

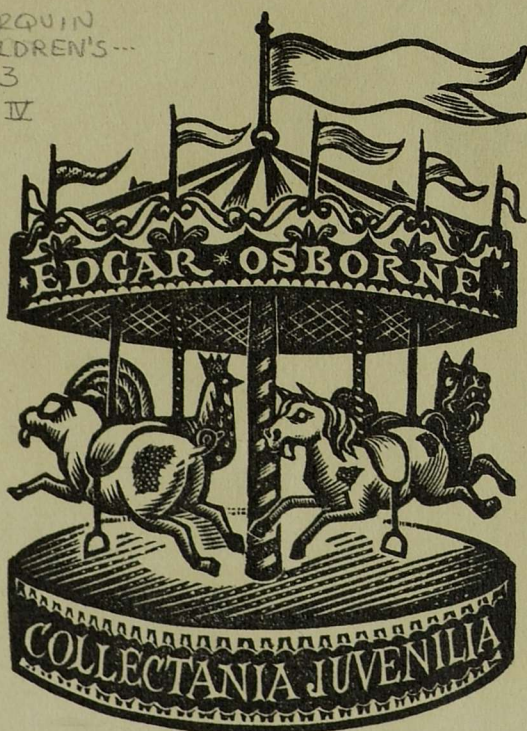


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*Ivor A. B. Ferguson*

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BERQUIN  
CHILDREN'S---  
1793  
VOL. IV  
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Iva A. B. Ferguson.

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FRONTISPIECE



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*Will: Edw. Powell.*

T H E

# CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MR. BERQUIN,

BY LUCAS WILLIAMS, ESQ.

A NEW CORRECTED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS,

A N D

EMBELLISHED WITH FORTY-FOUR COPPER-PLATES.

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IN SIX VOLUMES.

V O L. IV.

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY;  
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MDCCLXXXV

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The Hen

Book No.



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T H E

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

---

T H E H E N.

**H**OW happy was Cyprian in so worthy and affectionate a father as Mr. Tisdall. Whenever he had shown himself for any length of time discreet and diligent, he was assured that his father would not fail to testify his satisfaction with some recompence or other. Cyprian had a taste for gardening, and began, about the age of twelve, to cultivate choice flowers. His father saw it, and immediately began to study how he might afford his son more pleasure.

They were both at dinner. Cyprian, said his father, your preceptor has informed me, that you have begun this very day to read

the Roman History, and the Geography of Italy. If, in a week, you can but give me an exact account of every thing you may have learned on these two subjects, you cannot think what I intend shall recompence your application!

Cyprian, one may easily suppose, did not forget such a promise. He employed himself in studying all the week, to get this recompence; or rather, he received such pleasure from his study, that indeed it was he who should have bestowed a recompence on his papa, if he had been able.

He saw the day of trial come, without anxiety; and underwent the examination like an hero. He had learned the history of all the kings of Rome, and marked out in his map the gradual progress of that growing empire.

In a transport of delight, his father took him by the hand, embraced and kissed him. Come, says he, since you have sought to give me so much pleasure, it is but just that I should contribute in my turn to yours. Saying this, he led him into an adjoining garden, pointed out a vacant spot to him, and told him that it was to be his.

You

You may part it in two, continued he; and plant what flowers you like in one, and any vegetables that you think proper in the other. After this, they went into an outhouse, close behind the gardener's hut, where Cyprian found a spade, a watering-pot, a rake, and other implements of gardening, all perfectly adapted to his size and strength. On the walls were baskets hung up, of every size, great and small, and on shelves about them, sundry boxes full of roots, and bags of seeds; the whole together duly ticketed, with cards on every box and bag, marking the proper time for sowing each article.

One should be of Cyprian's age to know the excess of his joy upon this occasion. In his mind, the little spot of earth which his father had assigned him, was as great as monarchs think their kingdoms; and whatever hours of relaxation his preceptor let him take, which he spent before in folly, were now taken up in cultivating his domain.

One day, when he came in from doing something about his garden, he forgot to shut the gate. A hen was pecking near the

spot, and took it in her head to go a hunting on his grounds. The flower-bed had been strewed but lately with a layer of the richest mould, and was consequently quite full of worms.

The hen, charmed with such delicious fare, began to scratch the mould up, and employ her beak as well as talons to unearth the worms; and in particular, she took a mighty inclination to a part, where Cyprian had, the day before, been planting some fine pinks.

How great therefore was the excess of his rage when coming back to his plantation, he beheld the door a-jar, and this new-fashioned gardener digging up his beds? Ah! ah! you impudent slut! said he; your bones shall pay for this. And immediately he shut the door, for fear his victim should escape, and picking up flint-stones, sand, clods of earth, and whatever he could lay hold, he threw them at the bird, pursuing her all the while as close as he could.

The frightened hen, at one time ran with all her speed, and at another time strove to fly upon the wall, but found that her  
wings

wings would not befriend her in reaching such a height. Unhappily, she fell back more than once on Cyprian's flowers, and got her wings and feet entangled with the finest hyacinths.

Young Cyprian, beholding her thus embroiled, supposed that he had her fast. Two rows of tulips separated them. His anger was so vehement, that stepping over, as he meant to do, this interval of separation between the hen and him, he trod them down himself. The hen, however, at her enemy's approach, redoubled her former efforts, and attempted now a second time to gain the wall. She rose a great deal higher than before, yet still came short; but what was matter of regret for Cyprian, bore away with her, from underneath as she rose, a beautiful rose-coloured ten-belled hyacinth. On this, he seized his rake, and flung it at the bird with all his strength. The rake turned round, and while he fancied it upon the point of hitting the fugitive mark, it came down, and dashed two panes of glass to pieces in a melon frame, as well as broke out two of its own teeth upon the ground.

The little fury, made much more furious by these damages, had run for his spade, and now the combat would perhaps have had fatal consequences for his feathered adversary, who fatigued and giddy had crept in between a rose-bush and the wall, if Mr. Tisdall, at first attracted to his window by the noise, had not made haste to her assistance.

The moment Cyprian saw his father, he stood stock still in evident confusion; however he made shift to find his tongue at last, and cried out, See, papa, what ravage this vile creature has committed in my garden!

Had you shut the door, replied his father with an affected indifference, this ravage would not have been made. I saw your whole behaviour. Are you not ashamed of having put forth all your strength against a harmless hen? She has no *reason* to conduct herself, and though she had rooted up your pinks, it was not with a wish to do you any damage, but to get her ordinary food. Now, Cyprian, should you have put yourself thus into a passion, if she had scratched up nothing but as many nettle-roots?

roots? And how can she distinguish between pinks and nettles? It is yourself alone that are to blame for all this havock. With precaution you would certainly have driven her out so that she might do no further mischief; and in that case, neither your rake, nor my melon frame, would have gone to ruin, nor would your loss have exceeded that of a few flowers. Therefore you alone are punishable, so that were I to cut a branch off from this hazle-tree, and with it make you suffer just what you designed the hen should suffer—which of us would act with the greatest justice? I shall not, however, go to this extremity, purposely to shew you that we may all suppress our resentment, if we think proper. Notwithstanding, for the damage done to my melon-frame, I shall deduct as much as will repair it, from the arrears of your allowance in my hands; for I am not to suffer through your rashness.

Cyprian, upon this, withdrew much abashed, and all day durst scarcely lift his eyes up, while before his father.

On the morrow, Mr. Tisdall proposed a walk, and asked if he desired to join him.

Cyprian followed, but oppressed with sadness which he sought in vain to hide. His father saw it, and affecting a degree of wonder, wished to know why he appeared so grievously dejected.

*Cyprian.* Have I not the greatest cause to be dejected? For this whole month past, I have denied myself many pleasures, merely to buy something for my sister. I had saved ten shillings, with which I thought to purchase her a pretty hat; but must give the half of it perhaps to have your melon frame repaired.

*Mr. Tisdall.* I dare say, you would have been delighted to oblige your sister, but my melon frame, however, must be paid for first. This lesson will teach you in future not to yield yourself up to the mischiefs of resentment, which in general aggravates the first misfortune happening to us.

*Cyprian.* Oh! you may depend upon it, sir, I will never leave the garden-door open again, or take revenge upon a hen for what would be my own omission.

*Mr. Tisdall.* But, pray tell me, do you  
fancy



fancy that, in this vast universe, hens only have it in their power to do you damage?

*Cyprian.* O! no, no; for I can tell you, not above a week ago I left my map upon the table while I went a walking, and my little sister coming into the room, with a pen and ink so blotted it all over, that no one could distinguish Europe from America.

*Mr. Tisdall.* Then it is prudent to secure yourself against the mischiefs that you may suffer from your fellow-creatures.

*Cyprian.* It is so, papa.

*Mr. Tisdall.* Without desiring in the least to give you a distaste of life, I can assure you that you will have to suffer many disagreeable affairs, and those a deal more prejudicial to you, than the mischiefs caused by the hen. Mankind always seek their interest and their pleasures, just as hens seek worms; and they will do so at the hazard of your interests, as hens will at the hazard of your flowers.

*Cyprian.* I see it plainly, sir, by Bella's behaviour; since the little pleasure that she received from scribbling on a bit of paper, has occasioned me the loss of an extremely useful map.

*Mr. Tisdall.* But could you not have avoided this loss by putting up your map before you left the apartment?

*Cyprian.* Certainly.

*Mr. Tisdall.* Then think for the future to conduct yourself so, that nobody may have power to do you any real mischief; but if after all, in spite of your precaution, you should be so unlucky as to receive an injury, consider how you may endure it, so as not to render the first wrong still more prejudicial.

*Cyprian.* Ay, papa; but how must I endure it?

*Mr. Tisdall.* With indifference, if it be a slight injury, but, on the other hand, if a great one, with courage. Now that we are by ourselves, I dare propose to you as an example the conduct that I pursue towards Mr. Hotham.

*Cyprian.* Pray don't speak of him, papa. For these two years past, he has taken no notice of you whenever you have met each other, and there cannot be a falsity that he will not say to injure you in the opinion of the world.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Tisdall.* And do you know what urges him to such behaviour?

*Cyprian.* That I never yet durst ask you.

*Mr. Tisdall.* Nothing but the preference which I obtained respecting an employment that my father had most worthily filled up for five and thirty years, and to which he had affectionately formed me by the most diligent instruction. Mr. Hotham had no title to the post, except his ignorance and self-sufficiency. My right succeeded, notwithstanding all his interest, and therefore am I honoured with his calumny and hatred.

*Cyprian.* Ah! papa, were I as big as you, I'd teach him better manners.

*Mr. Tisdall.* Quite the contrary; I let him go on railing at me just as he thinks fit. The conduct which you should have pursued, when you were injured by the hen, I faithfully pursue towards him. The pinks that she scratched up by the roots, in seeking for worms, may represent the reputable character that I bear, and which in order to gratify the worm of Envy that gnaws him, he labours to undo. Were I to seek the means of punishing him, I

B 6

should

should trample under foot that deference and respect which I owe to myself, as you trod under foot your tulips. The melon-frame and rake which you damaged, are that wealth and peace of mind that I should destroy by hurrying on to vengeance. Taught in future by the losses that you have suffered, you will shut the garden-door, in order to keep the hen out. Taught too by the wicked disposition of my enemy, I lay, by means of proper conduct on my part, an insuperable barrier between us. Thus inaccessible to his vindictive attempts, I enjoy the comforts of my moderation, while he spends himself in those attempts, and will in time experience the compunction of his evil conscience. Could his insults vex me, I should make myself the victim that he would sacrifice, and be reproached for imbecility, by every worthy character of my acquaintance; while on the other hand the insensibility that I manifest for his injurious treatment, yields him to his own contempt, and, in the minds of good men, keeps up the reputation that I have gained among them.

*Cyprian.* Ah! papa, what trouble may I  
not

not shun hereafter, by remembering every thing that you have taught me!

These last words were hardly uttered, when they found themselves at home, without imagining that they had been so near it. Their discourse, for the remainder of the day, was a continuation of the past; and bed-time being come, they separated quite content with one another. Cyprian sunk to slumber, with a bosom full of gratitude for the instruction which he had just received, and Mr. Tisdall possessing all the satisfaction that a good father cannot but experience, who is sensible that he has done something to promote his offspring's happiness.

---

### THE ROSE-BUSH.

**W**H<sup>O</sup> will give me some nice tree or other for my garden? said little Frederic one day to his brothers Augustus and Jasper, and his sister Jemima.

(Their papa had given them each a little  
bit

bit of ground to sow or plant, as they thought proper.)

Oh not I, said Augustus ; not I, said Jasper.

Well then, I will, answered Jemima. Let me know what sort of tree you would like ?

A rose-bush, cried Frederic. Do but look at mine : it is the only one now left me ; and the leaves, as you may see, are turned quite yellow.

Come then, said the lively Jemima, come and chuse one for yourself. On which she led him to a little spot of ground that she cultivated ; and the moment they had entered, pointing with her finger to a charming rose-bush, told him he had nothing to do, but to take it up immediately.

*Frederic.* How, sister ! you have only two, and wish besides to give me up the finest ! No, no ; here is the least, and just such as I want.

*Jemima.* You do not know how much pleasure I shall feel, if you will but take the other, Frederic. This may scarce produce you any flowers next summer ; but the other will, I am certain : and you know, I shall

shall be pleased as much with looking at it elsewhere, when full blown, as if it had continued in my garden.

Frederic overjoyed, approached the rose-bush, took it up; and Jemima, much more pleased, assisted in the transplantation.

It appears that the gardener noticed this surprising piece of kindness in the little girl. Away he ran, selected from a number of young Windsor pear-trees, one which he thought the finest, and immediately conveyed it into Jemima's garden, planting it exactly in the spot with the rose-bush had possessed before.

Those who have a churlish nature hardly ever are assiduous: therefore when the summer months were come, Jasper and his brother having never attended their rose-plants, they promised no great quantity of flowers; and to increase their disappointment, the chief part of those which they thought were coming, perished in the bud; while on the contrary Frederic's rose-bush, in consequence of great attention paid it by himself and Jemima, bore the finest cent-foil roses that the whole county could boast; and as long as it remained in flower, the  
happy

happy Frederic always had a rose to stick in sweet Jemima's bosom, and another for himself to smell.

Likewise did the Windsor pear-tree thrive surprisingly: it scattered a delicious perfume over all the garden, and soon grew so thick and lofty as to yield a tolerable shade. Jemima used to come and take her seat beneath it, when the sun was hottest; as her father also did, when he would tell her charming stories, some of which would make her all at once burst out a laughing till her sides even ached again; and others produced such agreeable melancholy in her, that soon after she would smile with pleasure at the recollection of her sorrow.

Here is one that he told her for her generosity towards Frederic; by which story she was thoroughly convinced that such as we oblige can recompence our generosity; which circumstance, he said, without adverting to the satisfaction of our hearts, must be a strong incentive to kind actions.



## THE NOSEGAYS.

**L**ITTLE Gerald went out one morning with his neighbour Eugene, to divert themselves by gathering flowers. Their eagerness would not allow them to dispatch their breakfast in the house: they took it with them in their hands.

They met a beggar-woman in the way, who had a child apparently expiring, as it were, with hunger.

My dear little master, said the woman, looking upon Gerald, who happened to be first, for heaven's sake give my child a morsel of your bread. He has not had a bit of any thing to eat since yesterday.

It may be so, said Gerald; but I am very hungry likewise, and went forward, munching all the way.

Now what was Eugene's conduct? He was no less hungry, we must think, than his companion; but beholding how the poor child cried, he gave up his bread and butter; and received a hundred blessings which God heard in heaven.

But

But this is not the whole. The little boy, revived by what the charitable Eugene had bestowed upon him, instantly began to run before his benefactor, brought him to a meadow, where he knew there was a multitude of flowers, and helped him to make up so magnificent a nosegay, that the pleasant smell proceeding from it made him quite forget his trouble.

Eugene, after this, went home and shewed it with a deal of pleasure; for not only was the sweetness of it very grateful, but its size was such that he might easily have hid his face behind it.

Next day likewise they went out, and then another little boy, whose name was Watty, met them.

After having taken half a dozen turns with Gerald and Eugene in the meadow, Watty, looking down, perceived his buckle lost, and begged them both to assist him in searching for it. Oh, says Gerald, I cannot spare time enough for that at present, and went on; but Eugene stopped immediately, that he might be of service to his little friend.

He walked a long while up and down,  
both

both stooping all the way, and patting with his hand, to try if he could feel it in the grass: and had at last the happiness to find it.

Watty too was happy; and they set about the business which had brought them thither.

Watty, out of gratitude, bestowed the finest flowers of those which he had gathered, upon Eugene; but paid no regard to Gerald, who had refused to help him; so that Eugene had that day also, a finer nosegay than Gerald, and came back as satisfied as the other was discontented.

Gerald supposed the third day he might prove more lucky: He preceded Eugene, and defied him to collect a finer nosegay than he should. But hardly were they come into the meadow, when behold the little boy who had been fed by Eugene, came to meet him with a basket full of flowers, which, it seems, he had gathered that morning.

Gerald would have begun to gather for himself; but how was he to find the flowers? The little boy had got up earlier by far than he; and therefore he had still less  
flowers

flowers that day than either of the two preceding.

They were going home, but met little Watty.

My dear friend, said he to Eugene, I have not forgot the service that you did me yesterday, and have taken such a liking to you, that I could wish to be at all times in your company. Papa too, though he never saw you, has the same ideas in your favour, and has bid me come and fetch you to his house this morning: He designs to tell us merry stories, and afterwards will play with us.

I will take you to a garden here hard by us, where we are allowed to walk, and there you will find four or five companions of my age to welcome you; when we are all together we will play at whatever game you like.

Eugene instantly laid hold of Watty's hand, and flew like lightning with him towards the garden. As for Gerald, poor fellow! he went home quite melancholy. Watty had not once invited him.

He learned by these three days adventures,

tures, but particularly by the last, how much one gains by kindness and assistance granted to others. He reformed his churlish temper; and would certainly, in time, have shewn himself as courteous to the full as Eugene, if this last, by having exercised a friendly disposition from his cradle, had not conferred his favours with a greater grace.

---

## THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

**A** Silly servant-maid had possessed the imagination of her master's children with a hundred foolish tales of spirits, and particularly of a black-faced goblin, as she called it.

Antonia, one of these poor children, for the first time in her life, beheld a chimney-sweeper knocking at her father's door. She made a lamentable outcry; and betook herself for refuge to the first apartment that she found open, which apartment was the kitchen.

Hardly had she hid herself behind a table,

ble, when the black-faced man came in, as if, in her imagination, he had meant to follow her.

This frightened her a second time; and up she ran into a pantry, higher than the kitchen floor by half a dozen steps, and not a great way from the fire-place: where she thought she should be safe from danger, in a corner.

She had hardly come, however, to herself, when suddenly she heard the frightful fellow singing in the chimney; and, with brush and scraper, making all the while a rattling noise against the bricks about him.

Being seized with terror, she jumped up, and leaping through a window, which was rather low, into the garden, ran quite breathless towards an arbour at the bottom of it, where she fell half dead, and almost void of motion, close beside a tree.

Though she had changed her situation by so great a distance, yet hardly did she venture to look about her; when by chance she saw the black-faced man appear again, and wave his brush about him, at the chimney-top.

On this, Antonia almost split her throat with crying out, Help! help!

Her father heard the cry, and running towards the arbour, asked what ailed her, that she cried out so! Antonia had not strength sufficient to articulate a single word, and therefore, keeping silence, pointed to the place where Grim was then sitting astride, and flourishing his brush.

Her father smiled; and to convince her what small cause she had for terror, waited till the chimney-sweeper was come down. He then bade him be called, and cleaned a little in Antonia's presence; after which, without explaining matters any further, he sent up into the house to fetch his barber, who, it happened, was then waiting for him, and who consequently had his face all over white with powder.

She was heartily ashamed of having feared so much, without occasion; and her father took this opportunity of giving her to understand, that there were whole nations, in a certain quarter of the globe, all over black by nature, but not therefore to be dreaded by white children; since these last were, in another country, generally nursed  
by

by women purchased of those nations, without losing any of their whiteness.

Ever afterwards, Antonia was the first to laugh at silly stories, told by silly people, of hobgoblins and the like, to fright her.

---

### THE CHERRIES.

**J**OHANNA and Felix one day got permission, from their dear mama, to take a turn or two about the garden, by themselves: they had deserved this confidence placed in them, by their past discretion.

They amused themselves, by playing for a time together, with that decent gaiety by which it is easy to distinguish young children who have been well brought up.

Against the garden wall grew many fruit-trees, and among them a young cherry-tree, which had no earlier than the year before been grafted, and was now in fruit. Its fruit indeed was very little; but on that account, perhaps, much the finer.



Mrs. Dutton, their mother, did not want to gather them, though ripe. She kept them for her husband's eating, who that very day was to return from York where business had a long time kept him.

As the children were accustomed to obedience, and forbidden once for all to gather any kind of fruit, or pick up even such as they might find upon the ground, to eat it, without asking leave, she thought it useless to say any thing about this cherry-tree.

When Johanna and Felix were fatigued with running up and down the terrace, Come, said Felix, let us do something else now; upon which they joined their hands, and walked sedately towards the bottom of the garden, casting every now and then a look of appetite upon the fruit with which the espaliers were loaded.

They were soon come up to this late grafted tree. A little blast of wind had shaken the finest cherries from it, and they lay upon the ground close by. Young Felix was the first to see them. He advanced his foot, stooped down, and picked them up, eat some, and gave Johanna some, who eat them likewise.

They had not yet flung the stones away, when as it chanced, Johanna recollected her mama's command to eat no fruit but what she might think fit to give her.

Ah ! said she to Felix, we have disobeyed mama by eating any of these cherries, and shall make her angry with us, when she comes to know it. What had we best do?

*Felix.* Why need mama know any thing about it ? We may hold our tongues.

*Johanna.* No, no ; she needs must know it, brother. She frequently forgives us the greatest faults that we can commit, when we confess them of ourselves.

*Felix.* Yes, yes ; but in this instance we have disobeyed her, and she never yet forgave us disobedience.

*Johanna.* When she punishes our faults, I need not tell you, brother, it is because she loves us ; and in consequence of being punished, we are not so very likely to forget, as otherwise we should, what we may do, and what we may not.

*Felix.* True, but she is always sorry when she punishes our faults, and being sorry, she

she is unhappy, so I should not like to see mama unhappy, which would be the case did she but know what we have done.

*Johanna.* Neither should I wish to see my mama unhappy; but would she not be much more so, upon discovering that we had wished to hide our faults? Should we be bold enough to look her in the face while we were secretly reproached by our own hearts? or rather, should we not be quite ashamed to hear her call us her dear children, knowing as we must, how little we deserve it?

*Felix.* Ah, my dearest sister! you have quite convinced me; and indeed we should, in that case, be two little monsters: therefore let us go to her, and acknowledge what we have done.

They kissed each other, and went hand in hand to their mama's apartment.

Dear mama, began Johanna, we have disobeyed you, and not remembered what you forbade us. Punish me and Felix as we merit, but pray do not be angry with us; we should both be quite uneasy were our fault to make you sorry or unhappy.

She related, in the next place, what her

brother and herself had done, without endeavouring to excuse the action.

Mrs. Dutton was so affected with the openness of Felix and Johanna, [that a tear of tenderness and love escaped her. She could not resolve on punishing their fault, but generously overlooked it. She well knew that children of a happy disposition are more powerfully wrought on by the recollection of a mother's kindness, than by that of her severity.

## HOT COCKLES.

### *The Elder and Younger.*

*The Younger.* **B**Rother, all our friends have left us, and yet still I am in a playing humour. What game shall we chuse?

*The Elder.* There are only two of us, and I am afraid, we should not be much diverted.

*The Younger.* Let us play at something, however.

*The Elder.* But at what ?

*The Younger.* At blindman's buff, for instance.

*The Elder.* That is a game that would never end. It would not be as if there were a dozen, of which number some are generally off their guard ; but where there are only two, I should not find it difficult to shun you, or you me : and then when we had caught each other, we should know for certain who it was.

*The Younger.* That is true, indeed. Well then, what think you of *Hot Cockles* ?

*The Elder.* That would be the same, you know. We could not possibly guess wrong.

*The Younger.* Perhaps we might. However, let us try.

*The Elder.* With all my heart, if it will please you. Look ye, if you like it, I will be the *hot cockles* first.

*The Younger.* Do, brother. Put your right hand on the bottom of this chair : now stoop down and lay your face quite close upon it that you may not see. That is well : and now, your left hand on your back. Well, master ! but I hope your eyes are shut ?

*The Elder.* Yes, yes : do not be afraid.

*The Younger.* Well, master, what have you to sell ?

*The Elder.* Hot cockles ! hot !

*The Younger, (slapping him.)* Who struck ?

*The Elder, (getting up.)* Why who, you little goose ! but you ?

*The Younger.* Yes, yes ; but with which hand ?

The eldest did not dream of such a question : he was taken by surprise, and said *the right*, at hazard.—It was with the left however that he had been struck ; and thus the youngest outwitted him.

## THE BREAKFAST.

COME, said Mr. Glassington to Percival his son, one beauteous summer morning, here is a basket with some cake and currants in it. Let us go and breakfast by the river's side.

With all my heart, papa, said Percival, and jumped about for joy. He took the  
basket

Basket in one hand, and with the other in his father's, hastened towards the river. Having reached it, they walked on a little way to chuse a proper place; when Mr. Glassington arriving at a very pleasant spot, cried out, Let us stop here, Percival; for this methinks will yield us a delightful prospect, while we sit and eat.

*Percival.* But how are we to eat without a table?

*Mr. Glassington.* Fortunately, here is the trunk of an old tree, which would serve by way of table very well, if we had need of one; but you may eat your currants as they lie together in the basket.

*Percival.* So I can: but how shall we supply the want of chairs?

*Mr. Glassington.* And do you reckon this soft grass then nothing? See how thick it is set with flowers. We will take our seat upon it: or perhaps you would rather chuse the carpet?

*Percival.* Chuse the carpet! Why you know, papa, the carpet is fast nailed down upon the parlour floor.

*Mr. Glassington.* It is true, there is a carpet there; but there is one here also.

*Percival.* I do not see it, if there is.

*Mr. Glassington.* Why, what is the grass then, but a carpet for the fields? And what a charming one too! It is of a fresher colour, and much more downy than any one that we have. Then how spacious! it covers every hill, and all the level plain. The lambs repose upon it at their ease. Think, *Percival*, what they would have to suffer, on a bare or stony piece of ground! Their limbs are so extremely delicate, they could not but be very quickly injured. They have mothers, but those mothers cannot make them up soft feather-beds. God therefore has provided for them better than the poor sheep can, and made them this soft couch, where they may roll about, or sleep entirely at their ease.

*Percival.* And then, papa, there is one good thing besides, that they may eat it when they like.

*Mr. Glassington.* Oho! I understand your meaning: so here take your cake and currants.

*Percival, (biting off a bit.)* Oh! how good! There is nothing wanting but a story while I am eating. Will you tell me







The Breakfast

me one, papa ; the prettiest that you know ?

*Mr. Glassington.* With all my heart. Your cake reminds me of a story that I can tell about three cakes.

*Percival.* One, two, three cakes ! Oh, what a charming story that must be ! So quick, papa, and tell it me.

*Mr. Glassington.* Come then first, and sit beside me. Be wholly at your ease, and then you will hear the better.

*Percival.* I am quite ready ; so begin, papa.

## THE THREE CAKES.

*Mr. Glassington.* There was a little boy named Henry, about your age. His parents had but lately fixed him at a boarding-school. He was a special boy, for ever at his book, and happened once to get the highest place at exercises. His mama was told it. She could by no means avoid dreaming of the pleasure ; and when morning came, she got up early, sent to speak with the cook, and said as follows : Cook, you are to make a cake for Henry, who yester-

terday was very good at school. With all my heart, replied the cook, and set immediately about it. It was as big as—let me see,—as big as—as a hat when flapped. The cook had stuffed it with nice almonds, large Pistachio nuts, and candied lemon-peel, and iced it over with a coat of sugar, so that it was very smooth, and of a perfect white. The cake no sooner was come home from baking, than the cook put on her things, and carried it to school. When Henry first saw it, he jumped up and down like any Merry Andrew. He was not so patient as to wait 'till they could let him have a knife, but fell upon it tooth and nail.—He eat and eat 'till school began, and after school was over he eat again: at night too it was the same thing 'till bed-time. Nay, a little fellow that Henry had for a play-mate, told me that he put the cake upon his bolster when he went to bed, and waked and waked a dozen times, that he might take a bit. I cannot so easily believe this last particular; but then it is very true, at least, that on the morrow, when the day was hardly broke, he set about his favourite business once again,

continuing

continuing at it all the morning, and by noon had eaten it up. The dinner-bell now rung, but Henry, as one may fancy, had no stomach, and was vexed to see how heartily the other children eat. It was, however, worse than this at five o'clock, when school was over. His companions asked him if he would not play at cricket, taw, or kites. Alas! he could not; so they played without him. In the mean time Henry could hardly stand upon his legs; he went and sat down in a corner very gloomy, while the children said one to another, What is the matter with poor Henry, who used to skip about, and be so merry? See how pale and sorrowful he is! The master came himself, and seeing him, was quite alarmed. It was all lost labour to interrogate him. Henry could not be brought to speak a single word. By great good luck, a boy at length came forward in the secret; and his information was, that Henry's mama had sent him a great cake the day before, which he had swallowed in an instant as it were, and that his present sickness was occasioned only by his gluttony. On this, the master sent for an apo-

thecary, who soon ordered him a quantity of physic, phial after phial. Henry, as one would fancy, found it very nauseous, but was forced to take the whole for fear of dying; which, had he omitted it, would certainly have been the case. When some few days of physic and strict regimen had passed, his health was re-established as before; but his mama protested that she would never let him have another cake.

*Percival.* He did not merit so much as the smell of such a thing. But this is but one cake, papa: and you informed me that there were three, if you remember, in your story.

*Mr. Glassington.* Patience! patience! here is another cake in what I am now going to tell.

Henry's master had another scholar, whose name was Francis. He had written his mama a very pretty letter, and it had not so much as a blotted stroke; in recompence for which she sent him likewise a great cake, and Francis thus said to himself: I will not, like that glutton Henry, eat up my cake at once, and so be sick as he was: no, I will make my pleasure last a great deal

deal longer. So he took the cake, which he could hardly lift by reason of its weight, and watched the opportunity of slipping up into his chamber with it, where his box was, and in which he put it under lock and key. At play-time every day he slipped away from his companions, went up stairs a tip-toe, cut a tolerable slice off, swallowed it, put by the rest, and then came down and mixed again with his companions. He continued this clandestine business all the week; and even then the cake was hardly half consumed. But what ensued? At last the cake grew dry, and quickly after mouldy; nay, the very maggots got into it, and by that means had their share; on which account it was not then worth eating, and our young curmudgeon was compelled to fling the rest away with great reluctance. However, no one grieved for him.

*Percival.* No indeed; nor I, papa. What, keep a cake locked up seven days together, and not give one's friend a bit! That is monstrous! But let us have the other now.

*Mr. Glassington.* There was another little gentleman who went to school with Henry

and Francis likewise, and his name was Gratian. His mama sent *him* a cake one day, because she loved him, and indeed he loved her also very much. It was no sooner come, than Gratian thus addressed his young companions : Come and look at what mama has sent me ; you must every one eat with me. They scarce needed such a welcome piece of information twice, but all got round the cake, as you have doubtless seen the bees resorting to a flower just blown. As Gratian was provided with a knife, he cut a great piece off, and then divided it into as many shares as he had brought boys together by such a courteous invitation. Upon this he ranged them in a circle, and beginning with the boy who then stood next him, he went round, distributing to each his portion, 'till the shares were all disposed of in this manner. Gratian then took up the rest, and told them that he would eat his piece next day ; on which he put it up, and went to play with his companions who were all solicitous to have him chuse whatever game he thought might entertain him most.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely past  
as



as they were playing, when a poor old man, who had a fiddle, came into the yard. He had a very long white beard, and being blind, was guided by a little dog who went before him with a collar round his neck. To this a cord was fastened, which the poor blind man held in his hand. It was noticed with how much dexterity the little dog conducted him, and how he shook a bell which, I forgot to say, hung underneath his collar, when he came near any one, as if he had designed to say by such an action, Do not throw down or run against my master. Being come into the yard, he sat him down upon a stone, and hearing several children talking round him, My dear little gentlemen, said he, I will play you all the pretty tunes that I know, if you will give me leave. The children wished for nothing half so much. He put his violin in tune, and then thrummed over several jigs, and other scraps of music, which it was easy to conjecture had been new in former times. Little Gratian saw that while he played his merriest airs, a tear would now and then roll down his cheeks, on which he stooped to ask him why he wept?

wept? Because, said the musician, I am very hungry. I have no one in the world that will give my dog or me a bit of anything to eat. I wish I could but work, and get for both of us a morsel of something; but I have lost my strength and sight. Alas! I laboured hard till I was old, and now I want bread. The generous Gratian hearing this, wept too. He did not say a word: but ran to fetch the cake which he had designed to eat himself. He brought it out with joy, and as he ran along, began, Here, good old man, here is some cake for you. Where? replied the poor musician, feeling with his hands; where is it? for I am blind, and cannot see you. Gratian put the cake into his hand, when laying down his fiddle on the ground, he wiped his eyes, and then began to eat. At every piece he put into his mouth, he gave his faithful little dog a bit, who came and ate out of his hand; and Gratian, standing by him, smiled with pleasure at the thought of having fed the poor old man when he was hungry.

*Percival.* Oh the good, good Gratian!—  
Let me have your knife, papa.

*Mr.*



The Three Cakes



*Mr. Glassington.* Here, Percival; but why my knife?

*Percival.* I will tell you. I have only nibbled here a little of my cake, so pleased I was in listening to you! So I will cut it smooth. There—See how well I have ordered it!—These scraps, together with the currants, will be more than I shall want for breakfast: and the first poor man that I meet going home, shall have the rest, even though he should not play upon the violin.

## THE LITTLE GAMBLERS.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

## CHARACTERS.

MR. FLETCHER.		
HONORIA,	-	<i>his Daughier.</i>
AUGUSTINE,	-	<i>his Son.</i>
JONATHAN,	-	<i>Augustine's Neighbour.</i>
ALBERT,	-	<i>his Friend.</i>
RICH,	}	- - Gamblers.
VYSE,		
CRIB,		

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

## SCENE I.

*Jonathan, Albert.*

*Albert.* **W**HAT have you to do at Augustine's, then?

*Jonathan.* I want to have a little conversation with him, Albert; and you know him likewise.

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

*Jonathan.*

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

*Albert.* I think, of late, you talk of nothing else but cards ; and I have seen you frequently along with Rich and Vyse, of whom I cannot say any good.

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

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

*Jonathan.* That is not, at present, in my power. Would you betray me, if I told you something ?

*Albert.* We have long been friends ; and would you fear to trust me, Jonathan ?

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

*Albert.* Alas ! what are they ?

*Jonathan.* Yesterday they got me to go with them to a place where one *Crib* waited  
for

for them. We sat down to play, and I lost all I had.

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

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

*Albert.* There is but one thing that you can do. Confess the whole directly to your father. I am sure, he will pardon you on your repentance.

*Jonathan.* Never! never!

*Albert.* What will you do, then?

*Jonathan.* I dare not tell you.

*Albert.* Let me know it.

*Jonathan.* I communicated my distress to Rich and Vyse, and they advised a scheme to extricate me.

*Albert.* A fine scheme, no doubt!

*Jonathan.*



*Jonathan.* It is not certainly the fairest, as you will say; but what am I at liberty to do? I have already introduced them to young Augustine. He has money.

*Albert.* Well; you do not intend to rob him, surely?

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

*Albert.* And so, because you have been pillaged yourself, you would assist them to defraud your friend too? But how know you that Augustine will not win?

*Jonathan.* Oh! no: he plays quite fair.

*Albert.* And you like a sharper?

*Jonathan.* Like a sharper?

*Albert.* No; I am sensible that you play as fair as Augustine, and therefore you lost. Now, as I hope you always mean to play so, how can you be sure of winning?

*Jonathan.* I do not know how it is; but they inform me that they have certain ways by which they are sure of winning.

*Albert.* Ways! They are knavish tricks, and would you use them? I am not rich, and yet I would not mend my fortune by  
your

your certain ways. I am even sorry that you have told me your intention.

*Jonathan.* My dear Albert, have compassion on me, and I promise——

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

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

*Albert.* Well; I will make a party with you.

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

*Albert.*

*Albert.* Quite convenient! But take notice, if you should cheat him——

*Jonathan.* Do not talk so. I wish I had not told you the affair.

*Albert.* And so do I. Should I not then be answerable for it?

*Jonathan.* Answerable?

*Albert.* To my conscience, surely. Can I see a worthy youth on the point of being cheated?

*Jonathan.* But you will not cheat him.

*Albert.* Jonathan, if you saw a thief pick even a stranger's pocket, ought you to keep silence?

*Jonathan.* Augustine will but lose two, three, or possibly four guineas, and be cured of playing.

*Albert.* Just as you are cured. But here comes Augustine, I see.

## S C E N E II.

*Jonathan, Albert, Augustine.*

*Augustine.* Good morrow to you both.

*Albert.* Good morrow, Augustine.

*Jonathan.* What, you have not been down  
6 yet

yet into the garden, when it is such fine weather?

*Albert.* Mr. Augustine does not like to run about as you do, and can entertain himself in his apartment.

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

*Jonathan, (surprised.)* Is he returned so soon? I fancy, you are not well pleased at that.

*Augustine.* Not well pleased! when he has been three weeks away?

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

*Augustine.* And, for my part, I could wish my father never out of sight, he is so extremely kind!

*Jonathan.* And mine so harsh, I must not think of pleasure when he is near me.

*Albert.* Who can tell what pleasures you expect?

*Augustine.* I thought you were in want of nothing on that head. Since we have lodged together, I have almost every day observed

you

you at the door; and when I have met you in the garden, never could I see you under any thing appearing like restraint.

*Jonathan.* No, no; I have always met you on days when my father dined abroad, and that is the only time that I have to use as I think proper; therefore I take care to turn it to account. But now your father is come home, I take it, we shall not see you quite so often in an evening?

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

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

*Augustine.* He does, because I always tell him where I am going,

*Albert.* And because he knows that you never go but where you tell him?

*Jonathan.* What then do you do for entertainment, when you are both together?

*Augustine.* In the summer evenings, frequently we take a walk.

*Jonathan.* In winter?

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

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

*Augustine.* On the contrary, they come of course, as if they were an amusement.

*Jonathan.* A game at cards I should suppose much more amusing. Do you ever play?

*Augustine.* Yes, indeed; and my father frequently makes one.

*Jonathan.* And do you play for money?

*Augustine.* Doubtless; but a trifle, just enough to interest one in the game; and particularly, as by that, my father says, one learns to lose with temper.

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

*Augustine.* Oh! do not imagine that I want money. I have more than I can use.

*Jonathan.* How much?

*Augustine.*

*Augustine.* A crown a week.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Augustine.* No; I shall stay at home. My father is to draw out a petition for a widow woman, who would get into an almshouse.

*Jonathan.* That is well: and mine goes out at five. Come then to me, and I will endeavour to amuse you. We shall have Rich, Vyse, and Crib.

*Augustine.* I will run and ask my father's leave. Shall you be here when I return.

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



## S C E N E III.

*Albert, Augustine.*

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

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

*Augustine.* Do; a turn or two will settle you, and I shall not be absent long.

## S C E N E IV.

*Albert, (musing.)*

I do not know what to do in this affair! Poor Jonathan is afflicted! I should like to extricate him; but then to let the worthy Augustine be cheated! No, the accomplice is not better than the robber; and to favour roguery is just as bad as doing it. I will go therefore and tell the whole. But,

softly ! here comes Honoria. Let me first of all do every thing in my power to assist her in preserving Augustine from the danger, and yet not betray my friend.

## S C E N E V.

*Albert, Honoria.*

*Honoria.* What, you here, Mr. Albert, and alone ? I thought I saw my brother talking with you.

*Albert.* He has just now left me.

*Honoria.* I should wish him never to leave you, if his company were but agreeable to you : I should not be uneasy then.

*Albert.* You do me honour, miss ; but surely Mr. Augustine is too sensible to give you any pain.

*Honoria.* I have no pain while he keeps company with such as you : but shall I come directly to the point ? I do not think any good of those companions of Jonathan's ; and he wants by all means to mix with them.

*Albert.* I have not yet perceived that their company has hurt him.

*Honoria.* True ; but my poor brother, I  
must

must say, is innocent, and somewhat credulous: he judges every one to be like himself. What would become of him, if those whom he thinks his friends were what they should not be? I have remarked, that you do not much much approve of Jonathan's intimates.

*Albert.* To say the truth, my dear young lady, I should rather wish that Jonathan would be satisfied with Augustine's friendship. There is one advantage, notwithstanding, that his father watches over him, as yours does over Augustine, and instructs him what to do.

*Honorio.* The mischief often is remarked too late; it is easier to prevent than cure it.

*Albert.* I am sure, you love your brother tenderly, and therefore hear me; but tell nobody that I mentioned what I am going now to say. Young Jonathan has prevailed upon him, just before you entered, to make one with him and his three intimates. They mean to play, no doubt; but do your utmost to divert your brother from partaking with them. I designed to wait here for his answer, but do not think it proper that I should carry it. I make

no doubt but he will bring it presently. Pray do not judge amiss of me that I retire; and think of the advice which my duty, as a friend to Augustine, bade me give you.

## S C E N E VI.

*Honorio, (alone.)*

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

## S C E N E VII.

*Augustine, Honorio.*

*Augustine.* My father's friends are willing, I can see, to take the earliest opportunity of paying him their compliments on his arrival, just as if he had been absent for a twelvemonth. I could hardly thrust a word in.

*Honorio.* You had something then of consequence to tell him.

*Augustine.*

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

*Honoriam.* With Mr. Jonathan, no doubt?

*Augustine.* Yes.

*Honoriam.* I thought so. You might easily have guessed, however, that such a friend as Jonathan does not please me.

*Augustine.* Truly, Jonathan is greatly to be pitied, being so unfortunate as not to have a place in your good graces! And what should he be, to merit such an honour?

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

*Augustine.* Do you mean to joke?

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

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

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

*Augustine.* But what means this prating? And pray tell me, why these intimations with regard to Jonathan! Do you know him?

*Honorio.* I would know him by his actions.

*Augustine.* Are you always with him, to remark them?

*Honorio.* I can guess them from the company that he keeps.

*Augustine.* I understand you perfectly: his company displeases you, because I am one of his acquaintance.

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

*Augustine.* Good for nothing fellows?

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

*Augustine.* Oh! what two great crimes! they play when they are together; and they spend their winnings as they please. We do the same, I fancy. And besides, you

say, they play to win ; but they have often lost to me.

*Honorio.* Yes, yes ; they have lost their copper, and have won your silver.

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

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

*Augustine.* I know indeed that you love me ; but am hurt to find you fancy me incapable to guide myself.

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

## S C E N E VIII.

*Honoria, Augustine, Mr. Fletcher.*

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

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

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

*Mr. Fletcher.* And yet you must learn to do without me; since, according to the ordinary course of nature, I shall certainly go first.

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

*Augustine.* Yes, sir, you will live, and long we hope, for our advantage. But let us talk no more on such a gloomy subject. — I have a little favour to request.

*Mr. Fletcher.* Well, come, let us hear it.

*Augustine.*



*Augustine.* Master Jonathan—you are acquainted with his father—Well, he has invited me to spend the evening with him.

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

*Honoriam.* You hear that? good company!

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

*Honoriam.* Good company, too, I suppose?

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

*Mr. Fletcher.* When I used the words *good company*, I meant discreet and well bred.

*Augustine.* Yes, sir, extremely so.

*Honoriam.* And how are you to know that they are such, as you have only seen them once or twice?

*Augustine.* But have I not been hours together with them?

*Mr. Fletcher.* How did your acquaintance begin?

*Honoriam.* At play.

*Augustine.*

*Augustine.* And why not so? My father lets me play.

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

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

*Augustine.* Yes, (I speak of myself, for instance,) if I could but nail my thoughts continually to some book or other.

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

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

*Augustine.* I do not see any right that you have to catechize me.

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

*Augustine.*

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

*Mr. Fletcher.* Can you conceive such notions of your sister?

*Honorina, (with a tone of tenderness.)* Brother!

*Augustine, (with the same tone.)* Honorina, pardon me: I am in the wrong to tax you thus: but grant, however, your insinuations unavoidably must hurt me.

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

*Honorina.* O sir, how good you are!

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

*Mr. Fletcher.* If I were any other than your friend, I should not be completely qualified to bring you up. I might perhaps connive at your neglecting outward ceremonies of respect; but not your failure in that confidence which I expect from your affection. You should not have a secret that you would keep hid from me, as  
whenever

whenever you may chance to be in danger, my experience may preserve you from it. Let me therefore ask you, Honoria, what are the objections that you have formed against your brother's new acquaintances?

*Honoria.* They are always taken up with cards.

*Augustine.* Who told you so?

*Honoria.* No matter from whom I have my information: the thing is, whether it be true?

*Mr. Fleteber.* I have already told you what I think of playing: every thing depends upon the game that you play.

*Augustine.* Oh! it needs no great attention: it is the game of *One-and-thirty*.

*Mr. Fletcher.* I confess, I do not approve it much.

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

*Mr. Fletcher.* And do you know that it is what we call a game of chance?

*Augustine.* Because one has a chance to win or lose? And must not this be said of every game?

*Mr. Fletcher.* With this material difference,

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

*Honoriam*. They cannot even amuse one.

*Augustine*. Do not say so, dear sister. There is a deal of pleasure in expecting such or such a card as one may want.

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

*Augustine*. Do you believe so, sir ? but how ?

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

*Mr. Fletcher*. Yes, that is in reality their secret. I cannot tell their method ; but am certain, that they do employ some method, and have seen deplorable examples of it in my travels.

*Augustine*.

*Augustine.* Oh! pray tell us what examples?

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

*Honorio.* His all! poor youth! and what did he do to live?

*Augustine.* He must have been beside himself.

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

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

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

*Honorio.*

*Honoriam.* The wicked wretches!

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

*Honoriam.* Oh! how shocking!

*Augustine.* Dreadful! and from henceforth, sir, I will never touch a card, I promise you. I'll run and tell this to Jonathan.

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

*Honoriam.* Useful, sir?

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

*Augustine.* Heaven be praised, I am not so fond of money as to hurt another by my insults in good fortune; or to shew that I am hurt myself, by being vexed when I am unlucky; but to shun what possibly

sibly might happen, it will be better for me not to visit either Jonathan or his friends.

*Mr. Fletcher.* You would only prove your weakness, if this should be your final resolution: for at least you have it in your power, when with them, to refrain from playing.

*Augustine.* Oh, I know them: they would absolutely make me play.

*Mr. Fletcher.* Well, play as much as they would have you, since by that means you will gain a better knowledge of them. But instead of going to this Jonathan, or his friends, invite them hither. You may also tell them that Honoria perhaps will make one.

*Honoria.* But, sir——

*Mr. Fletcher.* Yes, yes; I have a reason.

*Honoria.* But suppose they win my money?

*Mr. Fletcher.* You shall have it all from me again. And tell them, Augustine, that you expect a friend, whom you will prevail on to sit down and play amongst them.

*Augustine.* But you know, sir, I expect no friend.

*Mr. Fletcher.* When I inform you of a  
friend



friend that you have at home, who will be with you, cannot you guess what friend I mean?

*Honorio.* Sly! Why fure you understand papa? he means himself.

*Mr. Fletcher.* Yes, Augustine; for you recollect, just now you said that I *was* your friend.

*Augustine.* Oh yes; they will play indeed, if you are of the party!

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

*Augustine.* So then you would have me run to Jonathan and his friends?

*Mr. Fletcher.* Yes, yes: and do not forget to desire Albert's company. I shall be glad to see him. All his masters praise him wonderfully, and you yourself have frequently been lavish in his commendations.

*Honorio.* He merits every tittle of it.

*Augustine.*

*Augustine.* One word more, fir: shall we meet here in the garden?

*Mr. Fletcher.* As you please. The weather is so fine, you may step here into the summer-house, it will hold all your company.

## S C E N E IX.

*Mr. Fletcher, Honoria.*

*Honoria.* I fear, fir, your presence will be much more necessary here than mine.

*Mr. Fletcher.* You fear?

*Honoria.* Yes, fir; for I have told you, Master Albert was not long since with me. From some words which he dropped, I have reason to believe that my brother's company have laid a plot to cheat him of his money.

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

*Honoria.*

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

*Mr. Fletcher.* By himself alone can he be fully undeceived; and in that case I shall with less difficulty persuade him to be attentive for the future in the choice of his connexions, and so cure him likewise of his love for gaming, which, I must acknowledge, he seems ready to adopt as a habit.

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

*Mr. Fletcher.* Yes, that is his just character. I did not think you so observant, *Honoriam.*

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

*Mr. Fletcher.* A knock; it must be Jonathan's friends: they do not desire to lose

lose a moment. I now leave you. I will go round about and gain my station.—  
(*He goes out.*)

## S C E N E X.

*Honoria, (alone.)*

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

## S C E N E XI.

*Honoria, Augustine, Jonathan, Albert, Rich,  
Vyse, Crib.*

*Jonathan, (to Honoria.)* I was afraid, Miss Honoria, as I mentioned to your brother, that our company might incommode you : but he would not—

*Augustine.* Incommode her ! I am in hopes that she will keep us company.

*Honoria.* With all my heart, if you think proper, gentlemen.

*Vyse, (with constraint.)* You do us honour, madam.

*Crib.*

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

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

*Rich.* Shall you?

*Augustine.* Yes, and not without a pocket full of gold.

*Jonathan*, (*aside.*) That is well.

*Honorina.* We will stay here in the garden, if you please.

*Albert.* We cannot do better. We shall have the pleasure of a charming walk.

*Rich.* Do you design to walk?

*Albert.* What else?

*Vyse.* Why, play.

*Albert.* But I do not understand your play; and if I did, I shall not wish to lose my money.

*Crib.* Wish to lose it! just as if it were certain that you would lose it!

*Albert.* Sir, with you particularly. You are too skilful a great deal for me.

*Augustine.* If I should win, I promise, I will return you every farthing.

*Jonathan.* And I too.

*Rich and Vyse.* And we too.

*Albert.* You would make a fool of me. To lose my money, and receive it back, or on the other hand, win yours, and keep it, is not what I do: so do not concern yourselves on my account. I will see you play, or else walk up and down the garden hereabouts.

*Honoriam.* My father, gentlemen, cannot have the honour to receive you, (*Rich and his company seem rejoiced,*) but has bid me entertain you. Augustine will get ready some refreshments, and I will run and fetch the cards.

*Crib.* That is needless: I have a pack about me.

*Augustine.* How! about you?

*Crib.* Yes: I study them.

*Honoriam.* And have you fish too?

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

*Jonathan, (aside to Crib.)* You remember, I have no money?—(*aloud.*) No, no: we shall hardly know what we are about. And so, miss, if you will be so kind—

*Honoriam.*

*Honorio.* Enough, I will bring the bag.  
Come, brother.

## S C E N E XII.

*Jonathan, Albert, Rich, Vyse, Crib.*

*Vyse, (going into the summer-house with Jonathan, Rich, and Crib, while Albert walks about.)* I am forry we are here.

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

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

*Jonathan.* Here, or in my room, what difference doth that make?

*Rich.* Well then, when Augustine has lost every thing, we will carry off his money, and go play where we think proper.

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

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

*Jonathan.* You remember your promise, Crib?

*Crib.* Do not you be uneasy. We know one another. All our losfs shall be in counters, and we will have no reckoning when the game is over. I will dispose the cards in such a way, that we must lose at first, and that will draw them on.

*Jonathan.* But, Crib, you know, you fleeced me quite the other day; and I have now but sixpence in my pocket. How am I to pay my losfs?

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

*Vyse.* I should be glad if Augustine's friend would come: he will be another pigeon that we shall pluck.

*Rich.* Yes, yes! I know of none so easy to be duped as these same bookish fellows.

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

*Jonathan.*



*Jonathan.* No: I beg.

*Crib.* There.

*Jonathan,* (looking at the cards.) Out!

*Crib,* (to *Vyse.*) And you?

*Vyse.* One card, but not a high one.

*Crib.* Much good may it do you!—there.

*Vyse.* Out too!

*Crib,* (to *Rich.*) Now you are to be out.

You beg, I suppose?

*Rich.* No; as *Vyse* and *Jonathan* are both out, I stand.

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

*Vyse.* Twenty-five.

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

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

*Crib.* You have already paid for your instruction, and I will let you know the secret. I tell every thing to friends, when I have pocketed their money. With my art

you will win of others what you have lost of me, and so be quits.

*Jonathan.* Well, let me know.

*Crib.* You see, (*shewing the cards,*) the ten and court cards are a very little longer than the rest, and all the smaller ones, as high as five, not reckoning in the aces, somewhat broader; by which means I can at pleasure bring the picture cards, &c. to the top in shuffling, and the five, and those below it, to the bottom. I contrive to give you two of those on the top; and afterward, the other from the bottom: so that at the most you have but five-and-twenty, and will therefore generally beg. Well then, you have it from the top, and must infallibly be out.

*Jonathan.* I understand you.

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

## S C E N E XIII.

*Jonathan, Rich, Vyse, Crib, Honoria.*

*Honoria*, (putting down a box upon the table, with a pack of cards and fish and counters in it.) You do not lose any time, I see.

*Crib*. I was but showing Mr. Jonathan a new game.

*Jonathan*. Will you sit down with us? We shall have that honour?

*Honoria*. If I knew the game that you play——

*Vyse*. It is a very easy game. It is only *One-and-thirty*.

*Rich*. Had you never seen it played, you will know enough to beat us at it by the second deal.

*Honoria*. I know a little of it. It would perhaps be better for me not to play with those that know it so completely as you gentlemen; however, if it gives you pleasure——

*Jonathan*. Oh yes, miss, the greatest in the world.

*Vyse*. And even should you win, too, all our money.

*Honoria*, (with a smile.) Yes, that is my intention.

*Rich*. You will be scarce the richer for it in the end ; we play but for a trifle.

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

*Crib*. We must wait for Master Augustine ; it is but just that we should amuse him ; we are his guests.

#### S C E N E XIV.

*Jonathan*, *Rich*, *Vyse*, *Crib*, *Honoria*,  
*Augustine*.

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

*Jonathan*. Come, sir, we are waiting for you.

*Augustine*. Thank you.

*Vyse*. Let us give out the fish.

*Rich*. There are six of us : to every one two dozen, and ten counters ; that is, ten dozen more.

*Jonathan*. But how much every fish ?

*Crib*. Just what the lady pleases.

*Honoria*.

*Honoriam.* Oh, it is rather as you like.

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

*Honoriam.* Well, be it so.

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

*Honoriam.* Hey! hey! if we go on in this way, I think, I shall soon fulfil my prophecy.

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

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

*Augustine.* Oh, with all my heart. I have so much money, you cannot break me easily. (*He shakes his purse, at which Crib and his companions look with pleasure.*)

*Honoriam.* And I can risque as much, I fancy, as my brother.

*Crib.* We must first then pay our debts, that we may have our full account of fish and counters.—Let me see, (*after having counted.*) I have lost one counter, and six

fish ; that is, eighteen fish ; and eighteen twice is six-and-thirty—just three shillings : there they are.

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

*Vyse.* I am come off much the worst. Two counters gone, and twice as many fish ; which come to four and eight-pence.—I put down a crown, and take up four-pence.

*Augustine.* Well, and you, Master Jonathan ?

*Jonathan.* I have lost least. No more than fifteen fish, or half-a-crown. I will change a guinea, when we rise, to pay it.

*Honorio.* Good ! So now I will see my winnings. One, two, three—Three counters, and three fish. That is six and six-pence just : of which I take four shillings, and the two and six-pence, Master Jonathan, you shall owe me.

*Augustine.* So that all the rest is to pay my four-and-forty fish.—It is comical enough, however, that we should be the only winners !

*Rich:*

*Rich.* Oh, I always lose, for my part.

*Jonathan.* So now the fish are four-pence?

*Augustine.* Yes, that is settled.

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

### SCENE THE LAST.

*Jonathan, Rich, Vyse, Crib, Honoria, Augustine, Albert, (who came in a little while before,) Mr. Fletcher.*

*Mr. Fletcher, (to Jonathan and his friends, who seem confounded.)* Pray do not disturb yourselves.

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

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

*Mr. Fletcher.* With all my heart. So every one sit down. *(To Jonathan and his friends, who seem quite overwhelmed.)* But what is the matter, gentlemen? Are you

afraid to play with me? I can assure you, I am no sharper. (*They sit down at last.*) You (*to Crib*) were dealing when I entered; so continue, pray; but first let us see, have you a pack complete? (*Crib wants to drop the cards, but Mr. Fletcher secures, and looks them over.*) It is droll enough to have the court-cards all together thus! but, Honoria, why not give us cleaner cards? Pray hand me over those—

*Honoria.* It was not my fault, sir, as this gentleman (*pointing to Crib*) had brought them in his pocket; and the play was going on when I came in with ours.

*Mr. Fletcher, (to Albert.)* What, you here, Master Albert! I am very glad to see you; but pray, do not you play?

*Albert.* I would rather be a looker on: you know I have nothing, sir, to throw away.

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

*Augustine.* One-and-thirty.

Mr.



*Mr. Fletcher.* And for what?

*Honoriam.* No more than four-pence a fish. I have won all this! four shillings; and two and six-pence owing me by Mr. Jonathan, who wants change.

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

*Jonathan.* Ye-e-es, fir—Let me—

*Mr. Fletcher.* What is all this? one stammers, and the other seems confounded! (*to Crib.*) You, fir, too, are disconcerted?

*Augustine.* What is the matter with them?

*Mr. Fletcher.* It is high time that I should explain the reason of this strange behaviour. Augustine, you observe the effects of a guilty conscience. Happily they are not yet so totally abandoned as to hide their villainy beneath a brazen front, and bully in their own defence.

*Augustine.* What say you, fir? Sure you are mistaken: It is my sister, as she told you,

you, and myself, that are the only winners.

*Crib, (taking courage.)* Have we failed to pay our losings, every one, but Master Jonathan?

*Jonathan.* No: but why? because you have cheated me already out of all my money.

*Mr. Fletcher.* I was right in thinking that they would unmask themselves: And, Augustine, you may see what villains you have chosen for your companions.

*Augustine.* Oh, I cannot think so, sir.

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

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

*Mr. Fletcher.* You have well deserved  
your

your loss, by mixing with such company ; but tell me how much you have lost ?

*Jonathan.* Two guineas, and a few odd shillings with them all together ; and my watch, coat buttons, buckles, and a guinea more in money afterwards, in private with the tallest : but the guinea I still owe him ; and he threatened, if I did not prevail on Master Augustine to sit down and play this evening, that he would tell my father.

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

*Mr. Fletcher.* I comprehend what you would say ; and therefore, (*to Rich and Vyse,*) little rascals, get you gone this instant. Perhaps it is not as yet too late that I should think of rescuing you from infamy ; and therefore I will inform your parents of your conduct.

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

*Mr. Fletcher.* No; I shall take care that you never do; but then it is not enough that my children should be safe in future from your roguery, I owe the same good service to all fathers. What perversity! at such an age not only to be gamblers, but vile cheats! the hatefullest of human beings! However, out of pity to your youth, and from the hope which I have of your amendment, I will do no more than tell your parents; but if ever I am told that you still continue your detestable employment, I will make known your infamy to every one about us. So be gone, and never let me see you here again. Be gone, I say. (*Rich and Vyse withdraw in silence and confusion.*) And you, sir, is it true that you have got these things from Jonathan?

*Crib, (with hesitation.)* Yes, sir.

*Mr. Fletcher.* You have cheated him, but that is no matter. Jonathan lost them, and has merited his fortune. We will put a value on them.

*Jonathan.* I could wish, indeed, that I had sufficient to redeem my loss.

*Augustine.* O sir, if all that I have in my pocket be sufficient, Jonathan may command

mand it. I have full five guineas, take them for the service of my friend.

*Mr. Fletcher.* Augustine, this is very generous.

*Jonathan.* What, to me such friendship?

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

*Mr. Fletcher, (to Jonathan.)* Is every thing returned you?

*Jonathan.* Yes, fir; and I am saved by your generosity and Augustine's from the resentment of my father. Oh, I will never risque his gifts again in such a manner.

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

the present. (*Crib withdraws, and weeps for very rage.*)

*Jonathan, (falling on his knees to Mr. Fletcher.)* O dear sir! from what a gulph of ruin you preserve me! And without you what would have been my evil fortune, when thrust out from home, and perhaps stigmatized in public for my vices? I am then indebted to your pity for my reputation, my repose, and my existence. (*He rises and embraces Augustine.*) And my generous Augustine, you whom I was going to——

*Augustine.* Never think more of it; I do not; and for the time to come be happy.

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

*Jonathan.* Oh, I will do so. Rely upon me, sir.

*Mr. Fletcher.* And as for you, dear Albert, I have reason to be charmed with what so many tongues have told me of your modesty

modesty and virtue. By your laudable example, you may very much contribute to the happiness of Augustine.—I request you to be often with him; and if I can shew my gratitude by being serviceable to your happiness, I shall promote it with as much affection as your parents would do.

*Albert.* Your esteem, dear sir, is happiness sufficient for me.

*Mr. Fletcher.* You observe, my dear children, the unhappy consequences that result from gaming?

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

*Mr. Fletcher.* You observe too, Augustine, with what care and circumspection one should chuse a friend?

*Augustine.* Yes, that too, sir; and am convinced how happy it is for me to have a friend, as I have said already, in my father.

## THE LITTLE NEEDLE-WOMEN.

## CHARACTERS.

Mrs. VINCENT.

LOUISA,

LEONORA,

SOPHY,

CLARA,

A POOR WOMAN.

MADGE,

JOAN,

} her Daughters.

} their Friend.

} her Daughters.

*Louisa, with Leonora her sister, are discovered working in their room: Sophy stands by Louisa; Clara enters to them.*

*Clara.*

**H**ARD at work! How melancholy you all look! I thought to find you at play upon the snow. Come, come, and see the trees: they are powdered just for all the world like—what d'ye call 'ems.

*Louisa.* No: we would not leave our work for any pleasure that you could name to us.

*Clara.* Oh, I frequently leave mine for nothing





The little Needle-women

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nothing—But you have not long I hope, to sit here moping.

*Leonora.* We were moping, as you call it, all yesterday; and have been at it again ever since the clock struck seven.

*Clara.* My stars! I was not up till ten: and in the name of goodness! what possesses you, to work at such a rate?

*Louisa.* If you did but know, Clara, for whom we are working, I am sure you would willingly make one amongst us.

*Clara.* Indeed, I would not, Louisa, were it even for myself.

*Louisa.* Yourself! I should not work, thus late and early, with such spirits, for myself: nor you, I fancy, Leonora.

*Leonora.* No, indeed.

*Sophy.* Guess who 'tis for.

*Clara.* Not for yourself, you say. It must be for your dolls then.—I have guessed it! Have I not?

*Louisa, (showing the clothes before them.)*  
Yes, yes; look here, and see if these will fit a doll.

*Clara.* How! how! Why, here's a dress complete! Which of you is going to be married?

*Leonora.*

*Leonora.* Did you ever hear the like? A jacket to be married in! The girl is crazy, she will never guess.

*Sophy.* Well then, I'll tell you who 'tis for. You know those two poor children, that have nothing on but rags?

*Clara.* What! that poor woman who has lately lost her husband, and cannot get a bit of bread?

*Louisa.* Yes, the same; it is for her poor children that we are so hard at work.

*Clara.* But you know, your mama and mine both sent her money.

*Louisa.* So they did; but there were debts to pay, and bread to buy. As for clothes—

*Leonora.* We have taken that upon us.

*Clara.* But, my dear, why not much rather send them some of your own old clothes? You would, in that case, spare yourselves a deal of trouble.

*Louisa.* How you talk! As if our clothes were fit for such small children!

*Clara.* That I know: they would have been too big, and dragged upon the ground at least a quarter of a yard; but then, their mother might have made them less herself.

*Louisa.*

*Louisa.* She cannot.

*Clara.* And why not?

*Leonora, (looking stedfastly upon Clara.)*  
Because her parents never taught her how to use her needle.

*Louisa.* Now, as we are rather ready at it, we desired mama to let us have some dimity, and other stuff, and to cut us out the necessary patterns, promising to do the rest ourselves.

*Leonora.* And when the whole is finished, we shall visit the poor woman with it, that her children may be dressed a little warmly this cold weather.

*Louisa.* Now, my dear, you know the reason why we won't go to play upon the snow.

*Clara, (with a stifled sigh.)* I'll work a little with you.

*Louisa.* Ay, I said so.

*Leonora.* No, no; we have almost done.

*Louisa.* But, *Leonora*, why deprive her of so great a pleasure? Look you here, my friend; complete this hem: but you must sew it carefully.

*Sophy.* If not, my sister will undo it; I am sure of that.

*Clara.*

*Clara.* What you must speak too then, Mrs. Whipper-snapper; just as if you knew what is going forward.

*Louisa.* How, Clara? I assure you, Sophy has assisted us surprisingly. It was she that held the stuff while we were cutting it, handed us the pincushion, and picked us up our thimbles when they fell. Here, my little dear, take the scissars: Leonora wants them.

*Clara.* Look, dear Louisa, have I done this right?

*Leonora, (laying hold of the work.)* Oh fie! these stitches are a mile too long, and all awry.

*Louisa.* True, they would not hold. But stay; I'll give you something else.—Here, pass this bobbin through the jacket collar.

*Clara.* Ay, ay; I shall succeed better in this.

*Leonora, (looking over her.)* See! see! how she sets about!—

*Louisa.* Ay, that's all my fault, who did not tell her how it should be done.—See here, my dear Clara,—in this manner.

*Clara.* I was never taught to do so much

as you ; and that is the reason that I am so awkward.

*Leonora, (with a sneer.)* Oh, I easily believe you.

*Louisa.* Do not vex her, sister : she has done her best. Hold, let me look a little. How ! you have passed the bobbin through already. Look ye, Leonora.

*Leonora, (pulling the bobbin.)* What a pity, it will not stir. A mighty clever needle-woman, truly ! she does nothing but make work for us.

*Clara, (sorrowfully.)* Alas ! I know no better.

*Louisa.* Do not afflict yourself, my dear : you have the best of wills ; and we have nothing more to boast. It shall be quickly put to rights. I will do it for you. There ; the matter is settled. Have you finished, Leonora ?

*Leonora.* Only one more stitch :—and then, to cut the thread off.—There : now I will make up the parcel. *(She is preparing to do so, when Mrs. Vincent enters.)*

*Sophy.* Here is mama.

*Mrs. Vincent.* Well, my dears ; how do

you go on? Perhaps you wish for my assistance.

*Louisa.* No, mama; we have finished.

*Mrs. Vincent.* Have you? Let me see a little.—Very well, indeed!—What, my Sophy! I am afraid, you thought the time tedious.

*Sophy.* Oh, not I, mama: I always had some little thing to do; ask my sisters.

*Louisa.* Yes, indeed: we should not have ended so quickly, but for her assistance. She has never quitted us.

*Mrs. Vincent.* That was well done. Oh! here is our little neighbour too, Miss Clara. She must have helped you a good deal.

*Leonora, (with a sneer.)* She tried; but—

*Louisa.* Indeed, we had almost finished when she came.

*Sophy.* She made a stitch or two, but she hardly knows more than I: if you had but seen, mama, how crooked—

*Louisa.* Hold your tongue, Sophy!

*Mrs. Vincent.* Come; since you have been so very diligent, I have joyful news to tell you.

*Sophy.*



*Sophy.* What, mama?

*Mrs. Vincent.* The two poor children and their mother are below. I will send you up the little ones, that you may dress them, and enjoy the astonishment of their mother, when she observes them so much altered.

*Louisa.* Dear mama, how you increase our pleasures!

*Sophy.* Shall I go and fetch them up?

*Mrs. Vincent.* Yes; follow me; and you shall come back with them. In the mean time, I will have a little conversation with the mother, and contrive how she may find out some employment for the time to come, and earn a little money. (*She goes out with Sophy.*)

*Louisa.* Stay you here with us, Clara: we shall want your help; and you must have some business at our toilet.

*Clara, (embracing Louisa.)* Oh! my friend, you have a good heart! I see that plainly.

*Leonora.* I have had a fling or two at you, Clara. Louisa makes me blush, and therefore I entreat your pardon.

*Clara, (embracing Leonora likewise.)* Yes, with all my heart.

*Louisa.* I hear the children coming up.  
(*Sophy enters, bringing in the little girls, Madge and Joan.*)

*Sophy, (whispering Louisa.)* How surprised they will be. I have not told them any thing about it.

*Louisa.* You did well : their pleasure will be the greater, and ours likewise.

*Leonora.* I shall take Madge.

*Louisa.* I Joan.

*Clara.* And Sophy and myself will hold the pincushions. (*They begin to undress them.*)

*Madge, (crying.)* We are cold enough already. Will you take away the little clothes that we have left ?

*Louisa.* Do not be afraid, poor thing ! come hither. You shall see. A little this way towards the fire.—You are almost dead with cold.

*Joan.* We have not warmed ourselves to-day.

*Madge.* These fine new clothes, are they for us ?

*Joan.* Oh bless me ! what will mother say ? She will take us for your sisters ; we shall be so fine !

*Louisa.*

*Louisa.* And you shall be our sisters for the time to come: so never call us any otherwife.

*Madge.* Oh, good young lady, we are your servants.

*Louisa.* Let me have your arm—The other.—But how short it is! it only reaches to her knees. Well, hair-brains! (*to Leonora.*) this is like you! Do not you see that you have handed me the little jacket?

*Leonora.* So I have indeed: for my part, I was puzzled likewise. Madge's feet were covered, and I could not see her head. We need but change. There is Joan's.

*Louisa.* Let us be as quick as possible; and in the mean time, Sophy, do you run and bid mama come up.

*Sophy.* I am gone. (*She goes out.*)

*Louisa.* Ay, now all is right. Turn round.—Once more. Very well: and now, take one another by the hand, and walk across the room before us. (*The children do so, and survey themselves with pleasure.*)

*Clara.* How extremely well they fit! they are quite pretty! and there is only one thing wanted. (*To Madge.*) Here is my handkerchief.—Blow hard. (*To Joan.*) Now

you.—What else?—If you had time to dress their hair.

*Louisa.* No, no, my dear Clara; it is much better hanging loofely. Leonora, what fay you?

*Leonora.* A comb, however, to untangle it, would not be much amifs. I will do that, Louifa.

*Sophy, (runs in jumping.)* Here is mama. (*Mrs. Vincent enters with the mother of the children.*)

*The Mother.* Oh, heavens! what do I fee? Are thefe my children? O my generous lady! (*falling down at Mrs. Vincent's feet.*)

*Mrs. Vincent, (lifting her up.)* My good friend, it is not to me that you are indebted for this happinefs. My children wifhed to make a trial of their fkill in needle-work, and I permitted them to do fo. (*Examining the children's jackets.*) Not fo bad, for a firft attempt; you might almoft fet up for yourfelves.

*The Mother, (to Louifa and her fifter.)* My charming ladies, let me thank you. God will recompense your kindnefs, for I cannot. (*Perceiving Clara at a diftance.*)

Pardon

Pardon me, my little lady; I did not see you; otherwise I should have paid you also my acknowledgments.

*Clara, (sighing.)* No, no. I had no hand in this day's business.

*Mrs. Vincent.* Do not afflict yourself upon that account, my dear. By sighing, you will get nothing; but by steadfastly resolving, every thing. However, tell me; do not you think it useful and delightful for a young lady, like you, to accustom herself betimes to work of some sort or other?

*Clara.* Think so? Certainly.

*Mrs. Vincent.* Of what real pleasure, even at present, are you deprived, by having hitherto neglected an employment so adapted to your sex and age!

*The Mother.* Dear little lady, learn betimes, if you would be considered provident or prudent, to love work; or it will soon be too late. I should be very happy now, had any one but given me such a lesson in my childhood. I could now have got my bread, and been of use to those dependent on me for support, instead of being burthenfome to worthy people.

*Mrs. Vincent.* Indeed, my good friend, it would have been much happier for you, I must own, although I should have lost the pleasure of assisting you. But you are yet full young enough to make up for lost time, by application to some honest labour. Children, you must know, I have procured her some employment at a weaver's in the neighbourhood; and when she happens to have nothing to do there, she is to come and work here in the garden.

*Sophy.* I am very glad of that; for I will go too, and help her, if I am able.

*Mrs. Vincent.* As to Madge and Joan, I mean that my house shall be their school; and you have both, (*to Louisa and Leonora,*) deserved to be their mistresses in work and reading.

*Clara.* And may I be their assistant, madam?

*Mrs. Vincent.* With all my heart, if your mama consents; in which case, you and Sophy shall endeavour to outdo each other. (*To the poor woman.*) My good friend, are you contented that matters should be as I have settled?

*The Mother.* Contented? My benevolent and generous lady, I shall owe you all my happiness, and that, too, of my destitute and friendless children. Dear good angels, give God thanks, for having blessed you with so careful a mama, who trains you up thus betimes to diligence. You see, it is the source of comfort to yourselves and to us too.

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### THE SELF-CORRECTED LIAR.

**L**ITTLE Griffith was now six years old, and had never yet told a falſity. He never had committed any fault, and therefore had no need to hide the truth. When any accident beſel him, as to break a pane of glaſs, or ſpot his cloaths, he went immediately and told his father, who would be always ſo good as to forgive him, with a caution that in future he ſhould be more careful.

Griffith had a couſin, but a very naughty boy, whoſe name was Robert. Robert

came one day to see him ; and Griffith, by way of shewing his attention to his visitor, made proposals for a game at draughts. His cousin eagerly accepted the proposal, on condition that they should play for something. Griffith for a little time refused, but in the end was wrought upon by Robert, and in hardly more than thirty minutes, all the money which he had been laying up many weeks from his allowance was completely gone. Affected with his loss, poor Griffith got into a corner, and began to cry, while Robert fell a laughing, and went home in triumph with his spoil.

It was not long before poor Griffith's father, who had been from home, returned. He loved the child, and therefore sent to see him in the parlour. But what ails you ? said he. And what has happened ? Sure you have been crying ?

*Griffith.* Yes, papa, because my cousin has been here, and made me play with him at draughts.

*The Father.* And what of that ? I see no harm done yet ; for draughts are a diversion that I have given you leave to take. But possibly you played for money ?

*Griffith.*



*Griffith.* O! no, no, papa.

*The Father.* Then why do you cry?

*Griffith.* Because I wished to shew my cousin how much money I had saved to buy myself a book. Now I had hid it all behind the great stone post without, and when I put my hand into the hole, it was gone. Some person, passing by the gate, has stolen it.

Griffith's father, some how or another, fancied this recital to be false: but did not mention his suspicions then. He went that moment to his brother's, and as soon as he saw little Robert, he forced a smile, and began in this manner:

Well, my child, you have been lucky, have not you, to-day?

Oh! yes, said Robert, very lucky, sir!

And what did you win?

A shilling, said the nephew.

What, so much? And did he pay you, Robert?

Doubtless, uncle. I have it in my pocket.

Notwithstanding Griffith had deserved a grievous punishment, his father thought it not amiss to pardon this, as being his first

falsehood; and therefore only told him, with a scornful tone of voice, that since he knew that he had a liar in his house, he would tell all the servants never to believe him, whatsoever he should say.

Some few days after, Griffith went in turn to visit Robert, and pulled out a handsome pencil-case which his sister had bestowed on him at Christmas. Robert wished to have it, and in exchange would have been glad to give him every one of his playthings, his ball, his top, and rackets; but as Griffith, he observed, would not part with it, he began to play the bully, put his arms akimbo, and advancing towards him, said, "The pencil-case is mine: I lost it at your house, or else you stole it." Griffith, to no purpose, earnestly protested that it was his sister's present. Robert quickly let him see that he meant to force it from him; and as Griffith grasped it with both hands, he closed upon him, threw him down, got over him, and with his double fist so pomelled Griffith in the face that he was forced to yield the case.

Poor Griffith, being treated in this manner, posted home, his nose all over blood,

and half his hair pulled off.—“ Papa, papa, (said he, as soon as he was come within his father’s hearing,) look how I have been used ! The naughty Robert has this moment robbed me of my pencil-case, and handled me as you see.”

But far from pitying him, his father answered, “ Go, you liar ; you have lost your pencil-case at drafts, and to deceive me, smeared your nose with mulberry-juice, and put your hair into disorder.” Griffith solemnly protested, to no purpose, that he spoke only the truth. “ I cannot credit (said the father) one who has already proved himself a liar.”

Griffith, quite confounded, went away into his chamber, and bewailed most bitterly the consequences of his first untruth. Next day he begged permission to appear before his father, and implored forgiveness. “ I acknowledge (said he) how wicked I have been in seeking to deceive you with a falsehood once : but, dear papa, let me entreat you to give up your resolutions of believing me no longer when I even speak the truth !

His

His father told me the other day that from that moment Griffith had not let the least untruth escape him, and that therefore he had recompenced his son's veracity by trusting him implicitly. He never looked for protestations from him: it was sufficient Griffith barely told him any thing, that he should take it for as great a certainty as if himself had seen it.

What a satisfaction this, to be experienced by a tender father, and a son so worthy of him!

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RECEIPT TO BE ALWAYS PLEASED.

**I** Should be very glad to play, mama, all day, said Laura.

*Mrs. Delwin.* What, *all* day?

*Laura.* Oh! yes, mama.

*Mrs. Delwin.* I shall be very glad to give you any pleasure in my power, my little Laura; but I fear, you will very soon be tired.

*Laura.*

*Laura.* Of playing! Never. You shall see that, mama.

And saying so, the little Laura ran to fetch her playthings. She had got them all together, but was quite alone: for both her sisters were that day to be employed with different masters, till the afternoon.

At first, she played as she thought proper, and was very happy for an hour or thereabouts; but, by degrees, the pleasure which she enjoyed began to lose a little of its power to please her.

She had now handled her playthings twenty times, or oftener, and could tell no longer what to do. Her favourite doll was grown quite troublesome and tedious to her.

She desired her dear mama to shew her some new method of diversion, and to play with her; but unfortunately her mama had very pressing business, and could not attend to her, however she might wish to do so.

Laura, after this, sat moping in a corner, till her sisters had quite finished with their masters, and were now about to take a little recreation. She ran to them in a melancholy

melancholy mood, which was as much as mentioning how long their time of study had seemed to her, and with what impatience she had wished to see them.

They proposed immediately such games as they supposed most entertaining, for they loved her greatly : but, alas ! all their sollicitude was useless. Laura could not but complain that every game which they mentioned had already tired her ; nay, in her impatience, she even ventured to accuse them of conspiring with each other to afford her such diversion only as they knew would not amuse her. Upon which Miss Amelia, her eldest sister, an extremely sensible young lady of ten years old, took Laura by the hand, and with a smile began as follows :

Look at us, dear Laura, and I will tell you which person in the room occasions your dissatisfaction.

*Laura.* And who is it, sister ? For my part, I don't know.

*Amelia.* The reason is, you do not look at yourself. Yes, Laura, you yourself occasion your dissatisfaction ; for you see these games amuse *us* still, though we have played them over, you may easily imagine, before  
you

you were born : but then we have been both at work, and therefore are they in a manner new to us. If you, by previous study and attention, had obtained an appetite for pleasure, you would certainly have been pleased as easily as we are.

Little Laura, who, however young she was, by no means wanted understanding, was so struck with these remarks, as to discern that every one who would be happy should take care to mix improving exercise with pleasing recreation. And indeed, I know not whether, after such experience gained, the menace of a whole day's pleasure would not have more terrified her than that of a whole day's labour.

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## THE TULIPS.

**L**UCETTA had seen for two summers successively a bed of tulips in her father's garden, which were streaked with the most beautiful colours.

Like the fluttering butterfly, she often  
roved

roved from flower to flower, being struck merely with their beauty, but never reflecting to what they owed their origin.

Last Autumn, she saw her father amuse himself with digging up the bed and planting tulip roots. Ah! papa, cried she in a whimpering tone, what are you doing? Will you spoil all our fine tulip-bed so, and instead of those fine flowers that grew there, put nasty onions in it for the kitchen?

Her father answered her, that he knew what he was about, and he was going to tell her that from those onions would come forth new tulips the following year; but Lucetta interrupted him by her complaints, and would listen to nothing.

When her father saw that he could not make her understand reason, he left her to pacify herself, and continued his work while she retired sobbing.

During the Winter, as often as the conversation turned upon flowers, Lucetta sighed, and thought within herself how great a pity it was that her father had destroyed the finest ornament of the garden. Winter finished its course, and Spring came  
next



next to sweep the snow and ice off the ground.

Lucetta had not entered the garden yet. Indeed it would have been difficult to prevail on her to go in, as it was deprived of her favourite flower. One day, however, she entered without thinking. But what were her transports of surprise and joy, when she saw the tulip-bed still more beautiful than the preceding year! She stood still at first, motionless and silent with admiration: at length she threw herself into her father's arms, crying, Ah! dear papa, I thank you for plucking up those nasty onions, and for putting in their place those sweet flowers that I am so fond of.

You owe me no thanks, answered her father; for these sweet flowers that you are so fond of sprung from nothing else but my nasty onions.

The obstinate Lucetta would not believe a word of it; upon which her father pulled up carefully one of the finest tulips, together with the bulbous root (resembling an onion) from which the stalk grew, and presented it to her.

Lucetta quite confounded, asked pardon  
for

for having been so unreasonable. I pardon you, my dear child, with all my heart, replied her father, provided you acknowledge how easy it is for children to deceive themselves, when they attempt to judge, from their ignorance, of the actions of people who have had experience.

Oh! yes, papa, answered Lucetta, I am convinced of that, and therefore for the future shall distrust my own eyes; and whenever I shall be tempted to suppose that I know more of the matter than other people, I will think of the Tulips and the Onions.

I am very glad, my dear little friends, that I had it in my power to tell you this story; for you will presently see what happened to another child who had never heard it.

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#### THE STRAWBERRIES AND CURRANTS.

**A**LLAN had frequently heard his father say, that children were without the least degree of knowledge of what was proper

proper for them; and that all the wisdom which they could possibly prove themselves to possess, lay in following the advice of people older than themselves. And yet he never had sincerely wished to understand this doctrine, or perhaps, to speak as favourably as the matter will allow, had forgot it.

His indulgent father had allotted him, and Prospero, his brother, a convenient piece of ground, that each might have a little garden, and display his industry and knowledge in the cultivation of it. And not only this, but they had leave to sow whatever seed they thought proper, or to take any tree, or root, already growing in their father's garden, and transplant it.

Prospero remembering the instruction of his father, went to have a little conversation on this subject with Ralph the gardener, and began thus: Pray tell me what I ought to sow at present in my garden, and how to set about my work.

The gardener gave him several roots and seeds adapted to the season. Prospero that moment ran and put them in the ground,  
and

and Ralph was so kind as to assist him in the work, and to give him some instruction.

But Allan, seeing Prospero's docility, shrugged up his shoulders. Ralph, not observing this contemptuous action, asked if he should give him some assistance and instruction likewise?

Yes, replied Allan; I have great occasion, to be sure, for your assistance and instruction, particularly the last!

On this, he went into his father's garden; and selecting for his own, a quantity of flowers, transplanted them immediately. The gardener let him do as he thought fit.

Next morning, when Allan visited his garden, all the flowers which he had so lately planted hung their heads like mourners at a funeral, and, as he saw, were dying. He transplanted others from his father's garden, which the morning after he observed, with much vexation, were exactly in the same condition.

He was very soon disgusted with this sort of work. It was paying very dear, we must acknowledge, for the pleasure of possessing a few flowers. Of course he gave  
it

it up, and it was not long before his piece of ground was overrun with weeds and thistles.

Towards the middle of the Spring, as he was looking at his brother's garden, he saw something red suspended very near the ground, which, on examination, he discerned to be strawberries, and found to have an exquisite degree of flavour.

Ah, said he, if I had planted strawberries in my garden!

Some time after, likewise, he saw certain little berries of a milk white colour, that hung down in clusters from the branches of a bush; upon examination, they were currants, which to look at only was a banquet.

Ah, said he again, if I had planted currants in my garden!!

Eat as many as you like, said Prospero, as if they were your own.

It depended on yourself, and no one else, remarked the gardener, to have had as good; so never for the future treat with scorn the assistance and instruction which any one may offer you, who is possessed of greater knowledge and experience than yourself.

## OBLIGINGNESS AND COMPLAISANCE.

**E**MILIA, Victoria, Juliet, and Sophia, had a governess who loved them with the fondness of a mother. This governess was called Mademoiselle Beaufoy.

Her greatest wish was, that her pupils should be virtuous in order to be happy; that a friendship for each other should increase the pleasures of their childhood; and that they should taste those pleasures without diminution or anxiety.

A kind indulgence, and exact degree of justice towards them, were the constant motives of her conduct, whether she had any thing to pardon, to reward, or punish in them.

She enjoyed, with infinite delight, the pleasing fruits of her instruction and example.

The four little girls began to be the happiest children upon earth. They told each other of their faults, forgave each other, shared together of each other's joys, and could not live without each other.

Alas!

Alas ! by what fatality do children poison the source of their own enjoyments, at the very moment when they begin to taste its charms ; and how great is their happiness when they are placed under the eye of a person endowed with equal prudence and tenderness.

It happened, that Mademoiselle Beaufoy was forced to leave her pupils for a time, as certain family concerns obliged her to visit France. She left them with reluctance, made a sacrifice of some advantages to the desire of quickly settling her affairs, and hardly had a month expired when she returned in safety to her little flock.

They all received her with the greatest signs of joy : but, alas ! what an unhappy alteration did she very soon perceive in these poor little children !

If, as frequently it happened, any one among them asked the slightest favour of another, the latter ill-naturedly refused it, and hence followed discontent and quarrels :—the uncommon gaiety that hitherto had been remarkable in all their little sports, and made their work itself delightful, was now changed to peevishness and

melancholy; and instead of those expressions dictated by peace and friendship, which were before heard in all their conversations, nothing now prevailed among them but incessant bickerings. Did either wish to take an hour's diversion in the garden? her sisters were sure to assign some reason for remaining in their chamber. And, in short, it was enough that any thing should meet the wish of one among them to displease the others.

It particularly chanced one day, that not contented to deny each other every sort of friendship and obligingness, they mutually distressed each other with reproaches. Mademoiselle Beaufoy, who sat as a witness of this scene, was so affected by it as even to shed tears.

She could not speak a word; and pensively withdrew into her chamber, that she might the better think upon the means of rendering back to these unhappy little ones the pleasures of their former friendship and reciprocal attachment, which they had lost.

She was still employed in this afflicting task, when all the four young ladies entered her

her



her apartment, with a peevish and uneasy look, complaining that they could be no longer happy in each other's company. There was not one of them but charged the rest with causing it; and all together earnestly desired their governess to restore them, if possible, to their lost happiness.

The governess received them in a very serious manner, saying, I observe, my children, you obstruct each other in your pleasures; therefore, that this circumstance may never come to pass again, let each take up her corner in this very room, if she thinks proper, and divert herself in any way that she likes, but so as not to interfere with either of her sisters. You may have recourse to this new mode of recreation instantly, as you have leave to play till night; but each (remember) in her corner, as I said just now.

The little girls were charmed with this proposal, took their places, and began to play.

Sophia entered into conversation with her doll, or rather told her many little stories; but her doll could not reply, and had no stories in her turn to tell. It was in vain

to look for any entertainment from her sisters; they were playing, each asunder, in their corners.

Juliet took her battledore and shuttlecock, yet none applauded her dexterity; besides, she would gladly have struck it across the room, but in that case there was nobody to send it back. It was in vain to hope such service from her sisters; they were playing, each asunder, in their corners.

Emilia could have wished to pass the time that now hung heavy on her at a game of which she was very fond, *hunt the slipper*: but, alas! who was there to pass the slipper from hand to hand? It was in vain to ask her sisters; they were playing, each asunder, in their corners.

And Victoria, who was very skilful as a little housewife, thought how she might give her friends an entertainment, and of course send out for many things to market. But who was to receive her orders? It was in vain to pitch upon her sisters; they were playing, each asunder, in their corners.

It was just the same with every other play. All of them supposed that it would be

be compromising matters to approach each other, and therefore they disdainfully continued in their solitude. At length the day concluded. They returned again to Mademoiselle Beaufoy, and begged her to shew them a better sort of amusement than that which she had already recommended.

I can only think of one, my children, answered she, which you yourselves knew very well formerly, but which it seems you have now forgotten. Yet, if you wish to put it once more into practice, I can easily remind you of it.

Oh! we wish to recollect it with all our hearts, replied they; and stood all attention to seize with ardour the first word that their governess should utter.

It is, answered she, that reciprocal obligingness, that mutual friendship, which sisters owe to each other. O, my dearest little friends! how miserable have you contrived to make yourselves and me too, since you lost it!

She stopped short when she had uttered these few words, which yet were interrupted frequently by sighs, while tears of tenderness ran down her cheeks.

The little girls appeared astonished and struck dumb with sorrow and confusion in her presence. She held out her arms; they rushed at once affectionately towards her, and sincerely promised that they would love each other for the future, and agree as they had done before she left them.

From that moment they betrayed no signs of peevishness to trouble their harmonious intercourse. Instead of bickerings and discontent amongst them, nothing now was known but mutual condescensions which delighted all who had the opportunity of being with them.

They preserve this amiable character at present in the world among their friends, of whom they are acknowledged to be the delight and ornament.

## THE LINNET'S NEST.

**M**A MA, mama, cried out little Sam, one evening, running out of breath into the parlour; see, see, what I have here in my hat.

*Mrs. Baxter.* Ha, ha! a linnet! Where did you get it?

*Sam.* I happened to find a nest in the morning, as I passed along the white-thorn hedge, below the fish-pond. And waiting till the evening, I crept along the hedge as softly as I could, and flap! before the bird could be aware of me, caught her by the wings.

*Mrs. Baxter.* Was she by herself, then, in the nest?

*Sam.* No, no; the little ones were in it too. But they are so little yet that they have not got their feathers. Oh! they can't escape me!

*Mrs. Baxter.* And what do you intend to do with this linnet?

*Sam.* Put it in a cage, mama.

*Mrs. Baxter.* And with the young ones?

*Sam.* Oh! I'll take the young ones too, and rear them. I will run now and fetch them.

*Mrs. Baxter.* I am sorry, Sam; but you will not have time to get them.

*Sam.* Oh! it is not far off. Don't you know the Windfor pear-tree? Well, it is close by that. I have taken care to mark the place.

*Mrs. Baxter.* But that is not the matter. What I mean is, that our neighbour, Justice Sharp, has sent to take you up. The constables are very likely come, and at the door.

*Sam.* The constables! to take me up?

*Mrs. Baxter.* Yes, yes; to take you up! The justice has your father in custody already; and the constables who took him, told us that they would soon come back for you, with Kitty, Bell, and Sally, and then carry you all four to prison.

*Sam.* Oh! dear me! And what does he design to do with us?

*Mrs. Baxter.* You will be shut up in a little room, and not have permission to come out a moment.

*Sam.* Oh! the wicked justice!

*Mrs.*

*Mrs Baxter.* However, he will not do you any harm. They will give you, every day, good things to eat and drink. You will have nothing to complain of but your loss of freedom, and the pleasure of seeing me. (*Sam begins to cry.*) Well, what is the matter with you? Is confinement such a great misfortune, if they give you every thing that you want? (*Sam cannot speak for sobbing.*) The justice treats your father, sisters, and yourself, as you would treat the linnet and its young. You cannot call him wicked, therefore, as you do, without confessing that you are so yourself.

*Sam, (sobbing.)* Oho! I will let the linnet fly, mama, this instant. (*He opens his hat, and the bird flies out at the window.*)

*Mrs. Baxter, (taking him into her arms.)* Be of comfort, my dear Sam! for I only meant to give you some instruction by this little story of the justice: neither will your father, or your sisters, or yourself, be sent to prison. All I wished was to convince you how wicked it would be to shut up the poor little bird. As much as you appeared afflicted, when I told you that they would

take you up, so much the little bird *was* certainly when you deprived her of her liberty. Conceive how much the cock would have lamented to be parted from the hen, the young ones from their mother, and the mother from her young ones. This I am sure you did not think of, otherwise you never would have taken it. Tell me, would you ?

*Sam.* Never, dear mama ; I did not once think of all this.

*Mrs. Baxter.* Well, think of it for the future, and forget not that birds, as well as every other creature, were created to enjoy their liberty, and that it would be cruel to fill up with sorrow that short period of existence which God had granted them ; and, to remember this the better, you should get by heart a little piece of poetry that your friend has written.

*Sam.* What ! the Children's Friend ? Oh ! pray repeat it to me.



## THE LINNETS.

HOLD it fast, this linnet's nest,  
With one, two, three, four young ones  
in it :

Long did I watch you, without rest,  
But pris'ners made you in a minute:

Cry, little rebels, as you please,  
And flap your wings; but vain you'll  
find it !

You cannot get away with ease ;  
So stay with me, and never mind it.

But, don't I hear their mother's cries  
Deplore their durance that has bound  
them ?

Yes; and their father likewise flies,  
Sadly complaining, round and round  
them.

And shall I cause them so much pain  
Who us'd to go last spring, and hear  
them

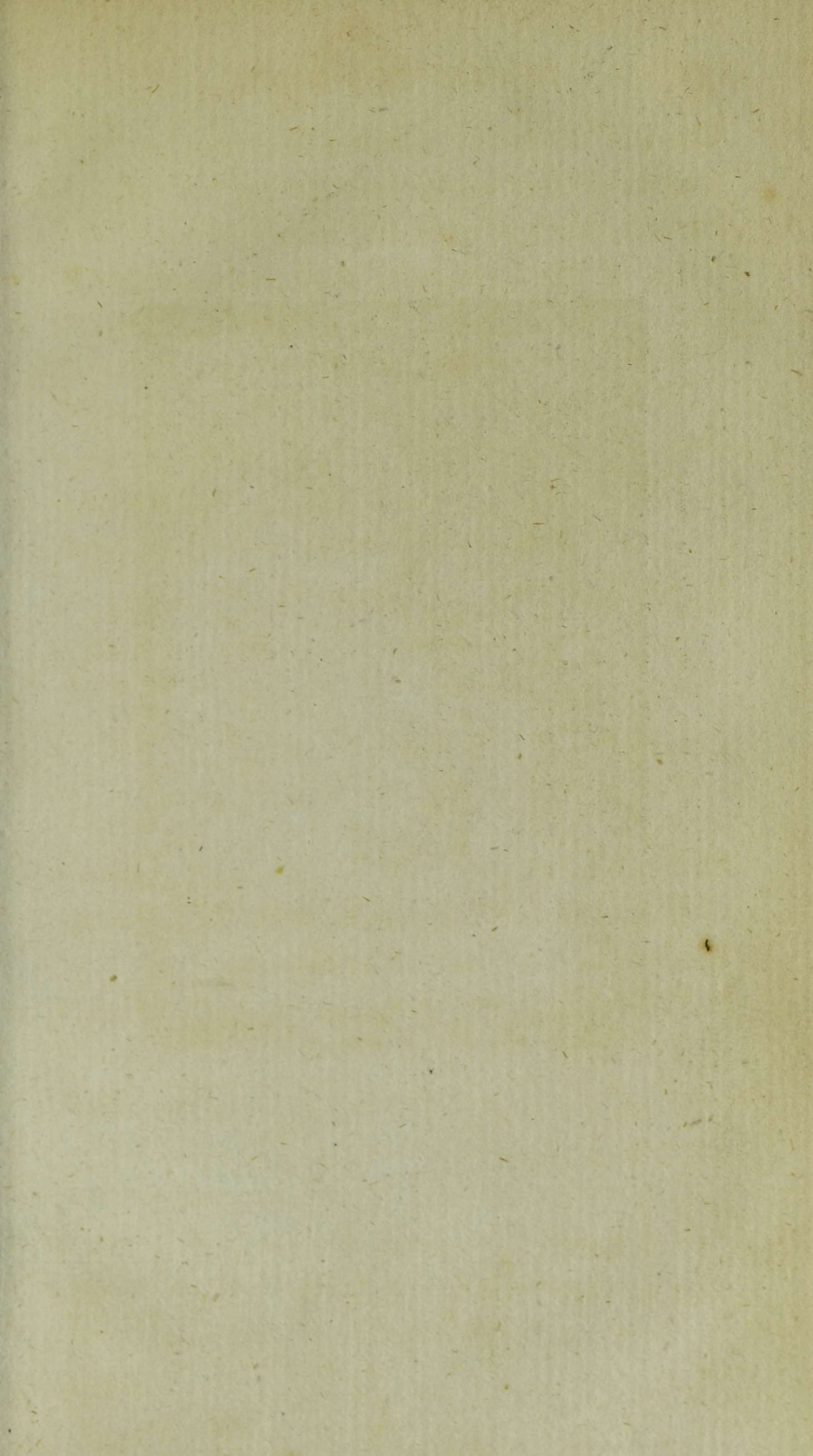
From yon broad oak pour down their strain,  
While the whole grove was music near  
them ?

Alas ! if from my mother I  
Should thus with violence be parted,  
I know, with sorrow she would die,  
Or, if she liv'd, live broken-hearted.

Should I then, cruel spoiler ! tear,  
Those innocents from her who bore them ?  
No : I'll not doom you to despair !  
Take back your young, I here restore  
them.

Teach them, in some o'er-arching glade,  
Round you, from morn till night to  
hover,  
Learning to harmonize the shade,  
Throat answering throat, and lover lover.

So will I come and fit, next year,  
With the first dawn, till day's descending,  
Under the oak, and feast my ear  
While their soft notes are sweetly blend-  
ing.





The Spirit of Contradiction

## THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

*Mrs. Cranfield, Helen, her daughter.*

*Helen.* **N**O, mama: I had much rather finish this purse.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* But then, Helen, Caroline would certainly be a great deal better pleased with the work-bag. Do not you recollect, she seemed delighted when you showed her yours? and the bag you have above stairs is made exactly like it.

*Helen.* Notwithstanding that, mama, I know she would like the purse a great deal better.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* Be it so; but will the purse be finished? There are still at least a dozen rows to do; whereas, the work-bag only wants a ribband to complete it. Sure you would not pay a visit to your cousin, on her birth-day, and go there without some present for her?

*Helen.* O, mama, you know, I should not like to do so; but believe me, you shall see the purse very soon finished.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* Think before you come

to any resolution. Your father, I suppose you know, sets out at four o'clock exactly, and if any one among you has not finished what she had to do, she will not go with him.

*Helen.* He sets out at five o'clock, mama, not four.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* Helen, will you never be rid of this shocking trick? Will you always be determined to assert the absolute reverse of every thing that you hear?

*Helen.* But if I am sure that papa sets out at five, and not before?

*Mrs. Cranfield.* Well, well, Helen; it will very soon be seen which is in the right. But I advise you, as a friend, to be prepared against the hour that I mention.

*Helen.* O, if that be all, mama, you may be sure to find me ready, even at four: for look ye, it is, as one may say, quite finished. I should gain a quarter of an hour beside, were I to run and work below there, in the garden.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* Why so, pray?

*Helen.* Because it is so much lighter there.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* But sure, you will lose a  
deal

deal of time in going thither and returning?

*Helen.* O! do not fear but I shall recover it again. My work will go on ten times the better for it.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* As you please, Helen; but remember, I have forewarned you what may be the case.

*Helen.* I will take the consequence upon myself, and run as fast as possible.

In fact, she did run thither very fast; so fast that she arrived quite out of breath. She wanted more than half a dozen minutes to recover; and at last, when she was set at work, her hands were in a tremble, owing to her flurry; so that she frequently took up one stitch for another. In the end, when she was quite recovered, it must be owned, she pushed her work on very fast. And yet, in spite of all her diligence, it seemed to grow beneath her fingers. Mrs. Cranfield, who was really uneasy, came to find her.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* Well, Helen, how goes business forward? Have you finished?

*Helen.* No, not yet, mama; nor is it five o'clock yet.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Cranfield.* Right, Helen; but it is four: the clock has just struck.

*Helen.* Not struck, mama. I have been listening; so I am sure of that.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* I do not know how it came about then that I heard it; and your father must have heard it likewise, for you will find that he is setting out.

*Helen.* O! now, I am sure, you are joking: that can never be.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* However, Dick has put the horses to, and here are your brother and your sisters coming. They are ready.

*Helen.* O, dear me! You do not say so, mama!

*The Brother, (coming forward.)* Where are you, Helen? We are waiting now for none but you.

*Helen.* One moment, brother.

*The Brother.* Four o'clock has struck, and you remember, papa at dinner told us that he should go precisely to a minute; having an appointment here, at half past five.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* Well now, Helen, you remember what I told you.

*Helen.* But, mama—

(*Helen's*



(*Helen's three sisters enter, crying out,*)  
Helen! come, come, come!

*Helen, (vexed.)* Do not be in a hurry children.

*The Brother.* How, Helen, have you not done your purse yet? See here the little landscape that I shall give my cousin.

*First Sister.* And this pot of flowers, which will be my present.

*Second Sister.* And this housewife of my making for her.

*Third Sister.* And these garters that I have knit her.—But here comes papa.

*Mr. Cranfield, (coming in.)* Well, we are setting out. You know, Helen, I never make any one wait for me, therefore I never stay for others. If you are ready, come along; but if not, remain behind.

*Helen.* My purse is not done yet: I have but two short rows to finish.

*Mr. Cranfield. (beckoning the other children to follow.)* Well, good bye, Helen: I will give your love to Caroline, and say that you wish her well and happy, on her birthday. (*They go out.*)

*Helen, (crying.)* They are setting out, and I must stay at home quite melancholy! I  
that

that waited with so much impatience for this day! Caroline will have a present from every one of them, and I, the eldest, am not of the party! What will she think of me?

*Mrs. Cranfield.* In reality, the case is pitiable, I must own; and more particularly so, as it depended on yourself alone, to shun this mortifying situation. I forewarned you what would be the case, in proper time; and if, instead of being obstinately bent to go on with your purse, you had but put a ribband to your work-bag; if you had not lost so many minutes as you did in running hither; if you had not taken it into your head, from the first, that your father was not to set out till five, you would have saved yourself all this vexation. The misfortune is now come, and you have only to support it, as you ought, with patience.

*Helen.* But my aunt and uncle, what will they think of me? They will imagine that I am in disgrace, or else that I do not love my cousin.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* You must own, Helen, they will have some reason to suspect as much.

*Helen.*

*Helen.* Ah, dear mama! instead of lessening, you increase my sorrow!

*Mrs. Cranfield.* No, Helen, I am no less sorrowful than you: but then, if you think proper, I can end your sorrow.

*Helen.* Oh now, you are quite good! Yes, yes; I will make an end as soon as possible, and then we two will take the purse. My uncle, aunt, and cousin too, will be agreeably surpris'd, and see that my coming so late was not my fault. I suppose then, you will send out to fetch a coach, and in the mean time I shall finish.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* No, Helen, that would be to disobey your father, and deprive you of the benefit accruing from an useful lesson. You shall not, at least to-day, go see your cousin; but may have it in your power to be as happy as you would have been by going. I have a certain method to propose to you for that purpose.

*Helen.* And what is it, pray, mama?

*Mrs. Cranfield.* To form, from this time forward, a determin'd resolution not to settle matters just as you yourself think proper; to renounce particularly that intolerable trick that you have of contradicting

ing

ing everlastingly whatever you hear said; and to rid yourself of the vile habit of opposing your own ridiculous ideas to the counsels of such people as you know to be wiser than yourself. I am persuaded, you have sufficient courage to take up any resolution, and to support it.

*Helen.* Yes, indeed, mama, I will, I will do so.

*Mrs. Cranfield.* I expected nothing less from you, Helen; and if during the remainder of the week I see you persevere in your laudable resolution, we will go next Saturday and see your cousin. We shall then carry her the purse and the work-bag also, which will make her think that you have delayed your present with a view of complimenting her with something worthier of herself, and more expressive of your generosity.

*Helen, (embracing her mama.)* Oh! dear mama, once more you make me happy!

*Mrs. Cranfield.* You, Helen, make me no less happy. Possibly this very moment you are laying the foundation of your whole future happiness.

## THE DESERTER.

A DRAMA, in THREE ACTS.

## CHARACTERS.

MOORHOUSE, - a Publican.  
 GRACE, - his Wife.  
 GEORGE *their Son*, a Corporal.  
 TRUNNION, - his Comrade.  
 THOMAS, - Moorhouse's Brother.  
 STEWARD.  
 CAPTAIN.  
 SERJEANT.

*During the two first acts, the scene is laid in the Publican's house; but changes to a prison in the last.*

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*Moorhouse, (entering,) Grace, (spinning with a distaff and spindle.)*

*Moorhouse.* **H**ERE is a soldier coming,  
*Grace.*

*Grace, (letting fall her spindle.)* A soldier! What are we to do? Our trade gone, and a soldier quartered on us!

*Moorhouse.*

*Moorhouse.* After all, perhaps, though it is not likely that he should help us, he will have more compassion on our poverty than richer folks. A soldier's character, my dear, is much misrepresented: he has far more conscience than a steward, who is hardened to oppress the poor by dint of habit, while a soldier is often thinking of another life, as he has death before him often.

## S C E N E II.

*Moorhouse, Grace, Trunnion.*

*Trunnion.* Save you! I am come to be your guest. See, here is the billet: it is for two. Another is on the road.

*Moorhouse.* We would entertain you, soldier, with all our hearts, but we really have not the means. Though we keep a public-house, yet trade is so dead that we cannot renew our licence, which is almost out. We signified as much to Justice Parsons in the neighbourhood, and begged that no soldiers might be sent us; but he answered, till our licence was expired we must be looked upon as publicans, and take the consequence. Indeed, we have hardly now  
 7 a single

a single customer: the house is deserted, and our stock of liquor out to the very last drop.

*Trunnion.* But, for heaven's sake, my good people, tell me how you live without a bit of fire?

*Grace.* When one has got no fuel, and no money to buy any—

*Trunnion.* For my part, I must have some to warm me, and a bit of dinner likewise. Have you any thing to give me?

*Grace.* Nothing; not so much as bread. We live from hand to mouth; and when we get one meal, cannot tell when we shall have another. If you do not believe me, take a look about the house, and see if you discover any thing but poverty within it.

*Trunnion.* No, no; I believe and pity you. I have a little money in my pocket, which I cannot do better than share with you. My good friend, here is a shilling and some halfpence: go, buy us something good to eat; you shall take a bit along with us, but first, a little wood.

*Moorhouse.* You are very kind; I will run immediately. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

*Trunnion, Grace.*

*Trunnion.* And in the mean time, with your leave, good mother, I will examine how my arms are.

*Grace.* With my leave, good friend? Do what you please; you are welcome.—*(Aside.)* My husband is right; soldiers are much better christians than too many gentlefolks.—*(To Trunnion.)* My son is a soldier likewise.

*Trunnion.* In what regiment?

*Grace.* Colonel Sheffield's.

*Trunnion.* What is his name then?

*Grace.* George Moorhouse.—Heaven knows if he be still alive. I have not heard about him for these four years.

*Trunnion.* Do not you be uneasy, my good woman, he is still living.

*Grace.* Dear sir, do you know him then?

*Trunnion, (embarrassed.)* I can't tell that; but I suppose he is living, as he came of such good folks.

*Grace.* Ah, that is no reason.

*Trunnion.*



*Trunnion.* But I wish your husband were returned. If I had but the wood, I would make a fire. My comrade is rather boisterous, and will certainly be angry if he does not find things ready when he comes.

*Grace.* Oh! you will excuse us. A good word from you will pacify him.

*Trunnion.* Words will not do with him, and besides he is a corporal. I must not speak to him as I please.

## S C E N E IV.

*Trunnion, Grace, Moorhouse.*

*Moorhouse, (throwing down a faggot.)*  
Here is some wood, and a nice bit of meat; and turnips that a gardener gave me. I have brought you back a little change too.

*Trunnion.* Keep that to buy us some small beer. I thought to have had a pint of porter; but my family is increased, and so my liquor must be weaker.

*Grace.* Come, my dear, open the faggot, and I will make a fire: the gentleman says that his comrade is rather hasty.

*Trunnion.* Yes, and being a non-commissioned officer besides, he will expect things to be as they should. He is giving orders in the company, otherwife he would have been here before now. Ah! here he comes.

## S C E N E V.

*Trunnion, Grace, Moorhouse, George.*

*George.* Well, is dinner ready? Make haste, good people.

*Moorhouse.* It is not our fault, good sir, that matters are no forwarder. Your comrade will inform you so.

*Trunnion, (in a whisper to George.)* Come, finish this child's play, and tell them who you are *(To Grace.)* Consider this young man, good mother.

*George.* Do not you recollect me?

*Grace, (after having looked at George with attention.)* Heavens! can it be George?

*George.* Yes, yes, it is, dear mother. Oh, what pleasure to behold you after such long absence.

*Moorhouse.* Is it possible? my son! Oh, welcome dear, dear boy, a thousand times!

*Grace, (embracing him.)* I see you then once more before I die? Heaven be praised!

*Moorhouse.* And how have you contrived to live? so many, my dear son, are dead, but you in safety!

*George.* Yes, and yet I have never been deficient in my duty. I owe it certainly to your prayers, that I have escaped safe and sound from all dangers. I find I am quartered on you: Are you sorry for it?

*Moorhouse.* Can you ask if we are sorry! since the day you left us, we have never been so happy.

*Grace, (whispering Trunnion.)* My good friend, you told me something of a corporal, I think?

*Trunnion.* Why, George is a corporal. Don't you see it?

*Moorhouse.* Then you are promoted! but how came that about? You could not read.

*George.* My captain had me taught.

*Moorhouse.* Oh, what a charming man this captain must be!

*Grace.* Let them tell us now that soldiers are not special people !

*Trunnion.* I will answer for it, George will soon be higher than a corporal. (*To George.*) But how came you not to tell me, when you saw the billet, that you were quartered on your father ?

*George.* Comrade, I was so full of joy that I could not speak.

*Grace.* How long are you to stay with us ?

*George.* Two days. We halt here.

*Moorhouse.* I am glad of that, my dear boy ; we shall have time to talk of a few matters.

*Trunnion.* Well, well, I can see you have enough to talk of these three hours or more perhaps : so, mother, shew me where to make the fire and dress the meat ; I will do the whole myself.

*Grace.* At least I will help you, my good fir.

*Trunnion.* No, no ; you have enough to do with George, so do but shew me to your kitchen ; then you may come back, and talk together at your ease.

*Grace.* Since you will have it so.

SCENE

## SCENE VI.

*Moorhouse, George.*

*George.* Then, father, you are not at your ease?

*Moorhouse.* At our ease! Oh, no. Our trade is fallen from us, and in short, these two years past, it is wonderful how we subsist!

*George.* But how is that possible? you that were formerly so well to live!

*Moorhouse.* You have reason to be surpris'd at it, knowing as you do how laborious we always were, and that we did not manage like one half of our neighbours, who do not know how to lay by any thing against a rainy day. However, we have had severe losses since you left us, and now the worst of it is that we are indebted to our landlord upwards of four pounds. We cannot pay it, and the steward threatens every day to turn us out of doors, in which case we must beg our bread.

*George.* Just Heavens! could I have thought to find you in so sad a situation!

*Moorhouse.* We should never have been in it, had the steward not contrived to make you, as he did, a foldier. It was wholly a contrivance on his part; I will tell you the particulars some other opportunity. When he was nothing but a bailiff, and had scarce a coat to wear, I would not lend him money, and it was then that he first of all began to hate us. And at length he has completed his revenge. Our house is to be sold, and you will not possess a groat belonging to your father.

*George.* If you had but something to subsist on, I should not regard myself. Here is all the money that I possess. I give it you with tears, because I have no more to spare you.

*Moorhouse.* May heaven repay it to you a hundred fold, my dear child! This will keep us a few days.

*George.* Let me think a little. Cannot I speak with this same steward?

*Moorhouse.* He will be here this very day.

*George.* Then I will be sure to tell him something that may do you good. The king is coming to review our regiment; so  
you

you shall go and tell him your sad situation.

*Moorhouse.* I go tell him! I should not be able to pronounce a word before him. I should stand stock still, or perhaps run away through fear and terror, were I forced into his presence!

*George.* Never fear: he would return you a kind answer. I was once a centinel at Windsor, on the Terrace, when the king was walking there: it was upon a Sunday evening. I shall never sure forget with what familiarity he spoke to people; but that is nothing; for he met one morning with a poor man's child as he was walking through the town, and entering into conversation, found him such a clever little fellow, that he ordered him a guinea: when the father heard it, he was ever on the watch to fall in with his majesty, as he was walking out. He proved at last so fortunate as to obtain a hearing, when he thanked him for the guinea; upon which the king, would you believe it, ordered him another guinea for his gratitude, as he particularly mentioned.

*Moorhouse.* You don't tell me so!

*George.* Believe me, I would much rather have to speak with him than many of our officers.

*Moorhouse.* What a gracious king!

*George.* There cannot be a better. So pray hear what I intend to do; I will get our quarter-master to write me a petition; and though possibly you should have twenty miles to walk, no matter.

*Moorhouse.* And what, think you, will the king do for us?

*George.* I cannot tell exactly, but we will talk further about it to-morrow. In the mean time, be assured, dear father, it is much more agreeable to have to do with great than little people. Come, let us take a turn or two together through the village.



## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

*Moorhouse, Grace, George, (standing near a table.)*

*Grace.* We have no more than two plates.

*George.* No matter, mother. Our provider will be with us very shortly.

*Moorhouse.* What a deal of pains he takes on our account!

*George.* You do not know him yet: next to fighting, he likes nothing half so well as cooking: here he comes.

*Trunnion, (entering with the meat and turnips dressed.)* Here, my friends. Here is what will warm our stomachs this cold weather. I have made a little broth; and take a soldier's word, you will find it excellent. So let us sit down; but first say grace.—Come, help yourselves.—They say there is no such thing as eating broth without a spoon: and so here is mine. *(He takes a knife and spoon out of his pocket.)*

*Moorhouse.* I am very glad of that: we have but two. *(They help themselves.)*

*Grace, (to Moorhouse.)* The broth is excellent!

*Moorhouse.* I have not eat so good these many years.

*George.* Do not spare it then. To say the truth, I have tasted worse.

*Grace.* We would never wish for better as long as we live: nay, nor yet so good, except on Sundays.

*George.* Well, let us now begin upon the meat.

*Trunnion, (to Moorhouse.)* But how is this, my friend, you have no plate?

*Grace.* Oh, never mind: one plate will serve us both.

*Trunnion.* Here is mine.

*Moorhouse.* By no means.

*Trunnion.* I can make myself a plate. *(He cuts a slice of bread, and puts his meat upon it.)* We should be finely off in camp, if we were forced to wait for plates!

*George.* But father, you do not eat, what ails you?

*Moorhouse.* Ah!

*Trunnion.* What makes you sigh?

*Moorhouse.* I cannot help sighing, to reflect I should have treated George at my expence

expencc on his return, but was without a bit of bread to give him.

*George.* Pray do not talk at this rate, father.

*Trunnion.* No, no, do not even think about it. Come, your health! (*he drinks.*) Now you, good friend.

*Moorhouse,* (*taking the mug.*) Come, here is our benefactor's health; and many blessings on him for his kindness. (*Drinking.*)

*Grace.* Oh! a thousand blessings!— (*Drinking.*)

*George.* Comrade, my hearty thanks to you for this day's friendship shewn my parents.

*Trunnion.* Do you wish to make me proud? You drink my health, as if I had won a battle!

*Moorhouse.* Ay, and you deserve we should. You have yourself but little, and part with it for our sakes. (*A knock without.*)

*Grace.* Who's there?

## S C E N E II.

*Moorhouse, Grace, George, Trunnion, the Captain, Serjeant.*

*George.* Our captain!

*Serjeant, (with a pocket-book in his hand.)*

How many are you here?

*George, (rising.)* Two. *(They all rise.)*

*The Captain.* Very well. Do not stir: and you too, my good people, keep your seats, make no ceremony. I am charmed to see so much harmony and cordiality amongst you. Have you *(to Moorhouse)* any complaint against these men?

*Moorhouse.* Oh! no sir; if they are satisfied with us.

*The Captain, (to George.)* Do you like your quarters?

*George.* Sir, I am quartered with my father: it is my comrade's part to answer.

*Trunnion.* We have every thing that we desire.

*The Captain, (to Moorhouse.)* What! is this young man your son? You are very happy then; for I can tell you, all the regi-  
ment

ment love him. (*He looks round about him.*) I am afraid your circumstances are not of the easiest: but you are rich in having such a son!

*George.* I thank you, captain, for reserving this favourable testimony of me for the ears of my parents, and shall so behave myself, I hope, that they may never lose the happiness that it affords them.

*Moorhouse.* O, good sir! my bosom overflows with joy.

*Grace.* We should be happier, captain, could you let him stay with us.

*Moorhouse.* What, wife, to die of hunger? Would you think it, sir, this generous soldier, though a stranger to us, bought the dinner that we have been eating, otherwise we should not have had bread to give our son? We have lost our custom; and besides, our landlord, for about four pounds that we owe him—

*The Captain.* Threatens perhaps to turn you out of doors? The case, alas, is far too common: and I pity you sincerely. Here is a piece of gold that I chance to have about me: it will be of some assistance to you. George, this is what your conduct has deserved;

deserved; for it is on your account I give it to your parents.

*George.* Ah, my generous captain! if you knew how serviceable such a gift is, you would say yourself that I never can repay you as I ought.

*Moorhouse.* God only can repay such bounty.

*Grace.* May he grant you many years of happiness! If I had twenty children, I would let you have them every one with pleasure.

*The Captain.* Good woman! you repay my kindness very much indeed. One child is valuable to a parent, and you would give me twenty! but I interrupt your dinner. Farewell, good people. I will come once again and see you, if I can, before we go.

*Serjeant.* Trunnion, be ready for the next relief: the guard will turn out very soon.

## SCENE III.

*Moorhouse, Grace, George, Trunnion.*

*Trunnion, (drinking.)* Long live our noble captain!

*George.* So I say indeed; for he has saved us all from dying.

*Moorhouse.* He yet never saw us, and we get a piece of gold! who could have thought that a stranger would compassionate our situation, when we are treated with so much barbarity by those that know us?

*Grace.* O the blessed gentleman! but how much is it worth? (*looking at the piece of gold.*) It must be of pretty large value.

*Moorhouse.* Good heavens! could I suppose that I should ever stand in such need of a single piece of money! What is it? Do you know its value, George?

*George.* I never saw so large a piece.

*Trunnion.* It is more, I am certain, than a guinea: but I cannot tell how much.—Stay, let me see.—Oh! now I recollect. It is what they call a six-and-thirty: there are several now going about. They come from

from Portugal : it is nearly worth two guineas.

*Grace.* What ! two guineas ! almost half our debt : if the steward would take this in part, it would make us easy.

*Moorhouse.* I hope he will give us a little time for the remainder.

*Grace.* Do you think that is likely ? I should be content to live upon dry bread till next winter, provided we were not obliged to leave our house.

*George.* Do not be uneasy mother, I will try what I can do with him.

*Grace.* We stood so much in fear of soldiers, and a soldier is now our guardian angel ! God's good providence be praised for this repast, and the assistance that he has sent us. (*They all rise.*)

*Trunnion.* Well now, I will put every thing away.

*Grace.* Yes, truly, if I would let you. Rest yourself ; I will do that myself.

*Trunnion.* No, no ; it is part of my employ. I will have you recollect the day we quartered in your little cot as long as you both live.

*Grace.* There is no resisting you. (*Trun-*



*nion takes the things out.*) I am not surpris'd that the women are so fond of soldiers; they must make such husbands! they do all the work themselves, and with so much dexterity! but I must follow, or he will wash the plates. (*She is going, but returns.*) Ah! here is brother Thomas. Let us observe if he will remember George.

## S C E N E IV.

*Moorhouse, Grace, George, Thomas.*

*Grace, (to Thomas.)* Look, brother, here is a young man come to see us. Don't take him for a common soldier though. Have you any knowledge of him? or you George, have you? go to him: it is your uncle Thomas.

*George.* Just as if I did not recollect him!

*Thomas.* I your uncle?—let me see.—  
No—Yes—Yes, he himself. My nephew, as I live!—(*They embrace.*) One need not ask about your health; you look so very well!

*George.* I hope, dear uncle, you are as well as I am.

*Grace.*

*Grace.* I could wish you did but know how much his captain praises him! I wish I could stay and tell you; but I am forced to go, or I believe our cook would set the house to rights from top to bottom.

### S C E N E V.

*Moorhouse, Thomas, George.*

*Thomas.* I rejoice, dear nephew, with all my heart, to see you safe come home: however trust me if you have not heard the whole already, you could never have returned to find us more unhappy. We are all as poor, as if the country had been pillaged.

*Moorhouse.* And our landlord's wicked steward would gladly, if he could, suck out the little blood that is left us.

*George.* You no longer need have any fear of him, as you can pay down half the sum that you owe him. He must needs be patient, till such time as you can pay the rest.

*Moorhouse, (letting Thomas see his piece of gold.)* See brother; see what George has got me.

*Thomas,*

*Thomas*, (to *George*.) Did you save it from your pay, or is it plunder?

*George*. Neither one, nor the other; it is a present from my captain who was here just now.

*Moorhouse*. It is to *George* however that I am obliged for it: his captain gave it me, because he had behaved himself so well.

*Thomas*. In truth I am so much better pleased; because a soldier, who would lay up such a deal of money from his slender pay, must certainly deprive himself of many little comforts in this life: and, as to plunder, justify it how you will, it is always villainously got, and never prospers.

*George*. That was what I always thought; and therefore never would go pillaging: indeed with all the plunder that others got, I found they were not richer than myself: but on the contrary, spent half their time in the black hole, being always guilty of some crime or other, after they had been a robbing, for it was nothing else; whereas my officers were never troubled with complaints of me.

*Thomas*. I easily believe you. All your family are honest people; and you would  
not,

net, I am sure, be the only good-for-nothing fellow of the number. We are poor indeed, but have the fear of God before our eyes, and that is much better than the greatest riches.

*Moorhouse.* Yes; and if the steward—

*Thomas.* Softly brother, here he comes.

## S C E N E VI.

*Moorhouse, George, Thomas, the Steward.*

*The Steward.* Well, Moorhouse; to-morrow is just at hand. You are ready I suppose to pay your rent, or else to quit your house.

*Moorhouse.* I cannot, my good sir, pay more than half; nor should I have been able to do that, if Providence had not assisted me. Be so indulgent as to wait till harvest for the rest, and do not complete my ruin by distressing me still further than I am distressed already.

*The Steward.* By distressing you! the common cant: the more one does, the more one may for such as you. How long, pray, has not this same rent of yours been growing?  
ing?

ing? yet my lord distreffes you; and why? because at last he tells you that he will have his money!

*Moorhouse.* But is half of what we owe him nothing? Take that half, let me beseech you, and intreat my lord in our behalf.

*The Steward.* Yes, yes, intreat him to let you lead him by the nose another twelve month? I shall hardly do so: therefore pay the whole; or else I seize, that's certain.

*George.* Oh! a little mercy, my good sir; and think that with a single word you have it in your power to make my father happy. If there's nothing goes unpunished in this world, 'tis surely no small matter to reduce an honest man to beggary.

*The Steward.* Mind your musquet, and not my affairs.

*George.* My musquet, sir, belongs to the king, and I shall take care of it without your instructions. If the king were here present, he would not take it amiss that I should speak for my parents, and yet, I think, there is some difference between you and him.

*The*

*The Steward.* Mr. Soldier, you may have seen service, as they call it, but remember that you are not talking now to some boor whom you have plundered, and have at your mercy.

*George.* I never talked to any man as, I think, I should to you (*now I know your disposition,*) were I to meet you in an enemy's country.

*The Steward.* You will never have that satisfaction.

*Thomas.* Excuse a soldier's bluntnefs, my good fir.

*The Steward.* Hold your tongue likewise.—I have you down in my papers, I believe.

*Thomas.* I am sure you have ; and not me only, but all honest people.

*The Steward.* What do you mean by that ?

SCENE

## S C E N E VII.

*Moorhouse, George, Thomas, the Steward,  
Grace, Trunnion.*

*Grace.* The steward here!

*Moorhouse.* Be quiet, wife.—For Heaven's sake, let me beg you, Mr. Steward—

*The Steward.* All your prayers are useless; and to-morrow you shall set out on your travels.

*Grace.* You will surely have some pity on us. We shall soon get work. Here is half your money, and our house will still be standing for the other half, if we should break our word.

*The Steward.* Still standing! you may burn it: but if not, I must obey the orders of his lordship.

*George.* Has his lordship ordered you to ruin a whole family, for what my father owes him? You are paid to take whatever care you can of his affairs; and by proceeding as you would you do not earn your wages. Therefore take my counsel, and for once fulfil your duty.

*The Steward.* Will you tell me what my  
duty

duty is? you may keep your counsel to yourself; I tell you that.

*George.* And you, I tell you, may be civil.

*The Steward.* Who taught you all this impudence?

*Trunnion.* Suppose yourself a moment in this young man's situation. He is a foldier, and a foldier always knows what he is to say; a thousand times better, at least, than any steward. You have dared before his face, to tell his father that he shall go upon his travels. We all know the meaning of that phrase: and would you have him stand there like a post before you, without having the spirit to open his lips? Who could keep his temper if he saw his family on the point of being ruined by an ill-natured cur of your stamp? We know what stewards are, and how they make fortunes. This young man spoke to you civilly at first, and you slighted him. He is in the right now to speak the truth to you.

*The Steward.* This is past bearing. (*Turns in a violent rage to Moorhouse.*) Are you disposed to pay? I ask you but once more.

*Moorhouse.* I have told you that it is not in my power.

*Grace.*



*Grace.* And offered you the little that we have.

*The Steward.* I will have the whole or nothing.—If it is not sent to-morrow, you shall hear from me.

*George, (stopping him.)* Once more.

*The Steward.* Let me go. I'll not have any thing to do with such a ragamuffin.

*George, (striking him.)* Ragamuffin! You are speaking to a soldier, sir, take that: and out with you. Old rascal! get you gone!  
(*he pushes him out.*)

*The Steward.* Oh! vengeance! vengeance!

### S C E N E XIII.

*Moorhouse, Grace, Thomas, George, Trunnion.*

*Grace.* George, my dear George, what have you done!

*Moorhouse.* We are ruined.

*George.* Do not be frightened, father. Had you wept even blood, he would not have relaxed. I never struck a man before; but I was never called a ragamuffin

in my life till now. Could I be a foldier had I borne it?

*Trunnion.* If you had not struck him, I was ready to strike you.

*Moorhouse.* Who knows what it may cost us?

*George.* What, because I would not be insulted?

*Grace.* It was very wrong in you; for notwithstanding he insulted you, yet still you should have recollected that he is my lord's steward.

*George.* Pshaw! he is not the first of his profession that has undergone a foldier's vengeance. I, for my part, think it perfect sympathy, that when a foldier sees a rogue, he naturally knocks him down.

*Grace.* I can't help thinking we should certainly have softened him at last.

*George.* No, trust me, never.

*Grace, (to Moorhouse.)* What think you, my love? It will be much better for us to go after him.

*George.* It would be useless.

*Moorhouse.* That may be; but I am resolved, it shall not be said that I have left  
any

any means untried. So Grace, let us go together.

*George.* Well, since you will go, let it be so: but if he yields, I'll eat my hat.

*Moorhouse.* Come, wife, let us try this only method left us; and Heaven's will be done, if it should fail.

*Grace.* Sure, since we have struggled through life thus far, Providence will not let us perish with hunger at last.

*Trunnion.* Your mother, I can see, has all her necessary consolations ready when she wants them. I will go see, on my side, what our comrades are doing.

## S C E N E IX.

*George, Thomas.*

*George.* And do you think, uncle, that I have exposed my parents to the steward's malice more, by my behaviour, than they were already?

*Thomas.* Trust me, so I fear, though it was bad enough before between them. And yet, nephew, they might certainly have mended their affairs last week, if they had only had a little less compassion.

*George.* How, dear uncle?

*Thomas.* They discovered a deserter, but would not inform against him, notwithstanding the reward.

*George.* Indeed!

*Thomas.* The blacksmith here hard by was not so scrupulous, and got the money.

*George, (to himself.)* A deserter! a thought strikes me.—*(To Thomas.)* O uncle! I can save my father, if I please; but must have your assistance. May I trust you?

*Thomas.* Certainly.

*George.* But can you keep a secret?

*Thomas.* I have always thought I could.

*George.* Whatever happens?

*Thomas.* Yes, provided there is no wickedness in the affair.

*George.* None, uncle.

*Thomas.* Well then, speak.

*George.* But were you to betray me?

*Thomas.* It must sure be some extraordinary matter?

*George.* Yes; but you will have no reason to fear any thing.

*Thomas.* Well, come then to the purpose.

*George.* I will desert this very night. You shall secure me, and get forty shillings

lings by it, which will nearly pay my father's debt.

*Thomas.* I fancy you are turned fool! What, I secure you? I, your uncle? Why not bid me take a musquet up at once, and shoot you?

*George.* There is no musquet in the case. A soldier is never shot the first time that he deserts.

*Thomas.* Well then, at least he is flogged severely.

*George.* But I need not fear even that; for all the officers of the regiment love me, and I am sure I shall get off.

*Thomas.* No, no; I cannot consent. Suppose your father was to know it?

*George.* Can he know it, if we keep the secret? For deserting, as I have told you, I shall not be shot: though, were there any room to fear it, I have often risqued my life to benefit my country; I can risque it surely then to benefit my father. Think too, he is your brother, and that by this way only we can save him and my mother too from beggary, and perhaps from death.

*Thomas.* The devil, sure, has brought me

into this temptation. I cannot tell what resolution I should take.

*George.* Remember you have promised me, will you break your word? In my despair I shall desert, and then my father will get nothing by it: so that you have no affection for your family if you refuse me.

*Thomas.* No affection!—You hold out a knife before me, and are ready, as it were, to stab me to the heart.

*George.* Well, uncle, take your choice. Time presses.

*Thomas.* But should you deceive me, nephew! Should your sentence be——

*George.* Of death, I have told you, there is no fear. At worst, it will not exceed a whipping. I know how to suffer, and at every lash I shall bethink me that I have saved my father.

*Thomas.* Well then, I consent to do as you direct me; but should matters fall out otherwise——

*George.* How can they fall out otherwise? Give me your hand, and be secret. Our people call the Roll, as we term it, at six o'clock, and he that does not answer to his name is marked down as a deserter; now

you

you shall conduct me to the guard-room to-night, and inform them that you apprehended me ten miles out of town, as I was deserting from the regiment.

*Thomas.* It is the first deceit that I ever was concerned in.

*George.* Do not reproach yourself with it, dear uncle, since it will get us both a blessing. Let us embrace once more; and now go, find my father. But take care! let me conjure you not to cause suspicion. If I am doing wrong, God will assuredly forgive me. What should not a duteous son do for the preservation of his parents?

### A C T III.

#### S C E N E I. *A Prison.*

*Drums and other music at a distance.*

*Trunnion, (coming in.)* Oh! my poor dear George! He should have told us his distress about the cursed steward, and not thus deserted. Who would have imagined it last night? to have gone off, been apprehended, and suffered his punishment all within the

compass of a night and a morning! But it is over, and I am glad of it. He has borne it like a hero; never uttered a single groan; the regiment that loved him so well hitherto, will, I am sure, not love him the worse for it; for my part I could have gone through half the punishment for him. But here he comes.

## S C E N E II.

*Trunnion, George, Serjeant.*

*George, (entering, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven.)* Thank heaven! it is over, and my father is safe!

*Serjeant, (in surprise.)* His father is safe! what does he mean by that?

*George.* Dear Trunnion!

*Trunnion, (embracing him.)* O my dearest friend! how fares it with you?

*George.* Do not shed tears for my sake, comrade; I am much happier than you think.

*Serjeant, (aside.)* What can all this mean?—Shall I go fetch the surgeon?

*George.* No Serjeant, I thank you.

*Serjeant.*



*Serjeant, (aside, shaking his head.)* There is something of a mystery in all this. I will go and tell my captain what I think of the affair. *(goes out.)*

## S C E N E III.

*George, Trunnion.*

*Trunnion.* Well at least then take a drop of something to support you. *(Giving him a glass of liquor.)*

*George, (squeezing Trunnion by the hand.)* Thank you heartily, good comrade. *(He drinks.)*

*Trunnion.* I am rejoiced that the court, in consequence of our request in your behalf, remitted so much of your sentence. But pray tell me, comrade, what possessed you to desert thus!

*George.* I am ashamed, dear Trunnion, to conceal the reason from you; so do not ask me; it is a secret that I can never mention.

## SCENE IV.

*Trunnion, George, Thomas.*

*Thomas, (entering violently agitated.)* Well, now are you satisfied?—

*Trunnion.* Softly! softly! You seem agitated. Do not disturb your nephew, he wants rest. A man is not always the same.

*George, (whispering his uncle.)* You are angry, uncle. Should you speak of the affair between us, you will undo me.

*Thomas.* I am undone already.

*George.* Are you serious?—*(to Trunnion.)* Prithee, my good friend, leave us a moment to ourselves. *(Trunnion retires a little.)*

*Thomas.* Your father is in so great a passion that he will not see me, on account of my having informed against you, and received the money. Besides he will not accept a farthing of it. When I offered it to him, he rejected it with horror. God forbid! cried he, it is the price of my son's blood. What then shall I do? There is scarce a boy in the village but will pelt me for my

my treachery, as they call it; and all this through you.

*George.* Be pacified, dear uncle! every thing will yet be well. The worst is past: and you have only to go back and tell my father that I desire to see him.

*Thomas.* No, not I:—he won't permit me to approach him. I informed you so before. But how is this! I see him coming with my sister.

## S C E N E V.

*George, Thomas, Moorhouse, Grace.*

*Grace.* Where is my son? Let me see him.

*Trunnion.* This way, good mother; here he is.

*Grace, (running up to George.)* What have you been doing, son? How could you cause us so much sorrow?

*Moorhouse. (in anger.)* Are you here, unhappy wretch? You have yourself converted all the joy that you gave me yesterday into distress and sorrow. I will never see you more.

*George.* Dear father, pray forgive me! I have undergone my punishment.

*Moorhouse.* Yes, for flying from your colours; but you have not suffered for disgracing us in our old age. Sure sixty years, all passed without a blot upon our character, entitled us to hope that we should have died without one: and yet now you have covered us with infamy. But we renounce you!

*George.* Pardon, pardon me, dear father! Heaven is my witness, I have not disgraced you, and was far from wishing to disgrace you.

*Thomas, (aside.)* Oh! what torture to hear this, and yet be forced to stand thus silent!

*George, (following Moorhouse.)* Do not, do not, father, leave me thus, without embracing me! Oh! stay a moment! And you, mother, can you shew yourself as cruel?

*Grace.* What can I do, son?

*Moorhouse.* Never call him son. He has forfeited that name.

*Grace.* Forgive him, good man! He is still our child.

*Thomas.* Yes, brother, let your heart be moved to pity his affliction.

*Moorhouse.*

*Moorhouse.* Hold your tongue! You are full as bad as he is; you that sell your nephew for the sake of money. I will no more be your brother, than his father.

*Grace, (having talked a little while with George.)* Hear me, husband! He makes solemn promises. Do not make us both wretched! After all, he is our child, the only one that we have, and can we then not love him?

*Moorhouse.* Don't speak one word more, woman, but follow me! *(He is going out, but Trunnion holds him.)*

*Trunnion.* Come, master Moorhouse; enough! You have vented your passion: let all be forgotten. The king accepts him again; why should not you! Give him, give him your hand. Do you think that I should continue to have a regard for him, if he did not deserve it?

*Grace.* Hear that, my love! Do not be more hard-hearted towards him than strangers are. Besides, consider what his captain said yesterday in his behalf.

*Moorhouse.* I see him coming: so I will speak to him before I answer.

## S C E N E VI.

*George, Thomas, Moorhouse, Grace, Captain,  
Serjeant, Trunnion.*

*Moorhouse.* Ah! sir, does it not afflict you, when you recollect that yesterday you said so much in praise of my unworthy son?

*The Captain.* He had deserved it; though indeed I could not have supposed my commendation would have had such bad effects. But (*to George*) tell me what could possibly induce you to desert! You must have had some very urgent motive. Let me know the secrets of your heart, whatever be the consequence. You have been punished, and have therefore nothing now to fear.

*George.* My worthy captain, do not, I beseech you, take away your favour from me! I will endeavour to deserve it.

*The Captain.* If you tell the truth, I will not. For to fancy that you deserted for a quarrel, which, I understand, you had with a steward, is absurd.

*George.* And yet, your honour may be certain, there is no other reason. It is well known,

known, I never was remarkable for quarrelling with any one. The least offence appears enormous, when one has not been accustomed to it. I was so disturbed at the affair that it took away my reason; and besides, the unhappy situation of my father aided to distract me.

*The Captain.* What then signified these words that you said on entering the prison with the serjeant? *Thank Heaven, it is over, and my father is safe!*

*Moorhouse, (astonished.)* Were those his words, sir? God forgive me, but the devil surely must have turned his brain.

*George, (sighing.)* I do not remember to have said those words.

*Serjeant.* I remember to have heard you say them, when you first entered this room.

*Trunnion.* Yes, yes, comrade, that you did. I myself heard you also, now I recollect.

*George.* They must then have certainly escaped me in my pain.

*The Captain.* They might so; yet they are not without a meaning.

*George, (in great embarrassment.)* I do not know what answer to make you.

*The*

*The Captain, (taking him by the hand.)* Do not, my honest fellow, study to deceive us. This desertion has some other reason than your quarrel. Your dissimulation very much displeases me; and you are likely to lose all my friendship. Was it not on account of your father——

*George, (eagerly.)* How say you, sir. Do not believe——

*The Captain.* I see, you are not worth the trouble that I am taking for you, and no longer wish to be informed of any thing about you. You are more indifferent to me than the worst of men. You do not know, perhaps, how much you have lost by this prevarication.

*Thomas.* I must tell it then, at last.

*George, (interrupting him.)* Dear uncle, would you wish to make us more unhappy than we are?

*Thomas, (to the Captain.)* I can explain the whole affair, sir; but have reason to fear lest the mischief should become still greater.

*The Captain.* No, you have nothing to fear; I give you my promise.

*Thomas.*



*Thomas.* Well then, good fir, it was to save his parents that he deserted. He found means to make me turn informer, and get forty shillings, that his father might have wherewithal to pay his debts ; but now, his father will not hear a word about the money or his son. Let me beseech you therefore, fir, to rid me of this money, which I cannot keep, and interpose at least with your authority and kindness, that my brother may be profited by what his son has so affectionately done to benefit him ; for the affair is exactly as I relate it to you. (*Every one appears astonished.*)

*The Captain.* George what do you say to this ?

*George, (bursting into tears.)* You have heard the truth. However, I beseech your honour to believe that nothing but my father's safety could induce me to desert my colours. I despised the danger, hoping to save him ; but, since every thing is discovered, and my hopes all lost, I must suffer more severely.

*Moorhouse, (embracing George.)* What, dear George ! and was it for my sake you did all this ?

*Grace,*

*Grace, (embracing him also.)* Yes, now indeed we may embrace him; though, indeed my heart informed me all along that he could not be so guilty.

*The Captain, (taking George by the hand.)* Oh, my generous youth! what affection and what courage! Yet, to say the truth, your filial piety has carried you too far; for to desert is always blameable.

*Moorhouse.* Most certainly! Heaven keep me from becoming richer by a penny of this money!

*George.* There now, uncle, see what comes of your revealing the affair! I have made myself a double criminal to get my father money, which you find he will not accept.

*Thomas.* Yes, yes, you have this to lay to my charge, I must acknowledge; but his honour made me a promise first of all.

*The Captain, (to Thomas.)* Let your brother have the money. Take it, *(to Moorhouse,)* my good friend; for George has deserved it richly.

*Moorhouse* I can never bring myself to take such ill-got money.

*The Captain.* I will have you take it! and what is more, I will go and tell the matter

matter

matter to our colonel.—(*To George.*) You have not done your duty as a soldier, I acknowledge; but have shown yourself a son in such a manner, that he cannot but be moved when made acquainted with it. Wait me: I will return immediately. (*The Captain and Serjeant go out.*)

## S C E N E VII.

*George, Thomas, Moorhouse, Grace, Trunnion.*

*George.* My consolation is, that I can now with greater confidence entreat you to forgive me, as I have finished your misfortunes, and the steward will not have it in his power to hurt you.

*Trunnion.* Yes, my good old man, forgive your son! He will be cured the sooner, if he has your blessing: and besides, you ought to consider that he is to possess your cottage after you.

*Moorhouse.* He is, and therefore I will preserve it for him. Come, my son, forgive your father, who has used you thus unkindly. Heaven can tell how much I suffered, from the thought that you had left  
your

your colours; and it seems, you were discharging even then your duty towards me. How shall I repay you for so much affection, in the little time that I have to live?

*George.* By loving me, as you have always done.

*Grace.* Oh, yes! and ten times more; for every bit of bread that we eat, we will say to one another, it is our dear son's gift.

*George.* I am satisfied. And I thank you, uncle, for the service that you have done me.

*Thomas.* You thank me, do you? I am glad that matters have turned out as well as they have. But never make such a ticklish experiment again. And now, brother, have you still a grudge against me? If it had not been from my wish to serve you, I would never have been concerned in my nephew's scheme, no more than he would; and since you pardon him, you may extend your liberality to me.

*Moorhouse.* What can excuse your conduct, brother? I may throw myself into the flames, but he that lights them for me ought to be considered cruel. Yes, indeed.

However,

However, I will not hate you : there is my hand.

*Trunnion.* Comrade, hitherto I have loved, but now respect you. Let us embrace then, and be always friends.

## S C E N E VIII.

*George, Thomas, Moorhouse, Grace, Trunnion, the Captain.*

*The Captain.* Good luck ! good luck ! You are a serjeant on the spot. The colonel, when I told him the affair between your father and yourself, was happy to promote you. Take this also (*giving him a purse of money*) from him, as a witness how much he applauds your filial piety.

*Moorhouse and Grace.* O, sir, may heaven reward you !

*The Captain.* Nothing in all this is due to me : the colonel has done every thing. (*George embraces his parents one after the other, and then turning to the Captain, says*) I beg your honour's pardon !

*The Captain.* You deserve the pleasure of embracing those that gave you birth, to whom

whom you have so well discharged your duty.

*Thomas.* Well, could any one have thought that old Thomas, simple as he is, would come to make a serjeant, as, it is plain, I have?

*Trunnion.* Yes, yes: and therefore, Mr. Serjeant—

*George, (embracing him.)* Call me nothing but comrade and friend, as we have always been.

*Trunnion.* Well then, comrade, let us break off a little for the present: and as nothing like good liquor suits a joyous time, let us, as soon as we are able, make up for the sorrows of last night and this morning. His honour and the colonel shall be toasted first.

## THE BED OF DEATH.

**D**UNCAN, a bricklayer's labourer, living in a distant country town, had lost his wife about a quarter of a year before

fore the event we are to write of. The expences of a tedious illness, and the interruption of his labour by a very rainy season, had reduced him to the last distress. His children were half naked, and had really no bread to eat. This circumstance was of itself sufficiently tormenting ; but to aggravate the scene, Sufanna, his poor mother, laid upon a little straw in the corner of the cottage, was almost in the agonies of death.

Duncan, at such a prospect round about him, overwhelmed with sorrow, took a broken matted chair, and at a little distance from Sufanna's bed sat down upon it, having both his hands held up, that he might hide his tears.

His mother turning towards him, with a feeble voice enquired, if there was no where in the house a rag to put upon her. I cannot make myself warm, said she, do what I will.

*Duncan.* Stay, mother ; I will pull off my coat, and lay it on you.

*Sufanna.* No, no ; I will not have it, my dear son. A little straw, if you have nothing else, will do as well. But have you not a single bit of wood still left to make  
a fire

a fire for these poor children? You will tell me, you cannot go into the fields, because of the attention that I require. My life is very long, since I am grown burthenfome to you!

*Duncan.* Pray do not say so, dear mother. Would to God I could procure you what you want, at the expence of my own life! I would freely give it up: but this is my grief, that you suffer cold and hunger, while I am utterly unable to relieve you.

*Susanna.* Do not let that, however, afflict you much, my poor son. Thank God, my agonies are not so great as your affection fears they may be: they will very quickly finish, and my blessing will be the recompence of what you are doing now, and have been always doing for me.

*Duncan.* O my poor dear mother! In my infancy you put yourself to many difficulties for my maintenance; and I, in your old age, must thus sit by and see you want for common necessaries! That, dear mother rends my heart.

*Susanna.* I know, it is not through any fault of yours; and then, Duncan, upon a death-bed one has few—(believe me when  
I tell



I tell you so)—few earthly wants. Our heavenly father has us then particularly in his care. I thank you heartily, my dear. Your love consoles me in this hour of my departure.

*Duncan.* What, dear mother, have you then no hopes of recovering?

*Susanna.* No; I feel within me that I must die of this complaint.

*Duncan.* You do not say so?

*Susanna.* Do not afflict yourself! I shall soon be in a better world.

*Duncan, (with sighs.)* Oh heaven! oh heaven!

*Susanna.* I say, my son, this need not grieve you. You were all my happiness when I was young, and now you prove the joy of my last moments. Soon, yes very soon, thank heaven, you will have nothing left you but to close my eye-lids. I shall then ascend to my Creator, tell what you have done for me, and earnestly beseech him to reward you for it everlastingly. Think frequently of me, and I will think of you above.

*Duncan.* Yes, always, always.

*Susanna.* There is only one thing in the

world that gives me pain when I think of it.

*Duncan.* And what is that mother?

*Susanna.* I am mustering up my strength to tell you. And believe me, I *must* tell you; for it is like a stone oppressing me at heart.

*Duncan.* Comfort yourself, dear mother, then, and speak.

*Susanna.* I saw your little Arthur come yesterday here close behind my bed, and pull out several apples, which he eat. Duncan, these apples were not ours; for then he would have thrown them on the table, and asked me to take some. I remember still how lovingly he used to come and fling himself into my arms, when he had any thing to give me; saying with so much good-nature, Eat some, do, my dear grandmother. O my dear, dear son! if he should be a thief hereafter! The thought has afflicted me ever since yesterday. Where is he? Pray go fetch him. I would talk a little to him.

*Duncan.* Wretch that I am! (*He runs and fetches Arthur, and puts him by Susanna; she raises herself with difficulty, turns about, takes*

*takes both his hands in hers. and leans her head upon his shoulder.)*

*Arthur.* Grandmother, do you want me ! You don't me call here, I hope, to see you die !

*Susanna.* No, no ; fear nothing, my poor Arthur, I do not desire to frighten you ; and yet, my dearest, I shall die, and very soon too.

*Arthur.* But not yet. Do not die till I am bigger.

*(Susanna falls backward in her bed. The child and father look at one another weeping, and each takes her by the hand.)*

*Susanna, (coming somewhat to herself.)* I am much better now that I have changed my posture.

*Arthur.* So then you won't die ?

*Susanna.* Be comforted, my little fellow. Dying is not painful to me, as I am going to a tender father, who at present waits in heaven to see me. When I am once with him, I shall be better off than here. - Soon, soon my little fellow, I shall see him.

*Arthur.* Well then, take me with you : I will go too.

*Susanna.* No, my dear, you shall not go with me; but, if it pleases God, remain a good while here behind me. You shall live to be a virtuous and good man, and when your father is as ill as I am, you shall be his consolation, and afford him the assistance that he needs. Won't you, Arthur? Won't you obey him constantly, and do whatever you think will give him pleasure? See, he does whatever he is able for my sake. And won't you promise me that you will do so too?

*Arthur.* Yes, certainly I will, grandmother.

*Susanna.* Take care then how you perform your promise. God who made both earth and heaven, cannot but see every thing that you do. I suppose, you believe this.

*Arthur.* Yes, I do believe it: you have taught me so yourself.

*Susanna.* How then, my dearest Arthur, could you suppose that he would not see you come here yesterday behind my bed, and eat the apples that you had stolen?

*Arthur.* I will do so no more—no, never grandmother, believe me, while I live. Forgive

give me what I have done, and pray that God Almighty would forgive me too.

*Susanna.* It is true then, is it, that you stole those apples?

*Arthur, (sobbing.)* Ye-e-es.

*Susanna.* And pray of whom?

*Arthur.* Of ne-e-eighbour Le-e-onard.

*Susanna.* You must go to neighbour Leonard then, and ask his pardon.

*Arthur.* Oh, do not send me there, pray grandmother. I dare not go.

*Susanna.* You *must*, my little friend, that you may never do the like again. For heaven's sake, my dear child, in future never take what does not belong to you; not even a bit of bread, though you were starving. God will never let you want, since it was he who created you. Trust then to his assistance, tell him when you suffer, and be sure that he will console you.

*Arthur.* Certainly, grandmother, certainly, I will never steal again: I promise you I will not: and for the future I would much rather die of hunger than steal any thing.

*Susanna.* God hear and bless your resolution from his holy habitation. I have hopes

that of his goodnefs he will keep you from fo great a fin. (*She clasps him to her heart, and weeps.*) You muft, my little boy, this infant go to neighbour Leonard, and defire him to forgive you. Tell him that I, too, beg him to forgive you. Go, my good Duncan, with Arthur; inform him how it grieves me, that I am not able to make him reftitution for the theft; but that I will pray to God for his profperity, and beg a bleffing on his family. Alas! he is no lefs poor than we; and were it not that his good woman works fo hard, he could never bring up fuch a family of children as he has. My dear good fon, for my fake, when I am dead and buried, give him a day's work to make him up his lofs: it matters not how little he has fuffered. We fhould think it criminal to take away a pin. You will remember this, Duncan?

*Duncan.* Yes, mother; fo do not let the matter make you any more uneasy.

He had hardly faid thefe words, when, as it chanced, 'Squire Wealthy's fteward tapped without againft the window.

Poor Sufanna knew him by his ufual way of tapping, and the cough he constantly had

had on him. Bless me, it is the steward ! said she. Surely some great mischief threatens us. He is like a raven, croaking at the window some bad tidings.

*Duncan.* Do not be frightened thus, my good mother : I am not a single farthing in his debt ; and for the rent that we owe the 'squire at Midsummer, I will give him all the labour that he requires in harvest.

*Susanna.* Yes, provided he will but wait so long.

Duncan went out to know the steward's business. After he was gone, Susanna fetched a grievous sigh, and said, discoursing with herself, Since he was so hard-hearted as to seize upon our goods for rent, I cannot see or hear him, but my heart revolts at the idea ; and at present, in my dying moments, he must come and cough at our window. But perhaps the hand of God brings him hither as an admonition for me to discharge my heart of every thing that looks like malice or ill-will against him, and even pray for mercy on his soul. Well then, my God, I am content to do so. I no longer wish him any harm. Forgive

his sin as I forgive it. (*She hears the steward speaking rather loud.*)

But I hear his voice! he is in a passion!—Heaven take pity on us!—O my poor Duncan, it is out of love for me that you have fallen again into his hands. (*She faints, on which the little boy jumps off the bed, and runs to fetch his father.*)

*Arthur.* O father, father! Quick, come here! My grandmother is dying.

*Duncan.* O my God!—Permit me, Mr. Steward. I *must* go to her assistance.

*The Steward, (going out.)* Yes indeed! that is very necessary. The old Jezebel may die else!—I should think it a good riddance of bad rubbish.

Luckily Duncan was got too far to hear these cruel words. He was already by Susanna's bed, who speedily recovered from her swoon, and thus addressed her son:

The steward came to scold you: I could hear him. Doubtless he will not grant you time, when once the quarter is turned.

*Duncan.* No, mother, he did not come for that: he brought me, on the contrary, good news.

*Susanna.*



*Susanna*, (pausing a moment, and appearing to collect her spirits.) But is this true, my son? or do you only wish to comfort me a little? What good news can *be* have for us?

*Duncan*. It is the 'squire's design, he says, to pull down and rebuild his house; at least the front and stables; and to employ me at it, with my neighbours. I shall have at least, he says, ten shillings every week.

*Susanna*, (with a countenance of joy.) You don't say so?

*Duncan*. Yes, certainly; and there will be a matter of two years continual work. Next Monday I begin.

*Susanna*. God's providence be praised for all things! I shall now die happy, seeing you enabled to get bread to feed your little ones. Death now has nothing painful in it. Heaven is merciful! may you, *Duncan*, at all times find it so: but tell me, are you not by this convinced of what I have so often told you, that the more misfortunes on one side attack us, so much more God's grace awaits us on the other?

*Duncan*. Yes, I am, and shall be always. But methinks you seem much better. Let

me quit you for about a minute. I will go fetch a little straw to cover you.

*Susanna.* No, no: I feel myself much warmer. Rather go with Arthur to neighbour Leonard's. That is what disturbs me most of all. Go, my son, I ask it as a favour.

Hearing this, he did not stay a moment in the room, but took his son, and going out, gave Margaret a sign to come and let him speak with her.

Take care of your poor grandmother, said he; and if a fainting fit should seize her, come and fetch me from the carpenter's; I shall be there.

Leonard was at work, and Gertrude his wife was left all alone at home. She saw at once that the father and the child had both been crying.

What is the matter with you, my good friend, said Gertrude, that you have been crying? What is the matter with you, my poor Arthur?

*Duncan.* Ah, neighbour Gertrude! I am quite unhappy. This poor child of mine who wanted victuals yesterday, came here and took some apples that were yours: he  
has

has confessed it. My poor mother saw him eat them.—Gertrude, she is on her death bed, and desires you to forgive him. I cannot pay you now the worth of what he took away; but when I go to work, which will be very shortly, I will be sure to satisfy you.

*Gertrude.* O don't speak about it, neighbour: it is a trifle not worth mentioning. And you, my little fellow, promise that you will never for the future take what is not your own. (*She kisses him.*) You are born of such good people!

*Arthur.* Oh! I promise you I will not: forgive me, Gertrude. I will never steal again.

*Gertrude.* No, never for the future, my good child. You do not know yet how great a sin it is! When you are hungry, come to me, and if I have a bit of bread myself, I will share it with you.

*Duncan.* Thank ye, neighbour; but I hope, he will never want bread again. I have got a deal of work to do at 'Squire Wealthy's.

*Gertrude.* Yes, I heard so of the servants, and was very glad.

*Duncan.* I was not near so happy when I got it on my own account, as for my mother's sake. She has at least this comfort on her death-bed. Tell my good friend Leonard that I shall work with all my heart to make him compensation for his loss.

*Gertrude.* Do not speak about it, I request you once again. My husband, I am certain, will not think of any compensation. He was out of work himself, and is to have the wood-work of the job for which you are engaged. But as poor Susanna is so ill, I will go and give her my assistance.

Gertrude got on her cloak, and then put up some pears and apples in a bag, and filled the little fellow's pockets likewise; took him by the hand, and bidding poor Duncan go first, came after.

They had quickly reached Susanna's chamber. Gertrude held out her hand, but turned away her face, that she might hide her tears. Susanna, notwithstanding, saw her, and began as follows :

You are crying then, my dear friend Gertrude?

*Gertrude.* Indeed I cry to see you suffer thus.

*Susanna.*

*Sufanna.* It is, or ought to be, alas! *our* part to cry. Forgive us, I beseech you. It is the first time that such a circumstance has happened in our house.

*Gertrude.* Why what a serious business you are making of a trifle! It was excusable in such a child!

*Sufanna.* But if when older, he should take to be a thief!

*Gertrude.* No, no; I will answer for him, he will be good. My dear Sufanna, you deserve this recompense of heaven for your own honesty, and all the care that you have taken to bring up your family in virtue. Do you want for any thing? Do not fear to tell me if you do: for every thing that we have is at your service.

*Arthur.* Yes, indeed; for only see what Gertrude has given me! Eat, dear grandmother, do, eat some.

*Sufanna.* No, my child, I cannot: I shall never eat again; I feel my strength go from me, and I have almost lost my sight. My son, draw near me: now is come the moment to take leave, and give you my farewell.

Duncan no sooner heard these words,  
than

than he was seized all over with a sudden trembling: he took off his hat, fell down upon his knees beside Susanna's bed, laid hold with ardour of her hand, then lifted up his eyes to heaven, and would fain have spoke, but could not: tears and sighs prevented him.

Take comfort, said Susanna; I am going to a happier life than this, and there will wait your coming. When we once meet there, we shall not part again.

Duncan in some degree recovering, bowed his head, and craved his mother's blessing. Bless me, said he, my dear mother. I desire to follow you, when once my children have no further need of my assistance.

Susanna opened once again her dying eyes; and with uncommon fervour looking up, pronounced these words:

Hear me, O heavenly Father, and vouchsafe the blessing of thy grace and favour to my son, the only one that I ever had, and whose affection was the comfort of my life. Duncan, may God be always with you, and confirm in heaven this blessing which I pronounce on you for having fulfilled your duty so much like a son.

Hear

Hear me now, my dear Duncan, and carefully observe what I shall tell you. Bring your children up in virtue, and accustom them betimes to a laborious life, that if they should be poor, they may not, when grown up, lose courage, and be tempted to do wrong. Instruct them to place all their trust in God, and to live good friends with one another; so that they may find sure consolation amidst the evils of this life. Forgive the steward his injustice. When I am buried, pray inform him that I departed without any malice or ill-will against him, and besought of God that he would grant him of his grace to see the sin that he had committed, and repent before he came upon a death-bed. (*She stops a little to take breath, and then goes on.*)

Reach me, my good friend, (*to Gertrude*) that book behind you; and my dear Duncan, there is a little leather bag in our great chest; I wish to have it. Good! (*she takes and clasps them to her heart.*) These are the only treasures that I have left on earth. And now I should be glad to see your children.

They were weeping at a table, whence  
their

their father brought them to Susanna, putting them upon their knees beside her, while she raised herself a little, so that she might see them, and began :

My dearest children, I am very sorry that I must leave you motherless and poor. Think often of me, my sweet babes. I have nothing that I can give you but this book : it has been frequently my consolation, and as often will be yours. When you have learned sufficiently, read in it every evening to your father. It will teach you to be good ; and if you are but good, you cannot fail of being happy.

This, Duncan, (*taking out a piece of paper from the leather bag,*) is a certificate which I brought your father of my good behaviour at our marriage. Let it pass by turns to each of your three daughters, till they marry. It is my last request. And as for you, my son, I have nothing in the world to give you in remembrance of me ; but the comfort is, you want none. You will not forget me, I am certain.

Gertrude, shall I request one other favour of you, after having pardoned Arthur? When I am dead, see now and then to  
these



these poor children.—They have no one friend.—I recommend you in particular my poor dear Lucy.—She is the youngest of the three.—Where is she?—I can hardly see.—(She stretches out her arm with difficulty.)

Conduct my hand, and let me touch her.—O my children! (she dies.)

After a moment's silence, Duncan supposing her to be fallen asleep, said softly to his children, Rise, and do not disturb her slumber. Might she but recover, after having had this unexpected rest! But Gertrude saw plainly that she was dead, and gave Duncan to understand as much. What was his distraction then, and that of his helpless family? How they wept and wrung their hands! How they beat upon their breasts, and tore their hair up by the roots for anguish!

Gertrude, as well as she was able, comforted their sorrow, and repeated to Duncan Sufanna's parting words, which in his grief he had not heard distinctly.

She began that very day to shew how much she valued the deceased, by complying with her last wish. The little orphans being

being brought up with her own dear children, had the same instruction; and improving by it, grew in time to be a pattern for the village; and particularly Arthur, continually having in remembrance his first fault, became remarkable in time for his fidelity and honest dealing.

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## P A S C A L.

**M**R. Dawkins was accustomed every Saturday to pay his only son, a little boy whose name was Pascal, an allowance, such as was sufficient to procure him, the week through, those little pleasures and enjoyments which children of his age so naturally pursue. No less confident than generous, he never looked for an account from Pascal of the way in which he laid out what he gave him. He supposed his principles to be such, that he would not abuse his bounty, but remember the instruction which he had so frequently given him upon the subject. But what lamentable

ble consequences did this too blind credulity produce?

For hardly ever had he touched his weekly payment, but he ran that moment to a shop hard by, and stuffed himself with pastry and nice things. His purse, in this first onset, underwent so great a diminution, that a very little the next day was sufficient to exhaust it totally: and during the last part of every week, he never had a farthing to regale himself withal; yet he did not, upon that account, the less hanker after the same delicacies. Wherefore being resolved to gratify his palate, he prevailed upon the pastry-cook, at first, to give him credit; but when afterwards he found that the boy's allowance was never applied to pay off these arrears, while on the other hand the debt increased, he saw that it was prudent to give in his bill to Mr. Dawkins. Mr. Dawkins was extremely angry with the tradesman, reprimanded his improper conduct, and forbade not only *him*, but every tradesman round about, to let his son have any thing for which he could not pay on the spot. This might have been supposed a good precaution; and accordingly he  
thought

thought it could not but become a check on Pascal's gluttony; whereas it only irritated matters, and the boy, as we shall see, at any risque resolved to gratify his palate.

Pascal's chamber was contiguous to his father's. After having noticed when his father generally slept the soundest, he once got up softly, came into his room, and feeling for his breeches, took out half a crown. Emboldened by this fatal success, he frequently repeated his offence, and for a time without detection: but there cannot be a crime, however secretly committed, which does not come to light at last.

It chanced that Mr. Dawkins, some time after Pascal's first offence in that way, had a law-suit on the following day to be decided. Having thought upon it waking, it is not to be wondered at that it should take up his attention after he was gone to rest. In fact, he lay quite silent, ruminating on the affair, when Pascal, thinking him asleep, got up as he was wont to do. Unhappily for him, the moon threw light enough into the chamber, that a person coming in might easily be seen. Accordingly let any one imagine if he can, what  
Mr.

Mr. Dawkins must have felt, beholding his own son thus come and rob him! He for that time stifled his resentment; but before the thief could quit his chamber in the morning, he got up, went to him, and found means to turn the conversation into such a channel, as to ask him how much he intended to lay out that day of his allowance. Nothing, answered Pascal. I have given all my last week's money to a poor man in the neighbourhood, and must deny myself a little till next Saturday.

His father could not possibly restrain his indignation any longer, hearing so detestable a lie come from him. He sprung forward, seized him by the collar, for by this time he was dressed, and found five shillings in his pocket, which was what he had stolen from his father. In proportion as he had till now been tender and indulgent to his son, so much the greater was his severity and rigour on this occasion; for his reprimands were only the preamble to a harsher treatment, and the wretched Pascal was obliged to keep his bed for many days, in consequence of the correction that he received.

How difficult it is to extirpate a vice which has once taken root within us! Pascal was not cured by this correction. Mr. Dawkins left the key of his bureau one evening in the lock, and Pascal took a model of the wards, and got another made at the smith's. This gave him a convenient opportunity to rob his father whenever he pleased: who, as he usually kept a great deal of cash by him, and as Pascal was more cunning than to take too much at once, suspected nothing of the affair. He was now fifteen years of age, and could dissemble so well, that his parents thought him quite reformed, till his hypocrisy was accidentally discovered.

His father had received a piece of foreign coin, among other monies, which he soon remarked, and put it up in the bureau. This piece fell into Pascal's hands that very night, and Mr. Dawkins missing it the next morning, could not but bethink himself of Pascal's former inclinations, and suspect him. He resolved to satisfy himself that moment, and examining his pockets, found the piece of money that he had  
lost,

lost, together with the key, by means of which he had obtained it.

But Pascal by this time was too big for such correction as he had received before, and therefore Mr. Dawkins contented himself with severely upbraiding him for the present, and threatening to withdraw the benefits of his affection from him. He consulted a few faithful friends that he had, upon the treatment proper to be shewn him: their opinion was in general, that the harshest method of proceeding would most tend to his amendment, and advised his being sent to school in Yorkshire, where for years he might not see his family, but be subjected to the rigorous discipline and homely fare peculiar to such institutions, and of course have leisure to repent of his enormity, and be accustomed to a frugal way of life. This was their counsel; but the combats of paternal love in Mr. Dawkins's bosom, which was very far, as yet, from being quite extinct, would not permit him to pursue their salutary admonition; he inclined to something of a gentler nature, and in grief of heart, and as the only moderate method which he could devise

devise to preserve him from destruction, sent that very day to Bristol for a friend of his, who kept a boarding-school, to whose attention he consigned, upon the day of his arrival, this unworthy son, with directions to let him have no other money than was absolutely necessary for his wants. His friend set off on his return immediately, and Pascal with him.

This was a precaution; but it came, alas! too late: the youth's principles were utterly corrupted. His tutor's table was plain, though very plentiful; for which reason Pascal would go out, and at a tavern gratify his palate with the choicest wines and viands, for which he easily got credit, as his host took care to make enquiry, first of all, into his father's circumstances, who, he found, was very rich: nor did he stop at this; for to supply that want of money which his tutor would not, he began to play, and practised every species of deception at a gaming-house hard by.

God's providence, as if it interfered particularly to reform him, punished all his vices on the spot. Three gamblers, his companions,



companions, who detected him endeavouring to deceive them with a pack of cards, that he had beforehand sorted for the purpose, fell upon him unawares, and so rough were the effects of their vengeance, that Pascal was almost drubbed to death upon the spot.

He was carried home with scarce the least remains of life, and put to bed. His tutor ran to see him, and afforded all the succour and assistance in his power. He waited till he saw him almost re-established, to impart such counsel as might possibly affect him; which he did with all the softness possible, and pointed out the horrors into which he was plunging himself. Miserable youth! said the tutor, what can have induced you to excesses so disgraceful! You dishonour, by your crimes, a name which the probity of those before you had exalted, and made really respectable. You rob your tender parents of those hopes which they indulged when first they laid the groundwork of your education. When the youth of your acquaintance, who now consecrate that time to study which you consume in scandalous excesses, shall be sought out by

their country and employed in elevated stations, you will be considered as an abject, dangerous character. You will be banished from all company that have the least regard or value for their honour, and the meanest class of men will scorn you.

Pascal was at first affected with this lesson. He broke off all commerce with his partners; he was satisfied with his preceptor's table-fare; and seemed as if beginning to imagine that study had some charms to please him. But this disposition was soon done away, and by degrees he relapsed into his former way of life. He sold his books; his watch and clothes went afterwards; and he contrived to strip himself of his apparel so completely, that he could not stir **abroad**.

On which his creditors came all at once upon him, and receiving a refusal from the tutor to discharge the young man's debts and satiate their avidity, they wrote letters to the father, threatening to arrest him if they were not paid. Let Pascal's situation now be imagined. Overwhelmed with the reproaches of his creditors, the indignation of his tutor, the contempt of those who waited on him, and his own remorse, he

had moreover to dread the malediction of his parents. He was sensible that he had so much neglected to improve his understanding, that he could not find the least resources against want in any calling or profession. He began to think his situation desperate. A whole day he passed in his apartment violently agitated; every now and then he wrung his hands, tore his hair, and cursed his vices: but at night, still borne away by his depravity, he went from home to spend the little money that he had left, in a tavern.

Accident that evening threw two men into his company who were employed to raise recruits for India. They remarked upon his countenance the embarrassment with which his soul was agitated, winked to one another, and began to talk of India. They described the beauty of the country, and what pay was given to the soldiery. They spoke of the advantages that a youth of family might meet with there, and what a probability there was, that such a one might make his fortune; nay, they went so far as to assert that many, to their knowledge, had from private soldiers been made officers, and married wealthy widows.

Pascal heard this conversation with avidity, joined in the discourse, and enquired if it was difficult to be enlisted with these soldiers. If you wish to enlist, said they, we can oblige you, though we have more recruits by many than we want; but you, by your appearance, seem to claim the preference; and thereupon they offered him five guineas if he would enter.

After some slight struggles, Pascal took the guineas, and enlisted. The remainder of the night he spent in drinking; and when morning came, was sent to learn his exercise. He found himself surrounded by a set of awkward rustics, runaway apprentices, notorious beggars, and convicted thieves, who had enlisted to escape the gallows. He was under the tuition of a surly corporal, who loaded him from time to time with curses, and severely caned him, when he could not comprehend his meaning.

Pascal's misery went on from day to day encreasing. All the money that he had lately touched at parting with his freedom, was already gone in riot. He had nothing to subsist on but the coarse provision granted by the company to keep their new recruits together. Lubberkin, who had been a  
swine-

swine-herd, and was then his comrade, was much better off. He had been always used to live on oaten bread, and therefore thought himself a prince, when he could get a bit of half-baked meat. But what were Pascal's feelings, when, partaking of such coarse provisions, he reflected on the delicacies of his former repasts!

Some days after came an order for the soldiers to embark. Pascal heard this news with much more satisfaction than the people round about him thought he would have testified. If once you get to India, said he to himself, as you are young, and of a likely figure, you will make your fortune, as a multitude of Englishmen have done before you.

In the midst of all these brilliant prospects, Pascal went on board the vessel destined to transport him and his comrades. He drank down a glass or two of brandy at the moment of embarking, and they served to warm his head, and to make him utterly forget his parents. He went off with mad huzzas. But then the joy with which he uttered these huzzas, continued hardly longer than the drunkenness that caused

them. Those on board who were now for the first time in their life at sea, began to feel a death-like sickness. Pascal, whose intemperance had hurt his inside much, endured a great deal more than any other. He was several days insensible, and nothing staid upon his stomach. Even the sight of food disgusted him; and when at last he grew a little better, and was hungry, mouldy pease, salt beef, and biscuits full of maggots, were the only victuals that he could procure. When he first set sail, the soldiers had a pint of beer each allowed them; but by degrees they were deprived of this indulgence, and compelled to put up with a bare sufficiency of water, and even this they were obliged to strain before they could drink it.

After six long months incessant suffering, during all which time they were in fear of continual shipwreck, they arrived in India, wearied out with watchings for the most part, and a dreadful scurvy. Pascal was marched up the country, with his comrades, to the army: but his heart, embittered by the horror of his situation, was insensible of any thing like goodness.

His

His abandoned course of life, the crimes that he was incessantly committing, and his numberless desertions, frequently subjected him to punishment. He was determined, if he could, to quit these regions, watched his opportunity, and stealing on board a vessel bound to England, hid himself below till it had sailed; nor did he quit his hiding-place, till the ship was a great way out to sea: he then came forth, and being brought before the captain, promised to work his passage to England; which the captain in the end accepted, as the vessel was in want of men.

What, in the interim, was become of his unhappy parents? They alas! still lived, if people may be said to live whose sad days are spent in anguish and despair. The crimes which their son had committed, and with which the neighbourhood all around them rung, had forced them to renounce their place of habitation, and go down and live in Suffex, in a solitary quarter near the sea.

A short time after they were settled here, the ship, in which Pascal was, arrived on that very part of the coast where they had

fixed their retirement. For while they were yet a little way out at sea, Pascal, a thorough graduate in vice, had conspired with ten or twelve desperate fellows of the crew, to murder every one on board who would not join in their conspiracy, and so obtain possession of the ship. They executed their infernal purpose; and soon after running the vessel ashore, they hoisted out their boat at night, that they might come on shore, and pillage the inhabitants.

That very night the unhappy Mr. Dawkins in his house was up, and watching by his wife's sick bed. Her grief for Pascal's wretched fortune had long preyed upon her constitution; and by this time, after having suffered grievously, she felt the agonies of death upon her. In the intervals of her delirium, she called out for Pascal: Where, where are you? said the dying mother—Come, that I may press you to my heart, and pardon you before I die. At this instant the door was suddenly burst open, and ten villains rushed into the dwelling. Pascal, with a hatchet in his hand, was first, and led them on. The father came to meet them with a candle; but before his son could



could recollect him——The remainder is too horrid to relate: suffice it, that Pascal and his gang were apprehended on the spot, and suffered at the gallows.

Children, if when you have read this story, you dare think of giving way to any vice whatsoever, tremble at the possibility of your becoming criminal by degrees, and ending, like Pascal, with the crime of parricide!

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G E O R G E.

**L**ITTLE George was fond of walking in a wood that bordered on his father's garden: Now this wood was formed of little trees, placed very near each other, and two paths conducting through it, crossed each other. One day, as he was fauntering up and down, he wished to rest himself a little, with his back supported by a tree, whose stem was yet quite slender, and which therefore shook thro' all its branches, when his body first touched it. As it

chanced, the rustling frightened a poor little bird, which flew out of a neighbouring bush, and soon disappeared.

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

It was his first design to carry away the nest; however, upon second thoughts, he was contented with one egg; and having taken it, ran home. He met his sister by the way, and thus addressed her: "See this little egg. I found it in a nest; there  
were

were five others with it." " Let me have it in my hand ;" said George's sister. She examined it, returned it to her brother, and then asked a second time to have it. In the end, they rolled it up and down a table, just as if it were a ball. One shoved it one way, and the other pushed it another way, till, in the midst of their diversion, it fell down and broke. They cried, and mutually accused each other as the cause of such a great misfortune.

As it chanced, their mother heard them thus complaining ; and not knowing why they wept, approached to console them. Both began at once. She heard their different stories, and then taking each affectionately by the hand, conducted them to a tree that overshadowed a green bank, on which she bid them both sit down.

Be comforted, dear children, said she. That you have broke the egg between you both, is truly a misfortune ; but it is one, however, that should not much grieve you, since you did not mean to do so. I might notwithstanding blame you. George, with justice, for the act of having brought it from the nest. You must have seen hen's

eggs disposed of in a sort of nest. The mother sits upon them, warms and animates them. Chickens in about three weeks are formed within them, and they pierce the shell. In some few days, they come and feed out of your hand. This egg would also have become a sort of chick, which you have killed by bringing it away. The bird that flew out of the bush as you inform me, was the mother. Doubtless she will come again, and very shortly, to her nest: she will perceive that one egg is wanting, and perhaps forsake it altogether. This is frequently the case.

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

Yes, mama, indeed, replied little George; and I am sorry that I meddled with the egg; but then I did not know a syllable  
of

of what you have been telling us ; and thought no harm in bringing it to shew my sister, which is all that I meant to do.

My little fellow, I can easily believe you, said the mother. Should you do bad actions for the pleasure which some suppose there is in doing them, you would in that case have a very wicked heart, and I should be quite sorry that I had such a son : but that I do not fear ; for, on the contrary, I know you to be a very good boy.

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

sects, and a multitude of others seize on smaller birds, and eat them.

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

Therefore, dearest children, since these birds are greatly different from each other, not only in size, but also in their way of life, and in the colour of their feathers, it is but reasonable that they should have nests different also from each other. Thus the lark which never lives in any tree, but sings, as you have heard her, mounting in the air ; constructs her nest upon the ground ; the swallow builds about the roofs of houses, under what we call the eaves ; the owl, which people only hear by night, seeks out old ruinous buildings, or some hollow tree to put her eggs in ; and the eagle which I shewed

shewed you yesterday flying about the clouds and nearly out of sight, brings forth her young ones in the cliffs of craggy rocks. Those that live round about us, make their nests in trees and hedges. Those that love the water, and who find their food therein, build theirs among those rushes that grow near it, upon little islands, and at times upon the shore itself.

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

out their own feathers to make up a more comfortable bed for their little ones.

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

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

You



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

When the mother sits alone, the cock will bring her victuals, and sit by to please her with his music. When the little ones are once alive, they help them to get clear of their confinement in the egg. Their diligence is now redoubled; they do every thing to nourish and defend them, and are constantly employed in this interesting office. They go very far indeed to get their food, and make an equal distribution of it, every one receiving in its turn what they have brought. As long as they are very young and helpless, they contrive to bring them victuals suited to their delicacy; but when once they are grown strong and older, they provide them food more solid.

There is one, and that a very large one, called a *pelican*, who being forced to go great distances in quest of victuals for her  
young

young ones, is provided with a sort of bag. She fills it with such aliments as she is sensible they love: she warms what she procures, and renders it by such means fitter for their tender stomachs: she returns, and empties it before them.

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

will not even fear a man, who should attempt to take them from her.

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

Poor dear birds! cried out the children, how we shall love you for the future! We will never be so cruel as to do you any harm. We will only look at your nests; and be contented to gaze on you, while employed in the delightful task of tending on your young, and to contemplate your little family, all flying round their parents.—Yes, dear children, said the mother, thus it should be. Keep your resolution as you ought, and I shall love you for it. Never injure any creature, or occasion it the least degree of pain for pleasure's

sure's sake: on saying which, the mother went in doors, embracing her dear children, who were highly pleased with what they had just learnt.

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## J A M E S.

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

that

that he could do, was to shew how much it grieved him.

Little James, however, lost a great deal more by his propensity to avarice, than he had ever gained thereby. Did any body give him sweetmeats? He would get away and swallow them like a churl, in some dark corner of the house, lest any one should ask a part. Whilst he was hid, his father would give twice as much to his companions: he perceived it, and no longer hid himself; but as soon as he fixed his eye on sweetmeats, or nice things, he appeared as if he would devour them: he pursued the hands of those who held them, and his own were in a sort of convulsion.

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

Had little James a wind-mill, boat, or other play-thing, he would never shew it: he concealed himself in the enjoyment of it, and was never happy. Or, supposing he had any sort of fruit, he would not share it  
with

with his play-fellows, but devour it all alone, refusing even those whom he happened to love most, and such as might be hungry ; therefore none among them would in turn share any thing with him : they were indeed best pleased to leave his company ; they never wished to have it. When he chanced to be in a quarrel, no one took his part, not even when they knew him in the right ; but being in the wrong, all joined against him.

As it chanced, one day a little boy observed him with an apple in his hand, and gave him by surprise a knock upon the elbow, so that he was forced to let the apple go. He picked it up, however ; but that moment, to avenge himself upon the boy that had contrived to play him such a trick, he set off to catch him, but in running fell into a slough, and was almost suffocated in the mud. He did his utmost to get out, but could not : he attempted, but without succeeding, to prevail upon his playmates to hold out their hands and help him ; he observed that they only laughed at his distress, and, in derision, danced about the slough, from which he could not extricate himself.

himself. Their cry was, " Let *him* now hold out a hand to whom you have been generous ! Ask assistance of those whom you have obliged ! " However, at length, one, more compassionate, came forward, and approaching where he stood, stretched forth his hand, and got him out in safety.— He shook off the mud that covered him, and then, to shew his gratitude to that good little boy who had delivered him, bit off about a quarter from the apple which had caused this sad disaster, and which still he held fast in his hand, and would fain have made him take it.

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

He was not void of feeling, and had never yet been hooted : he was therefore thrown into a thinking humour, and did not afterwards come much into his father's presence, but confined himself to his apartment for above ten days together. There he asked himself, what cause

his

his playmates had to hate him. He addressed himself as follows: "For what reason has my little neighbour, he that even held me out his hand when I was in the mire, such a number of good friends? Why is he loved so much, while I have not a single little boy that will seek my company, nor be my friend, nor console me in affliction?"—He discovered very soon the reason, by comparing the good boy's behaviour with his own. He recollected that he was happy to do any one a pleasure; that whenever he had any fruit, confectionary, or the like, he felt more joy in sharing it with his companion, than in eating it himself, and had no sort of amusement which he did not wish all his little acquaintances to share. He saw plainly, on this view of things, how much he differed from this little boy in disposition. He resolved at last to imitate him, and went out next day with both his pockets full of fruit, ran up to every boy that he met, and gave him some: he could not all at once, however, give up *self*, but left a little in his pocket, which he eat in private when got home.

Although



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

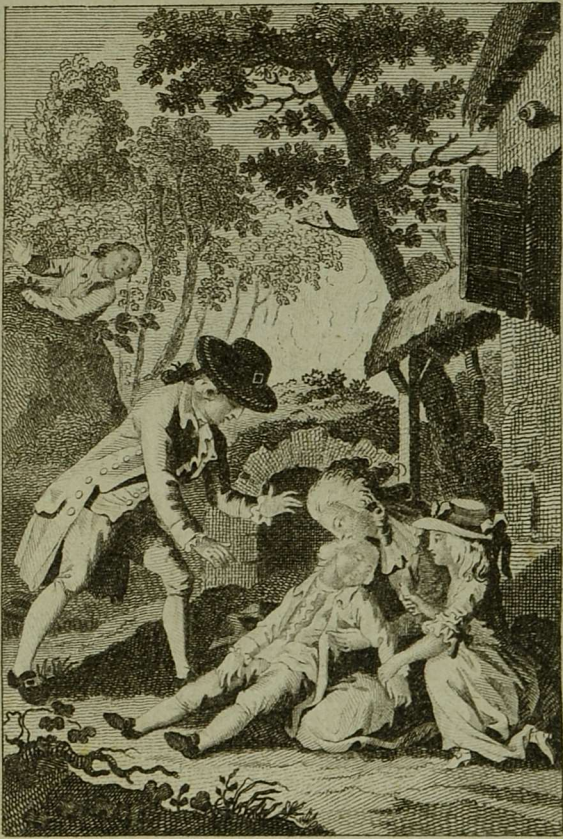
Upon the morrow he did still a great deal better. When he met his little friends, he did not fail to pull out of his pocket every thing that he had, divided it into as many shares as there were mouths to eat it, and reserved a share no more than equal for himself. Indeed, if there was any difference,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

By degrees he was habituated to be generous, and even to such as he could see had nothing in return to give: I mean to such as were in want. Of course he was beloved: whenever his companions saw him, they ran up to meet him with the greatest joy upon their countenances; they

were glad to give him pleasure. In short, he was now quite happy.

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





*Cook, Sc.*

## The Fire

## T H E F I R E.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

## CHARACTERS.

MR. and MRS. CRESWELL.

ADRIAN, } *their Children.*

JULIA, }

TRUEMAN, - *a Farmer.*JANE, - *his Wife.*LUBBIN, } *their Children.*

SUKEY, }

GILBERT, - *Mr. Creswell's Groom.*

SCENE. *The entrance of a village, in the environs of London, in a part of which, contiguous to the fields, appears a fire. On one side is a farm-house with a pump, and on the other side a hill.*

## S C E N E I.

*Adrian, (running by a path that conducts round the hill. His clothes and hair out of order. He looks back and sees the fire burst forth with double fury.)*

O Heaven! O Heaven! all burning still! What volumes of thick smoke and flame! What is now become of my

papa, mama, and sifter? Am I an unhappy orphan? Heaven take pity on me, and let them be safe; for they are more to me than all the world beside—Without them what should I do? (*Oppressed with grief and weariness, he leans against a tree. The farmhouse door now opens, and the little peasant Lubbin, who has his breakfast in his hand, comes out.*)

*Lubbin, (without observing Adrian.)* So it does not finish then, this fire? What could possess my father to go poking with his horses, just into the middle of it! But the sun is now rising. He will soon be back. I will sit down here, and wait till he returns.

(*He goes to sit down by the tree, and sees little Adrian.*) Hey! hey! who is here? a fine young gentleman! what brings you out so early, my pretty master?

*Adrian.* Ah! my little friend, I neither know at present where I am, nor whither I am going.

*Lubbin.* How! mayhap you live in town? and very likely where the fire is?

*Adrian.* Yes, indeed, I have escaped I cannot well tell you in what manner.

*Lubbin.*

*Lubbin.* Is it your house that is on fire?

*Adrian.* It was in our street that the fire broke out. I was in bed, and sleeping very soundly. My papa ran up to snatch me out of bed: the servants dressed me in a hurry, and one carried me directly through the fire, which blazed all round us as we went forward.

*Lubbin.* Poor dear little fellow!

*(Somebody from the house cries out, Lubbin! Lubbin! But Lubbin is listening to little Adrian, with so much attention, that he does not hear it.)*

## SCENE II.

*Adrian, Lubbin, Jane, Sukey.*

*Jane, (to Sukey, at the entrance.)* I hope, he is not gone away, to see the fire: I think, it is enough to be terrified for his father's danger.

*Sukey.* No, no, mother: here he is. Ah! ha! he is speaking to a little gentleman.

*Jane, (to Lubbin.)* Why did not you answer, when I called you?

*Lubbin.* Have you been calling me? I

did not hear you. I was listening to this poor boy here.

*Sukey.* Poor! What has happened to him?

*Lubbin.* He was like to have been burnt alive. His house was all in flames, he tells me, when they got him out.

*Jane.* How pale the poor child is! And how did they contrive to save you, my little master?

*Adrian.* Our helper was bid to take me to the village where I had been nursed; so he put me on his shoulders; but they stopped him in the street, wanting hands to work. I fell a crying, when I saw myself alone; at which, a good old woman took me by the hand, and brought me out of town, directing me to walk strait forward, till I saw a village; so I followed her advice, and here I am.

*Jane.* And can you tell me what your nurse's name was?

*Adrian.* No, not now; but I can recollect I used to call my little foster-sister, Sukey.

*Sukey, (earnestly.)* If this little boy should be Adrian, mother!

*Adrian.*



*Adrian.* Yes! yes! that is my name!

*Jane.* What, Adrian, Mr. Creswell's son?

*Adrian.* O, my good dear nurse! I recollect you now. And this is Sukey, and this, Lubbin. (*They embrace each other.*)

*Jane,* (*kissing Adrian.*) How happy am I now! I thought of nothing but my poor dear little Adrian, since this fire began. My husband is gone to give you all the assistance that he can.—But how tall he is grown! should you have recollected him! I think not, Sukey.

*Sukey.* Not immediately, indeed; but when I saw him first, methought I felt my heart beat towards him. It is a long time now since we were last together.

*Adrian.* I have been a great way off, at school, and came only three days since, for the holidays. Had I remained at school, I should, at least at present, have known nothing of this day's misfortune. O, papa! mama! O sister!

*Jane.* Poor dear child! there is no cause to make yourself uneasy. On the first alarm of fire, so near your quarter of the town, my husband instantly set out, to see if he could be of any use. I know him. Your

papa, mama, and sifter, will be safe, if mortal man can save them. But, my lovely Adrian, you have been up and running these two hours at least, and must be hungry. Will you eat a little?

*Lubbin.* Look ye, master, here is a Yorkshire cake and butter. Take it!

*Adrian.* Master! You were used to call me Adrian, and not master.

*Lubbin, (embracing him.)* Well then, Adrian, take my breakfast.

*Sukey.* Or stay, Adrian, you must certainly be dry as well as hungry. I will go fetch my milk porridge. I was putting in the bread—

*Adrian.* No, no, my good friends. I cannot have any appetite, till I see my dear papa, mama, and sifter. I will return and seek them.

*Jane.* Do you think of what you are saying? Run into the flames!

*Adrian.* I left them in the flames; but it was against my will. I did not like to part with them, but my papa would have it so: he threatened me, and in an angry tone bid Gilbert pay no heed to my resistance. I was forced at last to yield, for fear of  
putting

putting him into a greater passion. I cannot hold out any longer, but, whatever be the danger, I must go back to find if they are in safety.

*Jane.* I cannot let you go, that is certain. Come into the house with us.

*Adrian.* You have a house then. Alas! I have none.

*Jane.* And is not our house yours? I fed you with my milk, and surely then I cannot deny you bread. (*She forces him in, and says to Lubbin*) Take care, and stay you here, that you may see your father the sooner, and let us know of his coming.— But do not run to see the fire. Remember, I forbid you that.

*Lubbin, (alone.)* And yet I have half a mind to do so. What a charming bonfire it must make! I do not see clearly, but I think that steeple is down, that had the golden dragon on the top. There is many a poor soul, by this, burnt out of house and home! I pity them, and yet they must not hinder me from finishing my breakfast.—(*To Sukey, who re-enters with a tumbler.*) Well now, sister, you are a dear good girl, indeed, to bring me drink so kindly.

*Sukey.* Oh! it is not for you. I am come to get a glass of water for poor Adrian. He will have neither milk, nor ale, nor wine. "My dear papa, (says he,) mama, and sister, very likely, are at present dry and hungry, and shall I have such nice things? No, no, indeed: let me have therefore nothing but a little water; that will serve me well enough, especially as I am so thirsty."

*Lubbin.* I must own, however, it is something comical, that Adrian should refuse a drop of any thing that is good, because he cannot get tidings of his parents.

*Sukey.* Oh! I know you well enough! Your sister might be burnt alive, and you not eat a mouthful less on that account. For my part, I should be like Adrian: I should hardly think of eating, if our house were set on fire, and no one could inform me what had happened to my father, mother, or even brother.

*Lubbin.* No, nor I—provided I were not hungry.

*Sukey.* Can one then be hungry in such a case? Look ye, Lubbin, I have not the least degree of appetite. To see poor Adrian

weep,

weep, and take on so, has made me quite forget my hunger.

*Lubbin.* So you won't eat your milk-porridge this morning?

*Sukey.* What, do you want it, after having swallowed your own breakfast, with Yorkshire cake into the bargain?

*Lubbin.* No; I would only take your breakfast, that, if neither you nor Adrian wished to have it, nothing might be lost; that is all. But let me have the tumbler: I have not drunk any thing yet.

*Sukey, (giving him the tumbler.)* Make haste then! Adrian is very dry.

*Lubbin, (after drinking.)* Stay, stay, I will fill it for him.

*Sukey.* Without rincing it?

*Lubbin.* Do you suppose then that I have poison in my mouth?

*Sukey.* Very proper, truly, with the crumbs about the rim! I will rince it out myself. Young gentlemen are used to cleanliness, and I should wish to let him see as much propriety and neatness in our cottage, as at home. *(She rinces the tumbler, fills it up, and then goes out.)*

*Lubbin, (alone.)* So, there is my breakfast done. Suppose now that I should run to town, and see the fire. I shall not be missed if I set out, stay there but half an hour or so, and then come back: it is nothing but a good sound scolding from my mother. However, I will go a little way, and then determine. It is not more than twelve or thirteen minutes walk before I am there.—Come, come; faint heart, the proverb tells us, never won fair lady. (*He sets off, but meets his father.*)

### S C E N E III.

*Lubbin, Trueman, (with a chest upon his shoulders, tired and out of breath.)*

*Lubbin.* What, you are come back, father? I was going on a little way to meet you.

*Trueman, (with anxiety.)* Were you? And is Adrian here?

*Lubbin.* Yes, yes; not long ago arrived.

*Trueman, (putting down the chest.)* Thank God! then the whole family are safe. (*He sits down upon the chest.*) Let me take breath a little.

*Lubbin.*

*Lubbin.* Won't you come in, father?

*Trueman.* No, no; I will remain here in the open air, till I am recovered from my hurry. Go, and tell your mother that I am returned.

*Trueman, (alone, wiping his face.)* I shall not die then, without having, in my turn, obliged my benefactor.

## S C E N E IV.

*Trueman, Jane, Adrian, Lubbin, Sukey,*

*Jane, (running from the farm-house, and embracing Trueman.)* Ah, my dear! what joy to see you come back safe!

*Trueman, (embracing Jane in return.)* My life! But Adrian, where is he, pray? Let me see him.

*Adrian, (running up.)* Here I am. Here, here, father! (*Looking round about him.*) But what, are you alone? Where is my papa, mama, and little sister?

*Trueman.* Safe, my child; quite safe.— Embrace me!

*Adrian, (jumping up into his arms.)* O what joy!

*Jane.* We have been all in very great perplexity. Our neighbours are come back already.

*Trueman.* They had not their benefactor to preserve, as I had.

*Jane.* But the fire, dear Thomas, is it out, and all the mischief over?

*Trueman.* Over, Jane! the whole street is in flames. If you could only see the ruins, and the multitude of people! Women with their hair about their ears, all running to and fro, and calling out to find their husbands and poor children; to which add the sound of bells, the noise of carts and engines, with the crush of houses when the timbers are burnt through, the frightened horses, and the throng of people driving full against you. I cannot tell you how I made my way amidst the flames that crossed before me, and the burning beams that seemed ready every moment to fall down and crush me.

*Jane.* Bless us! you make my blood run cold.

*Sukey.* See, see, mother, how his hair and eye-brows are all singed!

*Trueman.* And see my arm too. But



why should I complain? Could I have only got away with life, I should not have mattered losing a limb for Mr. Creswell.

*Jane.* How, my dear, a limb?

*Trueman.* What, wife, to save our benefactor? Was it not through his means that we both came together? Are we not indebted to his generosity, not only for this farm, but for every thing? And what is still more, my dear, was it not your milk that reared his weakly child, now so strong and hearty? (*Adrian clings to Jane.*) Did I say that I should not have mattered losing a limb for Mr. Creswell?—I say more; I would have given my life to save him.

*Jane.* Then you have been able to assist him?

*Trueman.* Yes, I have that happiness to boast. He himself, his lady, and his daughter, had scarce got out of their house, as they supposed in safety, when a half-burnt beam fell down into the street before them. Happily, I was not ten yards off: the people fancied that they were crushed beneath its weight, and ran away. I heard their cries, came back, and rushing through the burning ruins, brought them off. I had

had already saved this chest that you see here, and my cart, besides, is loaded with the greatest part of their most valuable furniture.

*Adrian.* Be sure, my father will most richly recompense you.

*Trueman.* I am recompensed already, my dear little friend! Your father did not perhaps expect such a service at my hands, and I have saved him. In that thought, I am much better paid than in receiving any recompense. But this is not the whole: I dare say he will be here presently, and all his family and people.

*Adrian.* What then, shall I see them soon?

*Trueman.* Yes, my Adrian. But run, wife, and make a little preparation to receive them: let some ale be drawn, and have the cows milked instantly. Air sheets to put on all our beds; and as for us, we will take up our lodging in the stable.

*Jane.* Be it so. I will play my part, I warrant you.

## SCENE V.

*Trueman, Adrian, Lubbin, Sukey.*

*Trueman.* And I will go put the hay up in some kind of order in the barn, and make a little room for those who may come hither requiring some shelter. All the fields, alas! are covered with them; I imagine, I still see them! some struck speechless, gaze with absolute insensibility, while they behold their houses burning, or else fall down on the ground, fatigued and frightened! others run along like madmen, wring their hands, or pull their hair up by the roots, and uttering fearful cries, attempt to force their passage through a line of soldiers, who with bayonets keep them off, that they may save the property of the sufferers from being plundered.

*Sukey.* O my poor dear Adrian! had you been there, they would have trod you under foot.

*Trueman.* As soon as they bring back my horses, I will go out again, and take up all the children, women, and old men that I meet.

meet. Had I been the poorest person in the village, this misfortune would have rendered me the richest; since the unhappy whom I shall succour will belong to me. (*He stoops to take the chest up.*)

*Lubbin.* Dear father, let me help you.

*Trueman.* No, no: have a care! it is far too heavy for your strength. Go rather, and bid Humphry heat the oven, and put all our kitchen things in order; and let Carter know that I want some flour sent in: these miserable people who are burnt out of their habitations shall at least find wherewithal to satisfy their wants! Thank God! I am not so poor, that any one applying to my charity should die for want of food. If I had nothing else, I would give them my last bit of bread. (*He and Lubbin go out.*)

## S C E N E VI.

*Adrian, Sukey.*

*Sukey.* Oh! *that* I would share with you too, Adrian. Who, alas! would have supposed that I should have ever seen you in your present situation?

*Adrian.*

*Adrian.* Who indeed, my dearest Sukey? for it is very hard in one night to lose every thing.

*Sukey.* Be comforted, however, my dear friend! for do not you recollect how happy we were once together here, when we were less a great deal than at present. Well, we will be as happy with each other again. Do you fear that you can want any thing, as long as I have any thing to give you?

*Adrian, (taking Sukey by the hand.)* No, I do not indeed: but then, I thought, it would have been my part to make you happy, to get you a good husband, as papa has often said in joke, and to take care of your children, like my own.

*Sukey.* Well, now I must contrive to do all this myself; and when we love each other, it is exactly the same thing. I will get you all the finest flowers that I can make free to pull in our garden, and whatever fruit they will let me gather. You shall also have my bed, and I will sleep all night long upon the ground beside you.

*Adrian, (embracing her.)* O my dear, dear Sukey! how ought I to love you!

*Sukey.* You shall see likewise what care I will

will take of Julia. I will be always with you both. We drank, you know, the same milk; and is not that all the same as if you were my brother, pray, and I your sister?

*Adrian.* Yes, and you shall always be my sister, and I do not know which of the two I shall love best for the future, you or Julia. I will present you also to papa, that you may be his daughter: but when, think you, will he come?

*Sukey.* Why should you make yourself uneasy? You have been told that he is safe.

*Adrian.* But my father is just like yours; and who can tell but he will go back again into the flames to save some friend or other. I must therefore be uneasy till I see him once again. But hark ye! do not I hear a tread on the other side of the hill? Oh! if it were he!

## S C E N E VII.

*Adrian, Sukey, Gilbert.*

*Adrian.* Ah, Gilbert!

*Gilbert.* Ah, my little master! you are safe then?

*Adrian.*

*Adrian.* Truly, there is great need to talk about my safety! Where is papa, mama, and Julia? Are they with you?

*Gilbert, (not knowing what to say.)* With me?

*Adrian.* Yes; you have not left them behind, sure?

*Gilbert.* Behind? (*Turning about.*) They are not behind me.

*Adrian.* They are not come with you, then?

*Gilbert.* Unless they be here, I do not know where they are.

*Adrian, (impatiently)* You do not come here to seek them? do you?

*Gilbert, (in confusion.)* Do not be frightened, my dear little master!—Are they not come hither?

*Sukey.* None but Adrian.

*Adrian.* He is confounded, and has some bad news to tell me!—They are lost, even after all the pains that honest Trueman took to save them!

*Gilbert.* Hear me.—There is no cause, at least I hope not, to alarm yourself. About an hour or forty minutes after they had forced me from you to assist the sufferers, I found

found means to get into the crowd.—Dear Master Adrian, do not be frightened; but so it is indeed.—I ran about the ruins to discover where my master was, but could not come at any tidings of him; no, nor of my mistress, nor Miss Julia. I enquired of every one that I met, if they had heard of such a family? but constantly was answered, No.

*Adrian.* O Heaven! take pity on me! Dear papa, mama, and Julia, where, where are you? Perished, doubtless!

*Gilbert.* I have not told you all yet; but pray do not be frightened.—The worst part of the affair comes now.

*Adrian.* What is it then? Why do not you tell me, Gilbert?

*Gilbert.* How, in Heaven's name, would you have me tell you, if you let yourself be frightened in this manner?

*Adrian.* Speak! pray Gilbert, speak!

*Gilbert.* Well then, the rumour was as follows: that a gentleman, a lady, and a little girl, were crushed to death, when they were just out of doors, and thought themselves in safety. (*Adrian swoons away.*)

*Sukey.* Help! help! help! Come here  
to



to our assistance, some one! Adrian is dying. (*She falls down by him.*)

*Gilbert.* Why, what ails him? I mentioned this but as a report; and besides, they could not tell me who it was. It may be nothing, after all.

*Sukey.* Why, how you talk! His fright at what you mentioned overcame him, and he quite forgot that my father had preserved them.

*Gilbert, (feeling Adrian's cheek.)* O my poor dear little Adrian! he is as cold as any ice!

*Sukey, (half getting up.)* And what could bring you here? It is you that have killed him?

*Gilbert.* I?—And yet, I am sure, you heard me bid him not be frightened. (*He raises him a little.*) Master Adrian! (*He lets him fall again.*)

*Sukey.* How you go to work!—Do not touch him any more.—He will die, if he is not dead already, with such treatment! O my dear, dear brother Adrian!—Father! mother! Lubbin!—Why, where can they all be? (*She runs in for help.*)

*Gilbert, (leaning over Adrian.)* No, no, he

he is not dead: he breathes a little. Were he dead, I would go and fling myself this moment into some pond.—(*He calls out*) Adrian! Master Adrian!—If I knew but how to bring him to himself!—(*He blows on Adrian's face.*) This blowing tries my lungs!—It was very foolish, I must own, in me, to tell him what I did; but much more so in him to pay attention to it: and particularly when I bid him not be frightened.—Could I possibly speak plainer?—Adrian! Adrian!—He does not hear me.—When my dear wife died, I took on very sadly for her; but to die on that account, would have been very silly!—Adrian! Adrian!—What had I best do? He does not seem as if he would recover. O, I see a pump—I will go and fill my hat with water—Half a dozen sprinklings very possibly may have good effect upon him. (*As he is coming back to Adrian, Mr. Creswell enters, leading in Mrs. Creswell and Julia. Gilbert drops his hat, and runs away.*)

*Gilbert.* Heaven forgive me! Should he find him dead, I do not know what he will do! For my part, I am dead with fear already.

*Mr.*

*Mr. Creswell.* Was not that our Gilbert?—Gilbert, what is the matter? Where is Adrian?

*Mrs. Creswell.* Sure he ran away, as if afraid of meeting with us. Where can he have left him?

*Julia, (seeing Adrian on the ground.)* What is this here? A child! *(Stooping down.)* O Heaven! my brother! and he is dead!

*Mrs. Creswell, (falling down by Adrian.)* How Julia! Adrian?—Yes, indeed! help! help!

*Mr. Creswell.* Was this misfortune wanting after all? *(Examining the body.)* But he is not dead! Thank Heaven, we are better off than that.—He breathes a little.—My dear life, *(to Mrs. Creswell,)* as Adrian needs assistance, keep your strength that he may have it.

*Mrs. Creswell, (nearly swooning.)* Adrian! Adrian!

*Julia.* Ah! my poor dear brother! Would to Heaven the flames had rather taken all from us! *(Mr. Creswell raises Mrs. Creswell, and brings Adrian to her.)*

*Mr. Creswell.* There is no time to lose.—Have you your salts about you?

*Mrs. Creswell.* I cannot tell, I am in so great an agitation. After so much fear and fright, here is one still greater. I would part with all that is left us for a draught of water. (*Mr. Creswell sees the pump, and hastens to it.*)

*Julia, (feeling in her mother's pocket.)* Here is your sal volatile, mama. (*While the salts are using.*) Hear, hear, hear me, Adrian, and look up! or I shall die with grief. (*He comes a little to himself.*) O heavens, he breathes! (*She runs to her papa.*) Come, come, papa! come quickly! come and see him. (*Mr. Creswell brings a little water in the hollow of his hand, and throws it on his face.*)

*Adrian, (sighing bitterly.)* Oh! oh! papa; papa!

*Mr. Creswell.* He supposes I am dead. That blockhead Gilbert must have frightened him.

*Julia, (in transport.)* See! see! his eyes begin to open!

*Mr. Creswell.* My dear child, do not you know us?

*Mrs. Creswell.* Adrian! Adrian!

*Julia.* Brother!

*Adrian,*

*Adrian, (looking round him.)* Am I dead or living? or where am I? (*He sits up in Mrs. Creswell's lap.*) Ah! my dear mama!

*Mrs. Creswell.* My child! and have we brought you back to life?

*Adrian, (turning to his father.)* Papa too!

*Julia, (embracing him.)* My dear Adrian! my sweet brother! I am alive again, now you are.

*Adrian.* Oh! what joy to see you thus again, dear sister! (*He turns to his mother.*) It was your sweet voice, mama, that brought me back to life.

*Mr. Creswell, (to Mrs. Creswell.)* My dear, I was lamenting our misfortune just before; but now I find that there was a great deal more to be lost, than goods and such things.

*Mrs. Creswell.* Let us not think a moment more about them.

*Mr. Creswell.* Nay, rather we should rejoice that they are in reality so trifling. I behold you all three safe, and can have nothing to disturb me.

*Julia.* But brother, what brought you into such a situation?

*Adrian.* Would you think it?—Gilbert.

*Mr. Creswell.* There, I said so.

*Adrian.* Why, he told me that you had all three perished in the flames.

*Julia, (looking towards the bill.)* Ah! there he is, papa; above there. *(They all look up, and Gilbert draws his head in.)*

*Mr. Creswell.* Gilbert! Gilbert!—He's afraid to answer *me*; so do you call him, Adrian.

*Adrian.* Gilbert!—Do not be fearful, but come down and show yourself.—I am alive.

*Gilbert, (on the bill.)* Are you sure of that?

*Adrian.* I think so. Did you ever hear a dead man speak?

*Gilbert, (coming down, but stopping on a sudden.)* You do not intend, I hope, sir, to discharge me. If you do, I need not be at so much trouble to come on.

*Mr. Creswell.* See, simpleton, the consequence of speaking without thought!

*Mrs. Creswell.* A little more, and you had been the death of Adrian.

*Adrian.* Pray, mama, forgive him! It was not his fault.

*Gilbert.* No, certainly. I bid him not be frightened. *(Adrian holds out his hand.)*

However,

However, I am glad that you do not intend me any harm; and for the future, I will think no one dead, till such time as I see him ten feet under ground, and fairly buried.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Adrian, Mr. and Mrs. Creswell, Julia, Trueman, Jane, Lubbin, Sukey.*

*Trueman, (running in.)* O the wretch! where is he?

*Sukey, (shewing Gilbert.)* Look ye, father, here! (*Gilbert slinks behind his master.*)

*Trueman.* Who is this? (*Sukey and Lubbin run towards Adrian, who presents them both to Julia; the farmer bows to Mr. Creswell.*)

*Mr. Creswell, taking him by the hand.)* My friend! what means this humble distance? With such respect to bow before me! my preserver! and not only mine, but that of all my family!

*Trueman.* Yes, sir, it is another obligation that you have laid upon me. I have had the opportunity of shewing you my gratitude for all your favours.

*Mr. Creswell.* You have done much more for me than ever I did yet for you, and more than I shall ever have it in my power to do.

*Trueman.* What say you, sir? The service of a moment only. I, on the other hand, have lived these eight years past by means of your bounty. You observe these fields, this farm: from you I had them. You have lost your all; permit me therefore to return them. It will be happiness enough for me, that I shall always have it in my power to say, I have not been ungrateful to my benefactor.

*Mr. Creswell.* Well then, my good friend, I do permit you to return them; but on this proviso, to enrich you with much better. You have, luckily for me, preserved my strong box that had all my writings in it, and those writings are the best part of my fortune; so that to you I owe the preservation of my whole property. Having now no house in London, I will go down into the country, whither you shall follow me, and we will fix our habitation at a seat that I have in Norfolk. All your children shall be mine.

*Adrian.*



*Adrian.* Ah! dear papa! I meant to beg as much. See here is my sister Sukey, and here is Lubbin, my brother. If you knew the love and friendship that they have shewn to me! Possibly I might have now been dead, but for their kindness.

*Mrs. Creswell, (grasping Jane's hand.)* Henceforth we will be but one family; and all our happiness shall be in loving one another, like relations.

*Jane.* In the mean time, enter and repose yourselves. Excuse us, if our cottage cannot afford you the accommodations that we certainly could have wished to do.

*Trueman, (looking towards the hill.)* I see my cart, fir, and a number of poor people following. Will you give me leave to go and offer them the service of which they are so much in need?

*Mr. Creswell.* I will go with you, and console them likewise. I am too much interested in the melancholy accident that has distressed them, though far less a sufferer by it. — Less! I should have said no sufferer, but a gainer; for the day which I supposed, at first, to be so unfortunate, gives me back much more than I have lost.

It gives me, in return for such things as with money I can purchase, what is far beyond the value of all money ;—a new family and friends, who shall therefore be henceforth precious to my heart.

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## THE GOOD MOTHER.

### A SONNET.

**T**HE mother's tender heart, round  
whom

Her children throng in youthful bloom,  
With love and transport overflows,  
Such as a mother only knows,  
What time her light descending hand  
Gently taps one with action bland ;  
Another to her heart close folds,  
Inmate already there, she holds.  
A third climbs joyous on her knee ;  
While pleas'd the little thing to see,  
Her hand assists, and with a smile  
Kissing, she pays the arduous toil.  
Her foot, held out to serve as chair,  
Dandles a fourth when seated there ;

So too the rest, if more there be,  
Round her, close cling her progeny.

She reads all written in their eyes,  
Their looks, careffes, smiles and sighs,  
These speaking from the heart, declare  
The thousand little wishes there.  
Their prattle all at once is heard,  
And she replies without a word ;  
For smiles alone are her reply :  
While joyous they stand prating by.  
Yet if it chance, a word amifs,  
A quarrel for the envied kifs,  
Or aught unfit to hear or view,  
Among the little ones ensue,  
A brow dissatisfied she takes,  
Yet soon the low'ring storm there breaks :  
And while ev'n gloom o'ercasts her mien,  
That she's a mother 'tis well seen.

In this, so obvious to man's sense,  
We see God's wond'rous providence,  
That from the stores of heavenly grace,  
Pours gifts on all the human race.  
The rich, in fortune's lap high fed,  
The poor beneath their lowly shed,  
All on her smile subsist and share  
The blessings of her guardian care.

She knows their need, she hears their cry,  
 And views them with a mother's eye :  
 To none, among her children, blind,  
 But scattering gifts on all mankind.

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

### THE PROPER USE OF TIME.

**M**ORGAN, though a plain compa-  
 nion, was a special workman. He  
 aspired at nothing in his heart so much

as to become a master ; but he wanted money to set up.

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

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

Amidst the extravagant emotions of that transport into which these notions threw him, he perceived an alehouse. Come, said he, and entered it, I will have a little pleasure with one sixpence of this money.

He demurred, however, some few moments, to call out for punch which was his favourite liquor, as his conscience loudly told him that the moment of enjoyment was not yet arrived ; that he was, first of all, to think of paying what his friend had lent him ; and at present that it was not honest for him to lay out a penny of the sum for things not absolutely necessary. He was ready to come out again, impressed

by such right notions, but bethought himself, on the other hand, that if he spent a sixpence of his money, he should still have ninety-nine pounds nineteen shillings and a sixpence left; that such a sum was full enough to set him up in trade, and that a single half-hour's industry would compensate for such a trifling pleasure as he wished to have at present.

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

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

On the following days, the love of liquor had befotted him in such a manner, that he constantly returned to his beloved ale-house, but increased the quantum of his liquor, to a shilling's worth at first; then sixpence more; and so on, till he came to half-a-crown; at which he seemed to make a stand, and every time, he could console himself

himself with saying, It is but two-and-sixpence that I am spending. Oh, I need not fear but I shall have enough to carry on my trade.

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

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

Quite

Quite overcome with shame and grief, the more he sought to stifle his ideas with hard drinking, so much the sooner by a great deal, did his ruin fall upon him. And at last the frightful moment came, when quite disgusted at the thought of industry, and being, as it were, an object of horror to himself, he regarded life as a burthen, since it presented him with nothing but a prospect of miserable poverty whenever he looked forward.

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

Alas! if when his reason first of all addressed him, he had listened to the reproaches of his conscience, easy in his situation, he might now have been enjoying, in repute and honour, the ease of a respectable and opulent old age.

You shudder, children, at his lamentable folly. Such is notwithstanding that of multitudes among us, in the use which they  
make



make of life. It was bestowed upon them that they might live happy in virtuous enjoyments, and yet they lavish it upon every shameful dissipation. They think that there will always be time enough left them, for the proper use thereof. However, in the interval, days, months, and years flow onward, and they find, at the conclusion of them, they have not made such a use as they fondly proposed. In some sort, they are even happy if their conduct does not plunge them finally into despair.

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

A DRAMA, in TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. JEPHSON.

FRANK, *his Son.*

LUCY, } *his Daughters.*

ISABELLA, }

DORINDA, }

ALICE, }

LAURA, *a little lame,* }

ELDER DANBY, }

YOUNGER DANBY, }

*who stutters,* }

ROBERTS, *their Acquaintance.*

Mr. Jephson's Groom.

SCENE, *an apartment in the house of Mr. Jephson, with a table, and upon it books and other papers, and a speaking-trumpet in the corner.*

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*Frank, (speaking to his father as he goes down stairs.)*

**N**O, no, papa, do not be afraid: I will take the greatest care that no accident shall happen to your papers. I will put up  
your



*Book 50*

Blind Man's Buff



your books too in the closet.—(*He comes forward, jumping for joy.*) We shall have some fine diversion ! When the cat is away, the mice (it is said) will play. (*To Lucy, who now comes in.*) Well now, Lucy, is mama gone out, and all our little friends arrived ?

*Lucy.* My friends are all three come ; but none of your companions yet.

*Frank.* O, I can easily believe you sister. We do not want to run a gadding like you girls ; and so we are not the first to keep appointments of this nature. You must force us from our study, if you would have us. Look you, I would lay any wager that the Danbys, at least, are hard at work, while we are speaking.

*Lucy.* Yes, to settle what fine tricks they can contrive to put upon us.—But pray, Frank, is it true that papa will let us pass the evening here ? our room above is so very small, we could not have found room to turn ourselves well round.

*Frank.* Could my papa refuse you any thing, when I concerned myself to ask it ? Softly, little girl, do not discompose the papers.—Let them lie.

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Keep that advice, fir, to yourself : I meant to lay them smooth.

*Frank, (with an air of importance.)* No, no, you cannot, miss ; I am charged with that commission.

*Lucy.* Truly, my papa could not have given it to so orderly a gentleman ! let me at least assist you then ; and afterwards I will put the chairs in order. These great books I shall remove first.

*Frank.* Do not think of touching them ! At most I can permit you only to take one by one, and pile them up upon my hands. *(She does so, till they reach his chin.)*

*Lucy.* There is enough.

*Frank, (leaning backwards.)* One more only.—So.—I have now sufficient for one turn. *(He takes a step or two, when all the books fall down.)*

*Lucy, (bursting out a laughing.)* Ha, ha, ha, ha ! there, there they go ! Those handsome books that papa would never let us touch ! I fancy he will be greatly pleased to see them all tumbled together thus !

*Frank.* I had lost the center of gravity, as my tutor says ; and you know, he is gravity itself. *(He picks the books up, but they*

*they tumble down as fast as he gathers them.)*  
Deuce take it! They have been at Sadler's Wells, I think, and learned to tumble, sure!

*Lucy.* You will never finish, if I do not assist you. So d'ye see, I will spread my apron, and do you stoop down and pile them in it.

*Frank.* That is well thought of indeed!  
*(Frank goes upon his knees, takes up the books, and places them in order in his sister's apron.)*

*Lucy.* Softly, brother, they will rub one against another! So; I have got them all, and now I will carry them into the closet.  
*(She goes out.)*

*Frank, (rising out of breath.)* Bless me! I should never do to live a long time in the country where men go upon all-fours like monkies. *(He fans himself with his hat.)*

*Lucy, (re-entering.)* Could you see how neatly I have ranged them on the chimney, you would be charmed! So let me have the rest. *(Frank puts the other books and all the papers in his sister's lap, who says, when she receives them,)* Well, every body must acknowledge that girls are cleverer than boys.

*Frank.*

*Frank.* O yes, and you particularly. Isabella is constantly employed in putting by your shreds and rags.

*Lucy.* And if your tutor had not constantly his eye upon you, you would never know where you should find your exercises and translations. (*She looks about her.*) But I fancy, I have now got them all.

*Frank.* Yes, yes; there is nothing left; so get you gone. (*Lucy goes out.*)

*Frank,* (*putting back the chairs and table in their places.*) There; so that is done, and we shall now have elbow-room enough. I cannot help thinking what fine work we shall be sure to make. However, I am surpris'd that they are not come yet. For my part, I can say I hardly ever make any one wait for me when a visit is in the case.

*Lucy,* (*entering once again, and looking round about.*) Ay, very well: but brother you must hide this speaking trumpet. If your friends should happen to perceive it, they will be sure to stun us with their noise.

*Frank.* Stay, stay; I will put it up behind the door, as perhaps I shall want it. Let your little friends come now and din  
me



me with their chattering, as they used to do, and we shall see who will cry out loudest.

*Lucy.* Pshaw! we need but join together; we should very shortly get the upper hand of such a little thing as you.

*Frank.* O no; for if you ladies have your clappers so well hung, we gentlemen possess a fine clear manly voice, which every one respects: as thus—You hear me?

*Lucy,* (*shrugging up her shoulders.*) Yes; and have so much respect as you say, for you, that I will take myself away. Farewel. I will run and join my friends.

*Frank.* And bid the servant send me up my visitors when they arrive.

*Lucy.* Yes, yes. (*She withdraws.*)

*Frank,* (*taking up the speaking-trumpet.*) Here is what has often brought me from the furthest corner of the garden, much against my inclination; and, I think, I hear it still.—So ho! there! Frank! Frank!—My young friends live only at the corner of the street. Let me see if I can hurry them. (*He puts the trumpet to his mouth, throws up the window, and cries out,*)

Girls and boys come out to play,  
 The moon doth shine as bright as day :  
 Come with a whoop, and come with a call,  
 Come with good-will or not at all.

*(He leaves the window, and draws near the door.)* Well, is not this surprising ! It is like Harlequin's enchanted horn. I think I hear them talking to each other on the stairs. *(He listens.)* Yes, yes ! I protest the two Danbys. *(He puts the trumpet by.)* Suppose I were to jump now on the table, and receive them sitting on my throne ? *(He runs to fetch a stool that he may put it on the table ; and prepares to take a spring, but the arrival of the two Danbys prevents him.)*

## S C E N E II.

*Frank, Elder Danby, Younger Danby.*

*Frank.* Could not you have staid a little at the door till I was mounted on my throne, that I might give you audience, as they say, in all my glory ?

*Elder Danby.* Good indeed! you have no occasion for a throne to look exactly like a king. And active as you are, the throne might possibly cause your majesty a tumble.

*Frank.* Why, to say the truth, I have read of many tumbles of that nature in my ancient history.

*Elder Danby.* And in some sort, such an accident has happened to my brother, though he is no great prince. He fell down stairs last week, and hurt his nose considerably.

*Younger Danby, (stuttering.)* Yes indeed! It pains me sti- still a little, and that Ma-a-after Roberts is a very nau-au-aughty boy.

*Frank.* Does he design to come to-night?

*Elder Danby.* I hope not: if we had expected him here, we should not have stirred out.

*Younger Danby.* He o-o-only thinks of mis-mischief.

*Frank.* What has he done then?

*Elder Danby.* We were both going out last Saturday. I stopped to get a handkerchief: my brother went down stairs alone, and, as it happened, Roberts hearing some one, came out sily, jumped at once upon my  
my

my brother, who was frightened, lost his footing, and rolled down the stairs from top to bottom.

*Frank.* Poor Danby! I am sorry for you. Roberts looks for all the world as if he loved such mischief. We shall have his company this evening for the first time in our lives: his father begged papa to let him come and see us.

*Elder Danby.* I am sorry for it. For we do not speak to one another.

*Frank.* My papa supposed you all good friends, because you lodge together, and considered that you would have the greater pleasure if he came.

*Elder Danby.* The greater pleasure! We should like to have him ten miles off. Since he has been our neighbour, we are continually uneasy. He has frequently amused himself with breaking windows, and then tried to lay the blame on us.

*Frank.* Does no one make complaint about him to his father?

*Elder Danby.* Oh! I do not know what to make of him; he is such an odd sort of a man! He scolds a little, pays the damage, and that is all.

*Frank.*

*Frank.* If I were your papa, I would quit my lodgings and live somewhere else.

*Elder Danby.* Yes, so he means to do, and therefore yesterday gave warning; and now we are forbidden all manner of connexion with this Roberts, he is so wicked! Would you think it, very few go by the house, without being apprehensive that he will put some trick upon them. Sometimes he diverts himself by squirting puddle water at them, or else pelting them with rotten apples. Nay, he will sometimes fasten rabbits tails or bits of rags behind their backs, at which the people, when they see it, all burst out a laughing. Then too he has what he calls his *caxen fishery*.

*Frank.* Caxen fishery!

*Elder Danby.* Yes: he will take the people's wigs off, as they pass him, with a hook, as you would catch carp. When any poor man stops before his window to converse with an acquaintance, Roberts immediately goes up to the balcony, with a string upon a fishing-rod, and at the end of it a hook, with which he jerks the poor man's wig off. Then he runs and ties it to a dog that he has before provided for

the purpose, after which he drives the creature out into the street, and off he sets that instant, so that the poor perriwig has frequently been dragged for twenty minutes through the mud, before its owner can lay hold of it again.

*Frank.* But this is more than mere amusement!

*Elder Danby.* And yet this is nothing to the stories that I could tell you. Why, he lames or bruises all the dogs and cats that come within his reach. Nor is it long ago, when one of his relations broke a leg, by slipping down upon the stairs where Roberts had been scattering peas on purpose. Ay, it is so; or else our name is not Danby. And for the servants, I am sure, his father would not get one to attend, if he did not pay extraordinary wages.

*Frank.* Shall I tell you now? I long to see him. I like boys a little merry.

*Elder Danby.* Nothing is more natural: but Roberts's mirth is not like that of other boys. You, I know, love laughing in your heart; but would not, for the world, hurt any one; whereas this wicked fellow laughs at bumps and bruises.

*Frank*

*Frank.* Oh that does not fright me in the least. I shall be much more pleased in paying him as he deserves.

*Elder Danby.* If he should come, you will not be angry if my brother goes? He would do him some fresh mischief.

*Younger Danby.* Ye-ye-yes, I will go.

*Frank.* No, no: we are old friends; and positively no new comer shall divide us. I will take care and manage him, I warrant you.—But do not I hear a noise upon the stairs?—It is Roberts.—No, I see my sister and her company.

### S C E N E III.

*Frank, Elder Danby, Younger Danby, Lucy, Isabella, Dorinda, Alice, Laura.*

*Lucy.* Your humble servant, my good friends! but why not seated, brother? You might easily have got the gentlemen a chair apiece, since they have been with you. Sure there has been time enough.

*Frank.* As if we did not know that it is usual to stand up when we receive ladies.

*Lucy.* I am charmed to find you know

your duty ; but where is Master Roberts ?  
*(to the Danbys.)* I did suppose that you  
 would have brought him with you.

*Elder Danby.* It is a long time now, thank  
 Heaven, since we have been separated from  
 him.

*Dorinda.* Is he then unluckier than Lucy's  
 brother ?

*Laura, (archly.)* Certainly, he would be  
 unlucky then indeed !

*Alice.* Lucy's brother ! He is a very lamb  
 to Roberts. We have known him for a  
 long time. Have we not, dear sister ?

*Laura.* We have, and he has played me  
 many a trick.

*Alice.* He was very intimate with An-  
 thony my brother ; but he is rid of him  
 entirely now : why, he is the saddest fellow  
 in the world !

*Lucy.* Oh, as for that, my brother is  
 even with him there.

*Dorinda.* But to do mischief merely for  
 the pleasure of it—there is the villainy !

*Lucy.* No, no, my brother is better than  
 that comes to.

*Frank, (with an air of irony.)* Do you  
 really think so ? I am obliged to you !



*Dorinda.* Well, well, my dear Lucy, we will be under your protection, you are the biggest of us; and besides, at present you are mistress of the house, and may command him.

*Lucy.* Do not you be afraid. I will keep him perfectly in bounds.

*Frank.* Yes, yes, Lucy: you shall take care of the ladies, and for you, (*to the Danbys,*) I will take you under my protection.

*Elder Danby.* Oh! he will hardly think of playing tricks with me. He knows me, I assure you. I only fear for my brother.

*Younger Danby.* He makes ga-ga-game of me! yes, al-al-always!

*Laura.* That is his way; he always attacks the least. He would never vex my sister,—none but me.

*Lucy.* I can believe you: such as he are always cowards. I compare him to a puppy following close upon a cat as long as she keeps running: but if once the cat turns round, and shews her whiskers, then the puppy scampers for it.

*Frank.* Well then, sister, you shall be the cat.

*Laura.* And let him see your whiskers.

*Lucy.* But methinks it would not be amiss if we sat down. Though we expect this Mr. Mischief-maker, we have no need, I fancy, to remain standing up till he chuses to appear.

*Frank.* Hush! here he is.

#### S C E N E IV.

*Frank, Elder Danby, Younger Danby, Lucy, Isabella, Dorinda, Alice, Laura, Roberts.*

*Roberts, (to Frank and his sister, making them a bow.)* Your servant. Your papa was pleased to let me wait upon you: so I am come to spend the evening with you.

*Lucy.* We are glad to see you, and shall have a deal of pleasure in your company; at least my brother.

*Isabella.* Yes, indeed; he wants a good example.

*Frank.* Do I? So your good example, you would have the gentleman suppose, is not sufficient.

*Lucy.* Well, a truce to compliments. As mistress of the house, it is necessary that I should

should let you know who is who. This tall young lady, in the first place, is Miss Dorinda Lambton.

*Roberts, (with a banter.)* I am charmed to hear it.

*Lucy.* And these are the Misses——

*Roberts.* O, I know them very well. This here is (*pointing to Alice,*) my lady—what is her name? Pentweazle, that will take you off the company, as simple as she seems: And there is (*pointing to Laura, and limping round the room*) Miss Up-and-down, who broke her leg by running from the rod. This gentleman, (*Elder Danby*) observe him, he is a grave wise Grecian, who looks strait before him when he walks, as if he pitied us poor silly children. And this other good little friend of mine (*pointing to young Danby, and letting fall his hat,*) is Pe-pe-peter Grievous, whose dear mama forgot, poor creature! to untie his tongue when he was born. (*The children seem surprised, and stare at one another.*)

*Frank.* And who am I, sir, for methinks you seem quite clever at this sort of portrait painting?

*Roberts.* Oh, I am not sufficiently acquainted with you yet, to take your likeness : but I shall let you have it soon.

*Lucy.* For you, sir, I could draw you at a glance, and I must tell you, the similitude would not be very pleasing. I could never have supposed it possible that any well bred little gentleman, as I imagine you affect to be, should think of turning natural defects into a theme for banter. If my little friends were not sincerely such, they would have reason to reproach me for exposing them to your indecency. But they can see that I could not have expected half so much myself.

*Roberts.* Why, Frank, I protest, your sister is mighty eloquent. You need not go to church on Sundays, having such a charming preacher in the house.

*Frank.* She has tolerable skill, when any one is to be told the truth ; and therefore both my sister Isabella and I love her sincerely.

*Roberts.* Well, well, you see I have tolerable skill likewise in telling truth ; and therefore no doubt you will love me, too,  
sincerely.

sincerely. (*He bows to Lucy.*) I ask your pardon, miss, for having taken your employment out of your hands, as you are yourself so clever at it.

*Lucy.* Your excuses and your bow are both an insult; but an insult, such as I despise. Though, were they on the other hand sincere, they would hardly make atonement for so coarse an incivility. If I had not considered every word that you said as meant in joke, however gross I cannot but suppose it, I should know what suited me to do, and should have done it likewise. Let me therefore beg, sir, that you will indulge in no more freedoms of this nature, if you mean that we should remain together.

*Roberts, (somewhat embarrassed.)* Well, but I see you do not understand a little harmless piece of banter. Let us be friends. (*He holds out his hand.*)

*Lucy, (giving hers.)* With all my heart, sir; but provided—

*Roberts, (turning his back suddenly upon Lucy, and addressing young Danby.)* You are an honest little fellow, too, and I will shake hands with you. (*He hesitates to*

give his hand, and therefore Roberts seizing on it, shakes his arm so roughly, that he falls a crying.)

*Elder Danby.* Master Roberts!

*Frank, (laying hold of Roberts's arms.)*

Pray, sir, let this child alone; or—

*Roberts.* Well—or what?—my little Jack-a-dandy.

*Frank, (boldly.)* I am little, I acknowledge, but yet strong enough; and so you will find me, when my friends require to be defended.

*Roberts.* Say you so? in that case I should like to be one of them. But beforehand, if you please, we will have a brush, just to see how you will be able to defend them.

*(Roberts on a sudden tries to fling him down; but Frank stands his ground, and Roberts falls. The company rush in to part them.)*

*Frank.* But one moment, if you please, young ladies. I will not do him any harm. Well, Mr. Roberts, pray how do you find yourself? I fancy I am your master.

*Roberts, (struggling.)* Take your knee off,—or you will stifle me.

*Frank.* No, no; you must not think of getting up, unless you first ask pardon.

*Roberts,*

*Roberts, (furiously.)* Pardon!

*Frank.* Yes, sir, and of all the company, as you have certainly offended all the company.

*Roberts.* Well, well; I do ask pardon.

*Frank.* If you should insult us again, be assured, we will send you down into the cellar till to-morrow morning, which will surely cool your courage. That is much better than to hurt you. We do not think you worth the trouble.—Rise. (*He gets from off him, and when both are up, continues.*) You have no right to be offended; for remember, it was yourself began the contest. (*Roberts seems ashamed.*)

*Dorinda, (aside to Isabella.)* I could never have supposed your brother half so valiant!

*Isabella.* Oh! a lion is hardly bolder; and yet, Dorinda, he never quarrels. He is, in short, although I say it, the best tempered little fellow in the world. (*To the company.*) But what are we doing? We ought to think of some amusement for the evening.

*Frank.* Certainly we ought, or why are we all come together? Well, what play

shall we chuse? Something funny? What say you, Danby?

*Elder Danby.* We will let the ladies chuse.  
(*Roberts makes mouths at Frank and Danby: the rest pretend as if they did not see him.*)

*Lucy.* There, Frank; there is a lesson for you: we may chuse. Well then, suppose we play at questions and commands? or possibly you would like a game at cards much better?

*Laura.* I should rather play at something with the least Danby. If you have a picture-book, we will turn it over: shall we?

*Younger Danby.* O o-o-oh, yes, yes.

*Lucy.* With all my heart, sweet dears! I will carry you up stairs. You will neither want for pictures nor playthings there.

(*Laura and the Younger Danby take hold of one another by the hand, and jump for joy.*)

*Lucy, (to the ladies.)* My friends, will you go with me for amusement into my apartment? I have a charming bonnet that you will like to see.

*All (together.)* Yes, yes, yes; let us go.

*Elder Danby.* Will you accept my hand as far as your apartment, Miss Lucy?

*Lucy.*



*Lucy.* Rather let Miss Dorinda or Alice have it, if they please.

*(The elder Danby presents his hand to Alice, who happens to stand near him.)*

*Roberts.* What then, do you mean to leave me by myself here?

*Frank.* No, sir; these young ladies will excuse me, so I shall stay: but I am obliged to leave you for a moment.

*Roberts.* Are you? but I will follow you. I do not like to be left alone by night, and in a house where I am a stranger.

## A C T II.

### S C E N E I.

*Frank, Roberts.*

*Roberts.* The truth is, I was apprehensive lest you might think of playing me some trick; so I accompanied you. But now that we are returned, and all alone, we may devise some mirth between us.

*Frank.* Very willingly; I ask no better: so let us think a little.

*Roberts.* We must have some fun, I fancy with the younger Danby.

*Frank.*

*Frank.* If by fun you mean some trick to hurt him, I say no: I shall be in a joking humour; so pray leave him out, if you are bent on mischief.

*Roberts.* They told me that you were always merry, and fond of something funny.

*Frank.* And so I am: but, notwithstanding, without hurt to any one. However, let me know what sort of fun you meant.

*Roberts.* Look you: here are two large needles. I will stick them both with the points upward in the bottom of two chairs, that common eyes shall not discern them. In the next place you shall offer two of these young ladies the two chairs, for very likely they would suspect that I meant them mischief of some sort or other, and they will naturally both sit down: but figure to yourself what strange grimaces they will both make! Ha! ha! ha! ha! It makes me die a laughing, when I barely think what faces we shall see them put on! Ay, ay! and your prudish sister, too, will find the matter quite diverting.

*Frank.* But suppose I were to treat you just in the same manner, would you like it?

*Roberts.*

*Roberts.* Oh! treat me! that is different; but those little idiots——

*Frank.* So you call them idiots, do you, since they are not mischievous?

*Roberts.* Well, you are mighty formal and precise. Then shall I mention something else?

*Frank.* Yes, do.

*Roberts.* Then I have some thread as strong as whipcord in my pocket. I will thread one of these great needles with a little of it; and as soon as they are all come down, one of us shall go up politely towards them, make a deal of scraping, and wry faces, while the other, keeping still behind, shall sew their gowns together. They will all want to dance, as you may guess; so up we will come, and take them out.—Ha! ha! you know the rest; ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Frank.* Yes, to tear their gowns, and get them anger when their parents find it out?

*Roberts.* Why there is the fun.

*Frank.* What! have you no pleasure then in any thing but doing mischief?

*Roberts.* But it does not hurt me—

*Frank.* O ho! I understand: you think of

no one but yourself, and all the world is nothing to you!

*Roberts.* Well; but we are come together to divert ourselves, and we must positively have some laughing. So suppose we frighten Laura and the least Danby?

*Frank.* But that is quite wrong. Supposing any one should frighten you?

*Roberts.* With all my heart, if any one is but able. I am afraid of nothing.

*Frank, (aside.)* Say you so?—That we shall see, perhaps.—*(Aloud to Roberts.)* Well, about this frightening?

*Roberts.* I have an ugly mask at home. I will run and fetch it. And do you, when I am gone, contrive to bring the little children down, and you shall see—I will not be absent half a minute.

*Frank, (aside.)* Good!—There shall be a better mask ready for you, though!—*(To Roberts, calling him back.)* But Roberts! Roberts!

*Roberts.* What is the matter?

*Frank.* It will be better that we should come upon them where we are, if I can bring the others down; for when there are but two or three in this part of the house, there

there sometimes comes a spirit; and in that case, we ourselves should be but badly off.

*Roberts.* What is all this story of a spirit?

*Frank.* Nay, it is true. At first one hears a noise, and then a phantom with a lighted torch glides by, and then the room seems all on fire. (*He draws back, as if afraid.*) Oh! methinks I see it now.

*Roberts, (a little frightened.)* See what?—O dear!—And what can bring the phantom here?

*Frank. (drawing Roberts towards a corner, and then whispering to him.)* The reason, as we are told, is this: There was a miser who lived here formerly, and he was robbed one night of all his money. In despair he cut his throat, and now from time to time his ghost goes up and down—

*Roberts, (in a tremble.)* O ho! I will stay no longer here, unless you get more company.

*Frank.* But recollect how brave you were just now.

*Roberts.* You must not fancy I am afraid:—but—but—but—but—but I will go and fetch my mask.

*Frank.*

*Frank.* Do, do : and I will prepare things here.—What pleasure we shall have !

*Roberts, (with a grin.)* Oh ! enough to make one die with laughing !

*Frank.* They will be finely frightened !

*Roberts.* That they will ! and therefore I will make haste. I am at home and back again—you shall see how soon ! (*He goes out.*)

*Frank, (alone.)* Ah ! ah ! you want to frighten others, and are not afraid yourself ! Well ! well ! I have a thought of something that will frighten you, or I am very much mistaken.

## S C E N E II.

*Frank, Lucy, Isabella, Dorinda, Alice, Elder Danby.*

*Lucy.* We saw Master Roberts run across the street this moment ! What is the matter ? Have you had a quarrel ?

*Frank.* On the contrary, he thinks me his best friend. I have seemed willing to go shares with him in a trick that he means to put upon the little ones above ; but it is himself that he will trick, and never wish to come here a third time.

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Well, what is your project?

*Frank.* You shall know very soon. At present I have no time to lose, for every thing must be in readiness against his coming back: so, ladies, I request permission to be absent for about five minutes.

*Dorinda.* Yes, go, go: but do not stay longer. We are all impatient to be told what you design.

*Frank.* I shall certainly let you know when I have finished my preparations. So once more with your leave. I will come again in less, perhaps, than five minutes. *(He goes out.)*

*Lucy.* Ah! ah! ah!—Two pretty fellows together! We shall see what good comes out between them! They are well matched.

*Elder Danby.* Oh! for Heaven's sake, Miss Lucy, do not do such dishonour to my friend, your brother, as to name him and that wicked Roberts together.

*Alice.* You are in the right, Danby. One is nothing but politeness, and the other quite a savage.

*Isabella.* Savage as he is, however, I  
would

would lay a wager that Frank will be found his master.

*Dorinda.* What a piece of service Frank would do us, could he clear the house of such a fellow! We shall have no pleasure all the evening, if he stays among us.

*Lucy.* I am afraid, however, Frank will proceed too far, and think himself permitted to do any thing against this Roberts.

*Elder Danby.* He can never do enough; and though his scheme should be a little hard on Roberts, there will be instruction in it: it is the greatest service that one can do him: and his father, I am persuaded, will be pleased with Frank, when he hears what pains he has taken to instruct his son. Alas! he would part with half his fortune, to have Roberts like him.

*Alice.* So Lucy, do not you go about to thwart your brother's good intentions.

*Lucy.* But, my dear Miss Alice, I am in a ticklish situation: I am now in the place of my mama, and cannot possibly let any thing go forward that she would not approve.

*Alice.*



*Alice.* Let him have his way. We will take the blame of what he does upon ourselves.

*Isabella.* Yes, let him, sister. War, I say, war; war for ever with the wicked!

*Frank, (returning joyfully.)*—I have settled every thing, and Roberts may appear whenever he thinks proper. We will receive him.

*Lucy.* But, I hope, you will tell me—

*Dorinda.* Yes, we will be in the plot too: and more than that, assist you if we can.

*Frank.* No, ladies, that is not necessary. There is a little violence, I must acknowledge, in my plot, and therefore I will not make you parties. I have been settling every thing with Ralph in the stable. He conceives my meaning clearly, and will second it with great dexterity.

*Lucy.* But still, you do not acquaint me—

*Frank.* This is all of the contrivance that you need know. We will go to Blind-man's Buff, that Roberts may suspect no harm on his return. I will let myself be caught, and he or she that blinds me must  
take

take care that I may have an opportunity of seeing through the handkerchief, and fixing upon Roberts. After he is blinded, you shall steal into the closet, take away the lights, and leave us both together. When I want your aid, I will call you.

*Elder Danby.* But if Roberts should proceed to thrash you in your tête-à-tête?

*Frank.* Proceed to thrash me! You observed how easily I flung him down. I am not afraid of such a one as he, for I have found him to be nothing but a coward: so that is fixed. But first, we must have both the little ones down stairs, or Roberts might go up and frighten them while we are talking here together. So pray, sister, (*to Isabella,*) go and bring them down.

*Isabella.* Yes, yes. (*She goes out.*)

*Lucy.* But, brother, I am not clear that I should permit you——

*Alice.* What is the matter? Let him do, I tell you, as he pleases.

*Frank.* Yes, yes, sister; and rely on my discretion. You are sensible, I do not like mischief, for the sake of mischief: therefore he shall not have half the punishment that he merits, but come off when I have frightened

frightened him a little; and that is all the harm that I mean to do him.

*Lucy.* Well then, Frank, on your promise of discretion—

*Frank.* Yes, I promise you no less. So let us make haste, and put the things to rights, that all may be in order here too when he comes—*(They put away the chairs and table. Isabella in the mean time comes down with Laura and younger Danby.)*

*Frank,* *(going up to Laura and younger Danby,)*—Come, come, my little friends, into this closet; but take care and do not make any noise, or Roberts very possibly will hear you.

*Isabella.* I will conduct them. There is a book of pictures in it; and I will stay to shew them whatever they like.

*Laura.* I thought the tea was ready: May we not stay here with you till it comes in?

*Frank.* I shall fetch you when the servant brings it: but at present you must go into the closet: Roberts wants to frighten you, and I will not let him.

*Younger Danby.* Ye-ye-yes, let us go, my de-

de-de-dear. (*Isabella takes up a candle, and goes in with Laura and younger Danby.*)

*Frank.* We comprehend, I suppose, what we are to do? My eyes not wholly covered, and, whenever I may give the signal, you must take away the light, and get into the closet; but particularly, a perfect silence.

*Dorinda.* Yes, we understand you.

*Frank.* I believe, I hear a noise! hush! hush! hush! (*he listens at the door.*)

Yes, yes; it is he! it is he! be quick, let one of you be blinded.

*Dorinda.* I will begin. Who takes my handkerchief? (*Alice blinds Dorinda, and they begin to run about.*)

### S C E N E III.

*Frank, Lucy, Dorinda, Alice, Roberts.*

(*Roberts, as he enters, pinches Dorinda, on which she throws her hands out, and lays hold of him.*)

*Dorinda.* It is Master Roberts. I well know him by his pinching me.

*Frank.* It is Master Roberts; but he was not in the play. You must begin again.

*Roberts.*

*Roberts.* Undoubtedly, Frank is right.

*Dorinda.* Well, be it so : but if I catch you again, it shall be all fair. Remember, I have warned you.

*Roberts.* O yes, yes. (*He takes Frank aside, and lets him see a little of the mask.*) What think you of it ?

*Frank, (feigning to be frightened.)*—O how frightful ! I should certainly be terrified at seeing it myself. Well, hide it carefully : we will play a little, and then slip away.

*Roberts, (whispering Frank.)*—Yes, yes, we will : but I must, first of all, do something to teize the ladies.

*Frank, (whispering Roberts.)*—I will go up to Dorinda, and turn her round : if she should catch me, she will suppose it to be you, and must set out again.

*Roberts, (whispering Frank.)*—Good ! good ! I will have a little fun with her too.

*Alice.* Well ; when will you have told each other all your secrets ? Two fine gentlemen ! why, do not you see, the game stands still ?

*Roberts.* You need not stay for us ; we are ready.

*Frank, (keeping near Miss Dorinda, as if*

he wished to pull her by the gown, and seeing Roberts go to fetch a chair,)—(Aside.) Now, Miss Dorinda, I will put myself into your way.

(Roberts brings a chair, and puts it so that Dorinda may tumble over it: but Frank takes the chair away, and puts himself instead, upon his hands and feet, with so much noise, that Dorinda may hear him. As she slides along her feet, as if at hazard, she encounters Frank, stoops and seizes him.)

Dorinda, (after having felt about his cape and wrists, and seeming doubtful.) It is Master Frank.

Frank, (in appearance disconcerted.)—Yes, indeed; I am mistaken. What ill luck! so soon?

Dorinda, (pulling off the bandage.)—O, ho! you wanted to throw me down! I thought nobody but Master Roberts played such tricks; but it shall not be long before I take revenge.

(She covers Frank's eyes, but so that he can see a little; leads him towards the middle of the room, and then, as is the custom of the game, asks him,) How many horses in your father's stable?

Frank.

*Frank.* Three; black, white, and grey.

*Dorinda.* Turn about three times, and catch whom you may.

*(Frank gropes his way from place to place, and lets himself be jostled as they please. Miss Dorinda particularly plagues him; he pretends to follow her, but all at once turns round, and falls on Roberts.)*

*Frank.* Ah! ha! I have caught you! have I? It is a boy. It is Roberts! *(pulling off the handkerchief.)* Yes, yes, I am mistaken.

*Roberts, (whispering Frank.)* Why lay hold on me?

*Frank, (whispering Roberts.)* Do not mind it. You shall catch Danby. I will push him towards you.

*Roberts, (whispering Frank.)* Do! and you shall see how I will make him squeak: I will pinch him till the very blood comes.

*(Frank begins to cover Roberts's eyes, and gives his company a nod, as he had settled it. Elder Danby, assisted by the little ladies, takes away the light, and all together run into an adjoining closet, without making any noise.)*

*Elder Danby, (just before he steps into the closet.)* Well: have you finished? Oh, make

haste. You take a deal of time. What mischief are you whispering to each other?

*(At this instant the groom presents himself at the door; he has a lighted torch in one hand, and a stick beneath it in the other, with a large full-bottomed wig upon it. He is covered head and all, with Mr. Jephson's gown, which trails along upon the ground behind him. Frank beckons him to stay a little at the entrance, while he is blinding Roberts.)*

Frank, *(putting Roberts in the middle of the room.)* How many horses in your father's stable?

Roberts. Three; black, white, and grey.

Frank. Turn about—*(pretending to be angry with the others.)* Be quiet pray, young ladies, and not quit your places till the game is begun.—Turn about three times, and catch whom you may.

*(While Roberts turns about, Frank runs for the speaking-trumpet, bids the groom untie a chain that he has about his waist, which falling makes a hideous noise, and then he cries out lustily himself.)* The ghost! the ghost! Run, Roberts, for your life.

*(He claps the door to violently, hides himself behind the groom, and speaking through the trumpet,*



*trumpet, says*) It is you then that come to steal my treasure?

*Roberts, (trembling with fear, and not daring to pull off the bandage.)* Fire! fire! Danby! where are you, Frank! murder! murder! Dorinda!

*Frank. (speaking through the trumpet.)* I have scared them all away.—Pull off your bandage, and look at me.

*(Roberts, without pulling off the bandage, puts both hands before his face, retiring as the ghost advances on him.)*

*Frank.* Pull it off, I say——

*(Roberts makes shift to pull the bandage down, which falls about his neck. He dares not lift his eyes up; but at last when he observes the ghost, he screams out, and has not power to move.)*

*Frank.* I know you well, your name is Roberts.

*(Roberts hearing this, runs up and down to get away: he finds the door shut fast, falls down upon his knees, holds out his hands, and turns away his head.)*

*Frank.* What, do you think to escape me, do you?

*Roberts, (after several efforts.)* I have

done nothing to you. You were never robbed by me.

*Frank.* Never robbed by you? You are capable of any villainy! Who squirts at people in the street? Who fastens rabbits' tails behind their backs? Who fishes for their wigs? Who lames poor dogs and cats? Who sticks up pins in chairs to prick his friends when they sit down? And who has in his pocket, even now, a mask to frighten two poor little children?

*Roberts.* I have done all this! indeed I own it! but for heaven's sake pardon me, and I will not do so any more.

*Frank.* Who will answer for you?

*Roberts.* Those that you have frightened away, if you will but call them.

*Frank.* Do you promise me yourself?

*Roberts.* Yes, yes; upon my honour.

*Frank.* Well then, I take pity on you: but remember, had it been my pleasure, I might easily fly away with you through the window.

*(Here the phantom shakes his torch, which gives a glare like lightning, and then goes out. Roberts almost swooning with terror, falls down on his face.)*

SCENE

S C E N E *the Last.*

*Roberts, Frank, the Groom, Mr. Jephson.*

*Mr. Jephson, (entering with a candle in his hand.)* What is all this disturbance?

*Roberts, (without looking up.)* It is not I that make it. Pray, pray, do not come near me!

*Mr. Jephson, (perceiving Roberts on the ground,)* Who can this be on the ground?

*Roberts.* You know me well enough, and have already taken pity on me.

*Mr. Jephson.* I have already taken pity on you!

*Roberts.* It was not I that robbed you.

*Mr. Jephson.* Robbed me! what does all this mean? Do not I know you, Master Roberts?—

*Roberts.* Yes, yes; that is my name, good ghost: so pray do not hurt me,

*Mr. Jephson.* I am astonished! why in such a posture? *(He puts down the light, holds out his hand and lifts him up.)*

*Roberts, (struggling first of all, but knowing Mr. Jephson afterwards.)* Mr. Jephson, is it you? *(his features brighten.)* He is gone

gone then! is he? (*he looks round about him, sees the ghost and turns away again.*)

There, there he stands!—the phantom!—don't you see him?

(*Frank brings the children from the closet. Laura and younger Danby are frightened at the groom's appearance; but the rest burst out a laughing.*)

Mr. Jephson. Well! what signifies all this?

Frank, (*coming forward.*) Let me explain the whole, papa. This phantom is your groom; and we have put on him your wig and gown.

The Groom, (*letting fall his disguise.*) Yes, sir, it is I.

Mr. Jephson. An odd sort of sport this, Frank!

Frank. True; but ask the company if Master Roberts has not well deserved to be thus frightened. He designed to frighten Laura and Danby: I only wished to hinder him. Let him but shew the frightful mask that he has about him.

Mr. Jephson, (*to Roberts.*) Is this true?

Roberts, (*giving him the mask.*) I cannot deny it: here it is, sir.

Mr.

*Mr. Jephson.* You have met with nothing, then, but what you deserve.

*Dorinda.* We persuaded Miss Lucy to permit her brother to make use of this device in order to punish Roberts.

*Alice.* If you knew besides, sir, all the other tricks that he meant to play us—

*Mr. Jephson.* What, sir, is this the sample that you give us of your behaviour, the first time you set foot within my doors? You have been disrespectful to me in the person of my children, who were pleased with the expectation of having you as their guest. You have been disrespectful to these ladies, whom I need not say you should have honoured and regarded. So be gone! Your father, when he comes to know that you have been thus turned out of doors, will see how necessary it is to correct the vices of your heart. I will not permit your detestable example to corrupt my children. Go, and never let me see you here again! (*Roberts is confounded, and withdraws.*) And you, my friends, although the circumstances of the case may very possibly excuse what you have done, yet never, for the time to come, indulge yourselves in such

such a sport. The fears which have power to affect children at a tender age, may possibly be followed by the worst consequences during their whole life. Avenge yourselves upon the wicked only by behaving better; and remember after the example which Master Roberts has afforded you, that by intending harm to others, you will ofteneft bring it down upon yourselves.

END OF VOL. IV.

















