

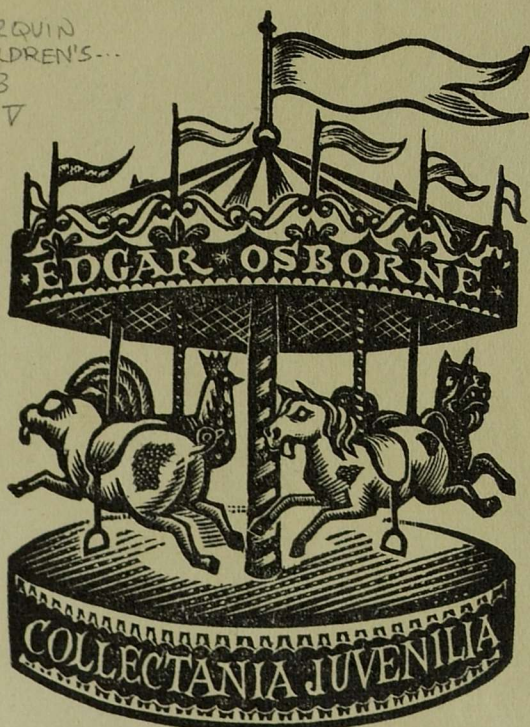


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Ivor A. B. Ferguson

SB
BERQUIN
CHILDREN'S...
1793
VOL. V
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March 1895.

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FRONTISPIECE



Good, Sir

Will. Edw^d 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.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

V O L. V.

L O N D O N:

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C O N T E N T S

OF THE

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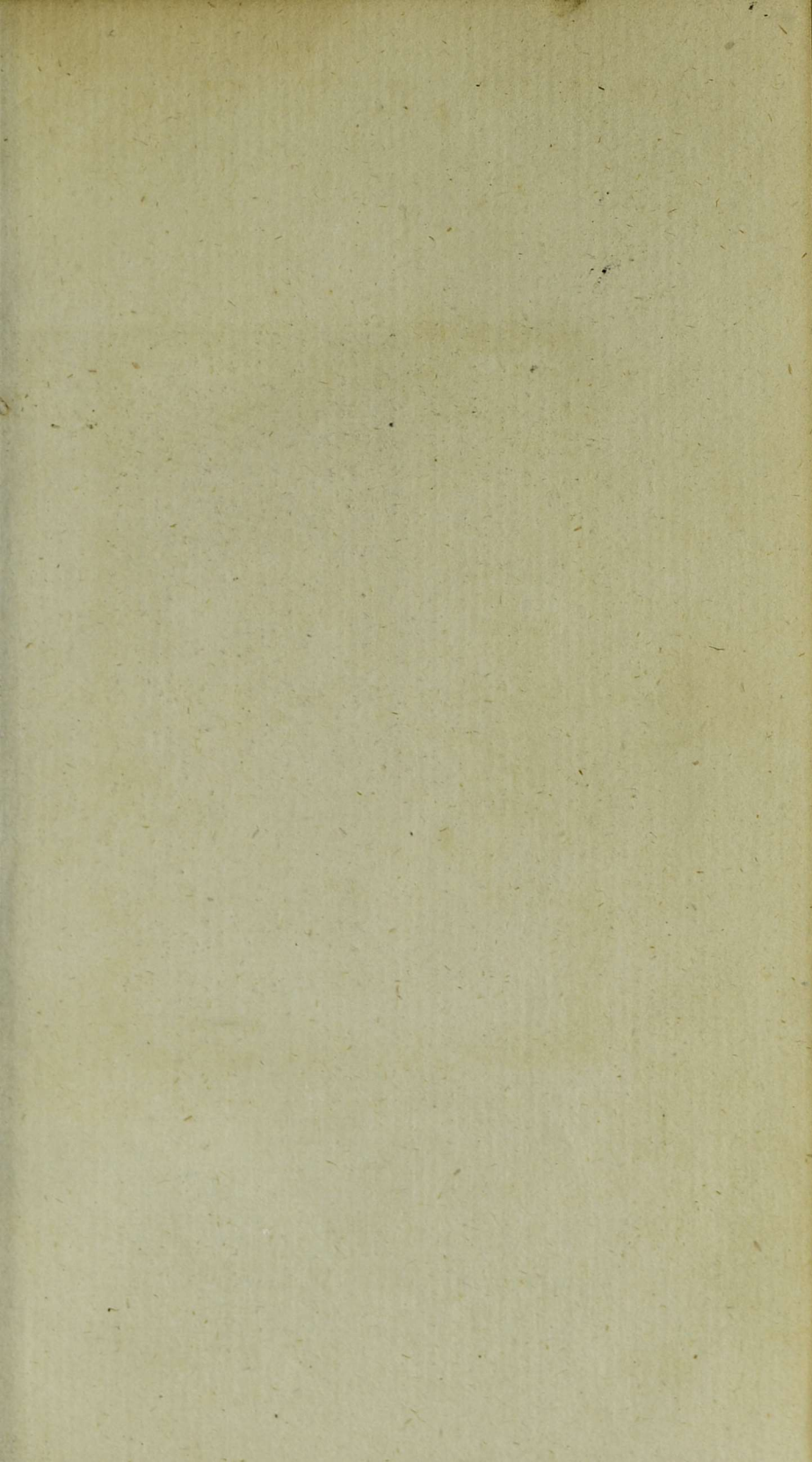
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Caesar & Pompey

Book 10

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

CÆSAR AND POMPEY.

MR. Saunders had brought up two handsome dogs, one Cæsar, and the other Pompey. He had named them so, not with the wish or expectation that they should one day become rivals, like the two illustrious commanders whose names they bore, but though both were littered at a birth, had always fed together, and been treated with an absolute equality, yet it was not long before they manifested very different tempers.

Cæsar was extremely meek and docile; Pompey rough and quarrelsome.

The generous Cæsar jumped for joy, when any one caressed him, and never took it ill that his brother should be fondled in the same manner; but the surly Pompey,

on the other hand, whenever Mr. Saunders had him in his lap, would growl if Cæsar met with the least notice, the least smile, or token of affection.

When the friends of Mr. Saunders, coming on a visit, brought their dogs, our Cæsar would immediately get in among them, and endeavour to amuse his company; and, as his nature was extremely pliant and insinuating, and his manners very winning, they were always at their ease whenever it was his part to entertain them. They would play and frisk about the apartments, just as if they had been all at school with one another. The good Cæsar did his utmost to set off their beauty and activity, that Mr. Saunders might be pleased with their appearance, and induced to do them some good turn or other.

What did Pompey do in the mean time? He would get into a corner, and be all day barking at the strangers. If unhappily they drew too near him, he would then be sure to grin and snarl, and often bite their tails or ears. And if his master noticed any one among them for his breeding and good parts, he would howl with all his
might,

might, as if there were robbers in the house.

Mr. Saunders had remarked this odious temper for some time past in Pompey, and begun already to neglect him. Cæsar, on the other hand, gained something every day on his affection.

On a certain day, as he was set at table, he resolved to try their dispositions more than he ever yet had done. They were both attending at the table, Pompey being nearest; for the honest Cæsar, to avoid dissension, always gave up to him the foremost place with pleasure: and Mr. Saunders held out Pompey a nice piece of juicy meat, which he immediately fell a chewing. Cæsar was not discontented in the least at this, but waited with the greatest good humour till his turn should come. His turn soon came; but Mr. Saunders threw him nothing but a hard dry bone. He took it without any sign of discontent; but hardly had the churlish Pompey observed Cæsar busy with his share, though much inferior to his own, than he rejected, with disdain, the bit between his teeth, and fell on Cæsar to obtain his bone. The gentle Cæsar made

no manner of resistance, but, imagining that it might please the fickle taste of Pompey, yielded it at once.

Do not think, my friends, that this condescension on the part of Cæsar was the effect of cowardice, or even weakness in him. He had given ample testimony of his strength and resolution very lately, in a contest where he had been engaged on account of Pompey, whose intolerable surlinefs had drawn down upon him the resentment of a dog that lived in the neighbourhood. He had not fought above five minutes, though it was he himself who had previously provoked the fight, before he ran away ; while Cæsar, though without a friend to take his part, continued the engagement like a hero, and acquired at last such glory, as to make his adversary bite the dust.

This anecdote his master knew ; and as his character for courage was so thoroughly confirmed, he made him take the bit of juicy meat that he had before thrown to Pompey, but which Pompey had rejected. “ Cæsar, my good fellow,” said his master, “ it is but just that you should enjoy your
brother’s

brother's portion, since he first took yours ; and therefore eat it."

Pompey scowled at Cæsar, seeing the affection that accompanied these words in Mr. Saunders's countenance; and Mr. Saunders added, " Since you have shewn yourself thus complaisant and generous towards him who treats you with such jealousy and envy, you shall be in future my own dog, and range about the house as you think proper; but your brother shall be tied up in the yard: so quick, a chain for Pompey! and let some one bid the carpenter this moment knock up a kennel for him." Accordingly this last was instantly conducted to his station, while the other had his liberty to walk about the apartments.

Pompey would, very probably, have enjoyed with insolence so great a mark of favour, had *he* gained the advantage in his master's judgment; but the heart of Cæsar bled at the idea of his brother's sentence, and he assayed all means to soften his condition. When the servants gave him any thing, he would be sure to carry it to Pompey, wag his tail with pleasure, and invite him to regale upon it; and at night he

would not fail to visit Pompey in his house, amusing him, in the midst of his sufferings, by all possible means, and, for hours together, warming his benumbed limbs.

But Pompey, far from being softened by such kind actions, never welcomed Cæsar to his kennel, nor received him otherwise than with continual howlings; so that very quickly after, rage inflamed his blood, his heart was ulcerated, and his entrails perfectly dried up.

You, children, who read this, if there be any one among you of a disposition such as Pompey had, consider what a miserable lot awaits you, and reflect upon his punishment. You will otherwise lead a life of sorrow and humiliation, and expire in horror.

FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. BELLASTON.

LEONORA, *her Niece.*DAVID, *her Nephew.*MR. VINCENT, *a Clergyman, formerly Tutor
to the Childrens' Father.*DANDIPRAT, *a Dancing-master.*FANNY, *a Waiting Maid.**The SCENE in the house of Mrs. Bellaſton.*

SCENE I.

*Mrs. Bellaſton, Mr. Vincent.**Mrs. Bellaſton.* NO, I cannot forgive
you, Mr. Vincent.What! not come and ſee your well-beloved
friends, or me, theſe five years paſt!*Mr. Vincent.* Conſider, my good lady,
the inevitable duties of my pariſh, the bad

state in which my health is, and the fear of accidents upon the road.

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

Mr. Vincent. Long to me, who cannot eaſily change place. My bodily infirmities no longer permit me to go a gadding, and eſpecially ſo far from home.

Mrs. Bellaſton. And pray, to what powerful motive, Mr. Vincent, do we owe this inſtance of your reſolution ?

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

Mrs. Bellaſton. Ah ! there is a fine girl ! Leonora ! one might come to view her from the furtheſt corner of the world ! Oh, ſuch an underſtanding and vivacity !

Mr. Vincent. Indeed you make me very anxious, Mrs. Bellaſton, to behold her. Pray, where is ſhe ? I long to embrace her.

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

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

Mrs.

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

Mr. Vincent. Pray oblige me, by dispatching some one instantly for David; and, in the interval, I will go up stairs and see his sister.

Mrs. Bellaston. No, no, Mr. Vincent; the surprise of seeing you might overcome her spirits: I will prepare her for the interview. (*She goes out.*)

SCENE II.

Mr. Vincent, (alone.)

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

SCENE III.

Mr. Vincent, Mrs. Bellaſton.

Mrs. Bellaſton, (returning.) I have ſent for David; and Leonora is coming down this inſtant. She has but one feather more to ſettle.

Mr. Vincent. How! one feather! Can you ſuppoſe that I care about a feather more or leſs? Should not her anxiety to ſee me be as great as mine is?

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

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

Mrs. Bellaſton, (ſomewhat piqued.) Oh, my nephew! You will have time enough for David.

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

Mrs. Bellaſton. He is far from being vicious; but he will not attend to my inſtructions on the ſubject of good breeding.

Mr.

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

Mrs. Bellaſton. No, not that. They tell me that his head is well ſtored with uſeful knowledge, as they call it; but that *je ne ſçai quoi* which well bred people poſſeſs, and that *bon ton*—

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

Mrs. Bellaſton. I think it neither good nor bad: but Leonora! how accompliſhed ſhe is! what enchanting manners! As for David, we do not ſee one another often.

Mr. Vincent. And why not?

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

Mr. Vincent. Becaufe, as I ſuppoſe, the converſation turns upon matters to which he is quite a ſtranger.

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

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

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

Mr. Vincent. We shall see which of them will be most entitled to my love. You cannot but remember, how I promised at their father's death, to look upon them as my own. I will perform this sacred duty. As I cannot tell how long I have to live, I am come to see these children, and to know their different characters; which I design to study, so that I may regulate accordingly the final disposition of my fortune in their favour.

Mrs. Bellaston. Such proceeding is entirely

tirely of a piece with every former token of your gratitude and generosity. My brother even in his grave feels your beneficence: and how can I express my obligation to you as I ought, for Leonora and her brother?

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

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

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

Mrs. Bellaston. Ah! here Leonora comes.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*Mr. Vincent, Mrs. Bellaſton, and Leonora,
(dressed in all the extravagance of faſhion.)*

Mr. Vincent, (with aſtoniſhment.) How!
Is this then Leonora?

Mrs. Bellaſton. You are ſurprized, I ſee,
to find her at firſt ſight ſo captivating. (*To
Leonora.*) You have made us wait a little,
my ſweet girl.

*Leonora, (making a ceremonious curſey to
Mr. Vincent.)* Be cauſe the ſervant could
not place my feathers to my liking, not-
withſtanding ſhe removed them half a dozen
times. I ſent her off at laſt quite out of
humour, and did every thing myſelf.—I
hope I ſee you well, ſir.

*Mr. Vincent, (going towards her, and affec-
tionately holding out his hand.)* And I hope,
my dear Leonora—(*Leonora turns away,
and ſeems indifferent.*) Well!—are you un-
willing to conſider me as if I were your
father?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Yes, my dear; your father
and your benefactor. I requeſt (*to Mr.
Vincent.*)

Vincent) you would excuse her: she has always been brought up in modesty, and I have constantly enjoined her a reserve.

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

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

Mr. Vincent. But, surely, a young lady should be always fit to come before a plain man, as I am, with propriety! A modest and decent undress is all that she wants, for such a purpose, when at home.

Mrs. Bellaston. You are right: but to receive a guest like Mr. Vincent! the respect which she owes you whispered the necessity of putting on—

Mr. Vincent. One feather less; and might have whispered the propriety of being eager to come forth and meet a friend who travels forty miles to see her. Yes, I own, my heart would have been infinitely more delighted to behold my children—for the tenderness with which I think at all times of them,

them, and the gratitude which I owe their father, makes them such; and therefore I repeat it—to behold my children run with open arms to meet me!

Mrs. Bellaston. But the awe that seized her at first sight of you—

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

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

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

Mrs. Bellaston. Oh! quite charming! quite adorable!

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. And yet all this is nothing, if one wants the grace of modesty, the charm of affability, the sweet expression of goodness marks the countenance withal, and that perpetual source of pleasure, a well cultivated understanding.

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

Mr. Vincent. Fashionable people, madam? And is Leonora to spend her life with such? I have nothing left to wish her, if she has but those endearing qualities that may obtain her honour amongst a well-chosen circle of acquaintances, at times indeed abroad, but commonly at home; ensuring her the approbation of her friends, and of her own heart.

Mrs. Bellaston. Yes, yes; that is always understood. I mean that she should learn what sort of conduct will procure her honour and respect from such as know what life is, as we say. Come, Leonora, let us hear you play some pretty piece on your harpsichord.

Leonora. No, dear aunt; it might not be acceptable to Mr. Vincent.

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. Not acceptable, my dearest child! I am quite delighted when I hear good music; and think no amusement more proper for you.

Mrs. Bellaston. What more worthy of our admiration, than those charming sciences called drawing, music, dancing, and perhaps, too, some few others? Leonora, give us that sweet air of Signor Squalini's composition. (*Leonora goes to her harpsichord with a discontented air, fingers the keys, and begins a sonata.*) No, no; you must sing too, Leonora.—She has such a voice, Mr. Vincent!—so sweet!—You will hear it. If you knew how much applause she got for her performance at the concert, you would be perfectly astonished. You must know, however, she is a little vain; and one must sometimes kneel, or not a note—

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

Leonora. Sir, your commands are sufficient at any time.

Mr. Vincent. No, my dear; I do not command, I only request.

Leonora,

Leonora, (*in a whisper to her aunt, while looking for the air.*) I am indebted for all this to you!

Mrs. Bellaston, (*whispering Leonora.*) For heaven's sake, Leonora, seem more cheerful; and do every thing that you are asked. Your fortune, very possibly, depends upon it.

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

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

Sweetly smelling flower,

Thus waking with the morning hour,

Go to my Laura's breast, and grace

With added fragrance, that already fragrant place;

So thou wilt bloom indeed:—

But like a useless weed

If on the stalk, here, thou remain,

Thy beauty will decay;

Thy fragrance pass away;

And thy bright colours glow in vain.

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

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. In truth it is not so much amiss, considering she is but a child. However, I supposed that I should have heard a song containing something of the principles with which, no doubt, you study to inspire her.

Mrs. Bellaston. How, dear sir! do not you perceive the moral of it? (*She sings.*)

If on the stalk, here, thou remain,

Thy beauty will decay;

Thy fragrance pass away;

And thy bright colours glow in vain.

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

Mr. Vincent. Trust me, my dear lady, it is much rather there than elsewhere that worthy husbands will be glad to find them. But what is this? (*casting his eyes upon a drawing.*)

Mrs. Bellaston. That is one of Leonora's doing. Do not you find it charming?

Mr. Vincent. It is not bad indeed, if Leonora did it all without the assistance of her master.

Mrs.

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

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

SCENE V.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Mr. Vincent, Leonora, Fanny.

Fanny. Sir, (*to Mr. Vincent,*) your port-manteau is arrived.—Where will you have it put?—In your apartment?

Mr. Vincent, (*to Mrs. Bellaſton.*) Do you mean then, my good lady, that I ſhall have my lodging with you?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Certainly; and by accepting it, you will do me no leſs honour than I myſelf have pleaſure in the offer.

Mr. Vincent. You oblige me. Therefore, with permiſſion, I will go ſee if every thing is right, and return immediately.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora.

Leonora. He is gone at laſt, then ! is he ?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Softly, ſoftly, Leonora ! he may chance to hear you.

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

Mrs. Bellaſton. Be compoſed, my dear ! you have occaſion now for all your moderation.

Leonora. It is enough, I think, that I ſhewed my moderation in his preſence. You yourſelf both ſaw and heard him.

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

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

Mrs.

Mrs. Bellaſton. My deareſt Leonora, be perſuaded: you do not know, perhaps, that your fortune in the world depends on Mr. Vincent.

Leonora. What! my fortune?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Yes, indeed. Muſt I inform you how much you are indebted to his bounty?

Leonora. Oh! I know: as far as certain petty preſents amount, which he ſends me now and then. But ſurely I could do without his preſents!

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

Leonora. And is it poſſible that I am ſo indebted to him? Does he likewiſe ſhew himſelf a friend and benefactor to my brother?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Yes; it is he that pays his board and education.

Leonora. I was never told of this.

Mrs.

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

Leonora. Oh! how sorry I am now that I seemed so vexed and fretted in his presence!

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

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

Mrs. Bellaston. More? You have too mean opinion of yourself, my sweetest, if you think so! And besides, if he should really obtain a preference, what would be
your

your destiny? A man can always make his way through life, but what resources can a woman have?

Leonora. What indeed! Your argument convinces me that I should have learnt things much more necessary than the use of a harpsichord, dancing, or even drawing.

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

SCENE VII.

Mrs. Bellaston, Leonora, Fanny.

Fanny. Mr. Dandiprat, the dancing-master, madam.

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

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

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

SCENE VIII.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora, Dandiprat.

Mrs. Bellaſton. I appeal to you, ſir ; does not Leonora dance like an angel ?

Dandiprat, (bowing.) Abſolutely, madam.

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

Dandiprat. Certainly, madam ; and my own ſkill too, you may depend on it.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora, Dandiprat, Mr. Vincent.

Mrs. Bellaſton. A-propos ; for here he comes. (*To Mr. Vincent entering.*) A chair for

for Mr. Vincent. — Here, — here, my dear sir. — You are come in time for Leonora's dancing lesson; you must see how she performs. You would take her for a zephyr! — Mr. Dandiprat, pray let your pupil dance the new allemand.

Leonora. I cannot dance it by myself.

Mrs. Bellaston. Fear nothing! Mr. Dandiprat will dance with you; and I will hum the tune. Come, never fear! I will keep good time.

Mr. Vincent. But what hinders us from having a minuet? I like that best, and beg to have it.

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

Mr. Vincent. Sir, it is not your performance that we consider, put your pupil's.

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

Mr. Vincent. Chaconne! what is that?

Dandiprat. It is in the higher stile of dancing.

Mr. Vincent. But Leonora never means to figure at the Opera-house. I want a minuet.

Dandiprat. As you please, sir. Come then, miss; a minuet. (*Leonora dances; Dandiprat moves with her, playing on his kit, and interrupts his music now and then with these instructions.*) Your head a little higher. — Shoulders back. — Let your arms play freely. — Sink. — One, two, and three. — Your partner. — Look at me.

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

Leonora, (whispering Mrs. Bellafton.) Well, aunt, you see what compliments I have had?

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

Mr. Vincent. I beg your pardon, madam. I have already signified to Leonora how I liked her dancing; but you would not surely

see me in a transport at her merit in this way? No: I reserve my extasy for merit much more proper to excite it.

SCENE X.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora, Mr. Vincent, David.

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

Mrs. Bellaſton. How the boy ruſhes in! Do you mean to ſtifle Mr. Vincent?

Mr. Vincent. Let him do it, my good madam; for the tranſports of his joy delight me more than cold and ceremonious ſalutations. Yes, my deareſt David! come here, and let me preſs you to my heart. What pleaſing recollection you awake within me! Yes, theſe open features are the living image of your dear departed father!

Mrs. Bellaſton. Why not put your beſt clothes on? Do people ſee friends in that trim?

David. But aunt, it would have coſt me half an hour at leaſt to change my dreſs,

and put my hair in order; and I never should have had the patience to delay so long the pleasure of seeing Mr. Vincent.

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

Mrs. Bellaston. Well, sir; have you nothing then to say to me or Leonora? You have not so much as wished us a good morning.

David. Pardon me, dear aunt! I was so glad, I did not know what I was doing. And do you forgive me too, dear sister, (*holding out his hand,*) if without intention I have displeased you. Have I, Leonora?

Leonora, (half offended.) No, sir.

Mr. Vincent. Excuse him, madam, upon my account! I should be sorry to be the occasion of reproach to him.

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

Mr. Vincent. Do not confine yourself on my account.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bellaſton, (whiſpering Leonora.) You will hardly ſtay and hear their inſupportable diſcourſe!—(*Aloud.*) Come, Leonora, I have ſomething to employ you in.

Leonora. No, aunt, I will ſtay with Mr. Vincent, if he will pleaſe to let me.

Mr. Vincent. Let you, my dear child! I ſhall be glad to have you with me. (*Mrs. Bellaſton goes out with manifeſt vexation.*)

SCENE XI.

Mr. Vincent, Leonora, David.

Mr. Vincent. Well, David; is your maſter well pleaſed with your behaviour and improvement?

David. He himſelf, ſir, is the proper perſon to answer that. One thing however I can ſay, that I am pretty well eſtabliſhed in his favour.

Mr. Vincent. What are you ſtudying at preſent?

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

Leonora, (aſide.) Here are many things that I ſcarcely know by name!

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

David. Oh! the more I learn, the more I wish to go on learning; and am not the lowest in my class, neither.

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

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

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

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

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

Leonora,

Leonora, (aside.) If these are so essential, how has my aunt neglected me!

David. And yet, dear sir, though you embrace and love me so, I am not, perhaps, so good as you imagine.

Mr. Vincent. How?

David. I am very giddy, and I waste my time. I cannot rid myself of several exceptionable habits; and for want of thought, relapse into those very faults for which I have so frequently been sorry.

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

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

Mr. Vincent. I am very glad to find that you can discern yourself these faults within you. To acknowledge that we do wrong, is something akin to doing well. What think you, *Leonora*?

Leonora. I believe, I am neither giddy, nor yet wasteful of my time; nor have I any of my brother's faults.

Mr. Vincent. Then I suppose you have other faults?

Leonora. I have never heard my aunt say that I had any.

Mr. Vincent. She should know indeed, and be the first to notice them; but affection too often blinds us, so that we can see no faults in those that we love.—I do not mean to vex you, by saying this, believe me.

Leonora, (aside.) What a man! He flatters David, and answers me with nothing but vexatious speeches!

Mr. Vincent. Wait here a little. I will go see if my servant has unpacked my trunks. I have something for you, and shall soon be back.

David. Yes yes; we will wait here for you. Do not stay long.

SCENE XII.

Leonora, David.

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

David. What? Dear sister! does not every thing that you have in your apartment,

ment, and even upon your back, come from our dear benefactor? Should he have the veriest trifle in his trunk to give me, I should still be charmed in thinking on his bounty!

Leonora. Possibly you might; but I am so angry with him, with myself, and with my aunt — that I could find it in my heart to quarrel with all the world.

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

Leonora. Had you been so mortified!—

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

Leonora. Yes but Mr. Vincent! he is so captious!

David. How you talk! I think him, on the contrary, indulgent and good-natured.

Leonora. I have done nothing to his liking. When I sung and danced, I could not please him; and my drawing had no better fortune. He despises every thing

that I know; and speaks of merit much more calculated to excite his approbation, than a skill in dancing.

David. Between you and me, I think him in the right.

Leonora. In the right! Then my aunt is in the wrong, according to your notion, is she? What does he mean by merit much more calculated to excite his approbation, than a skill in dancing?

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

Leonora. Oh yes! you indeed! Well then, what is it?

David. Tell me, Leonora, do you ever read?

Leonora. Yes, doubtless, when I have time.

David. And what?

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

David. That is fine reading, truly, for your age! And do not you think that you might have books much more instructive?

Leonora. If I might, what time have I to read them? It is full one o'clock before I have

have breakfasted, and put my morning dress on. Then comes Mr. Quaver; and when he has left me, Mr. Dandiprat. I dine at four; and after dinner, dress for company, which we receive at home; or else go out a visiting, and then the day is over.

David. And is every day spent thus?

Leonora. No doubt.

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

Leonora. How?

David. First then, at six in Summer, and at eight in Winter, they are dressed completely for the day.

Leonora. Then they do not sleep enough, and must be very heavy long before night comes.

David. On the contrary, they are brisker far than you, because they go to bed at ten every night.

Leonora. To bed at ten!

David. At ten; that they may get up early in the morning. When you are fast asleep in bed, they have received their lessons in geography and cyphering. When
the

the clock strikes ten, they take their needle-work in hand till noon; and then assist their mother in the house.

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

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

Leonora. And after dinner are they busy?

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

Leonora. So then they never take any recreation?

David. Oh! I beg your pardon! They amuse themselves as if they were three queens; for all these tasks are intermixed with little sports, and pleasant conversation. They pay visits also, and receive them; but

take care to have their work-bags, and I never saw them idle for a minute.

Leonora. This is certainly what Mr. Vincent meant. And yet my aunt has often told me, that such an education as, according to your account, the Miss Sharps receive, is only fit for tradesmen's children.

David. But supposing them to be tradesmen's children, would they find this education useless to them? They should certainly know household work, or how will they be able to direct a servant? If they know nothing of it, every one will join to cheat them; and the richer they may be, the greater probability there is that even the servants whom they employ, will join each other to effect their ruin.

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

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

Leonora.

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

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

Leonora. But what benefit could I derive from all my skill in dancing, or in drawing, or in music? I should die perhaps of
hunger,

hunger, notwithstanding all these vain accomplishments.

David. And therefore Mr. Vincent cannot be well pleased when he discovers that you have been put to nothing but those arts which serve for ornament or pleasure.

Leonora. And vexation sometimes, David; for when I dance, or sing in company, if I am not praised as much as I suppose myself to merit, you cannot think how much I am fretted at the disappointment!—Shall I also tell you that I am often tired of those fine matters, which my aunt says serve us to pass time away with satisfaction.

David. And how do you entertain yourself then?

Leonora. With the opera, dress, fashions, walks, and scandal; we tell in one house what we have observed beforehand in another. But these helps to conversation, and the art of killing time, soon fails us.

David. I believe so: They are very poor subjects of entertainment, when one thinks of those that may be found in art and nature, which not only occupy our time agreeably, but teach us to reflect upon ourselves.

Leonora.

Leonora. You have convinced me of it by yourself, who notwithstanding you are two years younger than I am, are so much more improved. How many useful things has aunt neglected in my education !

SCENE XIII.

Leonora, David, Mrs. Bellafton.

Mrs. Bellafton, (having overheard what Leonora faid.) And what useful things have I neglected in your education then, Miss Thankless? *(afide.)* But all this is owing to David.

David. Well, good bye, fifter, and good bye, dear aunt. I wonder Mr. Vincent ftays fo long up ftairs. I will run and feek him, if you please. *(goes out.)*

SCENE XIV.

Mrs. Bellafton, Leonora.

Mrs. Bellafton. The good-for-nothing blockhead ! Let his friend be once fet off, and we fhall fee if he prefumes to come into

my presence again. But what has he been saying, that you think your education thus neglected?

Leonora. Indeed, dear aunt, it is true; for have you let me learn those useful matters which a young person ought to know?

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

Leonora. Some things I know, it is true; but they are only such as serve to flatter vanity. Those arts that ornament the mind, as Geography, Arithmetic, History—

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

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

Mr.

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

Leonora. But supposing Mr. Vincent to die, supposing that I was to fall into distress, what are my resources? how should I subsist?

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

SCENE XV.

Leonora, Mr. Vincent, David.

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

Leonora. How! what is this? a watch?

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

Mr.

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

David. Oh, I shall be always ready for them now, that is certain.

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

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

S C E N E XVI.

Mr. Vincent, Leonora, (who appears pensive.)

Mr. Vincent. Well, Leonora, why so gloomy? What is the matter with you?

Leonora. Nothing, sir.

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

Leonora. Doubtless he will be very careful of it, and knows how to handle it!

Mr. Vincent. I have shewn him how, and there is no difficulty in the matter. You are sensible that he wanted one.

Leonora.

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

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

Leonora. True; and yet there is hardly a young lady that I know, but has a watch.

Mr. Vincent. That is lucky; you may ask them then the hour at any time.

Leonora. I may; and when they ask the same of me, make answer that I cannot tell them.

Mr. Vincent. Leonora, Leonora, you are an envious little puss, I see! but here is to prove that you have not been forgotten. (*giving her a case.*)

Leonora, (blushing.) O, my dear good Mr. Vincent!

Mr. Vincent. Well, I see you do not know how to open it. (*He opens it himself, and shews a pair of diamond ear-rings.*) Are you content with these?

Leonora. Oh yes, if you are but content with me!

Mr. Vincent. To say the truth, my dear, I am not quite so: we are now alone, and I must use a little freedom in conversing with you. Your dear aunt has spared no cost to let

let you have agreeable accomplishments; and your appearance is a proof of her affection and good taste. I could only have wished that she had been minded to bestow a useful education on you.

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

Mr. Vincent. I am acquainted with a worthy gentlewoman, who instructs young ladies in such knowledge as is suited to their sex.

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

Mr. Vincent. I understand you; and to shew my real disposition, leave you quite at liberty to chuse that way of life in which she meant to see you figure, since it suits your inclination. Yes, my dearest child, rely on my affection. After my decease I will give you every shilling that I possess.

Leonora. What, all your fortune?

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. Yes, Leonora, all; but not without a fear that it will be still too little to prevent your being really unhappy.

Leonora. Is it possible?

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

Leonora. Alas! sir, I was never taught.

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

Leonora. I hope, sir, it will be enough, with the œconomy that I shall observe, to render me as happy as you wish me to be.

Mr. Vincent. Trust me, notwithstanding your œconomy, if you continue ignorant, it will not. And besides, when you are come of age, what prudent man will take a woman
who

who possesses no one talent conducive to his happiness? It is plain, then, nothing but the fortune that you possess will render you an eligible wife; and this circumstance shews still stronger the necessity of securing a fortune to you after my death.

Leonora. O, sir! but then my brother—

Mr. Vincent. He must be content with what I do in his behalf while living, and the proofs of your affection when I am dead. I mean to have him taught whatever may be useful to him in the state of life that he may prefer; as in that, with industry, it is not improbable but he may make a fortune. I myself am an example of this probability: he need but do as I have done. I leave you to reflect on my intentions, and shall communicate them to him, as soon as he returns.

S C E N E XVII.

Leonora, (alone.)

Oh, what pleasure! heiress to all his fortune! This is what my aunt desired so earnestly. I should be glad to know what

David will say when Mr. Vincent tells him his intentions. He must be very jealous of me. However, I shall not forget him. No, indeed; if I have any thing to spare. I must and will have something for him: but I hear Mr. Vincent coming back with David.—A lucky thought! I will steal into this closet here, and listen to their conversation. (*She goes in, and shuts the door, unnoticed.*)

SCENE XVIII.

Mr. Vincent, David.

Mr. Vincent. So your master is pleased then that I have made you such a present?

David. Yes, enchanted; but for my part, upon second thoughts, I am sorry for it.

Mr. Vincent. Sorry, David, and why?

David. Poor Leonora! she must doubtless be quite vexed at having nothing, when I am master of a watch. I would not seem indifferent to your favours; notwithstanding, if I durst, I would desire you——

Mr. Vincent. Generous little fellow! do not be uneasy; Leonora has received a pair
of

of diamond ear-rings, worth ten watches such as yours.

David. O my dear Mr. Vincent, how I thank you !

Mr. Vincent. And I shall not confine my friendship and affection to the gift of such a trifle.

David. O my generous friend and father !

Mr. Vincent. I observe, with grief, that her education cannot but be the cause of sorrow to her hereafter.

David. So I likewise fear, sir ; my dear aunt imagines that a little drawing, dancing, singing, and the like, are all that she wants to be happy in the world.

Mr. Vincent. To these frivolous embellishments then she sacrifices the much more important cultivation of her understanding ; and forbears inspiring her with those good qualities which have alone a claim on human approbation. As your sister's reason has been so neglected, she is pleased with those applauses that are offered on the altar of her vanity. But when, in some few years, she sees how many useful matters of instruction, and how much inestimable time

she has for ever lost, she will inevitably blush at her own conduct, and even execrate her flatterers ; who, on their side, will repay her hatred with their ridicule and scorn.

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

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

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

Mr. Vincent. No ; for on the contrary, I am now upon the point of doing something for her.

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

Mr.

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

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

Mr. Vincent. I am sensible of your affection; but the fear of death will not delay the fatal moment of its coming. Leonora's future lot gives me pain, whenever I reflect on what it may be; and in short, I am resolved to give her my whole fortune, that at least she may have wherewithal to keep herself from want.

David, (taking Mr. Vincent's hand.) Oh thank you ten times over! How rejoiced I am, sir! Shall I leave you for a moment, and go tell her this good news? But—no; it will be better to conceal it from her, or at least till she has been induced to get some useful knowledge, from a notion that she

must live, in future, by her industry. She will, by that means, know much better how to manage what you give her. O my dearest Leonora! after all, then, I may hope to see you happy.

Mr. Vincent. Worthy little fellow! I am no less delighted with your generosity, than understanding. Come to my arms my dear child! Could I intend to give your sister every thing, and leave you nothing? That were to the last degree unjust: and therefore I revoke my first intention. It is you that *should* be my sole heir, and with propriety I ought to make my will accordingly.

David. No, no, dear sir, preserve your first intention, and give Leonora all your fortune. I shall be much more diligent in my improvement, and more anxious to acquire useful knowledge which, I doubt not, with God's blessing, will suffice for my advancement.

Mr. Vincent. Do not be uneasy with regard to Leonora. When I said that you should be my sole heir, it was not my idea that Leonora should be left without a trifling legacy, sufficient to obtain her necessary things.

David.

David. Well then, let us exchange; the trifling legacy for me, by way of token from you, and the rest for Leonora.

SCENE the last.

Mr. Vincent, David, Leonora, (coming out of the closet, and running to embrace her brother.)

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

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

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

Mr. Vincent. You will unavoidably be happy, if you keep this prudent resolution.

But pray tell me, whence proceeds this change in your ideas?

Leonora. I have just heard my brother's wishes for me; his disinterestedness and generous sacrifice. I have heard too how you love me. I will reverence you for the future, and give up the little jealousies that I entertained against my brother. He shall be my guide and friend.

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

Mr. Vincent. With what pleasing sentiments, dear children, do you inspire me! I am now no longer sorry that Providence has left me childless. I consider you no less affectionately than I should do had I given you life; and think that I see your father, who looks down from heaven, well pleased in having left me such dear pledges of his love. (*Leonora and her brother take him by the hand, and bathe it with their tears.*)

Leonora. Let us not lose a moment, sir. Where does that worthy gentlewoman live, whom you mentioned to me, as a person that would teach me useful things?

Mr. Vincent. I will introduce you to her
shortly

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

Leonora. I believe so; but renounce, from henceforth, all the nonsense that I have been put to study. No more dancing, no more drawing, no more music, for the future.

Mr. Vincent. No, dear Leonora, that would be wrong again. On the contrary, you ought to cultivate them; for, in truth, they are desirable accomplishments. Only remember that they do not constitute all the merit that is required in a woman. They may render her more welcome in good company; be a relaxation to her after the cares attendant on a house and family, and make her still more fond of living in retirement: add another tie to the attachment of her husband, guide her in the choice of masters for her children, and enable her to

further their improvement. They are only prejudicial when they feed her vanity, and make her give into a fatal dissipation, or contempt of duties in that state of life to which God's providence has called her. They are flowers, in short, that may possess some little portion of one's garden, if the rest be set apart for fruits and vegetables.

THE PRESENT.

Mrs. Maddison, Viola, her daughter.

Viola. **M**AMA, you know that my brother's birth-day will come very soon, and I do not know what present to make him. I hope you will give me something to bestow upon him as a present on the occasion.

Mrs. Maddison. Doubtless I might easily do so, but I should like much rather to present him with that something on my own account. Do you imagine that I enjoy less pleasure than yourself in making presents? And besides, reflect that if I give
you



you any thing, in order that you may afterwards give it to your brother, it is my gift, not yours.

Viola. That is true indeed, mama: and yet I should be very glad if I had any thing to give him.

Mrs. Maddison. Well then, let us reflect a little. How shall we proceed? You cannot surely but have something by you! as for instance, your little orange-tree?

Viola. My little orange-tree, mama, that bears such fine blossoms to ornament all my nosegays!

Mrs. Maddison. Well, what think you of your lamb?

Viola. O dear mama! my lamb, that loves and follows me so prettily!

Mrs. Maddison. Your doves, then?

Viola. I resolved, you know, to bring them up before they well had broken the shell; so they are my children, and I cannot part with them.

Mrs. Maddison. I see then that you have nothing to give your brother!

Viola. Now I recollect, I have.

Mrs. Maddison. And what?

Viola. You know that purse, which my aunt Terefa gave me for a Christmas-box last year; you must own it is very pretty!

Mrs. Maddison. True, my dear: but do you think that your brother will be pleased with such a gift? for not to mention that he can never wear it long, I fancy you remember, when you had it first, you did not like it much yourself, and put it carelessly into a drawer, as what you had no wish to see again; and this your brother knew, and cannot but remember when you bring it out.

Viola. But notwithstanding that, mama, it is still a very pretty present.

Mrs. Maddison. No, my dear: that only can be called a pretty present, which we should be glad to keep, and which the party so obliged would equally be glad to have.

Viola. And must I give my brother everything that I should be glad to keep?

Mrs. Maddison. No: just as much, or just as little, as you please; provided what you give appears to be a token of your friendship.

Viola, (after a little reflexion.) Well, well, I will make up a nosegay of my finest
orange

orange blossoms, and present it to Henry, with my lamb.

Mrs. Maddison. Well fancied! such a gift will shew him your affection, since he knows that you would be very desirous to keep the lamb yourself.

Viola. Nor yet, mama, is this the whole; for every day I will take a walk out with my brother, that the lamb may use itself to follow him, as well as me. The little creature in this manner will be quite familiar with my brother, when I give him away; and my brother will love him the better.

Mrs. Maddison. Come my dearest, and embrace me. Be assured, this delicate attention will encrease the value of your present. Thus the merest trifle may become a valuable object, when bestowed with such a grace. You could not give your brother, or even me, such joy by any other present.

Nor myself, mama, replied Viola, with vivacity.

You will be happier still, continued Mrs. Maddison, when once the birth-day comes; because, as I must contribute something, I intend that you shall perform the honours,
for

for me, of a little cold collation to be served up in the garden, for your brother, and such friends as he may wish to have invited.

Hearing this, the little lady kissed her mother's hand with ardour, and immediately ran off to make up half a dozen artificial roses, with a crimson ribbon which she had by her. And with those roses she intended to dress out the lamb on her brother's birth-day, when she made him so affectionate a present.

THE BLACKSMITH.

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

I do

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

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

Truly, sir, I fear he will not: but I fear it on his account alone, not mine. However,

ever, I am sure he would rejoice to do as much for me, were I in his condition.

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

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

But what was his surprise, when the blacksmith bade him take his money back again! I cannot lay it out, said he, because I have not earned it. I can well afford to pay for all the iron that I use, and if ever I should be in want of more, the merchant would supply me with it, on my note. It would be absolute ingratitude in me to take that profit from him which he is used to make upon his goods, when he
has

has never hesitated to supply me with as much as I could ask, even when I had no other coat than that upon my back: but you may make a better use, sir, of this money, if you lend it, free of interest, to my unhappy neighbour. He might then recover his affairs, and I sleep out my belly full.

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

THE GENEROUS ORPHAN.

MRS. Fairborne had hardly lost her husband, when a law-suit, in which he had been engaged, was determined to her disadvantage; the greatest part of her possessions being dependent on the verdict. She was under the necessity of selling all
her

her furniture, and some few jewels ; after which, when she had placed the produce at a banker's, she withdrew into a village, where the necessaries of life were not so high, and where she apprehended she might live with tolerable decency upon her trifling income.

Hardly had she passed a month or two in her retreat, before she was given to understand that her banker was gone off, and all her money with him. Let any one imagine the horror of her situation. Grief and sickness had long since disabled her from doing any thing like labour for her livelihood ; and after having passed her youth in ease and pleasure, she had no resources left her in old age, except an almshouse, or the common refuge of the poor, beggary.

In reality, there was not one of her acquaintance who would condescend to have the least degree of interest in her sufferings. Brought by her beloved husband from a foreign country, she had no one to whom she could fly for assistance. None, except a tolerably near relation, whom she herself had brought to England ; and whom, by granting him her husband's credit, she had rendered

rendered wealthy. But this man, a pattern of sordid avarice, was not likely to relieve another, when he would not even allow himself the necessaries of life.

In this helpless situation, there was, luckily, one resource still left for her subsistence. In the years of her prosperity, she had adopted a young female orphan, named Clarinda, and she now became her guardian angel. Mrs. Fairborne's former kindnesses inspired her with a wish of shewing that she was grateful for them.

No, said she, (when her unhappy mistress mentioned her design of seeking the asylum of a parish work-house,) I will never leave you. From your tendernefs, I formerly received the treatment of a child; and, if in your prosperity I thought it so desirable to be related to you by adoption, I still think it more so, now, in your adversity.

Thank heaven and your adoption, I live comfortably. Your maternal conduct was evinced in teaching me all necessary female arts; I shall, at present, therefore, look upon it as a boast, that I can exercise my knowledge for your sake. With health and
courage,

courage, I shall be at least enabled to procure a living for us both.

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

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

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

Some little season after this, died also the kinsman above-mentioned, who had shewn himself so utterly insensible to every claim of gratitude and kindred. As he could not take his money with him, he supposed it
would

would be making some atonement for his want of natural affection, if he left the injured lady all his fortune.

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

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

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

All the nation joined in the applause of such a liberal action; and Clarinda, when possessed of this honourable recompence of her gratitude, employed it in maintaining orphans, such as she had been; and took the greatest pleasure in inspiring them with
fenti-

sentiments, like those by which she had herself deserved her fortune.

THE DIRTY BOOTS.

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

All the last week's weather had been very bad, but now it was grown clear and bright; on which account young Fortunatus received his father's permission to take a ride on horseback. Now the promise of this ride afforded him the greater pleasure,

as the day before, when he was out, he had been hindered, by a heavy shower of rain, from going far. However, he had been far enough to splash his boots from top to bottom, and they were not yet quite dry.

Transported with the thought of his ride, he ran down to John, who was at breakfast in the kitchen, and with an imperious tone of voice, cried out, " John, John ! I am going out on horseback ! Run and clean my boots ! do you hear me ? " John pretended that he did not, and continued at his breakfast, quite composed. In vain Fortunatus put himself into a passion, and called him a hundred names. John contented himself with answering him very calmly, " I have told you, sir, already, if you recollect, that I hoped never to become *your* shoe-black. "

In the mean time Fortunatus, seeing he could not, in spite of all his menaces, prevail upon John to do as he desired, returned quite full of rage, and made complaint about him to his father. Mr. Railton could not comprehend why John refused a business that belonged to his employment, and which hitherto he had performed without expect-
ing

ing orders for that purpose ; so he sent to speak a little with him, and was told of the affair.

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

Such a sentence turned his promised pleasure into sorrow. He was very eager for a ride on horseback, it was such fine weather ; but—to clean his boots himself ! he could not stoop to such an office. On the other hand, his pride would not permit him to go out with dirty boots, in which case every one he met would ridicule him. He applied successively to every servant in the house,

house, with offers of money to corrupt them; but not one could be persuaded to disobey his master's order. Thus, then, Fortunatus was obliged to stay at home, till in the end his pride permitted him to stoop so low as the conditions laid upon him. On the next day John resumed his office without bidding; and the humbled Fortunatus, having exercised it once, would never afterwards gratify his pride, by vilifying what was in itself so useful.

THE TATLER.

AURELIA, though sufficiently good-tempered, had contracted one great fault, and that was calumny. She published every where whatever she perceived amiss in others, though they were her dearest friends. The inexperience of her age induced her very often to ascribe indifferent actions to improper motives; and a single word or volatility of disposition, was enough to make her form the worst suspicions, which, as soon as she had formed, she

would run into company, and broach as if they were undoubted facts. She frequently even added circumstances to them drawn from her imagination, only with a view of making them more likely. You may easily conceive what mischiefs such a conduct must produce. It was not long before one family was set against another in her neighbourhood. The discord afterwards affected individuals: wives and husbands, brothers, masters and domestics, were at everlasting variance with each other. Mutual confidence was on a sudden done away from those whose company the little girl frequented with her mother. People went so far, at last, as to shut up their doors against her, as they would have done against a wretched creature tainted with the plague; but neither hatred nor humiliation could correct a vice which custom had so deeply rivetted within her heart.

This glory was reserved for Dorinda, her cousin, who was the only person now that would receive her visits, and return them; as she always lived in hopes of being able, in the end, to shew her the enormity of
her

her behaviour, and preserve her life from sorrow.

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

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

My dear Aurelia, answered Dorinda, whenever I am visiting my friends, I wish to taste the pleasure of their company; and am not such an idiot, as to lose it by remarking their defects. Besides, I find within myself so many, that I cannot possibly have time to think of those in others; having every need of their indulgence, I am wise enough to grant them mine. I rather chuse to rivet my attention upon every commendable quality which they possess, and so endeavour to acquire it. One must be in a faultless state one's self,

before one can proceed to note the faults of others. I congratulate you on this faultless state, which I, on the contrary, am so unhappy as to want. Continue, cousin, this employment of a charitable censor, who would lead mankind to virtue by exposing the deformity of vice. You cannot fail of meriting the esteem of others for such generous cares.

Aurelia could not fail of being conscious that she was, long ere this, become a public object of aversion and disgust; and therefore felt the severity of her cousin's sarcasm. She began, from that day forward, to reflect with real seriousness upon the danger of her indiscretion. She even trembled at the recollection of those mischiefs that she had caused, and now determined to prevent their progress. It was difficult in the beginning, to throw off a custom which she had long indulged, of beholding things on the unfavourable side; but what can withstand a steady resolution? In the end, she was so totally reformed, that she applied her penetration to such objects only as deserved applause; and the detestable enjoyments of malignity within her, were succeeded

succeeded by a purer satisfaction. She was now become the first to set equivocal or doubtful actions in such points of view, that others might excuse them. When she could not put them in a favourable light, it is likely, she would say, I do not know every circumstance attending them: no doubt, there were commendable motives, such as I am not acquainted with. In short, whenever, as it sometimes chanced, the case would not admit of any thing approaching to the nature of indulgence, she would pity the offending person, and impute her fault to too great precipitation, or ignorance of the mischief that she was committing.

However, it was very long indeed, before she could regain those hearts, which her former manners had alienated. She was come, by this time, to the age when most young women think of being settled, but could see no prospect of a husband. People had avoided her with so much care for years, that now she seemed as much forgotten, as if she had withdrawn herself into a convent from the world.

No wonder then that she should suppose herself condemned to pass her days in solitude, deprived of all those pleasures which accompany a happy marriage, and the enjoyment of a chosen set of friends : but fortune determined otherwise ; for a gentleman, who came upon a visit to her father, having heard her generously undertake to shield the reputation of an absent person, whom some one in the company accused, was so delighted with a goodness like his own, as to conclude that she was exactly of the turn of mind that would make him happy. He solicited her hand, and made her mistress in return both of his heart and fortune.

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

She

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

THE PROVIDENT FATHER.

The Father.

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

Charles. I have been incessantly tormented with a thousand projects that have constantly destroyed each other. I have everlastingly been working hard, yet doing nothing, like a multitude of other young people of an ardent imagination, who as yet have no employ to take up their attention.

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

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

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

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

The Father. And then you enter into a world where nothing of that sort exists; where every step that you take is limited; where you have constantly to combat envy, sordid interest, caprice, brutal stupidity, and

and illiberal prejudice. Believe me, the most active virtue, and an upright heart, can never hope to prove successful, if one has not therewithal an indefatigable constancy, and a penetration almost divine, to scrutinize deceit and villainy. And if these qualities are so rare, even in the wisest men, how can we hope to find them in the restless unsettled minds of youth?—Do you know to what I compare this inward consciousness of your strength? To a torch, that will indifferently carry you before children, women, and old men, but which the first breath of wind will infallibly put out. I would have the strength of manhood to concentrate in the heart, as fire within the substance of a stone: in general invisible, but when once it is struck, the eye is sure of seeing sparks come forth. However, what I say is not to shew that I ought to let you pass your time away unoccupied. At present, I am even so happy as to have procured you an employ.

Charles. An employ ! O fir, how much
I thank you !

The Father. Be persuaded, that the
E 5 greatest

greatest joy which a father can possess, is to make his children happy.

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

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

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

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

ment of your knowledge, which is too frequently the fault of young men, even such as have the best propensities.

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

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

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

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

Charles. Oh! my father, can you possibly supply the son that loves you, and is so loved by you, with too many guides, con-

sidering that he is really so inexperienced, and has such a high career displayed before him? For your salutary counsels shall be always my directors.

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

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

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

Charles.

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

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

JULIAN AND ROSINA.

ONCE upon a time a certain Mr. Lorimer was reading in a corner of his parlour, while his wife and daughter were employed, in silence, at their tambour frame; when, on a sudden, their little Julian entered hastily, quite out of breath, his eye brim-full of tears, his hair in great disorder, and one stocking down upon his heel. He had a racket in his hand; and as he entered, he cried out, Come, mama, do pray, and see the mother of poor Christopher and Frederic. Alas! they have not had a bit of any thing to eat all day. Frederic asked me to play with him at shuttlecock, to make him forget, as he said, that he was hungry; and they do not know how they shall get any thing before to-morrow evening, at the soonest. I would fain have given them all the money in my purse; but, would you think it? they refused it. I made answer, Come with me, and you shall see——No, no, said they; we are already so obliged to your mama, and dare not go again to teaze her. Then too, their poor mother, hearing this,

this, burst out a weeping.—But I must not cry, said Julian, (crying still more,) as my papa is reading. Ah! Rosina, had you seen them, you would certainly have cried as much as I! and stooping as he spoke, he laid hold of Rosina's apron by the corner, to wipe his eyes.

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

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

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

no need of that ; for look, it is here.—On which the little lady, lifting up poor Frederic's hat, that lay accidentally on the table, shewed her brother the nice little cake, which she had watched the opportunity of slipping underneath it.

THE SEPARATION.

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

Son in Law. **H**AVE you considered my proposals?

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

Son in Law. However, I am so determined in my resolution, that it rests upon
 I some

some few formalities, and nothing more, to be complete.

Father in Law, (ringing.) Well, be it so. (A servant enters.) Tell my daughter she is wanted. (The servant is withdrawing, but the father calls him back, and whispers something to him.)

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

Father in Law. That shall be as you yourself think fit. I take my daughter home, and hope that she will never want.

Son in Law. However, it is proper that we should come to some agreement.

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

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

(*Sophia enters.*)

Father in Law. You guess, no doubt, why I have sent for you?

Sophia. Yes; and as things have been carried thus far, I have expected the arrival of this moment with a deal of pleasure.

Father

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

Sophia. I cannot possibly consent to live any longer with him.

Son in Law, (getting up, and putting a paper into his father's hand.) This is my agreement.

Father in Law. By this, then, you renounce each other mutually; you, fir, agreeing to pay this lady four hundred pounds a year. Is this agreed on both sides?

Sophia. Upon mine it is?

Son in Law. No doubt.

Father in Law. It is useless for me to remonstrate any longer.

Sophia. Indeed, fir, it is unnecessary.

Son in Law. My resolution is fixed.

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

Sophia. I am his mother.

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

Father.

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

Sophia. I will lose my life, much rather than my child.

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

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

Son in Law. If you do——

Sophia. By no means, father.

Father in Law. However, it is necessary that you should come to something of a resolution on this head. Do you consent that Charles shall stay with which of you he pleases?

Sophia. Yes, with all my heart.

Son in Law. And mine too.

(*The Father in Law goes out.*)

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

Sophia.

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

The Child. Oh! yes, mama.

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

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

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

Sophia. You will live with me, my sweetest! won't you? Speak.

Son in Law. With me, my child?

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



The little Prater

another, and looking at each other, affectionately embrace.)

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

Son in Law. Will you forget the past?

Sophia. Yes, every thing. (*They embrace again with transport.*)

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

Sophia. No, father; never.

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

Father in Law, (*wiping his eyes.*) I weep; but it is for joy at such a reconciliation.

THE LITTLE PRATER.

L EONORA was endued with spirit and vivacity. When scarcely six years old, she was exceedingly well practised in the art of

of managing her needle, and could very cleverly employ her scissars. All the garters that her papa and brothers wore were of her making. She could read with ease in any book that she happened to take up; her writing was also extremely neat and fair. She did not huddle great and little letters in one word together, neither did they lean some this and others that way; and her lines went strait along, not dancing up and down from one side of her paper to the other, as I have too often seen in many children's writing-books, even older by a year or two than Leonora.

Her papa too, and mama, were no less satisfied with her obedience, than her masters with her diligence and study. She kept up a perfect union with her sisters, treated every servant with the greatest affability, and her companions with regard and condescension. All her parents' friends, and every stranger that came there a visiting, were equally enchanted with her company and conversation.

Who would think, that with so many commendatory qualities, and so much understanding, any little girl could possibly be so unfortunate that none, when they grew acquainted

acquainted at the house, could bear her? Such was Leonora, notwithstanding; for a single fault which she had unhappily contracted, was so great as to destroy the effect of all her juvenile accomplishments. The intemperance of her tongue made every one forget the graces of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart. In short, our Leonora was the greatest prater living.

When, for instance, she was sitting down to work, one might have heard her say, Oho! I fancy, it is high time that I should be doing something! What would my mama say, should she find me sitting with my arms across, lolling on my elbows?—O my stars! how much I have got to hem here? all this apron! But at worst, I never let the grass grow under me when I set out, and I shall soon have done. Ah! there the clock strikes: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—Yes, positively nine o'clock! Well then, I have but two poor hours before I go to music; yet a deal of business may be done in such a length of time. Mama, when she observes how diligent I have been, will be sure

sure to give me sweetmeats.—Oh! what pleasure I shall have in looking at them! Nothing do I love like nice crisped almonds. Not that I do not like egg plumbs preserved: they are very good too, for papa popped one into my mouth last Thursday, and then gave me a whole bag full; but I think crisped almonds better.—I should like to see Miss Dolly this morning: I would shew her the fine petticoat that mama has bought me. Dolly is a funny little girl enough! I like her vastly. Oh! but she loves talking, and I do not know how it happens, but one cannot thrust a word in when her clapper is set a going. Where has my thimble hid itself? Sister, have you seen my thimble? Patty must have surely lost it for me, when she came to sweep the parlour.—It is so like her! she is always such a hare-brained creature! Who can work without a thimble? at least I never take a stitch, if I mislay it; for the needle pricks one's finger, and one's finger bleeds of course; and then, besides the pain it gives one, how one's work looks when it is spotted with red marks! Why, Patty! Patty! where can you be! Have you seen my thimble?

Oh,

Oh, no! here it is; and, just as if the matter were contrived on purpose, at the bottom of my work-bag.

Thus the little creature would be always dinning people's ears who happened to be near her. When her parents were engaged in any interesting conversation with each other, she would come and mix in their discourse, by prating upon twenty different subjects. And at dinner, she had hardly ever ended with her meat, before the pie or pudding was on the table. She would really forget to eat and drink, while everlastingly employed in prating.

Her papa would frequently reprove her twenty times a day for this defect; but all reproof was lost upon her, neither would the greatest punishment produce a reformation in her conduct. As it was not possible for any one to hear himself when she was by, Miss Chatterbox was often sent to pass the morning all alone in her apartment. During dinner, they would put her at a little table by herself, as distant from the company as they could place her. Leonora seemed afflicted at this separation, but was not a whit the more silent on that account. She

had always some subject of discourse, were it even addressed only to herself, and, nevertheless, she talked so loud every word that she said was heard; for, it was the same to her if any body was or was not by her: and I verily believe, that, rather than be mute, she would have entered into conversation with her knife and fork.

From such a foolish habit, what advantage did she obtain? The story tells us, only punishment and hatred. If you should not be convinced of this by what I have already mentioned, you will certainly be so when you read what follows:

Once upon a time, her parents were invited to go down into the country for a week or fortnight, by a friend. It was in autumn, the weather was extremely fine, and it is not easy to conceive what great abundance there was then of every kind of fruit, pears, apples, nectarines and peaches.

Leonora thought it was designed to make her of the party, but stood very much surprised when her papa, directing both her sisters to get ready for the journey, told her that she must stay at home. She fell a crying, ran to her mama, and said, My dear
mama,

mama, what fault have I committed, that papa should be so angry with me?—Your papa, she answered, is not angry with you; but believe me it is impossible for any one to bear your constant chatter. You would certainly interrupt our pleasure, and the pleasure of the family that we are now going to visit; and therefore for the future, whenever we go abroad, we must always leave you behind us.

Must I never speak, then? answered Leonora.

That, said her mama, would be no less a fault than what we wish to see you cured of. You are not to be entirely mute; but then you ought to wait 'till you perceive that your turn for speaking is come round, and not incessantly prevent your parents, and as many as have more experience than yourself, from talking. You should also take care how you say whatever comes into your head. When you desire to be informed of any thing which is not improper, you should know, you ought to ask in as few words as possible, and having any thing to tell, you should, in that case, first of all reflect within

yourself, if those about you would or would not like to hear it.

Leonora, though she could not reasonably call in question this advice, would not have wanted words to justify her prating, if she had not heard that moment her papa call out that every thing was ready; and, in fact, the coach set off that very instant.

Leonora fell a sighing, and with tears pursued the carriage 'till her eye no longer could discern it. When it was wholly out of sight, she went into a corner, and began to weep most bitterly. Ah, babbling gossip! said she, (*now speaking to herself,*) it is all owing to my long tongue that I have been thus punished. I will take care, that for the future it shall never speak a word more than it ought.

Some few days afterwards they returned. Leonora's sisters brought home with them baskets full of pears and apples. They were both exceedingly well tempered; therefore Leonora would on no account have gone without her share, but then the tears that she had been shedding so completely took away her appetite, that it is not to be wondered if she did not wish for any.

She that moment ran to her papa, imploring pardon for her fault in having forced him, (as she knew,) much against his will, to punish her. We have been both unhappy, added she; but for the future I shall take care, and never speak too much.

Her father tenderly embraced and kissed her.

On the morrow, Leonora was permitted to sit down and take her dinner with the rest. She spoke very little, but whatever she did say was full of grace and modesty. It is true, it cost her very much to check her tongue, which, through impatience and the itch of talking, rolled, if I may say so, this and that way in her mouth; but on the following day, this work of checking her propensity towards talking was less painful, and the next day still less so. At length the difficulty, by a gradual diminution, was completely done away. At present she has totally got rid of her bad habit, and she figures in society with credit to herself, and pleasure to her friends, who are no longer vexed with what they were accustomed to entitle, in derision, her *incessant clack*.

THE MOUNTAIN LUTE.

FROM the highest summit of those hills which overlook the vale of Lucca in Savoy, I was contemplating the extended landscape round about me: I was quite alone, my faithful servant being left in a neighbouring city, with orders not to expect me till at the end of three days; which interval I meant to spend in rambling over that romantic country. More than half way down the hill, I saw a hamlet, which assured me of a lodging for the night. Thus free from all inquietude, and swallowed up in thought, I allowed my mind to roam at large in contemplation, and my eye to wander from one object to another of the spacious view. But soon the sylvan choristers' last song admonished me to think of retiring under cover for the night. The sun, already hid behind the opposite mountain, did but colour with his gold and purple rays the clouds which floated, as it were, just close above the trees that crown its summit. I descended slowly, mortified
to

to see the spacious horizon, whose limits I could hardly trace, contract itself as I proceeded. The twilight now began to veil it with a shade, which by degrees grew browner, till the empress of the night dispelled this gloomy darkness with her silver beams. I sat down for a moment, to enjoy the picture. Nothing intercepted my view, throughout the vast expanse. I contemplated the infinite extent at leisure. From the trembling moon and stars which twinkled while I gazed upon them, I passed over to the calm and spotless azure of the firmament. The air was fresh, nor did the slightest breeze disturb it. Nature was absorbed in universal silence, saving the low murmur of a stream which meandered through the country at a distance. Stretched upon the grass, I might perhaps have contemplated till the rising of the sun next morning: but the music of a lute, made more harmonious by a voice, soon after struck upon my ear. I thought at first that my ravished senses were deluded by the power of my imagination, and experienced the delight of fancying myself suddenly transported in a dream to what are called

the regions of enchantment. In the midst of this illusion, while both musics still continued, A lute! said I rising, a lute upon the mountain! I turned round to that side whence the melody proceeded, and discovered through the darksome verdure of the trees, no great way distant, the white walls and garden paling of a cottage. I approached it with a beating heart; but what was my surprise, when I beheld a youthful peasant with a lute, on which he was playing with exquisite address. A woman, seated on his right hand, was looking at him with an eye of the tenderest affection. At their feet, upon the turf, were many children, boys and girls, and ancient people, all in attitudes of pleasure and attention. When I first made my appearance, several of the children came to meet me, looked at one another, and then said among themselves, What gentleman is this? The young musician turned his head, but did not leave off playing. I could not possibly withstand the first emotions of my heart. I held him out my hand; he gave me his, which I laid hold of with a sort of transport. Every body upon this rose and made a circle round

us. I informed them, as concisely as I could do, of my business in that quarter of the country, and at such a time of night. We have not an inn, for many miles round, remarked the youthful peasant, as our hamlet is not near the road; but if you are content to lie in a poor cabin, we will do our best to entertain you.

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

I would not take the chair, but laid myself upon the grass, as all the rest did. Every body had, by this time, resumed his former posture; and the silence which I had interrupted by appearing as I did among them, now took place again. The youth began immediately to play upon his lute;

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

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

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

them, if, for my sake, they would not pass fifteen minutes more, in conversation with me, where they then were, as it was moonlight? Willingly, said Louisa, who was not a little vain of the attention that I had paid her husband. Yes, quite willingly, replied Valentine, who saw how much his wife desired it.

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

My dear friends, said I, taking the woman by the hand, pray let me know how long you have enjoyed your present happiness? These six months, answered she; and now it is upwards of a twelvemonth that Valentine is happily returned among us from his travels. You have travelled then? said I, with some surprise, excited by this intimation. Yes, sir, answered Valentine: I have visited a part of Europe.—Every thing that I see about you, interrupted I, and every thing that I hear you say, excites a deal of wonder in me! if you have no secret motive for concealing the transactions of your life, do not refuse me, I beseech you, the pleasure of hearing them. Certainly you will not, answered

answered Louisa, with great simplicity. The gentleman seems a very civil kind of a person. Besides, I take much pleasure myself in listening to them.

He consented, with a smile, to our request, and the following narrative is delivered in his own words, as far as my remembrance has preserved them.

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

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

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

One evening I was sitting on the summit of the mountain, and amusing my afflicted thoughts by singing, to myself, the very ballad that you have just now heard. Towards the conclusion, I observed a man among the trees. I noticed that he was dressed in brown: his countenance was very pale; he seemed quite melancholy; and he waited till my song was finished. He then came close to me, and enquired how far he might be from the public road? Oh very far,

far, dear fir, faid I; above five miles. Can you conduct me thither? I would do fo gladly, but that I cannot quit my flock—perhaps your parents may accommodate me with a lodging for the night?—Ah, fir! my parents are a great way off.—Where, then?—They lived like honeft people upon earth, and they are happy now in heaven.

The tone of my voice, as he informed me afterwards, affected this good man, and my reply, he faid, could not but touch him. He put feveral questions to me, and my answers pleafed him. Night by this time being come, I brought him to our cottage; and my mafter entertained him hofpitably. On the morrow, they had fome difcourfe together with regard to me, and when I was prepared to reaffume my daily charge, they told me that George would take it in future, as the ftranger meant to have me with him. It would be ufelefs were I to tell you what was my affliction at the thought of quitting this dear cottage, though not mine, and parting from my Louifa, whom I loved even then, though fhe was quite a child. My fituation was not any way a happy one; and yet I could not quit it without shedding
tears.

tears. I could not possibly foresee that my future destination was to be decided by the present moment. Yes, to thee beneficent protector of my youth, I am a debtor for my present happiness! Thou knowest, generous man, how ardently I prayed to God for thy prosperity while thou wert living, and with what exhaustless gratitude I bless even still thy ashes! He was called *Lafant*, and had the place of organist in a small parish. You would judge imperfectly of his abilities, if you adverted to the nature and obscurity of his employment. Many travellers turned out of their road to hear his music; but their praises only made him the more modest. I much doubt, if in the course of your acquaintance, you have ever met with such a genius. He received from the affection of his father, who, when living, was a very great physician, such an education as would certainly have made *him* eminent as a physician likewise; but he rather chose to yield himself entirely to the ardent passion that he had long before conceived for music. He had married the daughter of the organist, whom he succeeded, but was childless. His dear wife, whom he had

lost

lost for several years, still lived within his heart. Her image, and his books, were now his only society in that deep melancholy which had seized upon his mind; but still while he avoided men, he did not hate them. On the contrary, he did much good in secret. He was forty years of age when I came to him. He instructed me at first to read and write, and afterwards took pleasure in the cultivation of my voice, and teaching me to play the lute, which was his favourite instrument. He did not stop at musical instruction, he provided me selections from the works of our greatest poets. He formed at once my heart, my understanding, and my taste. Thus he acted, for five years, the part of an assiduous master, without any expectation of reward for all his pains and labour, but from him, who best knows how to recompence the services that we do to our fellow-creatures.

In the midst of all these occupations, I had never banished from my mind the recollection of my cottage, or the countenance of Louisa, the partner of my childish pastimes. I was often speaking of them to my patron, and accordingly one day—I never shall

shall forget it, the first of June, four years ago—he rose betimes, and going, as his custom was, to a morning’s walk, bade me follow him. We talked of many matters while we went along, as chance presented subjects for our conversation; till at last he brought me to the very mountain where I saw him at first. Dear Valentine, said he, I have fulfilled the duty which Providence, I thought, imposed upon me, when first I saw you. I am sensible how much you sigh when you reflect upon the habitation whence I took you; and have had no other view in undertaking to protect and educate you, than at last to put you in a way of getting possession of it once again. I now shew it you; look at it: but take notice, I forbid, on pain of my displeasure, your returning thither, till such time as you have wherewithal to purchase it. I give you my own lute: I have instructed you to play upon it. Travel: you are not without a charming voice. Wherever you are heard, having no other pretensions than to the name of an itinerant musician, you will be the first of artists in your way. The novelty of the thing will never fail to bring you auditors
and

and money : only be discreet and frugal ; and when rich enough, return into your own country, and buy out your father's cottage.

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

Upon the morrow, at the break of day, I was to leave my benefactor: he bestowed on me, at parting, the instruction which he imagined I most needed, together with two louis d'ors. In four years time I travelled on foot through Italy, all France, and Germany, equipped like what I was, a peasant of the mountains, with my hair as you may see at present, floating in large curls upon my shoulders. I took notice that the singularity of such a dress increased the effect proceeding from my music, and particularly in the capitals. Few noblemen, I suppose, ever travelled more agreeably than I did. Every where I found a good reception, and not only from the middling sort
of

of people, but the most polite. The quality in cities made up concerts, for no other purpose than to hear me; and in villages, I verily believe, they married for the mirth of dancing to the music of my instrument. In many places I had advantageous offers made me to take up my residence among them. They seduced me sometimes, I acknowledge, for an instant; but as soon as I reflected again on my cottage, every thought of fortune vanished; nor of all my projects left one trace remaining. I remember still what sweet sensations seized me every time when I went over a mountain in the course of my travels, or even came in sight thereof. I sought this hamlet on it, and imagined for a moment that I could see my cottage. With my mind continually full of such an idea, I endeavoured to express my notions, and these stanzas were my composition.

Sweet little cottage of my fire,
Where once a child I play'd;
To thee my longing sighs aspire,
From distant realms convey'd.

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

Vast palaces, and domes renown'd,
I with indiff'rence see;
My utmost wishes would be crown'd,
Sweet rural cot, in thee.

When thy dear name I've heard or read,
Whence sprung my joy,—unless
That Heav'n beneath thy peaceful shed
Hath fixt my happiness?

My wand'rings o'er, I'd smile at care
In thee, sweet rural cot!
Louisa too, I trust, would share
My calm and humble lot.

Then come my Lute, thy happiest strain
With willing strings pursue;
My bliss, if ev'ry wish I gain,
To thee, sweet Lute, is due.

Valentine sung these stanzas with such
sweetness and expression, as revived in my
mind the fabulous ideas of Apollo; and
methought I heard that exiled deity on
earth,

earth, and in the vales of Theffaly, pouring forth his wifhes to return to Olympus. I defired to fpeak, to cry out; but found my tongue without motion. Valentine could not but conceive the meaning of my filence, and went on as follows :

I am now about to tell you by what means I came again into poffeffion of this precious cottage.

Towards December laft, when I had taken up my dwelling for a feafon at Turin, and had been twice from one extremity of Italy to the other, I examined the ftate of my purfe, and conceived myfelf then rich enough to pay a vifit to my native mountain. I immediately fet out, and after feveral forced journeys, came in ten days time to the city where my benefactor had refided. With what anxious expectation did I enter it! and as I went along, afk every one that I met, what tidings he could give me of him? But, alas! I was not to enjoy the pleafure of expreffing what I owed him; nor to behold him, happy in the confequences of the friendship that he had fhewn me. He had been dead two months. I went to pour out my tears on his tomb, and

made

made a vow to heaven that I would call my first child by his name, if I ever should be so happy as to prove a father. On the evening of that day I gained this hamlet. Every one, I found, spoke favourably of me, without knowing at first who I was. My lute, and the remembrance of our friendship, soon obtained me Louisa's affection. I received her from her father. I bought back, with his consent, the cottage, and the field belonging to it, for two hundred crowns, with which his eldest son procured a farm below us, in the village, and has been now some time settled in it. With respect to himself, he acquiesced to pass the remnant of his days, with George his youngest son, in our cottage. It is from him that I learn the art of husbandry; for now that I am once more in possession of my little patrimony, the amount of my ambition is to be, as was my father, a good husband, a kind parent, and a virtuous peasant. I have not, as you may see, forgot my lute, the precious instrument which made my fortune; but still keep it at my side, and often take it up for my own recreation,

ation, or to please my family and neighbours.

He stopped short at this; but still, I thought, I heard him speaking. My attention, captivated by his narrative, was turned insensibly upon his person, after he had finished. His ingenuous animated countenance, the contrast of his dress and conversation, his attachment to a rustic habitation, and the gratitude with which he cherished the remembrance of his benefactor; his uncommon fortune, travels, and profession; every thing, I thought, exhibited the youth, in some sort, as a being of enchantment, and superior to the ordinary race of men. Louisa first roused me from my contemplation, by her motion in the act of leaning forward to embrace him. I complimented them on their happiness, and they returned my civility with the most ingenuous expressions of friendship. We went into the cottage, where I was charmed to behold such an appearance of order and cleanliness about me. After having made a plentiful, but light repast, upon such fruits as I was told the mountain yielded, George led me to a closet which was rather narrow, but the bed
that

that filled it was both clean and wholesome. Of this bed, the little fellow told me, he disposed with pleasure in my favour. It was not long before I fell into a sound sleep, during which my thoughts were occupied upon the grand objects that I had been contemplating in the evening, and the agreeable sensations which had so recently impressed me. I did not, all the following day, once quit this happy family, when they were either busy at work or unemployed.

Valentine related to me many entertaining matters that occurred to him in travelling, and explained how he acquired that easiness of manners and politeness of expression that had charmed me at first, and which afterwards, as I discovered, notwithstanding his great youth, conciliated the respect and love of every aged individual through the hamlet. The acuteness of his understanding, the unstudied openness of Louisa, the old man's blunt good sense, the restless curiosity of George, made their conversation interesting, and diffused an undescribable variety through every part thereof, which both charmed me, and connected them much closer to each other. I think,

I could have passed my life away quite happy with them. But why, said I to myself, why brood on such a contemplation? I was to leave them that very night. I confess, I felt a pang of sadness to reflect upon our separation, and imagined, by their looks, that it would occasion them some sorrow likewise. If my fortune should in future permit me to dispose of the remainder of my life with more liberty, I then intended, and do still, to make a yearly visit to this mountain, for the purpose of seeing my friends again, and filling my whole heart with those sensations of contentedness and peace which their society and habitation cannot but inspire.

INTERESTED KINDNESS.

Matthias, Simon.

Matthias. **G**OOD morning, neighbour Simon! I have half a dozen miles to go, and should be glad if you would lend me Ball.

Simon.

Simon. I should be quite rejoiced, friend Matthias, to oblige you; but I must set off myself immediately to fetch three sacks of meal home from the mill. My wife wants some this very morning.

Matthias. Then she must wait it still; for the mill, I can inform you, does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Tom Groves that the water was too low.

Simon. You don't say so? That is quite unlucky; for in such case I must gallop up to London for the meal. My wife would make a fine noise, should I neglect it.

Matthias. I can spare you the journey. I have several sacks of meal at home, of which I will lend your wife as much as she can want.

Simon. Ah! master Matthias, I am sure your meal will never suit my wife. You cannot conceive how whimsical she is!

Matthias. If she were ten times more so, I am certain she will like it, as you told it me yourself; the best, you assured me, that ever you had.

Simon. Yes, yes, that is true indeed; I always have the best of every thing. You know, my good friend Matthias, no one is

more ready to oblige than I am, but the mare refused this morning to eat straw; and truly I am afraid she would not be able to carry you.

Matthias. Oh, never fear! she shall not want for oats on the road.

Simon. Oats, neighbour! Oats are very dear!

Matthias. They are so; but no matter. Having a good job in view, one never stands for trifles.

Simon. It will certainly be foggy, and the road is pretty slippery. If you should fall and break your neck——

Matthias. What fear is there of that? The mare is certainly sure-footed; and besides, you talked yourself of gallopping to London.

Simon. Well then, to speak the truth, my saddle is all in pieces, and I have sent my bridle likewise to be mended.

Matthias. Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

Simon. Ah, like enough! But I am sure, your saddle will not fit my mare.

Matthias. Why, then, I will borrow Goodman Clodpole's.

Simon.

Simon. Clodpole's ! His will no more fit than yours does.

Matthias. At the worst then, there is our 'squire. His stable-boy is a friend of mine, and he can lend me one to fit her, or the deuce is in it, out of twenty that his master has, at the least.

Simon. You know, friend Matthias, no one is more willing to oblige his neighbours than myself. Believe me, you should have the beast with all my heart, but she has not been curried, I believe, these three weeks past. Her mane is quite out of order ; and if any one should see her in this trim, she would not fetch two guineas, should I wish to sell her, as perhaps I may.

Matthias. Oh ! a horse is very quickly curried ; and my plow-boy shall dispatch her in a quarter of an hour.

Simon. Yes, very likely ; but I have thought a little, and now I recollect, the creature must be shod.

Matthias. Well, is not there a smith here, hard by ?

Simon. Oh, yes ! such a bungler for my mare ! I would not trust him with an ass ;

and none but Spavin, the king's farrier in the Mews, at London, will suit me.

Matthias. As luck will have it, when I get to London, I shall go quite near the Mews.

Simon, (seeing Francis, his man, calls out.)
Frank! Frank!

Francis, (approaching.) What want you, master?

Simon. Look, here is neighbour Matthias, and he wants the loan of Ball. You know, the skin last Monday was rubbed off her back a hand's breath, if not more. (*He gives Frank the wink.*) So go and see if she is well. (*Frank lets his master see that he understands him, and goes out.*) I think, she must be cured by this. Oh, yes! so shake hands, my good friend! I am glad I shall be able to oblige you. We must help each other in this life. Had I flatly refused to let you have the mare, you would perhaps, in your turn, have refused me something or another. Yes, that is plain. The worst that can be said of Simon is, that his acquaintance always find him ready when they want assistance. (*Francis now re-enters.*) Well, how fares it with poor Ball?

Francis.

Francis. How fares it with her, master? Bad enough indeed! About a hand's breadth, did you say? You meant about the breadth of both my shoulders. The poor creature cannot stir a step! And then too, I have promised her to Gossip Blaze, to carry her to market.

Simon. Do you hear that, neighbour? I am sorry that matters turn out thus. I would not for the world have disoblighed you, but must not refuse the mare to Goody Blaze. Trust me, I am very sorry, for your sake, dear Matthias.

Matthias. And I as much for yours, Simon; for, to tell the truth, I had a note this morning from Lord Hazard's steward, and he tells me, that if I can but get to London time enough this very day, he will let me have the first refusal of a lot of timber that my lord is minded to cut down. It will be upwards of a hundred guineas profit to me, out of which I meant to let you have from fifteen up to twenty, as I intended that you should fell the trees. But——

Simon. What, from fifteen up to twenty guineas, did you say?

Matthias. Ay, truly, did I; and perhaps it might have been a great deal more. But, since your mare is out of order, I will go see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

Simon. Old Roan! My mare is at your service. Here, Frank! Frank! tell Gossip Blaze that she cannot have Ball to-day, as neighbour Matthias wants her; and surely I will not refuse my best friend any thing.

Matthias. But what are you to do for meal?

Simon. My wife can go without it for a fortnight.

Matthias. And then your saddle, that is all in pieces?

Simon. I was speaking of the old one: I have got another since, and you shall have the first use of it.

Matthias. So then, you would have me leave the mare at Spavin's, to be shod?

Simon. No, no: I had forgot, our neighbour shod her here last week, by way of trial; and, to do him justice, I must own he shoes extremely well.

Matthias. But if the creature has lost so
much

much skin from off her back, as Francis says——

Simon. Oh! I know him. He delights to make things worse a great deal than they are; and I would lay any wager, it is not bigger than my little finger.

Matthias. Well then, let him curry her a little, as these three weeks past, you know——

Simon. These three weeks past! I would not have him fail to curry her a single day.

Matthias. At least, however, let him give her something that she will eat, since she refuses straw.

Simon. She did, indeed, this morning; but the reason was, that she had a belly-full of hay. Don't be afraid of any thing! She will skim along like any bird: the road is very dry, and we shall have no fog. I wish you a good journey, and a profitable job! Come, come this moment, and I will hold the stirrup for you.

THE SLOVEN.

URBAN passed, and very justly, for an excellent boy. He was extremely gentle, always ready to oblige his little friends, and never once displeased his parents or instructors.

He had one great fault, however; he would lose his books, with other matters, and pay no attention to his clothes, which were in common very dirty. In one word, he was a sloven.

He had often been admonished of, and punished for, his negligence. This punishment and admonition grieved him, both on his own account, and as he knew that his friends were sorry to proceed thus harshly with him. He had many times resolved upon amendment; but the habit was so strong, that, notwithstanding every resolution, he had always the same slovenly appearance.

His papa some time ago had promised him and his three brothers, on the first fine day, to take them out upon the water. Such a day as he could wish, now came: there

there hardly was a breath of wind, and he remarked the water very smooth. He therefore called the children, told them his design, and as he lived quite close beside the river, went himself into the garden, and picked the neatest boat then plying.

How rejoiced the little gentlemen appeared! and how alert to make their preparation for a day of pleasure which they had been so long expecting!

They were now all ready to set out when Mr. Weston came to take them. They jumped round about him in the transport of their joy; and Mr. Weston, on his side, was very happy to remark their satisfaction: but what was his wonder, when he saw Urban, to observe the unseemliness of his apparel.

Of his stockings, one was, as they say, about his heels; the other negligently gartered, if at all, made his leg look something like a twisted column. Two great holes were in his breeches knees; his waistcoat was from top to bottom stained with grease or ink; and there was wanting half a collar to his coat.

The father saw with sorrow, that it was impossible to take him in so slovenly a state; as every one would have thought, with reason, that the father of so slovenly a child must be as negligent himself, to suffer such a fault. And Mr. Weston being a man of merit, and esteemed by those who knew him, was far from wishing such addition to his character.

Urban had another coat, but that unhappily was at the taylor's to be repaired; and it was not a trifle that would repair it, as it wanted one whole skirt, which had been torn quite off. The scowerer was to have it afterwards, and work a day, at least, in getting out the dirt and spots.

What was the consequence then, my dear little friends? There is not one of you but may easily guess.

His brothers, who had proper clothes to put on, and whose general appearance did their father credit, were admitted into the boat. The body of it was painted blue, as were the oars. The gun-whale and the edges of the oars were of a deep vermillion. In the boat there was a linen awning, that is roof, supported at the corners, to preserve the company beneath it from the sun: the water-men

men had nice white linen shirts on; three musicians had their station in the stern; they were provided with a hautboy, clarionet and violin, and began to play a march in concert when the watermen first dipped their oars into the water, to which a crowd who were assembled at the stairs replied with joyous shoutings.

Poor Urban, who had pleased himself a long time with the thoughts of such an airing, was obliged to stay at home. It is true, he had the pleasure from a window of observing his papa and brothers go into the boat, and of following it as far upon the river as his eye would let him, while a gentle breeze swelled out the sails, and made it seem to skim along upon the surface of the water: and it is true, his brothers, after their return, related all the pleasures that they had tasted in their day's excursion; and of which the recollection made them still jump for joy.

Another day, as he was playing in a meadow, with a little friend of his, he chanced to lose a buckle; but instead of seeking diligently for it, he begged his comrade for a little while to lend him his, because,

because, in walking about, the straps, which he trod on now and then, had already more than once been like to trip him up.

His little friend consented; and Urban, being quite intent on something, and extremely anxious to renew his motion, fastened it so negligently that in less than twenty minutes time he lost that also.

They were both exceedingly embarrassed when the time was come for their returning home. Night overtook them, and the grass was so high that a lamb might easily have hid himself entirely in it. How then could they find, at dusk, a thing so little? They came home clumpetty clump, each leaning on the other, and quite sad; particularly Urban, who, possessing real sensibility, was grieved in having thus exposed his bosom friend and playmate to the anger of his parents.

On the morrow he appeared before the family, when they were assembled together, with a single buckle for two shoes. Sad sight for Mr. Weston! who perceived by that how much his exhortations were still thrown away.

As

As often as Monday came about, he was accustomed to supply Urban and his brothers with a regular allowance, that they might not be without the means of satisfying what are usually the wants of children, but particularly any impulse to be generous. Urban's brothers had constantly the pleasure of receiving this allowance; while he, poor fellow, hardly ever had any of it, on account of stoppages for buttons, handkerchiefs, and other things that he lost.

A silver buckle cost some money; but this was not the whole. He had lost his companion's, and was therefore obliged to pay for that likewise. How was he to do it? His allowance would not have enabled him to clear this debt in three months time.

His father luckily had taught him, even in his earliest infancy, to use a pen; and, to employ the common phrase, he wrote already an exceedingly fine hand.

This, therefore, was the only occupation by which he could earn a little money; and, to his praise I must acknowledge, he consented with a deal of willingness to an arrangement made on this occasion.

His

His companion's father was an eminent attorney, and employed above a dozen clerks to copy papers for him. Mr. Weston therefore offered him Urban's services in this way, 'till such time as he had earned enough to pay him for the buckle; and requested that the attorney would consent to such a way of settling matters, as it was very probable Urban might be greatly benefited by it.

The attorney freely acquiesced, and down Urban sat to work in copying law proceedings, which at best were very tedious, and in general scrawled over so that he could hardly read them, whilst his brothers went a walking in the fields, or entertained themselves by playing with each other in the garden.

Oh, how many sighs did his inattention cost him! and how much pleasure did it occasion him to lose in a very few days!

He had time for making many salutary comments on his conduct; and resolving, for the time to come, upon a change. In short, he kept his resolution; so that were I now to point him out, dear little friends, to any of you,—when you noticed the cleanliness

linefs of his perfon, and the neatnefs of his general appearance, you would find it difficult to think that he could be the fame little boy whose hiftory I have juft now written for your inftruction as well as amufement.

G O D ' s B I R D .

Mrs. Mortimer, Paul and Edward, her fons.

Mrs. Mortimer.

MY deareft Edward, what have you done with all your money?

Edward. Given it away.

Mrs. Mortimer. Away, my little fellow! to whom!

Edward. A very wicked boy.

Mrs. Mortimer. No doubt, to make him better?

Edward. Yes, mama. Pray don't the birds that fly about, belong to God?

Mrs. Mortimer. They do; as well as we ourfelves, and every other creature.

Edward.

Edward. Well, mama; this wicked boy had stolen a bird from God, and carried it about to sell. The little bird cried out with all its strength; and he was pinching the beak close, to hinder it from crying. He was certainly afraid, mama, that God would hear it cry, and punish him for so much naughtiness.

Mrs. Mortimer. And you, my little man—

Edward. And I—I gave the wicked boy my money, purse and all, that he might give God back again his bird—I fancy God was very glad. (*He jumps about for joy.*)

Mrs. Mortimer. He was, no doubt, to find my little fellow have so good a heart.

Edward. The boy perhaps was wicked, dear mama, because he wanted money?

Mrs. Mortimer. Very likely.

Edward. Therefore I am glad that I gave him mine; because, mama, you know, that I don't want money.

Paul. We have had a sort of difference with each other upon this affair. My brother gave his money without counting what it was, though certainly it would have bought ten birds. I told him that he should
first

first have asked the boy how much would satisfy him.

Edward. Which of us was in the right, mama?

Mrs. Mortimer. Not you, my love.

Edward. But have not you, if you remember, often said, dear Edward, do whatever you can, and ask no questions.

Mrs. Mortimer. I have often told you so, indeed; but then you should consider how to do it the best way you can. To-day, for instance, since you had more money than was necessary to deliver the poor little bird, you should have kept the rest for such another purpose; for if other wicked boys had come into your way, as well as he did, with God's birds, and you had no more money, tell me what you would have done?

Edward. Why then, mama, I would have come to you for what I wanted.

Mrs. Mortimer. But if I had happened to have none?

Edward. Ah!—then so much the worse!

Mrs. Mortimer. You see, then, Paul gave you good advice. You are to save your money, and not only for yourself, but for others, so that you may do all the good in
your

your power with it. Do you suppose, my dear, that there was no other bird than this in all the world, to which you might have given assistance?

Edward. I was thinking of no other then. I wish, mama, you had but seen how much he seemed at first to suffer, and how glad he was afterwards when I let him fly away. He was quite giddy with his joy, he knew not where to go that he might clap his wings. However, dear mama, the boy assured me, for I made him promise, that he would never try to catch it a second time.

Mrs. Mortimer. My little fellow, you have, notwithstanding, done quite well; and to reward you, here is the money.

Edward. More!—oh, thank you.

Mrs. Mortimer. And a kiss into the bargain. How rejoiced I am in being your mama! With such an inclination as you have for doing good, you need but study how to do it in a proper manner, and you will prove the happiest creature in the world.

THE FLOWER THAT NEVER FADES.

Araminta, Emily.

Araminta. **G**OOD morrow, dear Emily;
I confider it extremely kind
that you are come to fee me.

Emily. My mama has juft now given me
leave to pafs the evening with you.

Araminta. Has fhe? I am very glad of
it. It is fuch fine weather! It appears to
me as if our friends were much more wel-
come when all nature fmiles about us.

Emily. So I think too. Give me your
hand, and let us walk. How sweetly we
fhall pafs the time in talking with each
other!

Araminta. Yes; and running after one
another? Shall we fix upon the grove for
our diverfions?

Emily. Oh, with all my heart! A fpecial
thought! as we fhall not be interrupted
there.

Araminta. I fhall request you only to let
me fit down a little, fo that I may give
about a dozen ftitches to this apron that I
have brought with me.

Emily.

Emily. Do ; and more than that : I will help you.

Araminta. Not for all the world, Emily ; though I thank you : but the truth is, that I would not have a single stitch in what I am now making that was not my own.

Emily. I judge, then, you design to make a present of it ?

Araminta. Right.

Emily. And are you in a hurry to complete it ?

Araminta. I would not, for a good deal, but that it should be finished by the 4th of this month, which is Miss Le Fèvre's birthday.

Emily. Miss Le Fèvre, say you ? I do not recollect, at present, any one of that name among our acquaintances.

Araminta. The reason is, she is mine particularly ; one who is so good to me, she seems to have no opportunity, or rather time, for being good to others. Oh, an excellent and tender friend ! to whom I am indebted very possibly for all my happiness.

Emily. And how so, pray, dear Araminta ? I long to know her.

Ara-

Araminta. Well, what think you of my governess?

Emily. Oh, she! you know you call her generally Mademoiselle.

Araminta. Yes, Mademoiselle, or Miss Le Fèvre. Now, pray have you not remarked—I do not mean when I came from France, but nearly ten months since, a wonderful change in my behaviour?

Emily. To confess the truth, I have; and think you hardly the same person that you were formerly. What can have caused so great an alteration? Till you quitted England, ay, and since you came from France, I must acknowledge you were proud and huffish. You offended every body without scruple, and the least familiarity from others was considered as an insult by you; but at present your behaviour is engaging. You have that complacency and affability which cannot but win people's hearts. I freely tell you, I myself even love you ten times more at present than I did. You took such airs upon you before as disgusted me. I was a hundred times disposed to break off all connection with you; whereas now, I find a real pleasure in your company and

conver-

conversation. And what pleases me still more than all is, that you seem yourself much happier than before.

Araminta. And so I am, dear friend. I was an object to be pitied at the time you mention. I occasioned all our family, and every one that wished me well, a deal of trouble. Miss Le Fèvre, in particular, was grieved to think of my behaviour, as she loved me tenderly; and yet, while I was grieving her, I knew that she faithfully fulfilled the promise which she made to my dear mama, upon her dying-bed, of loving me with all the affection of a mother.

Emily. Every body must confess, you could not possibly have fallen into better hands; and the advantage of your trip to France would have been really considerable had it only been the means of introducing such a person to you. I am told, there are few families but would wish to have her for their children.

Araminta. You are yet to learn how much I owe her; therefore I design to tell you. It is the story of a morning that will live for ever in my recollection: it was the morning of the 4th of this very month, and

as I knew before, her birth-day. I was awake betimes. She must be still asleep, said I; for then we did not lie together, no not even in the same apartment. I will surprise her, if I can, before she rises; so I dressed myself as nicely as I could, then took the basket which a charming little lady, you know who, (*she squeezes Emily by the hand*) had given me as a present, and ran down into the garden to get flowers, that I might scatter them on Miss Le Fèvre's bed, as is the custom upon birth-days in her country. I stole secretly along the hedge, and, unperceived by any one, had gathered three fresh roses. I now looked about for honey-suckles, jessamin, and myrtle: I bethought myself that they grew below the arbour at the bottom of the garden. I was running thither; but in passing by the arbour I saw Miss Le Fèvre on her knees within it, and both hands before her face; I turned to shun her, but it was all in vain; she heard my steps, on which she raised her head, perceived me, and called out that I should come that moment to her.

She had not as yet had time enough to wipe her eyes: I saw that she had been crying; but her tears were not like those which I had so often seen her shed at the recital of some just or generous action. Noting her reception of me, which was friendly and affectionate, I could not but observe that she had a countenance of sorrow.

With one hand she instantly took hold of mine, and passed the other round my middle. We walked up and down the terrace twice in this position, and were silent; for, as Mademoiselle forbore to say a word, I durst not move my lips, so much was I affected by it!

But at length she pressed me still more closely to her bosom, and beholding me with tenderness, and likewise glancing at my basket with the roses in it, I observe, said she, dear Araminta, you have lost no time to think upon my birth-day. This affectionate attention to me would certainly make me forget the melancholy thoughts which oppress my mind upon your account, but that your happiness occasioned them. Yes, dearest Araminta, attribute only to my friend-

friendship what I am now about to mention. I am anxious to discharge my bosom of its load, that I may welcome afterward those more delightful thoughts which I owe you for the present, that, I observe, you were preparing for me.

I was dumb, and in a tremble, while she thus addressed me: it was as if my conscience had addressed me by her lips.

You, Araminta, continued she, who have received from nature such a disposition, and have had that disposition so well cultivated by the example and instructions of your good mama, will you pervert it by a fault which of itself alone must put out every virtue? I will not mention it by name; and now particularly, after what I have already told you. It might make you perhaps look with too much horror on yourself; and I have no desire to mortify my lovely child. It is sufficient that your heart acknowledges this fault: and I persuade myself, I know you well enough to be assured that your utmost efforts will, in future, be excited to destroy it.

Let us not go too far back; but only think of your behaviour yesterday.

Do you remember the decisive tone of voice with which you spoke at breakfast, to display how much you knew of history? You cited; I must own, events sufficiently instructive to have made the company attend to what you said, but that they saw you resolved, if I may say so, to excite their admiration. You appeared so marvellously well contented with yourself, that they were really afraid of praising you, which would have unavoidably inflamed or aggravated your self-love. Remember, likewise, with how much attention they gave ear to little Arabella, and were really enchanted with the grace of her recital, and the modesty with which she blushed at being thought so well informed. I saw you, my dear, turn pale with spite and envy. Tears of rage were in your eyes, and it was in vain that you strove to hide them, while the company were inwardly rejoiced to see you so completely humbled.

In the afternoon, when with an air of triumph in your eyes you came to shew your writing, and it passed without receiving any of those praises that you expected—

pected—with what visible vexation did you receive it back when every one had seen it !

And at night, when you accompanied Miss Arabella on the harpsichord, the bad time that you kept, perhaps on purpose, put her out ; and when she asked you in a whisper to play better, what a hideous look did you then put on, instead of doing as she bade you ?

Ah ! for heaven's sake, interrupted I, and at the same time burst out a crying : do not go on, for you must know, Emily, her discourse had pierced me to the heart.

It was vanity, said I to Mademoiselle : that vice which you durst not mention by its name. I never saw its frightfulness so much, believe me, as at present.

I could say no more ; but she was able to discern my thoughts. Her arm in agitation pressed me once more to her bosom with a tenderness that I am unable to describe. I felt her tears fall plenteously upon my cheeks, while with her eyes she looked in silence up to heaven.

The eloquence of this mute prayer completely overwhelmed me. We were come, without perceiving it, to the foot of this

large tree. We stopped close by this green bank, and I fell down upon it half swooning as it were. She instantly afforded me the tenderest succour, and restored me to new life by her affectionate caresses.

Being just upon the point of going in, I said, renewing my embraces, dry your tears up, my good friend; they are the last that you shall have cause to shed on my account.

On her part, she embraced me still more tenderly, and answered, saying, You could never have rejoiced me so completely on my birth-day as by this noble resolution. It is the fittest nosegay for us both, the nosegay that I hope will never lose its beauty.

By degrees we both became more tranquil. She remarked the fineness of the morning; and my heart, now eased of an intolerable load, was in a proper disposition to enjoy the beauty of the day which came on very fine.

I grew sensible how sweet it is to have the experience of this calm within one's self. I begged her to instruct me by what means I might keep up so pleasing a serenity. Two hours thus passed away between

us in a conversation full of friendship and affectionate instruction.

My papa, without informing me of his intention, had prepared a little banquet; we were present at it, and gave signs with how much joy our bosoms overflowed. Since that time, dear friend, I have begun to put away that odious vice which made me insupportable to others and myself. I leave you then to think, if I can possibly omit, on the return of such a day, to testify my gratitude for such a worthy friend, who was the means of making it the æra of my happiness.

Emily. My dearest Araminta, since we have still a little time, I will also prepare your friend a nosegay as a sign of gratitude for having heightened my enjoyment in continuing still to love you.

Araminta. Come then: now I have done; and will assist you.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

The MASTER.

An ASSISTANT.

EUGENIUS, *the master's son.*

EDWARD,	}	<i>Scholars.</i>
RODERICK,		
THEODORE,		

The SCENE is in the Master's Study.

SCENE I.

The Master, the Assistant.

(The Master sits writing before his desk.)

The Assistant, (knocking at the door, and half opening it.)

WILL you permit me, sir, to interrupt you for a moment?

The Master. Come in, sir, without asking leave: you know, whatever time I have belongs of justice to the duties of my place.

The

The Assistant. I wish to tell you of a circumstance not very common, that has happened in the school within these few days past.

The Master. What is it? you alarm me!

The Assistant. Oh! there is no occasion, sir, for that: what I have to say is rather affecting than alarming. What are your ideas then of our last pupil, Edward Barton?

The Master. For these ten days past, that he has been among us, you are sensible, I have not had an opportunity of even speaking to him. This, however, I can say in his behalf, that when his parents brought him, I remarked something in his countenance that pleased me mightily. Do any of the Assistants take offence at his behaviour?

The Assistant. The reverse. They give him all possible praise for his diligence; and the greatness of his understanding also charms them. He has come among us with more knowledge than our own scholars of three years standing generally have; in short, his school-fellows only and myself have reason to be discontented with him.

The Master. How, Sir! have you reason to be discontented with him? I am sorry for it.

The Assistant. I am so indeed; but much less on my own account than on his. I do not know what it means, but there must be some deep anxiety upon his mind. I have had recourse to many methods for discovering it, but have been always baffled.

The Master. What is his behaviour?

The Assistant. In the first place, sir, he is very studious when in school, and nothing can divert him from the business of it: but in play-time he is silent and reserved among the scholars. I have given him two, who are allowed to be the sprightliest, as companions, and enjoined them to do every thing in their power to please him. He is sensible indeed to their endeavours, and acknowledges their kindness; but when all is done, their fire is utterly incapable of warming him, and he appears between them just like so much ice. Yes, gentlemen; no, gentlemen; and such like monosyllables, are all his answers to their questions.

The Master. He is sad, no doubt, at being separated from his parents?

The Assistant. Yes, it is very natural to think so; yet his sadness has continued now ten days; and can we think a child of only twelve years of age really susceptible of an impression for that length of time?

The Master. Not often: but a child of so much elevation as I thought his countenance indicated!

The Assistant. Pardon, sir, my contradicting you; for if that age is very sensible, it is variable also, and since I have been a tutor here, I have noticed that all those who have been most afflicted at the thought of being separated from their parents, have, and very shortly, been induced by their companions to forget that separation. Now whatever Edward's notions may be on this head, what will you think when I have told you every thing?

The Master. You raise my curiosity. Proceed. I look to be informed of nothing on the subject of this Edward but what is great and singular!

The Assistant. Would you believe it then, sir, he refuses every thing at meal time, but a little bread and water. It is not possible

that any criminal should be condemned to coarser fare than what he voluntarily chuses!

The Master. You do not tell me so? He should have lived at Sparta.

The Assistant. True, sir; but with us, where singularity must not be suffered, and the little foldier is to be submissive to general subordination, there is room to fear some danger to the rest in his example. Twenty times would I have made him eat the victuals set before him; but to all my instances, he has no otherwise made answer, than by turning towards me, and in tears,—I weep myself to think of his affecting way.

The Master. I too am not unmoved. This disobedience is, however, blameable, and must not be unpunished. If he should persist therein, whatever causes it, he cannot possibly stay here. The intention of a military school is nothing less than that the scholars should be absolutely subject to the will of their instructors.

The Assistant. His dismissal was indeed the circumstance that I feared; and therefore I put off speaking of his disobedience to you. I was every day in hope that his
resolution

resolution would be conquered; but it still continues.

The Master. Is it possible, that at his tender age he should be so far master of himself, as to conceal his thoughts from one so exercised as you are in examining the dispositions of young people?

The Assistant. He is what you called him just now, a true Spartan. His behaviour, though not tinctured with a grain of pride, is perfectly seducing. Such is, I may say, his manner of concealing what afflicts him, that one cannot but be really astonished at his silence, and yet not harsh enough to think him obstinate.

The Master. I will sound him then myself. The light in which you place his portrait, adds considerably to the fair opinion that I formed on my first seeing him. If I can possibly prevail upon him to reveal the cause of his affliction, I persuade myself, I shall be fully compensated for my trouble in obtaining it.

The Assistant. On my part, threats, entreaties, and persuasion, have been all employed without effect. Of course then, I must fear, your efforts will be no less unsuccessful,

ful, though I wish the contrary, and should be even happy if it proved so.

The Master. In the first place, I mean to question those whom you said you had enjoined to keep him company.—Who are they?

The Assistant. Theodore and Roderick: but your son Eugenius, sir, will give you better information.

The Master. How! has Edward interested him then?

The Assistant. He thinks more, I verily believe, of Edward, than himself. I have observed him studying his actions silently.—Then he has never uttered a syllable to you about him?

The Master. No: but I am as well pleased with his reserve as his attention. It proclaims a secret sympathy between him and the youth who has attracted him. You will oblige me by conducting them all three together here this instant.

The Assistant. I would rather send them; as who knows, sir, but they will think my presence a restraint. They will be free, if I am absent.

The

The Master. Right: so let them come alone; and send me Edward likewise, when you find that they have left me; or, on second thoughts, let him sit down and wait my coming in the parlour. I will be with him shortly.

SCENE II.

The Master, (alone.)

This affair is all a mystery to me! It is very natural that Edward should grieve at being separated from his parents. It is not possible but that a boy of such promising qualities should be extremely dear to every one who knows him, and have had continual marks of their indulgence; but that nothing should have mitigated his affliction in the period of ten days, surrounded by so many of his age, and all no doubt desirous to amuse him; and still more, that he should wish for nothing in the world but bread and water, is inexplicable! What the children have to eat is very good, and therefore could not from its quality disgust him. Besides, he was never used at home to better fare.

fare. His father, at his bringing him to school, informed me he was far from rich, and had a numerous family to maintain. The more I think of his behaviour, still the more I think it wonderful! (*He walks about a little while in thought.*)

SCENE III.

The Master, Eugenius, Roderick, Theodore.

Eugenius. We come, papa, according to your order. The assistant told us that we were wanted; Theodore and Roderick, and myself.

The Master. Yes, Eugenius. I desire to have a little conversation with these two young gentlemen and you.

Roderick and Theodore. It is doing us a deal of honour.

Eugenius. Yes, and pleasure too; at least I think so.

The Master, (to Theodore and Roderick.) I am told, you are not quite contented with your new companion's conduct?

Roderick. To confess the truth, sir, he is indeed a little of the dullest; this same master—What is his name?

Theodore.

Theodore. He has spoke so little to us, we do not recollect what name he goes by.

Eugenius. Edward Barton. For his name, I do not think much of that, in preference to any other; but his person, that is another thing, and I am happy to be acquainted with him.

Roderick. Edward?—a good name enough, if *Dummy* were but added. Master Edward Dummy!

Eugenius. O, papa! pray do not let Roderick ridicule poor Edward in this manner!

The Master. Master Roderick, who has authorized you to distribute epithets among your school-fellows thus?

Roderick. Because he does not speak three words in half an hour. Had he come to us from the moon, I should not wonder at it. He is so pale and mopish, he would not belie his country.

The Master. Should his paleness then, or mopishness, as you are pleased to call it, make you hate him?

Roderick. I am not his enemy; far from it, sir; but cannot be his friend, since he
does

does nothing to divert us, after we have taken so much pains to make him speak.

Theodore. I am not his enemy ; far from it, sir ; but cannot be his friend, since he does nothing to divert us, after we have taken so much pains to make him speak.

Theodore. The night, sir, is surely long enough for silence. The day was made for amusement, laughing and talking.

Roderick. Must I be dull, because he takes so much delight in dulness?

Eugenius. Poor young man! You should not call it dulness; it is uneasiness.

Roderick. And did we not do every thing in our power to make him chearful? But the more we play our monkey tricks to make him fall a grinning, still the more his sober sadness gains upon him. We have done with him at last at our diversions; but still find him when we come to dinner, where he makes such faces as are enough to make us hungry again.

The Master. Has he any sickening method, as some children have, of eating?

Roderick. He must needs be very awkward, were his manners sickening; since
he

he eats bread only, and drinks nothing but clear water.

Theodore. He affects a puny stomach, merely to shew us what good things he had at home.

Egenius. You very much mistake him, if you fancy that it is from pride. I watched him yesterday, when he had good roast beef put down before him, and could see, though he concealed his face, that his eyes were full of tears.

The Master. You don't say so, Eugenius?

Roderick. Yes, indeed, he very often whimpers; and if once Don Quixote should return again to life, they would fight to know which of them should be called *Knight of the Woeful Visage*.

The Master. Are you so unfeeling as to make a joke of his affliction?

Roderick. He is enough to make us also of Don Quixote's order. It is quite dismal to see such a countenance at dinner: it deprives us of our stomachs. Look ye, commend me to Theodore: he would give you a good appetite to see him eat.

The Master. You would be glad then, I suppose,

suppose, to rid yourselves of Edward at your table?

Roderick. Yes, sir, and with all our hearts, unless he would become a little merry.

Eugenius. Well then, let him sit, papa, at mine. I should be glad to have him by me, and will take care of him.

The Master. You are not afraid then of his sadness, like these gentlemen?

Eugenius. I am doubtless sorrowful to see him sad; but merely upon that account would shew him all the friendship in my power. He would not, perhaps, be so unhappy, did he know that we pity him.

The Master. Can neither of you guess the reason of his melancholy?

Theodore. To confess the truth, I never thought of asking him.

Roderick. Why wish to know things that are sure to make one sad?

The Master. And you, Eugenius, can you let me have no better information?

Eugenius. No, indeed, papa. I should have been rejoiced to know the secret, and to console him were it in my power. These three times have I begged him to reveal it; but durst go no further, when I saw he was resolved

resolved to keep it. Doubtless he does not think me yet sufficiently his friend to trust me with it. I must therefore merit his reliance on me by my services.

The Master. But why, Eugenius, did you tell me nothing of all this before?

Eugenius. Because I thought that you would have forced him to conduct himself upon a footing with the rest, and have reprimanded him in case of his refusal. You have given me your permission to be always in the school; and I shall never be so mean as to betray my dear companions by telling tales. But if ever they do any thing that merits commendation, never fear but I will come and make you acquainted with it.

The Master, (embracing Eugenius.) I expected nothing less, my dear Eugenius, from your sensibility; and am quite charmed to find myself not disappointed. (*To Theodore and Roderick.*) I am sorry, gentlemen, that I cannot bestow the same eulogium on your conduct. I could certainly have wished that you had evinced a little affection, or at least some slight consideration, for poor Edward in his sorrow. Go, return to your amusements: it were a pity to disturb you
in

in them. If your turn of mind preserves you from some sort of sorrows, I am grievously afraid that it hinders you from relishing those exquisite delights which a generous heart experiences. (*Theodore and Roderick leave the room in manifest confusion.*)

SCENE IV.

The Master, Eugenius.

The Master. It is you only that are worthy to enjoy those exquisite delights. How I rejoice to find you so compassionate towards others in their sorrow!

Eugenius. Who, papa, could possibly refrain from pitying the unhappy Edward? His dejection, and his paleness, every thing announces some uncommon cause of sorrow in his heart. So young! and yet so miserable! I avoided him at first, just like the rest, and thought him morose and savage. But when I afterwards noticed his consistency and perseverance, his condescension and politeness, I was gradually attracted by him, so as in the end to give him all my friendship; and, I think, I should conceive

a great deal better of myself, could I but merit his.

The Master. You know, however, that he has behaved so as to incur the crime of disobedience?

Eugenius. Yes, at table.—I cannot possibly conceive the meaning of it; but, perhaps, he fancies that every soldier should live coarsely. After all, his singular abstemiousness is better than the gluttony of others; and the example that he holds out can injure no one. Pray then let him still continue what is so much to his liking, being, as he is, so punctual to his duty, and so diligent in school. He is the first of all his class in mathematics, geography, and drawing.

The Master. But a conduct which so openly infringes upon rule and order, cannot be excused in any circumstance, nor from any motive. I perceive, I shall be forced to send him home.

Eugenius. You do not mean so, papa? What! for so slight a fault, and one that perhaps merits praise rather than censure, will you send him off as if his principles
were

were vicious? Let *me* go then with him likewise.

The Master. How, Eugenius? are you so attached to him then? For what reason?

Eugenius. I cannot tell you; yet, if you will but have a little conversation with him, you will perhaps discern the reason. How rejoiced I should be, were he but my brother! I should only have this to fear, that you would love him more than you do me at present.

The Master. I have sent for him, and mean to have some conversation with him here. I shall then discern if he is worthy of inspiring such a strong attachment, and sincerely hope that you have not misjudged in the affair. If so, I promise—but of that another time. I hear somebody knock. Step into the adjoining room, that if I call, you may come to us.

Eugenius. Yes, papa. (*Eugenius goes out.*
The Master rises to open the door.)

SCENE V.

Edward entering, bows respectfully to the Master, who sits down. Edward stands before him.

The Master. Well, master Barton, can you any way conjecture why I sent to fetch you?

Edward. Yes, sir, I am afraid I guess the reason.

The Master. Is it true, then, that you disdain the company and conversation of your school-mates, and disturb their pastimes by such whims and affectations as were never heard of in a person of your age?

Edward. I dare answer, sir, with all the deference and respect that I owe you, it was never my intention to do either.

The Master. You have been told, for instance, what rules the scholars are to observe, when at meals, and yet you choose to live on bread and water.

Edward. True, sir; I want nothing more.

The Master. The Assistant has endeavoured to convince you how improper such a singularity must be considered, and yet finds you fixed to persevere therein.

Edward. Yes, sir.

The Master. And think you such a perseverance commendable?

Edward. Not, fir, in your thoughts, I own.

The Master. It is then a matter of indifference to you, whether you do right or wrong in my opinion?

Edward. No, fir; for in that case, I should heed as little your reproaches as your praise. I know what obligation I am under to obey you, and have often blamed myself for not complying with your pleasure, in the regulations of this place; but still, have found it utterly impossible to do so. Heaven is, notwithstanding, witness for me, that I am not quite so guilty, as appearances proclaim me.

The Master. I will readily allow, you are yourself persuaded of your innocence, and therefore think, that you have such reasons as will justify your disobedience.—Have you any thing to say then?

Edward. Nothing, fir.

The Master. But surely you must know, that disobedience is a bad example, even though you think that your motives will excuse you.

Edward. I have had the honour to acknowledge that myself.

The Master. That hitherto it has been tolerated from the hope of your amendment.

Edward. Always.

The Master. And, in short, that by your obstinacy you have merited already the severest punishment.

Edward. I am ready to endure it.

The Master. But not ready to amend your conduct?

Edward. It is impossible.

The Master. I see then, and am sorry for it, that it will be impossible for me to keep you here a moment longer; as it would be contrary to all good order, to suffer such an instance of rebellion in an institution of this sort.

Edward. What will become of me at that rate? wretched as I am! O sir! must I then be at last a burthen to my parents, and an object of contempt for others? Have I merited this sentence?

The Master. Have you merited this sentence! When you will not place the least degree of confidence in me, do you ask that question? Would you hide a secret from your father? I am here to be a father to

you, and you will not shew yourself a son to me !

Edward. If such, sir, be your condescension, I will give you the possession of my heart. I could stand patiently and hear your threats, but cannot be unaffected by your friendship : yes, sir, I will lay out my whole heart before you, and make known the affliction that oppresses me.

The Master. You are willing then to think yourself my son !

Edward, (throwing himself into the Master's arms.) Are you then willing to become my second father ?

The Master, (embracing him.) O my dearest Edward ! call me for the future only by that name.

Edward. Well then, my second father, I have one at home so poor, that he subsists on scarcely better food than bread and water. My poor mother likewise is as much reduced as he is ; I have two sisters, and as many brothers, who enjoy no better fare. And can I then indulge my appetite, and live on your good things, while they have, as it were, no more than bread to
6 moisten

moisten with their tears? No, no; much rather would I die of hunger. I am Edward Barton, and there never was a father of that name who had a son unworthy of him.

The Master. What! has no one then solicited the government in favour of so old a soldier?

Edward. No one, sir: but he is destitute of all things, after having served his country two and twenty years with honour, and consumed the little that he had left in soliciting a pension. On the eve of my departure for this place, I heard him read the story of Count Ugolino, who was shut up in a castle, with his family, to die of hunger. Since that moment, this sad story has been always in my mind. I think that I hear incessantly the parish bells tolling, for the burial of my father, mother, brothers, and poor sisters. Can I then make merry, when my heart is overflowed with tears? and eat such food as my afflicted parents cannot purchase? If I could, I should no longer be Edward Barton. While my father is unhappy, in whatever corner of the earth I may be, nothing shall prevent me from enduring his affliction. If the king—

The Master. The king for certain knows not of your father's situation: if he did, he would have softened it. I will use my interest to convey the knowledge of it to him; and do you rely upon his justice. My dear Edward, why not tell me this before? You might perhaps have spared your family ten days distress at least.

Edward. You think then, sir, that I shall become so happy as to save him at my years?

The Master. I hope so; and at least, am certain that your behaviour has *relieved* him. Generous child! Why are you not indeed my son?

Edward. My love and gratitude consider you my father. It is a debt that I owe to your generosity, for wishing thus I were your son.

The Master, (looking at him with affection.) My dear son Edward!

Edward. Yes; I am, and will be so. You are the father too of all my family, if through your friendship they may be assisted; but alas, sir! we have been so long unhappy, it is not to be hoped—

The

The Master. Hoped! Edward? Should you doubt of what I tell you, it would be an insult to me. I have told you that I was certain your behaviour had relieved your parents, since relief depends upon myself alone: and therefore, (*going to his bureau, and giving him a paper,*) 'till I have tried the effect of my interest, which is not inconsiderable, take this: it is a twenty pound bank note, and what your father gives you, as the first fruit of his love.

Edward, (interrupting him.) Give me; what need can I have for it? Send, oh send your generous present to my father! there it will be useful.

The Master. He shall know that he is indebted for it to your filial piety, and now therefore, my dear Edward, you will no longer live on bread and water!

Edward. Not till my poor father is reduced again to do so.

The Master. And, in future, you will be joyous with your comrades?

Edward. While my father is joyous with his wife and children.

The Master. Well then, run, and write your father an account of this transaction:

I will go dress myself, and instantly set off for London. I shall see a nobleman of considerable interest this very morning.

Edward. How shall I collect my spirits, to return you thanks in such a manner as I ought, sir?

The Master, (smiling.) Sir — It seems then you forget already that you are my son?

Edward, (falling at his master's feet.) O father! O! my dear, dear father! pardon me, if being, as I am, beside myself—

The Master, (raising Edward, and conducting him affectionately towards the door.) Go, go, my child, and leave me here a little. I have no less occasion to compose myself than you.

Edward. I will come back very shortly, with my letter. You must see it, so do not go, dear father, till I have once again embraced you!

The Master. No, my dearest son; I will not deny myself that pleasure. Run and write your letter: I will wait for you.

SCENE VI.

The Master, (alone.) Fortunate occurrence! Oh happy day! What a number of affecting objects all at once present themselves before me! A brave foldier, for whose services I am about to procure a recompence! and his son, whom I may form into a man, and so contribute to the glory of my country! My Eugenius, who appears so sensible of the impressiion made by virtue on his heart, and so worthy of the friend whom he has selected thus! My sovereign, to whose notice I shall introduce a little hero, such as his munificence may cherish! and a suffering wife and children, such as his compassion may deliver from affliction.

SCENE VII.

The Master, the Assistant.

The Master. You are come, fir, quite a-propos to share my transports.

The Assistant. What has caused them, my good fir? You are no less agitated than

young Edward, who ran by me wild, as one might think, with pleasure; for he did not see me, did not seem as if he trod upon the ground. His eyes, as I looked at him, beamed with rapture, though the tears that he had been shedding were not quite dried up. I called out to him, but he could not hear me.

The Master. It would have charmed you, had you witnessed what has passed between us. It was a moment, such as does not twice occur in any one man's life.

The Assistant. Your hope then is not disappointed. You have wrought upon him to reveal the cause of his affliction.

The Master. But what difficulty had I to obtain my wish! what pain it gave me to upbraid him! and how nobly he withstood me! How much honour does even his disobedience reflect upon him!

The Assistant. I foresaw as much in general, though I could not clear up the particulars, to reason on them.

The Master. Who could possibly have guessed at the excess of his affection! he was prompted to deny his appetite at table, that he might not fare in the least degree better

better than his parents. At so great a distance from them, he supported such privations, though he knew that by doing so, he could not succour them. What think you of so rare a youth? What think you of a father, who, surrounded by misfortunes, has been able thus to form his son to virtue? What exalted pleasure for a monarch to reward such virtue! I am proud, my friend, that I have it in my power to convey to his royal ear, intelligence of this poor youth, and his afflicted father's sufferings and deserts. There is but one thing else that would yield me greater satisfaction. I should like to be in such a situation, as to give him an account of all his meritorious subjects. I would so exalt his throne, that he should then be able to look down on every virtuous man in his dominions, while these last, looking up, should see him in the act of applauding and encouraging their virtue. Thus, without the wretched breath of adulation, might a king be really among his subjects called their god.

The Assistant. Our king is worthy of your solicitude, to interest him in behalf of Edward and his parents.

The Master. That is what I told him I would do; and how great was his gratitude? We called each other son and father, and, I verily believe, experienced the affection in our hearts, of such affinity. But do not I hear somebody coming?—I believe it is he. Step therefore into this apartment: you will find Eugenius there; I shall soon require your presence here again, if it be Edward. (*The Assistant withdraws, when Edward comes in sight.*)

The Master, (alone.) Yes, it is he; and how affectingly expressive, even at this distance, is his whole countenance!

SCENE VIII.

The Master, Edward.

Edward, (rushing to embrace his master.)

Father, dear, dear father! here is my letter.

The Master. It is not sealed, as I observe, and therefore you would have me read it?

Edward. Would? It is every line about you.

The

The Master, (reading.) “ Papa! mama! brothers and sisters! Come all of you together, while this letter is reading. Oh that I were present, and could read it you myself! but I *am* present, and observe you. Weep no longer, as, I trust, you are no longer to subsist on bread and tears. There are on earth here, generous bosoms, as in heaven: of whom, the master of our academy, as I have found, is one. He is my father, let me call him so; or rather, the protecting angel of our family. Would you believe it! he has sent you this, as from himself, and will solicit you a pension, which he says he doubts not of obtaining for you! Fall upon your knees and bless him, as I do.—*The master stops, and seeing Edward on his knees, with hands and eyes toward heaven, affectionately raises him, and says,)* What means this, my son?

Edward. I am offering you my life: it is at your disposal.

The Master. No, my dearest Edward; keep it for the accomplishment of worthy and illustrious actions. Mine is posting fast to its decay; but by your conduct, you may lengthen it.

Edward,

Edward, (eagerly.) I, father! Shall I ever be so happy?—Speak! Oh speak, sir; and inform me by what means I may experience so much heart-felt satisfaction.

The Master. By your friendship for my son. *(He opens the adjoining chamber door.)* Eugenius enter, and embrace your brother.

SCENE IX.

The Master, Edward, the Assistant, Eugenius.
(Edward and Eugenius rush into each other's arms.)

The Master. Edward, he is worthy of your friendship: his affection for you went before his father's.

Edward. I could clearly see indeed that my sufferings moved him.

Eugenius. You shall never suffer for the future, but myself will be a sharer with you. Shall I not, dear Edward?

Edward, (taking Eugenius by the hand, and presenting it with his own to the master.) Well then, my Eugenius, let us thus connect ourselves as friends for ever, in the hands of our respectable and common father.

The

The Master. Yes, dear children: I approve your wishes, and bestow my blessing on them. Let those happy days return, as far as your example can have influence, when the field of combat was a theatre for friendship. When warriors united the most amiable private qualities to the most undaunted courage. Let Sidney and Wolfe be your model; serve your sovereign with fidelity like theirs. Live, as they did, admired by all mankind, and, if necessary, die as they did, regretted, in the service of your country.

THE CONJURING BIRD.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

THE COUNTESS OF GLENALVON.

AUGUSTUS, } *her Children.*

JULIA,

THE HON. MR. ODDLY, *a Nobleman's
younger Son.*ELIZA, *his Sister.*GABRIEL, } *Friends of Julia & Augustus.*

LUCIUS,

SOPHIA,

JENNY, } *Servants to the Countess.*

ROBERT,

*The SCENE is in the country, at the Countess's,
and in two rooms which open to the garden.*

SCENE I.

Jenny, (reckoning up the counters on a table.)

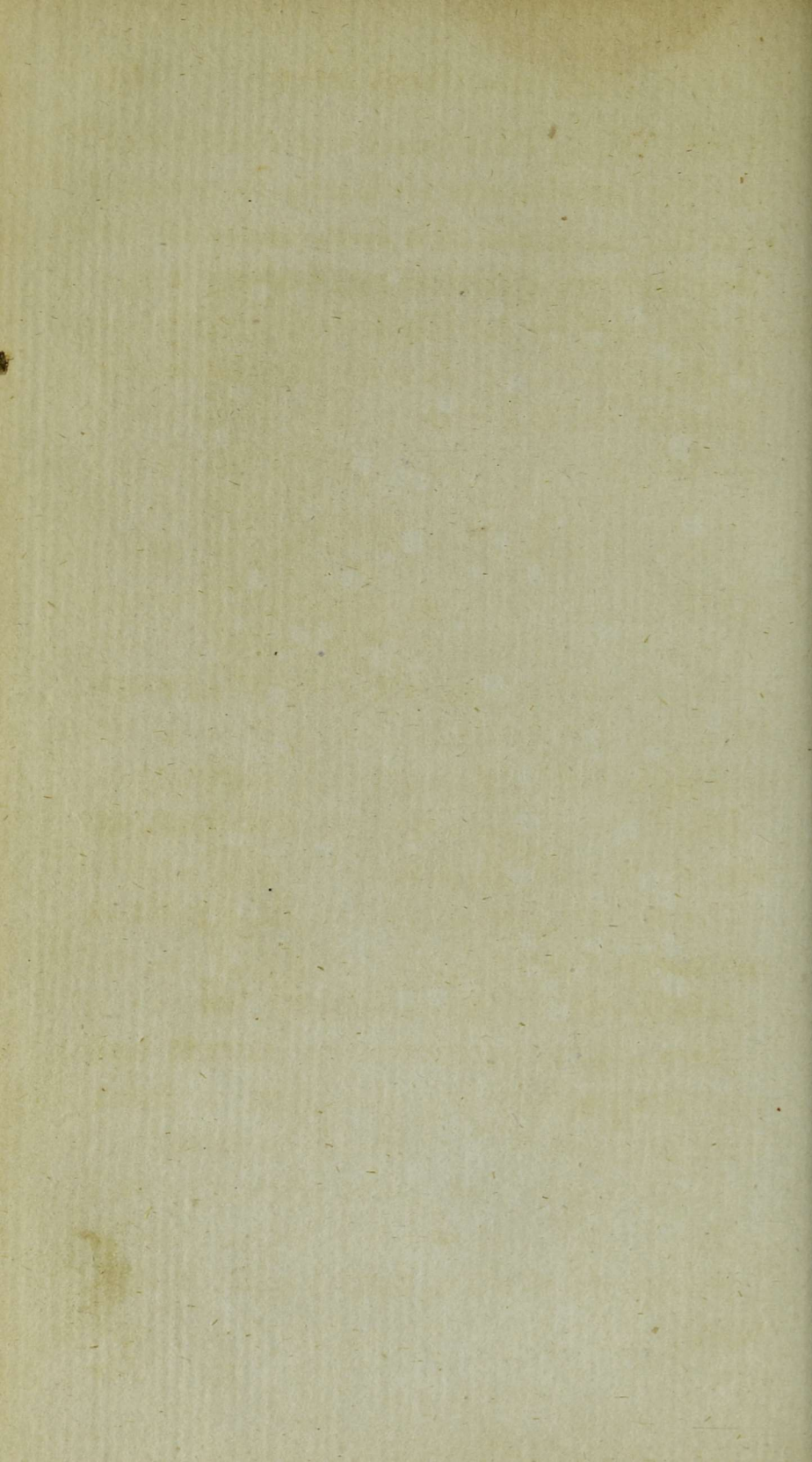
IT is all lost labour to stand counting
thus. I cannot make more than ninety-
four; and yet there should be an hundred.

Well,



Cook Sc

The Conjuring Bird



Well, I think, there never was a house like ours for hare-brained children ; for wherever they once put their foot, one may be sure, they will jumble every thing together, if they do not lose something or another. I must look about for them in every corner of the chamber.

S C E N E II.

The Countess, Jenny.

The Countess. You seem uneasy, Jenny. What are you seeking ?

Jenny. Your ladyship's best counters.

The Countess. Do not you see them on the table ?

Jenny. Yes, my lady ; but the number is not complete.

The Countess. That should not be.

Jenny. That should not be, indeed ; and yet there are no less than half a dozen wanting. Were there not an hundred ?

The Countess. Yes ; you know it as well as I.

Jenny. Well then, there are but ninety-four.

The

The Countess, (after having counted them.) There are indeed no more; and yet last night the number was complete. I put them up myself, when we had finished playing. But what caused you to come now, and count them up?

Jenny. Because, as I passed by the door, I saw that the children had been playing with them.

The Countess. Yet I absolutely ordered that they should not be touched. They have ivory ones to play with: who could give them these?

Jenny. Themselves.

The Countess. Themselves! Where are they?

Jenny. In the garden, madam, with their little company.

The Countess. Fetch Julia here.—But stay, have none been here but Julia and Augustus?

Jenny. Yes, their friends: and who can tell—

The Countess. What, Jenny! can you possibly suspect—

Jenny. I will answer for your children,
please

please your ladyship, and likewise the three young Davenports, as if they were myself.

The Countess. And not the others?

Jenny. I do not know them well enough.

The Countess. What, Jenny, two such children as the Hon. Mr. Oddly and his sister?

Jenny. If your ladyship thinks fit, I'll call Miss Julia in: but here she comes.

SCENE III.

The Countess, Jenny, Julia.

The Countess, (to Julia coming in.) Who told you, miss, to use my silver counters? Did not I forbid you to meddle with them?

Julia. It was not my fault, mama.

The Countess. And whose then, pray?

Julia. Mr. Oddly's and his sister's. I had got the ivory counters, when they asked me if I meant to play with them, as they never had such at home, and must have better; upon which they opened all the drawers and closets till they met with these.

The Countess. Why did not you mention that I would never let you use them?

Julia.

Julia. Good! as if they would hear me! I believe they would have beat us, had we not surrendered them.

Jenny. Upon my word! These children, as it seems, are charmingly brought up!

The Countess. You should at least have counted them when you left off playing.

Julia. That was what I wished to do. But after I had got to twenty-four, or thereabouts, Mr. Oddly snatched them from me, put them up pell-mell, and dragged us out into the garden with him.

The Countess. Do you know that six are missing?

Julia. Sure, mama!

The Countess. How! sure! when I have told you! See now whether one can trust you in the least! You know, it was your duty to take care of them.

Julia. I was confounded, dear mama; these children are so mischievous! I was obliged to have my eye continually on them, as I thought they would have broke your china. I was obliged frequently to follow them about the room: they may have flung the counters, then, into some corner or another.

The

The Countess. Well, but I must have them found.

Jenny. I know but one way, madam. Were I you, I would turn the little masters pockets inside out before they left the house.

The Countess. Fie, Jenny! would you have me affront their parents?

Julia. Oh! I am sure, mama, not one among them can have stolen the counters.

The Countess. So I think; but children of their age may be a little giddy-headed. So go to them, Julia, and politely ask if any one among them may not, by mistake, have put them up into his pocket. Your commission is a nice one, and requires a little management. Take care not to offend them, by insinuating that you think any one of the company capable of taking them purposely.

Julia. I shall take care, mama.

The Countess. Accuse yourself of negligence, and tell them that I shall blame you, if they are not soon found.

Julia. I understand you.

The Countess. And bid Robert, as you pass, come here.

Julia. I will, mama.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Countess, Jenny.

Jenny, (who has been employed in looking round the room.) I will answer for it, they are not here: there is not a corner but I have searched.

The Countess. This should not have happened in my house. I dread, yet long to know, by what means they have vanished.

SCENE V.

The Countess, Jenny, Robert.

Robert. Here I am, my lady: what is your pleasure?

The Countess. To inform you, Robert, that I have lost since yesterday six counters.

Robert. Does your ladyship suspect me of taking them?

The Countess. God forbid! I am too well acquainted with your honesty for that. But I suppose, if you had crossed the room, you might have seen them on some chair or elsewhere.

Robert.

Robert. Counters on a chair?

The Countess. I know, that is not a proper place for counters; but the children have been playing where they were, and might have inconsiderately left them in some corner, and you seen them.

Robert. No, my lady, I have not.

The Countess. I am sorry for it, and do not know what method to pursue. They must have certainly been lost since morning, as I counted them myself last night.— But look about.

Jenny. Your ladyship has seen how I have been searching for them. Servants are but badly off, when any thing is lost about a house. However honest they may be, they are constantly suspected.

The Countess. Very likely; but the honest servant will, on this occasion, pardon me, if I include her in my search of the dishonest.

Robert. You may first of all examine me, my lady. Rogues are constantly the first to be displeased when they are suspected.

Jenny. God be thanked, I have no fear of that sort! But it cannot be a matter of
indif-

indifference to the honest servant, when a thief is in the house.

The Countess. But put yourself into my place; what would you do? Think, Robert.

Robert. Do, my lady?—A thought this moment strikes me; and provided I have leave to put it into execution, I will engage to find the counters.

The Countess. But you must not think of giving any one occasion to suppose himself suspected.—What is your design?

Robert. I cannot at present tell your ladyship. A single syllable might spoil the business. Do but bring together all the children in the adjoining room. I promise you, the thief, if there is any thief among them, shall betray himself.

The Countess. I cannot tell whether I should let—

Robert. You may trust me, madam. Be assured that no one but the guilty person shall have reason to complain; and him, I dare believe, you would not wish to spare.

The Countess. Well, Robert, as I know your prudence, I rely upon it.

Robert. Good! my lady. Therefore I
will

will go and begin conjuring. Do not be afraid, it is quite simple.

SCENE VI.

The Countess, Fenny.

Fenny. My lady—did not he say something about conjuring? But that I know myself innocent, I should be frightened out of my wits.

The Countess. Peace, simpleton!

SCENE VII.

The Countess, Fenny, Augustus.

The Countess. What now, Augustus? You seem big with something or another! Have you brought the counters with you?

Augustus. No, mama: I have only learned that six are lost. My sister told us so just this moment.

The Countess. And how was the intelligence received?

Augustus. We were exceedingly surprised. The two Davenports particularly, and their sister, want to come and plead their innocence before you.

The Countess. Plead ! they are the last that I should suspect of such a deed. And Mr. Oddly—

Augustus. Oh ! he is furious ; and told Julia, that to look upon him as a thief, was but a bad reception.

The Countess. Julia was not rude, I hope, in telling them my message.

Augustus. No, mama, quite otherwise. She spoke with great politeness.

The Countess. Then pray why was Mr. Oddly angry ? There was nothing personal in what your sister said.

Augustus. I cannot well tell the reason ; but Eliza drew him privately aside : he would not condescend to hear her. He is determined to be gone : his hat is fortunately here ; he will come and fetch it, and declares that he will not remain a minute in the house. He threatens to complain to his papa.

The Countess. Positively he must not go. I will tell his lordship the whole affair myself, when he comes to take him home.

Augustus. The rest with greatly for permission to appear and justify themselves before you.

The Countess. There is no need of that. I only wished to know if they could give me any information of the counters. They are all of them so well brought up, I could not venture to accuse them of a theft. But I am well acquainted with the whims of children. They will see every thing, and finger every thing; and, from a want of thought, might easily have put a thing into their pocket, without any criminal intention.

Augustus. Certainly they might, mama; as I did, you remember, when I took my sister's purse up by mistake, and would have carried it away.

The Countess. But softly! here they are. Go, Jenny, and enquire if Robert is preparing matters. (*Jenny goes out.*)

SCENE VIII.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

The Countess. Well, how fares it with you all, my little friends? I am glad to see you here.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Miss Julia has just now informed us, that your ladyship has lost six counters of the number with which unluckily we were playing. I am sorry for it; but could never think that your ladyship would have suspected any one of us of having taken them. At least I can assure you, for my sister and myself, that we know nothing of them.

The Countess. God forbid that I should suspect such well-bred children, as I look upon you all to be. Sure Julia did not tell you that I supposed you to have the counters?

Eliza. No, my lady; all that she said, was to enquire if we had brought them out through inattention, or to play a little longer with them in the garden.

The Countess. Which you might very innocently have done. It is she alone that I blame in the affair, because she did not let you have *her* counters.

Gabriel. She designed, I think, to use them.

Lucius. I should never dare to shew my face again, if I had taken so much as a pin.

Sophia,

Sophia, (emptying her pockets.) See, my lady, I have nothing here: and there are no more pockets to my slip.

The Countess. My dear children, I have already told you that I am far from suspecting any of you to have them, when you say that you have not. They are certainly of no great value; yet I cannot but confess, that their loss affects me.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Were they only worth a straw, they are your ladyship's, and should not now be missing. But you know, there are such things as servants; and they are not always very honest. It is not the first time that we have suspected them at home.

Julia. But it is the first time that any thing of the kind has happened in our house, dear Mr. Oddly, I assure you.

Augustus. I would answer for our servants, men and women.

The Countess. I have trusted them this long time; but if you, sir, (*to the Hon. Mr. Oddly,*) have made any observations, I request you to let me know them.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. O, no, no!—But
K 3 when

when we went into the garden, did not—what is her name—the housemaid enter?

The Countess. Jenny! Oh! I do not fear her. These six years past that I have had her, she might easily have made away with things of value, had she been dishonest.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Did not your old footman come in likewise? I do not like his looks; and should not chuse to meet him in a lane at night.

The Countess. Fie, sir! what makes you thus suspect the honest Robert? He was my father-in-law's confidential servant, and has been much longer in the family than even I myself. If *he* could possibly turn pilferer, neither you nor I could know what living creature we might trust.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. It is not unlikely then, but some one may have got into the room when we were gone.

The Countess. That is not at all unlikely; and I am going to enquire. Amuse yourselves till I come back.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. No, madam; after what has passed, I cannot stay longer here. Augustus, can you tell me where they have put my hat?

Augustus.

Augustus. It is taken to be brushed; you will have it brought you.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I must have it instantly.

Eliza. But won't you stay a little for papa? You know, he means to come and fetch us.

The Countess. I cannot possibly let you go home on foot. You would have upwards of three miles to walk. Stay here till I return: I will not detain you long.

S C E N E IX.

Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I am very much astonished that your mama should have such thoughts of us! We steal her counters!

Julia. Sir, she never had such a thought. She might have fancied that we had put them, without thought, into our pockets. I might as easily have taken them in this way, as yourself, or any other: but to *steal*! she did not mention the word, or any like it.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Had there been none here but tradesmen's children, she might well have entertained suspicions; but she should make some difference now.

Gabriel. You speak of us, sir, I can see: your looks inform me so. But let me tell you, in my turn, that it is one's manners and principles, and not birth, that makes one truly noble.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. How these tradesmen talk about their manners! You are very happy that there are so few children hereabout, and that Augustus and myself are forced to make you our companions, or have no diversion. Did you live in London, you would not have such an honour, notwithstanding your fine manners.

Augustus. Speak, sir, for yourself alone; for just as here, in London too, I should be proud to entertain my little friends.

Julia. Yes, certainly. They give us, to the full, as good examples as such whipper-snapper noblemen as you.

Eliza. This, brother, you have deserved. Why attack them first?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. And you, too, upon me? You think certainly as I do, though
you

you will not confess it. Have you forgot mama's instruction on the subject of familiarity with those beneath us? "Never mix with tradesmen's children: in the lower ranks of life, you will always have low thoughts."

Augustus. And can you possibly suspect that my friends are capable of being thieves?

Gabriel. Did we approach the table?

Sophia. No: whereas we saw you take the counters, and look at them I suppose half a dozen times. (*The Hon. Mr. Oddly attempts to strike her. Augustus and Gabriel hold his hand.*)

Augustus. Softly! You will have to deal with me else.

Gabriel. No, no, my friend. I thank you, but I can take care of my sister. Let him even threaten her. I am not a bit more frightened at his size than his title.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Oh! it is far beneath me to dispute with traders.

Julia. Very well: I hope then it is beneath you likewise to attack a little girl.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I shall not permit her to insult me.

Eliza. She would certainly have done much better, had she held her tongue.

Julia. But being such a child, she might be pardoned: and particularly when she spoke the truth.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. The truth? What do you mean by that?

Gabriel. She said, that you took the counters and looked at them: that is all. Did she say any more? And this certainly was true.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I shan't even condescend to answer.

Gabriel. You cannot take a better resolution, when you have nothing but such answers for us.

S C E N E X.

Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia, the Countess.

The Countess. What is the meaning of all this? I will not have any quarrels here!

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. My lady, I expect, you will do me justice on these little folks!

The Countess. Folks! folks! who are they? I am not accustomed to have such as visit here called so.

Augustus.

Augustus. He is angry, because we were not in a humour to endure his airs.

Julia. He thought he should have had a company of dukes at least for play-fellows.

Gabriel. And imagines that we should be suspected of this theft, much rather than a nobleman.

Lucius. As if we had not a character to keep, as well as he has!

Sophia. Ay, and would have beat me, had not Gabriel taught him better.

The Countess. Why, sure! it is not possible!

Eliza. To say the truth, my brother is too hasty.

The Countess. Vivacity becomes his age very well; but we should not be proud, quarrelsome, or rash. Oh! here is Robert.

SCENE XI.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia, Robert (carrying a basket covered with a napkin.)

Robert. There is no more to be said, my lady. Every body in this house is inno-

cent, as sure as my name is Robert; but however, for the satisfaction of the company, I will introduce my cock, who, you must know beforehand, is a conjurer. (*Putting down the basket on the table.*)

Sophia, (jumping for joy.) O, a cock! a cock!

Robert. Yes, nothing more; for look you! (*He lifts up a napkin in the basket, so that Sophia and the rest discern the creature's neck and crest.*) Just like others, saving that my cock has not his equal in the world for knowledge: why, he will tell me things which no other person possibly can know. If a single straw, and nothing else, is missing, I need only run and have a consultation with him: he will be sure to know who stole it.

Julia. You can then find out our counters, can you?

Robert, Can I? Why last Christmas, at the alehouse, I had lost my pipe; so what did I do, but away and fetched my cock, who let me know that the groom had got it: and I think, you recollect, he broke his leg about a fortnight after.

Sophia. He can talk then?

Robert.

Robert. Yes, like other cocks: *Cock, cock-a-doodle-doo.* On which, I understand him just as if it were you that spoke to me.

Julia. Yet you never told us this before,

Robert. Because we never yet lost any thing.

The Countess. Well, now, a truce to all this conversation, and begin.

Robert. Not quite so fast, my lady. I must perform my conjuring in the dark.

The Countess. A very easy matter. You need only close the shutters.

Julia. I will go out and push them to.

The Countess. You are much too short: you cannot reach them. Robert will do that himself.

Robert. Yes, madam. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE XII.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr.

Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

Augustus, (with the rest, excepting the Hon. Mr. Oddly, who appears embarrassed, lifting up the napkin.) This same cock seems supernatural,

natural, I fancy. (*Looking at him earnestly.*) How his eyes shine!

Julia. And his comb, how red it looks! my patience! how it shakes upon his head!

Sophia. Do you imagine, then, that it has so much knowledge as Robert says?

Lucius. Papa has often told us, what we ought to think of such strange stories.

Gabriel. Robert is a cunning sportsman, and I am sure can make birds hold their tongue, much better with his fowling piece, than teach a cock to talk by virtue of his wand.

Eliza. Who knows! my governess has told me many wond'rous things of conjuration, and all that.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I wonder, sister, you can listen to such stories!

The Countess. I am glad you have these notions of the matter, and should like to laugh at Robert for his folly. What simplicity! a cock discover thieves!

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (*forcing a smile.*) I fancy we shall have a deal of laughing very shortly. (*The shutters are closed all at once.*) But why put the shutters too? (*with uneasiness.*) I do not love darkness.

Julia.

Julia. If the cock cannot see, he will never find the thief out.—Will he, pray, mama?

The Countess. Well asked: for I cannot tell you.

Sophia. I should like, if I knew how, to make him speak. Come pretty little cock, say something.—See how dark it is.—Look out a little.—He does not speak a word!

Julia. The reason is, I suppose, he will obey his master only. (*Robert comes in again.*)

SCENE XIII.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia, Robert.

The Countess. Well, you are satisfied now, Robert, since you have thus shut out the day-light?

Robert. Yes, my lady; every thing is as it should be. And so now, let those remain that have not stolen the counters, but if any one is guilty, let that one go out.—What all remain!

The

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. How cunning!

Robert. I see clearly then that I must employ my art. (*He waves his hand, and draws a circle on the floor; pronouncing something unintelligible.*)

That's well! So now, my cock, take heed;
And tell us, who are rogues indeed.

Come now my little gentlemen and ladies, and let every one of you in turn, lift up the napkin here, and with his right hand, do you see, stroke Chanticleer upon the back. You will hear his music, when the thief once puts his hand upon him: but do not lift the cloth too high; just high enough to let your hand pass under it.

So now, my pretty cock, take heed;
And tell us who are rogues indeed.

Well! what will none of you begin?

The Countess. What, every one afraid? Why, one would think you all guilty, at this rate!

Sophia. I am the youngest, but I will set the example. (*She lifts up the cloth, and strokes the cock twice over in the basket.*) Do you see, the cock does not speak. It is not I that have stolen the counters.

Robert.

Robert. Very well. Stand now in this place, with your hand behind you.—Is it so?

Sophia. Feel, feel.

Robert. That is right. Now you, fir.
(*To Augustus.*)

Augustus. Oh! I fear as little as Miss Sophia.—There.—He has not spoke.—Must I too hold my hand behind me?

Robert. Certainly; and every one.—Come here, by this young lady.—Well, another.

Julia. I will go next.—(*She strokes him.*) If he had said a word, he would have been a story-teller.—

Robert. By your brother here. Who is next?

Eliza. It is my turn now. (*She strokes him.*) As mute as any mackerel.—Yet I stroked him four times over.

Robert. Are your right hands all behind you? Do not forget that part.

Gabriel, (to the Hon. Mr. Oddly.) I will follow you.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. As if I would have to do with such child's play!

The Countess. You would not surely spoil our sport. A little complaisance, pray, Mr. Oddly.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. If that is all, I have no objection.—(*He puts his hand under the cloth.*) There—I do not find he has spoke for me, though I have stroked him more than others.

Robert. Here, sir, with the rest; and keep your hand behind you.

Sophia. There are none now, but my brothers left, that have not stroked him. It is one of them!—Oh, no; I do not think so. (*Gabriel and Lucius imitate the others; upon which, the children all burst out a laughing.*)

Lucius. And where is the thief?—Why no where.

The Countess. Robert, you should send your cock to Norwood; he is not cunning enough: and all this while my counters are not found.

Robert. I must acknowledge, this confounds me.—For a little while, however, patience; and do not stir.—Stand still, I say.—They are just like so much quicksilver!—My circle, as I think, must be imperfect. I will go fetch a candle, and examine. I pray your ladyship, let no one quit his place.

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I knew before-hand, how all this would end.—Stupid nonsense!

Sophia. Why, this cock is no wiser than his master.

Eliza. Truly, I am glad to see him caught.

Julia. And what does he design to do, when he has brought a light?

The Countess. He will shew us.

Sophia. I should like to see the cock now.—He will scarce hold his head up, I suppose, for shame.

SCENE XV.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia, Robert.

Robert, (returning with a light, and going up to Sophia.) Come, let me see your little hand.

hand. (*She holds him out the left.*) Not this, but that behind you. Good!

Sophia, looking at her hand, and crying out.) Oh, what a hand I have! as black as any coal! And will it always be so?

Robert. Do not be frightened, little miss! I will speak about it to my cock, and you shall have both hands as white as snow.—(*The children have not patience, but look all together at their hands, and instantly cry out at once.*)

Augustus. How black my fingers are too!

Julia. And mine likewise! What does Robert mean by this?

Eliza. I would twist the creature's neck off, if I had him.

Gabriel. Fegs; my wristbands are come in for a little of it!

Lucius. It is as if my hand were painted?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (lifting up his hand in triumph.) But see mine! There is none of the company that has a hand fit to look at, except me.

Robert, (taking hold of the Hon. Mr. Oddly by the collar.) Very likely! Then, sir, you have stole the counters.—Give them up, young gentleman, this instant, or I will search

search your pockets, and then blacken you all over!

Eliza. Blacken him! O, brother! if you have got the counters, give them up this moment.

The Countess. Take care, Robert, what you say!

Robert. I am sure, he has them. So, quit the counters, or expect to have a countenance as grimy as the blackest negro's.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (turning pale, and trembling.) Is it possible that I should have put them in my pocket, and not thought of what I was about? *(He feels about him.)* I recollect, indeed, I had them in my hand. *(He seems surprised at finding them thrust down into a corner of his waistcoat pocket.)* Dear me! they are here indeed! Who would have thought it? *(All the children look at one another with surprise, while the Hon. Mr. Oddly stands confounded.)*

The Countess. Robert! *(he approaches)* take away your cock and candle, and go open us the shutters. Take care *(in a whisper)* not to tell your fellow-servants how you found the counters. Say that they
were

were thrust a great way back into the table-drawer.

Robert. I will, my lady. (*He goes out.*)

S C E N E XVI.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

The Countess. Go, my little friends, into the other room: you will find water there to wash your hands. Take care, and do not splash one another's clothes.

Sophia. No, no:—but if this black should not come off?

The Countess. It is nothing but a little ivory black, and water will remove it. You, fir, (*to the Hon. Mr. Oddly,*) as your hands are clean, may stay with me.

S C E N E XVII.

The Countess, the Hon. Mr. Oddly.

The Countess. Well then, my haughty little gentleman! and is it possible you could be guilty of so scandalous an action? You,
that

that scarce a quarter of an hour ago looked down with so much scorn upon the children of a reputable worthy tradesman, and supposed your quality disgraced by being in their company. They have at present their revenge, since they may call you, and with justice, a vile thief!

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Pray pardon me, my lady!—I was playing with the counters—and without considering at the moment, must have put them into my pocket. I have no other method of accounting for their being found upon me.

The Countess. Pitiful excuse! that aggravates your fault! At such a tender age as yours, could I have possibly imagined one with so much front?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Believe me, madam, I had certainly no bad design!—I took them without meaning so to do, and afterwards concealed the matter, from my dread of being taken for a thief.

The Countess. But after I had bid my daughter make enquiry for them with such delicacy, you might easily have seemed to search your pockets, and restored them without blushing. Your proceeding would
have

have then been looked upon as nothing but an inadvertency.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I did not think of that, my lady.

The Countess. What then did you think, when you durst drop hints that possibly my honest servants might have taken them? or that my children's little friends were objects of suspicion? What were your ideas, when you made believe to stroke the cock?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. But, madam, I *did* stroke him.

The Countess. Hold your tongue, you little rascal!—for that name is not too bad for your deservings. Happily, as yet, you have not got sufficient cunning to conceal your wicked actions. *You did stroke the cock!* Is that then your assertion? Do not you see, that if you had, you would have blacked your hands as well as all the others, Robert having smeared him over with a certain composition? Your companions were not in the least afraid to stroke him, as their consciences did not any way reproach them for the theft; but as for you, the apprehension lest the servant's artifice might really be conjuration, awed you, and the means

means that you chose to avoid detection have betrayed you. Oh! how politic you thought yourself, I warrant, in pretending only, as you did, to stroke the cock; but honesty you would have found much better policy. You deserve that I should tell my lord, your father, of your laudable behaviour, when he comes to fetch you.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (falling on his knees.) Oh, no! Pray, my lady, I beseech you! He would beat me: he would tread me under foot.

The Countess. And it would be better that he should do so, than bring up a monster to disgrace him at some future period; for of what hereafter will you not be capable, since in the season of your infancy, as I may call it, you can perpetrate so great a crime?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Ah! madam, pardon me for pity's sake, and never——

The Countess. Doubtless you have often made these promises to others; for this hardly is your first transgression. Every circumstance confirms it. So much falsity and impudence——

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Then hear me, my good lady! If you ever hear, in future, that

I make free with any thing whatsoever that is not mine—

The Countess. Inform me, in the first place, what did you intend to do with these six counters? You could hardly think that you would have any opportunity of using them, but they must instantly be known. You meant to sell them, then, for money?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. No, believe me! I was pleased with looking at them. I supposed that no one would remember having seen them elsewhere, and on that account secreted them, my lady.

The Countess. And how could you desire to have another's property? Confess! Is this your first offence?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (biding his face.) No, no indeed, my lady. I have often been a thief at home; but never having been suspected there, I hoped to have the same good fortune here.

The Countess. A very wicked sort of reasoning this! For, granting that no one upon earth suspected you, do not you know that God sees and punishes whatever people do amiss? Perhaps, however, this event is for your benefit; and you will prove more likely

likely to amend, when you have once been punished as you merit.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Let it be by you, my lady, or by any one, but not by my papa. Let him know nothing of the matter, I conjure you. Tell it, if you please, to my mama, but keep the matter from his knowledge.

The Countess. There again! You would not have your father know it, as you fear the blows that he might bestow upon you. Thus, it is nothing but an abjectness that guides you, even in the work of your repentance; and it is not for his peace of mind that you would conceal it from him, for you are not afraid lest your mama should know it, because she would not beat you. It is not your idea to consult her peace of mind.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Then tell it my preceptor.

The Countess. I am sensible, indeed, how much the knowledge of your fault would mortally afflict your parents, and from that consideration, not upon your own account, consent to spare you; but on this condition, that you come with your preceptor hither,

and before him let me have your solemn promise of amendment. I will request him to keep watch upon your conduct; but if ever you should break your word, I will not only mention this adventure of the counters to his lordship, but let every body else know it.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I consent you should do so, my lady.

The Countess. You might think that, after this, I should forbid your keeping company with Julia and Augustus; but I have at heart your reformation, and will judge thereof myself. You may continue therefore coming here.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. But how shall I dare to face your servants?

The Countess. You have nothing to fear upon that account, for I have had more care and forethought for your reputation than yourself, by telling Robert not to speak about it in the kitchen; and to hide your lie, have been compelled to one myself, that they might not suppose you guilty.

Mr. Oddly. Ah! my lady, how much am I indebted to your bounty! I shall never forget the service that you have done me.

But

But your children?—and the little company now with them?

The Countess. I am well acquainted with their goodness, and am sure that they will forgive you. Call them. (*Mr. Oddly, with a downcast look, goes slowly towards the door, and bids them enter.*)

SCENE XVIII.

The Countess, Mr. Oddly, Augustus, Julia, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

Eliza. Go, sir, you are a disgrace to me; I will never call you brother again.

The Countess. No, my dear Eliza, he is not so guilty as you think him. He has told me every thing. It was to play a little with the counters out of doors that he took them; but when once the matter seemed considered as a theft, he was terrified at the idea of incurring my suspicion. This apparent guilt has sprung from a mistaken shame, which I am very willing to excuse; but not (*looking at the little Davenports*) his scandalous endeavours to make you, my little dears, seem guilty.

Gabriel.

Gabriel. Oh! my lady, we do not wish him any harm at present for it, as we know that we should forgive even such as wrong us, and particularly when we see them unhappy.

The Countess. Do you mark that, Mr. Oddly? Such a conduct ought to shew you how much nobler it is to have an elevated way of thinking, than to boast an elevated birth. You find yourself entirely at the mercy even of those whom you have insulted; and, with all the boast of your nobility, you are the object of their pity.

Mr. Oddly. Oh, what shame! but I submit to undergo it.

Gabriel. We will never introduce again the mention of this matter. It shall be a secret for the time to come between us; shan't it, brother?

Lucius. Yes, he may rely upon my silence.

Gabriel. And you, sister?

Sophia. I will not have him beat. I know what pain it gives one. (*Mr. Oddly, in the transports of his gratitude, embraces them.*)

Mr. Oddly. I desire, but dare not ask, to be acquainted with you for the future.

Gabriel.

Gabriel. It will be doing us an honour, if you will still continue upon terms of friendship with us.

Augustus and Julia. And, for our part, we shall be no less delighted with your company, as long as you regard our friends.

Eliza. You are all of you too good. He does not merit such indulgence, and papa must be informed of every thing.

The Countess. You will lose my friendship and esteem entirely, I must tell you, Miss Eliza, could you possibly be unaffected with your brother's laudable repentance, when even strangers overlook his error. Do not employ the advantage that his offence affords you, to undo him in his parents' good opinion; but, for the future, let your counsel shew him how to act, that he may merit their affection. I dare answer, you need never be ashamed of any action of his hereafter.

Mr. Oddly. I should be unworthy of such bounty, if this lesson could be blotted out from my remembrance.

Sophia. Take due care it be not, or *Beware of the conjuring Bird.*

THE LITTLE PRISONER.

LETTER I.

From Dorothea Justamond to Honoria Clancy.

My dear Honoria,

YOU would never guess what has lately happened to my brother, to that upright and respected Daniel, whose good heart and prudent conduct made all his friends that were so happy as to be of his acquaintance! You remember, I suppose, the purse that mama presented him when you were by, with three new guineas in it. Well, those three new guineas with the purse are gone, and to increase your wonder, the poor boy will not, or cannot tell which way. As it is supposed that he makes a secret of it from a principle of obstinacy, he was shut up in a little room this morning, where he is not to be visited by any one, and whence he must not hope to be delivered but by making known the whole affair. How sincerely I lament him, suffering this severity of punishment! He
has

has never been hitherto considered of an obstinate or headstrong disposition. On the contrary, he has been always commended for his docility and frankness. I would willingly have pleaded in his favour, but could not obtain a hearing. Nevertheless, I am very sure, he has not to reproach himself with any crime or meanness. Come this afternoon and see me, if you have your liberty. You may, in that case, comfort me in my dejected situation. The misfortune of my brother hurts me no less than it would do, had it happened to myself. Adieu! I am, in expectation of your visit or reply,

Dear Honoria,

Your faithful and sincere

DOROTHEA.

LETTER II.

From Honoria Clancy to Dorothea Justamond.

My dear Dorothea,

I CANNOT but confess that I entertain some pity for your *upright* and *respected*

Daniel; but so little, that he need not greatly tax his grateful nature to repay me. I could never pardon him for always finding something or another to advance against me. Not that he has ever gone so far as publicly to tell his notions of me. If he had, I should have known very well how to answer him: but it is an easy matter, by his looks, to be convinced he thinks me trifling, vain, capricious, and I know not what beside. Whenever I have been censuring other people's imperfections in their absence, for the instruction of my friends, to hear his manner of defending them, one would imagine I were only venting slander. Well, at present then, my little judge himself is under condemnation; and indeed he must be highly guilty, since his very parents have forgotten all the silly fondness that they had for him. I am charmed that they have come to know him at last; and would lay a wager that he deserves much greater punishment than he receives. Obstinacy is a very frightful vice alone; but in addition, he is an awkward spendthrift. All the money that he can fish out of his father, he disperses foolishly among a tribe of ragamuffins,

muffins, and has never had the spirit to employ it in a manner honourable to himself. If he had spent those guineas in silk stockings, fashionable buckles, or the like, one might excuse him. Did I say excuse him? one might certainly applaud his judgment in that case. However, as I said before, I pity him a little, being, as he is, your brother; but Dorothea, you I pity most sincerely, being, as you are, his sister. I cannot possibly wait upon you this evening, it is such charming weather for a walk: and then I have the prettiest dress that ever you saw just come home, which I must certainly put on. Adieu, and think me always,

Your sincerest,

HONORIA.

LETTER III.

From Dorothea Justamond to Honoria Clancy.

Miss,

I AM as penetrated as I ought to be with the avowal made me in your last, of that sincere friendship which it professes. I

should only have been glad, if it had wrought upon you to express yourself a little more respectfully concerning the affection of my parents in behalf of Daniel, and to speak with more consideration of this last, particularly now that he is so unhappy. I admit not your condolence for my misfortune, as you intimate, in being sister to the prisoner: I consider it my pride and glory, and persuade myself, you will acknowledge that I have reason so to do, when you have perused a letter that I received from him this evening, and which I now send you. Though it does not throw a light on the affair, I cannot look upon it as the language of a criminal. I heartily congratulate you on your pretty dress, and wish you a delightful walk.

DOROTHEA.

LET-

LETTER IV.

From Daniel Justamond to Dorothea his Sister.

(Enclosed in the preceding.)

My dear Sister,

I CAN easily persuade myself how much you are afflicted at my situation, and sit down to write this letter, that your grief, on my account, may be in some sort lighten'd. Think not that I am a criminal, or at least that I do not believe myself such. The three guineas are at present in good hands, in much better hands than mine. But you will reply, why therefore should I make a secret of the matter, to my dearest parents, who must think me either very obstinate, or very hypocritical, in thus refusing them the confidence which they have a right to expect. This, indeed, is what embarrasses my resolution, and I do not know how to answer. I must think maturely of it. I have, here in my solitude, all the time that I can wish for that purpose. If I perceive that I am in the wrong, I will tell them so, and frankly own the whole affair.

affair. I am sure, they will excuse me, having frequently before excused me, on confession of my faults. I suffer more to think on their uneasiness, than my imprisonment. Adieu, dear sister! Let a poor recluse preserve his place in your affection; and believe me, with the like affection,

Yours, &c.

DANIEL.

LETTER V.

From Dorothea Justamond to Honoria Clancy.

My dearest Honoria,

I MIGHT express myself a little harshly, when I sent you, half an hour ago, the letter that I had just before received from Daniel. I request you to overlook my fault, ascribing my ill humour to the grief that I felt in finding you so ready to suspect my poor brother; and at present, as he cannot but be re-established in your good opinion, I hope that you will, for his sake, overlook it the more readily. However, I must tell you, his affairs take now a very gloomy turn,

turn, at least to all appearances. One of our servants has made a discovery of the purse at a confectioner's hard by. It seems he went into the shop for change, and what should the confectioner take out among his gold and silver, but the very purse, which the servant instantly recollected? Yet he did not speak a word about it there, but came directly home, and told my father, who is dressing now, that he may go to the confectioner's, and make enquiry how he got the purse. It is no way probable that my brother should have laid out three guineas on sweetmeats, when he deprives himself of every thing by indulging his extreme generosity. Papa himself is of the same opinion: but by what means could the purse be where it is? He has not lost it, since he knows (as he informed us) where it was; which certainly he meant to say, by this expression, *it is at present in good hands*. Why, therefore, should he make a secret of it? Truly, I cannot tell what to think upon the subject: be it notwithstanding what it will, I am entirely at my ease on his account, and have a sort of confidence that

the affair will only terminate to his advantage. I conclude, and once more beg you to overlook the harshness of my last, believing me,

Your faithful friend,

DOROTHEA.

LETTER VI.

From Honoria Clancy to Dorothea Justamond.

Dear Dorothea,

I AM no less at my ease than you, upon account of Daniel, and as much persuaded that his affair will turn out to his advantage. He has learnt, I make no doubt, already in his solitude, that he himself is far from being quite exempt from such defects as he has frequently ascribed to me; and the severe correction which he will certainly receive, will be revenge enough for me. On these considerations, I am entirely at my ease on his account, because by this means the affair will end to his advantage. It is indeed quite necessary to his growing perfection, that on this occasion he should
undergo

undergo the severest punishment. How, my sanctimonious Mr. Daniel! you would persuade your parents that you give every thing away in charity, and fith thus cunningly for money, which you afterwards lay out, three guineas at a time, in sweetmeats! Truly, I do not wonder that he should be so backward in revealing the affair. It would be very honourable to him. Obstinate! a cheat! and a glutton! three good qualities indeed, and all at once discoverable in him! Mighty fine! He calls the hands of a confectioner, good hands, because, as I suppose, they make good things. There is charming logic for you! But adieu, my dear Dorothea! I sincerely mourn your blindness to this good-for-nothing brother's faults, and burn with absolute impatience, till you have told me how your hero will get clear of this adventure. After all my criticising comments, I am so deeply interested in his welfare, as to beg that you would send me the first news possible concerning him. I hope, you will not refuse this mark of friendship to your faithful

HONORIA.

LET-

LETTER VII.

From Dorothea Justamond to Honoria Clancy.

Miss,

I TAKE the earliest opportunity in my power to satisfy your generous curiosity. My hero's grand adventure now is terminated in a way that gives satisfaction to every body—every body indeed, except the wicked. And this last circumstance magnifies the pleasure that I enjoy from this communication.

Here now follow the particulars of the affair at length.—My brother late last night was standing at the door, and saw a poor old man go by him, followed by three children that were crying bitterly. He stopped them, and enquired the reason of their sadness. The old man was so ashamed, he could not answer; but the eldest of the children told him, notwithstanding frequent interruptions caused by sobbing, that they had not had a bit of any thing that day. “Alas! my little master,” added he, “we are greatly to be pitied. We had formerly,

as you have, a fine house; but now are left without a shed to cover us. Our parents are both dead of broken hearts, and we have no friend to help us but our grandfather, and he is far too old and weak to work for our support." The poor old man, while this was saying, hid his face, and sighed most lamentably. Daniel, who it seems was very much affected at the scene before him, had not time to take advice, but ran up stairs immediately to fetch his purse, and gave it to the poor old man. He wept afresh with joy and admiration at my little brother's generosity, but would not take the money. Daniel fell into a passion seeing this, and nothing but the old man's acquiescence in the gift could calm him. He did accept the purse; but, as he judged the charity that he had received to be too considerable for a child like my brother to bestow, he resolved to bring it back next day. He went with such a view to leave it at the shop of the confectioner, and asked to have a shilling only to provide his little family a supper. I cannot tell you how he made the money up again, but not a quarter of an hour ago, and just before my father could

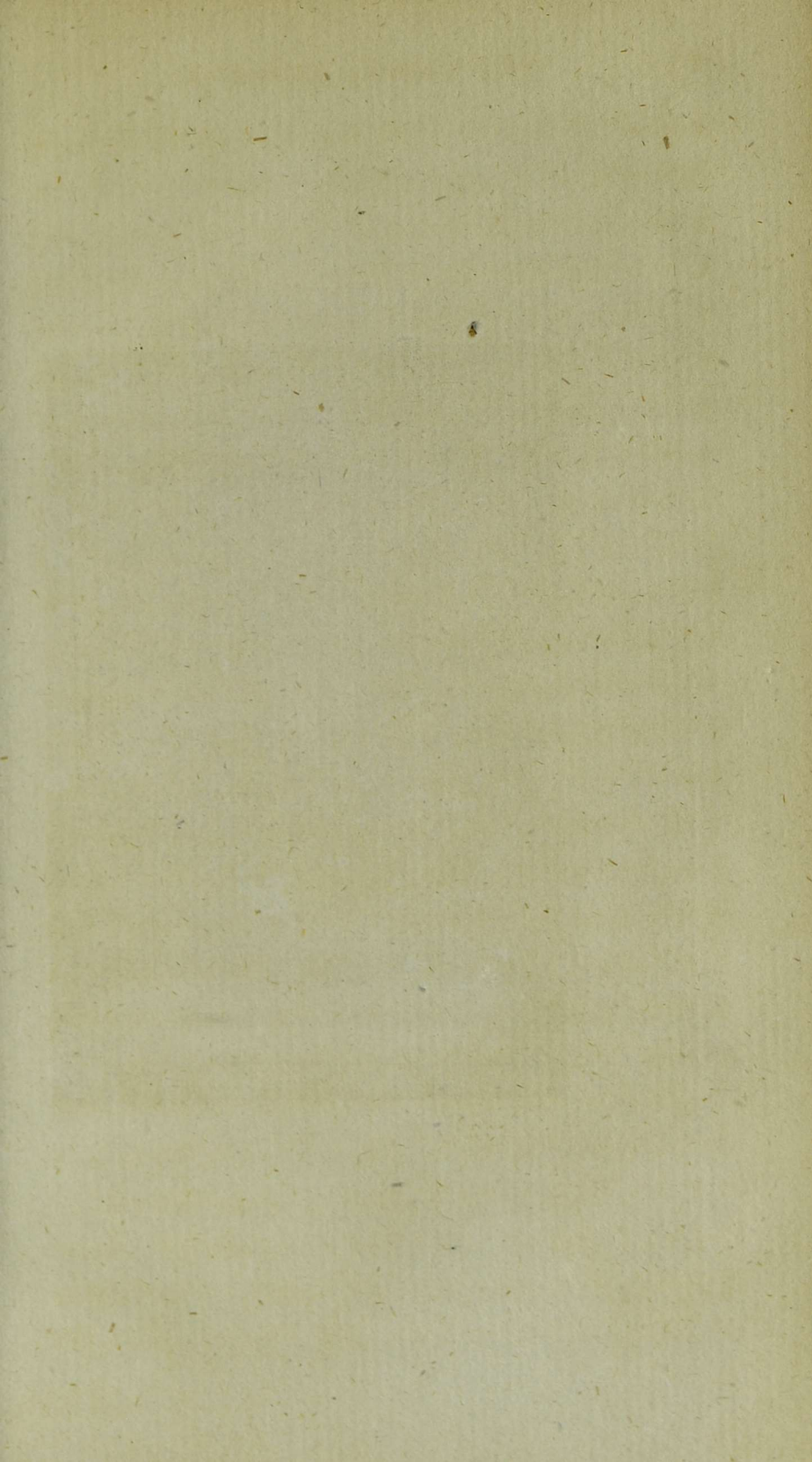
could set out to speak with the confectioner, he brought the purse with all the money in it to our house. I could have wished, miss, that you had been present at this scene; you would then have been taught to entertain a different notion of my brother's generous heart. His noble sacrifice, together with the old man's honest scruples, made us all shed tears. The children and himself have had as much as twice the value of the purse, and Daniel too has been paid for what he did, with fifty prayers and blessings. The concealment of this bounteous action, which my brother thought was nothing but his duty, puts a greater value on it in the eyes of my papa, and merits at my hand a measure of additional affection.

As this letter is the last I ever mean to send you, I have now the honour to subscribe myself, as ceremoniously as pen can do it,

Miss, your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

DOROTHEA JUSTAMOND.





MAN IS BEST AS HE IS.

Mr. Linton, having in his hand a dead parrot stuffed, comes in, ascends a chair, and ties it to a cord already hanging from the cieling.

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

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

back; he puts this volume on the chair, mounts on it, and holds out his hands.) Shall I never reach the mark? I want, however, sadly to find out how they have stuffed it. Let me take another jump. *(He bends his knees to spring, when Marcus entering perceives him, and hums the following words.)*

Well leaped, in good truth! But do not let me disturb you; for however active you may be, you will need a thousand attempts before you reach it. Such a bit of manhood jump so high! Come down. Let me go up. I think, I shall not want your Plutarch. *(He pulls him by the coat till he comes down, then mounts in his stead, and lifting both his hands, is still a great way from the parrot.)*

Frederick, *(bursting out into a laugh.)* Ha! ha! ha! good Mr. Manhood! By the manner of your speaking, any one would certainly have fancied you as tall as the monument.

Marcus. But if I step upon the book? *(He stands upon it, is a little nearer, but not near enough to touch the parrot. Frederic jumps about the chair, and laughs incessantly.)* It is not my fault; but the thing is, this
great

great Plutarch does not happen to be thick enough. Only think! if there had only been a few more clever fellows in antiquity, the parrot would have certainly been mine.

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

Marcus. Not that I care about it.

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

Marcus. What is the use of taking it down? I can see it very well at this distance.

Frederic, (bantering Marcus.) Yes! it is in a charming point of view! but hark ye, Marcus, I do not think that there is so much difference between our heights at last, though you are three years older.

Marcus. Only think! how vain the little creature is!—Perhaps you would like to measure with me?

Frederic. Yes, with all my heart. *(They come together, back to back, and make the most of their respective heights: but Frederic stands a tip-toe. Marcus is astonished to see him as tall as himself, till looking down he sees the reason.)*

Marcus.

Marcus. Ah, flyboots! is it so? Yes, yes, indeed: I grant you, if you stand so. Come, come, put down your heels.

Frederic, (then appearing greatly shorter than his brother.) It is a plaguy thing to be so short!

Mr. Linton, (coming in.) Because you cannot reach Poll? You mean so? Don't you, Frederick?

Frederic. You have been watching us then, Papa?

Mr. Linton. No; but do not you see? Your feet have left it written on my *Plutarch*.

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

Mr. Linton. Yes, and plagued him after he was dead, as much as you did while he lived. And yet you are tall enough for any sort of mischief.

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

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

Marcus.

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

Frederic. That would be but a trifle. No; as we are wishing, and as wishes cost so little, we need hardly stop there.—You recollect our tallest cherry-tree?—Well then, I could wish to be as tall as that.

Mr. Linton. And why pray?

Frederic. Because I should not want either a ladder or a pole when the fruit was ripe. Do but think a little, brother: how delightful it would be, to walk about the orchard, with our heads among the branches of the trees, to browse on cherries, pears, and apples, and to gather them as we do currants, from the bush; would not this be charming entertainment?

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

Frederic. I should not fear the carriages, when I had occasion to cross the street. It would be only straddling.—Look ye,—thus:

(*he strides,*) and I should see carts, waggons, coaches, men, and horses, all pass under me, and should smile in derision of their littlenefs.

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

Frederic. And besides all this, you know, we should be stronger, were we bigger. If a bull should venture to attack me, as I crossed the field, I would twist his neck off, just as if he were a rabbit; or else chuck him up in the air, a hundred yards high, and when he was come to the ground he should be so busy thinking what a tumble he had, that he should forget entirely to get up again.

Marcus. We should not then want horses for the plough, as we might draw it easily ourselves: and in ten steps, get quite across a very large field. I saw, last Thursday, more than fifty men at work, in driving piles to make a causeway. And how hard they worked! Well then, with such a hammer

hammer as my fize would let me raise, one man might, in a single day, dispatch their work, and not be tired at night so much.

Mr. Linton. Fine talking truly, this; but do you know, that after all these fine wishes, you are no more than two block-heads?

Marcus. How, papa, two blockheads?

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

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

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

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

Frederic. Certainly, papa.

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

Mr. Linton. Thank you; but for my part, I am contented with my fize, and would not wish to change it.

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

Mr. Linton. It is a happy circumstance for me, that I shall not, in a hurry, be exposed to so much shame and danger.

Frederic. Oh! but I would spare you, recollecting how often you had shewn me favour.

Marcus, (to his father.) You do not wish then to be bigger?

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

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

Mr.

Mr. Linton. Thereby you would pursue a very prudent plan! so, in proportion as you wanted much more fruit to satisfy your palate, you would destroy the trees that bear it; but let us go a little farther than an orchard. There are many roads about us, upon one side shaded by a row of trees, whose branches overhang the path-way. Men that are of common heights can walk beneath those branches at their ease, and find the shade which they give quite comfortable in the scorching heat of summer, and particularly at noon-day; but you would be obliged to walk along the middle of the road, and have no shade. And then, what would become of you, when you were to make your way through any forest? What a furious overthrow of trees you would make before you could clear yourself a path!

Frederic. I should be no more fatigued than were I now to make a hole sufficient for my passage through a hedge.

Marcus. I would uproot the tallest oaks, like that same mad Grecian that is mentioned in my English Sophocles.

Mr. Linton. I should sincerely pity those condemned to live about you; but with

such long legs as you would have, you would take it in your head, no doubt, to travel?

Frederic. Travel! Why, papa, I would go from one end of the world to the other.

Mr. Linton. Like enough! And without halting, I suppose! For where, tell me, would you find a house, a chamber, or a bed, half big enough for your enormous stature? You would certainly be forced to lie all night abroad upon a hay-stack. That would be quite charming! Do not you think so?

Frederic. Alas! I should find myself as badly off as poor Gulliver in Lilliput.

Marcus. Ah! you have not made your system quite perfect, brother, I can see.—No, that is plain; and you must have the rest of men as big as you yourself are.

Mr. Linton. Why that is more generous, I must own. But how then would the ground suffice to feed so many monstrous giants? In a parish that subsists at present, for instance, five hundred people, twenty would not find provision. We should each of us consume our ox in eight and forty hours,

hours, and might easily drink a butt of milk at breakfast only.

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

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

Marcus. Truly, but a very few indeed.

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

Marcus. Well then, there is but one thing more to order, and the matter is settled. We must have the world grow bigger also.

Mr. Linton. Nothing puzzles you, I see. To be a few yards taller, you would, at a minute's notice, stretch all nature. 'Tis a great thought indeed: and yet, I fancy, you would be far from finding any capital advantage, after every thing were settled as you wished.

Marcus. And why not, dear papa?

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

Marcus. Proportion? No.

Mr. Linton. Then stand here by your
M 4 brother.

brother. Right. Now which is tallest, you or Frederic?

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

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

Marcus. I am; unfortunately.

Mr. Linton. It seems then, Marcus, you are at once both big and little?

Marcus. No, papa: I beg your pardon, I am neither big nor little, to speak properly. I am big respecting Frederic; but I am little with respect to you.

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

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

Mr. Linton. Then that is what proportion means. It is a regular gradation.

Marcus. Ah! I understand you now.

Mr. Linton. In that case, let us come back to your idea. If, in nature, every thing were to become bigger, still preserving

serving its present proportion, you would be exactly at the point whence you first of all set out. You would not then be capable of frightening people in their garrets, by just looking at them through the window; you would find it no less difficult to wade across the water, or drive piles without assistance, than at present; and be equally unable to twist off, as you expressed it, a bull's neck, or send him up two hundred yards into the air: he would be still much bigger than yourself.

Marcus. Yes, yes; I see he would.

Mr. Linton. Frederic, have you heard us?

Frederic. Yes, papa.

Mr. Linton. And understood the meaning of proportion?

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

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

Frederic. I believe, I can (*after having thought a little*) as thus: it would be in vain for me to tell my brother, with a boast, that when three years were past, I should be three years older: he would still be

oldest, as he also would be three years older than he is at present.

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

Frederic. Yes, that is plain.

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

Frederic. No, papa, I should then be obliged to come to my ladder and my pole; not the same as formerly, for they would not serve me any longer. In this case it would be necessary that the proportion should be still preserved.

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

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

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

Marcus. I do not see any.

Mr. Linton. Your wishes then were absurd, since the accomplishment of them could not have made you more happy.

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

Frederic. What, as little, brother, as Gulliver's Lilliputians?

Marcus. Why not?

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

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

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

Marcus. And besides, we should not then have cause to go to war with one another, as a place no bigger than our garden, would be large enough to build a mighty city. Men therefore, having much more room than they want, would never go to war with one another (as I have heard you say

that they do) to obtain an inch or two of land.

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

Marcus. Oh! that is not all. My tutor tells me, little creatures are a deal more delicate and perfect in themselves than great ones; have a much more piercing sight, a finer sense of hearing; and in smell are much superior. Is that true, papa?

Mr. Linton. In general.

Marcus. Thus then were we less by a great deal than at present, we should see, and hear, and smell many things, of which, at present, we have no knowledge.

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

Marcus.

Marcus. There would be no occasion to renounce it; for remember, you have often told me, that man bears rule much more by his understanding, than mere strength of body.

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

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

Mr. Linton. Only to confound yourself; for granting this proportionality of littleness, and men immediately lose all the advantage that you would give them. Their
deficient

deficient harvests would not keep them from the fear of famine; and their wars, while they were no less frequent or ferocious than at present, would be more ridiculous. The inferior animals would still have finer organs, and more delicate sensations; and perhaps too, with his littleness, which could not but be laughed at, he would take upon him, as you do, to alter and reform the universe.

Marcus. I think, papa, you are much too hard upon me; one can settle nothing with you.

Frederic. For this reason, brother; because you know nothing about the matter. There is but one way to order things as they should be.

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

Frederic. Yes, as well as Marcus.

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

Frederic. Why then, papa, we only want one thing; we only want to have a harder body, one as hard as iron.

Mr. Linton. And why so.

Frederic.

Frederic. You see where I have pricked my finger. It seems nothing: yet you cannot imagine how much pain it gives me.

Mr. Linton. My poor little man! I am sorry for it.

Frederic. And the wound that I received in my head about a month ago, by tumbling, as you remember, down stairs. It was but cured a week ago: feel here, papa:—there; that is the place.

Mr. Linton. I feel the scar indeed.

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

Mr. Linton. That it would indeed!

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

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

Frederic. Oh! how fine! It must be very good to eat. Do you design to give it me,
for

for having settled matters better than my brother?

Mr. Linton. No: it is not for you.

Marcus. For me, then?

Mr. Linton. Nor for you. I mean it for a certain—I do not know if I should say, a certain person; but however that be—one more perfect than you are.

Marcus. And who is that, papa?

Mr. Linton. You will wonder, very likely, when I tell you:—that negro figure on my chimney-piece.

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

Mr. Linton. And yet he is made of iron.

Frederic. Yes: and for that very reason he cannot.

Mr. Linton. What then, you would have sacrificed the satisfaction of seeing, eating, and smelling, to the boast that you could never break your head by falling from my chimney-piece? for were you made of iron, as you wished, you would be only fit to stand there with my other bronzes.

Frederic. Oh, I do not mean so, papa; I would be living while I had this iron body.

Mr.

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

Frederic. Oh, dear me! this is sad work! I see my scheme is hardly better than my brother's.

Marcus. But, papa, since you are so clever in destroying our plans thus, it is your turn to provide us with a better in their stead.

Mr. Linton. And why should I provide one? I am marvellously satisfied with that which God's providence has already established. Yes, dear children, I am sensible, we are completely furnished with whatever can promote our happiness; superior in our conformation to all other animals, we tame, by means of our genius, the small number of those which in strength surpass us. If we have not the rapidity of stags and horses, we can make that composition which will overtake the one while he is running from us, and can mount the other to direct him whither we think proper. We have not

wings

wings of a bird, yet we can give wings to those tall trees that grow in forests, and can make them carry us to the remotest distances. Our sight, less piercing than an insect's, is not bounded to the narrow space in which we move about, but can take in an ample horizon, and contemplate the great miracles of nature. We are unable to gaze, like an eagle, at the sun; but we can invent an instrument which seems to draw us nearer to that luminary, so that we may measure his immensity of distance, and observe the place which he possesses in the midst of an infinity of stars that are obscured by his superior brightness. Every other sense that we have, contributes likewise to procure us a succession of enjoyments, and effect our safety. Conscious of our genius, we are every day in search of new discoveries; we disarm the thunder, or else tell it where to fall; we make one element resist another; we oppose the beneficial warmth of fire to the inclemency of frost; and keep the land from being overflowed by inundations. Sometimes we descend into the darkest bowels of the earth, and bring out thence those precious metals

which

which are purified, and then, by an ingenious mode of mixing them together, form new substances; and sometimes we mark out those rocks which hang just ready, as it were, to fall upon our heads, precipitate them from their height into the vallies, and soon after make them re-ascend in sumptuous edifices, or in stately pyramids that hide their summits in the clouds. The society that we form with our fellow-creatures, for the satisfaction of our mutual wants, obtains us, in return for our own toil, the labour of ten thousand hands, all eager to procure us the conveniencies of life. Upon whatever side we turn, we have, at our command, the various productions of the universe, all brought together for our use. The sciences exalt our souls, and charm our faculties. The arts, by having introduced such numberless machines, assist us in our labour, or refresh us when we seek repose. Both memory and reflection give us the advantages enjoyed by all those who have preceded us. Together with the pleasing idea of our own personal existence, we derive happiness from others also, by the virtues of compassion and beneficence, and by the con-

connexions of kindred and of friendship. Nevertheless, our happiness depends upon ourselves alone, amid the host of creatures that surround us, being sure of obtaining it, if we but moderately use our strength, and make a constant application of our reason to the business of determining our conduct; so that, if we ever interrupt our happiness by going further than we should do, we have nothing to blame, in that case, but our own folly. We then seem children as you are, who, instead of gratefully enjoying the conveniencies and comforts of our situation, and courageously enduring its few evils, vex ourselves with wishing for ideal blessings, or disgrace our nature by a lack of manly courage.

P H I L I P.

OH! I'll be revenged, and make him heartily repent it, cried little Philip, while his countenance turned quite red with anger, and he walked along, not seeing Emilius,

Emilius, his dear friend, who, at that instant, happened to be coming towards him, and hearing what he said with some degree of pain, asked him, of whom he meant to be revenged? Philip lifted up his eyes; he saw his friend, and reassumed the smile with which his countenance was generally glowing. Oh! said he, come, my friend, and you shall see of whom I will be revenged. You remember, I believe, my little *supple Jack*, that pretty cane my father gave me: see, it is all in pieces; the farmer's son, that lives at yonder thatched cottage, has broke it. And pray why did he break it? said Emilius. I was walking peaceably along, said Philip, with the greatest agitation, and was playing with my cane, by putting it quite round my body; one of the two ends, by some means or another, got out of my hand when I was opposite the gate just by the wooden-bridge, and where the little blackguard had put down a pitcher full of water, which he was carrying home from the well. My cane, in springing, struck the pitcher, overset but did not break it. He came up close to me, and began to call me names. I seriously assured him

him that I had not intended to do what I did, and was extremely sorry for the accident. He would not hear me, but got hold that moment of my *supple Jack*, and twisted it as you may see. I will make him, however, heartily repent it ; I shall find a way to be revenged of him.

He is, indeed, a very ill-natured boy, said Emilius, but is already punished very well for being so, since every one detests and shuns him. If he wishes to enjoy a little play, he never can have a companion: if he comes where any boys are met to play, they always thrust him out ; but if he will not quit them, they leave him. The hatred of all that know him cannot but sufficiently avenge you.

Yes ; but he has broke my cane, said Philip. My papa gave it me but very lately ; and it was a very pretty one, as you know. My father will not fail to ask me what is become of it : he will imagine that I have lost his present ; possibly he will fall into a passion, and all on account of this little blackguard. I did him no harm. I offered to fill up his pitcher, having knocked
it

it down without design.—The ill-natured cur! I will be revenged of him.

Believe me, my dear friend, said Emilius, it will be better not to mind him. Your contempt is punishment enough for such a one. You are not like him; and, depend upon it, he will shew himself at all times abler to do mischief than yourself. And now I think upon it, I must tell you what but very lately happened to him.

Unluckily for him, he saw a bee upon a flower: he tried to catch it, and pull off its wings for pastime; but the bee contrived to sting him, and flew off in safety to the hive. Quite mad with rage, he said, as you did, I will be revenged for this! Accordingly he cut himself a switch, thrust it through the hole into the bee-hive, and turned it about. By these means he killed several of the little creatures; but in an instant the whole swarm flew all at once upon him, and stung him in a thousand different places. You may guess how he roared with the pain, and how in his agony he tumbled himself about upon the ground. His father ran up to him, and could not, without much difficulty, put the bees to flight, by flinging bowls

bowls of water on him. He was ill, in consequence of this, for several days.

You see then, his vengeance had no very great success. Revenge not therefore his insults: he will meet with some one who will punish him, without your taking any trouble in the matter. And besides, as he is ill-natured, would you be so likewise; for, my friend, he is much stronger than you are, and, to be sure of your revenge, you must be much more malicious than he is.

I think, said Philip, you are in the right: so come along with me. I will tell my father every thing, and he will not be angry with me, I hope; for look you, I can easily take comfort for my broken cane, but not should he imagine that I neglected to take care of what he gave me. After this, they went together. Philip told his father what had happened. The good gentleman consoled his son, and thanked little Emilius for the advice that he had given him.

On the day succeeding, Philip had another cane; exactly like the first. He passed the farmer's house; his son was at the door; and hung his head, while Philip went along.

However

However Philip, some days after, saw this little peasant fall under a heavy log of wood that he was carrying home, and which prevented him from getting up again. Philip ran up to him, took the log from off his shoulder, helped him to rise, and take his load once more upon his shoulders. The ill-natured boy was now quite overwhelmed with shame at the idea of receiving aid from him whom he had served so ill, and heartily repented his behaviour. Philip afterwards went home quite satisfied. At first, he had assisted one whom he did not love, because he could not see a fellow-creature suffer without relieving him; but afterwards he was rejoiced to think of his behaviour. "This (said Philip) is the noblest vengeance. It is impossible I should repent of this."

CHARLOTTE.

BEFORE the house in which Charlotte's parents lived, you must know, there was a little opening, ornamented with a grass plat, and quite overshaded with a noble tree, from whence the eye could plainly see whatever passed along the public road. Miss Charlotte frequently would come beneath this shade with her little chair, and in her hand the stocking that she was making for her dear mama, who had instructed her to knit. One day, as she was sitting there, she saw a poor old man advancing very slowly towards her, on the road: his hair was of a silver white, his back was bent with age, he rested on a stick and seemed to walk in pain. Poor man! said Charlotte, looking at him, he seems very much in pain, and perhaps is poor besides. If so, then, he is doubly miserable.

Further on, she saw a company of boys together, who came after the old man. They very quickly reached him. They re-

marked his thread-bare coat, which was exceedingly long skirted, and had sleeves a deal too short. His hat, quite rusty, did not escape their notice, as the flaps hung down upon his shoulders; he had hollow cheeks; and seeing him they all burst out a laughing. As it chanced, there lay a stone upon the ground before him, which he stumbled over, and was almost down: this set them once again a laughing, while the poor old man, for his part, sighed.

I once was young as you are, said he to the boys, and did not laugh at the infirmities of such as I am now. You will in time be old yourselves; and every day you are approaching towards my time of life. You will then be sensible of the injustice of your ridicule. So saying, he went on again, but made a second stumble, and in struggling to preserve himself from falling, dropped his stick. At this, the boys renewed their laugh a third time, crying, let us see now, how he will lift it up again?

Miss Charlotte, who had heard the old man speak, and was touched with pity for him, saw his situation, put her stocking down upon the chair, ran towards him,

took up his stick, put it back into his hand, and taking hold of his other arm, as if she had been very strong, exhorted him to lean upon her, and not notice any thing that the boys might say. The poor old man looked at her. “Lovely child,” said he, “how good you are! I am at once consoled for all the ridicule with which they treat me. May you be for ever happy!” and so saying, they walked on together; but the boys no longer followed him as they had done before: perhaps they were ashamed of their proceeding.

Some few moments after, one of them fell down himself, and all the rest burst out a laughing as they had done before; for his part, he was very angry, and when up again, ran after his companions, pelting them with stones. He was convinced then how unjust it is to laugh at any one’s distress: he formed a resolution never, for the time to come, to laugh at any old man’s pain, and followed at a distance him whom he had before made the object of laughter, hoping to have the opportunity of making some atonement for his fault.

In

In the mean time the good old man, assisted by the friendly aid of Charlotte, went on with slow, but sure steps. She offered him the opportunity of stopping to repose himself a little. Do you see our house, said she? Pray stay and sit a little under that large tree: my parents are neither of them at home; you will on that account be not so well entertained; yet still, you will enjoy a little rest. The poor old man accepted Charlotte's offer. Charlotte brought him out a chair; and then, to hearten up his spirits, let him have some good small beer and bread and cheese. The child had nothing else to give.

Her guest could not refrain from thanking her continually. "Your parents are still alive?" said he. "They love you; you love them? They cannot therefore but be very happy: may they always be so!"—"And you, good old man," said Charlotte, "have you no children?"—"I had once a son," said he, "who was settled in London: he loved me affectionately, and often came to see me; but alas! he is now dead, and I am left without the least degree of consolation. Indeed, his widow is rich:

she takes upon her to be a lady, and imagines it not worth her while to know if I am dead or living, as she wishes to forget that her husband's father is a peasant. I do not even know her children, which in truth are mine."—He was so much affected while he spoke these words, that tears rolled down his withered cheeks.

The gentle Charlotte likewise was affected, and cried out, Can any one be so cruel! Ah! my mother, my dear mother, would not act so wickedly. On this, she spoke of other matters, that she might not grieve him; when he arose, and thanked Charlotte with a blessing: but she would not leave him so; she meant to go a little way still farther with him.

On the way, they saw the little boy who had been following them; for he had run a great way on before, and now was sitting on the grass. He cast his eyes down when they looked upon him; rose up after they had passed, and followed them again. The little girl observed him, but would not speak of him. She asked the old man, if he lived alone. "No, little lady, answered he, I have a cottage: see, there it is, beside
yon

yon tree across the meadow. You observe, it is no great distance off: it is in the middle of a little garden. I have an orchard, and a field likewise; and I told a poor old neighbour, who some years since lost his cottage, which fell down through age, that if he would but come and live with me, he should in future cultivate my ground. I told him, that I would live with him, that he should enjoy whatever I might have, and I would only ask him to provide me necessaries. He agreed. He never had a child: he is extremely good and honest; and, for my part, I am quite at ease in his society. And yet, in spite of all his diligence, at times I think myself deserted. I no longer see my son, and I was constantly accustomed to receive from him the tenderest tokens of affection. In the very place where I have seen him run to meet me, I am now assisted only by the hand of strangers. I no longer see his children, who have utterly forgot me: I shall live far distant from them: I shall die, and very likely never see them more.—Alas! if their poor father were but still living!—He could not utter one word more.”

The gentle Charlotte, touched with these complaints, said to him, I will come and see you with my mother : we will frequently be with you. But her kindness only served to aggravate his grief. The sensibility and kindness of the little girl made him recollect of how much consolation he was utterly deprived ; and in returning her his thanks, the tears, which he could not help shedding, hindered him from seeing where he walked.

He took his handkerchief to wipe his eyes, and, troubled by sad thoughts, instead of putting it again into his pocket, let it drop upon the ground, without perceiving what he did ; nor did his young companion notice it. The boy, however, who was following them, observed the whole transaction, picked it up, and ran to give it him. " Here, good old man," said he, " you dropped your handkerchief : it was on the ground."

" Thank you, thank you heartily, my little friend, answered the old man. God's providence be praised for all things ! Here is an honest little gentleman, who does not ridicule old age, and laugh at the afflictions that attend it. Oh ! no, no ; you do not
look

look with scorn upon a poor old man. I see it in your eyes. You are not of the number of those wicked little fellows whom you must certainly have passed, although you were not with them." Charlotte recollected having seen the little boy among them, and remarked his laughing just as they did, but she would not say a word about it; for though she did not at all approve the boy's behaviour, yet her good nature would not suffer her to give him pain, by telling what she knew.

The little culprit, in the mean time, held down his head, and thought of lying more than once; but he had not been used to such a crime. His heart, besides, was not so wicked that he needed to conceal the truth, lest people should despise him. "Pardon me," said he; "I was among them, and insulted you as they did; but am now very sorry for it. I have found out, some time past, that when I mix with children of my age, or thereabouts, I am more mischievous than when alone. Had I been by myself, I should never have laughed at your stumbling; but, on the contrary, my first desire would certainly have been to help you. I should

should be very happy to assist you now, if I could, in order to make amends for my offence."

"You have already done so, my good little friend," said he. "You have a deal of candour and good-nature, and will certainly become an honest man. I dare believe as much. Come, therefore, both of you to my abode. It is just before us; but a few steps more, and we shall be there. I will let you have some milk, and we will drink together."

—At this invitation of the good old man, our little boy was very happy. Charlotte would have wished to decline it, but did not, from a fear of grieving him. They reached the habitation: he brought out some milk, two porringers, and a loaf of bread a little coarse, it must be owned, but very good. They all sat down upon the grass, and made a comfortable meal. "What pleasure you both give me!" said the good old man. "Yes, truly, I am very much delighted upon this occasion. I have found out two good little friends, who neither scorn the poor man, nor the infirm. My sleep at night will be the sweeter for it."

Both

Both the boy and girl, as they sat beside him, testified their joy and gratitude; but yet their looks were more expressive than their words. However, they began to think of going. Charlotte feared lest her parents might come home, and be uneasy at her absence; and the little boy expressed how he was grieved so soon to quit him; but his mother, he feared, would scold him, should he think of staying longer.

“She must then be very cross, this mother that you dread so much,” said the poor old man.—“Not always,” said the little boy: “However, she is sometimes so; and though she loves me, yet I fear her greatly.”—“And your father?”—“Oh! I scarce knew him: he has been dead these four years.”—“Dead these four years!” interrupted the old man, and fixed his eyes upon the child. “Should it be he?—I have some recollection of his features!—Should it be little Francis?”—“Yes, Francis is my name.”

The old man stood for some few moments motionless, and with an altered voice, his eye brim full of tears, and with extended arms, cried out to Francis, “My dear child!

you

you do not recollect your grandfather?—Embrace!—You have the very features of my son. My dearest child, you no longer thought of me.”—Francis tenderly caressed him, but endeavoured in vain to speak. Little Charlotte too shed tears of joy, to see the old man comforted.

“ You see him,” said the good man, “ you see him ! He is in reality the living picture of his father. Yes, he is my son!—My son affectionately loved me, and his son will love me too. I shall not be so wretched as I feared in my old age; nor will the evening of my life be passed without some joy. I shall depart in peace. But I forgot that by detaining you, I may subject you to your mother’s anger: I was so much pleased, that I forgot that circumstance. Depart then, my dear boy! I do not wish that my joy should cost you tears. Depart, and love your mother; be obedient to her, even though you should not come and see me. It will be very hard, however, should you quit me now for ever. Come and see me, if you can, provided you do not disobey, or tell a story, to obtain permission.”

Turning

Turning then to Charlotte: "And for you, dear little maid," said he, "I am convinced, you ought to leave me, as your parents would be certainly uneasy, should you stay too long. I owe you all my joy, and shall for ever bless you. Come at times, and see me. Do not, I beseech you, my dear children, utterly forget me! May you both be happy!"

At these words the children went away, affectionately holding one another by the hand. They did not speak, but every now and then they looked behind them; while the old man, on his side, continued looking constantly at them, and did not turn to go into his cottage until they were out of sight. Little Charlotte got home safe. Her parents were not yet returned: however, they came home soon after. She told them where she had been, and what she had done. It was the subject of their evening's conversation.

On the morrow they all went to see the good old man; and in the sequel, frequently repeated their kind visit. Francis likewise came to see his grandfather, who was rejoiced to see him, to hear him speak, and to receive

receive the most affectionate careffes from him; while, for his part, Francis was as much rejoiced, excepting when he did not see his Charlotte: he was then quite sorrowful, and went home sad. The more he grew towards manhood, still the more he loved her; and accordingly, when he was old enough to take a wife, he would espouse no other woman, though she was not rich. The old man lived to see them married, blessed them, and soon after died in peace.

END OF VOL. V.

