the apartments: it was rather narrow but the bed that filled it, was both clean and wholesome. Of this bed, the little fellow told me, he disposed with pleasure in my favour. 'Twas not long before I fell into a downy slumber, and my sleeping thoughts were occupied upon the charming objects I had recently been witness to. I did not, all the following day, once quit this happy family, when they were either unemployed or occupied.

Auvergne related to me many entertaining matters that occurred to him in travelling, and explained how he acquired that easiness of manners and politeness of expression that at first had charmed me, and which afterwards, as I discovered, notwithstanding his great youth, conciliated the respect and love of every aged individual thro' the hamlet. The acuteness of his understanding, the unstudied openness of Genevieve, the old man's blunt good sense, the restless curiosity of Didier, made their conversation interesting, and diffused an undescribable variety through every part thereof, that charmed me, and connected them much closer to each other. I was sure I could have passed my life away quite happy with them. But why, said I to myself, why brood on such a contemplation?

plation? 'Twas that very night I was to leave them. I confess I felt a pang of sadness to reflect upon our separation, and imagined, by their looks, it would occasion them some sorrow likewise. If my fortune should in future let me, with more liberty, dispose of the remainder of my life, I then intended, and do still, to make a yearly visit to this mountain, for the purpose of revisiting my friends, and filling my whole heart with those sensations of contentedness and peace which their society and habitation cannot but inspire.

MONEY MAKES THE OLD WIFE TROT.

Derby and Simon.

Derby. **G**OOD morning, neighbour Simon! I have half a dozen miles to go, and should be glad if you would lend me Ball.

Simon. I should be quite rejoiced, friend Derby, to oblige you, but must needs set off myself immediately to fetch three sacks of meal home from the mill. My wife wants some this very morning.

Derby. She must want it still, then; for the mill, I can inform you, does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell squart Thomas that the water was too low.

Simon. You don't say so? That's quite unlucky; for in such case I must gallop up to London for the meal. My wife would make a fine to-do, should I neglect it.

Derby. I can spare you such a journey. I have several sacks of meal at home, of which I'll lend your wife as much as she can want.

Simon. Ah! Master Derby, I am sure your meal will never suit my wife. You can't conceive how whimsical she is!

Derby. Let her be ten times more so, and I'm notwithstanding certain she will like it, as you sold it me yourself; the best, as you assured me, you had ever had.

Simon. Yes, yes, that's true, indeed; I always have the best of every thing. You know, my good friend

Derby, no one is more ready to oblige than I am; but the mare refused this morning to eat straw: and truly I'm afraid she would not do to carry you.

Derby. Oh, never fear! she shall not want for oats upon the road.

Simon. Oats, neighbour! Oats are very dear!

Derby. They are so; but no matter. Having a good job in view, one never stands for trifles.

Simon. It will certainly be foggy, and the road is slippery enough. If you should fall and break your neck——

Derby. What fear of that? the mare is certainly sure-footed; and besides, you talked yourself of galloping to London.

Simon. Well then, to speak truth, my saddle is all in pieces, and I've sent my bridle likewise to be mended.

Derby. Luckily, I've both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

Simon. Ah, like enough! but I am sure your saddle will not fit my mare.

Derby. Why, then, I'll borrow Goodman Clodpole's.

Simon. Clodpole's! his will no more fit than your's does.

Derby. At the worst then, there's our 'squire. His stable-boy is a friend of mine, and he can lend me one to fit her, or the deuce is in it, out of twenty that his master has, at the least.

Simon. You know, friend *Derby*, no one is more willing to oblige his neighbours than myself. Believe me, you should have the beast with all my heart, but she has not been curried, I believe, these three weeks past. Her mane is quite out of order; and if any one should see her in this trim, she would not fetch two guineas, should I wish to sell her, as 'tis probable I may do.

Derby. Oh! a horse is very quickly curried; and my plowboy shall dispatch her in a quarter of an hour.

Simon. Yes, very likely; but I've thought a little, and now recollect the creature must be shod.

Derby. Well, is there not a farrier here, hard by?

Simon. Oh, yes! such a bungler for my mare! I would not trust him with my ass; and none but Spavin, the king's farrier in the Meuse, at London, will suit me.

Derby.

Derby. As luck will have it, when I get to London, I shall go quite near the Meuse.

Simon (seeing Frank, his man, calls out) Frank! Frank!

Francis (approaching.) What want you, master?

Simon. Look, here's neighbour Derby, and he wants the loan of Ball. You know the skin last Monday was rubb'd off her back a hand's breadth, if not more. (*He tips Frank the wink.*) So go and see if she is well. (*Frank lets his master see he understands him, and goes out.*) I think she must be cured by this: Oh, yes! so shake hands, my good friend! I'm glad I shall be able to oblige you. We must help each other in this life. Had I at once refused to let you have the mare, you would yourself in future have refused me something or another. Yes, that's plain. The worst that can be said of Simon is, that his acquaintance always find him ready when they want assistance. (*Francis now re-enters.*) Well, how fares it with poor Ball?

Francis. How fares it with her, master? Bad enough indeed! About a hand's breadth, did you say? You meant about the breadth of both my shoulders. The poor creature cannot stir a step! And then too, I have promised her to Gossip Blaze, to carry her to market.

Simon. Do you hear that, neighbour? I am sorry matters turn out thus. I would not for the world have disoblighd you, but must not refuse the mare to goody. Trust me, I am very sorry, for your sake, dear Derby.

Derby. And I as much for your's, dear Simon; for, to tell the truth, I had a note this morning from Lord Hazard's steward, and he tells me, if I can but get to London time enough this very day, he'll let me have the first refusal of a deal of timber that my lord is minded to cut down. It will be upwards of a hundred guineas profit to me, out of which I meant to let you have from fifteen up to twenty, as I meant that you should fell the trees. But——

Simon. What, from fifteen up to twenty guineas, did you say?

Derby. Ay, truly, did I; and perhaps it might have been a great deal more. But, since your mare is out of order, I'll go see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

Simon.

Simon. Old Roan! My mare is at your service. Here, Frank! Frank! tell Gossip Blaze she can't have Ball to-day, as neighbour Derby wants her; and I won't refuse him any thing.

Derby. But what are you to do for meal?

Simon. My wife can go without it for a fortnight, did you want the beast so long.

Derby. And then your saddle, that is all in pieces?

Simon. I was speaking of the old one: I have got another since, and you shall have the first use of it.

Derby. So then, you would have me leave the mare at Spavin's, to be shod?

Simon. No, no: I had forgot our neighbour shod her here last week, by way of trial; and, to do him justice, I must own he shoes extremely well.

Derby. But if the creature has lost so much skin from off her back, as Francis——

Simon. O! I know him. He delights to make things worse a great deal than they are; and I would lay any wager 'tis not bigger than my little finger.

Derby. Well then, let him curry her a little, as these three weeks past you know——

Simon. These three weeks past! I would not have him fail to curry her a single day.

Derby. At least, however, let him give her something she will eat, since she refuses straw.

Simon. She did, indeed, this morning; but the reason was, that she had had a belly-full of hay. Don't be afraid of any thing! She'll skim along like any bird: the road is very dry, and we shall have no fog. I wish you a good journey, and a profitable job! Come, come this moment, and I'll hold the stirrup for you.

THE REFORMED SLOVEN.

EUDOCIUS passed, and very justly, for an admirable boy. He was extremely gentle, always ready to oblige his little friends, and never once displeased his parents or instructors.

He had one great fault, however, he would lose his books, with other matters, and pay no attention to his cloaths, which were, in common, very dirty. In one word, he was a sloven.

He had often been admonished of, and punished for, his negligence. This punishment and admonition grieved him on his own account; and as he knew his friends were sorry to proceed thus harshly with him, he had many times resolved upon amendment; but the habit was so strong, that, notwithstanding every resolution, he had always the same slovenly appearance.

His papa some time ago had promised him, and also his three brothers, on the first fine day, to take them out upon the water. Such a day as he could wish, now came: there hardly was a cap of wind, and he remarked the water very smooth. He therefore called the children, told them his design; and as he lived quite close beside the river, went himself into the garden and picked out the neatest boat then plying.

How rejoiced the little gentlemen appeared! and how alert to make their preparation for a day of pleasure they had been so long expecting!

They were now all ready to set out when Mr. Weston came to take them. They jumped round about him in the transport of their joy; and Mr. Weston, on his side, was very happy to remark their joy: but what was not his wonder, when he saw Eudocius, to observe the unseemliness of his apparel.

Of his stockings, one was, as they say, about his heels; the other negligently gartered, if at all, in some sort made his leg look like a twisted column. Two great holes were in his breeches knees; his waistcoat was from top to bottom stained with grease or ink; and there was wanting half a collar to his coat.

The father saw with sorrow it was impossible to take him in so slovenly a state; as every one they met, with reason would have thought the father of a child so out of sorts, as the expression is to mark a person careless of his dress, must be as negligent himself to suffer such a fault. And seeing Mr. Weston was a man of merit, and esteemed by those that knew him, he was far from wishing such addition to his character.

Eudocius had another coat; but that unhappily was at the taylor's, who had got it to repair, upon no mean occasion, as it wanted one whole skirt, which had been torn. The scowerer was to have it afterwards, and work a day, at least, in getting out the dirt and spots.

What therefore happened, my dear little friends? There is not one of you but easily may guess.

His brothers, who had proper cloaths to dress in, and whose general appearance did their father credit, got into the boat. The body of the vehicle was painted blue, as were the oars. The gunnel and the edges of the oars were of a deep vermilion. In the boat there was a linen awning, that is roof, supported at the corners, to preserve the company beneath it from the sun: the watermen had nice white linen shirts on; three musicians had their station in the stern; they were provided with a haut-boy, pipe and tabor, and began to play a march in concert when the watermen first dipped their oars into the water, upon which a crowd assembled at the stairs, replied thereto with joyous shoutings.

Poor Eudocius, who had pleased himself a long time with the thoughts of such an airing, was obliged to stay at home. It is true, he had the pleasure from a window of observing his papa and brothers get into the boat, and following it as far upon the river as his eye would let him, while a gentle breeze swelled out the sails, and made it seem to skim along upon the surface of the water: and it is true, his brothers, after their return, related all the pleasures they had tasted in their day's excursion; and of which the recollection made them still jump up and down for joy.

Another day, as he was playing in a meadow, with a little friend of his, he chanced to lose a buckle; but instead of seeking diligently for it, begged his comrade for a little while to lend him his; because, in walking to

and fro, the straps, which now and then he trod on, had already more than once been like to trip him up.

His little friend consented; and Eudocius, being quite intent on something, and extremely anxious to renew his motion, fastened it so negligently that in less than twenty minutes time he lost that also.

They were both exceedingly embarrassed when the time was come for their returning home. Night overtook them, and the grass was grown so, that a lamb might easily have hid himself entirely in it. How then could they find, at dusk, a thing so little? They came home both, clumpetty clump, clump, each leaning on the other, and quite sad; particularly so Eudocius, who possessing real sensibility, was grieved in having thus exposed his bosom friend and playmate to the anger of his parents.

On the morrow he appeared before the family, when they were got together with a single buckle for two shoes; sad sight for Mr. Weston! who perceived by that how much his exhortations still were thrown away.

As oft as Monday came about, he was accustomed to supply Eudocius and his brothers with a regular allowance, that they might not be without the means of satisfying what are usually the wants of children, but particularly any impulse to be generous which they might feel within them. This allowance he was used, I should have rather said, to pay, not to Eudocius, but his brothers, who had constantly the pleasure of receiving it; while he, poor fellow, hardly ever got it, on account of stoppages for buttons, handkerchiefs, and other things he lost, which Mr. Weston looked on as the only likely way to make him more attentive to his little matters.

But a silver buckle is of no mean value; nor was this the whole. He had to pay for his companion's likewise. How was he to do it? his allowance would not have enabled him in three months time to clear this debt.

His father luckily had taught him, even in his earliest infancy, to use a pen; and, to employ the common phrase, he wrote already an exceedingly fine hand.

This, therefore, was the only occupation he could earn a little money by; and, to his praise I must acknowledge, he consented with a deal of willingness to an arrangement made on this occasion.

His companion's father was an eminent attorney, and employed above a dozen clerks to copy papers for him. Mr. Weston, therefore, offered him Eudocius's services in this way, 'till such time as he had earned enough to pay him for the buckle; and requested the attorney would consent to such a way of settling matters, as it was very probable Eudocius might be greatly benefited by it.

The attorney freely acquiesced, and down Eudocius sat to work in copying law proceedings, which at best were very tedious, and in general scrawled over so that he could hardly read them, whilst his brothers went a walking in the fields, or entertained themselves by playing with each other in the garden.

O, how much he sighed by reason of his inattention! sensible, as now he grew, what pleasure he was losing.

He had time for making many salutary comments on his conduct; and resolving, for the time to come, upon a change. In short, he kept his resolution; so that were I now to point him out, dear little friends, to any of you—when you noticed the propriety about his person, and the neatness of his general appearance, you would find it difficult to think he could be the same little boy whose history I have just now written, to procure you every one the joy of going out with your papa, the first fine day, in boats upon the water.

THE FLOWER THAT NEVER FADES.

Emily and Flavilla.

Emily. **G**OOD morrow, dear Flavilla; I consider it extremely kind that you are come to see me.

Flavilla. My mamma has just now given me leave to pass the evening with you.

Emily. Has she? I'm quite glad. 'Tis such fine weather! It appears to me as if our friends were much more welcome when all nature smiles about us.

Flavilla. So I think too. Here's my hand: shake, shake. How sweetly we shall pass the time in talking with each other!

Emily. Yes; and running after one another! Shall we fix upon the grove for our diversions?

Flavilla. O, with all my heart! A special thought! as we may not be interrupted there.

Emily. I shall request you only to permit my sitting down a little, so that I may give about a dozen stitches to this apron I have brought here with me.

Flavilla. Do: and more than that, I'll help you.

Emily. Not for all the world, Flavilla; tho' I thank you: but the truth is, that I would not have a single stitch in what I am now making but my own.

Flavilla. I judge, then, you design to make a present of it?

Emily. Right.

Flavilla. And are you in a hurry to complete it?

Emily. See, Flavilla, 'tis an apron. Well, I would not for a deal but that it should be finished by the 13th, which is Miss Le Fèvre's birth-day.

Flavilla. Miss Le Fèvre, say you? I don't recollect, at present, any one with such a name among our common friends.

Emily. The reason is, she's mine particularly; one who is so good to me, she seems to have no opportunity, or rather time, for being good to others. O, an excellent and tender friend! to whom I am indebted very possibly for all my happiness.

Flavilla. And how so, pray, dear Emily? I long to know her.

Emily. Well, what think you of my governess?

Flavilla. Oh, she! you know you call her generally Mad'moiselle.

Emily. Yes, Mad'moiselle, or Miss Le Fèvre. Now, pray have you not remark'd—I don't mean when I came from France, but nearly ten months since, a wond'rous change in my behaviour?

Flavilla. To confess the truth, I have; and think you hardly the same person you were formerly. What is it can have caus'd so great an alteration? Till you quitted England, ay, and since you came from France, I must acknowledge you were proud and huffish. You offended every body without scruple, and the least familiarity from others was considered as an insult by you; but at present your behaviour is engaging. You have that complacency
and

and affability which cannot but win people's hearts. I freely tell you, I myself even love you ten times more at present than I did. You took such airs upon you as disgusted me. I was a hundred times disposed to break off all connection with you; whereas now, I find a real pleasure in your company and conversation. And what pleases me still more than all is, that you seem yourself much happier than before.

Emily. And so I am, dear friend. I was an object to be pitied at the time you speak of. I occasioned all our family, and every one that wished me well, a deal of trouble. Miss Le Fèvre, in particular, was grieved to think of my behaviour, as she loved me tenderly; and yet, while I was grieving her, I knew she faithfully fulfilled the promise made my dear mamma, upon her dying-bed, of loving me with all the affection of a mother.

Flavilla. Every body must confess you could not possibly have fallen into better hands; and the advantage of your trip to France would have been really considerable had it only been the means of introducing such a person to you. I am told, there are few families but what would wish to have her for their children.

Emily. You are yet to know how much I owe her; therefore I design to tell you. 'Tis the story of a morning that will live for ever in my recollection: 'twas the morning of the 13th of last June, and as I knew before, her birth-day. We had been in England after our return about four months. I was awake betimes. She must be still asleep, said I; for then we did not lie together, no not even in the same apartment. I'll surprise her, if I can, before she rises; so I dressed myself as nicely as I could, then took the basket that a charming little lady, you know who, (*she squeezes Flavilla by the hand*) had given me as a present, and ran down into the garden to get flowers, that I might scatter them on Miss Le Fèvre's bed, as is the custom upon birth-days in her country. I stole secretly along the hedge, and, unperceived by any one, had gathered three fresh roses. I now looked about for honeysuckles, jessamin, and myrtle: I bethought myself they grew below the arbour at the bottom of the garden. I was running thither; but when going by the arbour I saw Miss Le Fèvre on her knees within it, and both hands before her face, I turned to shun her, but it

was all in vain; she heard my steps, on which she raised her head, perceived me, and called out that I should come that moment to her.

She had not as yet had time enough to wipe her eyes: I saw she had been crying; but her tears were not like those I had so often seen her shed at the recital of some just or generous action. Noting her reception of me, which was friendly and affectionate, I could not but observe she had a countenance of sorrow.

With one hand she instantly took hold of mine, and passed the other round my middle. We walked up and down the terrace twice in this position, and were silent; for, as Mad'moiselle forbore to say a word, I durst not move my lips, so much was I affected by it!

But at length she pressed me still more closely to her bosom, and beholding me with tenderness, and likewise glancing at my basket with the roses in it, I observe, said she, dear Emily, you have lost no time to think upon my birth-day. This affectionate attention you evince would make me certainly forget the melancholy thoughts within me upon your account, but that your happiness occasioned them. Yes, dearest Emily, attribute only to my friendship what I am now about to mention. I am anxious to discharge my bosom of its load, that I may welcome afterward those more delightful thoughts I owe you; for the present, I observe, you were preparing for me.

I was dumb, and in a tremble, while she thus addressed me: it was as if my conscience had addressed me by her lips.

You, Emily, continued she, that have received from nature such a disposition, and have had that disposition so well cultivated by the example and instructions of your good mamma, will you pervert it by a fault that of itself alone must put out every virtue? I'll not mention it by name; and now particularly, after what I have already told you. It might make you very likely look with too much horror on yourself; and I have no desire to mortify my lovely child. It is sufficient that your heart acknowledges this fault: and I persuade myself, I know you well enough to be assured your utmost efforts will, in future, be excited to destroy it.

Let us not go too far back; but only think of your behaviour yesterday.

Do you remember the decisive tone of voice you spoke with when at breakfast, to display how much you knew of history? You cited, I must own, events sufficiently instructive to have made the company attend to what you said, but that they saw you were resolved, if I may say so, to excite their admiration. You appeared so marvelously well contented with yourself, that they were really afraid of praising you, which would have unavoidably inflamed or aggravated your self-love. Remember likewise, with how much attention they gave ear to little Arabella, and were really enchanted with the grace of her recital, and the modesty with which she blushed at being thought so well informed. I saw you, Emily, turn pale with spite and envy. Tears of rage were in your eyes, and it was in vain you strove to hide them, while the company were inwardly rejoiced to see you so completely humbled.

In the afternoon, when with an air of triumph in your eyes you came to shew your writing, and it passed without receiving any of those praises you expected—with what visible vexation did you not receive it back when every one had seen it!

And at night, when joining Miss Elizabeth on the piano-forte, the bad time you kept, perhaps on purpose, put her out; and when she asked you in a whisper to play better, what a hideous look then did you not put on, instead of doing as she bade you?

Ah! for heaven's sake, interrupted I, and therewithal burst out a crying: Do not go on, for you must know, Flavilla, her discourse had pierced me to the heart.

It was vanity, said I to Mad'moiselle: that vice you durst not mention by its name. I never saw its frightfulness so much, believe me, as at present.

I could say no more; but she was able to discern my thoughts. Her arm in agitation pressed me once more to her bosom with a tenderness I am unable to describe. I felt her tears fall plentifully upon my cheeks, while with her eyes she looked in silence up to heaven.

The eloquence of this mute prayer completely overwhelmed me. We were come, without perceiving it, as far as where we are at present, to the foot of this large tree. We stopped close by this verdant hillock, and I fell half swooning as it were. She instantly afforded me

the tenderest succour, and restored me to new life by her affectionate caresses.

Being just upon the point of going in, I said, renewing my embraces, dry your tears up, my good friend; they are the last you shall have cause to shed on my account.

On her part, she embraced me still more tenderly, and answered, saying, You could never have rejoiced me so compleatly on my birth-day as by such a noble resolution. It is the fittest nosegay for us both, the nosegay that I hope will never lose its beauty.

By degrees we both became more tranquil. She remarked the fineness of the morning; and my heart, now eased of an intolerable load, was in a proper disposition to enjoy the beauty of the day that was to follow.

I grew sensible how sweet it is to have the experience of this calm within one's self. I begged she would instruct me by what means I might keep up so pleasing a serenity. Two hours thus passed away between us in a conversation full of friendship and affectionate instruction.

My papa, without informing me of his intention, had prepared a little banquet; we were present at it, and gave signs with how much joy our bosoms overflowed. Since then, dear friend, I have begun to put away that odious vice which made me insupportable to others and myself. I leave you then to think, if I can possibly omit, on the return of such a day, to testify my gratitude for such a worthy friend, who was the means of making it the æra of my happiness.

Flavilla. My dearest Emily, since we have still a little time, I also will prepare your friend a nosegay as a sign of gratitude for having heightened my enjoyment in continuing still to love you.

Emily. Come then: I've now done; and will assist you.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

A D R A M A, in two A C T S.

C H A R A C T E R S.

The MASTER.

AN ASSISTANT.

EUGENIUS, *the master's son.*

EDWARD,

SAMPSON,

THEODORE,

} *Scholars.*

The SCENE is in the Master's Study.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

The Master, The Assistant.

The Assistant, (knocking at the door, and opening it to have a little conversation with the master, who is writing at his table.)

WILL you permit me, sir, to interrupt you for a moment?

The Master. Come in, Mr. Blandford, without asking leave: you know whatever time I have belongs of justice to the duties of my place.

The Assistant. I wish to tell you of a circumstance not very common, that has happen'd in the school within these few days past.

The Master. What is it? you alarm me!

The Assistant. O, there's no occasion, sir, for that: what I have got to say should rather interest you. What are your ideas then of our last pupil, Edward Barton?

The Master. For these ten days past, that he has been among us, you are sensible I have not had an opportunity of even speaking to him. This, however, I can say in his behalf, that when his parents brought him, I remark'd there was a something in his countenance that pleas'd

me mightily. Do any of the Assistants take offence at his behaviour?

The Assistant. The reverse. They give him all the praise his diligence lays claim to; and the greatness of his understanding also charms them. He is come among us with more knowledge than our three year-standing-scholars generally have; in short, his school-mates only and myself have reason to be discontented with him.

The Master. How, Sir! have you reason to be discontented with him? I am sorry for it.

The Assistant. I am so indeed; but much less on my own account than his. I don't know what it means, but there must be some deep anxiety he broods on. I have had recourse to many methods for discovering it, but have been always baffled.

The Master. What is his behaviour!

The Assistant. In the first place, sir, he's very studious when in school, and nothing can divert him from the business of it: but in play-time he is silent and reserved among the scholars. I have given him two, that are allowed to be the sprightliest, as companions, and enjoined them to do every thing they can to please him. He is sensible indeed to their endeavours, and acknowledges their kindness; but when all is done, their fire is utterly incapable of warming him, and he appears between them just like so much ice. Yes, gentlemen; no, gentlemen; and such like monosyllables, are all his answers to their questions.

The Master. He is sad, no doubt, at being separated from his parents?

The Assistant. Yes, 'tis very natural to think so; yet his sadness has continued now ten days; and can we think a child of only twelve is really susceptible of an impression for that length of time?

The Master. Not often: but a child of so much elevation as I thought his countenance gave signs of?

The Assistant. Pardon, sir, my contradicting you; for if that age is very lively, so too is it variable; and since I've been a tutor here, I cannot but have noticed who all those that have been most afflicted at the thought of being separated from their parents, have, and very shortly, been induced by their companions to forget that separation.

Now

Now whatever Edward's notions may be on this head, what will you think when I have told you every thing?

The Master. You raise my curiosity. Proceed. I look to be informed of nothing on the subject of this Edward but what's great and singular!

The Assistant. Would you believe it then, sir, he refuses every thing at meal time, but a little bread and water. 'Tis not possible that any criminal should be condemned to coarser fare than what he willingly puts up with!

The Master. You don't tell me so? He should have liv'd at Sparta.

The Assistant. True, sir; but with us, where singularity must not be suffer'd, and the little soldier is to be submissive to the general subordination, there is room to fear some danger to the rest in his example. Twenty times would I have made him eat the victuals set before him; but to all my instances, he has no otherwise made answer, than by turning towards me, and in tears,—I weep myself to think of his affecting way.

The Master. I too am not unmov'd. This disobedience is, however, blameable, and must not be unpunish'd. If he should persist therein, whatever causes it, he cannot possibly stay here. The intention of a military school is nothing less than that the scholars should be absolutely subject to the will of their instructors.

The Assistant. His dismissal was indeed the circumstance I fear'd; and therefore did I put off speaking of his disobedience to you. I was every day in hope his resolution would be conquer'd; but it still continues.

The Master. Is it possible, that at his tender age, he should be so far master of himself, as to conceal his thoughts from one so exercised as you are, in examining the disposition of young people?

The Assistant. He is what you call'd him just this moment, a true Spartan. His behaviour, though not tinctur'd with a grain of pride, is perfectly seducing. Such is, I may say, his manner of concealing what afflicts him, that one cannot but be really astonished at his silence, and yet not harsh enough to think him obstinate.

The Master. I'll sound him then myself. The light in which you place his portrait, adds considerably to the fair opinion I first form'd at seeing him. If I can possibly prevail

prevail upon him to reveal the cause of his affliction, I persuade myself I shall be fully compensated for my trouble in obtaining it.

The Assistant. On my part, threats, entreaties, and persuasion, have been all employ'd without effect. Of course then I must fear your efforts will be no less unsuccessful, though I wish the contrary, and should be even happy if it proved so.

The Master. In the first place then I mean to question those you said you had enjoin'd to keep him company.—Who are they?

The Assistant. Theodore and Sampson: but your son Eugenius, sir, will give you better information.

The Master. How! has Edward interested *him* then?

The Assistant. He thinks more, I verily believe, of Edward, than himself. I have observ'd him studying silently his actions. He has never utter'd then a syllable to you about him?

The Master. No: but I am equally well pleas'd with his reserve as his attention. It proclaims a secret sympathy between him and the youth, that has attracted him. You will oblige me by conducting them all three together here this instant.

The Assistant. I would rather send them; as who knows, sir, but they'll think my presence a restraint. They will be free if I'm absent.

The Master. Right: so let them come alone; and send me Edward likewise, when you find they've left me; or, on second thoughts, let him sit down and wait my coming in the parlour, I'll be with him shortly.

SCENE II.

The Master, (alone.)

This affair is all a mystery to me! 'Tis very natural that Edward should lament at being separated from his parents. 'Tis not possible but that a boy of such great hopes should be extremely dear to every one that knows him, and have had continual marks of their indulgence; but that nothing should have mitigated his affliction in the period of ten days, surrounded by so many of his age, and all no doubt desirous to amuse him; and still
more,

more, that he should wish for nothing in the world but bread and water, is inexplicable! What the children have to eat is very good, and therefore could not from its quality disgust him. Add to which, that he was never us'd at home to better fare. His father bringing him to school, inform'd me he was far from rich, and had a numerous family to keep. The more I think of his behaviour, still the more I think it wonderful! (*he walks about a little while in thought.*)

S C E N E III.

The Master, Eugenius, Sampson, and Theodore.

Eugenius. We come, papa, according to your order. Mr. Blandford told us we were wanted; Theodore, and Sampson, and myself.

The Master. Yes, Eugenius. I desire to have a little conversation with these two young gentlemen and you.

Sampson and Theodore. 'Tis doing us a deal of honour.

Eugenius. Yes, and pleasure too; at least *I* think so.

The Master, (to Theodore and Sampson,) I am told you are not quite contented with your new companion's conduct?

Sampson. To confess the truth, sir, he's indeed a little of the dullest; this same master—What's his name now?

Theodore. He has spoke so little to us, we don't recollect what name he goes by.

Eugenius. Edward Barton: for his name, I don't think much of that, in preference to any other; but his person, that's another thing, and I am happy I'm acquainted with him.

Sampson. Edward?—a good name enough, if *Dummy* were but added. Master Edward Dummy!

Eugenius. O, papa! pray don't let Sampson ridicule poor Edward in this manner.

The Master. Master Sampson, who has authoriz'd you to distribute epithets among your school-mates thus?

Sampson. Because he does not speak three words in half an hour. Had he come to us from the moon, I should not wonder at it. He's so pale and mopish, he would not bely his country.

VIZ THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

The Master. Should his paleness then or morishness, as you are pleas'd to call it, make you hate him?

Sampson. I am not his enemy; far from it, sir; but cannot be his friend, since he does nothing to divert us, after we have taken so much pains to make him speak.

Theodore. The night, sir, sure is long enough for silence. 'Tis to laugh and prate together, day was made.

Sampson. Must *I* be dull, because *he* takes so much delight in dulness?

Eugenius. Poor young man! You should not call it dulness, 'tis uneasiness.

Sampson. And did we not do every thing we could to make him chearful? But the more we play our monkey tricks to make him fall a grinning, still the more his sober sadness gains upon him. We have done with him at last at our diversions; but still find him when we come to dinner, where he makes such faces as do every thing but fright away our hunger.

The Master. Has he any sickening method, as some children have, of eating?

Sampson. He must needs be very awkward, were his manners sickening; since he eats bread only, and drinks nothing but clear water.

Theodore. He affects a puny stomach, merely to persuade us what good things he had at home.

Eugenius. You very much mistake him, if you fancy 'tis from pride. I watch'd him yesterday, when he had good roast beef put down before him, and could see, though he conceal'd his face, his eyes were full of tears.

The Master. You don't say so, Eugenius?

Sampson. Yes, indeed; he very often whimpers, and if once Don Quixote should return again to life, they'd fight to know which of them should be call'd *Knight of the Woeful Figure*.

The Master. Are you so unfeeling as to make a joke of his affliction?

Sampson. He's enough to make us also of Don Quixote's order. 'Tis quite dismal to see such a countenance at dinner: it deprives us of our stomachs. Look ye, recommend me Theodore; he'd give you a good appetite to see him eat.

The Master. You would be glad then, I suppose, to rid yourselves of Edward at your table?

Sampson.

Sampson. Yes, sir, and with all our hearts, unless he would become a little merry.

Eugenius. Well then, let him sit, papa, at mine. I should be glad to have him by me, and will take care of him.

The Master. You are not afraid then of his sadness, like these gentlemen?

Eugenius. I'm doubtless sorrowful to see him sad; but merely upon that account would shew him all the friendship I am able; he would not, very likely, be so unhappy did he know we pity him.

The Master. Can neither of you guess the reason of his melancholy?

Theodore. To confess the truth, I never thought of asking him.

Sampson. Why wish to know things that are sure to make one sad?

The Master. And you, Eugenius, can you let me have no better information?

Eugenius. No, indeed, papa. I should have been rejoic'd to know the secret, and console him were it in my power. These three times have I begg'd him to reveal it; but durst go no further when I saw he was resolv'd to keep it. Doubtless he don't think me yet sufficiently his friend to trust me with it. I must therefore merit his reliance on me by my services.

The Master. But why, Eugenius, tell me nothing of all this before?

Eugenius. Because I thought you would have forc'd him to conduct himself upon a footing with the rest, and reprimanded him in case of his refusal. You have given me your permission to be always in the school; and I shall never be so mean as to betray my dear companions as a tell-tale. But if ever they do any thing that merits commendation, never fear but I will come and make you privy to it.

The Master (embracing Eugenius.) I expected nothing less, my dear Eugenius, from your sensibility; and am quite charm'd to find myself not disappointed. (*To Theodore and Sampson,*) I am sorry, gentlemen, I can't bestow the same eulogium on your conduct. I could certainly have wish'd you had evinc'd a little tenderness, or at the least consideration for poor Edward in his sorrow.

Go,

Go, return to your amusements; 'twere a pity to disturb you in them. If your turn of mind preserves you from some sort of sorrows, I am grievously afraid it hinders you from relishing those exquisite delights a generous heart partakes of. (*Theodore and Sampson leave the room in manifest confusion.*)

S C E N E IV.

The Master, Eugenius.

The Master. 'Tis you only that are worthy to enjoy those exquisite delights. How I rejoice to find you so compassionate towards others in their sorrow!

Eugenius. Who, papa, could possibly refrain from pitying the unhappy Edward? His dejection, and his paleness, every thing announces some uncommon cause of sorrow in his heart. So young! and yet so miserable! I avoided him at first, just like the rest, and thought he was morose and savage. But when afterward I noticed his consistency and perseverance, condescension and politeness, I was gradually attracted by him, so as in the end to give him all my friendship; and I think I should conceive a great deal better of myself, could I but merit his.

The Master. You know, however, he has so behav'd as to incur the crime of disobedience?

Eugenius. Yes, at table.—I can't possibly conceive the meaning of it; but, perhaps, he fancies every soldier should live coarsely. After all, his singular abstemiousness is better than the gluttony of others; and the example he holds out can injure no one. Pray then let him still continue what is so much to his liking, being, as he is, so punctual to his duty, and so diligent in school. He is the first of all his class in mathematics, geography, and drawing.

The Master. But a conduct that so openly infringes upon rule and order, cannot be excus'd in any circumstance, nor yet from any motive. I perceive I shall be forc'd to send him home.

Eugenius. You don't mean so, papa? What! for so slight a fault, and one that very likely merits rather praise than censure, will you send him off as if his principles were vicious? Let me go then with him likewise.

The

The Master. How, Eugenius? are you so attached then to him? For what reason?

Eugenius. I can't tell you; yet, if you'll but have a little conversation with him, you'll perhaps discern the reason. How rejoiced I should be, were he but my brother! I should only have to fear, you'd love him more than you do me at present.

The Master. I have sent to have him in the parlour; and by this time I suppose he's there. I shall discern if he is worthy of inspiring such a strong attachment, and sincerely hope I shall not find you have misjudged in the affair. If so, I promise—but of that in future; I'll go down and speak with him a little; and do you, Eugenius, go into the adjoining room, that if I call, you may come to us.—In the adjoining room—you understand me?

Eugenius. Yes, papa.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Edward (sitting in a thoughtful posture: the master coming in, and sitting down, he rises with respect, and stands before him.)

The Master. You are here then, Master Barton? Can you any way conjecture why I sent to fetch you?

Edward. Yes, sir, I'm afraid I guess the reason.

The Master. Is it true then, you disdain the company and conversation of your school-mates, and disturb their pastimes, by such whims and affectations, as were never heard of in a person of your age?

Edward. I dare answer, sir, with all the deference and respect I owe you, it was never my intention to do either.

The Master. You've been told, for instance sake, what rules the scholars are to go by, when at meals, and yet will live on bread and water.

Edward. True, sir, I want nothing more.

The Master. The assistant, Mr. Blandford, has endeavoured to convince you how improper such a singularity must be considered; and yet finds you fixed to persevere therein.

Edward. Yes, sir,

The Master. And think you such a perseverance commendable?

Edward. Not, sir, in your thoughts, I own.

The Master. 'Tis then a matter of indifference to you, whether you do right or wrong in my opinion?

Edward. No, sir; for in that case, I should heed as little your reproaches as your praise. I know what obligation I am under to obey you, and have often blamed myself for not complying with your pleasure, in the regulations of this place; but still, have found it utterly impossible to do so. Heaven is, notwithstanding, witness for me, that I am not quite so guilty, as appearances proclaim me.

The Master. I will readily allow you are yourself persuaded of your innocence, and therefore think you have such reasons as will justify your disobedience.—Have you any thing to say then?

Edward. Nothing, sir.

The Master. But surely, you must know, that disobedience is a bad example, even though you think your motives will excuse you.

Edward. I have had the honour to acknowledge that myself.

The Master. That hitherto it has been borne with, from the hope of your amendment?

Edward. Never.

The Master. And in short, that by your obstinacy you have merited already the severest punishment?

Edward. I'm ready to endure it.

The Master. But not ready to amend your conduct?

Edward. 'Tis impossible.

The Master. I see then, and am sorry for it, but 'twill be impossible for me to keep you here a moment longer; as the king will have no such examples of rebellion in a house maintained by his munificence.

Edward. What will become of me at that rate? wretched as I am! Oh, sir! must I then be at last a burthen to my parents, and an object of contempt for others? Have I merited this sentence?

The Master. Have you merited this sentence? When you will not place the least degree of confidence upon me, do you ask that question? Would you hide a secret from
your

your father? I am here to be a father to you, and you will not shew yourself a son to me!

Edward. If such, sir, be your condescension, I will give you the possession of my heart. I could stand patiently and hear your threats, but am not unaffected by your friendship: yes, sir, I will lay out my whole heart before you, and make known the affliction I am under.

The Master. You are willing then to think yourself my son?

Edward, (throwing himself into the Master's arms.) Are you then willing to become my second father?

The Master, (embracing him.) O, my dearest Edward! call me for the future only by that name.

Edward. Well then, my second father, I have one at home so poor, that he subsists on scarcely better food than bread and water. My poor mother likewise is as much reduced as he is; I've two sisters, and as many brothers, who enjoy no better fare. And can I then indulge my appetite, and live on your good things, while they have, as it were, no more than bread to moisten with their tears? No, no; much rather would I die of hunger. I am Edward Barton, and there never was a father of that name who had a son unworthy of him.

The Master. What! has no one then solicited the government in favour of so old a soldier?

Edward. No one, sir: but he is destitute of all things, after having served his country two and twenty years with honour, and consumed the little he had left him in soliciting a pension. On the eve of my departure for this place, I heard him read the story of Count Ugolino, who was shut up in a castle, with his family, to die of hunger. Since that moment, this sad story has been always in my mind. I think I hear incessantly the parish bells a tolling, for the burial of my father, mother, brothers, and poor sisters. Can I then make merry, when my heart is overflowed with tears? and eat such food as my afflicted parents cannot purchase? If I could, I should no longer then be Edward Barton. While my father is unhappy, in whatever corner of the earth I may be, nothing shall prevent me from enduring his affliction. If the king—

The Master. The king for certain knows not of your father's situation: if he did, he would have softened it. I'll use my interest to convey the knowledge of it to him; and

and do you rely upon his justice. My dear Edward, why not tell me this before? You might perhaps have spared your family ten days distress, at least.

Edward. You think then, sir, I shall become so happy as to save him at my years?

The Master. I hope so; and at least, am certain your behaviour has *relieved* him. Generous child! Why are you not indeed my son?

Edward. My love and gratitude consider you my father. 'Tis a debt I owe your generosity, for wishing thus I were your son.

The Master (looking at him with affection.) My dear son Edward!

Edward. Yes; I am, and will be so. You are the father too of all my family, if through your friendship they may be assisted; but alas, sir! we have been so long unhappy, 'tis not to be hoped—

The Master. Hoped! Edward? Should you doubt of what I tell you, it would be an insult to me. I have told you I was certain your behaviour had relieved your parents, since relief depends upon myself alone: and therefore, (*going to his bureau and giving him a fifty pound bank note,*) 'till I've tried the effect my interest, which is not inconsiderable, may command from government, take this: it is a fifty pound bank note, and what your father gives you, as the first fruit of his love.

Edward (interrupting him.) Give me, what need can I have for it? Send, oh, send your generous present to my father! there it will be useful.

The Master. He shall know he is indebted for it to your filial piety, and therefore, my dear Edward, you'll no longer live on bread and water!

Edward. Not till my poor father is reduced again to do so.

The Master. And in future, you'll be joyous with your comrades?

Edward. While my father's joyous with his wife and children.

The Master. Well then, run, and write your father an account of this transaction. I'll go dress myself, and instantly set off for London. I shall see the minister this very morning.

Edward.

Edward. How shall I collect my spirits, to return you thanks in such a manner as I ought, sir?

The Master (smiling.) Sir!—It seems then you forget already you're my son?

Edward (falling at his master's feet.) O, father! oh! my dear, dear father! pardon me, if being, as I am, beside myself—

The Master (raising Edward, and conducting him affectionately towards the door.) Go, go, my child, and leave me here a little. I have no less occasion to compose myself than you.

Edward. I'll come back very shortly, with my letter. You must see it. So don't go, dear father, till I have once again embraced you!

The Master. No, my dearest son; I'll not deny myself that pleasure. Run and write your letter: I'll wait for you.

SCENE II.

The Master (alone.) Fortunate occurrence! happy period! What a number of affecting objects all at once present themselves before me! A brave soldier, but unrecompensed, whose services I am about to plead for! and his son, whom I may form into a man, and so contribute to the glory of my country! My Eugenius, who appears so sensible of the impression made by virtue on his heart, and worthy of the friend he has selected thus! My sovereign, to whose notice I shall introduce a little hero, such as his munificence may cherish! and a suffering wife and children, such as his compassion may deliver from affliction.

SCENE III.

The Master and the Assistant.

The Master. Blandford, you are come quite a-propos to share my transports.

The Assistant. What has caused them, my good sir? You're no less agitated than young Edward, who ran by me wild, as one might think, with pleasure; for he did not see me, did not seem as if he trod upon the ground. His eyes, as
I looked

I looked at him, beamed with rapture, though the tears he had been shedding were not quite dried up. I called out to him, but he could not hear me.

The Master. 'Twould have charmed you, had you witnessed what has passed between us. It was a moment, such as does not twice occur in any one man's life.

The Assistant. Your hope then is not disappointed. You have wrought upon him to reveal the cause of his affliction.

The Master. But what difficulty to obtain my wish! what pain it gave me to upbraid him! and how nobly he withstood me! How much honour should not even his disobedience, in the eyes of every one, devolve upon him!

The Assistant. I foresaw as much in general, though I could not clear up the particulars, to reason on them.

The Master. Who could possibly have guessed at the excess of his affection! he was prompted to deny his appetite at table, that he might not in the least degree fare better than his parents. At so great a distance from them, he supported such privations, though he knew by doing so, he could not succour them. What think you of so rare a youth? What think you of a father, who, surrounded by misfortunes, has been able thus to form his son to virtue? What exalted pleasure for a monarch to reward such virtue! I am proud, my friend, of the employment here bestowed upon me by my king, and of the office I have taken on me, of conveying to his royal ear, intelligence of this poor youth, and his afflicted father's sufferings and deserts. There is but one would yield me greater satisfaction. I should like to be in such a situation, as to give him an account of all his meritorious subjects. I would so exalt his throne, that he should then be able to look down on every virtuous man in his dominions; while these last, by looking up, should see him in the action of applauding and encouraging their virtue. Thus, without the wretched breath of adulation, might a king be really among his subjects called their god.

The Assistant. Our king is worthy your solicitude, to interest him in behalf of Edward and his parents.

The Master. That is what I told him I would do; and what was not his gratitude? We called each other son and father, and, I verily believe, experienced the affection in

our hearts, of such affinity. But don't I hear them coming?—I believe 'tis he. Step therefore into this apartment: you will find Eugenius there by this time. I shall soon require your presence here again, if it be Edward. (*The Assistant withdraws, when Edward comes in sight.*)

The Master (alone.) Yes, 'tis he; and how affectingly expressive, even at this distance, is not his whole countenance!

SCENE IV.

The Master and Edward.

Edward, (rushing to embrace his master.) Father, dear dear father! here's my letter.

The Master. 'Tis not sealed, as I observe, and therefore you would have me read it?

Edward. Would? 'Tis every line about you.

The Master (reading.) Papa! mamma! Gerald! Timoleon! Claudia! Isabel! Come all of you together, while this letter's reading. O that I were present, and could read it you myself! but I *am* present, and observe you. Weep no longer, as I trust you are no longer to subsist on bread and tears. There are on earth here, generous bosoms, as in heaven: of whom, the matter I am under, as I've found, is one. He is my father, let me call him so; or rather, the protecting angel of our family. Would you believe it! he has sent you this, as from himself, and will solicit you a pension, which he says he doubts not of obtaining for you! Fall upon your knees, and bless him, as I do—(*The master stops, and seeing Edward on his knees, with hands and eyes toward heaven, affectionately raises him and says,*) What means this my son?

Edward. I'm offering you my life: It is at your disposal.

The Master. No, my dearest Edward, keep it for the accomplishment of worthy and illustrious actions. Mine is passing fast to its decay; but by your conduct, you may lengthen it.

Edward (eagerly.) I, father! Shall I ever be so happy?—Speak! O speak, sir; and inform me by what means I may experience so much heart-felt satisfaction.

The Master. By your friendship for my son. (*He opens the adjoining chamber-door.*) Eugenius enter, and embrace your brother.

S C E N E V.

The Master, Edward, the Assistant and Eugenius. (*Edward and Eugenius rush into each other's arms.*)

The Master. Edward, he is worthy of your friendship: his affection for you went before his father's.

Edward. I could clearly see indeed my sufferings moved him.

Eugenius. You shall never suffer for the future, but myself will be a sharer with you. Shall I not, dear Edward?

Edward (*taking Eugenius by the hand, and presenting it with his own to the Master.*) Well then, my Eugenius, let us thus connect ourselves as friends for ever, in the hands of our respectable and common father.

The Master. Yes, dear children: I approve your wishes, and bestow my blessing on them. Let those happy days return, as far as your example can have influence, when the field of combat was a theatre for friendship. I would give you instances from English history, if I remembered any at this moment; but you're not unread in the events of other nations, and must learn to emulate the virtue you are told of, should it be an enemy that teaches you. Let Gaston then, and Bayard, be your model; and live friends as they were. Serve your king, as they did; and as they did, if necessary, die for the service of your country.

P H I L I P.

O H! I'll be revenged, and make him heartily repent it, cried the little Philip, while his countenance turned suddenly quite red with anger, and he walked along, not seeing Stephen, his dear friend, who, at that instant, as it chanced, was coming on to meet him, hearing what he said with some degree of pain. Who is it, Stephen asked him, you design to be revenged on?—Philip lifted up his eyes; he saw his friend, and resumed

sumed the smile with which his countenance was generally glowing. Ah! said he, come, come, my friend, and you shall see whom I will be revenged on. You remember, I believe, my little *supple Jack*, that pretty cane my father gave me: see, 'tis all in pieces, and young Robinson, the farmer's son, that lives at yonder cottage with the thatch, has broke it. And pray why, said Stephen, did he break it? I was walking peaceably along, said Philip with the greatest agitation, and was playing with my cane, by putting it quite round my body; one of the two ends, by some means or another, got out of my hand when I was opposite the gate just by the wooden bridge, and where the little blackguard had put down a pitcher full of water, which he was carrying home from the well. My cane, in springing, struck the pitcher, overset but did not break it. He came up close to me, and began to call me names. I seriously assured him I had not intended to do what I did, and was extremely sorry for the accident. He would not hear me, but got hold that moment of my *supple Jack*, and twisted it as you may see. I'll make him, notwithstanding, heartily repent it, and know how——

He is, indeed, a very wicked boy, said Stephen, but is already punished very well for being so, since every one detests and shuns him. If he wishes to enjoy a little play, he never can get hold of a companion: if he comes where any boys are met to play, they always thrust him out; but if he will not quit them, they leave him. The hatred he is looked upon with cannot but sufficiently avenge you——

Yes; but he has broke my cane, said Philip. My papa but very lately gave it me; and 'twas quite pretty, as you know. My father will not fail to ask me what is come of it: he will imagine I have lost his present; possibly he'll fall into a passion, and this little blackguard will have caused it. I did him no harm. I offered to fill up his pitcher, having knocked it down without designing so to do.—The villain! I will therefore be revenged.

Believe me, my dear friend, said Stephen, 'twill be better not to mind him. Your contempt is punishment enough for such a one. You are not such as he is; and, depend upon it, he will shew himself at all times abler to do

mischievous than yourself. And, now I think upon it, I must tell you what but very lately happened to him.

Quite unluckily for him, he saw a bee upon a flower: he tried to catch it, and pull off its wings for pastime; but the bee contrived to sting him, and flew off in safety to the hive. Quite mad with rage, he said, as you did, I will be revenged for this! Accordingly he cut himself a switch, thrust it through the hole into the bee-hive, turning it about. By these means Robinson killed several of the little creatures; but in an instant the whole swarm flew all at once upon, and stung him in a thousand different places. You may guess he uttered piercing cries, and in his agony he rolled upon the ground. His father ran up to him, and could not, without a deal of difficulty, put the bees to flight, by flinging bowls of water on him. He was ill, in consequence of this, for several days.

You see then, that his vengeance had no very great success. Revenge not therefore his insults: he will meet with some one who will punish him, without your taking any trouble in the matter. And besides, as he is wicked, would you likewise be as wicked; for, my friend, he is much stronger than you are, and, to be sure of your revenge, you must be much more wicked than he is.

I think, said Philip, you are in the right: so come along with me. I'll tell my father every thing, and he will not be angry with me, as I hope; for look you, I can easily take comfort for my broken cane, but not should he imagine I neglected to take care of what he gave me. After this, they went together. Philip told his father what had happened. The good gentleman consoled his son, and thanked the little Stephen for the advice he had imparted.

On the day succeeding, Philip had another cane, exactly like the first. He passed the farmer's house: his son was at the door, and hung his head while Philip went along.

However Philip, some days after, saw this little peasant fall as he was carrying home a heavy log of wood, and which prevented him from getting up again. Philip ran up to him, took the log from off his shoulder, helped him to get up, and take his load once more upon his shoulders. Robinson was now quite overwhelmed with shame at the idea of receiving aid from him whom he had served

served so ill, and heartily repented his behaviour. Philip afterwards went home quite satisfied. At first, he had assisted one he did not love, and for no other reason than because he could not see a fellow-creature suffer without aiding him; but afterwards he was rejoiced to think of his behaviour. "This (said Philip) is the noblest vengeance. It is impossible I should repent thereof."

C H A R L O T T E.

BEFORE the house that Charlotte's parents lived in, you must know there was a little opening, ornamented with a grass plat, and quite overshadowed with a noble tree, from whence the eye could plainly see whatever passed along the public road. Miss Charlotte frequently would come beneath this umbrage with her little chair, and in her hand the stocking she was making for her dear mamma, who had instructed her to knit. One day, as she was sitting there, she saw a poor old man advancing very slowly towards her, on the road: his hair was of a silver white, his back was bent with age, he rested on a stick, and seemed to walk in pain. Poor man! said Charlotte, looking at him, he seems very much in pain, and probably is poor. If so then, he is doubly miserable.

Further on, she saw a company of boys together, who came after the old man. They very quickly reached him. They remarked his thread-bare coat, that was exceedingly long skirted, and had sleeves a deal too short. His hat quite rusty, did not escape their notice, as the flaps hung down upon his shoulders; he had hollow cheeks; and seeing him they all burst out a laughing. As it chanced, there lay a stone upon the ground before him, which he stumbled over, and was almost down: this set them once again a laughing, while the poor old man, for his part, sighed.

I once was young as you are, said he to the boys, and did not laugh at the infirmities of such as I am now. You will in time be old yourselves; and every day you are approaching towards my time of life. You'll then be

sensible of the injustice of your ridicule. So saying, he went on again, but made a second stumble, and in struggling to preserve himself from falling, lost his cane, and down he went. At this, the boys renewed their laugh a third time, crying out, ah! ha! old daddy; well now, how will he get up?

Miss Charlotte, who had heard the old man speak, was touched with pity for him, saw his situation, put her stocking down upon the chair, ran towards him, picked his cane up, put it back into his hand, and taking hold that moment of his other arm, as if she had been very strong, exhorted him to lean upon her, and not notice any thing the boys might say. The poor old man looked at her. "Lovely child," said he, "how good you are! I am at once consoled for all the ridicule with which they treat me. May you be for ever happy!" and so saying, they walked on together; but the boys no longer followed him as they had done before: 'tis possible they were ashamed of their proceeding.

Some few moments after, one of them fell down himself, and all the rest burst out a laughing as already they had done: for his part, he was very angry, and when up again ran after his companions, pelting them with stones. He was convinced then how unjust it is to laugh at any one's distress: he formed a resolution never, for the time to come, to laugh at any old man's pain, and followed him he had been laughing at, though at a distance, hoping he might have the opportunity of making some atonement for his fault.

In the mean time the good old man, assisted by the friendly aid of Charlotte, now went on with slow, but yet sure steps. She offered him the opportunity of stopping to repose himself a little. Do you see our house, said she? Pray stay and sit a little under that large tree; my parents neither of them are at home, you will on that account be worse received; yet still, you will enjoy a little rest. The poor old man accepted Charlotte's offer. Charlotte brought him out a chair, and then to hearten up his spirits, let him have some good small beer and bread and cheese. The child had nothing else to give.

Her guest could not refrain from thanking her continually. You have still your parents, he began. They love you; you love them. They cannot therefore but be very

very happy: may they always be so! And you, good old man, said Charlotte, have not you got children? I had once a son, said he; he lived in London, affectionately loved, and often came to see me; but alas, he is now dead, and I am left without the least degree of consolation. In reality, his wife is rich; she takes the lady on her, and imagines it not worth her while to know if I am dead or living, as she wishes to forget her husband's father is a peasant. I do not even know her children, which in truth are mine. He was so much affected while he spoke these words, that tears rolled down his withered cheeks.

The gentle Charlotte likewise was affected, and cried out, Can any one be half so cruel! Ah! my mother, my dear mother would not act so wickedly. On this, she spoke of other matters, that she might not grieve him; when he arose, and thanked Charlotte with a blessing; but she would not leave him so; she meant to go a little way still farther with him.

On the way, they saw the little boy who had been following them; for he had run a great way on before, and now was sitting on the grass; he cast his eyes down when they looked upon him; got up after they had passed, and followed them again. The little girl observed him, but would not speak of him. She asked the old man if he lived alone. No, little lady, answered he, I have a cottage. See, 'tis there, beside yon tree across the meadow. You observe 'tis no great distance off. 'Tis in the middle of a little garden. I've an orchard, a field likewise, and I told a poor old neighbour, who some years since lost his cottage, that fell down through age, that if he would but come and live with me, he should in future cultivate my ground. I told him I would live with him, he should enjoy whatever I might have, and I would only ask him to provide me necessaries. He agreed; he never had a child; he is extremely good and honest; and, for my part, I am quite at ease in his society. And yet, in spite of all his diligence at times I think myself deserted. I no longer see my son, and I was constantly accustomed to receive from him the tenderest tokens of affection. In the very place where I have seen him run up towards me, I am now assisted only by the hand of strangers. I no longer see his children that have utterly forgot me; I

shall live far distant from them ; I shall die, and very likely never see them more.—Alas ! if their poor father were but living still !—He could not utter one word more.

The gentle Charlotte, touched with these complaints, said to him, I will come and see you with my mother. We will frequently be with you ; but her kindness only served to aggravate his grief. The sensibility and kindness of the little girl but served to make him recollect, of how much consolation he was utterly deprived ; and in returning her his thanks, the tears he could not keep from shedding, hindered him from seeing where he walked.

He took his handkerchief to wipe his eyes, and, troubled by sad thoughts, instead of putting it again into his pocket let it drop upon the ground, without perceiving what he did, nor did his young companion notice it. The boy however that kept following them, observed the whole transaction, picked it up and ran to give it him. “ Here, good old man,” said he, “ you dropped your handkerchief: ’twas on the ground.”

Thank, thank you heartily, my little friend, made answer the old man. God’s providence be praised for all things ! Here’s an honest little gentleman, that does not ridicule old age, and laugh at the afflictions that attend it. Oh no, no, you do not look with scorn upon a poor old man. I see it in your eyes. You are not of the number of those wicked little fellows you must certainly have passed, although you were not with them. Charlotte recollected having seen the little boy among them, and remarked his laughing just as they did, but she would not say a word about it ; although she did not in the least approve the boy’s behaviour, yet she did not like to give him pain, by telling what she knew.

The little culprit, in the interim, held down his head, and thought of lying more than once, but was not used to such a crime. His heart, besides, was not so wicked that he needed to conceal the truth, lest people should despise him. “ Pardon me,” said he, “ I was among them, and insulted you as they did ; but am now extremely sorry for it. I have found out, some time past, that when I mix with children of my age, or thereabouts, I am more wicked by a deal than when alone. No, never,

ver, had I been but by myself, should I have laughed at those false steps you made; but on the other hand, my first desire would certainly have been to help you. I should now be very happy to assist you, if I could, and that way make amends for my offence."

"You have already done so, my good little friend," said he. You have a deal of candour and good-nature, and will certainly become an honest man. I dare believe as much. Come therefore both of you to my abode. 'Tis just before us, but a few steps off, and we shall then be there. I'll let you have some milk, and we will drink together." At this invitation of the good old man, our little boy was very happy. Charlotte would have wished she had been able to refuse, but did not, from a fear of grieving him. They reached the habitation. He brought out some milk, two porringers, a loaf of bread a little coarse, it must be owned, but very good. They all sat down upon the grass, and made a comfortable meal. "What pleasure you both give me, said the good old man. Yes truly; I am very much delighted upon this occasion. I have found out two good little friends, that neither scorn the poor man, nor the infirm. My sleep at night will be the sweeter for it."

Both the boy and girl that sat beside him, testified their joy and gratitude; but yet their looks were more expressive than their words. However, they began to think of going. Charlotte feared her parents might come home, and be uneasy at her absence; and the little man expressed how grieved he was so soon to quit him: but his mother, as he feared, would scold him, should he think of staying longer.

She must then be very cross, this mother you are so afraid of, said the poor old man. Not always, said the little boy. She is, however, sometimes so, and though she loves me, yet I fear her greatly.—And your father?—Oh, I scarce knew him: he has been dead these four years.—Dead these four years! interrupted the old man, and fixed his eyes upon the child.—Should it be he?—I have some recollection of his features!—Should it be the little Francis?—Yes, yes; Francis is my name!

The old man stood for some few moments motionless, and with an alter'd voice, his eye brim full of tears, and with extended arms, cried out to Francis, My dear child! you

do not recollect your grandfather.—Embrace me.—You have got the very features of my son. My dearest child, you were not thinking of me.” Francis tenderly caressed him, but endeavoured all in vain to speak. The little Charlotte, too, shed tears of joy to see the old man comforted.

You see him, said this last, you see him; he is in reality the living picture of his father. Yes, he is my son. My son affectionately loved me, and his son will love me too. I shall not be so wretched as I thought for in old age, nor will the evening of my life be passed without some joy. I shall depart in peace; but I forget that by detaining you, I may subject you to your mother’s anger. I was so much pleased, that I forgot that circumstance. Depart then, my dear boy; I do not wish my joy should cost you tears. Depart and love your mother, be obedient to her, even though you should not come and see me. ’Twill be very hard, however, should you quit me now for ever. Come and see me, if you can, provided you don’t disobey, or tell a story, to obtain permission.

Turning then to Charlotte: And for you, dear little maid, said he, I am convinced you ought to leave me, as your parents would be certainly uneasy should you stay. I owe you all my joy, and shall for ever bless you. Come at times, and see me. Do not, I beseech you, my dear children, utterly forget me. May you both be happy.

At these words the children went away, affectionately holding one another by the hand: but every now and then they looked behind them, while the old man on his side kept looking constantly at them, and did not turn to go in doors, till they were out of sight. The little Charlotte got home safe. Her parents were not yet returned, but did not stay out long. She told them whither she had been, and what, too, she had seen. It was the subject of their evening’s conversation.

On the morrow, they all went to see the good old man; and in the sequel, frequently repeated their kind visit. Francis, likewise, came to see his grandfather. He was rejoiced to see his son, to hear him speak, and to receive the most affectionate caresses from him; while, for his part, Francis was as much rejoiced, excepting when he did not see his Charlotte: he was then quite sorrowful, and went home sad. The more he grew towards man-

hood,

hood, still the more he loved her; and accordingly when he was old enough to take a wife, he would espouse no other woman, though she was not rich. The old man lived to see them married, blessed them, and soon after died in peace.

THE WATCH.

THE little Margaret returning from a visit she had just before been paying to an intimate of her's, came home quite mortified and sad. She found her sisters entertaining one another with that innocent and lively joy heaven seems delighted to infuse into the sports of infancy. Instead of making one among them, with her usual playfulness she got into a corner of the room, sat there as if it vexed her to behold their gaiety, and when the little ones began to prattle, hoping she would join in their diversion, peevishly replied to what they asked her. When the father, who loved Margaret exceedingly, beheld her thus dejected, which she was but very seldom, he began to be uneasy, put her on his knee, and taking her affectionately by the hand, enquired what ailed his little child, that she appeared so melancholy? Nothing, nothing, answered Margaret at first, to all his questions; but at length, on being pressed more earnestly to tell him every thing, replied that all the little ladies she had seen that evening at her friend's, where she had been a visiting, had each received a very pretty present from their parents, or else friends, by way of fairing; though not one among them was so far advanced in learning as herself. She mentioned more particularly one Miss Mills, whose uncle had, that very morning, purchased her a fine gold watch, set round with brilliants. O what pleasure, added she, Miss Mills must feel in having such a handsome watch beside her!

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

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

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

Margaret. No, papa; for you have often told me I'm at present in the happiest season of my life.

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

Margaret. Yes, papa; but then I need not mention, that up stairs I cannot always hear it strike, and Bridget's very seldom there, to come down for me, and see what o'clock it is. Now when I want to know, if I descend myself, that loses me a deal of time; whereas a watch at hand would let me know the time at once: nor should I need then trouble any one, or lose a moment of the day myself.

Mr. Ireton. 'Tis true; a watch must be exceedingly convenient, though it were but to inform one's master he has staid his hour out, if through friendship or politeness he should wish to sit a little longer with one.

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

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

Margaret. I have, papa, already.

Mr. Ireton. But I wish to know your real motive; you are sensible, words only never satisfy me.—You're afraid, perhaps, to tell me. Well then, I *will* for you. I, that deal more frankly with you, as you'll say yourself, than you with me. The reason why you want a watch is this: that when folks pass you, they may say, Oh! ho! see what a charming watch that little lady has! She must be vastly rich indeed! Now tell me, don't you think it very pitiful to boast of being richer than the rest of people, and display fine things about you for the multitude to gaze at? Do you fancy any reasonable person will esteem a little lady more, because her father has a deal of money? You yourself, do you esteem those more who may be richer

richer than you are? When you behold a handsome watch, and are not in the least acquainted with the wearer of it, far from saying, 'There's a worthy little lady with a pretty watch before her, don't you rather say as follows, there's a charming watch that little lady wears!' 'Tis plain, that if a watch does any honour, 'tis the workman claims it: but the wearer of it, if she boasts of any merit upon that account, I cannot but despise.

Margaret. You speak, papa, as if you were persuaded 'tis from such a motive I desire a watch.

Mr. Ireton. I must confess, I grievously suspect as much. You'll not allow me this. Well then, I think I shall compel you very soon to such confession.

Margaret. O don't tell me so, papa; for you must own a watch is very useful, since you always have one; you that talk so much against my vanity.

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

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

Mr. Ireton. You're right. You see, by this, I'm not obstinate. Whenever I hear reason, I can say I love to be persuaded: and so, Margaret, you may depend upon a watch. I'll give you one.

Margaret. Ah! you now joke, papa!

Mr. Ireton. No, certainly; for you shall have one; but on this proviso, that you don't forget to take it with you when you go abroad.

Margaret. Can you suppose I shall forget it? Oh! how glad I should have been of one this afternoon, when I was visiting!

Mr. Ireton. You may return to-morrow morning.

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

Mr. Ireton. You shall have it now. You know my little room up stairs? Beside my bed, you'll find a watch: well, Margaret, 'tis yours in future.

Margaret.

Margaret. What that warming-pan, papa! as old, for what I know about the matter, as King Gondibert's, with which he used to ring his huntsmen in to dinner.

Mr. Ireton. 'Tis a very good one, I assure you; and was all the fashion at the time 'twas made, for so my father told me. When he died, I found it with the rest of his effects, and was resolved to keep it for myself. But since I put it into your possession, I consider 'twill not leave the family: and what's still more, as I shall often see it at your side, I shall have frequent opportunity of thinking on my father.

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

Mr. Ireton. Just the thing I looked for! You perceive the motive of utility which you insisted on just now with such importance, was a vain pretext to hide your vanity; for this same watch we speak about, would do you all the service you could possibly derive from one enriched with diamonds. Why take up your thoughts with what the world may say concerning you? However, in this choice will they applaud your judgment, which could chuse a watch that will not very soon be good for nothing.

Margaret. But papa, why hinder me from having such a watch, as will at once be strong, and cut a handsome figure?

Mr. Ireton. You suppose then, that would make you happy?

Margaret. Yes; quite happy.

Mr. Ireton. I could wish my fortune were sufficient to convince you by experience, how fallacious is the happiness proceeding from such trifles. Look ye; I would lay whatever wager you thought proper, that before a fortnight were well over, you would hardly cast a look upon your watch; that in a month you would forget to wind it up, and very quickly after cease to keep it in a better state of order than your own ideas. Do you hear that, missy, with your fine gold watch?—

Margaret. Don't talk, papa, of wagers; you'd be sure to lose.

Mr. Ireton. 'Tis true, I will not lay; not that I apprehend I should come off the loser, but because a trial would be

be necessary, which might cost you dear as long as you should have to live.

Margaret. So then you think, papa, a handsome watch would only make me miserable?

Mr. Ireton. Think so, Margaret? I am sure it would have that effect; for all our happiness on earth consists in being satisfied with such a situation as the will of Providence has meant us. There is no condition in the world so humble, or so elevated, but a vain ambition in it may induce us to imagine we want every thing our neighbour is possessed of. 'Tis ambition that torments the husbandman, however easy in his circumstances, and inclines him to behold with envy the more fertile field, as he imagines it, belonging to his neighbours; while it stimulates the master of a mighty empire, and persuades him, that some province bordering on his realm, is wanting to complete the figure of its boundary. Thence spring those cruel wars that princes carry on to desolate their people; and those law-suits individuals are engaged in, or those quarrels that disgrace man's nature. What were your ideas with regard to that Miss Mills you spoke about just now, when you were looking at her handsome watch, and which (no doubt) she did not fail to make her boast of? Did you feel within your bosom that alacrity of friendship, still subsisting in her favour, you once cherished? Think, would you have done her, at that moment, any service, or at least with equal joy, as yesterday. That secret enmity her watch inspired you with against her, would not such a watch inspire your friend, or very possibly your sisters with, against you also? Think then for how despicable an enjoyment you would break the dearest ties of friendship and alliance, and the affection nature plants within us! who would think she could be happy upon such conditions?

Margaret. O papa, you make me shudder!

Mr. Ireton. Form no more then, my sweet Margaret, any wish; that being so unreasonable as the one we speak of, could not but destroy your happiness. What is there wanting you can really make use of, in the situation Providence allots you? Have you not good food in plenty? and convenient raiment for the various seasons of the year? Does not my love provide you masters to improve your understanding, while I form your heart, and do

my

my utmost to endue you with those several accomplishments, that will in future make you welcome to all decent company? You want, it seems, at present, a gold watch enriched with diamonds! Should I get you such a watch, how then to-morrow would you look upon your false pearl ear-rings? Would you leave off teasing me, till I had bought you real pearls? Nor be assured would this be all; for you would then want foreign lace, fine silks, and waiting-women to attend you. People cannot go on foot, like others, through the streets, when they are pompously set out from head to foot; but must have footmen, fashionable carriages, and high-bred horses. You would want all these, and having once obtained them, would be fit indeed to go to operas and assemblies, or pay visits at the houses of our first-rate quality: but to receive them in your turn, you must possess a splendid habitation, and give sumptuous treats. Consider then, if I should satisfy your first caprice, how many wants would follow! They would every day go on increasing, till in consequence of having wished to rise above your station in one article of luxury, you would, 'tis very likely, come to want the necessary things of life. Look round about you, and observe how many suffer real indigence at present, who so lately, as I may say, as yesterday, were wasting an estate sufficient for their happiness. Reflect what very probably would be your case, and that too of your sisters, if my great affection for you did not, as it does at present, turn these sad examples into matters of instruction! I have frequently been tired while I was walking through the streets upon my business. A good carriage would have been no less acceptable than what my vanity perhaps would boast of. By allotting to the purchase of a coach the money I employ, that I may educate, maintain, and now and then divert you, I might possibly be rolling in it for a time; but in the end, what would my fortune be and yours? I should behold you every day sink deeper than the day before, into stupidity, and have no reason to expect from you, in my old age, those cares I had refused your childhood. For a few short years, consumed in all the insolence of luxury, I should be doom'd to languish out the remnant of my life in that well-merited contempt a guilty poverty draws after it. With what assurance could I think to answer at the judgment-

feat of God, for the omission of those duties towards you, which the will of Providence imposes upon every father; when by way of heritage I should have nothing to bestow upon you, but the sad example of my guilty conduct? I should finish then my life in the convulsions of remorse, despair, and terror; and your curses might even execrate my ashes.

O papa, cried Margaret, embracing him, how foolishly have I been wishing! But no watch enriched with diamonds now. But if I had one, I would instantly return it.

Mr. Ireton was rejoiced to see his daughter so accessible to reason and persuasion, and embraced her with the greatest heart-felt satisfaction.

From that happy moment, Margaret resumed her former gaiety; and when she saw in future any of her little friends make boast of precious stones, or other ornaments about them, was inclined much rather to take pity on their vanity, than look with envy on their fineness.

THE WILD GEES E.

THE little Arthur Parry saw one morning a great number of wild geese, as his papa informed him, flying through the air; and was astonished at the height and order of their progress.

Look, papa, said Arthur, you take care to feed your geese, but who, pray, feeds then these wild geese?

Mr. Parry. Reflect a little.—No one.

Arthur. How then do they live?

Mr. Parry. By seeking food themselves; for surely they have wings.

Arthur. So also have our geese that walk about the poultry-yard. Why therefore don't they fly?

Mr. Parry. Because all creatures that are once made tame, degenerate, as we say, or lose a great deal of their strength and instinct, that is, understanding.

Arthur. Luckily they are not very badly off; for Martha gives them all the food they want.

Mr.

Mr. Parry. 'Tis true, she regularly feeds them; but I need tell you why;—that we may eat them, after they have once been put into the coop and fattened: but the wild geese have no fear of this sort hanging over them. As they get food without assistance, they enjoy the privileges of their freedom: and 'tis thus among mankind too. He that should without a blush rely entirely on the care and forethought of another for his maintenance, would lose his birth-right, and be forced to sell himself for bread; while he, who on the other hand provides for what he wants, acquires new faculties, and is abundantly supported. Not that we should live apart from one another, or be wholly occupied upon ourselves; for on the other hand, these birds, by whose behaviour I would have you regulate your conduct, form among themselves a regular society. They sit upon the eggs, and nurse the young ones of such mothers as have lost their lives by any accident. They likewise aid each other in their long and painful flights. They take their station in the front, by turns, to guide the flock, and regulate their flight. Now, Arthur, you must know this two-fold species, that is sorts of geese, originally formed but one. Such difference will a different way of life effect in every creature!

Arthur. O papa! were I a goose, no creeping in a poultry-yard for me! I'd be at liberty, and fly.

A TRIFLING PLEASURE PARTED WITH FOR ONE MUCH GREATER.

Mrs. Neville and her daughters, Lucy, Henrietta, and Louisa.

Louisa. DO you see, mamma, we're ready? I could with the boat were come.

Mrs. Neville. A little patience! 'Tis as yet not fix. And till the watermen appear, I fancy we had best walk up and down the garden.

Henrietta. Yes, yes; up and down the path that leads directly to the water. When the boat comes, we may then

then get in, sit down, and off directly. (*They force their mother towards the walk.*)

Lucy. Dear mamma! how fine a morning! one can hardly see a cloud. And look how bright the sun is in the water. Just as if 'twere full of diamonds. We shall have a deal of pleasure, and be very happy, when we see our nurse again.

Mrs. Neville. And she will be as happy, I am sure, to see you likewise.

Henrietta. Pray mamma, how far from hence does Phœbe live?

Mrs. Neville. 'Twill take us up at least an hour before we get to land; and then as much to walk the rest; for Phœbe's house is three miles distance from the water.

Henrietta. Charming! charming! we shall have a better stomach, in that case, for breakfast. And when breakfast's over, tell us how shall we divert ourselves, mamma?

Mrs. Neville. We'll take a turn or two, if you think proper, in a grove that's near the house. And there you may amuse yourselves, and not be interrupted; run about, catch butterflies, and let them go again.

Lucy. Let me conduct you, sisters. I've been there with my mamma already; and I'll take you to a little pond, so clear that any one may see the gravel at the bottom.

Mrs. Neville. Right. I wonder I forgot the pond. We'll sit beside it in the shade, and read a little book I've taken care to put into my pocket.

Henrietta. What! a story-book, mamma? And will it make us laugh?

Mrs. Neville. You'll see.

Lucy. But pray, mamma, don't let us come from nurse's till the moon is up; and then you'll sing us that sweet song you know, that makes one cry so much. To be by moon-light on the water, and hear such a song, must be delightful, sure!

Henrietta, (who has run a little forward during this last speech.) The boat! the boat! I see it coming. Where's Louisa? At the bottom of the garden, when the boat stays for us! Just her way!—Louisa, (*running towards her*) here's the boat.

Louisa,

Louisa, (coming up.) You don't say so?—However, give me each of you a fix-pence: there's a woman and a poor old man, with four small children, at the garden-gate, to whom I'll take the money, with a fix-pence of my own. I won't detain you long.

Mrs. Neville. And where, then, did you meet with these poor people?

Louisa. At the gate below: the gardener opened it to throw some weeds out, he had just before been raking up. I put my head out, to observe if any one was going by, and two poor children came up to me. O mamma, how tattered! and how hungry they both seemed! there were two other children, not far off, as little as my brother Leslie.

Mrs. Neville. Come; we'll go and see them.

Louisa. Yes, yes, that we will. I bade them wait till I returned with something for them. *(They all go together towards the garden door, and enter into conversation with them. The old man is seated on a stone; the woman leans against the pallisadoes, with a sucking infant in her arms. A girl of ten years old, or thereabouts, has one a little older than the infant; and a boy is picking up the pebbles for amusement.)*

Mrs. Neville, (aside.) What a piteous sight! *(Aloud)* Poor woman! you can hardly stand. Sit down upon this stone. Whence come you, pray?

The Poor Woman. From Portsmouth, my good lady. I was married to a fisherman. One night they pressed him, and he served two years on board the Foudroyant, a man of war. He came home almost dying with the scurvy. He had lost his strength, and could not work. I was obliged to sell his nets, that I might buy him physic; but his illness lasted very long. Our creditors laid hold of every thing we had; and as we could not pay our debts, the landlord we were lodged with turned us out of doors. A neighbour, very nearly as distressed as we were, took us in, and robbed his children of a part of what they had to eat, that we might not be left to perish. Being brought to such a distressed situation, I fell ill with grief; and shortly after, my poor husband died. As soon as I got a little better, I resolved to be no further burthensome to my good benefactor, but set out to seek assistance from a worthy family I once was servant to at Epsom.

We

We are still a great way from it; and I don't know how I shall get thither. I'm unable to proceed.

Mrs. Neville. And who may that poor man be?

The Poor Woman. He's my father, madam. He has lived a great while with us; and I thought I should have been in circumstances to have still provided for him, but am disappointed in my hopes. Alas! his situation adds to my affliction. Having neither shoes nor stockings, he was walking yesterday across a common, and unfortunately run a thorn into his foot. I took it out; but his fatigue has grievously inflamed the wound: his leg is now quite swelled, and he can hardly touch the ground, it gives him so much pain; for heaven's sake, my good lady, have the charity to give me two or three old rags to wrap the wound up when I've washed it, and a bit of bread for these poor children.

Mrs. Neville. You shall have whatever you may be in want of. I'll go up into the house, and see what I have got to give you. In the mean time come into the garden, and sit down on these four chairs. (*She takes her daughters, who had all the while been listening to the woman's conversation, and goes up the garden with them. Lucy had expressed her pity at the tale, by shedding tears: Louisa, by dividing into equal parts among the little ones, a bit of cake she had provided for her journey, as refreshment by the way: and Henrietta, by relieving her that had the infant, of her burthen, who seems quite exhausted.*)

Mrs. Neville, (in conversation with her daughters, while they're walking towards the house.) Well, children, and what think you of these six poor people? Run you, Lucy, with your sister, to the cook, and help her to prepare them something they may breakfast on. I'll pay a visit to your father's wardrobe, and get linen, shoes, and stockings for the poor old man. I'm sorry I can be of no great service to them.

Lucy. In reality, a breakfast, and the left off linen and stockings of my father, will be no great matter for them in their situation. Don't you recollect, they're still to walk as far as Epsom? They must go very slowly, as the old man's lame. If then they should be taken ill upon the road?—Mamma, you're very charitable to the poor; suppose you were to let them have a little money for the outside of the coach, and something over, to supply them
when

when they get to Epsom, till they find the family they mean to wait on?

Mrs. Neville. Do you know me, my dear Lucy then, so little as to think I should not have this notion of myself, if I were able? But alas! 'tis no way in my power; for you are sensible we are not rich. I cannot possibly afford as much as would be needful to procure a little cart to put them in, as being cheaper than the coach.

Lucy. If what we have were but sufficient?

Henrietta. We would give it them with all our hearts.

Mrs. Neville. And how much have you?

Lucy. I have—let me see—one, two, three, four, and six-pence, and these half-pence; four and ten-pence.

Henrietta. I have half-a-crown.

Mrs. Neville. And you, Louisa?

Louisa. I have nothing left me; I had six-pence just this moment, but I slipped it, unobserved, into the poor man's pocket.

Mrs. Neville. You have then, you two, but seven and six-pence nearly; which is half enough to pay their carriage? There's but one way I can think of to complete the money.

Lucy. And what's that, mamma?

Mrs. Neville. I don't know how to mention it.

Henrietta. Why not?

Louisa. Fear nothing; let us know it.

Mrs. Neville. The excursion we intend to make this day, I have a long time promised you: it is to recompense your good behaviour; and believe me, I've denied myself this month past, many things, that I might save as much as it will cost us; for you know the boat is not the only thing we have to pay for. When we reach a town, we must lay out a little to give Phœbe, as a present, for the expence we put her to in treating us. This money's in my purse; but I consider it belongs to you, and leave you to employ it at your pleasure. Should we add it to your pocket-money, there would be then a sufficiency to have a cart for these poor people, and procure them victuals till they reach the family they know of: but the sacrifice, I must acknowledge, is too great. I dare not recommend it. Our long wish'd for day's excursion would be lost this year.

Louisa. Dear me!

Mrs. Neville. To say the truth, I shall myself be sorry it were lost. So run and tell the watermen we're coming.

Louisa. Presently, mamma. (*She stops, and views her sisters with concern.*)

Henrietta. What resolution shall we come to?

Lucy. I, for my part, know what I would do.

Henrietta. And I, too, were it not for poor Louisa.

Louisa. O don't pity me. I'm only grieved for Phœbe: but I'll write her by the coach that goes at nine.

Lucy, (joyfully.) Well then, mamma, we're all of us agreed. So take our money, and let these poor people have it.

Mrs. Neville. But perhaps you have not thought enough. Reflect how fine a day it is; and what a deal of pleasure you would have.

Lucy. But I shall have no pleasure when I think I'm riding at my ease, while six poor people drag along the road, just ready to drop down with weariness, because I had no pity on them.

Henrietta. Are they not the same as we are? They'll have certainly enough before they die to suffer, and we should not grudge that succour we can give them.

Mrs. Neville. And do you say nothing then, Louisa?

Louisa. I was thinking all the while, mamma, our pleasure is not lost; for we shall follow them a mile or two, while they are riding in the cart, which will be still a walk, and very pleasant.

Mrs. Neville, (embracing them.) Oh! my lovely children! How rejoiced I am to find you have such feeling and compassion! You will never want enjoyments in the world, since you can turn your disappointments into pleasures. Come then, we'll not lose a moment's time in having this enjoyment.

(*Mrs. Neville now goes in, and sends a servant out to pay the watermen. The three young children go and come between the house and garden, with assistance for the man, the woman, and her children; Lucy helps the woman, while she tends the old man's wounds, and Henrietta and Louisa give the children victuals; after which they all return to their mamma.*)

Henrietta. Ah, my dear mamma! you should have seen how eager and rejoiced the children looked at both Louisa and

and myself, when we were come with milk and bread to feed them! They all got about their mother, look'd up in her face, and were so glad they knew not what to do!

Louisa. For my part, I began to be afraid they would have eat me up, so famish'd were they, and desirous to be eating!

Lucy. Sure, mamma, the elder girl must be a charming child. She would not touch a bit till she had made her little brother eat, who is too young as yet to feed alone.

Mrs. Neville. Poor thing! she's greatly to be pitied. If the care of looking to the little ones be always laid upon her, she will have no opportunity of getting any thing like knowledge, and be very miserable all her life-time; while, had she the means of learning something of a business, she might prove of service to her mother, and assist us in bringing up the others.

Louisa. Well, mamma, do one thing for her. Let her stay with us. I'll teach her any thing I know myself. She will be able very soon to knit and sew, when she may sell her work, and send the money to her mother.

Henrietta. No bad thought, mamma, I take it, of Louisa's this?

Lucy. Yes; do us such a pleasure, pray mamma; for what a pity this poor girl should come to want in future, merely for not knowing how to work at any business like the poor old woman we all know of. She would then turn beggar, and receive no benefit from what we're doing for her now.

Mrs. Neville. But do you know, my dear, what you would undertake? Reflect a little.

Lucy. Why, mamma?

Mrs. Neville. I'll tell you why. If we should take this girl into the house, we then must give her cloaths. I cannot go to the expence, unless you're willing. I shall take a little from *your* dress, and make up by that means what it will cost. And so, instead of those silk slips I meant to give you very shortly, you must be content with linen gowns, or very likely stuff, and have no feathers or Italian flowers upon your head in future; nothing but a ribband round your hat.

Lucy. And yet, mamma, I told Miss Raby and her sister Kitty, I should very shortly have a fine silk slip as good as theirs.

Henrietta.

Henrietta. A linen gown will never look so well as one of silk, pray, will it?

Mrs. Neville. Certainly it will not.

Henrietta, (having thought a little,) But provided it won't set me off as well as silk would, the poor girl will cut a much worse figure in her rags.

Lucy. And then, if she continues half uncovered thus much longer, she may run the risque of being taken ill, besides the inconveniences her dirt may bring upon her; for you know, mamma, you've often told me how unwholesome dirt is.

Mrs. Neville. Yes, indeed, I have; but you, Louisa, what say you to my proposal? Should you like to put a stuff gown on?

Louisa. Oh! very much, mamma. One jumps the better for it. I remember what the *Children's Friend* said lately in the story of poor Isabella, whose fine cloaths occasion'd her so much anxiety, when she was out a walking with her little friends, and sought to mortify them with the sight of her silk slip, embroider'd shoes, and frizzled head of hair.

Mrs. Neville. Well then we are likely, I perceive, to fix on something; and yet this is not the whole. Louisa, it was you first offer'd to instruct the little girl in sewing; and of course I ought to give the preference to you in such a charge; but then you must confess yourself a deal too giddy headed for it, and besides not qualified entirely. Neither I or Lucy can pretend to undertake it, as the business of the house already takes up our attention. Well then, Henrietta, 'tis to you I give the employment.

Henrietta. Thank you, dear mamma.

Mrs. Neville. Wait some few days, however, till you thank me. You can hardly guess what patience you will stand in need of to go through the employ. I know you, Henrietta, you are sometimes very hasty; and at first you cannot but expect the little girl will hardly comprehend your meaning. You will beat her very likely; if you do so I shall then be forc'd, against my will, to punish you. Well, dare you promise me you'll never let your peevish disposition get the better of you?

Henrietta. I must say the truth, mamma, that's what I cannot promise: I suppose you recollect the other day when you reprov'd me. I could then have laid my life I

should not do the same again; but you had hardly left the room, when poor Louisa went to put her stockings on, and broke a stitch that ran from top to bottom. I had so much work to take it up again, I fell into a passion, and even beat her. I was quite ashamed a moment after; but 'twas done, and could not be amended then.

Mrs. Neville. 'Tis singular, indeed, that children who have need themselves of such indulgence, should have none for others! Truly, you would cut a pretty figure in society if I were never to correct you for this fault.

Henrietta. I wish for nothing half so much as to get rid of it.

Lucy. For my part, dear mamma, I think no method can be half so good for such a purpose, as to trust her with this office.

Henrietta. I may quarrel with my sister, since she's not my debtor: but depend upon it, I'll be much more patient and good-natured with my scholar, otherwise she might imagine I was grieved for having been of service to her.

Mrs. Neville. And dear Lucy, you must have an eye to see they do things properly.

Lucy. Yes, yes, mamma, I'll be the inspector general.

Mrs. Neville. Come then, let's make haste, and carry our poor people this good news. I hope their joy will both encourage and reward your kindness.

M A T I L D A.

YOU remember, my dear little friends, the raging heat that made last summer so remarkable. I recollect it, I assure you, to my sorrow; since by having an effect upon my health, it hindered me, for many weeks, from satisfying your impatience to hear from me. To indemnify you, therefore, for so tedious, though unwilling a delay, I shall relate an interesting circumstance that happened when that heat was at the greatest.

I went down to Windsor on a visit to a lady, who with so much zeal and prudence educates the children trusted

to her care and forethought, that she gratifies the choice their gracious mother has made of her to direct them. We were all employed in innocent amusement, when a furious storm began to rise: the thunder rolled above us with a dreadful noise, with which the house even shook to its foundation, while the lightning seemed as if it would consume the dwelling every moment. One young lady of the company could not refrain from being frightened. There were heard too cries and shrieks proceeding from a chamber-maid in one of the apartments. In the midst of this confusion, she I speak of, on a sudden disappeared. Her noble mother, who was passing from one chamber to another, saw her kneeling in a corner.

The Mother. What are you about there, my dear child?

Matilda. Oh, nothing, nothing.

The Mother. Are you frightened at the storm?

Matilda. Oh, no, mamma. You have instructed me yourself, if you remember, not to fear the thunder; and you saw just now I was not in the least afraid.

The Mother. And why then were you kneeling?

Matilda. I observed Eliza tremble; I heard Kitty cry; and that made me unhappy. I was praying therefore for them, and for every one that is afraid of thunder.

SEQUEL TO THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

S C E N E I.

Gerald, Timoleon, Claudia, Isabel and Pipes. (*Claudia and Isabel are both employed; the one in reading, and the other at her tambour-frame. Timoleon has a pencil, and is drawing. Gerald shoulders Pipe's crutch.*)

Pipes, (to Gerald,) **M**AKE ready!—Present!—Fire! —Come: very well!—Another lesson will compleat you.—Give me back my crutch. (*To Claudia and Isabel*) You'll never let me teach you then?

Claudia. Teach us?

Isabel. Young ladies?

Pipes. And why not? A soldier's children should all learn their exercise. One never looks so well as with a gun.

Claudia. Particularly when a crutch must represent it.

Pipes. True! but I mistake it frequently myself, Miss Claudia; and incline to put it rather *on* than *underneath* my shoulder. 'Tis, in truth, a sort of instinct in me, my first motion. Ah, poor Pipes! to have a crutch, instead of musquet in my hand. These ten years I have carried it about, and am not yet accustomed to its use.

Gerald. But recollect, Pipes; at your age you would have certainly been otherwise dismiss'd.

Pipes. Dismiss'd? what mean you, master Gerald? Had it not been for my wooden leg, I should have died a soldier. Cursed leg! Ten hundred times a day I find myself disposed to make a bonfire of it! For a fine white spatterdash, when I see nothing but a wooden peg! I hardly know myself, and fall into a passion.

Timoleon. Would you wish to have it otherwise? Why, man, 'tis nothing but a consequence of war.

Isabel. And is it thus Timoleon comforts you! Don't be afflicted, Pipes.

Pipes. You're in the right, my dear Miss Isabel; for after all, it bears me witness I have seen hot service. If my leg had not been in the fire it would be scarcely now so dry. In fact, I know some legs, that are, at present, in their place, for having borne the wearers of them out of danger; and I would not change my wooden leg for twenty such. Young gentlemen, 'tis happy for you both that you're to serve: but take my counsel, and lose arms as well as legs, much rather than receive the least degree of spot, for want of courage, in your honour.

Timoleon. Yes, I promise you I will.

Gerald. And so will I: when I am fighting I will have you always in my thoughts.

Pipes. Do, master Gerald. Your brave father and myself. *Barton* and *Pipes* shall be your charging words. With these two names between your lips, you will be always first to do your duty.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Gerald, Timoleon, Claudia, Isabel, Pipes, and Captain Barton, (who has entered towards the close of the preceding scene.)

(The children seeing Captain Barton, run together towards him, and cry all at once,) Here's papa!

The Captain, (embracing them,) Good-morrow to you all, my dears. Good-morrow, Pipes, to you, *(holding out his hand,)* and thank you heartily for your instructions to my children.

Pipes. Ah! sir, my instructions I bestow upon them with a deal of pleasure, when you are not by: but seeing you, I'm almost sorry.

The Captain. And why so, my friend?

Pipes. Because I see, by your example, what it generally ends in: don't I, sir? If I am wise then, shall I study to make soldiers of your children, that the king in future may dismiss them after they have worn themselves out in the service?

The Captain. But why call my fortune back thus to remembrance, since myself have labour'd to forget it, and complain no longer of what you suppose hard usage.

Pipes. Please your honour, I'll complain for both then. Bombs and cannons! is it not a shame! What, turn me off for having one leg less? A soldier's always fit for duty, if his heart and head are left him. If they think we cripples make no shew at a review, why, let them keep us for a battle; we'll be put into a corps apart: we won't even condescend to mix with others. No affront to your Cornwallisses, your Elliots, and your Tarletons, we'll be first of all, I warrant you, dear master.

The Captain, (smiling,) Good old friend! how much I'm pleas'd to see this fire of youth and courage burning still within you!

Pipes. Bombs and cannons! I'm quite vex'd to see you smile, when you should storm much more than I do. I'm a vulgar dog; I'm nobody; and they may think they ought to overlook me, having lost a limb; but you, a Captain, that have had so many wounds in twenty battles, and have such a family of children, to put such a

one as you on what they call half-pay, and send him off without a pension! who can think of such a treatment, and be patient!

The Captain. I find fault with no one. There are others more unhappy.

(*He turns to Gerald, and the rest, who seem uneasy.*) My good little ones, you've done enough this morning to require some recreation. Go, then; but first visit your mamma: she's in her chamber.

The Children. Yes, papa; and afterwards come back to study.

S C E N E III.

The Captain and Pipes.

The Captain. My old friend, I'm pleas'd with your affection; but still like not you should speak before my children as you do. I would not have them think they're authoriz'd to hate their fellow-creatures: such a notion would discourage them in their pursuit of fortune; and besides, they're destin'd to acquire themselves a reputation by their actions. Is it likely then they should take pains for such a purpose, if before hand they are told men merit only their contempt?

Pipes, (ironically,) Yes, yes; your honour has great reason to defend mankind, they have respected you so much!

The Captain. There are more good than wicked men about us; and if only there were you, that thought would reconcile me to humanity.

Pipes, (grasping the Captain's hand,) Oh, Captain!

The Captain. You have been so willing to attach yourself to my ill fortune! and besides, you know I am indebted to your friendship for the preservation of my life.

Pipes. And if I saved it, I was under obligation to do nothing less, my worthy Captain, for your having sent me to the drill so often. Had it not been for your honour, Pipes would have turn'd out a vagabond and drunkard, like so many others. It was your attention that made a man of me; I should have been my whole life long a common foldier, had you let me grovel on. From rank to rank I've been promoted, and at last made serjeant; and that's something, every one will grant me!

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and no inconsiderable lift towards colonel; but a plague upon the musquet-ball, say I, that to my heart of oaks has added this deal leg.

The Captain. Go, Pipes; the worst is, you have now repose, and that's as good as honour always.

Pipes. I shall never have repose as long as I observe your honour all at ease. The produce of your field, this year, has fail'd, and I am now become a burthen to you.

The Captain. Can a child become a burthen to his father? And pray, are you not as one among my children? Thanks to heaven! I shall be always sure of a subsistence. If our ration is a little less, there shall be still an equal share for you, Pipes.

Pipes. And I take it; but have hopes I shall be able to pay handsomely for all your favours, having met with an employment.

The Captain. So much, Pipes, the better! I am charm'd to hear you have so, for *your* sake. What is it?

Pipes. Could you have supposed what I am going now to tell you! but 'tis true, sir, that a hosier offer'd me, the other day, employment in his shop, if I would knit him stockings.

The Captain. Good: at least, you'll not be idle, by accepting it.

Pipes. How! good? I could have knock'd the fellow down; but that my crutch had tumbled on the ground.

The Captain. I hope this knocking people down is not the employment you have met with?

Pipes. 'Twould be better far than what the hosier meant to give me. A fine sight, indeed! Pipes knitting like a woman! I would see his stock of knitting-needles at Jericho first: and yet, I had a thought this circumstance gave birth to. I can work, I said, it seems then; so I went to Mr. Wilkinson's, and told him I would furbish up his old sword blades, if he would but employ an ancient soldier. He consented; so that I shall have the handling still of warlike weapons; and beside, receive a shilling daily. Do me, captain, so much honour as to take it for my entertainment.

The Captain. No, no, friend: keep what you get yourself. A drop of liquor, now and then, is necessary to a person of your age.

Pipes. A drop of liquor! O, I'll take care how I play at such a game as that again. I know myself too well. I should drink a single drop to day; a pint would hardly be enough to-morrow, and so on.

The Captain. But you have other calls for money; and for my part, I want nothing.

Pipes. Nothing! when you almost live on bread and water? Nay, now captain, you are far too proud, believe me: and refuse my shilling, for no other reason than because I'm not your equal! Bombs and cannons! and a vengeance on this wooden leg of mine! that has prevented me from being now a colonel, for what any one can tell.

The Captain. You don't yet know me, I can see, my friend; for were I to accept a gift from any one, it should be only from the king and you.

Pipes. What, both of us together thus! and in a breath!

The Captain. My king is but my master: in my friend, I see a sort of god: and you, Pipes, are the only friend that's left me.

Pipes. (*throwing himself into the captain's arms,*) Well then, my friend—Captain, take my shilling.

The Captain. I've already told you, I could put it to no use; and did not misinform you: but on second thoughts, a time may come, when I shall need a great deal more. Lay by as much as you can save out of this daily shilling, that whenever I may want your savings, you may then assist me.

Pipes. O, I understand you. 'Tis for my sake, rather than yourself, you counsel me to act thus savingly. No matter: I'll pursue your counsel literally; and my money shall be sacred; it shall go in nothing but tobacco; and I'll take care how I fall into a passion, that I may not break my pipe.

The Captain. I praise your resolution; but at present go and smoke one to the honour of our friendship. Mrs. Barton, I observe, is coming: and I wish to have a little conversation with her, by myself.

Pipes. Yes, yes; I'll leave you: and besides, a little air will be of service to me. Your discourse has had I don't know what effect upon my spirits. I shall quickly be composed again.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

The Captain, and Mrs. Barton.

Mrs. Barton. What circumstance has happened, my dear life? You sent the children to me; and I thought I saw upon their countenances something not quite natural to them. I conceived it not so proper, to ask *them* the reason; but would come and know the whole from you. Hide nothing from me, I beseech you. Are we doomed to suffer any new misfortune? Tell me every thing, that I may give you all the consolation love can offer.

The Captain. No, dear spouse; with your assistance, I can bear all sorrows; and if unforeseen affliction were to come upon me, would not hesitate to tell you of it, after the experience I have had of your philosophy and fortitude. But be of comfort, nothing fatal or unfortunate, thank Heaven, has happened.

Mrs. Barton. What then could occasion that uneasiness I noticed in their countenances?

The Captain. Our old soldier caused it, whose excess of zeal and friendship for me, carried him so far, while they were present, as to vent complaints concerning the injustice I've been used with. I observed they were affected by the strength of his expressions; and because I apprehended such invectives might inspire discouragement, directed them to go into your chamber; so that Pipes's murmurs might not make a bad impression on them, being followed instantly by your caresses.

Mrs. Barton. Poor unhappy little things! Alas, they know not what a sad condition they are doomed to, upon earth!

The Captain. I hope their fortune will not be so lamentable, as your motherly affection seems to fear; for hitherto, at least, they have no great occasion to complain of their condition.

Mrs. Barton. What! my dear, when they are utterly deprived of all the advantages they might have reasonably looked to have?

The Captain. They never knew them; therefore, never can the want of those advantages afflict them. Possibly they might have only served to soften and unnerve their

strength, as well as understanding. The hard life to which they have been used, has given them a robust and sound constitution, and an energy of mind. Instead of a frivolous or puerile amusement, they already can convert their labour into pleasure. If God's Providence should grant them any of the gifts of fortune, they will therefore yield the more enjoyment: but, supposing they are all decreed to pass away their days in the privation of this life's conveniences, they will have learnt to undergo their fortune without murmurs or complainings. Shall I tell you what I think, my dear? I do not look on the condition we are left to live in, as so very lamentable; for, surrounded by the pleasures of the world, should we have known those tender inspirations for each other, which we certainly have learnt, in what men call the school of hardship? Hurried on by pleasure, we should each have gone in quest of friends, who would have left us in adversity, and very likely aggravated our afflictions by their treachery: while now, afflicted as we are, we are convinced we have it in our power to make each other happy, by our mutual love and friendship. There are many miserable individuals in the world, even destitute of bread to eat; which we have never been in want of, without condescending to procure it by dishonour. If, as is the case, we are necessitated to put up with what may certainly be called a very common diet, that our children may not want for education,—we enjoy, upon the other hand, their gratitude, and the improvement they are making. We are conscious to ourselves we have neglected no one tittle of our duty to them. Every generous notion they evince already, is our work. It is our lessons, and example, have enabled them to entertain it. They will do no laudable or virtuous action in their future lives, but what an honest pride within us will permit we should attribute to ourselves; and granting any one among them should be raised into distinction by his merit, I am confident he will not leave us in old age, when we may more particularly want his succour.

Mrs. Barton. O my dear, and worthy husband! how does not your fortitude sustain me!

The Captain. On the other hand, dear partner, 'tis your constancy upholds my fortitude. Without support, I should have long since sunk beneath the burthen of my
for-

forrows ; but beholding you renounce your former inclinations, and subdue the weakneses inseparable from your tender sex, that you might properly discharge your duty, how could I have seemed less firm than you were, and not blushed at being called a man ?

Mrs. Barton. Ascribe not so much honour to me, for these sacrifices I have made. They must be nothing to a mother's sensibility : and I would make still greater, if, on such conditions, I might have the prospect of a happier fortune to befall my children. But, my dear, have you renounced all thoughts of suing, for the time to come, at court ? Are you without a hope, that fresh solicitations would not be attended with success ?

The Captain. You know the issue of my former applications. If then I experienced nothing but denials, when more recent services spoke for me, shall I hope a better fortune now ? and if the hollow-hearted friend, who then deceived me, would not second my just expectations with his influence, who will now espouse the application of a man so many years forgot ? My very silence since that period, would be urged as a pretext for new refusals ; and fresh disappointments but re-open wounds, as yet not quite healed up. I've thrown away almost my whold dependence to procure me nothing but vexation ; I shall therefore hardly be so rash, as to consume what's left me in such steps as, if they failed, would end in desperation.

Mrs. Barton. Desperation ?

The Captain. Yes ; though they should cost me nothing but the time I must purloin from the instruction of my children. If I durst have any hopes, and should again be disappointed, I'm convinced I could not possibly survive ; or should, at least, drag on the wretched remnant of my life in sorrow. No, dear spouse ; let us not imitate those parents, who imagine they have done enough, in yielding some small portion of their superfluities ; and that too with reluctance, that their children may obtain an education. Let us prove our love, by dedicating even our necessities to their wants. Let us consent to live on bread, if such a sacrifice be needful, that in future they may shew they have been educated in a manner worthy of us.

Mrs. Barton. And I trust in the Almighty, that they will do so ; for sure, we have not given life to monsters.

The Captain. I've already such a hope concerning Edward. Child, although he is, yet have I frequently remarked his depth of understanding, openness of temper, and ingenuous way of thinking; qualities I would desire to meet with in my friend. To be promoted, he will have two motives, and those such as operate very forcibly on noble minds: he will have obstacles to overcome, and therefore so much the more glory to acquire. With how much ardour have I not observed him, and particularly these two years last past, resign himself entirely up to study, and digest the greatest difficulties! With how much enthusiasm has he not been seized at the recital of some glorious action! I have often noted him retiring, as it were in thought, that he might narrowly examine the transactions both of Rome and Sparta, and observe the infancy of their most celebrated heroes. In a search like this, no wonder that the achievements of a Cyrus should inflame his nature to resemble him in temperance, fortitude, and reputation: on the whole, I verily believe, that nothing but some happy circumstance is wanting, to proclaim him such already, as, in future, he may be.

Mrs. Barton. But, my dear, in such a situation as at present he is doomed to, when, alas! can we have hope this happy circumstance will happen?

The Captain. To the weak man it can hardly ever happen: a great heart will frequently create it. Yes, my Edward, there is hardly any thing I have not room to hope for from you.

S C E N E V.

The Captain and Mrs. Barton, Gerald, Timoleon, Claudia, and Isabel.

Gerald. You were speaking, I believe, papa, about my brother?

The Captain. True; I was so, Gerald. You are sensible there's scarce a moment of the day, in which I do not think of one or other of you.

Isabel. Have you had any letter from him?

The Captain. Not to day; but then I know him, my dear child, so well, that I can tell, at any time, what he's about, without his writing to me. For example, I am
sure

sure that at this very moment, he is thinking to afford me a proof of his affection, by a diligent attention to his studies. Gerald, I am sure his good behaviour will be serviceable to your introduction, when the time comes round that you must go to school, and have the same instructor.

Gerald. And for my part, as you know, papa, I am to go before Timoleon, I'll do every thing I can to introduce him likewise, with the same degree of credit.

The Captain. I was sure within myself you would have made me such a promise. In your present situation, my dear little fellows, destitute, as you are sensible you are, of wealth and patrons, your advancement in the world must be at first entirely owing to yourselves, as it depends upon the efforts you will make, at all times, to excel each other. And what's more, the elevation of all three may be the happy consequence of good behaviour in one only; as the bad behaviour of one only may involve the other two, and be a bar to their good fortune. So that you may see, on one hand, what disgrace, and on the other hand, what honour may respectively be feared or hoped for.

Gerald. But, papa, you know we heard Pipes say just now, the king had not rewarded you?

Timoleon. I'm sure, however, you were never found deficient in your duty.

Isabel. So pray tell us why the king has for so many years forgot you?

The Captain. Possibly, because there have been many to reward, much worthier than myself; or else, because the expences he is at, prevent his generosity: besides, I have neglected, for a long, long time indeed, all applications to his justice; that the time they would have taken up, might better be employed upon your education. But when once you enter into public life, you will be able, by a proper conduct on your part, to turn his royal eye upon your father; and if so, I shall enjoy his benefits twice over.

Gerald. O, if it depends upon my conduct—

Timoleon. What! and shall we then be able to repay you every thing you've done on our account?

The Captain. Yes; and to the full. I will not raise the value of those sacrifices your good mother and myself have made, to the affair of your instruction. We have constantly submitted to them unrepiningly, and even with

the greatest pleasure. Providence already recompenses us, by planting in your hearts the promise of those virtues, that will gratify our hopes. But if you were in future to deceive us, and conduct yourselves in such a manner that the fruit of all our sacrifices would be lost, what then would be the dismal consequences? Your poor sisters brought to poverty! your mother in despair! and my grey hairs descending to the grave with sorrow!

Gerald. No; it never shall be so.

Timoleon. And, therefore, if you love us, be assured we shall do every thing we can to make you happy.

The Captain. My existence totally depends upon you; and through you I am to live or die.

Gerald. In that case, you will live while we've one single drop of blood within us.

Timoleon. We will rather die a thousand times that willingly dishonour you.

The Captain. Well, I receive, my children, this assurance in the sight of Heaven, and can have nothing else to wish for. I will be indebted to you for the greatest happiness to be enjoyed in this world.

Claudia. O papa, how badly off are we, that cannot by our conduct make you happy!

The Captain. You may make my happiness still greater, by so acting, as, in this retirement, to occasion me the permanent and tranquil joys peculiar to a father. What will there be wanting to my happiness, if, while your brothers honour my old age by their illustrious actions, you, together with your sister, comfort it with your attention, and adorn it with your virtues? What additional felicity can I intreat of Heaven, if I but live to see you merit the distinction gained you, by the fame and glory of your brothers? (*He takes Mrs. Barton by the hand, whom an excess of sensibility had rendered speechless, during all the scene.*) Dearest wife! can you imagine what would be our transports at so fair a prospect, when both joy and honour, caused by every one ourselves gave life to, should fill up our dwelling!

Gerald. You say nothing, dear mamma?

Claudia. You weep?

Mrs. Barton. It is for joy, my children. I had yielded up myself before-hand, to the happiness your father was describing.

Gerald.

Gerald. O, we promise we will do our utmost not to disappoint you. Yes, upon our knees we promise you. And as for Edward, I will answer for him just as he himself would, were he present. *(They fall upon their knees before her; she affectionately raises, and embraces them; as likewise does their father.)*

S C E N E VI.

The Captain and Mrs. Barton, Gerald, Timoleon, Claudia, Isabel and Pipes.

Pipes, (rushing all at once into the room,) O, my worthy Captain!

The Captain. What's the matter?

Pipes. I have seen him! he's return'd!

The Captain. Return'd?—who, Pipes?

Pipes. Why he, I tell you, my best friend! the only friend I have! except, indeed, your honour!

The Captain. Edward, do you mean?

Mrs. Barton. My son?

Gerald. My brother?

Claudia and Isabel. Where, where is he?

Timoleon. O my dearest Pipes, is Edward coming?

Pipes. Do you ask me, when I've told you? Why, he almost beat me backward, throwing, as he did, his arms about my neck. The excellent young man! still, still the same! He's coming after me. I hear him on the stairs.

Mrs. Barton. But why does he return? O, heaven! He has been only ten days absent! Is it possible, that—

The Captain, (interrupting her,) What! suspect my Edward? This is the first reason for displeasure you have ever caused me!

Mrs. Barton. Pardon my uneasiness; and yet, what are we to suppose on this occasion?

The Captain. Any thing, or every thing, much rather than imagine he has done amiss.

Edward, (entering to his father, who springs forward and embraces him,) My dear, dear father! how rejoiced I am to see you!

The Captain. My dear Edward! is it you?—embrace me closer! closer!—What can be the reason of your coming back so unexpectedly?

Edward. 'Tis mentioned in this paper. Read, read, read. (*He gives a paper; and then running up to his mother, falls into her arms.*) My dear mamma! you will be very happy! (*he returns to his brothers and sisters, and embraces them too.*) And how are you, dearest Isabel and Claudia? and you, Gerald, and Timoleon? You were far from thinking me so near you, were you not? however, you'll be glad of my return, when you shall know the reason why.

Isabel. O, we are glad already, without knowing it.

Edward. I had drawn up a letter yesterday for my papa, with good news in it, and the promise of much better: but my master being then upon the point of setting out for London, on the subject of that better news, thought proper to detain the letter; and succeeding in the object of his journey, it was instantly determined I should come myself this morning, which was full as well I fancy: was it not?

Claudia. O, certainly.

The Captain. What's this! a pension of three hundred pounds a-year the king allows me!

Mrs. Barton. Is it possible?

Pipes. Bombs and cannons! if it were but true!

All the Children. How, how, papa!

The Captain. There, read the whole yourself, dear spouse.—And who then is the generous man that has thus condescended to enumerate my services in presence of the king, when every one besides him had abandoned me? The king then knows I have not served him without some degree of glory! O, my prince! I could have certainly been happy, though deprived of your munificence, but not of your esteem. My Edward, who has been my benefactor?

S C E N E

S C E N E the last.

The Captain and Mrs. Barton, Gerald, Timoleon, Claudia, Isabel, Pipes, Edward, and the Master of the Military School, with Eugenius.

(Edward runs out hastily, and very soon returns, bringing in his master by the hand.)

Edward. Here is our friend, and second father. See my brother too, Eugenius. A new son, for you and my mamma.

The Master. Vouchsafe to pardon me, that I have been so free as to intrude upon you without leave: I was not willing, I confess, to lose the affecting scene, to which I am at present witness.

The Captain. You may well expect the liberty of being witness to it, since 'tis all of your creation.

Mrs. Barton. And has wherewithal, no doubt, to please your undeserved beneficence.

The Master. I am indeed most happy, madam, to perform a character therein, though not the hero. 'Tis to Edward, to your son, that glory appertains.

Mrs. Barton. To Edward!

The Captain. To my son?

The Master. You had deprived yourself of every comfort in this life, that you might form his heart and understanding; and on his part, he deprived himself of his enjoyments, to evince the gratitude he owed you. Pardon me, good sir, if I appear acquainted with the secrets of your family. Your son has not betrayed them. It was I that read them in his bosom. Ever since his first commencement with us, he would take no sustenance but bread and water. All our menaces were not sufficient to procure an explanation of such abstinence; and by insinuation only did I come to know it. He resolv'd to be no happier than his father, who denied himself so many things on his account. We spoke about you, and I learn'd your situation. I have had no other merit than the trifling one of causing intimation of it to be made to our good sovereign; but your name, it seems, was in his recollection; and he said, as I was told, he thought him-
self

self quite happy, in the means of recompensing, as he did, your ancient services, as well as fore-thought, in bestowing such an education on your children, as must make them subjects of the greatest hope. The worthy minister even told me, that in saying what I've mentioned, he shed tears.

The Captain. O, sir! forgive the weaknesses of nature. I had strength sufficient to endure misfortunes; but not half enough to bear such joy! My son! my dearest Edward! it is thus then you esteem and love your father?

Edward. Pardon me: I have but for a moment done in your behalf, what you have been employ'd in for so many years, on my account. (*He turns towards his mother, who is just upon the point of fainting.*) My dear mamma! don't die then, I beseech you, now you're rich.

(*Mrs. Barton is reviv'd in consequence of his solicitude, and almost overwhelms him with embraces.*)

The Master. What an affecting picture! Edward, you remember I too mean to be your father?

Edward. O, yes; always, always! So, papa, embrace Eugenius my new brother: we have sworn for ever to love one another.

Eugenius. Yes; and I, on my side, never shall forget my promise. (*They embrace each other ardently; as do the Captain and the Master.*)

The Master. I have been so free, sir, as to bring him with me to your house, that he might contemplate the virtues reigning in it. He had read the heart of Edward many days before myself; and he it was that first of all desired his friendship.

The Captain. If you give him thus a friend then, in the person of my son, I ought to find another for him in the person of his father.

The Master. I can wish for nothing with such ardour, as I do the title you allude you; and, on my part, offer you my pledge of friendship. (*holding out his hand.*)

Pipes. I can be no longer an indifferent looker on! (*he lets fall his crutch, and rushes in between them.*) Excuse me, sir; but where my Captain gives his heart, mine also must go with it. You're a generous man! I tell you so, and Pipes knows what he talks about.

The Captain. You'll pardon, sir, the bluntness of a soldier: he is full of honour, and this mark of his affection

fection for me, cannot be a matter of indifference to you. It has been my consolation under many sorrows.

The Master. Say you so? I take then his affection in good part. Your hand; for soldiers are all brothers.

Pipes. O, my other good supporter, where now are you? But I'll dance without you at the thought of such a happy day.

FOOLISH FRIGHTS.

MR. HUNTER was one afternoon at home, and in the drawing room with his four children, Pawlett, Cherry, Dennis, and Eliza, when three gentlemen whose names were Bleville, Fairfield, and Macauley, came to see him. They were Mr. Hunter's oldest friends; the children likewise lov'd them greatly, and were very much rejoic'd to see them. They would always listen to their conversation with a greedy ear, as being not instructive only, but amusing; and on this particular occasion sat with such attention, that they let the night come on without once thinking that they wanted candles. Mr. Bleville was, by this time, got into a very curious circumstance that happened to him in his travels, when a dreadful noise was heard from the second pair of stairs. The children got together in a fright, behind their father's elbow chair, instead of going out and seeing what it was, as Mr. Hunter thought they would have done. He had bid Pawlett, his eldest son, step out; but Pawlett pass'd the order to his sister Cherry; Cherry to her younger brother Dennis; and this younger brother Dennis, to the least of all, Eliza.

During these negotiations, which indeed were all transacted in a minute's time, the noise continued, and came nearer; till, at last, it ended; and another sort of noise began upon the landing place, for all the world, as afterward the children told their father, like a bear, that as he mov'd, might nib against the wainscot; and they thought they heard him snuffle likewise. They kept listening, and as yet not one among them left his station.

Mr.

Mr. Hunter ey'd them, just as if he meant to ask if he, or either of his friends, should rise, and see what accident had happened?

Upon this the four began their march together, towards the door, but in the figure of a square battalion, each supported by the other. They were now come near the door, when Pawlett, with a fearful step, advanc'd his foot and open'd it; but instantly fell back into his former place. The little ones, however, were not in the least delivered from their terror, when they saw an apparition clothed in white, and crawling on all fours. In short, our *Socias*, at the sight, turned tail, and setting up a shriek, retreated towards their father, who got up, and going towards the landing-place, cried out, who's there?

I, sir, replied a voice, that seem'd to issue from the flooring.

I, said Mr. Hunter? And who pray are you?

The barber's boy, sir, who am looking for your wig.

I went up stairs to fetch it down, but let the box fall, that has roll'd down stairs, and broke to bits.—Thinks, little friends, what bursts of laughter now succeeded their preceding silence. Mr. Hunter rang the bell for light, and when it came, perceived the wig-box smashed to pieces, and the wig about the boy's right foot.

The tumult of this laughable adventure scarce was over, when the father ridiculed the folly of his children, asking what they had been thus afraid of? They could hardly tell themselves, as having been accustomed from the cradle not to be afraid at night; and as the several servants in the family were told, they never were to tell them any foolish stories about ghosts or goblins.

Their preceding conversation being thus derang'd, it came at last to turn upon this subject, and they wish'd to know what could occasion those surprizing fears, so common to all children in darkness.

'Tis the natural effects of darkness, and that only, answered Mr. Bleville. As they cannot properly distinguish objects round them, their imagination, which is always smitten with the marvellous, shapes them out extraordinary figures, by enlarging or contracting what they look at, just as circumstances govern. Upon this, the notion of their weakness easily persuades them they are utterly unable to resist those monsters they think arm'd to hurt them. Ter-

ror

ror thus obtains possession of them, and too frequently impresses fears that have the worst of consequences.

They would be ashamed, said Mr. Hunter, if they saw, in open day, what often gives them so much fright by night.

'Twas just for all the world, said Pawlett, just as if I saw it: but I needed but to touch it, and then knew precisely what it was.

Oh yes, said Cherry, you have given us indeed an admirable token of your courage. *Needed but to touch it!* And therefore, I suppose, you would have let me *touch* the door, but that I push'd you forward.

It becomes you well, to talk about my fear, said Pawlett; you that got behind poor little Dennis.

And poor little Dennis behind me, rejoin'd the fly Eliza.

Come, said Mr. Hunter, I can see you've nothing to reproach each other with. But Pawlett's notion is not, upon that account, less rational; for as in all the monstrous shapes we image out continually to ourselves, we have but natural accidents to fear, we may ward off all danger by the sense of feeling, that distinguishes what frequently deceives the sight. 'Tis the neglect of this precaution in our infancy, that makes so many of us fancy ghosts in every object round about us. I remember, on this head, a story, comical enough, and which I'll tell you.

The four children now came round their father, crying out, a story! oh a story! and their father thus began it.

In my parent's house, there liv'd a servant, who one night was sent for beer into the cellar. We were every one all ready seated at the table, but could not set eyes upon the servant or beer. My mother, who was rather of a hasty temper, rose from table, and went out to call her. As it chanc'd, the cellar door was open; but she could not make the servant hear. My mother order'd me to bring a candle, and go down into the cellar with her. I went first to light the way: but as I look'd straight forward, did not mind my steps, and all at once fell over something rather soft. My light went out; and getting up, I put my hand upon another hand, quite motionless and cold. Upon the cry I utter'd, down came Ursula, the cook maid, with a candle. She drew near, and we discover'd our poor servant all along upon the ground, face downward, in a swoon.

swoon. We got her up, and let her have a smelling bottle. She resum'd her spirits; but had hardly lifted up her eyes, but she cried out: There! there she is! there still! Who's there? replied my mother. That tall white woman, answered she, there hanging in the corner. See! see! see! We look'd the way she pointed; and in fact did see, as she described it, something white, and of a tolerable length, suspended in a corner. Is it only *that*? replied the cook-maid, bursting out a laughing. Why that's nothing but the leg of mutton which I bought last night. I hung it there, that it might keep quite fresh, and cool; and put a napkin round it, to keep off the flies. She ran immediately, took off the napkin, and exhibited the leg of mutton to her fellow-servant, trembling as she stood with fear. It was above a quarter of an hour before she was convinc'd of her ridiculous mistake. She would at first insist upon it, that the phantom stared her in the face with saucer eyes; that she had turned to run away, but that the ghost had followed, fastened on her petticoat, and seized upon the candle in her hand. What happened after this she could not tell.

'Tis very easy to explain all this, said Mr. Bleville; and assign the reason, why your servant fancied thus extravagantly of a leg of mutton. When the fright first seized her, and she swooned, the circulation of the blood was stopped, and she could not run away; she thought she had been held. She could not hold the candle, and supposed she fancied spectre took it from her.

We are happy, added Mr. Hunter, that the understanding and good sense of people has begun to dissipate these foolish notions, about ghosts and goblins. There was once a time of so much ignorance, that these ideas mixed with superstitious notions, and deprived the boldest of their courage; but thank heaven, they are at length completely done away in towns, though they subsist, as strong as ever, in the country, that are still supposed to be inhabited by witches, and a train of evil spirits. What I am going now to tell you, is a laughable example of it.

Dick, a labouring man, one evening was returning from a fair, with Humphrey and Susanna, his two children. It was towards the end of autumn, when the day shuts in betimes.

Dick,

Dick, going by an ale-house, told the children he would enter, and refresh himself a little; ordering them, as they were well acquainted with the road before them, to go onward, and in half a dozen minutes he would overtake them. Humphrey and Sufanna therefore went on slowly, talking of the drollery of the puppet-show they had been seeing; and, as well as they were able, talking like the wooden figures in it. All at once, about the middle of a path, that passing round the corner of a little wood, came, where they stood, into the public road, their eye was caught by something very bright, that seemed to dance upon the ground, or rise and fall by turns. The father, formerly a soldier, frequently had told them they must never be afraid of what by night, and at a distance, might assume a frightful figure, but go boldly up, when they would find it nothing. Humphrey had forgot all this instruction. He could hardly speak, he shook all over, and perspired abundantly; whereas his sister laughed to see him frightened, saying she would go and see the apparition nearer. Humphrey, all in vain, informed her it was a ghost, who certainly would twist her neck off. She was not discouraged by these foolish notions, but went onward towards the light, without once stopping.

She was got within a dozen yards of what she went to, when, behold ye, she discerned the very puppet-show-man that had entertained her at the fair, and who was seeking something with his lanthorn.

For in drawing out his handkerchief, his purse had followed; and for upwards of ten minutes, he had looked about to find it on the ground, about the spot. Sufanna, who had always got her wits about her, went and searched the hedges, and found it hanging on a sprig. The show-man gave her, as a recompence, the punchinello that had made her laugh so much; and as they went along, instructed her to twitch the strings, and make it play in that diverting manner she had lately seen.

They were but just got home, when Dick came in. The puppet-man informed him what had happened, and extolled Sufanna's courage. It was now extremely dark, however, and the little Humphrey was not heard of. Dick began to fear some accident; and therefore took a link, and with Sufanna, ran to see if he could find him.

They

They went very fast, and hallooed, as they ran, by turns. At last they heard, a great way off, the voice of some one in distress. They made up to it, and found Humphrey in a ditch, unable to get out. He was quite covered with a cake of mud from head to foot, and had his face and hands torn sadly with the brambles.

How the deuce, said Dick to Humphrey, came you here? and helped him out.

Ah father, I was running with my head turned towards a jack-a-lantern that ran after me, and, as I could not see my way before me, tumbled in. I wanted to get out, but could find only brambles to lay hold of. See how they have scratched my face and hands; and there-upon he recommenced his cries and lamentations.

Dick reproved him very roughly for his cowardice; but Humphrey was a deal more vexed when told his sister's luck. He could not be consoled for having lost his share in that diverting punchinello she had got, and which she knew, by this time, to play off with great dexterity.

The lantern, in your tale, said Mr. Bleville, makes me recollect a singular adventure with a lantern in it, that performed its part so well, as to affright, not merely such a little peasant as your Humphrey, but a whole village.

I was coming home one night on horse-back, from a visit I had just before been making to a number of the neighbouring villages, where I had quartered my recruits. It happened there had fallen a deal of rain that day, since noon, and during all the evening, which had broken up the road, and it was raining still with equal violence; but being forced to join my Company next morning, I sat out, provided with a lantern, having got to pass a straight defile between two mountains. I had cleared it, when a gust of wind took off my hat, and carried it so far that I despaired of getting it again, and therefore gave the matter up. By great good fortune I had with me my red cloak. I covered up my head and shoulders with it, leaving nothing but a little hole to see my way and breathe through; and for fear the wind should take a fancy to my cloak, as well as hat, I passed my right arm round my body to secure it, so that riding on in this position, you may easily conceive my lantern, which I held in my right hand, was under my left shoulder. At the entrance of a village, on
a hill,

a hill, I met three travellers, who no sooner saw me, than they ran away, as fast as if old Harry followed them. For my part, I went on upon the gallop, and when come into the town, alighted at an inn, where I designed to rest myself a little; but soon after, who should enter but my three poltrons, as pale as death itself. They told the landlord and his people, trembling as they spoke, that on the road they had encountered a great figure of a man all over blood, whose head was like a flame of fire; and to increase the wonder, placed beneath his shoulder. He was mounted on a dreadful horse, said they, quite black behind, and grey before, which, notwithstanding it was lame, he spurred and whipped right up the mountain with extraordinary swiftness. Here they ended their relation. They had taken care to spread the alarm as they were flying from this wonderful apparition, and the people had come with them to the inn in such a drove, that upwards of a hundred were all squeezed together, opening both their mouths and ears at this tremendous story. To make up in some sort for my dismal journey, I resolved to laugh a little, and be merry at their cost, in tending to cure them of such fright, by showing them their folly in the present instance. With this view I got upon my horse again behind the inn, went round about till I had rode the distance of a mile or thereabouts; when turning I disposed of my accoutrements, that is to say, my cloak and lantern, as before, and on I came upon a gallop towards the inn. You should have seen the frightened mob of peasants how they hid their faces at the sight, and got into the passage. There was no one but the host had courage to remain, and keep his eye upon me. I was now before the door, on which I shifted the position of my lantern, let my cloak drop down upon my shoulders, and appeared the figure he had seen me by his kitchen fire. It was not without real difficulty, we could bring the simple people that had crowded in for safety from their terror: the three travellers in particular, as the first impression was till strong within them, could not credit what they saw. We finished by a hearty laugh at their expence, and drinking to the man whose head was like a flame of fire, and placed beneath his shoulder. This was what meant to tell you, and perhaps if such conviction of their groundless apprehensions had not been afforded hem, the

story of my strange appearance would have passed from one old woman to another, and for centuries occasioned mortal fears through all the country.

So too, did it rest on me alone, said Mr. Fairfield, to supply a fine relation to the gossips of my county, in a matter that one night befel me, at the time I went to school, or rather had just left it.

I was come from school at Midsummer, and had received an invitation from my uncle; to be with him for a month or thereabouts. I went accordingly; and being there, I had occasion to get up one night, or rather morning. I had a gallery to pass along between my chamber and the place I wished to visit, and had nothing but the moon to guide my steps, and she was very much obscured by clouds. I happened to go by a window opening to the garden, and methought I saw a monstrous figure, moving at a little distance from the gallery where I was. The moon, that shed his rays obliquely on the monster, gave it an appearance rather frightful. It was like a great Colossus, with the upper part inclining forwards. As it went away I saw it by degrees diminish. All at once, however, it appeared to come in two. One half seemed motionless and dead, the other greatly agitated; but as neither of the two approached me, in the fear that seized me, I had strength enough to bawl out help! help! help! I had but time to utter these three words, before the living half of the pretended phantom ran up to the gallery where I was, and in a suppliant accent, said to me, ah master Fairfield, don't cry out for heaven's sake. I remembered, as I thought, the voice; and therefore taking courage went up boldly to it, crying out who are you? Some housebreaker doubtless.—No, no, master, I am Sam the coachman. Sam the coachman! answered I; and what are you about at such an hour as this? I followed him, for he was now gone from me, and perceived a sack of something placed against the wall. I now saw clearly what had given him so monstrous an appearance as of late; and why he seemed to come in two, when he had thrown the sack from off his shoulders. I demanded what the sack had in it. I am going, answered he, betimes to town. Last night I quite forgot to bring my horses their supply of oats, and they must eat before they leave the stable. So I rose to get it; but pray
do

do not speak a word about it in the house, I beg you: they might think me very careless, and perhaps a thief. It came into my head, upon the spot, he might in fact be what he seemed afraid of being thought. I had myself the night before, I remembered, met him with a sack of oats upon his back. Besides, it was not towards the stable he was going; he was very near a little door that opened at the bottom of the garden towards a lane; and more than that, I thought two sacks of oats were more a great deal than three horses, for my uncle had but three, could want. At breakfast I informed my uncle of this business. After some examination it was found the coachman had a key in his possession, that would open when he pleased the corn-house door, by means of which he had at several times purloined the corn intended for a very different purpose.

Now, if when the phantom had approached, and called me by my name, I had not got the better of my fear, but run away to shun him, with what terrible ideas should I not have been possessed all night? The monster, I supposed I saw, might very likely have pursued me my whole life, and rendered me a coward, if it had not touched my brain, and robbed me of my understanding.

Mr. Macaulay, in his turn remarked, that nothing could have been more likely; as a proof of which, said he, I have been very lately told of an unhappy incident, that shows how terrible the effects of fear may be on children. I will tell it you at length, my little friends, said he, addressing the four young gentlemen and ladies; and I hope the story will not fail to cure you of a wish to frighten one another when it is dark, if ever you give way to such a practice.

Peregrine, a child of great vivacity and understanding, had adopted such a turn towards music, that besides his daily lesson on the organ, which his master came to give him every morning, he would go at night upon a visit to his master, who resided in the neighbourhood, and there repeat it.

Peregrine's brother was a good boy likewise, but had something of a turn towards drollery; and spent the time, when Peregrine was at his book, in always scheming how he might play off some trick or other, no ways minding who became the object of his wagging. He took notice that his brother frequently came home alone, and sometimes when it was dark, and turned his thoughts upon a

scheme to frighten him a little. He could walk in stilts. One evening, therefore, at the time his brother was expected home, he put himself into a pair of very high ones, wrapped a great white sheet about him, that trailed far behind upon the ground; and took a broad brimmed hat, which first of all he flapped, and having covered it with crape, of a sufficient length to hang a great way down on every side, but most of all before him, put it on his head. Thus frightfully equipped, he placed himself upright, and at a little distance from the house, close by the garden-gate, through which his brother always entered coming home. This last was now returning in the innocent delight peculiar to a child, and humming himself the tune he had been playing. He had got within a dozen paces of the gate, when he perceived the vast Colossus, that held out his arms, advancing to attack him. Agitated with a mortal fright, at such an apparition, he fell down upon the ground, deprived of understanding. Poor Augustus, who had not foreseen the consequences of his fatal frolic, threw away immediately his mask, and fell upon his brother's almost breathless body; and did every thing he could do, to reanimate him: but alas! the unhappy little fellow, as he found, was every thing but absolutely dead. His parents instantly came running to the spot, and with a deal of difficulty brought him back to life. He opened his eyes, and viewed them with a vacant stupid look. They gave him every tender name they could invent, while he appeared as if he did not comprehend them. He endeavoured, but in vain, to speak: his tongue essayed to do so, but without articulation. He is now deaf, dumb and foolish, and will very probably remain in such a situation all his life-time. Six or seven months have passed, since this deplorable occurrence, and the doctors that attend him have, as yet, done nothing towards his cure. Imagine little friends, if you are able, the distress and sorrow of his parents. 'Twould have certainly been better, both for them and him too, had he died upon the spot. They would not then have every day before them such a piteous object of affliction and despair. But their distress is nothing in comparison of Augustus's. Since the unhappy accident, he has been like a skeleton, much more than human creature. He can neither eat nor sleep. His tears exhaust him. Twenty times a day he walks about the room, and suddenly stops short: he

he wrings his hands, pulls up his hair, and curses even his birth. He calls on and embraces his dear brother, who no longer knows him. I have seen them both, and cannot tell which of the two is most unhappy.

INNOCENCE MADE MANIFEST.

P A R T I.

LEAVE we the degenerate crew
That at female virtue rail:
Husbands, to your wives be true,
And your peace can never fail.
For false rumours, must your wrath
Arm itself against their life?
Such as urge they'll break their troth,
With their virtue are at strife.

Ancient story proves this truth,
Now the subject of my song:
Sweet it is, by speaking sooth
To acquit the sex of wrong.
Yet what pleasure can this give;
If my heart no other feel:
Wives, if you but happy live,
I'm rewarded for my zeal.

Beauteous in her prime of days,
Brabant's daughter, meek and mild,
Blanch attracted gentle praise,
Gentle as a new-born child.
Twenty barons for her strove;
Siffroi only gain'd the prize.
Hymen quickly crown'd his love,
With indissoluble ties.

But tho' wedded, still they seem'd
Nymph and lover as before;
In their countenance, how beam'd
Of love's smiles, a countless store!

Anxious cares, the speaking eye,
 New enjoyments day by day;
 Not a dove their dwelling nigh
 Thought it lov'd as much as they.

But sad tidings soon he hears;
 Farewel all his love's delight!
 Saladin in arms appears;
 Siffroi must go join the fight.
 O, how many a fierce assault
 In him love and honour make!
 He'll in honour's path not halt,
 But Blanch left! his heart must break.

Waking with the early sun,
 Up one morning then he rose,
 Blanch, while pangs his bosom wrung,
 Slept in undisturb'd repose.
 How much more his eyes he'd treat
 With an object dear thereto,
 So much more he dreads to meet
 The dangers of a sad adieu.

He goes, returns; while in his ear
 Glory utters forth a sound;
 Mounts his steed, and void of fear,
 Travels, Holy-land-ward bound.
 Blanch awakes; what pain for one
 Widow'd when so newly wed!
 What distress her bosom wrung
 When she found her Siffroi fled!

Siffroi's seneschal consumes,
 Long since taken with her charms,
 Thinks in tears she brighter blooms;
 And would clasp her in his arms.
 Blanch his daring hope reproves
 Less severely than she ought;
 Wherefore to revenge he moves,
 And his impious scheme thus wrought:

Less at length a prey to care,
 Blanch this news to Siffroi sent:
 In my swelling womb, I bear
 What will both our loves content.

No, no, writes the adulterous fiend,
 Blanch deludes your ardent vows :
 Read these letters she has penn'd,
 Complots to abuse her spouse.

No one pang had Siffroi known
 If his wealth had all been lost ;
 Blanch's cheerless state alone
 Would his bosom pain have cost.
 But that thus the perjur'd fair
 Should his love and name disgrace,
 'Tis too much, he cries, to bear !
 Vengeance now of love take place !

In his mind's first wrathful plight
 No calm reasoning he'll allow :
 Death should, as he thinks, requite
 Such as break the marriage vow.
 Speeds the order : but his heart
 Shock'd at Blanch's dreadful fate,
 Countermands the murdering part :
 Wretched Siffroi, 'tis too late !

P A R T II.

Soon as the first mandate came,
 On dire thoughts of blood intent,
 Moves the assassin to his aim,
 Fearing Siffroi may relent :
 Blanch had with a son, it seems,
 After nine long months been blest,
 Weak defence against the schemes
 Cherish'd in a villain's breast !

To two thieves, a hellish pair,
 This vile murder is assign'd :
 To the forest Blanch they bear,
 Wife nor child must pity find.
 Would you friends, she said and knelt,
 Prove more cruel than needs must ?
 If compassion e'er you felt,
 Spare my child or kill me first.

Innocence, how strong thy charm !
 Of this murderous pair, so fierce,
 One, tho' lifted is his arm,
 Wants a heart the wife to pierce.
 Piteous breast and flowing eyes,
 Wherefore do ye thus relent ?
 I can't strike, the villian cries,
 Here then let your life be spent.

Blanch, with fear and fright half dead,
 Hastens to take up her child ;
 And, all trembling as she fled,
 Traverses the pathless wild.
 But soon after, in her joy,
 Flow she clasps him to her heart !
 Tracing in the unhappy boy,
 Sissroi, still her soul's best part.

Yet what sharp inquietude,
 'These vain transports soon ensue !
 In a place so wild and rude
 Hapless pair ! what will you do ?
 Day descends : Blanch wanders on,
 Nothing knowing where to go,
 While, oh grief ! her pangs so strong,
 Stop her milk's late plenteous flow.

How shall I describe her fears,
 And unutterable smart ?
 While she milks the babe with tears,
 Warm'd by pressure to her heart.
 If he cries, a rending pain
 Feels she, pierce her bosom thro' ;
 If he ceases to complain,
 'Thinks him dead, and mourns anew.

Pitying dames, your heart 'twould break,
 Knew you how she pass'd the night :
 At day's dawn, she went to seek
 Fruit for famish'd appetite.
 But what saw she, when return'd,
 Shall I tell it ?—a young deer,
 Frisking by its dam that yearn'd
 O'er the babe, and milk'd it there.

God, that all we want canst give,
 Mothers are thy work alone :
 Hoping now the child may live,
 Grief she feels not of her own.
 In a cave no great way thence,
 (Blanch conducting o'er the wild,)
 Now to be her residence,
 Feeds the deer, both fawn and child.

Thus thought Blanch 'twould be her fate,
 Life's whole course to pass away,
 In a solitary state,
 Known by none but beasts of prey.
 Unconcocted fruits their food :
 Nothing but dry leaves their bed :
 Winds that sweep the solitude
 Pierce their lodging, when day's fled.

Dreams of fost'ring hope, at least
 Grant the succour you can give,
 Famine, God can turn to feast ;
 Blanch, in patience therefore live.
 If he smites us, he's our fire,
 And his children he holds dear :
 Comfort then ! his darting fire,
 Wickedness alone needs fear.

P A R T III.

Than the seneschal not less
 Thinking Blanch among the dead,
 Siffroi undergoes distress,
 By a troubled conscience bred :
 If he drives her from his mind,
 Thither she returns anew ;
 Often likewise, he's inclin'd
 To suppose no guilt she knew.

Torn with anguish, tir'd of breath,
 He would gladly die in fight :
 But stern Fate will not by death
 Terminate his wretched plight.

Wearied out at last, one day
 Rush'd the foe: 'twas vain to flee;
 Seven long years in bonds he lay,
 And re-cross'd the main, when free.

Brabant, thy lov'd land now chang'd,
 Will not his soul's pangs allay,
 From all joy he seems estrang'd,
 And to Sorrow's tooth a prey.
 How forlorn the regal court!
 And full feast of so much cost!
 Will his bark, no friendly port
 Take in safe, thus tempest tost?

Verging now on life's last goal,
 Does the Seneschal repent,
 And behind him leave a scroll
 Proving Blanch was innocent.
 Oh! what horror felt not then
 Siffroi when he saw and read—
 Blanch, by me, he cries, of men
 Guiltiest, has though guiltless bled.

Henceforth does a haggard fiend
 Stalk where'er he turns his sight;
 On his path by day attend,
 And disturb his sleep by night.
 He beholds a ghost pale-brow'd
 With her babe go glaring by:
 Pierce they frown, and yelling loud,
 Cruel spouse and father cry.

Wine and pleasure both in vain
 Minister their soothing balm:
 Respite he finds none from pain,
 Toss'd by tempest without calm.
 Most however he inclines
 To pursue the stag's swift pace;
 Least distracted, when his mind's
 In the turmoil of the chase.

One day, as it chanc'd, his dart
 Wounds a deer, that wounded fled:
 He pursues her steps, in part
 Guided by the blood she shed.

But

But while traversing the wild,
 What strange objects soon appear!
 What but a fair form and child,
 Comforting the wounded deer!

Upon this fair form, half bare,
 Scarcely had he turn'd his view,
 Then she redden'd, and her hair
 Instantly before her threw.
 From the world, cry'd Siffroi, torn
 With this child what do you here?
 Seven long years, said Blanch, I mourn
 One tho' cruel, yet still dear.

Cruel, Siffroi cried, and why?
 By a villain's arts, said she,
 Was his ear deceiv'd, and I
 An adulteress thought to be.
 What then are you?—but go on:
 Blanch I was, when fortune smil'd.
 Siffroi heard and rush'd along
 Crying out, My wife and child!

Yes, 'tis you, with ravis'd sense,
 Siffroi said, and many a kiss,
 Oh I know your innocence:
 But long thought you dead ere this.
 Cruel as I was, dear wife,
 To reduce you to this state!
 No, said Blanch, you give me life,
 If you own my truth, tho' late.

But, by this time, round about,
 Crowding his companions throng:
 See your mistress! he cries out,
 She for whom we griev'd so long.
 See my son too; of his face
 Every region says I'm so.
 Come, and from this trackless place,
 Happier than we came, let's go.

Moves the train; and first the deer
 Proud the playful child to bear;
 Next the hunt, and in the rear
 Follow the now happy pair:

Family, thrice fortunate!

Go, your sufferings now are o'er;

Go, at length you're in a state

Happier than you knew before.

THE SEPARATION.

L E T T E R I.

MADAM,

THIS address, perhaps, will cause you some surprise; or possibly you may have looked for such a greeting.—I, for my part, find it necessary; and of course, without another line of preface, I pass over to the subject that extorts this letter from me.

You may well remember, there was once a time when I sincerely loved you, and when you yourself appeared to merit my affection. Now that time is past. You have found out an object worthier of your love than I am. Since you act from the idea of promoting your felicity by such a preference, I don't wish to thwart you.—We are free.—Do you retire where you think fit, while I live where I please; and that is here. I grant you a week's time to make your choice. I go away to-morrow morning, and shall stay from home till Monday next, that you may not be incommoded with my presence, or endure that trouble, which it does not suit me in the least to be a witness of. Respecting our three children, you may be at peace on their account. Their mother, after her behaviour, must no longer have the least communication with them; and whenever I think fit to make enquiry, I shall find some governess who will not be wholly unqualified to bring them up according to their birth. Receive for ever my adieu. Enjoy in peace your new condition, and endeavour, all you can, to blot out the remembrance of that man, who formerly was proud to shew himself your loving husband, but is now no more than, &c.

WILLIAM BARRYMORE

L E T-

L E T T E R II.

S I R,

I Should in vain endeavour to describe the different emotions raised within my soul, by the perusal of your letter. You resolve a separation shall take place between us. Since you judge an open rupture needful, I submit to your good pleasure. If when we were first united, any one had told me all our mutual vows would come to this, I should not certainly have been persuaded it was possible. 'Tis notwithstanding brought about. In my misfortunes, I have still one consolation left me; namely, that in heaven there is a God, who has the means of manifesting innocence. My conscience clears me of reproach. My heart has no idea of an object worthier of me, as you say, than you are. It has always been devoted to you only. I protest all this, not making use of oaths, but by a simple affirmation that my heart pronounces with assurance. I will make no effort to convince you of my innocence, and your injustice. I shall patiently pursue the path God's providence points out for me to tread in. God's providence, I say, that hitherto has heap'd its blessings on me; and, I hope, will still continue so to do. It is a cruel step, sir, to take all my children from me. I may think, the mother who first gave them life in anguish, has a greater title to them than a father; and the laws would grant me the society of one, at least: but don't imagine I have such a doubt of your paternal tenderness, and wish to make them happy, as to have recourse to legal aid against you. I will figure to myself with resignation, that God's will, by death, has torn them from me, or that I myself am dead, and shall be very quickly followed by them. Fare you well, and be at all times happy, most unjust, yet dearest husband. Every night and morning I will pray to God that, for your own repose, he may remove the bandage from before your eyes, convincing you how faithful and affectionate a spouse you are at present wronging, in the person of your desolate

ELIZA BARRYMORE.

S C E N E

SCENE I.

Mrs. Barrymore, Harriet, Theresa, Caroline.

Harriet. Here we are, mamma.

Mrs. Barrymore. Come hither, my dear children. Sit down by me: I have something I would tell you.

Caroline. Take me on your knee, do, pray mamma. (*Mrs. Barrymore takes up Caroline, embraces her, and weeps.*)

Harriet. Why do you cry? and what's the matter, dear mamma?

Theresa. At least I have done nothing, that I know of, to displease you.

Caroline. Nor I either, dear mamma.

The Children, (while their mother cannot speak for tears.)
Mamma! dear, dear mamma!

Mrs. Barrymore, (restraining her tears.) Don't be uneasy, my sweet children, I beseech you. Don't cry thus, or you will certainly distract me.

Harriet. Wherefore did you cry yourself, then, first of all? Why did you weep so yesterday? the day before? and every day since the receipt of my papa's last letter?

Mrs. Barrymore. Don't ask me, my poor girl! You will know all in future. Every thing I can inform you of at present, children, is, that I am forced to leave you on the morrow early.

Theresa. And you don't intend to take me then this time, as I was promised? Harriet, you remember, went with you last year.

Mrs. Barrymore. I wish I could, my life; and not you only, but your sisters likewise; but it is not in my power.

Harriet. At least, mamma, I hope you mean returning very soon.

Theresa. And won't you bring me something pretty?

Caroline. And me too?

Harriet. What, sisters! can you see how sad mamma is, and yet think of asking her for play-things?—If I don't—

Mrs. Barrymore. Well; what, my dearest Harriet?

Harriet, (bursting into tears anew.) You will never come back to us. I'm afraid, at least, you will not. You are always sorrowful when you are quitting us; but yet you
never

never wept so much as now, when you were going on a little journey.

Mrs. Barrymore. Don't alarm yourself without occasion, Harriet. In about six weeks I shall come back and see you.

Theresa. In about six weeks! and what are we to do, so long, without you?

Caroline. I can never play so well, you know, mamma, as when you're with me.

Mrs. Barrymore. Your papa is going out to-morrow likewise, but returns next Monday.

Harriet. And not find you here then, to receive him?

Theresa. He'll be very sorry, when he comes to find you're absent.

Caroline. So pray stay at least till he comes back.

Mrs. Barrymore. It will but give him greater pleasure, at the time of my return, to see me; and six weeks will soon be past.

Harriet. You won't inform us; but I know papa—

Mrs. Barrymore. Dear child, you wound my heart; and I have griev'd enough already, at the thought of parting with you. Pray be comforted. We shall again see one another very soon. Receive this kiss as an assurance.

Harriet, (clinging round her neck.) Oh, if it were true!

Mrs. Barrymore. When six weeks are once past, you'll see. I promise you, we shall; and never yet deceived you. Take care of your health, dear babes, and study to amuse yourselves till I return. *(She embraces them one after the other.)* Harriet and Theresa, you that are the eldest, take what care you can that nothing happens to poor little Caroline. Think frequently of me, and I, on my part, will do so of you.—Farewel, farewel; *(She forces herself from them, and goes out; while they stand motionless with grief, and utter doleful cries.)*

LETTER III.

TO LADY LAMBERT.

Dear and Worthy FRIEND,

I Send you my three girls, and earnestly conjure you to bestow your tenderest care upon them, so that they may find a second mother in you. After the deplorable event that has deprived them of the mother who first gave them life, I look upon it as a special blessing that your ladyship so generously condescends to superintend their education. I am sensible how great a burthen you submit to, and how utterly unable I shall ever be to shew my gratitude for such a favour. But then what will not a father dare do for his children? Condescend, my dearest lady, therefore, upon that account, to pardon my paternal indiscretion, and dispose for ever both of me and every thing belonging to me. There is one particular I cannot recommend sufficiently to your attention; namely, the selection of a proper governess. Endeavour to secure them one according to your principles and mine. There are so few, my lady, fit for any thing but dressing and undressing dolls! and rather than deliver up my children to such creatures, I would leave them in a wilderness, to vegetate, without receiving any education. But as souls that afterwards prove worthy of each other, have a species of reciprocal attraction, by a secret sympathy subsisting in them, I am not without the hope that in so elegant a place as Bath, you will at least be able to procure some woman of a suitable behaviour, with sense sufficient, and knowledge to bring up my children as I wish. I beg you would suppose yourself at liberty to enter into any terms with such a one as you yourself think proper, since I mean to spare no cost upon a point of such importance. I am quite impatient for a letter from you. It would highly please me, if your ladyship would charge my eldest daughter Harriet with the general correspondence that will be between us; as by such means, she will come herself betimes to write correctly, and express herself with some degree of ease. 'Tis in your power to render more supportable the great misfortune I have undergone,

dergone, and give me in my children all the joy of which their mother has deprived me. In reality, I cherish such a hope within me, to drive out the uneasiness that otherwise would overwhelm me; and subscribe myself, with every sentiment of gratitude, esteem and friendship,

Yours, &c.

WILLIAM BARRYMORE.

SCENE II.

Mrs. Barrymore, Ruth, (the maid) and Joseph, (her foolman.)

Joseph, (entering) Here's my lady Harbord's answer, madam, to your letter, with her compliments.

Mrs. Barrymore. That's well! Is Obadiah in the house? Bid him come up: and come you with him likewise.

Mrs. Barrymore, (having read the letter.) I've succeeded then.—Thank Heaven!—*(To her maid.)* Hold, Ruth: 'tis meant for you.

Ruth, (reading). "I'm quite happy, madam, to receive the chambermaid you recommend me. One, of whom you speak so very handsomely, must be a valuable servant; and I thank you for the preference you have afforded me on this occasion. She may come whenever she thinks fit."

Ruth, (giving back the letter with a trembling hand.) Alas, my dearest mistress! what have I then done, that you are sending me away? In what have I deserved dismissal?

Mrs. Barrymore. You have not deserv'd it, my poor Ruth. You have, at all times, been a duteous girl, and if, in future, Providence should otherwise dispose my lot, I will have none but you to wait upon me. But at present, 'tis impossible you should continue with me any longer. We must absolutely part. Be comforted: it will not, I persuade myself, be long before I have you back. I would, till then, have given you wherewithal to live; but that I fear the danger that might threaten your youth and inexperience. You will be, with Lady Harbord, no less happy than you were with me, as I have recommend-

ed

ed you to her protection in a very earnest manner. Take this little present as a token of remembrance; there is likewise in the bottom drawer of my bureau, a quantity of clothes and linen which I give you. Go, my poor dear Ruth, do, and not cry before me thus. My eyes are full enough of tears already. Go; and, when you have got all your things together, I will once more see you. Go.

Ruth, (wringing her hands.) And must I quit you then, my dearest lady? No; I cannot live without you; and will therefore follow you wherever you are going.

Mrs. Barrymore, (with a steady voice.) Let me beg, dear Ruth, if you but love me, not to hurt my mind at present with your lamentations: leave me to myself. I want to be alone. Go, go, my poor dear friend. I have already mentioned I would see you once again before we part.

Ruth, (going out.) My worthiest mistress!

Obadiah, (entering with Joseph.) Do you want me, madam? Are you going out this morning?

Mrs. Barrymore. Wait a little, Obadiah. *(To Joseph,)* Joseph, how much may be coming to you?

Joseph. Only for a quarter, madam.

Mrs. Barrymore. There it is, besides a half year more; that you may have a trifle to subsist on till you get another place, as my affairs oblige me to leave home. I have been pleased with your behaviour in my service, and drawn up this character, that you may shew, wherever you apply to get employment. You are young, and know your business. You will easily procure a place. Farewel, and God be with you. *(Joseph is affected at the scene, and quits the room with sorrow.)*

Obadiah. Ah! my dear good lady! I would fain believe my turn's not coming.

Mrs. Barrymore. 'Tis with great reluctance I inform you we must quit each other.

Obadiah. What, I quit you, madam! I, that saw you born, and followed you, when you were married, from your father's! I, whom you consider'd as a portion of your dowry, and declared you did so; will you send me off, when I have been so many years your servant? Do you think I am at present less attached to you than formerly I was, by reason of my age! Alas! I have no wife

wife or child. All my connection is with you, my dearest mistress! what will then become of me, if I must now be parted from you?

Mrs. Barrymore. My dear Obadiah! you may easily believe me, when I say this parting cannot but afflict me. But you see I have dismissed my maid and footman, and may judge I cannot have occasion for a coachman.

Obadiah. Cannot have occasion! Are my master's matters then disordered? I have wherewithal to feed your horses many years to come, and 'tis your bounty gave it me. Pray, let me die then in my seat, and still continue with you.

Mrs. Barrymore. Such a proof of your attachment cannot but affect me, and I feel it at my heart; but be you comforted. Your master manages his fortune as a man of prudence should do; and his wife is not in want of any thing: in proof of which, I give you my three horses, and a trifle every year to live on.

Obadiah. What, for me, so much, dear mistress? What employment shall I put your bounty to? I should but die the sooner, after I had got it, out of grief for having lost the worthy giver of it. Never, therefore, never —

Mrs. Barrymore. I insist on your acceptance of it, for my own, though not your satisfaction. I would willingly be happy in the thought of having given you peace and comfort for the rest of your old age. Go then, my friend: you will distress me, should you stay a minute longer.

Obadiah. Let me wish you then, at least, a thousand blessings. I am old; yet were I younger, should not have sufficient time to weep for having lost you.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

SCENE I.

Lady Lambert and Mrs. Barrymore, (under the feigned name of Williamson, and in disguise.)

Mrs. Barrymore. Pardon me, good lady, if I take the liberty of this intrusion. I have been informed you want a governess for three young ladies. Though I'm far from
thinking

thinking I have all the necessary qualifications for such an arduous undertaking, yet the situation I am in, induces me to beg you would have so much goodness as to make a trial of me.

Lady Lambert. May I ask you, madam, who you are? and what your name is?

Mrs. Barrymore. Williamson, please your ladyship; I am the unhappy widow of a man I loved, and still love better than myself. In the affliction that besets me, I should look upon it as a consolation, could I fill my time up with the education of your little ladies; I conjure you, madam, to bestow this favour on me, if you have not yet engaged with any one. I dare persuade myself, you will be satisfied with my solicitude to please you. I desire no salary, I am above the possibility of want. 'Tis only an employment I request, to drive away the thought of my misfortunes.

Lady Lambert. So affecting is your motive, that it interests me in your favour. You have then no children, madam?

Mrs. Barrymore, (affected.) I had three, that constituted all my hope and satisfaction; but, alas! my cruel fortune has deprived me of them.

Lady Lambert. I sincerely pity you with all my heart! You seem a very tender mother; and deserve they should have lived to recompense your feeling and affection.

Mrs. Barrymore, (with a sigh.) Ah, my lady! they are still, still living. But, on that account (however strange my story) not less lost to me. *(She weeps.)*

Lady Lambert. I cannot comprehend you, madam; either your affliction has impaired your understanding, or you stifle in your heart some very great misfortune. Would you fear to trust me with it? Possibly, I might be able to afford you some degree of consolation.

Mrs. Barrymore. Yes, my generous lady, 'tis you only can afford me consolation.

Lady Lambert. What! I only? Let me know then what I can do for you? There is nothing I would not with cheerfulness perform to comfort you.

Mrs. Barrymore. Then make me governess of your young ladies.

Lady Lambert. Is that all?

Mrs.

Mrs. Barrymore. I can have nothing else to ask; but what I ask will make me happy, if you grant it.

Lady Lambert. I can no how extricate myself from the astonishment you plunge me into. All this conversation is in some sort like a vision. Though you do not think me worthy of your confidence, I feel within me a desire to give you mine. I'll bring you in the three young ladies. Will you undergo a slight examination of your talents to discharge the employment you solicit? If, as I have not a doubt, you justify the idea I have formed concerning them, I promise to intrust you with their education.

Mrs. Barrymore, (in transport.) O my noble benefactress! 'Tis impossible I should contain my joy! I have your promise then?

Lady Lambert. Yes, madam; but on such conditions as I spoke of.

Mrs. Barrymore. Yes, my lady, I desire no better; and thank Heaven and you I have again recovered my three children.

Lady Lambert. Your three children, madam! What three children?

Mrs. Barrymore. Those your ladyship has undertaken to protect, the three Miss Barrymores. You see before you their unhappy, but yet guiltless mother, whom her spouse has parted from them. I have left my property behind me, and disguised my name and circumstances, to procure an introduction to my children. I was fearful of discovering who I was, till I had got your promise. I am sensible my spouse has written to you about something he imagines I have done amiss; but yet, I dare persuade myself, my present conduct has already proved how innocent I must be of his accusation. A good mother cannot surely be a wicked wife!

Lady Lambert, (embracing her.) O, most affectionate, but yet courageous woman! I want words to shew my joy and admiration. Could it possibly have come into my head, that Mrs. Barrymore was hid beneath this sorrowful disguise?

Mrs. Barrymore. The metamorphosis has not been painful to me; and, in future I am seriously determined to support it. No one in the world, except your ladyship, shall ever be acquainted who I am. Confide upon my promise.

promise. By whatever you yourself conceive most sacred, will I swear, that not a word shall ever escape me, to reveal the secret.

Lady Lambert. And on my part too, I promise you the same discretion. But your daughters?

Mrs. Barrymore. I shall find it a hard task, indeed, to keep myself a stranger, as it were, to them, and so suppress the workings of my motherly affection: But no other way is left me. Only aid me while I personate my part. As soon as the deception is established once, it will support itself. I should be quite without anxiety on that head, if it were not for my eldest daughter, Harriet. She, I am afraid, will know me. I must persevere, however, in the pious imposition.

Lady Lambert. I can bear no longer this affecting scene, but will be gone, and bring you in the children. (*She goes out, and almost instantly returns, with Harriet and her sisters; who all make a curtsy to Mrs. Barrymore, considering her from head to foot, with great attention and embarrassment.*)

Lady Lambert. My dear little ladies, 'tis to let you see this gentlewoman I have pitched on to be with you, as your governess. I dare engage you will be happy under her. I think I may assure you of her care and friendship; and expect that you, on your part, will obey and love her, just as if you thought her your mamma.

Harriet (falling into her arms.) 'Tis our mamma! 'tis she herself!

Theresa and Caroline. Mamma! mamma! You are returned then? (*They all cling to her, with repeated kisses; but she keeps up a reserved and serious countenance.*)

Lady Lambert. Truly, I was thinking you would all be much deceived. I had myself the same idea of the lady; nor can tell, why I should think her your mamma.

Harriet. And so she is; my heart informs me so, as truly as my eyes.

Theresa. And have you brought me any thing?

Caroline. Ay, where's the doll you promised me, mamma? Pray let me have it.

Mrs. Barrymore. My dear little ladies, I am sorry you are all in such an error. I am not your mother. You well know she is a great way off.

Harriet. No, no: you are our dear mamma. We cannot be deceived. You have not such a charming dress

on as she wears, but then you have her figure, air, and manner.

Mrs. Barrymore. Is it possible I should resemble your mamma so much? If so, I'm very glad, on your account, as well as mine: 'twill make us so much better friends to one another: will it not, young ladies? and already don't you love me somewhat?

Theresa. O! much, much, mamma.

Caroline. And I too? If you did but know—

Harriet (*weeping.*) What have we done, mamma, that you should grieve us thus? that you should tell us you are not our mother? but however that be, we are, notwithstanding, all of us your children.

Lady Lambert. Come, good madam, you must be what they would have you; and since they resolve to call you mother, take that name upon you: it will give them pleasure. And, young ladies, if you like it, you may call me mother likewise.

Harriet. We don't wish to vex you, when we say, that though you love us, you will never be our mother.

Mrs. Barrymore. Well, my dear young ladies, if you wish to make me your mamma, I wish it likewise; and will have as much affection for you, as if really I were so. My dear Harriet, and my dear Theresa, and my dear, sweet, little Caroline. (*She embraces them with transport.*)

Harriet. How happy we are all, in having our mamma again! We thought continually of you, in your absence; and did hardly any thing but cry since first you left us.

Mrs. Barrymore (*whispering Lady Lambert.*) I foresaw that Harriet would discover me; and therefore I must make her of my party, by discovering my intention to her. Take away then, if you can, her sisters, for a moment, my good lady.

Lady Lambert (*whispering Mrs. Barrymore.*) Yes, I understand you — (*To Theresa and Caroline.*) Come my little angels, and I'll let you have the play-things your mamma, as you would have her called, has brought you. (*She goes out with Theresa and Caroline.*)

Mrs. Barrymore. We are now alone, dear Harriet; and without one fear of consequences, I may press you to my heart.

Harriet (*falling into her arms.*) Ah, now you are my good mamma, indeed! and say yourself so; though I did

not doubt it. But pray, never for the future, tell us you are not.

Mrs. Barrymore. Be it so, my dearest Harriet; but there's one thing I insist on, in my turn.

Harriet. O, any thing you please, mamma.

Mrs. Barrymore. If then you love me, Harriet, don't tell any one, I am your mother. Call me only Mrs. Williamson, you understand. 'Tis of the greatest consequence to my affairs; and for a reason, which I have not time to tell you now, 'tis necessary I should be unknown.

Harriet. How would you have me cease to call you my mamma? you that I love so much?

Mrs. Barrymore. And do you think my love considers it less painful, to deny myself the only name that can at all times make me happy?

Harriet. Well then, I obey; but every time it comes not from my lips, when I am speaking to you, think I have it in my heart.

L E T T E R I.

Dear papa,

I HAVE so many things to write of, that I cannot tell with which I should begin my letter. We are now no longer at the house of Lady Lambert, but removed to Mrs. Williamson, our governess's house; 'tis in the Circus, and a very pleasant situation. You can't possibly conceive how happy we are all of us in being with her. She is such a charming woman! quite as kind as our mamma! She loves us just as if we were her children, and we love her also just as if she were our mother! There's no need of laying out your money to have masters come and teach us; she herself knows every thing we ought to learn. You would imagine she considered it her happiness to teach us; and she does it in so kind a way, that we are all delighted with instruction at her hands. Theresa and the little Caroline already read quite charmingly, so much attention Mrs. Williamson has paid them! As for me, I have begun a course of geography and history with her: this, together with a little cyphering, and a few choice pieces both in verse and prose, that I take care to learn by heart, employs our morning. In the af-

ternoon, for recreation sake, I go to drawing, dancing, and the harpsicord; and when the evening comes, sit down and take my needle, at the use of which you can't imagine Mrs. Williamson's great cleverness: and lastly, to complete myself in cyphering, and acquire a little knowledge of the expences of a house, she gives me all the bills to overlook, and makes me set down every little sum of money she lays out. By these means I begin to know the price of many things, and, as she tells me, may become your little stewardefs when I return. With so much on my hands to do all day, you will perhaps imagine I am tired at night; but not at all, papa. I'm happy, on the other hand, to think I have so well filled up my time, and should have reason to complain, if any one deprived me of such charming occupations.

I have put a little trick on Mrs. Williamson, and mean to tell you what it is. She went the other day with Caroline to visit Lady Lambert, and left me at home to keep Theresa company. I thought it would divert her if I read a little; so I took a book we have, 'tis called the Theatre of Education, from the French, and read the *Poor Blind Woman*. I could not refrain from crying very much; but, to my great surprise, Theresa did not. This quite vexed me, you may easily imagine; upon which I pinched her, so that she might cry and keep me company. She cried indeed, and more a great deal than I wanted her to do. At last however I appeased her, after many kisses and caresses, but was angry with myself for having hurt her. I suppose some object took off her attention while I read, and naturally thought she would be really affected, could she read the piece herself: with this idea in my head, I formed a plan of putting her to con this charming piece in private, till such time as she could read it perfectly; and Mrs. Williamson could not refrain last night from wondering at the progress she had made. We did not let her know our secret, but propose to catch her so again with Caroline. I'm quite rejoiced that we can have these opportunities of pleasing her, for all the trouble she is every moment taking upon our account.

These therefore, dear papa, are our amusements and our studies here; to which if you but add our walks about the place, our visits to a few poor people near us, whom we now and then assist with left-off clothes and

money, and our labours in a little garden, where we tend upon our flowers, you'll have the history of our time at large. We never were so well in health as now, and never in our lives so happy; we want nothing but the pleasure of your company. If you would only take a little journey down to Bath, I would give every thing I have that you might see this Mrs. Williamson. I'm sure no woman breathing would prove worthier of your friendship. Oh! come, come papa!

But you must know I've Caroline at present at my elbow, and she asks if 'tis to you I am writing. She's so proud of having scrawled these few days past what she calls letters, in a copy-book that Mrs. Williamson has made her, that she says she too will scribble you a line or two. 'Twill be a charming hodge-podge, I foresee, of great and little letters, and fine spelling, if she sets about it; but no matter, I must please her. She has got a pen in hand already, and is groping in the standish to get ink. She's tugging me this very moment by the apron to leave off, and give her up my seat. Adieu then, dear papa. My governess desires me to present you her respects. Theresa's duty to you, and mine also. I am, &c.

Harriet Barrymore.

L E T T E R II.

To Mr. Barrymore.

Sir,

YOU certainly remember what you have often said you would submit to, if a woman could be found completely fit to undertake the education of a child, except it were her mother. I have met with one, whose qualities are even greater than your wishes, for the education of your children; and with justice I might claim the full performance of your promise, and expect you should set out for Rome upon your head. However, lay aside your fears; I won't abuse my power, but shew you no less mercy than the confidence you have reposed in me. I claim one sole condition of you, or request rather, as a friend, and that is, to come down as soon as possibly you can. Don't ask what reason I can have for this abrupt request,

request, as you shall know it when you're here. You have but to set out, and that immediately, unless you wish I should lament that I have taken such concern in your affairs. Yours faithfully,

Hortensia Lambert.

P. S. Harriet begs I will enclose my note within her letter, so that you may read her's first.

LETTER III.

To Lady Lambert.

My dear and valuable friend,

I PAY obedience to your letter, and leave town immediately, as you enjoin me; so that this reply will not have reached you half a dozen hours before you see me. In reality, I wish to have it go before-hand, and in some sort spare my tongue the shame and trouble of revealing what it is to tell you. Shall I even have sufficient courage thus to let you know my situation? but the case is urgent; and besides, I merit my humiliation. Well then, know, my lady, I have shewn myself the most unjust and cruel of all husbands! I have dared disparage the unspotted virtue of my Emilia with my scandalous suspicions; of my Emilia, I repeat, whose very looks I am unworthy now to meet. 'Twas when I most insulted her, she was most studious to preserve my name from ignominy. One of my relations, a young man I patronized, was on the point of being utterly disgraced among his brother officers, for certain youthful levities he durst not make me privy to, acquainted as he was with my impatient temper. It was she who, with the fruits of her œconomy, delivered him from the dishonour he was plunging into, and preserved my character, which would have suffered in the wreck of his. She had sufficient strength of mind to bear with my unworthy treatment and aspersions, rather than expose him to my indignation, by revealing his delinquency. I have discovered very recently this motive for those secret interviews that so disturbed my mind, and cannot keep from cursing my detested jealousy. But how shall I endure her presence? At her feet, and without

daring to look up, I will implore her pardon. I am posting to that quarter she is gone to: fortunately I must pass through Bath to reach it. I shall see you by the way, and kiss my almost orphan little ones. Farewel! I dare not sign a name my jealousy has made so criminal.

S C E N E II.

Lady Lambert, Mr. Barrymore, Harriet, Theresa, and Caroline.

Harriet. Well, papa, so you are pleased with what we have told you?

Theresa. And suppose us very much improved?

Mr. Barrymore. Yes, yes, my children, I am charmed with every thing I have seen!

Caroline. As well as with the little letter of my writing? Was it not quite pretty?

Mr. Barrymore. Admirable, like yourself, my little Caroline! But where's your worthy governess? I want to see and thank her.

Lady Lambert. Harriet, take your sisters out, and bid your governess come hither by herself. (*Harriet winks to Lady Lambert, and goes out with both her sisters.*) I hope you will be pleased with her, as I am. Here she comes: I'll leave you with her. (*She goes out.*)

(*Mrs. Barrymore comes in, but with a trembling step; and Mr. Barrymore advances towards her.*) Madam, let me ask your pardon!—But—whose features do I see?—And who is this?

Mrs. Barrymore. Well, sir, what causes this confusion! Are you sorry I have got the care and education of your children?

Mr. Barrymore. Sorry! Nothing in you ever should have made me wonder, had I but deserved the happiness of knowing you.—Emilia! My Emilia!

Mrs. Barrymore. Why bestow that name upon me?—I have put it off.

Mr. Barrymore. You have, indeed; and therefore, kneeling at your feet, I shall implore you to resume it. (*He falls upon his knees before her.*)

Mrs. Barrymore. What, sir, would you do?

Mr.

Mr. Barrymore. If you would not behold me die,—one word!—one single word! one of those sweetly sounding accents that were wont to make me happy!

Mrs. Barrymore. Well, then, dearest husband, rise, and come to the embrace of your Emilia, that still loves you.

Mr. Barrymore. 'Tis too much!—Too much!—I ask not such a blessing!—Tell me only you have ceased to hate me.

Mrs. Barrymore. It should be my punishment to ask your pardon, could such hatred ever come into my heart. Speak only of *my* happiness: I think of nothing in the world but *yours*. Come, then, and let us both be happy in the conversation of our children.

THE ETERNAL DIVORCE.

L E T T E R I.

To Lady Lambert.

Dear and worthy Lady,

I LEAVE Bath with every sense of gratitude those services I have experienced from your friendship cannot but inspire, and fly towards London, where I mean to furnish a new house for my Emilia. She designs to follow me some few days hence, and bring the children with her; and I hope your ladyship will also come and take your portion in the happiness you have restored to, &c.

William Barrymore.

L E T T E R II.

Dear Spouse,

INSTEAD of seeing me, or any of the children, you will have a letter full of tears and lamentation. On the morrow after your departure, Harriet and Theresa, all at once, complained of being feverish, and attacked with such a head-ache, that they could not possibly keep up. We

put them, therefore, instantly to bed. Towards evening, Caroline made just the same complaint. All three are covered now quite over with a very thick small-pox of such a sort, as I am told is very virulent. I must forget I never had this dreadful malady myself. All night, as well as day, I keep my situation by their bed, and every moment fear they will be suffocated. I have felt already, in myself, a lassitude and heat in every limb; but my affection makes me stronger than I should be otherwise. Their love and tenderness sustain my courage. I perceive that in the height of all their sufferings, they refrain, as much as they are able, from complaint, for fear of giving me uneasiness. In the delirium of their fever, they do nothing but pronounce your name and mine, with tones of voice so moving, that one cannot possibly express them; and no earlier than this very morning, Caroline desired to see you. I replied I could not send to London for you, as 'twas likely you might catch her illness. "Oh, no, no, mamma, said she, don't be afraid, I'll keep it all myself."—"My child, replied I upon this, you might communicate the infection to him, without losing it yourself."—"So much the worse," said Caroline, and swooned away with weakness; but soon after, coming to herself, she called me, saying, "Dear mamma, you have the picture of papa about your neck; pray let me kiss it, there's no fear, I fancy, *that* will catch the small-pox from me."—Dearest children! Should I lose you! Should myself, perhaps!—I see about me tokens of a threatened separation to take place between us!—Arm yourself with resolution, therefore, my dear spouse; our life in this world is but, as it were a moment. Harriet is afraid my letter should afflict you, and requests, with tears, I would permit her writing something to console you. I am fearful such an effort may exhaust her, but more fearful my refusal may afflict her; I am, therefore, giving her my letter, and her trembling hand writes this:

My dear Papa,

"*We are extremely ill all three, but yet that's nothing, so don't grieve yourself. I hope——*"

She cannot write another word. I find my strength forsakes me likewise. I am seized all over with a mortal pain,

pain. I hear Theresa groan, and must go to her succour. Farewel, dearest spouse; take hope; or arm yourself with fortitude of mind in this distress, as possibly it may be needful. But particularly, whether life or death ensue, love always, yours,

Emilia Barrymore.

L E T T E R III.

To Mr. Barrymore.

Dear Friend,

HOW shall I express the melancholy news, of which you must be, notwithstanding its unwelcomeness, acquainted! Try, if you are able, to divine the matter; for my trembling hand demurs to write it. Caroline still lives; but, as for Harriet and Theresa—they alas! are in the land of spirits. Your unhappy wife, as you may easily suppose, was overwhelmed beneath this two-fold loss; for grief and watching so depressed her, that the infection she received soon brought her to the last extremity. Believe me, my dear friend, when I protest I would have bought her life, could I have done so, with the half of mine: but what avail these empty wishes? I can keep the fatal secret hid no longer. At this moment they are ringing for her funeral. She was not able to survive her children many hours. Though you had flown to see her once again, you would not certainly have known her, so much had the violence of the disorder changed her features! I was with her constantly. I did not leave her bed a moment. I received her parting sighs; and closed her eye-lids. It was altogether such a scene, as will for ever live in my ideas. I shall find it difficult to represent her fortitude and resignation to God's will. It was not for herself she sorrowed; the last words she uttered were a fervent supplication in behalf of Caroline and you. What consolation could I give you for her loss, of which my heart has not as great a need as yours has? It is she alone can soften your affliction. Read the inclosed, of which she wrote herself the first eight lines, and with a faltering accent dictated the rest. I join my voice to hers; and in the ardour of my friendship, turn your recollection on the child still left you; and to whom you owe now, more than ever, all the love

and tenderness a father can give proof of. I will send her to you, when she's perfectly recovered. Her endearing manner will console your bosom, and her education occupy your mind, that otherwise might yield to painful recollections. God be with you! I regret that nothing but condolence is at present what I have to give you.

Yours,

Hortensia Lambert.

L E T T E R IV.

Dearest Spouse.

I FIND myself expiring. I am going to my children, who, I imagine to myself, are holding out their arms that I should follow them; and we shall rest together in one tomb. Your life is mine. I give it my surviving infant. Caroline is left to represent me. Shew her all your tenderness. Be her support; and may *she* prove your consolation. Life is short, and you will, both ere, long rejoin us, when we shall not fear a further separation. Think not of my loss so much, as of the happy place where I shall wait your coming. What I was in this life, I will still continue in another, namely, your

Emilia.

THE LITTLE PRISONER.

L E T T E R I.

From Eudocia to Rosalind.

My dear Rosalind,

YOU would never guess what circumstance has lately happened to my brother, to that upright and respected Daniel, whose good heart and prudent conduct got him friends in all that were so happy as to be of his acquaintance! You remember, I believe, the purse mamma presented him when you were by, with three new guineas in it. Well, those three new guineas with the purse are gone, and

and to increase your wonder, the poor boy will not or cannot tell which way. As it is supposed he makes a secret of it from a principle of obstinacy, he was shut up in a little room this morning, where he is not to be visited by any one, and whence he must not hope to be delivered but by making known the whole affair. How sincerely I lament him, suffering this severity of punishment! He never has been hitherto considered of an obstinate or headstrong disposition. On the other hand, he has been always spoke of for docility and elevated notions. I would willingly have pleaded in his favour, but could not obtain a hearing. I am notwithstanding sure he has not to reproach himself with any crime or meanness. Come this afternoon and see me, if you have your liberty. You may, in that case, comfort me in my dejected situation. The misfortune of my brother no less hurts me than it would do, had it happened to myself. Adieu. I am, in expectation of your visit or reply,

Dear Rosalind,

Your faithful and sincere

Eudocia.

From Rosalind to Eudocia.

(Reply to the preceding.)

My dear Eudocia,

I CANNOT but confess I entertain some pity for your **pright and respected* Daniel; but so little, that he need not greatly tax his grateful nature to repay me. I could never pardon him for always finding something or another to advance against me. Not that he has ever gone so far as publickly to tell his notions of me. If he had, I should have very well known how to answer him: but 'tis an easy matter, by his looks, to be convinced he thinks me trifling, vain, capricious, and I know not what beside. Whenever I've been censuring other people's imperfection in their absence, for the intruction of my friends, to hear his manner of defending them, one would imagine I were only venting slander. Well, at present then, my little judge himself is under condemnation; and indeed he must be highly guilty, since his very parents have forgotten all the

affection they have for him. I am charmed they've come at last to know him; and would lay a wager he deserves much greater punishment than what he meets with. Obstinacy is a very frightful vice alone; but in addition, he's an awkward spendthrift. All the money he can fish out of his father, he disperses foolishly among a tribe of ragamuffins, and has never had the spirit to employ it in a manner honourable to himself. If he had spent those guineas in silk stockings, fashionable buckles, or the like, one might excuse him. Did I say excuse him? one might certainly applaud his judgment in the case. However, as I said before, I pity him a little, being, as he is, your brother; but Eudocia, you I pity most sincerely, being, as you are, his sister. I can't possibly this evening wait upon you, 'tis such charming weather for a walk: and then I've got the prettiest dress you ever saw come home, which I must certainly put on. Adieu, and think me always,

Your sincerest,

Rosalind.

L E T T E R II.

From Eudocia to Rosalind.

Miss,

I AM as penetrated as I ought to be with the avowal made me in your last, of that sincerest friendship it professes. I should only have been glad, if it had wrought upon you to express yourself a little more respectfully about the affection of my parents, in behalf of Daniel, and to speak with more consideration of this last, particularly now he's so unhappy. I admit not your condolence for my misfortune, as you intimate, in being sister to the prisoner. I consider it my pride and glory, and persuade myself you will acknowledge I have reason so to do, when you've perused a letter I received this evening from him, and which now I send you. Though it does not throw a light on the affair. I cannot look upon it as the language of a criminal I heartily congratulate you on your pretty dress, and wish you a delightful walk.

Eudocia.

From

From Daniel to Eudocia.

(Enclosed in Eudocia's to Rosalind.)

My dear Sister,

I can easily persuade myself how much you are afflicted at my situation, and sit down to write this letter that your grief on my account may be in some sort mitigated. Think not I'm a criminal, or think at least I don't believe I'm such. The guineas I've disposed of, are at present in good hands, in better than my own. But you'll reply, why therefore should I make a secret of the matter to my dearest parents, who must think me either very obstinate or hypocritical, in thus refusing them the confidence they have a right to? This, indeed, is what embarrasses my resolution, and I don't know how to answer. I must think maturely of it. I have all the time to do so, I can wish for in my solitude. If I discern I'm in the wrong, I'll tell them so, and frankly own the whole affair. I'm sure they will excuse me, having frequently before excused me, on confession of my faults. I suffer more to think on their uneasiness, than my imprisonment. Adieu, dear sister; let a poor recluse preserve his place in your affection, and believe me with the like affection,

Yours, &c.

Daniel.

L E T T E R III.

From Eudocia to Rosalind.

My dearest Rosalind,

I might express myself a little harshly, when I sent you half an hour ago the letter I had just before received from Daniel. I request you'd overlook my fault, ascribing my ill humour to the grief I felt in finding you suspected my poor brother; and at present, as he cannot but be re-established in your good opinion, I have hope you will for his sake overlook it the more readily. However, I must tell you, his affairs take now a very gloomy turn, at least to all appearances. A servant we have here has made discovery of the purse at a confectioner's hard by.

It seems he went into the shop for change, and what should the confectioner take out among his gold and silver, but the very purse, which instantly the servant recollected? Yet he did not speak a word about it there, but came directly home and told my father, who is dressing now, that he may go to the confectioner's, and make enquiry how he got the purse. 'Tis no way probable my brother should have laid three guineas out for any thing such shops afford, when he deprives himself of every thing to satisfy his generous heart. Papa himself is of the same opinion; but by what means could the purse be where it is? He has not lost it, since he knows (as he informed us) where it was, which certainly he meant to say by this expression, *'tis at present in good hands*. Why, therefore, should he make a secret of it? Truly I can't tell what I should think upon the subject: be it notwithstanding what it will, I am entirely at my ease on his account, and have a sort of confidence that the affair will only terminate to his advantage. I conclude, and once more beg you'd overlook the harshness of my last, believing me,

Your faithful friend,

Eudocia.

From Rosalind to Eudocia.

(In answer to the last.)

Dear Eudocia,

I am no less at my ease than you, upon account of Daniel, and as much persuaded the affair he is engaged in, will turn out to his advantage. He has learnt, I make no doubt, already in his solitude, that he himself is far from being quite exempt from such defects, as he has frequently ascribed to me, and the severe correction he will certainly receive, will be revenge enough for me. On these considerations I'm entirely at my ease on his account, because by this means the affair will end to his advantage. 'Tis indeed quite necessary to confirm the promise he affords you of perfection, that on this occasion he should undergo the fiery trial of correction. How, my sanctimonious Mr. Daniel! you'd persuade your parents you give every thing away in charity, and filch thus cunningly for money, which you afterwards lay out, three guineas

guineas at a time, in sweetmeats! Truly I don't wonder he should be so backward in revealing the affair. It would be very honourable to him. Obstinate! a cheat! and glutton! three good qualities indeed, and all at once discoverable in him! Mighty fine! He calls the hands of a confectioner, good hands, because, as I suppose, they make good things. There's charming logic for you! But adieu, my dear Eudocia: I sincerely mourn your blindness to this good-for-nothing brother's faults, and burn with absolute impatience, till you've told me how your hero will get clear of this adventure. After all my criticizing comments, I'm so deeply interested in his welfare, as to beg you'd send me the first news you have to give away, and hope you'll not refuse this mark of friendship to your faithful

Rosalind.

L E T T E R IV.

From Eudocia to Rosalind.

Miss,

I take the earliest opportunity I have to satisfy your generous curiosity. My hero's grand adventure now is terminated in a way that every one is pleased with: every one indeed except the wicked. And this last consideration magnifies the pleasure I enjoy from this communication.

Here now follow the particulars of this affair at length.

My brother late last night was standing at the door, and saw a poor old man go by him, followed by three children, that were crying bitterly. He stopped them, and enquired the reason of their sadness. The old man was so ashamed he could not answer; but the eldest of the children told him, notwithstanding frequent interruptions caused by sobbing, that they had not had a bit of any thing that day. "Alas! my little master," added he, "we're greatly to be pitied. We had formerly, as you have, a fine house; but now are left without a shed to cover us. Our parents are both dead of broken hearts, and we have now no friend to help us, but our grandfather, and he is far too old and weak to work for

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our support." The poor old man, while this was saying, hid his face, and sighed most lamentably. Daniel, who it seems very much affected at the scene before him, had not time to take advice, but ran up stairs immediately to fetch his purse, and gave it to the poor old man. He wept afresh with joy and admiration at my little brother's generosity, but would not take the money. Daniel fell into a passion seeing this, and nothing but the old man's acquiescence in the gift could calm him. In reality he did accept the purse. But as he judged the charity he had received was too considerable for a child, as little as my brother to bestow, resolved to bring it back next day. He went with such a view to leave it at the shop of the confectioner, and asked to have a shilling only, to provide his little family a supper. I can't tell you how he made the money up again, but not a quarter of an hour ago, and just before my father could set out to speak with the confectioner, he brought the purse with all the money in it to our house. I could have wished, Miss, you had been but present at this scene; you would have then been taught to entertain a different notion of my brother's generous heart. His noble sacrifice, together with the old man's honest scruples, made us all shed tears. The children and himself have had as much as twice the value of the purse, and Daniel too been paid for what he did with fifty prayers and blessings. The concealment of this bounteous action, which my brother thought was nothing but his duty, puts a greater value on it in the eyes of my papa, and merits at my hand a measure of additional affection.

As this letter is the last I mean to send you for the future, I have now the honour to subscribe myself, as ceremoniously as pen can do it,

Miss, your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

Eudocia.

O L D

OLD LAWRENCE.

*From Anthony to Esther.**Dear Esther,*

I Have dismal news to tell you! Our good friend, the kindly-hearted Lawrence, is no more. You recollect he had been out of order ever since last autumn. For a fortnight past he had not left his room. Last Monday evening, when I came from school, they told me he had died that afternoon. I could not, I assure you, keep from crying bitterly. His long indisposition had beforehand rendered him much dearer to me. I employed the time I had to spare from school, in doing him whatever service I was able. After all, alas! I owed him more than I had time and means to pay. He was our friend, and I may add too, benefactor from the cradle. In our earliest childhood, we lived more a great deal in his arms, than on our feet. He was at no time out of temper, but for ever kind and chearful. How delighted was he, when he had it in his power to get us any novel pleasure, or disguise an old one, so that we might think it new! I verily believe, that all his pain in dying was, that death prevented him from being any longer useful to us. He had been of older standing in the family than our papa, and though he was no better than a common servant, every body looked upon him with a sort of veneration. During his last illness no one paid a visit here without enquiring. And how fares the good old Lawrence? I could see the question was agreeable to my papa, who always looked on Lawrence as a very faithful friend. If so, no wonder then not only that he kept him in old age, but gave him every sort of comfort he could want. A gentleman could not have been more comfortably situated or provided for. Last night, when he was buried, I desired papa would give me his permission to be present at the ceremony. He could not, without some difficulty, grant me such a favour, fearing it might have a bad effect upon me. But he saw I should have suffered more from being absent. I accompanied the body therefore, holding up a corner of the

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the pall. I thought by such an office done him, we were still attached to one another, and that really in some sort I possessed him still. When I was forced to quit my hold, my hand was just as if it had been numbed, and did not without difficulty open: but if this was mournful, it was much more melancholy when they let him down into the grave, and principally when they filled it up. I could not take my eyes off from the spot. Till then I could not be persuaded Death had wholly separated us. As long as I could see his coffin, there remained still something of him; but when this remainder disappeared, 'twas then I felt I had for ever lost him. All night long I thought I saw him in a dream: his ghost by no means frightened me. It seemed to smile upon me, and I rushed into its arms. I passed this morning in my chamber all alone, and was employed in writing you this letter. I designed to send you but a line or two, whereas my subject has extended while I spoke of Lawrence. Our good friend is come to see me: Mr. Hutton, I suppose, you know I mean. That venerable worthy man, who takes so much delight in giving children pleasure when he cannot do them good: and he has left me an exceedingly pathetic story of a servant woman, who worked hard to keep her mistress after she was fallen into poverty. Indeed I found it so exceedingly pathetic, that I set immediately about transcribing it, and send you a fair copy, since the reading it may be a solace to you, as it was to me. At every act of friendship Elspy was concerned in, I cried out, this Lawrence would have done for us, had we been in the situation of the lady. Ah, poor Lawrence! Ah, my good friend Lawrence! Fare you well, dear sister, I must here conclude my letter, being sent for down by my papa to entertain him, gloomy as I am myself. Assure my aunt and uncle I respect them, and let each have two sweet kisses, which they'll place to my account. We've had a loss in Lawrence, which we cannot possibly make up for, but by loving one another more sincerely. Farewel then once more. From him, who with a fuller heart of friend and brother, signs himself yours

Anthony.

II.

ELSPY CAMPBELL.

LADY Jane Macdonald, born in Scotland of an ancient and illustrious family, was in her state of widowhood, at fifty years of age, reduced to indigence. She never had been blessed with any children, who might now support her by the labour of their industry; and every other individual of the family was equally involved in her misfortunes. Wandering in the Highlands, she was all day long soliciting a shelter for the night, and something to subsist on. Elspy Campbell, who had been her faithful servant many years, and treated very kindly by her ancient mistress, learns these dismal tidings in her humble cottage, whither she was now retired to pass the remnant of her days, far distant from her former service. She immediately sets out in search of so respectable a mistress, whom at last she hears of, but is still necessitated to pursue her, as she frequently changed place; but this, though tedious or requiring time, was no way difficult. There was a line marked out by her misfortunes, and the grateful Elspy had but to walk in it. After much laborious travel, she at last attains the mournful subject of her journey, falls down on the ground before her, and begins as follows: Oh, my dear good mistress, Lady Jane Macdonald, daughter of Lord James, and grand-child of Lord Osbaldiston; (for her future pensioner had both those titles :) though I'm hardly younger than yourself, I'm notwithstanding that, much stronger, and more capable of working. You, upon the other hand, are far too feeble to go through with any thing like labour, owing to your former way of life, your troubles, and the several infirmities come all at once upon you. Come, and take up your abode with me. I have a little cottage. It is well situated, and keeps out the weather. In addition to my cottage, I've a garden also, that will grow me more potatoes than both of us can consume. When I have tried all methods to support you if I can, or rather when God's providence has done whatever he thinks proper to support us both, you shall be free to quit me, if you find

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an inn with better entertainment, or stay with me if you should not find one. Be of courage, my dear mistress. I was always stout and hearty in your service, and thank God I'm still the same. I'll find you food if any will but show itself, when I have sown my little bit of ground; and if it will not show itself, in that case I'll dig down till such time as I find it.

Oh, my generous Elspy, said the afflicted widow, I resign myself entirely to your friendship. I will live and die with one of so much gratitude, for I am sure God's blessing will be always with you. They set out immediately for Elspy's hermitage. The cottage was indeed extremely little, but possessed a healthful situation; cleanliness and order were the only decorations it could boast. There was a hole on one side in the wall, through which a little light proceeded, when the wind was not that way; but when it would have incommoded her, the hole was stopped completely by a sod with rose leaves beat into it; and poor Elspy was obliged to be contented with the little light that reached her down the chimney. Elspy's bed, which was invisible when people entered, was defended from the cold that would have reached it through the door-way, by a bank of earth. It had a mattress stuffed with straw, good sheets, a pair of blankets, and coarse woollen rug. It had no curtains, but when Elspy found she was in future to be honoured with the friendship and society of such a noblewoman as the Lady Jane Macdonald, daughter of Lord James, and grandchild of Lord Osbaldiston, she bethought herself to hang the walls about it with a bulrush lining, which was warmer than the silkiest damask. In this bed slept Lady Jane Macdonald, with her feet both placed against poor Elspy's bosom, who was used to bend herself into a circle, or half-moon at least, about the widow's legs, that she might keep them warm. She never would consent to lie beside her mistress: but the more she saw her fallen from her former splendour, still the more obedience and respect she showed her, to wipe out by that means all idea of the change she had experienced in her fortune. An old Bible, Crusoe, and a few odd volumes of devotion and morality, that once had covers, furnished ample matter for their evenings conversations. With respect to their repasts they frequently had eggs, at all times milk, and were
never

never without potatoes. The best baked potatoes, freshest eggs, and largest bowl of milk, were constantly for Lady Jane Macdonald, daughter of Lord James, and grandchild of Lord Osbaldiston.

It will doubtless be a matter of some curiosity to know how Elspy could keep up the honours of her cot, in such a state of economical abundance. To do this, she had her spinning-wheel in winter, and her labours of the field in harvest. It must notwithstanding be acknowledged she possessed a manifest advantage over every younger woman, not so much for any natural activity, as for an obtuse angle in her line of bodily direction, so that both her hands and eyes were nearer by a great deal to the ground than otherwise they would have been; and readier for her spinning-wheel. Besides, when things were got in price above her means to purchase them, she had but to go out and beg assistance in the neighbouring towns and villages. For this she had contrived a tolerable efficacious method. She would go among the richest farmers only, and when got before their door, stand still, and lifting up her hands to heaven, cry out, I come to ask your charity, by no means for myself, for I can live on any thing, but for my mistress Lady Jane Macdonald, daughter of Lord James, and grandchild of Lord Osbaldiston. If the farmers gave her any thing, or what sufficed her reasonable expectations, she would add, May the Almighty's blessing, with my mistress's, and Elspy Campbell's, come upon this house and its inhabitants. 'Tis easy to imagine what success this blessing, and the expectation of a different salutation from the lips of Elspy, had she been refused, produced from people naturally hospitable, and exceedingly attached to their nobility. She got by this means, victuals, clothes, and very often money, which she carefully put up to buy her mistress shoes and stockings. As for her own wants, in this way, they were very few, since Lady Jane Macdonald never wore them out so much but they would do for her.

'Tis thus they lived, both happy; one in her exertions, and the other in her gratitude. The generous Elspy was extremely rigorous on the subject of her duty. Lady Jane Macdonald, as I've said before, was noble, and though kept by Elspy, was not to forego the privileges of nobility; that is to say, she was not to do any thing

thing like work, no not so much as wash her feet herself. One day, as Elspy was employed in carrying out a basket full of dung to lay on her potatoe-beds, her mistress had come out to get a pitcher full of water, and was now returning with it to the cottage. Elspy saw her, put the basket down, and running to her, took away the pitcher, emptied it, and fetched her other water. When she brought it in, she said, forgive my freedom Lady Jane Macdonald, daughter of Lord James, and grandchild to Lord Osbaldiston, but you never shall demean yourself by drawing water while I live, and have my limbs to do it for you.

The report of so much generosity in one so indigent, at last reached me who am the writer of this story, and I sent her every quarter, such assistance as my fortune would allow. As long as Elspy lived, and which was upwards of six years, computing from the day I was first informed of these particulars, whenever I sat down to dine or sup in company, and was required to give my toast, 'twas always Elspy Campbell. My attachment to this name, made those I sat with eager to know something of the lady who engrossed so great a share of my affection. They would consequently ask me, begging pardon for their freedom; when I told them, Elspy Campbell was an ancient beggar woman. What! would they cry out, a beggar! Yes, was my reply, but hear the rest; and then would follow the whole story, such in substance as already I have told it. Hardly ever could I finish, but the sixpences and shillings rained into my hat for Elspy. These small sums, which I was sure to send her pretty often, once occasioned her to ask my servant who he came from? Doubtless he's a friend of God. He does me good as God does, though I never see him.

Lady Jane Macdonald died, and Elspy very quickly after. Such was the affliction she gave way to for the loss of her good mistress, she remembered nothing but the bounty of her former benefactor; what her gratitude had done in consequence of that remembrance she forgot.

The generous, the heroical servility of Elspy was not, as it might have been, a spark of gratitude that crackled for a moment and went out. It was an ardent flame that blazed for twenty years, till death suppressed it for a season in the grave, where she was laid to rest, for it is not
utterly

utterly put out; since from her ashes it will certainly burst forth again, with renovated brightness, on the morning of that day that never is to finish.

III.

THE GRATEFUL LITTLE MISTRESS.

From ESTHER to ANTHONY.

(In reply to Anthony's, No. I.)

Dearest Brother,

WHAT a loss does not your letter send me information of! and I am never more to see my dear friend Lawrence! Poor good man! He seemed to apprehend as much himself, the day I left you to come here. 'Tis very likely, dear Miss Esther, were his words, you will never see me more, and therefore think of me at least. Alas! I have been thinking of him, and concluded how it would please him when he found I had, on my return. I thought to knit him a stout pair of stockings for next winter's wear, and was at work upon them at the very moment I received your letter, with intelligence that he was dead. The work fell from me. After I had picked it up I shed a flood of tears. They are not then for him, I cried. O yes, they shall be; for I will finish both, and put them in my drawers, that they may daily be a token of remembrance for him. You do not tell me in your letter if he often spoke about me. I am sure he did, but that you feared to aggravate my grief by saying so. I'm greatly grieved I was not present to attend upon him in his sickness, as I verily believe the pleasure of our services would have prolonged his days. I think you acted very properly in going to his burial. I acknowledge, had I been at home, I should not have possessed a heart to do so; but am therefore more affected at your strength of mind and friendship.

In the sorrow caused me by your letter, 'twas impossible to read the history of Elspy Campbell without shedding tears. I thank you for it, and am thoroughly convinced, as you are, our friend Lawrence would have done the same for us, had we been in the place of Lady Jane Macdonald. I imagine it is the fault of masters, if the major part of servants are not Lawrences and Elspies. They address them frequently so roughly, how can they suppose their servants should do any thing but fear them? Since by accidental circumstances they are placed in an inferior rank, is it humanity to tread them under foot? or rather, is it not our duty to afford such tokens of affection as may raise them in their own esteem, and gain us their attachment? People seek to make themselves respected by their countrymen and neighbours: why not then do more, and seek to be respected in their families, by such as they are every moment of the day with? Why not look upon them as a second class of children? Are there even many masters, who would do, to benefit the dearest friend they are possessed of, what the generous Elspy did in favour of her mistress? When my uncle had perused your letter, he informed me a society of gentlemen in France had very lately recompensed a conduct just like Elspy's. I am glad to hear it meets with imitation. It must certainly shew masters the necessity of being kind and courteous to their servants, since it shews them that, in spite of present fortune, they may come to want their succour one day or another; nor can servants hear of such a conduct, and not feel a species of encouragement to serve their masters with fidelity and diligence. I think, if ever we keep house we shall be able, like papa, to fill it with such people as will serve us with their hearts no less than with their hands.

This week has been a very sad one for your Esther. Yesterday my uncle took me out a walking with him in the country, to divert my sorrow. Suddenly we heard a drum strike up: we hastened to the spot. It was for several new recruits that had been levied, and were going then to join their regiments. There were mixed among the soldiers many peasants, who no doubt had children, if not husbands too, they were to lose; for all they did was to embrace and kiss each other, and shed tears. When we had looked a little at this multitude, a woman dressed

in mourning, of a very decent and respectable appearance, drew our observation. In her arms we noticed a young man, who bit his lips to keep from crying. She was giving him a bottle, which my uncle said was brandy, and a little piece of canvas that had something wrapped up in it. He accepted one, but would not take the other, though she pressed him very earnestly. My uncle upon this drew near, and said, Is that your son there, my good woman? Yes, says she, my only son, sir, and the world has not a better. My poor husband died ten months ago, and left me with three little girls besides, the eldest not quite five years old. Our last bad harvest made him run five pounds in debt. When he was dead, the creditors came on me, and I thought would take away my little field, and which is all we have to live on. This recruiting party then were with us, and a wealthy farmer's son had some how or another been drawn in to list. He made it known about the country, that if any one would take his place, he should receive four pounds. My son applied, and said, that for five guineas he would be his man, which was at last agreed to. This I did not know a word about, till every thing was settled; otherwise I should have begged my son to leave his sisters and myself to want a little for the present, rather than deprive me of his help, he being every thing imaginable to us, and the only friend we have. I thought I should have swooned when he presented me the guineas he had just received for listing. I applied to the recruiting serjeant to break off the bargain, but he would not lend an ear to any thing I said. My son endeavoured to console me every way he could, by saying that my little field was now set free, and therefore would preserve the children and myself from real want. Be comforted, said he; I shall be quartered in the neighbourhood a little longer, so that every evening, when our exercise is over, I can come and work a little for you; and at worst my time of service is not longer than three years, and I shall then have my discharge.—Alas! cried she, when every thing was going on so well, I did not doubt of being able soon to pay my debts; and he must leave me now! Perhaps the war will come again, and I shall never see him more.

My uncle asked her what it was she would have given him in the piece of canvas. She replied, it was a guinea that

that had not a week before been paid her by a lady for the weaning of her child. 'Tis all the money, added she, I have on earth, and I designed to keep it for some great emergency. I only wish he would have taken it, but should have known him better. He would never rob me, as he said, no, not accept of any thing, when he had all day long been labouring for me; on the other hand, he used to give me what he got among the farmers for his work. My uncle took down her direction, saying he would do whatever he was able for her. She appeared extremely sensible of such a kindness, and her sensibility affected me as much, for twenty times I was in tears while she stood uttering her complaint; and yet I think I pitied still much more the poor young man. 'Twas very easy to discern the violence he did himself, to hide the sorrow he was ready to give way to from his mother and companions, notwithstanding there was nothing in that sorrow he had any need to blush at. His poor mother wished to go a little further with him; but, when first of all the drum struck up, she fell into a swoon. We brought her home, and tried all methods to console her: I, by gentle language, and my uncle by assurance of his service.

Hear me, my good brother, while I tell you an idea that has just now struck me. From the loss of Lawrence, we can tell how wretched they must be who are divided from the object of their love. The mother suffers surely more than we, as having lost much more than we, who do but mourn a friend. We cannot bring poor Lawrence back to life, but may restore at least a son to his afflicted mother. I have done some needle-work to please my uncle, which he means to recompense by giving me an elegant new gown. I'll have the gown in ready money. And do you, on your side, use the greatest expedition to complete the drawing my papa has ordered. I am sure he'll pay you very generously for it. We will then unite our little stock, and purchase the young soldier his discharge, declaring 'tis an inspiration come from Lawrence: so that, if mankind are to be recompensed in future for the good they do in this life, this kind action will be put to his account, who was the cause thereof, and he will know we love him still as much as ever. I shall set out this day se'nnight to come home, when we will settle the affair together, and desire papa to execute it. He will certainly
be

be glad to serve us, and this hope is much the sweetest I can give, till I have once again the joy of seeing you. Farewel! I am rejoiced I can contribute that new friendship on my part you hint at, which will last as long as I have breath.

Yours,

Esther.

THE JUVENILE CORRESPONDENCE.

L E T T E R I.

From Horatio to Theresa.

Dear Sister,

WHAT a deal of consequence you'll think you're of in the receipt already of a letter from me, when I've hardly got a mile beyond the threshold of the door! However, be not very proud of such an honour, since I write it, in the first place, by command; as my papa imagines, if I start a correspondence and you second it, we shall acquire some ease in letter-writing, which he says can only be attained by practice, just like other arts; and in the next place, since I write not so much for your sake, as that of my canary-bird. When I set out, I quite forgot to recommend him to your friendship; and I know of some young ladies, who would have an object constantly before their eyes, and yet forget it if their memory should not be continually interested by a compliment bestowed, at seasonable intervals, upon their vanity. Know then, that in the fulness of my power, I make you governess of Minikin, and grant you the entire controul in future of his household. Take the greatest care you don't forget the duties of your office, if you would not have me take it from you. 'Tis extremely proper, I should make in this place one or two sagacious observations; namely, that the bird can no more live on nothing than yourself; that if he does not eat and drink, he cannot live; that he will be incapable of singing, if he dies; and last of all, that if

he ceases singing, neither you nor I can hear him, which would be a pity. I conceive it needful also to remind you of his service t'other day, when you were making such sad work as you remember of your minuet, by moving to his music while you disregarded Mr. Caper's kit. The little creature set up such a pipe, that Mr. Caper turned his anger all on him, forgetting what your giddy heels deserved. These reasons are, I think, sufficient to engage your friendship in behalf of Minikin: but still, if gratitude and music have no manner of effect upon your marble heart, I've nothing but the thunder of my eloquence to move you.—Tremble therefore! Think him dead already. Yes, Theresa, dead! and then determine how you will be able to support so shocking an idea. Fancy you behold him with his little feet held uppermost, his wings grown stiff, his eyes and little beak shut fast for ever. See him laid upon his back within the little box you mean shall be his coffin, and surrounded upon every side with nightshade, vervain, cypress-branches and the weeping-willow. Every body mourns him. They enquire, what cruel hand has plunged him thus into eternal darkness. A lamenting voice makes answer, It was I, unfeeling as I am! and instantly you throw yourself beside him. But I think you weep. If so, let me cry, Victory! for I have nothing now to fear upon account of Minikin, or for the quiet of your shade. Besides his ordinary victuals, don't forget to let him have from day to day, a bit of biscuit or a lump of sugar. You will also do extremely well to shade his house with something green, as it would soften his affliction in my absence. As I dare persuade myself, you will for my sake worthily perform the duties of your charge, I purpose sending you as some encouragement for all your zeal and industry, a faithful narrative of my extended travels. You will see adventures and achievements in it, such as should be handed down to late posterity. Farewel, my dearest sister. I give up the playful stile at least, to tell you, as persuasively as I am able, how I love you, and with what affection I shall always be,

Your gentle brother,

Horatio.

L E T T E R II.

*From Theresa to Horatio.**Dear Horatio,*

TRULY one must have queer notions to suppose a sister should be proud of hearing from her brother! I imagine all the boasting should be rather upon your side in reflecting, that for once at least you have performed your duty, and not had your ears well pulled before-hand; though you lose all merit in the matter, by insinuating you have written to me by papa's command, and for the sake of little Noisy. But indeed, you needed not have recommended Minikin so strongly to my care, or lavished such a deal of rhetoric in his behalf. He's very interesting of himself; so pray don't be uneasy lest I should not use him kindly. It is true, I shall not fill his trough till it runs over, after the example of some little boys I am acquainted with, who would not care a farthing should he burst, as certainly he would, were he as fond as they are of his belly. Very likely too they'd make one think, 'tis all through tenderness they overload him thus with victuals; when they only do it, that they may not have so troublesome a task again upon their hands for ten or fifteen days to come. No, no; I'll show myself a deal more regular in my attention to him, as he certainly shall have fresh victuals every morning. Yesterday when I approached his cage to clean it, the first thing I saw was feed sufficient to subsist him for a month, without including what was scattered on the bottom. To be sure, I must confess he's such a spendthrift, that he scatters more about him in an hour, than would suffice him for a day. But how shall I describe the floor of his apartment? Thanks to your attention, or your slothful waste, it was exactly like a pond, occasioned by continual overflowings from the fountain, and poor Minikin could not descend for fear of being drowned. How rejoiced he was to see the *terra firma*, or dry ground! at first, he could not think of coming down, without precaution, as he tried it with one foot, while with the other he clung closely to the wire-work. Thus without the least expence have I enlarged his habitation; for he always kept upon the perches,

fearing he should dirt his feet and tail at least, if not, as I have said just now, be drowned. I have strewed a layer of fine sand upon the bottom of his mansion, and adorned the sides and top with groundsward, so that now he may suppose himself within a shady grove. In future brother, you may do as you think proper, but 'tis I that take upon me to provide for Minikin. I'll have his palace serve you as a model of propriety and taste in *your* apartment. I have written now enough I think to quiet the uneasiness you intimated in your letter you were under; and must tell you I have also my inquietudes, which I proceed to mention. You are certainly a little giddy-headed, and we've here a sly black cat that comes prowling daily. Take you care when you return. I have observed he has conceived a love for Minikin, sufficient to alarm one. Yesterday betimes, when I came in to give him food, &c. I forgot to shut the door, and puss had crept in slyly after me. When I had waited on the bird, and given him what he wanted, I begun to thumb your books, when suddenly I heard a tender note behind me: I turned instantly about, and saw Grimalkin wriggling his whole body every way upon a sofa, opposite the cage. He was admiring Minikin, he played his tail about, and seemed to say, "My dear, sweet pretty bird, come now and perch close by me; or else stay, I'll jump upon your cage, for only see what nice soft paws I have to hug you! (but remark he carefully concealed his claws.) I'll fondle you all day, and press you to my tender heart. Don't let my whiskers frighten you: they're long enough I must acknowledge, but won't prick. I have a little mouth beneath them, Minikin, with which I'll kiss your pretty beak." Now, what do you imagine, Minikin replied to these fine words?—Why nothing; but with ease one might discern he was not likely to become Grimalkin's dupe; and I suppose in puss's place he would have been as great a rogue. Have you been his instructor, brother, after all?—He stooped and raised his head, he shook his feathers, and cast many a look of diffidence upon the orator, and confidence on me, as if he would have said, "I know you very well. Your sugared words, your nice soft paws, and little mouth concealed beneath your whiskers, are no less perfidious than your tender heart. You may deceive 'tis likely a poor mouse: but me—Oh! no: I laugh at all your cunning, and defy
your

your malice. I have here a friend to save me." Upon which he set a crying queek, queek, queek with all his might. I understood him very clearly; and without pretending I heard any thing, ran instantly to that part of that chamber, where there stood a cistern full of water, and besprinkled our young gentleman so finely, as to put out all at once the fervour of his friendship. For he needed but one jump to be upon the floor, and as he ran away, he shook his coat as if he had the ague. Recollect this observation, should he come incognito upon a visit, after you've returned.

This mealy-mouth'd, good-natur'd animal, whom many in the world resemble, made me recollect an ode our friend the Lilliputian poet wrote, and which was lying in the paper-case. I send it you, that if you know of any good composer in your neighbourhood, you may prevail upon him for my sake to set it, as they say, to music.

O D E.

OF those folks with the catamite air,
 The sight, I was never yet able to bear:
 With their manners so nice,
 And their looks so precise,
 They're no more than so many cat's paws,
 That but serve, though like velvet, to hide their sharp
 claws.
 And believe me, my friends,
 All they study is how to obtain their own ends.
 Of course when I see, as says Shakespeare, such Jacks,
 So silky, he calls them, and fly,
 On which account, so too will I,
 I think of a cat on the watch nigh a table:
 Of some high-season'd dish,
 Whether flesh, fowl or fish,
 The scent so agree-a-ble,
 Attracts pussy's nose, and he longs to go snacks.
 With a look, as if butter 'd not melt in his chops,
 He'll come to you, d'ye see,
 And jump up on your knee,
 So completely his part the fly hypocrite tops!

Then he'll wriggle his tail,
 And a piteous per-meeowgh through his throat
 slowly trail;
 And your hand too he'll pat,
 And appear so demure,
 That you'd think it quite sure
 No mischief could lurk in the heart of our cat.

At the savoury tit-bit which already in fancy
 He has eaten up quite,
 He dares take a glance;
 Yet look you but askance,
 And at once to your tit-bit good night:
 For taking a spring,
 He'll be got on the table, and then off again.
 Heigh-presto! you'd swear it was all necromancy.

I wait with great impatience to receive the narrative you promise of your travels, which must needs be very curious. I shall go and dine to-morrow in the country with mamma. If any thing should happen of an interesting nature on the road, I pledge myself to give you a relation of it. Since you mean a visit to posterity, I shall be charmed to have my portion with you in the praise of our descendants. In the interval, I wish to have it known you never will possess a truer friend in any one than in your sister

Theresa.

L E T T E R III.

From Horatio to Theresa.

Dear Sister,

I Return you my sincerest thanks for the delightful letter you have sent me to dispel my fears. The scene between my minikin and your black cat, with their imaginary conversation, could not but amuse me greatly. I allow Grimalkin's eloquent harangue was very clever; but the other's queek, queek, queek, much more so, since it ended in the adversary's absolute defeat, through your incomparable courage; and for which you ought to have
 a cistern

a cistern full of water in your 'scutcheon, when the herald makes you out your arms.

I have been hard at work these three days on the journal of my travels, which I promised I would send you, as a recompence for tending Minikin. Papa approves the thought of our communicating our adventures thus to one another. His opinion, as already I have told you, is that by this sort of correspondence we shall get into a habit of inditing with facility, and properly reflecting on such objects as may strike our sight. As much as I have written, he informs me seems to have been done with accuracy, and desires to read the account you've promised of your dinner in the country with mamma. Orlando and Louisa certainly were of the party: Oh, how much impertinence must of necessity have passed between you! but indeed, though you should tell me only of your own, I know you have a stock in hand sufficient to supply a chapter, and that chapter not the shortest that was ever written. To encourage you in sending me this chapter with the greatest expedition, I shall be myself as quick as possible in the collation of the several parcels of my narrative, inscribed on more than twenty scraps of paper. You will have it in a week or thereabouts. Adieu: I clasp you in the interim to my heart, and am as long as I have life,

Your brother, and your friend,

Horatio.

L E T T E R IV.

From Theresa to Horatio.

Dear Brother,

WHAT can you be thinking of, to let me wait so long before I see the journal of your expedition? Are you gone, like Gulliver, to some unknown strange island, for the sake of having such atchievements to record, as no one will be authorized to contradict? I cannot but admire the great exactitude and order you give proof of, in the mention of your twenty scraps of paper,

scattered up and down, no doubt in every corner of your chamber. Fortunate however, if the little cat belonging to your habitation does not please herself by playing with the best part of your narrative; I should not be astonish'd, were I to discover many chasms in it, or perceive you had begun with the conclusion, and affixed the sag-end, as we say, where the commencement should be, which would prove at least as entertaining as the chapter stuffed with my impertinences. I can't tell at present, if the cistern-full of water would look well in my escutcheon; but suppose your sybills' leaves would make a special coat of arms for you. Since my papa desires to see my narrative, I shall make haste to send it in a day or two; but hope the intervening time will bring me yours; for I should really be sorry to postpone my great adventures till the Grecian Calends, which I've somewhere read, means just the same as if I should omit relating them for ever. Pray embrace papa on my account, as tenderly as you are able, and desire him to return you as affectionately as he's able, all the kisses you have given him for

Your sister and your friend,

Theresa.

L E T T E R V.

From Theresa to Horatio.

Dear Brother,

AS I have not yet received your journal, I suppose you mean to give your betters way, and let me set you the example. I am very willing then to do so, and begin by intimating one has no occasion to go over such a deal of ground as you have travelled, to supply the reader with adventures. We had hardly passed the second turnpike on the Clapham road, before we fell in with a drover, who was bringing up about a hundred sheep to London. As our coachman thought his honour was concerned in not permitting such a scrubby drove of cattle to usurp the road, and make him quit his track, he drove the carriage through them. The poor sheep, who are accounted to have honest hearts, but on the other hand, weak intellects,

telleſts, not knowing whither they ſhould run, in their confuſion got between the horſes legs; and ſome were even entangled in the ſpokes. The drover bid the coachman ſtop, as loud as he could roar; but on the other hand the coachman, deaf to his vociferations, would not in the leaſt relax his ſpeed, and ſtill continued on the trot. The wind was rather freſh, and therefore we had all the glaſſes up. My brother wiſhed to know by what means the poor ſheep would free themſelves from their embarraſſment. Unfortunately, he forgot that if he wiſh'd to look about him, it was neceſſary firſt of all to let the glaſs down, and of courſe he thruſt his head quite through and through the brittle cryſtal, which that moment broke into a thouſand pieces. You may judge with what alacrity he drew his head in once again; but in ſo doing, he was ſlightly wounded in his forehead by a ſhiver of the glaſs. He put his hand directly on the part, and ſo contriv'd, as with the little blood proceeding from the ſcratch, to ſmear his face all over ſo completely, that he look'd exactly like the Jolly Bacchus, at the alehouſe oppoſite our door. Louiſa, at this ſight, was ſure her brother muſt have had his noſe cut off, and did not doubt but it had dropped among the ſheep; on which the tender-hearted little thing began to cry, Orlando! ah my poor dear brother! till mamma had, with a little ſcented water which ſhe pour'd upon her handkerchief, wip'd clean his face, and given it once more that fly look you know it is poſſeſſed of. Well, dear brother, what are your ideas? I, for my part, fancy all the boys belonging to our family are perfect *bare-brains*, and already this Orlando gives full proof his brains are not a jot leſs *bariſh* than his elder brother's.

Nothing worth the mention happened after this event, till we arrived at Margaret's, our dear nurſe, with whom we were to dine and ſtay till evening. After having all of us received her kind embraces, we went through the houſe, and got into the fields, where we propoſed to take a walk. By accident, I was a little diſtant from the reſt; and as I paſſed along a hedge, obſerved three little birds that had been taken by the leg in a perfidious ſpringe. The pretty creatures flapped their wings moſt lamentably, and implor'd me, or at leaſt I thought they did, to ſet them free. You may ſuppoſe I did not ſhow myſelf in-

sensible to their petition. Instantly I broke their bonds, and had the pleasure to behold how grateful they appeared; for I could fancy gratitude in all their motions, as they flew away. This pity I had shown them did not please a little country boy who lived hard by, and had established very greedy hopes upon the sale of these three prisoners; so that their deliverance, as I mean to let you see, and shortly, but for accidental circumstances, might have cost us dear.

The sun towards noon had dissipated all the mists. The day was so delightful, that mamma desired we might enjoy the pleasure of a rural meal, and therefore recommended Margaret to let us have our dinner in the garden. After dinner, we had strawberries and cream; and at the very moment poor Orlando happened to be lifting up the platter to his mouth, that he might save himself the trouble of dispatching matters with his spoon, a stone (behold ye) struck it right upon the rim, and overset its whole contents upon the table, not without first plentifully sprinkling several of us round about. You should have seen us in the height of our confusion, palpitating as we sat with fright, as if we had imagined Jupiter was flinging down his thunderbolts among us. Margaret's husband, who is not a man to swoon away at every noise, that moment posted towards the garden door, that he might catch the god of thunder, who was certainly the little peasant that had set the springs. But the god, like those made mention of in Homer, who amused themselves at the expence of mortals, had already made himself invisible. 'Twas all lost labour that our host stood sentry at the door. He only saved us from the danger of another thunderbolt, that might have otherwise been pointed at us.

Dinner now was over, and I thought of paying one more visit to the neighbouring hedges, and delivering, if I could, some other prisoners; when mamma informed us we must think of setting out on our return. We got again into the coach, with some reluctance, after having made dear Margaret our little presents each. There never sure had been a finer evening. From a hill, upon the top of which our coachman stopped to give his horses breath, we had the pleasure to behold a spacious horizon, adorned with clouds of every colour, and set off with gold. The sun, that as I thought rejoiced in having access to us
given

given him by Orlando, coloured, out of gratitude, Louisa's face and his with all the purple of his rays. Our cousin, who has been abroad you know, at such a sight turned round, and told mamma they looked exactly like the cherubims that Roman Catholics are used to place for ornament about the altars in their churches.

The poor sheep we met with in the morning certainly must have alarmed their comrades, and gone off, as we encountered none on our return. We met no sort of company but half a dozen asses, who had certainly a very reverend figure, and a mule or two. Our horses, who, I fancy, thought they could discern a family resemblance in these last, were giving up the right-hand road, and complimenting them with fifty gambols and curvets; but our proud coachman would preserve the honour of his seat, and feelingly convinced them with his whip, that they were creatures of much more importance; and that ranking as they did in books above them, 'twas but just they should preserve it on the road. They were obliged to yield assent to arguments so striking, and got home in perfect order, and without another misadventure.

I remain, in expectation of your following the example I have set you,

Dearest Brother,

Yours affectionately,

Theresa.

L E T T E R VI.

From Horatio to Theresa.

Dearest Sister,

'TIS not in the least degree astonishing, you should come off so easily in the recital of a journey, that has brought you into company with none but short-horned creatures; long-eared Blackheath lions, as they call them; and a little hare-brained fellow, who must run his head, as you have told me, through the window; with a ragamuffin pelting you. If such affairs you call adventures, I can hardly guess what name you can find out magnificent enough for mine. And after having told you what has happened to me in the compass of a single parish, you may

easily imagine what surprising matters I should have to tell you in a longer journey. I begin to think that at the period of Knight Errantry, I should have made a pretty figure, and particularly if I sung myself the great achievements I should make; which trust me I would do, lest any one, who might be tempted to record them, should not do it to my liking.

I dispatch you then this letter, to inform you, 'twill be followed by another very shortly, with a specimen inclosed of my abilities, in the narration way. Your own narration was preceded by a letter, and you tell me I must follow your example, so that all this preparation is a mark of my respect and deference. When the specimen arrives, remember I submit it to your censure, or to mend the expression, recommend you to peruse it with your greatest possible attention; otherwise 'tis not unlikely but you'll miss of some among its singular and striking beauties.

Yours

Horatio.

L E T T E R VII.

From Horatio to Theresa.

Dearest Sister.

I SHALL use no preface, but begin my narrative immediately. We roll'd along in silence for the space of twenty minutes in our carriage, with no less velocity, as I took notice, than the clouds above our heads. I blessed the memory of him who first of all invented this delightful way of travelling without pain or trouble; and shall always think it charming, till some other person brings the project to perfection, of transporting us still more delightfully by means of a balloon, with eagles to direct it.

I was contemplating on this subject, and our coach had got about three miles, when of a sudden I perceived the driver violently exercised at something or another. His great coat had slipped from off his seat on one of the front wheels, that carried it about the center. After many revolutions, Coachy had made shift to fasten on a sleeve, which he was pulling to him, and ejaculating as he tugg'd, My coat! my coat! I thrust my head out hastily to see what ail'd him when my hat blew off; so up I set in concert

cert with the coachman, and cried out as lustily, My hat! my hat! Poor Jeffry, from his station in the rear, stood witness to my lamentations, and leant over towards me, when, behold ye! the furred cap he wears fell off. He did not imitate us, crying out, My cap! my cap! but aiming to recover it when falling, somehow or another lost his footing, and came down the nearest way head-foremost. Happily for Jeffry we were going through a very donny quagmire, otherwise I can't pretend to tell you what misfortune would not have beset his limbs; at least, I'm sure his nose and chin would have been both demolished, as he fell into the quagmire belly downwards. All this happened in a minute. My papa, in this confusion, was the only person that retained his senses. He let down the glass in front, and seizing on the coachman's reins, which now were fallen from him, stopped the horses. Upon this, the coachman getting down, made shift to free his coat. But what long faces did he not exhibit, seeing in the middle of the back a monstrous rent, through which a judge might easily have thrust his head, and not disordered his huge wig. On his side, Jeffry, as I saw, had got his mouth so filled with mud, he could not for a time bring out a single syllable. O sister! had you seen him thus beplastered as he was, affect a grin, that he might show papa his fall had broke no bones, I'm sure you would have laughed a month to come, at recollecting his appearance. He did nothing in the world but sneeze, and sputter, shake himself, and rub his knees and elbows with both hands: his coat, that had been green, no longer now preserved that colour any where, except behind. 'Twas like I don't know what.

He went a little back to seek his fox-skin cap. By great good luck, the maker had not taken off the creature's tail, but left it on to serve by way of plume. By that, it was discovered in the quagmire, and by that fished up. When he had got it out, he was obliged to wring it twenty times, before 'twas in a state for travelling, even under Jeffry's arm. He also got my hat, but not before the wind had made it cut a hundred capers this and that way in the air. It lost however nothing by so many somersets; upon the other hand, it got a comfortable coat, which it has ever since retained, at least in part, though all the
brushes

brushes of the house have frequently been exercised upon it.

After we were once again prepared for motion forward, and affairs about us in their former order, we proceeded to philosophize upon these accidents: but after having tried to do so in a very serious strain, we fancied the best method was to take the affair more gaily. My papa drew consolation from his purse to give the coachman: and on my side, as I noticed Jeffry was in pain about his fur cap only, since the livery was his master's property, I tipped him such a wink, as I supposed he'd understand, and which restored him to a better temper. After which, we all went forward, just as if no accident had happened.

We were now come near a village, when papa discerned an ancient soldier seated on a stone beside the road. One leg was under him, bent backward, and the other stuck out stiff before him; for alas! it was a carpenter had made it. A long crutch lay quietly upon his left, and on his right hand, sat a great black dog. Papa, who loves a soldier, and particularly when that soldier is a cripple, courteously saluted him, and bade me sling a shilling to him, which he gave me. I fulfilled so honourable a commission in a very dexterous manner I may say, without the least degree of ostentation, as I did not miss the hat. The soldier's gratitude was uttered in so high a pitch, that it sufficed to wake a sorry beggar-woman, who lay sleeping not far off upon a little straw. She trotted after us, and reached the carriage, just as we were ready to alight and put up at an inn. Ah sir! said she to my papa, how you bestow your charity! and if you give it to a drunken fellow, what assistance will you not afford an honest woman, as I am, who have not swallowed these ten years a glass of any liquor stronger than small beer. Papa, whose mind was occupied on many subjects at that instant, was not thinking of the invalid, and viewed her with a visible astonishment. Yes, yes, sir, she went on, 'tis of that drunken soldier I am speaking: Oh, I heard how much he thanked you for the shilling, which, it seems, you threw him by this little gentleman. I'd lay a wager, that before night comes, he will have spent it all in gin. And then sir, did not you remark the great black dog beside him as he sat? A beggar keep a dog! What's that but robbing other people, who deserve assistance? Hold your tongue,

tongue, said my papa, and seemed quite angry. Why abuse a man at this rate, who has need no less than you of my compassion?—If he drinks a little gin, I can forgive an ancient soldier such a fault: while we are seated at our ease before a good fire-side, and even you are not without so great a comfort, soldiers must endure the wind, snow, rain, and every rigour of cold winter. Where can be the wonder then, if they should have recourse to what is sure to warm them; and in time become accustomed to it? And respecting his great dog, 'tis possible that animal may be the only friend he has, his tried associate, and the single creature who partakes of his bad days. When he had said these words, he held out two-pence, without looking at her. She received them with a kind of scorn, and went off grumbling all the way, as long as we could hear her speak. The wicked wretch had made me angry. I am very sorry, sir, said I, you gave her any thing. She must be sure a very horrid creature to abuse a poor old soldier, and be envious of the alms you gave him. You are in the right, replied my father. He that wishes to excite my pity, to another's detriment, deserves my indignation only. Yet I saw she was in want, and only upon that account forgot her evil disposition. It is punishment enough that she's reduced to beg. Had she but kept her tongue in bounds, I would have given her what the soldier had.

While we were thus discoursing with each other, Boniface, our host, had shown us up into a room, of which one window opened towards the road we had been travelling, and another towards a yard behind the house. While they were getting dinner ready, I stood looking out, to mark the carriages that were continually going by; and what can you imagine, sister, I beheld, when I had hardly been a minute there? the beggar-woman, who was now come back, and had by this time sat herself upon a block beside the gate-way. She pulled out a little flasket, full of brandy from her pocket, and began to give a hearty pull. I called out to papa, and bade him come and see. He told me not to speak, for fear we should be overheard. We both looked at her, and soon saw the soldier likewise coming down the road, supported by his crutch, and followed by the great black dog. As soon as the old woman saw him hastening towards her, she put up her flasket, with the greatest haste into her pocket. We were curious both

both of us to overhear their conversation. Mother, said the soldier, having now got pretty near her, do you mean to take a lodging here, and have no dinner? You're not hungry I suppose. Heaven help me, said the hypocrite, and made as if she wept, it is not hunger, I assure you my good friend, I want for: if I could but come at something good to eat, I should not much mind what it was. If that be all, replied the generous soldier, I've sufficient for us both. On this he sat down by her, slipped a knapsack from his shoulder, and took out a lump of coarse brown bread, together with a slice of cheese wrapt up in paper, which he held out to the woman, saying, There good woman, help yourself. She did and pretty plentifully. He put up with what was left, though but a trifle; and of this, for every bit he ate himself, the large black dog got likewise some, who had assumed his place behind, and all the while was resting in a very friendly way, his head upon his master's shoulder.

During their repast, the hypocritical old woman turned her conversation on the unfeelingness of travellers; adding, that the gentleman who had but just before alighted from his carriage, and put up for dinner at the inn before them, gave her only a poor halfpenny. That can't be true, replied the honest-hearted soldier. He must be a noble gentleman; or certainly he had no money in his purse but gold, which could not easily be changed. See, what he threw me by the little gentleman his son—a shilling! I don't often come at coin of such a caliber as this. But don't you fret yourself, for you shall be the better for my luck. I can't be happy by myself. A good repast requires good liquor, and I have not had a drop within my lips to day, although 'tis very late. The truth is, my poor money bag was so consumptive, I could easily have passed it through a needle's eye this morning; but thank heaven, at present its quite plump and jolly, so that I can well afford to lay out six-pence for us both. Come on, good mother, let me have your hand.

He rose when he had said thus much in spirits, and quite jovial. The old woman took upon her the attendant's part, and held him out officiously his crutch, caressing now and then the dog. I could have found it in my heart to beat the wretch for this dissembled friendship. They walked up with one another to the house,

and entered at the gate-way ; while on our part, we above stairs shifted ground, and hastened towards the other window that looked out into the yard. We heard the soldier call to have a gill of brandy with two little glasses, one of which he filled and gave the woman, who made haste and swallowed it immediately. Papa by no means could restrain his indignation any longer. Out on such a hateful creature ! was his exclamation. They both lifted up their heads. The woman recollecting us, that moment gave a shriek ; but on the other hand, the soldier was not disconcerted. See, said he, good sir, how we are making merry through your bounty. Let me drink your health, continued he, and took his hat off, with the gentleman your son's. I never forget any one, however little, that's but generously disposed. Much good, my worthy fellow, may the liquor do you, answered my papa : you have a heart I love. However poor you are, you can oblige ; so here's a trifle more to strengthen your remembrance of us ; (throwing him a half-crown piece ;) but as for all those wretches that can first abuse an honest fellow, and then drink his liquor just as if it were their own.—The wretch would hear no more, hung down her head, and in confusion sneaked away.

While we were both at dinner, Boniface informed us, that the honest soldier we had seen, whose name was Trim, had been a long while in the service ; that he had not quitted it before he lost his leg, and had the friendship and esteem of all his officers. 'Tis he, the host went on, who keeps up peace and order in the village, since his soldier-like appearance awes the vagabonds about us. Every body would be glad to give him victuals, if he would but take their bounty ; but he never will accept of any thing he has not merited by some good service or another, as by going upon errands, which he does with no less expedition than fidelity. I should have put him in a passion, had I even refused to take his money for the gill of brandy. He asserts I ought to live by what I get in trade, whoever are my customers ; and says, that if I gave him any thing, I should be then obliged to charge it elsewhere, which would be unjust. As regularly as the morning comes, he goes out loaded with a basket full of flints upon his shoulder, and fills up the holes that have been made the day before along the road. You must have noticed

noticed in what admirable order it appeared. He never asks for any thing; but there is scarce a traveller accustomed to the road, that does not throw him something as he passes by. He takes it without any hesitation, as he thinks he has deserved it. This is his employ all summer; and in winter, when the weather's at the coldest, he fills up his time in making children's wooden clogs, for which he takes his seat up in my kitchen chimney. It appears, he generously gives these clogs to those whose parents are so poor they cannot pay his price, lest they should happen to catch cold. Or rather I should say, instead of taking money for his clogs from such, he makes them dance before him.

Well, Theresa, what may be your thoughts of this good-hearted Trim? This last particular I've told you in his story, gave me so much pleasure, that I ordered you a pair immediately, which I shall take when I return. As you are far too generous, and besides too distant to discharge the value of the clogs in capers, I've engaged myself, as you would do, to pay him in more *current* coin than such a *skipping* sort of money. I design to give him half-a-crown, and then the clogs will be much worthier of you. They will not be useless if you mean to run about at any time next winter in the garden.

If I did not apprehend my journal had already tired your patience, I should have a great deal more to mention. I would tell you how, as we were going on, I terminated an important matter in a way Don Quixote, celebrated as he was for bravery, would have never thought of. You'll suppose, perhaps, that after such a preface, there was an inchanter, or at least a giant in the case, or some illustrious princess to deliver, or recover some great kingdom. It was nothing of all this. It was no other than a little female turkey-crammer and a goat-herd, who were struggling with each other for an apple they had found, as they were going on together. After having very gravely taken all the necessary information of their quarrel, I took up, as you may guess, the weaker party, and defended her; but not in more than words, since fortunately for the stronger, I had neither lance nor shield; or rather to confess a truth, because the goat-herd, notwithstanding any spear and shield I might have had, was of a size to thrash me soundly. I discerned immediately that I could

act with more *clat* a Solomon or Titus, and adjusted the affair in contest to the satisfaction of both combatants, by sharing equally between them the remainder of that tart you know the cook had made me, that I might not faint with hunger by the way.

I might go on, and tell you of the pitiable fortune of a hare we met with, as 'twas running across the country, followed by a pack of hounds and huntsmen. The poor creature, after having often thrown them out, as is the phrase with sportsmen, by her doublings on the open plain, had climbed a pointed rock. A furious dog perceived her in this last retreat, and had the audacity to force her. I beheld them both roll down the precipice together miserably mangled. But this picture is a deal too cruel. Is it not Theresa? Let me therefore touch on themes more pleasing, and inform you of the joy our unexpected coming here gave every one belonging to the house. If your dry jokes had not for ever undeceived me on the subject of my own exclusive merit, I should think myself a cleverer fellow, from the hearty welcome we received. 'Tis much more modest in me to suppose myself indebted for that welcome to the recollection of your visit here, which they have cherished ever since last year. I do suppose it, and place all my boast in thanking you for having laid the ground-work of that entertainment I am now experiencing.

And thus, dear sister, I have sent you a recital of my wonderful adventures, which perhaps you'll think too tedious. The most perilous of every circumstance attending them, was when, to give you some amusement, I engaged to put them down in black and white. I thought I never should have come to the conclusion of my task. I will not boast of any merit in the execution of my great affair, and yet I please myself with thinking you will owe my kindness something when you come to be acquainted that at present they've been ringing for me these ten minutes to come down and eat some fritters that are growing cold, while I myself am hard at work in winding up my letter. I can hardly fancy that the heroism of fraternal love went ever yet much farther than I've pushed it in this single instance for your sake.

Adieu, dear sister; I'll divert myself as much as possible for your sake rather than my own, that at the time of my return

return I may present myself before you so much the more merry-hearted. I can't tell what you may think of this ; but I, for my part, fancy you should look upon it as a circumstance that proves the tenderness of that attachment prompting me to show myself,

Dear Sister, yours,

Horatio.

L E T T E R VIII.

From Theresa to Horatio.

Dear Brother,

I HAVE often heard that nothing forms the understanding so effectually as travelling, and your narrative supplies me with a proof of the assertion which I did not in the least expect ; for who would ever think that such a little animal as you should think of being a philosopher for having travelled eighteen miles ? You told me, in your first epistle, you designed the journal of your travels for posterity. Whenever, therefore, you think fit to send it as directed, I will take upon me to complete such sketches as are fit to bear it company, which I will get corrected by my drawing-master. For example's sake, our solemn coachman, who, without once changing place, gets hold of his great coat, and lugs it by the sleeve ; poor Jeffry rising solemnly and slowly from his quagmire ; and my giddy-headed brother quite uncovered at the chariot-door, and with his eyes pursuing the poor hat in all its evolutions. Here are three droll figures ; while papa, still faithful to his character for prudence, shall be represented as in contrast seizing on the coachman's reins to stop his horses. You don't think I shall forget the ancient soldier and old woman dining on the block. O ! how I'll strive to set off to the best advantage honest Trim, together with his great black dog, that ate so amicably, leaning on his shoulder. Finally, I'll terminate my gallery with the scene betwixt your turkey-crammer and the goat-herd, not forgetting to describe you as you represent yourself, considering gravely of their quarrel, and accommodating matters with the fragments of an apple-tart. 'Tis true,

I will

I will not write at top the name of either Solomon or Titus, which your usual modesty, without the least demur, lays claim to. I have thought of one more proper, namely, Sancho Panca, as I hardly ever knew, in all my life, a person of more understanding.

I suppose you will not wish to be behind-hand with me ; therefore I give up the account of my adventures to you, in perusing which you will with ease suggest sufficient subjects to your own imagination for a set of pictures, no less interesting, I believe, than those which, from perusing your achievements, I have suggested, as you see, to mine. Was I not going to forget returning you my thanks for ordering me the pair of clogs ? My finances will not allow me to repay you the immense expence of so magnificent a present ; therefore you will let me satisfy you for it as Trim does the little children, in my circumstances. I am learning a new caper for that purpose.

I am infinitely touched at your superior generosity, in letting pass no opportunities of recreation, for my sake ; and beg you to believe my sensibility will naturally bid me do the like.

Adieu, my dear Horatio ! As I take it, we are a match for one another in unluckiness. I only wish to go beyond you in the boast of tender friendship, as becomes

Your sister and your friend,

Theresa.

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* * The unrivalled Excellence of Shakspeare is acknowledged. As a Poet, he abounds in Sublimities; and as a Dramatist, his principal Characters are most masterly drawn. But the Number of Volumes which the various Editions of his Works have contained, by enhancing the Price, hath prevented this admired Author from being generally read; the middling Class of People contenting themselves with a Perusal of those detached Plays to which they have been familiarized by Theatric Representation. To comprize the whole of Shakspeare's Works in a single Volume, and to publish that Volume at a moderate Price, was considered as an Undertaking of Utility. In the present Edition of Shakspeare every thing is included which the numerous Editors of this admirable Author thought it necessary to collect. The last Will of Shakspeare, his Life written by ROWE, and such Notes as tend to elucidate obscure Passages, or explain obsolete Words, are inserted in the Edition now offered to the Public; which is so calculated for general Accommodation, that, being of a portable Size, it may find a Place in a Carriage on a Journey; or, considered as a Substitute for the various and extravagant Editions of Shakspeare, it will furnish Readers of every Denomination with the Works of the sublimest Genius this Country has produced, at an easy, and, comparatively speaking, trivial Expence.

