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Caroline Bower
by her Grandfather
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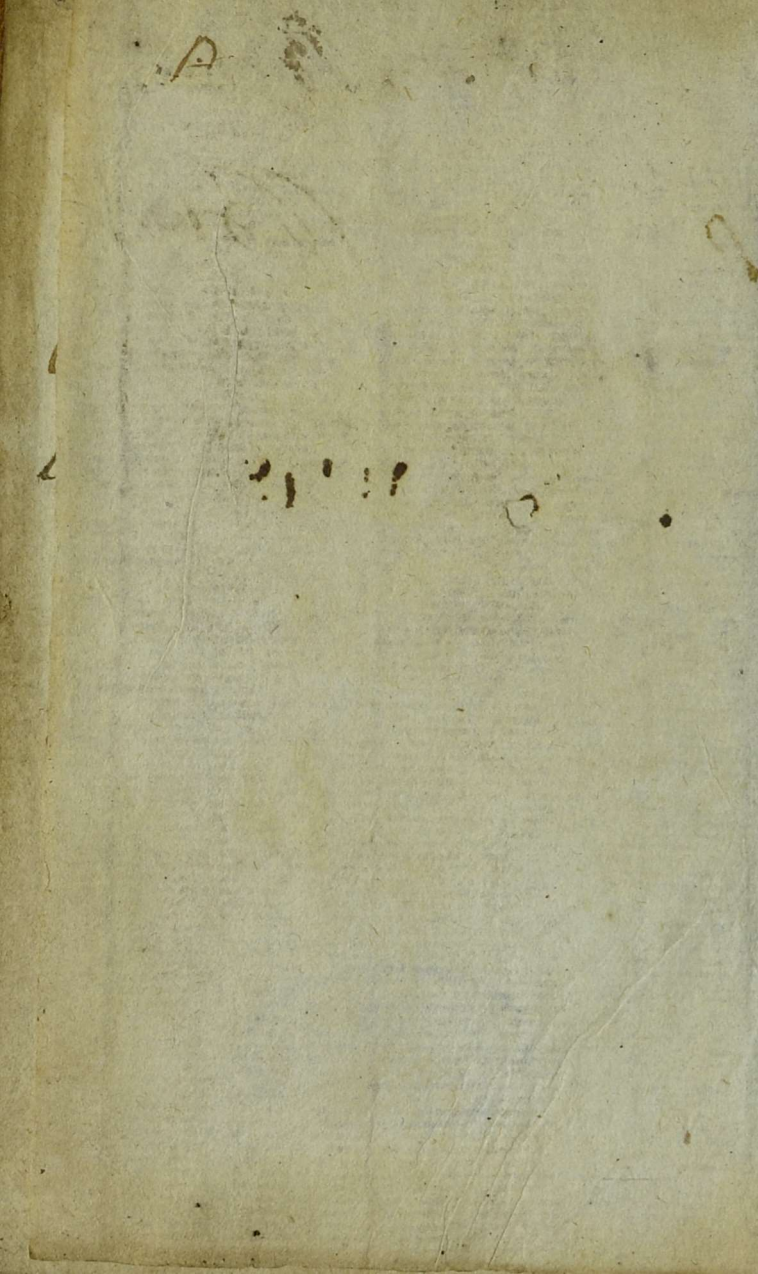


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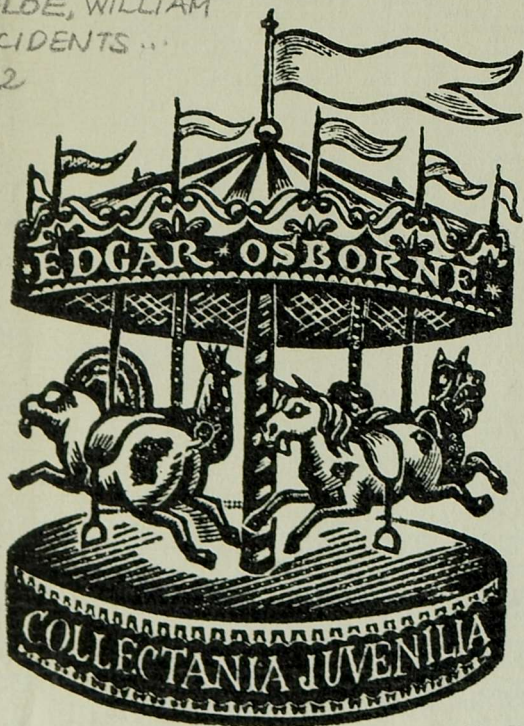
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Book





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BELOE, WILLIAM
INCIDENTS ...
1792



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FRONTISPIECE.



Both of them perhaps, would have lost their lives, if a Waterman who saw the accident had not taken them into his wherry.

See Page 143.

Incidents of Youthful Life;

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

WILLIAM LANGLEY.

Our Edwin was no Vulgar Boy.

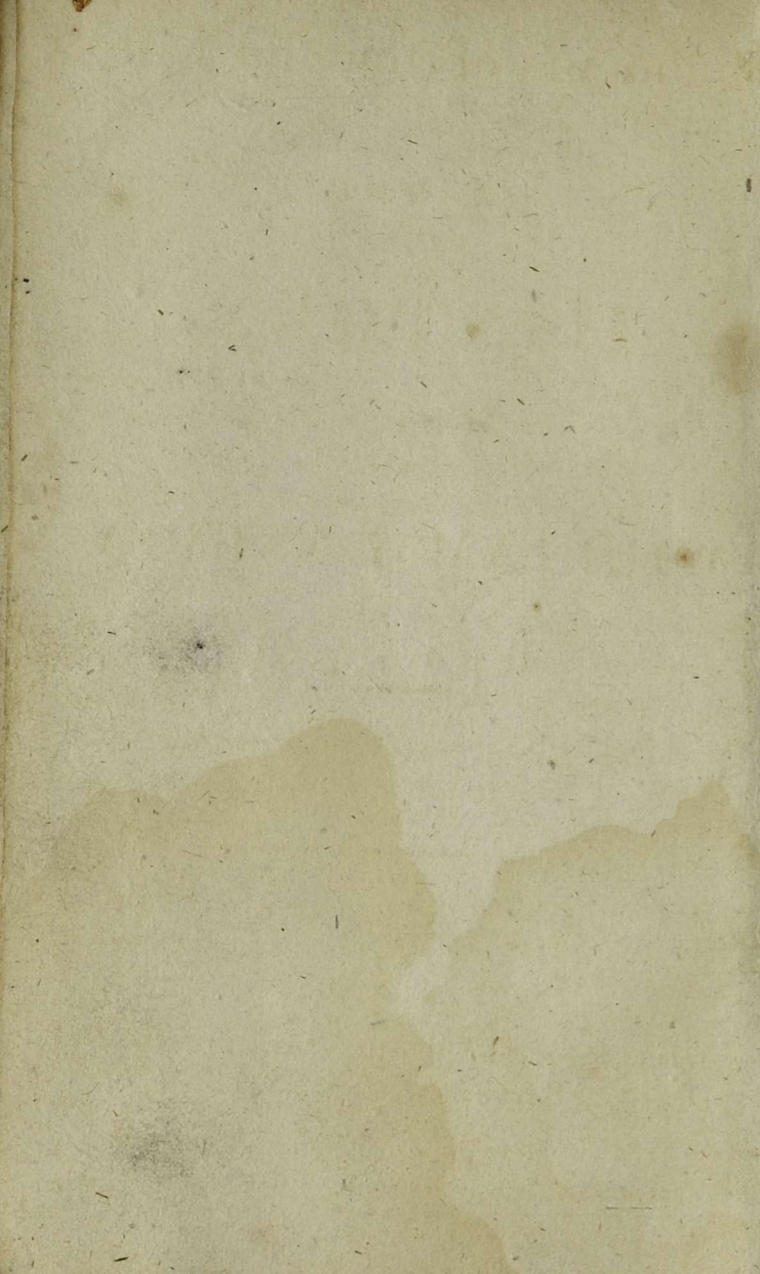
Beattie's Minstrel.

LONDON.

Printed for the Proprietors & Sold by
Darton & Harvey, N^o 55 Gracechurch Str^t

1792.

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PREFACE.

IN an age when genius has condescended to the capacities of infants, and for their use has simplified science and illustrated manners, it is with diffidence the Author of this little work offers it to the public: yet he trusts a zeal, not to be exceeded, in the cause of youth, and the most ardent wish to blend their pleasure with their improvement, will plead for him. In this confidence he presents to them the History of William Langley.

They who write narratives, like the following, for the instruction and the amusement of childhood, should especially attend to three circumstances. First, that all the incidents be such as are natural, and particularly apply to that period of life. Secondly, that the moral deductions from them should be obvious, practical, and fitted to youthful understandings. Thirdly, that the language should be simple but not mean, and elegant without affectation.

We have not involved our young hero in any intricate adventures, since only such are made to befall him as are common to every school-boy. We have taken him also from the ordinary class of men, that his example may the more generally apply; and we have advanced him to

P R E F A C E.

comfort and competency, and have purposely excluded grandeur, that, whilst industry and honesty see before them an adequate reward, the imagination should not be dazzled by the glare of distant meteors.

We have endeavoured to point each more remarkable incident with its appropriate moral, and to render them natural and familiar; and, as the purest source of all virtuous practice, we have referred our young readers to the precepts of the Holy Scriptures.

Knowing well that the words and phrases which are acquired in infancy adhere through life; and, as well as habits, mark either good or ill breeding; we have been very anxious that no vulgar terms should steal into our little History.—At the same time, to render it facile to young learners, we have rejected all long, hard, and uncommon words: thus endeavouring to give that middle style of diction which, in common discourse at least, is perhaps the politest that can be used by all ages and ranks of men.

Such has been our aim in this work; but it may be feared we have rather planned than performed; and that our claims from it will be more to the merit of well intending, than to the praise of full execution.

H I S T O R Y

OF

WILLIAM LANGLEY.

LET all little boys, who wish to obtain the love of their friends, and the esteem of the world, who desire to prosper and to be happy, listen to the True History of William Langley.

Children, when they are taught to read, are not always sensible how great a kindness they receive: many, indeed think themselves very hardly treated in being obliged to learn their book, because it gives them at first some trouble.—But they should be told, and they should remember, that nobody loves a dunce; that he who will not learn what his parents or masters endeavour to teach him, will get none of those things which all little folks desire to

have, such as playthings and presents of different kinds*.—But this will more clearly be seen in the account which we propose to give of our young hero. We shall, therefore, describe all his errors, and all his virtues, without any reserve: by which it will appear, that his errors always made him unhappy, and involved him in scrapes and trouble; but his virtues, at last, got the better of his faults and vexations, and rendered him happy in himself, and respected by all mankind. We hope, therefore, that our young readers of every description will learn by his example, which we record for their improvement, to avoid his defects, and to imitate his laudable qualities.

§ 2.

William Langley was the son of William and Hannah, Langley who kept a linen-dra-
per's shop in the city of Norwich: his parents were, it is true, not very rich, but every body

* Not to say any thing of their being deprived of the pleasure of reading such little Histories as this of ours.

esteemed them for their honesty; and what tells greatly to their praise is, that from having nothing in the world, they raised themselves by their industry to a state of decency and comfort.—Nobody should be despised because they happen to be poor; and when poor people, by their good conduct, obtain property, they should be so much the more respected. Children may also be assured, that the blessing of God attends upon industry, but that contempt and want are the followers of idleness. Old Mr. Langley, and a brother of his, whose name was James Langley, witnessed the truth of this in a striking manner. They were both put out to try their fortunes in the world at the same time. William was bound apprentice to a linen-draper, and James to a taylor. William was always sober and honest, went every Sunday to church, never kept any bad company, and carefully minded his business. James, on the contrary, was a very idle fellow: when he was sent on an errand, he staid and played at marbles with the dirty and naughty boys, in the streets, of

whom he learned, not to speak the truth, as well as to say bad words. His master was at length so angry, that he would keep him no longer, and sent him away. He afterwards became a beggar, and suffered very great hardships; and, must have died from distress and disease, if he had not been assisted by his good brother, William, when his time was out, took a little shop, and began first of all in a very small way: but when the neighbours saw how sober and careful he was, they all made a point of dealing with him; by which, in a few years, he got money enough to enable him to buy the stock, and take the house of a man of credit, in the same trade, who was leaving business; after which he married a very plain, but worthy woman, by whom he had several children; and he always maintained his family with great decency and good order.

§ 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Langley had, after their marriage, two or three children, who did not

survive the dangers and disorders to which all infants are exposed, such as the small-pox, the measles, worms, and the great pain and fever which are produced by the teeth forcing themselves through the gums. Children, therefore, cannot be too thankful, nor behave too well to their parents, and those servants who take care of and nurse them when they are in so very weak and helpless a state. After some years they had this little boy, William, who, by very great and constant care, got the better of all the above complaints. As his father and mother were very fond of him, when he was about two years and a half old, they sent him to a good old woman, who lived in the country, about four miles from Norwich, that he might have the benefit of the air, and where, at the same time, he might be at such a distance as to admit of their going to see him as often as they could properly do so. The air of so large a place as Norwich, where there is a great deal of smoke and dirt, and where there are a great number of bad smells, which are pre-

duced by the number of different trades there practised, is not so good for children as that of the country.

§ 4.

Little William was a very forward child; and when he was sent to the old woman, who was his nurse, he could speak very plainly, and walk or run about as well as many children who were a year older. As he had very good health and great spirits, he was more venturesome than he ought to have been; and twice he was in very great danger of being killed, or at least of being very much hurt, from his going farther from the door than he ought to have gone alone. At the bottom of his nurse's garden was a small pond, deep enough to drown any little boy or girl; this his nurse had on account of some ducks which she kept. The good woman always told William not to go near this pond, and he promised he never would: but the old ducks happened to have some little ones, with which William was so pleased, that he often ran about the garden after them, trying to catch one.

When they were very young he was able to do this, for they could neither run fast nor far; but as they grew older, they easily got away from him. One fine day his nurse gave him leave to play in the garden, charging him, as usual, not to go near the water; but William saw the little ducks, and soon forgot what he had promised. They ran from him, he ran after them; the faster they waddled, the faster he ran: at length, they plunged into the water; to the brink of which, when William came, he could not stop himself, so he tumbled into the pond, head foremost. Luckily for him, his nurse's daughter was in the garden, hanging out some linen. Jenny, for that was her name, went with great haste and took him out, or he would certainly have been drowned: as it was, he dirtied a nice clean frock, hurt his face and knees, and swallowed a great deal of very dirty water. He was soon made sensible that he had done very wrong; and it is certain that he never, alone, went near that piece of water again. It is proper that all children should

know they may be drowned in a very little quantity of water; which, by entering their mouth and nostrils, will not only prevent their crying out, but will suffocate and kill them: when we say suffocate, we mean, that it will not suffer them to draw their breath. They may also learn from this accident, which William Langley met with, how dangerous it is not to do as they are bid by those who are older, and therefore wiser than themselves.

§ 5.

The other escape which William had was this:—He was always told not to go into the public road, which was opposite the house of his nurse; for, as she very justly said, if you do, William, some coach, or post-chaise, or horse, may perhaps run over you, and break your limbs, if not kill you. There is George Blow, at the next door, has got only one leg, and is in other respects a great cripple. He was one day playing in the road, and a stage-coach ran over him; for, as he was so little

a boy, the coachman could not see him. He was a long time very ill, and the surgeon was at last obliged to cut off his leg. William was quite shocked to hear this sad story, and said to himself, that he would never play in the road; but, to prove how apt little boys are to forget themselves, that same afternoon he saw a butterfly, as it flew across the road, and away, with his hat in his hand, he skipped after it, at that moment a chariot was coming almost at full speed; and, had it not been for Jack Ashmore, the baker's man, William would certainly have got a mischief. But Jack caught him up in his arms, and carried him home to his nurse. William was at first terribly frightened; and his nurse, as well she might, scolded him severely; but, upon his promising to be very careful in future, he was forgiven; and, indeed, it is but doing him justice to say, that this accident perfectly cured him of going near the road. Children should never go near coaches, waggons, carts, nor horses; for as they are neither quick enough, nor strong enough to get out of dan-

ger, the wisest thing they can do is never to run into it. Many children have been made lame all their lives from running into a public road, or a street, contrary to the commands of their parents and nurses.

§ 6.

As soon as William was four years old, Mr. Langley came one Sunday morning in a one-horse chaise, and took him home to Norwich. As they were riding along, his father told him that he was now to go to school, and learn to read. This William said he should be very glad to do, for he longed much to have one of the golden books which his nurse had shown him at the shop windows. When they came to the street where Mr. Langley lived, William's mamma came out of the door to welcome them home: she was glad to see her little boy; and when she heard that he had been, in general, a very good boy, she made much of him, and boiled him a plum pudding for his dinner. In the afternoon she carried him out to take a walk, and

showed him a number of fine things, which he had never seen before; and promised to buy him a gun and a drum as soon as he should tell her his letters. On the next morning, after he had ate a good breakfast of bread and milk, Mr. Langley took his son to a Mr. Baxley, who kept a day-school in the neighbourhood, and who was famous for teaching little boys and girls to read. Mr. Baxley was a good-natured man, and began directly to show William some of his letters, which he desired him to remember against the afternoon. At twelve o'clock a maid came to carry Langley home to his dinner, and she brought him again at two. Upon his going the second time into the school, he saw a boy standing in the middle of the room, with a strange cap upon his head; it was made of red and yellow cloth, and some little brass bells hung from the top, which made a strange jingling noise whenever the boy stirred. As all his school-fellows were laughing at him, Langley asked Charles Mortlock, a good little boy who sat next him, who that poor fel-

low was, and why he was placed in the middle of the school, and wore that strange cap. His name, replied Charles, is Drinkwater; he is placed there for the boys to laugh at; and he wears that cap because he is a dunce, and will not learn his book. Langley was very sorry for Drinkwater; but, young as he was, he instantly resolved to take great pains, and learn his book as fast as ever he could, that he might not be obliged to wear the fool's cap. As soon as Mr. Baxley called him, he remembered the letters he had been taught in the morning; and was shown some more, which he promised to repeat to his master the next day.

§ 7.

Langley continued constantly to improve in his reading under Mr. Baxley; he never played truant, nor ever wore the fool's cap. At five years old, he could read very prettily in the Testament and in Doddsley's Fables, which last he learnt to repeat by heart: his memory was so good, that what he read carefully over

two or three times before he went to bed, he could always say by heart in the morning. One singular story is told of him, when he was not quite five years old. His father and mother wished him to repeat the third chapter of Proverbs, which is a very pleasing and very useful chapter, for it contains, in easy and elegant language, the best advice in the world. Langley, who was always desirous to please his parents, because he loved them, and because they were so good to him, began to read it as soon as he had got his dinner. Before he went to bed he could say it almost all; he read it once more before he went up stairs with the maid, with whom he slept. In the middle of the night he sat up in the bed in his sleep, and repeated the whole chapter without missing a word. This appears wonderful, but it is certainly true. They who are in good health often dream of those things which employ their thoughts during the day; and this was the case with Langley, who all the afternoon had been studying the third chapter of Proverbs. It was, therefore, im-

pressed so strongly on his mind, that even sleep did not make him forget it.

§ 8.

From five years old to seven, William Langley passed his time like most other children.—But it is to be observed, that long before he was seven he could read, and he could spell better than any other little boy in Mr. Baxley's school. We will relate a few stories of him, which happened when he was betwixt five and seven years old. Then his talents became so striking as to attract the notice of Mr. Newton, the curate of the parish; and he was removed to a grammar-school, and began to learn Latin, Greek, and French; all which we shall afterwards relate, as it cannot fail both to entertain and instruct our young readers, for whose use this book is written. Langley once, and once only, was very perverse; that is to say, he would not do what he was desired, when he knew, and when he felt, that what was desired of him was very proper in itself, and therefore to be

expected from him. He had learned to say by heart the pretty fable of the Beggar and his Dog, which is to be found in Mr. Doddsley's book; he used to repeat it to his father and mother very prettily, and much delighted them to hear him; indeed, they were so much pleased with him that they invited Mr. and Mrs. Clements, their next door neighbours, to come and drink tea with them; promising them that William should repeat for their amusement this fable. When the tea things were taken away he was called upon to stand in the middle of the room and speak the fable. To the great vexation of his father and mother, he would not repeat it when he was bid; and Mr. and Mrs. Clements went away uneasy and displeased. Mr. Langley was very angry indeed; he could not be otherwise: and William was whipped, and sent to bed without his supper. He was so unhappy at this, that he could not get a wink of sleep till very late, and the next morning, without any thing being said to him, he went to the house of Mr. Clements,

when that gentleman and his wife were at breakfast, and begged leave to repeat to them the fable of the Beggar and his Dog. They were very glad to hear him, and he did not miss a word. Mr. Clements gave him some toast and some tea; and took him, after breakfast, home to his father, who was so pleased with what he had done, that he not only forgave him, but bought him a new book, and loved him more than ever.

§ 9.

Another thing which happened to Langley was this:—In the city where his father lived there was a great contest for a Member of Parliament. The name of one gentleman, who wished to be elected, was Hogg, the name of the other was Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson was the favourite of the common people, because he gave them strong beer, and promised them a great many fine things. Mr. Hogg was supported by all the gentlemen and people of property, because they knew him to be an honest man, though he did not

profess so much as his opponent. When Mr. Hogg appeared in his chair on the day of election, the dirty vulgar people cried out, No pork! no pork! no bacon! William Langley having heard this, when Mr. Hogg came riding in his chair, opposite to his father's house, he cried out so too: No pork! no pork! no bacon!—Mr. Langley saw him; and taking him by his arm, pulled him into the house: luckily, Mr. Hogg neither saw nor heard him.—We tell this story, to show how ignorant and how thoughtless all children are, and to teach them how careful they ought to be. It happened, afterwards, that this very Mr. Hogg, whom Langley childish-ly insulted, proved his very best friend, and did him and his family much kind service; which, probably, he would not have done, if he had heard him rudely and vulgarly abuse him. Old Mr. Langley explained to his son the danger and the folly of calling people names. It is certainly always foolish, for it exposes ourselves more than those with whom we are angry; and it is always dangerous, for

it may procure us enemies who, one time or other, may do us much and serious injury.

§ 10.

We will tell one more story of Langley, which proves his good nature, but not his prudence. He heard his father and mother say, that we should never grudge giving that to the poor which we either do not want ourselves, or of which we can easily get another.—Mr. and Mrs. Langley had a great deal of charity; and their desire was, that their son, William, should learn of them to be kind and tender-hearted, whenever he could be so properly. One day, as Langley was rambling at some little distance from his father's house, he met a poor little beggar boy, in rags, without any hat. Said William to himself, I have another hat at home, and this poor little boy, I dare say, has none in the world; so I will venture to give him this which I have on, and which I wear every day. He therefore gave the beggar his hat. When he came home, Where's your hat, my dear? says his mother.

Why,—says he, mamma, you know I had two hats ; and I met a little boy who had not one in the world, so I gave him mine.—Mrs. Langley could not be very angry with him, because she knew that he intended to do an act of kindness ; but she very sensibly spoke to him thus, which prevented his doing any thing of the same kind again : My dear William it is very right that you should be good natured, and may always give away that which you do not want yourself. But your hat you did want ; for your father and I are not rich, and shall not chuse to buy you another hat till this time next year ; so that your Sunday hat will be ragged and shabby before you will have another. When you wish to give any thing away, ask your papa or me first ; and we will not fail to tell you when you may give what you have to give, and when not.—William thanked his mother for her sensible advice, which he always afterwards remembered.

§ 11.

When William was seven years old, Mr. Newton, the curate, called upon old Mr. Langley about some parish business. Mr. Langley was now so much respected by all who knew him that he had been elected churchwarden. It was the business of the churchwarden to pay the clergyman, every quarter, a sum of money, which Mr. Newton came to receive. William was playing at marbles in the shop, and, as he appeared to be a lively little fellow, Mr. Newton took notice of him, and calling to him—Well, sir, says he, can you give a receipt for money?—Yes, replied William, modestly, but I must first receive the money.—This shrewd answer so pleased Mr. Newton, that he began to ask the boy several questions; and when he found that he could say his catechism, read the Bible, and repeat many fables by heart, and gave also to other things very sensible answers, he took old Mr. Langley into another room. Sir, said he, addressing him, I perceive that

your son has parts better than those of boys in general, and it would be a great pity that they should be either lost or neglected. I would, therefore, advise you to extend your plan, and send him to a grammar-school. I have a friend, proceeded Mr. Newton, who lives in Yorkshire, who takes a few private pupils: he is a very clever man; and, if you can afford to pay him eighteen or twenty pounds a year, I can answer for it that your son shall be properly instructed in Latin and Greek, and the greatest possible care taken of his morals and his health.—Mr. Langley, who was desirous to give his son every advantage, instantly consented to this proposal. Mr. Newton wrote to Mr. Snow, who lived at Richmond, in Yorkshire, and received an answer the following week, informing him that he would take William Langley as a scholar, upon the terms proposed. Every thing, therefore, was settled, and William was to depart within the space of a month.

§ 12.

All that now remained to be done was, to determine the manner in which Langley was to travel to Yorkshire. Mrs. Langley was, at first, very unhappy at the idea of sending her son to so great a distance; but when she reflected that it was for his improvement, and future advantage, her consent was easily obtained. Whilst Mr. and Mrs. Langley were in suspense about the mode of sending their little boy to Yorkshire, they met, at a neighbour's house, the captain of a flour ship which constantly went backwards and forwards from Yarmouth to Newcastle upon Tyne. Upon mentioning to him what was the subject of their thoughts, he told them it was in his power to remove all that perplexed them.—I, says he, will take the boy to Newcastle for nothing, and I am acquainted with a sober, good-natured fellow who drives pack-horses from Newcastle to Richmond: he may ride there with him very pleasantly, and for a trifling expence. My friend, I will engage

for it, will deliver your son safe at the house of his master. These proposals were accepted with thankfulness by Mr. and Mrs. Langley; and the next Sunday was appointed to carry William by the coach to Yarmouth, and put him on board the good ship Friendship, Captain Allen, commander.

§ 13.

When Sunday came, Langley found his heart a little heavy; and indeed his father and mother were neither of them very cheerful; but, however, they got into the Yarmouth coach; and away they went, as fast as four horses could carry them. William found a tear rising in his eye as he took his last look of the cathedral, or, as it is there called the great church; but, when he thought that he was going to see a number of new places, and new things, he soon became more composed. As soon as they got to Yarmouth, Captain Allen was in the inn yard, ready to meet them.—Come, says he, young gentleman, there is no time to be lost: we have got a

fair wind, and the ship is lying-to for us in the roads ; so kiss your papa and mamma, and go along with me.—William longed very much to be in a ship, and to see the sea ; and this desire very much lessened the sorrow which he would otherwise have felt in parting with his good parents : he did cry a little, but not much.—Mr. Langley would go and see his son safe on board ; but Mrs. Langley having a very tender heart, thought, that by going along with him to the sea side, she might not be able to conceal her own tears of affection and regret ; and she, therefore, thought it better to go into the inn and wait the return of her husband. Mr. Langley took his little boy by the hand, and away they went to the sea side, where a boat was waiting for the captain and his young passenger. William took leave of his father with a great deal of courage, and skipped into the boat. The old gentleman staid till he saw his boy safe on board ; and then with a softened heart and moist eyes, returned to the inn. As he went, he poured out the warmest prayers to Heaven

for his son's safety and welfare.—Mr. and Mrs. Langley staid that night in Yarmouth; but returned home, the next morning, without meeting with any accident.

§ 14.

When William first got on board he was so delighted with the ship, that he thought of nothing else; but, when he had been there a little time, he began to feel himself very oddly affected; his head turned round, and his stomach was uneasy: he at length became so sick that he vomited profusely.—This is a complaint to which almost all people are liable who have never been at sea before; but it never does any real injury, and often proves of great benefit. Langley soon got rid of his sickness; and, as it was a fine summer evening, he chose to stand upon the deck, and look at the sea, the moon, and the stars, till it was very late, rather than go to bed.—The next morning, after a light sleep, he got up from the captain's bed, where he had lain down. The scene was now very different

from what it had been the evening before: the sky looked black and dismal, the winds began to roar, the thunder rolled louder and louder, and it lightened terribly. The surface of the sea, which before was calm, now became rough and swelling; and to William, who had never seen any thing of the kind before, it appeared very dreadful. He began to cry bitterly; and his sorrow was increased when he thought of his father and mother, whom he never expected to see again. He did not, however, forget to say his prayers; and the captain, who was a good-natured man, came to him and comforted him, telling him the storm would soon be over, and they should be presently at Newcastle. Upon this our young hero began to recover his spirits, and at the captain's desire went and lay down in the cabin. After a sound sleep, he leaped out of bed, and ran upon the deck again, when he had the pleasure to find the tempest quite gone, and fine weather returned, and the jolly sailors drinking a bowl of punch, which the captain had given them.

§ 15.

It was the middle of the night when the ship approached Tinmouth harbour, which is about seven miles from Newcastle.—As a war was then expected, orders had been given to a sixty gun ship, which was at anchor near Tinmouth, to send a press-gang on board every merchantman, which should come into the harbour, and take away all the able seamen to serve his Majesty, against the French and Spaniards. This was therefore done; and, at midnight, armed with pistols and cutlasses, a press-gang boarded Captain Allen's ship, when William was fast asleep in one of the sailor's hammocks. They took all the men they could find; and, coming to the place where poor little Langley was sleeping, one of them cried out, Jack, here is a boy, shall we take him?—As soon as he had said this he took William by the arm, and pulled him out of his hammock. At first he was terribly frightened, for he saw their pistols and cutlasses, and supposed that they were going to

kill him; but when the captain told the officer of the press-gang that he was a little boy going to school in Yorkshire, they soon let him go, and begged his pardon for having treated him so roughly. They then went away, leaving only the captain and the mate, as they thought, to conduct the ship safe into harbour; but when they were gone, and by the light of the rising sun, Mr. Allen perceived no boats near, he gave a whistle, and one poor sailor leaped upon deck, who all the night had been concealed amongst the sacks of flour: he was so droll a figure, being all over covered with white dust, that William, as well as the captain and mate, laughed heartily to see him.

§ 16.

We will here stop a little while to relate two comical incidents which happened at Newcastle, when William was there, and which were occasioned by these press-gangs:—A poor sailor, who maintained a wife and family in comfort with the wages which he earned in the service of the merchants, was

one night taken out of his bed by the prefs-gang, and carried on board the tender, which is a vessel appointed to receive the pressed men. This vessel was placed at no great distance from the shore. The above sailor, as he behaved quietly, obtained permission, after he had been on board a few days, to go upon the deck and speak to his wife, who was come to see him. After walking up and down with her for some minutes, he suddenly caught her up in his arms, and so leaped with her overboard into the water: he swam with her towards the shore, and, before the boats of the tender could be got ready to pursue him, he was safely landed with his burden.—The people were so much pleased with his gallantry, that they would not suffer the prefs-gang to go after him; and, returning to his father's house, who had a little farm in the country, they were never able to get him again. The other story is this:—A young sailor being pursued by the prefs-gang through the streets of Newcastle, ran into a clock and watchmaker's shop: he told the man his danger, who very

kindly put him into an empty clock-case, locked the door, took out the little key, and put it in his pocket. Presently the press-gang came:—Sir, said they, if we are not mistaken, a sailor ran into this shop.—I fancy replied the watch-maker that you will find yourselves greatly mistaken. They however searched about, but soon went away without finding the man. When evening came, the good-natured watchmaker let the sailor out, who returned him thanks, and went about his business.

§ 17.

As soon as ever Captain Allen could leave his ship, and go on shore, he took Langley with him to the inn which he knew was frequented by John Barclay, who drove the pack-horses to Richmond. Luckily they met him at the entrance of the inn, when he agreed with Mr. Allen to deliver William safe and sound to Mr. Snow at Richmond; and added, that he intended to set off in two days time. Mr. Allen left Langley with Mr. Barclay, and bidding him be a good boy, he

wished him his health, and returned to his vessel. William was now left alone, in a strange place, amongst strangers, whose manner of talking he did not easily understand. The people who live in Newcastle use different words, and pronounce them in a different manner and tone of voice from those who live in Norfolk. All this at first puzzled and distressed him, but he soon got the better of it, for Barclay was very kind to him, and carried him to take a walk about the town, showing him every thing which was worth a little boy's seeing. What surprised him the most was, to see a number of little boys and girls running about the streets without shoes or stockings, and not at all seeming to mind it. To be sure, he had seen boys and girls without shoes and stockings before, but then they were beggar's children, who, as his papa had told him, were often suffered to go so to excite pity and obtain money. But in Newcastle the matter is very different: the children are there all brought up in so hardy a manner (that is to say, the children of those who are

not very rich,) that they do not care for the cold; and, by use, their feet became so callous, that they can hardly be said to want shoes. Langley was, however, not at all displeas'd at looking down at his own legs, and perceiving that he had a nice pair of new shoes, and clean cotton stockings. He was also surpris'd to see the women, as well as men, carrying great burdens upon their heads, without taking hold of them with their hands, and having only a round piece of cloth, stuff'd with wool, to prevent what they carry from hurting their heads. He ask'd Barclay, how they did this; who told him that it was custom; for, as they began to do so when they were children, time rendered it perfectly easy to them. It is, indeed, proper that all little folks should know and consider, that whatever they learn to do when they are very young, becomes the more and more easy the older they grow; and, unless they think proper to neglect it, will never be forgotten. Neither should they ever be frightened by any thing seeming difficult at first: time and in-

dustry will surmount all hardships. Another thing, which attracted Langley's notice, was the black bread which he saw; that he saw the people in general ate, not only without any appearance of dislike, but with eagerness and appetite. He was induced to taste it; and, at first, it seemed to him so sour that he could not swallow it: he therefore asked Mr. Barclay, how any body could eat sour bread. Why, says Mr. Barclay, though it seems rather sour to every body at first, by eating it only three or times that taste goes away, and it becomes as pleasant to the palate as it is really wholesome to the body. All this William found to be true; for, the very next morning, at breakfast, he ate a whole round of a loaf toasted and buttered, and never found the least fault with it. Now the real cause of its seeming sour arises from its being made of rye, which is of an acid taste, and perhaps is less nourishing than wheat.

§ 18.

It was in a fine morning, in the month of June, that Langley and his good-natured conductor left Newcastle. As soon as they got out of the town, which to be sure is dirty enough, the country, and indeed every thing which met their eyes, was beautiful and delightful. There were thirty pack-horses in a row, the first of which had some musical bells fastened to his collar, which, as he moved slowly along, played very prettily. On the last horse, upon a pack of wool, rode William. The pack was so soft and so long, that he could ride upon it just as he pleased, sitting or kneeling, standing or lying down. By his side, upon a little horse, or, as it is there called a galloway, Mr. Barclay rode to chat with him, and to explain to him the things they might see as they went along. The birds sung merrily, the sun shone cheerfully, the fields looked green, and the meadows gay: sometimes they went up a hill, which presented them with a new and charming

prospect; sometimes they came into a fair shady valley, where a little stream flowed, gently murmuring along, at the bottom of a pleasant wood. Every thing indeed gave William spirits, and he enjoyed his ride more than can be described. At length they came to a public-house, at the corner of a wood, where Barclay always stopped to get his breakfast and to rest his horses. The landlady took great notice of Langley, helped him off the horse, and soon set before him, in a clean parlour, a large bason of boiled milk and bread, into which she threw a lump of sugar, which made William's eyes sparkle. When he had finished it, without leaving a single spoonful, he went to take a little walk by the side of the wood, whilst Barclay was getting ready to proceed on his journey. As he sauntered along, a blackbird came whirring out of a holly bush, and, perching upon an ash tree that was near, began to whistle and make a great noise. Langley went close up to the bush, and saw, what he had never seen till now, a nest, in which were four young black-

birds. He was so delighted, that he at first thought of taking the nest and the young ones away with him; who, by their chirping seemed to take notice of him. But he soon reflected, that the poor mother would be made very unhappy by his doing so; and that, as he did not know how to manage the little creatures, the young birds would probably die; so that he should thus be guilty of great cruelty. He resolved therefore to leave them, and contented himself with stopping to look at the nest, which he much admired: he then returned to Mr. Barclay, whom he found waiting for him, and who much commended him for his good-nature as well as good sense, in not meddling with the nest.

§ 29.

They proceeded on their journey, and for some miles met with nothing singular enough to attract their notice. Barclay told Langley some stories which very much diverted him; though one indeed made him rather uneasy: it was this. George Walton and William

Malden were two ill-natured and mischievous boys, who went to school together. They were always quarrelling and fighting with the other boys, and were often whipped by their master for breaking the windows and fences of the neighbours. One holiday they went out by themselves, into a wood, to cut some hazel twigs. As they wandered about, Walton saw a magpye's nest at the top of a tree, which he was resolved to get. He therefore pulled off his coat, and, as he was an active boy, he soon climbed up the tree. The nest had four eggs in it, which he took out, and put into the pocket of his waistcoat. When he was coming down, and had got to the very last branch, his hands slipped, he fell to the ground, and he broke his leg. Malden ran and got somebody to help him home. But, as he was a very naughty boy, nobody pitied him; and it was a long time indeed before he got well.—Climbing is always dangerous: we often hear of boys who get mischief by falling from trees; and, besides this, it tears, dirties, and spoils the clothes: so that it is

much wiser constantly to avoid it. Langley was sorry for George Walton's accident; but, as he met with it by his own folly, he was the less uneasy: he thanked Mr. Barclay for the story, and promised not to forget it.

§ 20.

They proceeded gently but cheerfully along, till they found themselves, about dinner-time, at the entrance of a little village, Here they got a plain but hearty repast; and, after staying a little time for the sake of the poor horses, which were very busy at their hay and corn, they resumed their journey. Late in the afternoon, as they had almost finished their travel of the day, they turned down a dark lane, which led to the house where they were to sleep. When they came to about the middle of this lane, there was an opening to the left, upon a large common. Here, at about a hundred yards from the road, Langley was surpris'd and frightened by the sight of two gibbets, from which two men were hanging in chains. As he had never

heard or read of any thing of the kind, he could not tell what to make of it; and many unpleasant thoughts presented themselves to his mind. At this moment Barclay, who was a few paces behind him, rode up on his trotting little nag, and, pointing to the gibbets, asked William if he had ever seen such things. No, said William, trembling, and almost afraid to speak. Why then, said Barclay, I will tell you what they are; and I will also relate the story of these two men. When men commit such crimes as render them unfit to live amongst those who are peaceable and honest, they are condemned, by the laws, to suffer such punishments as the nature of their different offences is found to deserve. For small crimes they are put into prison, whipped, or transported; for great crimes they are deprived of life, by being hanged on a gallows, or a gibbet. If their offence be very enormous, they are left as you see, hanging in chains; that their example, by exciting terror, may prevent the same things being com-

mitted in future. In this very place, the two men, whom you see, not only robbed, but cruelly murdered a poor young woman, who was returning from market with the little money she had got by selling a few eggs and some butter, with which she maintained not only her mother, but a little brother. This account revived Langley's spirits, by assuring him that he had nothing to fear on his own account. But he wondered much, that, if any body should be wicked enough to rob, they should be still so much more wicked as to commit murder. With these thoughts they went quietly on till they came to the house where they were to stay all night. Here a hot supper of veal cutlets and apple-pye was provided for Mr. Barclay, who was expected; part of which was given to William, who soon went to bed; where, tired with the fatigue of the day, he slept like a top.

§ 21.

In the morning, William got up as blithe as a lark, and ran to Mr. Barclay's bed, who

slept in the same room, to call him. About seven o'clock they departed; and, as they met with nothing before dinner which deserves to be related, we shall e'en set them down at one o'clock at Darlington, near the river Tees, as hungry as hunters, upon a roast leg of mutton and potatoes, and some little plum dumplings, which Langley thought the handsomest things he had ever seen in his life. After dinner Langley mounted again upon his wool-pack; and, after they had travelled half an hour, he heard, to his right, a great noise of water falling from an eminence upon some large stones, and making a hoarse rattling, but not unpleasant sound. Looking over the hedge, which by his standing up he was very well able to do, he saw the waterfall, near which was standing a man with a fishing-rod in his hand: he had just caught a trout, which he was putting into a little basket he had brought for the purpose. As this also was quite a new object to Langley, he called to Barclay, who was a little way before him, and asked if he might stop a few minutes

to see the man catch another fish. Barclay told him he might, and he would go with him. He therefore stopped his horses; and, getting over a stile into the field, they went up to the man. As it happened, Barclay knew him; he therefore told him he had brought this little stranger to see him catch a fish. This he did presently; and Langley was much diverted, first, to see the trout leap up to what seemed a fly, but which was only some pieces of feather and silk, made like a fly, under which the hook was concealed. Then he thought it very pleasant, to see fish flouncing about—trying, but unable, to get away. At last the hand-net was produced, and put under it: it was brought to the shore, and a fine fellow it was. The man begged Mr. Barclay would accept of it for his supper; and away he and William went, highly delighted. As they were going to join the horses, which all stood very still and quiet, Langley asked Mr. Barclay if it was not a very cruel thing to catch fish, as they seemed to suffer so much pain from the hook. Barclay replied, that

it certainly was to be wished that fish might be caught with as little pain as possible; but he remarked that oxen, calves, sheep, turkeys, geese, and chickens could not be killed without giving them some pain; all which were certainly intended for the use and food of mankind. This answer satisfied Langley; and so, sometimes riding, sometimes walking, always cheerful, and, constantly asking some pertinent question (to which he did not fail to receive a sensible answer,) he went to the house where they were to pass the evening, and which was no more than three miles from Richmond.

§ 22.

The next morning they both rose early. Langley chose to walk, and trudged on silent and thoughtful. A new scene now presented itself to his mind. He had formed a kind of friendship with Mr. Barclay, who had treated him very kindly. He was going to live with strangers, at a great distance from his father and mother: and he became every moment more

unwilling to part with Barclay and more fearful to meet his new master. At this moment, lifting up his eyes, he saw the town of Richmond, and its noble old castle; he beheld the fine river which flows at its foot; and he heard the bells, which, as it was some festival, were then ringing; the mellow sounds of which came sweetly softened to his ear, along the banks of the river, winding along a charming valley. All this tended to revive his spirits. Mr. Barclay also told him, he often passed through Richmond, and would not fail to come and see him; that his master, Mr. Snow, was a very mild and good-tempered man, fond of good little boys; that he had two sons, who would be pleasant play-fellows for him; and that he was certain he would be very kindly and tenderly treated. These words were a cordial to Langley's heart; and by the time that they got to Mr. Snow's house, he was prepared to meet his new master with cheerfulness.

§ 23.

When they knocked at the door, it was opened by Mr. Snow himself. Ah! Mr. Barclay, says the good man, so you have brought me my little boy at last? I have expected you these two days, and I am very happy to receive him well. He then took Langley by the hand, kissed him, and welcomed him to Richmond. Mr. Barclay was asked to breakfast but he could not stay; so bidding William be a good boy, and wishing him well, he took his leave. Mr. Snow carried Langley into his study, where were sitting, at breakfast, his wife, his daughter, and his sons; all of whom kissed the young stranger, and told him they were glad to see him, and would try to make him happy. William was quite delighted with his treatment; and soon by his good-humour and sensible remarks, made his master and mistress his friends. When he had got a hearty breakfast, Mr. Snow desired his eldest son to shew him the school; telling him at the same time

to inform the boys, that this was to be a holiday, on account of the new scholar. William went readily enough on so pleasant a business; and, when he came to the school, he saw about ten boys, none of whom were much older than himself, hard at their books. He shook hands with them all, who gave him thanks for the holiday he had procured them; and away they went joyfully together to play upon the green before the school, William as merry as the rest.

§ 24.

Mr. Snow was a clergyman, with very small preferment; but by keeping a select number of pupils, upon terms somewhat exceeding what is commonly paid in Yorkshire, he contrived to live very well, and was greatly respected. His house was well adapted to his purpose: it stood at one end of the town; before it was a gentle and verdant descent to a stream, which for several miles continued its course, and abounded with trout. Behind his house he had an orchard, which was very

useful to his family ; as well as a pretty little garden, which, as he was fond of flowers, he took care of himself. Mrs. Snow was a very good woman ; attentive to her children and her boarders, kind to the poor, obliging to all her neighbours, and respected by those who knew her. Her daughter Jane was a pretty little girl ; could read, write, and sew perfectly well ; had a taste for singing, and could play several tunes upon an old spinnet which stood in the hall. Henry Snow, the eldest boy, was a meek and good-tempered child almost eight years old. He had just begun Latin, and was therefore very busy at his grammar. Richard, the youngest son, was by no means so kind-hearted as his brother Henry ; but sensible, shrewd, and clever. He was a hasty, quarrelsome spark ; and, though not quite seven years old, would often kick, and fight, and scratch the boys. The consequence was, that they all disliked Richard, and loved Henry : which we cannot so much wonder at ; for Richard was also a tell-tale, which is a character much to be despised ; whereas

Henry often got boys excused, when, for some trifling fault, they would otherwise have been punished.

§ 25.

The next day, Mr. Snow, after hearing Langley read, and asking him some questions, thought so well of him, that he resolved he should begin Latin without loss of time. He could already write a little; and he applied so closely, that, in the course of a month, he was able to write the following letter to his father; for which, as it was the first he ever wrote, he got praise from all who saw it.

“ Honoured Sir,

“ As this is the first letter I ever wrote,
 “ you must not expect much from me. My
 “ master and mistress are very good to me;
 “ as also is Miss Jane and Master Henry. I
 “ like George Leigh very much, and I play
 “ with him more than with any boy.—Mr.
 “ Snow tells me you are all well, which I am
 “ glad to hear.—Give my duty to my mo-

“ ther ; pray to God to blefs me ; and I re-
 “ main your dutiful fon,
 “ WILLIAM LANGLEY.”

The above is the true and real letter which was fent by Langley to his father ; and which pleased old Mr. Langley fo much that he fent him a letter in anfwer, fealed with wax ; round which was written, “ Pray how do you like my feal ? ”—When William broke the feal, he found in it a little piece of gold.—Oh ! cried he, I like the feal very much, and away he ran to tell his miftrefs ; defiring her to take it, and give him fome half-pence out of it, now and then, to buy fruit and play-things.

§ 26.

William’s progrefs at his book furprifed and delighted his mafter ; he foon got before every boy in the fchool ; he was indeed fo fond of reading, that he would often ask his mafter to lend him books, which he would fometimes, though not always, prefer to play.

He was certainly a romantic boy ; for, though he loved play as well as other boys, yet, when he got a book which he liked, he would retire, after school hours, into the fields, and would sit down under a hedge to read, where he sometimes staid so long that he lost his dinner. At other times, he would get up to see the sun rise ; a sight of which he was very fond : he used also to say, that to hear the birds sing in the woods, to see the stream winding playfully along through the meadows, to see the cattle feeding in the fields, and the flowers blowing in the hedges—was better than a piece of plum-pudding, or even than a holiday.—There was one thing which he never failed to do ; and we would wish all little boys to do so likewise. Whenever he heard or saw a word which he did not understand ; he was never easy till he either found it out, or got it explained.—The Squire of a little parish, about a mile and a half from Richmond, had before his house a bowling-green, to which every Thursday he invited the neighbouring gentlemen. Mr. Snow used

frequently to go; and one day, as a great treat and favour, he took with him his son Henry and William Langley. The two boys were playing about upon the green, and making, as Mr. Snow thought, too much noise: so he cried out, Boys don't be so obstreperous!—This hard word puzzled Langley very much; indeed he could make nothing at all of it.—As they were going home in the evening, Pray Sir, says he to his master, what did you mean when you said to Henry and me, “Boys don't be so obstreperous?”—Mr. Snow was much pleased with him for asking, and told him that to be obstreperous was to be loud and noisy.

§ 27.

The country about Richmond is very fine; the streams are full of fish; the fields are full of game; the woods are full of nuts; and a great number of gentlemen in the neighbourhood keep hounds.—We promised, at the beginning of this book, to tell little Langley's faults, as well as his good qualities; we shall

now, therefore, tell one thing he did, which deserved both censure and punishment:—His master was fond of shooting; and would sometimes take Langley with him to carry his powder and shot, and to run and get the game when it fell to the ground: he was much delighted with this office; as indeed he was with any office about the person of his master, whom he dearly loved.—But one thing surpris'd him: he could not conceive how the bird, flying in the air, and, at a great distance, should in a moment fall to the ground when his master fired his gun. He had a great desire to try if he could do so too. He observ'd, therefore, where the gun, the powder, and the shot were put; and, getting up, very early in the morning, he took the gun upon his shoulder, some powder and shot in his pocket, and out he went into the fields. When he came to a retired place, he put some powder and shot into the gun; and, cocking it, as soon as he saw a bird flying near him, he fired it off.—But he paid dearly for his rashness and folly, and indeed he might have

injured himself for life; for, as he did not know either how to charge the gun properly, or place it, when charged, against his shoulder, it hit him so severe a blow on the side of his face, that it not only tore off a large piece of skin from his cheek, but made his nose bleed terribly. He returned home; and, as may be supposed, very much ashamed and unhappy. As soon as he went into the school, all the boys cried out, Oh, Langley! what's the matter with your face?—In the midst of their enquiries, and before he could give any answer, in came Mr. Snow. The moment he saw Langley's face, he was much concerned, and asked if he had been fighting. He could conceal the matter no longer; but, bursting into tears, related all the truth; promising faithfully to do so no more.—Mr. Snow was at first very angry; but on account of his general good conduct, and his promises never to offend in the like manner again, he forgave him.—Children should never play with guns; nor should they ever do any thing in private which they are ashamed to have publicly

known. By the first they may wound, and perhaps kill themselves; by the last they learn to be artful, and are tempted to tell lies—a mean and shameful crime.

§ 28.

William wrote once in every month to his father and mother, and heard from them as often. His manners, in the mean time, were so obliging, his improvement in learning so great, his remarks so lively, and full of good sense, that he was a great favourite with every body. He used often to take a walk with Miss Snow into the fields; and, when they came to a pretty and shady place, Miss Snow would take out her work and sit down; whilst Langley, from some book selected for him by his master or mistress, would read to her. Sometimes Miss Snow would sing him a song, which very much delighted him; for, though he could not play upon any instrument, he was very fond of music.—The squire of the next parish also was so much pleased with William, that he gave him leave to fish

in the streams which belonged to his house, which was a very great favour.—When Langley went a-fishing, it was a very pleasant thing to see him; for he always took a book in one pocket, whilst his other was filled with his fishing tackle: and, when the trout did not come so fast as he wished, he always made himself amends by sitting down under a bank to read.—This fishing, however, brought him into two scrapes; both of which we shall faithfully relate, that other little boys may take warning by his example. When Mr. Wilson gave Langley leave to fish in his streams, it was upon these terms—he was always to call at the house first, and leave word where he was going. The reason of this was, that Langley might know whether Mr. Wilson himself, or any of his friends, intended to fish that day; in which case he was not to go, that he might not spoil or disturb the gentlemen's fishing. One day he either forgot or neglected to do this. It therefore happened that, as he was getting over a stile, from one meadow into another, with his rod in his

hand, who should he see but Mr. Wilson himself, and his neighbour Mr. Dawson, coming to the very spot to fish which Langley had just left.—Sirrah, said Mr. Wilson, I know that you have not been to the house, as you ought; and you have quite spoiled my sport for this day, by disturbing the streams: go home, and never presume to come and fish here again.—As Langley had not a word to say for himself, he went away very sorrowful. The very next morning, as soon as school was over, he went to Mr. Wilson, and begged pardon in so pretty a manner, that Mr. Wilson not only forgave him, but again permitted him to fish in his streams upon the same terms as before.—A useful lesson is here afforded to all children; first, not to abuse the kindness of their friends, by taking greater liberties than they know they ought to take; and next, when they have done amiss, never to be ashamed to confess it, nor to beg pardon of those whom they happen to offend.

§ 29.

The other fishing scrape into which Langley got was this:—Whenever he went out with his rod and his line, and, as we before said, his book, Mr. Snow very kindly and properly desired him not to go too near the edge of the water; for though these streams, where the trout were found, were certainly not deep, yet, as we remarked at the beginning of this history, a very little water will drown a boy. It must be confessed that, in general, William was very careful, and minded the advice which was given him: but, one unlucky day, his hook caught hold of a little twig, which was on the other side of the brook; and, as it was a very narrow place, he thought that he could, by means of a long pole which he found in the field, leap over it. He therefore pulled off his coat; and, fixing the pole in the middle of the stream, he put the other end under his arm; and, giving a spring, away he went. When he had got about half way over, snap went the

pole, and soufe came Langley over head and ears into the water. As it was shallow, he got out easily enough; but every thing he had on was wet through and through, and he went sneaking home, dripping all the way like a drowned rat. When he got to the house, he was stripped and put to bed; but it was a long time before Mr. Snow would give him leave to go a-fishing again by himself.

§ 30.

When he was nine years old he began the Greek grammar; and not long afterwards Mr. Snow thought that he might venture to put him into the Greek Testament. This to Langley, at first, was like leaving all his old friends, and going by sea to another Newcastle; but he did not forget that Latin, when he began to learn it, seemed equally hard, but that every day rendered it less and less so; neither could he forget that, when he first was taught to write, his hand ached, and his fingers were very stiff and awkward; time and practice enabled him to write with ease and

pleasure. He therefore fagged hard and got on very fast. At this time also Mr. Snow began to teach his daughter French, which for some days Langley observed without saying any thing; but at length, he could not bear to think that any boy, much less any girl, should know what he did not, and be able to read what he could not. He therefore very modestly asked Mr. Snow to let him learn French too. That I will, replied Mr. Snow, and with great pleasure, so they began the French grammar that very afternoon. He soon got as far in the grammar as Miss Snow; and they afterwards continued to read French together.

§ 31.

We have before observed, that Langley was not averse to play; indeed he mixed with his school-fellows in all their amusements. He played at marbles, bat and ball, hop-step-and-jump; at which last he much excelled them all. But he was most delighted when Henry Snow, or George Leigh,

would take long walks with him into the woods, or go and see things and places which he had never seen before. He would walk several miles to see the ruin of an old castle; and, he would often go without his dinner, whilst he was employed in making a seat in some retired place, where he might sit, and either read, or gaze earnestly at the water dashing down some steep and cragged place. He would indeed sometimes go too far from home; of which he had once or twice great reason to repent. He one day lost himself in a thick wood, and wandered about for many hours, without being able to find his way out. He began to grow both very hungry and very tired; the evening too was approaching fast, and every thing looked of a dusky and gloomy colour.—In this distress he thought that, if he halloed as loud as he could, somebody might perhaps hear him. This he did once or twice, but nobody answered. He sat down, and burst out a-crying; after a few minutes, he thought he heard, at a distance, the noise of an axe; he listened, and heard it again. He

therefore very wisely followed the fount, and, coming to the place whence it proceeded, he saw Thomas Lawson, one of Mr. Wilson's servants, cutting down some brush wood for firing. He was so pleased, that, running up to him, Pray Thomas, said he, be so good as to show me the way home; I will never come again so far alone. Thomas did this gladly, for he knew Langley, and liked him for his good-nature. It was quite dark before he got to Mr. Snow's, and all the family were very uneasy about him; but they were so much pleased to see him safe, that they almost forgot to scold him as much as he deserved.—Boys should be very careful not to go to strange places alone, or too far from home; it is very improper, and certainly dangerous.

§ 32.

William was now near ten years old, and constantly improving in his manners, his mind, and his person. One morning the postman knocked at the door, and brought Mr.

Snow a letter from old Mr. Langley. In this letter he thanked Mr. Snow for his great kindness to his little boy; but said, that he now very much wished to see himself what progress he had made, that he might judge for what profession he was most adapted. He added, that his mother also, after so long an absence, was very desirous to see him. He therefore desired Mr. Snow to have his son conveyed, in the course of the month, safely to Hull, where a vessel, in which he had some concern, would take him on board, and bring him to Yarmouth; at which place he would meet him himself. This letter made all the family for a time very uneasy, and Langley as well as the rest; for, though he could not be otherwise than pleased with the idea of seeing his father and mother, yet he was very sorry to leave so many people who had always been good to him, and who loved him as much as he loved them. The day, however, came: Mr. Snow's one-horse chaise drove up to the door; John Clarkson, who was to drive Langley to York, got into it; out came

Langley, crying sadly, and all the family with him, many of whom cried also; a tear was seen too in Miss Snow's eye, who had so often walked and read, and played and sung, with Langley, that she loved him little less than one of her brothers. William kissed them all round; and, to be sure, did not omit Miss Snow: somebody has said that he kissed her twice, and it may perhaps be true. All were unhappy at parting with him, except Richard Snow, who was always jealous of him, and often behaved to him with ill-nature.—After much good advice, and shaking hands again and again, Mr. Snow put him into the chaise, by the side of John Clarkson, and away they drove.

§ 33.

It may not be amiss to fill one chapter with the good advice which Mr. Snow gave Langley, in the presence of his sons and daughter, in the study, in the evening before he was to go away.—“My dear William,” said Mr. Snow, after the tea-things were removed,

“ you have always, with me, seen and known the different effects of good and bad conduct : the one has always made you happy, the other quite the contrary. When you have done well, you have been constantly praised, encouraged, and rewarded ; when you have done ill, you have as constantly been censured and punished. Depend upon it the same will happen to you in every state of life, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age. To be good, is to be happy ; to be vicious, is to be wretched. As to your improvement, it depends upon yourself ; you have very good talents, and may be just as learned as you please. With respect to learning, you will find hereafter, what you have found here, the benefits of industry, and the fatal effects of neglect or idleness : the one will as certainly promote your improvement and happiness, as the other will make you poor, despised, and wretched. Above all things, remember your duty to God, and to your neighbour ; abhor vice, practise virtue. Be humble and modest, kind and obliging to all ; lif-

ten to those who can instruct you ; imitate what your heart tells you is praise-worthy ; bear whatever evils may happen to you with patience ; and endeavour to be a good man, and pious Christian.”—Mr. Snow added many other things ; such as bidding him always speak the truth, and shun falsehood like a serpent ; to be honest, open, diligent, and faithful : all which were so deeply impressed upon Langley’s mind that, as his conduct afterwards proved, he never forgot them.

§ 34.

The ride from Richmond, down the vale of Catterick, is one of the most charming things in the world—the country is so rich and lovely. Here a fine brown wood—there, at its foot, the river Swall rolls its beautiful stream. On both sides of the road are many gentlemen’s seats ; and, every now and then, the spire of a village church peeped from the end of a green lane, or from the rising of a gentle hill. These delightful scenes of nature were not lost upon Langley, young as he

was: he soon recovered his usual cheerfulness; which he no doubt did the sooner, from the pleasing prospect of seeing his father and mother, whom, as it became him, he dearly loved. As they were people of no mighty consequence, they went trotting on without meeting with any wonderful adventures, and got to York in the evening about seven o'clock.—The approach to York is so very pretty, that some mention ought to be made of it. The minster, or cathedral, a very superb and noble object, is seen at a great distance; the castle is no less worthy of attention: and the two buildings, together, speak the approach of a large and populous city. On their arrival at the White Horse, in Coppergate, they found that the stage-coach, for Hull, was to go the next morning from this very inn where they were. John Clarkson, therefore, took a place in it for Langley; and, seeing him safe into it, the next day returned to Richmond.

§ 35.

The passengers in the coach were two young ladies, who were much taken with Langley's sprightly appearance and winning behaviour: they took much notice of him; and, on enquiring who he was, it turned out that one of them knew his father, and actually lived at Norwich. This was a very pleasant circumstance to William, who did not forget to ask many pertinent questions.—The good-nature of his fellow-travellers, in one respect, did Langley more harm than good. The ladies, intending to reward him for the sensible and proper manner in which he behaved, gave him almonds and raisins, and cakes and sweetmeats; to which, as well as to riding in a coach, he had never been used. They had not, therefore, gone a great many miles, before Langley became very sick indeed; but upon opening the windows, and suffering him to sit with his face to the horses, he got better soon, and was as lively and cheerful as ever.—People sometimes think that they are

very kind to children by giving them a quantity of sweet things : but in this they are very apt to be mistaken, for in general sweet things are not wholesome ; and least of all to a child, whose stomach is not strong enough to bear them. The stage-coach stopped at Beverley to dine ; through which as they passed, Langley was greatly pleased with the appearance of the church, which is a very handsome building. They arrived at Hull in proper time ; and in the inn-yard a servant was waiting to receive William, and conduct him to the house of a gentleman who was a friend of old Mr. Langley's.

§ 36.

At Hull, Langley was obliged to stay a few days, waiting for a fair wind to carry him to Yarmouth. The name of the gentleman, at whose house he was, was Preston, who had a son about the age of Langley, a bold, daring, and impudent boy. Mr. Preston, one morning at breakfast, told the boys that they might go on board the vessel in

which Langley was to fail. They were both pleased at this, and away they went joyfully together. When they came to the ship, Langley contented himself with walking up and down the deck, asking questions about the sails and the ropes. But Dick Preston, seeing one of the men go up the shrouds, jumped up after him, and would go up to the top, though every body called out to him to come down; however, on he went, and got up safely enough; but, on coming back again, he was very much frightened; and within a few yards of the bottom his foot got twisted in one of the ropes, and he was not able to recover himself. Whilst he was thus entangled, a sailor-boy skipped up the ropes, and, passing a line round Dick's body, tied him to the shrouds. He was kept thus almost a whole hour, for every body to laugh at; which is a custom very common amongst sailors, to punish those who are either awkward in doing what they ought to do well and expertly, or who meddle with things which they ought not to touch. This dis-

graceful, accident, however, did not cure Preston of his daring spirit ; and, not many months afterwards, in trying to get up the shrouds of a man of war, he fell down upon the deck, and lost his life by his rashness.— When boys are brought up to the sea, and are intended by their parents to be sailors, they learn easily and properly enough to get up and down the ropes. But when boys, who are to be of a different profession, go into ships they may ask questions for the sake of instruction, but should never pretend to climb up the ropes, which is both foolish and dangerous.

§ 37.

The day at length came in which Langley's ship, the Rebecca, Captain West commander, was to set sail ; and he went on board in good spirits. He was more fortunate this time than before ; for they met with no storm, and he was not near so sick ; but, it must be confessed, he was longer in his passage, though he had not so far to go. This frequently happens in sea voyages. The swiftness of the

ship's going depends upon the wind: when the wind blows briskly, a vessel often goes over a great space in a very little time. On the contrary, when there is little or no wind, a ship gets along very slowly, as was the case at this time with Langley's ship. When he before went to Newcastle from Yarmouth, a distance almost of one hundred leagues, (which, as three miles make a league, is nearly three hundred miles,) he got there in less than three days and nights; but now, though the distance from Hull to Yarmouth is no more than sixty leagues, or one hundred and eighty miles, he was more than four days in his passage. One thing happened, as they sailed along, which diverted Langley very much. They went through a little fleet of boats which were fishing off the coast for herrings. The master of one of these boats knew Captain West; and, as they slowly passed him, he tossed into the ship two or three strings of herrings, at least twelve upon a string; upon which all the sailors made a hearty meal. Poor William did not venture

to taste these, he was so much afraid of being sick.—They at last saw the church and town of Yarmouth rising, as it were, slowly from the sea. Langley's heart now began to dance with pleasure; his sickness had quite left him; and he had nothing to think of but the joy he should have in running into his father's arms. As they came nearer to the coast, and he was walking with the captain upon the deck, he was struck with the very odd appearance of Yarmouth church, which to him seemed to be crooked. He asked Mr. West if it was really crooked; and, if not, what was the reason of its seeming so. The captain replied, that it was not crooked, but only built purposely to appear so. They now entered the harbour, and happy indeed was Langley once more to set his feet upon dry land. As he was going through the streets along with the captain, he saw his father coming hastily to the side of the river to see what ship was just come in. Langley ran instantly towards him; and, catching hold of his coat, exclaimed, "Sir, Sir, are not you

glad to see me?" Old Mr. Langley turned about, and really did not know his boy, he was so tanned by the sea and the sun, so much grown, and indeed in every respect so altered. He therefore said, coldly, "How do you do, little gentleman? Pray what is your name?" Poor William could not bear this; but, bursting out into tears, cried out, "What, Sir, don't you know me?" These words induced Mr. Langley to look earnestly in his face, when he soon remembered him; and catching him in his arms, kissed him tenderly again and again; and was so delighted to see him, that tears of tenderness and joy flowed fast from his eyes.

§ 38.

After indulging for some minutes the feelings of parental love, Mr. Langley took his little boy by the hand, and led him to the same inn, which, some years before, he had visited with sensations so totally different. He was then sad and sorrowful; about to leave his best and dearest friends, to go a long

way amongst people who were entire strangers to him. Now he was returning, without a care in the world, to his father and mother, anxious to see and embrace them, who thought of nothing but how to make him happy. Yet he was not, with all his delight, so ungrateful as to forget his Yorkshire friends, who had treated him so well. The memory of his master and mistress was very dear to him; and, when he reflected on the charming walks he had taken with Miss Snow, and the many pretty books he had read to her, he felt a tender regret which almost melted him to tears. For this he certainly deserved much praise; for he who forgets or neglects to acknowledge the kindness he has received, can neither merit esteem, nor expect to meet with future favours: it is therefore equally mean and unwise to be ungrateful. After taking some refreshments at the inn, Mr. Langley and his son got into the stage coach, and in a few hours got to Norwich. The joys of Mrs. Langley at receiving her son well in health, and at finding

him much improved in his mind, as well as person, expressed itself in many warm embraces and tears of delight.

§ 39.

The only thing which gave Mr. and Mrs. Langley the least concern with respect to William was, to find that, by residing so long in Yorkshire, he had got the Yorkshire dialect, or tone and manner of speaking. But their regret on this account soon vanished, when they reflected that the same period of time which taught him this mode of speaking in one place, would unteach it in another. All defects in speaking are carefully to be avoided; and to speak in a vulgar tone and accent never fails to excite the contempt of those who are polite and well bred. When Langley had been a few days at home, his father had the pleasure to find, by conversing with him, that he had by no means been neglected: for though old Mr. Langley knew neither Greek, Latin, nor French, he was a very sensible man; he had read a great deal,

and could very well judge of the progress which his son had made in English learning. He found that William could read any thing with the greatest ease; could repeat in prose and verse various elegant pieces; could write a decent hand; and was not defective in figures. In his own mind, therefore, he had resolved to keep his son at the free grammar-school, in his native town, for about two years, and then bind him apprentice to a surgeon. He wished, however, to consult his respected friend, Mr. Newton, the clergyman, on the subject, intending to be governed by his advice.

§ 40.

To Mr. Newton, therefore, they went. This worthy character was much pleased to see the boy so much improved in his appearance; and not the less delighted to think that his advice had been the instrument of his receiving so much more, and so much better instruction than his friends at first designed to bestow upon him.—“I am come, Sir,” said

Mr. Langley, “ to request a favour of you. My boy, you see, is returned well; and as far as I can judge, much improved in every thing: but I shall be glad and obliged if you will examine him in those things concerning which I am not able to decide. It is my present intention to keep him at home for about two years, during which he shall go to the free grammar-school in this place; and I shall then, I think, bind him to a surgeon. But I shall be entirely governed by your sentiments concerning him; and, if he does not know enough to make a surgeon, I shall either teach him my own, or put him to some other honest trade, by which he may be able to obtain a decent livelihood.”—“ I will do what you require,” replied Mr. Newton, “ very willingly; and call upon you in the afternoon, to give you my sentiments without reserve. Leave him, therefore, if you please, with me.”—Saying thus, he wished Mr. Langley good morning; who went away, leaving his boy with Mr. Newton.

§ 41.

As soon as his father was gone, Langley's heart began to beat with modest alarm; and when he saw Mr. Newton, who had left the room for a few minutes, return with some great books under his arm, his fears were rather increased than abated: but he had no great cause to be uneasy. Mr. Newton began to examine him, by first asking him questions so simple and easy, that he found himself able to answer him without any great study or reflection. He then led him on gently to things and books more difficult; in all of which, both with respect to Latin, Greek, and French, he acquitted himself so well, that Mr. Newton not only praised him as he deserved, but insisted upon his staying to dine, promising to return with him in the afternoon to his father. All this time Mr. Langley remained in great suspense, and was rather unhappy: he could not account for his son's staying so long; and once or twice was on the point of going to Mr. Newton's

to see what was become of him. Sometimes he thought that Mr. Newton had not found his son what he wished and expected; and was therefore reluctant to come and wound the feelings of a father, who was inclined to be so proud of his boy. Whilst he was in this state of mind the hours glided slowly and painfully away; when, about tea-time in the afternoon, he had the pleasure of seeing his boy coming along the street, by the side of Mr. Newton. He ran to the door to meet them—"Well, Sir," said he rather abruptly, "what do you think of my boy?"—"Think!" replied Mr. Newton, "I don't know what to think."—This answer did not much satisfy a father's anxious wishes. "Pray walk in, Sir," said Mr. Langley, "and remove my suspense."—They walked through the shop into a parlour behind it; and, sitting down, they all remained some minutes without speaking.—"I hope, Sir," said Mr. Langley, "my son knows something of what he ought to know?" "Sir," answered Mr. Newton, "your son has much surpris'd me. I expect-

ed to find him clever; but he is so much more so than boys of his age are in general, that I am at a loss what advice to give you concerning him. It will be a great pity to bind him to any mean trade, where his talents will be lost; but, as I do not know what you can afford, I can only say what are my wishes. I could desire, out of regard to the boy, that he should be sent for a few years to a public school, and afterwards removed to college, where I do not doubt but he will make his way, if not to opulence, at least to a decent maintenance. Thus, Sir, you have my sentiments; and to such assistance and advice as I can give farther, you shall always be welcome.'—Mr. Newton, having said this, took his leave.

§ 42.

Mr. Langley was a very good man and kind father; and, after reflecting with himself some hours upon the matter, and looking into his accounts and the state of his property, he resolved to follow the advice of Mr. New-

ton with respect to his son.—He had the pleasure to find that, by living frugally at home, he should be able to spare the sum which was required to maintain William at a public school, and afterwards at college.—Little boys, when they receive indulgence from their parents, are apt to consider it rather as their due than as a favour; they seldom remember, that to maintain, clothe, and instruct them is always a great expence; and they are rather inclined to wish for more of every thing than they have, than to try and make their expences less by care and good conduct.—Mr. Langley, after he had made up his mind upon the subject, called his son into the parlour and thus spoke to him: “ I am glad, my dear boy, to find that you have properly improved the time you have been at school, and by your diligence have acquired more learning than boys of your age in general have. By way of reward, I mean to deny myself many comforts, that yours may be promoted and increased. Other fathers, in my rank of life, would now bind you appren-

tice to some trade, after keeping you perhaps a little time at home to extend your knowledge of figures, and to improve you in writing; and probably my neighbours may think that I have done enough for you, and will accuse me perhaps of vanity, and of acting unwisely, in desiring to do more; but I trust your future conduct will justify me to myself and to the world. In compliance with what Mr. Newton recommends, I shall soon send you to a public school; from thence you shall go to college; after which you must depend no longer upon me, but upon yourself, and your own talents and industry.—At a public school most of the boys will, perhaps, as to birth and fortune, be above you; you must therefore be careful that the example of those who are better born does not teach you to be foolishly proud; nor the example of those who are richer teach you to be expensive. You must take care of your clothes, because I cannot afford to buy you many; and you must be careful of your money, because you must not expect to have much.

Learn, therefore, amongst your new school-fellows, to be humble without being servile, and to be frugal without being mean."—These words were not lost upon William; he shed tears of gratitude, and treasured them up in his heart.

§ 43.

In a day or two afterwards, Mr. Langley went to Mr. Newton, and acquainted him with what he had resolved to do.—Mr. Newton was greatly delighted; and, at Mr. Langley's desire, undertook the care of settling William at Westminster-school, with one of the under-masters of which he was acquainted: and he added, "If you can bring yourself to part with your son so soon, I have business which will oblige me to go to London in about ten days, and William may go with me."—This could not fail of being a pleasant thing to Mr. Langley, who thankfully accepted the offer.—When his father and mother were sitting one morning at breakfast, talking of their boy, and the new plan proposed concerning him, William came into

the room, with a letter in his hand. “ Papa,” says he, “ I have been writing a letter to my good old master in Yorkshire; and, if you please I will read it to you.”—At his father’s desire, he read as follows :

“ Dearest Sir,

“ AS I am not ungrateful, I cannot forget your kindness; I therefore write to thank you and my mistress for your tender treatment of me. Mr. Newton, my father’s friend, says you have done me great justice, and that I am likely to become a good scholar. This must certainly be owing to you, and not to myself. I am going next week to Westminster-school, where I am sure I shall not be so happy as I was at Richmond; for I am told there are no green fields, no streams nor woods, where I can take a walk till I am tired, and then sit down to read.—Pray give my love to Master Snows, and all my play-fellows; and, if you please, you may tell Miss Snow that I often wish I could read to her again, and hear her sing.—I shall be glad, Sir, if you will let Henry Snow write to me, and tell

me a great deal about his brother, his sister, and my school-fellows. My papa and mamma desire their kind remembrance; and I remain,

Your obliged and dutiful pupil,

WILLIAM LANGLEY."

§ 44.

Mr. Langley was much pleased with this instance of his son's gratitude and good sense, and he commended him for both.—Every thing was now prepared for his journey to London; and, on the evening appointed, taking a tender leave of his father and mother, he got into the coach about seven o'clock, in the evening, by the side of Mr. Newton. His mind was not quite composed at leaving his parents a second time so soon; and he was the more uneasy, because he had heard, as well as read, that London was a place full of noise, tumult, and danger, and very different from all the scenes which he had hitherto known and loved.—Before they had gone many miles, the motion of the coach rocked him to sleep; and he was dreaming of his

Yorkshire friends, and of walking and talking by the side of Miss Snow, when a hoarse and terrible voice called out several times to the coachman, "Stop! stop!"—Whilst Langley, roused by the noise, was wondering what could be the matter, the window, near which he sat was broken by something forcibly thrust through it, and which proved to be a pistol: at the same time a man on horseback appeared by the side of the coach door, who, in very rude and boisterous language, swearing all the time terribly, demanded the passengers' money.—Langley had often read of people being murdered by highwaymen; and he at this moment remembered the accident which he had himself met with when he had so naughtily taken his master's gun. He therefore thought that he must now certainly be killed: but the passengers soon giving the man their money, he overlooked the boy who sat close in the corner; and away he galloped, full speed, to the great joy of William, and indeed of all the rest.

§ 45.

Nothing further happened of any consequence till they arrived the next morning in London; the entrance to which filled Langley with amazement. He thought there was no end of buildings, people, and coaches; and he seemed to himself to have got quite into another world.—Not to make our history tedious by its length, we shall only say that Mr. Newton was good enough to employ one day in shewing Langley the Tower and the wild beasts, the Monument, St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey; and the next day placed him under the care of the Rev. Mr. Smallwood, at Westminster-school. Every thing he saw was new and surprising to Langley; and the next morning, when he was carried, by his new tutor, into the school, and saw almost three hundred boys at their books, he was quite bewildered. He was some time before he could so far collect himself as to attend to the place where he was directed to sit, and the business he was ordered to do. He was placed in the fourth form; and the masters soon found

that he knew what he was about, and had been properly instructed.—When the confinement of the school was at an end, he found himself still more perplexed and awkward. There was a rustic shyness and reserve in his manner, which, when contrasted with the forward and lively gaiety of the town boys, made him as little inclined to mix with them in their diversions, as they on their parts, were to solicit and court and his company.—After the school hours in Yorkshire, William and his play-fellows used to run into the fields and woods, to cut sticks, look for nests, get nuts, and in search of such other amusements as the country prompted and afforded.—At Westminster he heard the boys talk of asking leave to go to the play, of some great match at cricket, or tennis, or billiards; the names of which, excepting the first, he had never heard. Others were putting themselves into fighting attitudes, and speaking of an intended boxing match betwixt Humphries and Mendoza. Some again were speaking of the fashions of clothes, of races, and cock-fights; and not a few were disputing who had the

greatest talents, and who were the best ministers, Mr. Fox or Mr. Pitt.—Of these dialogues, which he could not but overhear, some offended Langley, some distressed him, and all surpris'd him.

§ 46.

In the preceding chapter we by no means intend to interfere in the dispute which has been so often and so sensibly discuss'd concerning public and private schools: they have doubtless both of them their defects and their excellence. We have at this time, and in this country, many living and splendid examples of great and virtuous men; some of whom have been brought up privately, others at public schools.—All that we intend is to say, what must often have been observed, that a boy abruptly removed from a private to a public school will, for a time, feel himself awkward; and find that, with respect to his pleasure and his manners, he will have much both to learn and to unlearn. At the same time, let all boys remember, that virtue and

vice are the same every where; they are neither changed by age, nor place, nor rank—that good conduct will in all places alike deserve esteem, whether it obtains it or not—and that misconduct, whether it escapes or meets with punishment, will be censured by those who happen to know it, and forfeit the approbation of the world, and of a man or boy's own heart. The truth of this Langley witnessed in his own conduct and fortune; for, although at Westminster, his less polished manners, and less expensive dress, made him avoided and despised by some young, empty coxcombs, who had more money to spend, and finer clothes to wear, his diligence and goodness of heart met with their reward. The former soon raised him in the school, and obtained him the esteem of his masters; the latter, as it prompted him to be obliging and good-natured, made him noticed by those boys, of whom, in every school, there will be always some, who, desirous of being improved in learning and goodness themselves, respect such improvement in others.

§ 47.

We would by no means have it supposed that Langley, though reserved was fullen; or, though bashful that he wanted spirit. At the same time that he was careful of his clothes, he never refused to mix in such amusements as suited his temper, with those boys whose manners most resembled his own. He was also frugal with the little money he had; but he never refused to lend what he could afford to a school-fellow, or to give what was consistent to any poor person. His friendly temper involved him in one scrape, his spirit in a second, and his too generous nature in a third, in the interval of time which he spent in London. He was one day playing at fives with Jack Woodhouse, the boy with whom he was most intimate; when a dirty fellow, who was driving an ass, and who was much bigger than either of them, tried to steal Woodhouse's coat, which he had pulled off, and hung over some rails. Luckily, Langley saw the theft; and running

up to the fellow, not only insisted on having it again, but gave him a severe cuff in the face: he, in return, got both a black eye and a bloody nose; but the coat was restored, and Langley obtained great credit in the school for his friendly and spirited conduct. Another time he was walking by the side of the river, the walk he loved most to take, when he saw a poor little chimney-sweeper fall from the side of a boat into the water. He instantly stripped off his clothes; and, as he had learned to swim in Yorkshire, plunged in to save him from being drowned; but, though willing enough, he did not prove strong enough; and both of them, perhaps, would have lost their lives, if a waterman, who saw the accident, had not taken them into his wherry.—Once also he saw a poor woman, with an infant in her arms, who appeared to be almost perishing with cold and hunger. What could he do? he had no money, and his allowance was not due; so he went and sold one of his school-books, which he happened to have in his pocket, and gave

the poor woman the money. When he again went into school, he was asked for his book; and it was only by relating the whole story, which (as he was never detected in the shameful vice of lying) was believed, that he got excused from a severe flogging.

§ 48.

It cannot be expected that a school-boy's life, even on the great theatre of London, should abound with incidents either various or uncommon.—As his boyish years passed away, Langley improved in every thing; and, as the time approached when he was to go to college, he was found to be conversant beyond his age in Latin, Greek, and French: he composed good verses, and made excellent Latin; his English themes were always commended, and often rewarded. Once a fortnight he wrote to his father, and once a month to Mr. Snow, in Yorkshire; both of which he considered as duties, and never omitted either.—At length, a letter came from old Mr. Langley to his son, requiring

him to meet him, on a certain day, at Cambridge, where he intended to go, for the purpose of admitting him a scholar of Trinity College. To Cambridge, therefore, he went; and it is doing him but justice to say, that he carried with him a letter from the head master of Westminster-school to the tutor of Trinity, commending, in the highest possible terms, his diligence, his morals, and his learning. As the tutor found part of this instantly to be true, he easily gave him credit for all the rest; for, when he examined him, he was pleased to say, that so good a scholar had not for many years been admitted to the college.

§ 49.

Our tale now draws fast to its conclusion.—Of Langley's conduct at college we shall say but little; for the history of a college life cannot be either very pleasant or very instructive to those for whose use this book is chiefly intended. It will be enough, perhaps to remark, that the same prudent conduct and industry which, at Yorkshire and Westmin-

ster, procured our hero esteem, improvement, and advantage, attended him to Cambridge, producing the same good effects.—As soon almost as he went, he became a successful candidate for those honours and rewards which it was the custom of his college to bestow on learned industry and regular conduct.—In one of his letters from Mr. Snow he received the delightful news that his old and favourite friend, Miss Jane Snow, had succeeded to a fortune of five thousand pounds by the death of a gentleman, who was her godfather, and had always been very fond of her. When this young lady was not quite ten years of age, she made a very elegant purse, which she sent to Mr. Rippon, the gentleman who left her the above fortune. He was much delighted; and not only made her several other handsome presents, in return, but wrote the following verses to her, which he inclosed in a Morocco pocket-book, richly adorned with silver: a copy of these was sent to Langley, as Mr. Snow knew they would give his sensible heart pleasure.

To a very good young LADY, not quite ten years old, who worked the AUTHOR a very elegant SILK PURSE.

I.

Too fine for me the purse you send,
 Where taste and gayness mix ;
 For how can they in fitness blend
 Their hues with thirty-six ?

II.

An age when friendship should preside,
 To rule and warm my heart ;
 And there for you she long will bide,
 Tho' lighter guests depart.

III.

For when life's airy round you tread,
 With anxious care I'll watch,
 Lest pleasure's lures by guilt be spread,
 The guiltless mind to catch.

IV.

Nor with more joy within this purse
 His wealth would Avarice place,
 Than I in future years rehearse
 Your virtues, wit, and grace.

§ 50.

Soon after Langley had taken his degrees at college, with much credit to himself and delight to his father and mother, he was appointed private tutor to Mr. George Hogg, the son of Mr. Hogg, the member of parliament, whom we mentioned, in the commencement of this History, as a friend to Mr. Langley and his family.—In this character of tutor Langley remained four years, when he took priest's orders. He proved himself so careful, all this time, of young Mr. Hogg's morals and learning, that the old gentleman promised him, his diligent observance of his duty should not go long without its reward. Old Mr. Hogg had two livings in his gift; one was in Lincolnshire, and worth four hundred pounds a year; and, as luck would have it, one was in Yorkshire, where a great part of the family estate of the Hogg's lay. This last was not worth more than three hundred and fifty pounds a year, but then it was within seven miles of old Mr. Snow's house.—

With the family of his first tutor Langley had never omitted to correspond; and indeed they had made so tender an impression on his mind, that he hardly ever spoke of them but with tears of gratitude and love. We shall, therefore, easily obtain credit, when we inform our young readers that, Mr. Hogg having giving Langley his choice of the two livings in his gift, he accepted the latter one, which was in Yorkshire, with delight and rapture.

§ 51.

After spending a few days at Norwich with his father and mother, who found all their care repaid in the good fortune, and (what with them weighed more) the good character of their son, Langley went to Yorkshire, by short and pleasant journeys over land, to possess his living. He intended to take the family of Mr. Snow, some morning, by surprise, after he should have put his parsonage house in order good enough to entertain his dear friends. Fortune, however,

prevented his intentions. He was riding one afternoon a little way from the place of his residence, thinking of his Richmond friends—and, if we may confess the truth, of Miss Snow more than all the rest—when he saw, at a little distance, a one-horse chaise overturned by the carelessness of a baker's servant, who drove his cart against it. He galloped to the spot, desirous to give such assistance as might be wanted. Before he could get up to them, he perceived an elderly gentleman, who by his dress appeared to be a clergyman, assisting a young lady to rise from the ground. Who can describe his surprise and delight, when he beheld his old master, and, as he properly concluded, his favourite, Miss Snow! He instantly dismounted; and, running to them—"Oh Sir!" he exclaimed "how wretched shall I be if either of you are hurt!"—"I thank you Sir, for your kindness," answered Mr. Snow, civilly; "we, I believe, have neither of us received any serious injury."—Time indeed had so altered, and, if we may say the truth, so improved

Langley, that neither Mr. nor Miss Snow could remember him.—“What!” returned he abruptly, “do neither of you know Langley? He has never forgotten you.” What followed may be easily supposed. The joy of all the three was equal at a meeting so delightful and so little expected. They were conducted to the new parsonage; and, as Miss Snow did not chuse to get into the chaise again, she vouchsafed to lean upon Langley’s arm.—Nature had from the first been partial to Miss Snow; and maturer years had ripened her charms of person, as parental care, and her own industry, had improved the endowments of her mind. In few words, she was a beautiful and good young lady.

§ 52.

After an hour’s refreshment, at Langley’s house, they all three returned to Richmond together, where William Langley met with a welcome from Mrs. Snow no less warm and tender than the one he had before received

from her husband and her daughter. Henry Snow, he was informed, had been bound apprentice to an attorney at Darlington, where he did so well, that his master, retiring from the business, left it solely, with all its profits, to Henry. Richard Snow had, to the great grief of his parents, thought proper to go into the army, where, as he was always of a quarrelsome temper, he had been engaged in a dispute with a brother officer, and had lately lost his life in a duel.—After remaining a few days, and they were days of happiness, at Richmond, Langley offered himself in marriage to Miss Snow. His proposals were accepted; in the course of a month he was united to the woman of his heart; and we have the happiness to find that they now live near Catterick; the pride and delight of their common friends; blessed in themselves, and an ornament to the world.

§ 53.

We will just add one concluding chapter, by way of informing our young readers that happiness does not depend upon birth or fortune; it must be the result of prudent and virtuous conduct.—Much has been said of the golden mean of life; that is, of a station removed equally from extreme poverty and excessive wealth: perhaps it will be found that such a station is exempt from more cares, and in the enjoyment of greater comforts, than any other. Let it therefore be remembered, and with gratitude to that Providence which orders all things for the best, that this middle station may be attained by the active and virtuous industry of those whose births seem, at first sight, to preclude them from it. Honours and affluence can be possessed but by few*; but contentment will smooth the ruggedness of the most thorny paths; and whoever peruses the true History

* Both which, if properly applied, are doubtless of great and extensive benefit.

of William Langley, must be convinced, that to be prudent is to secure esteem ; that diligence will not fail of its reward ; and that to be good is to be happy.

TO N

FINIS.

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