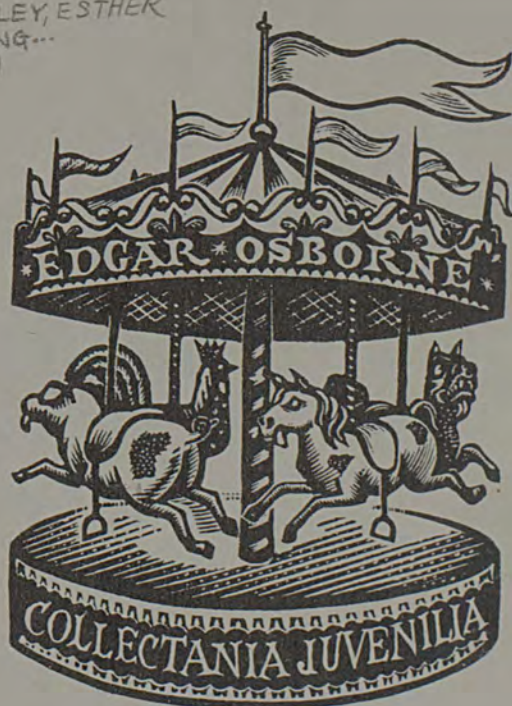




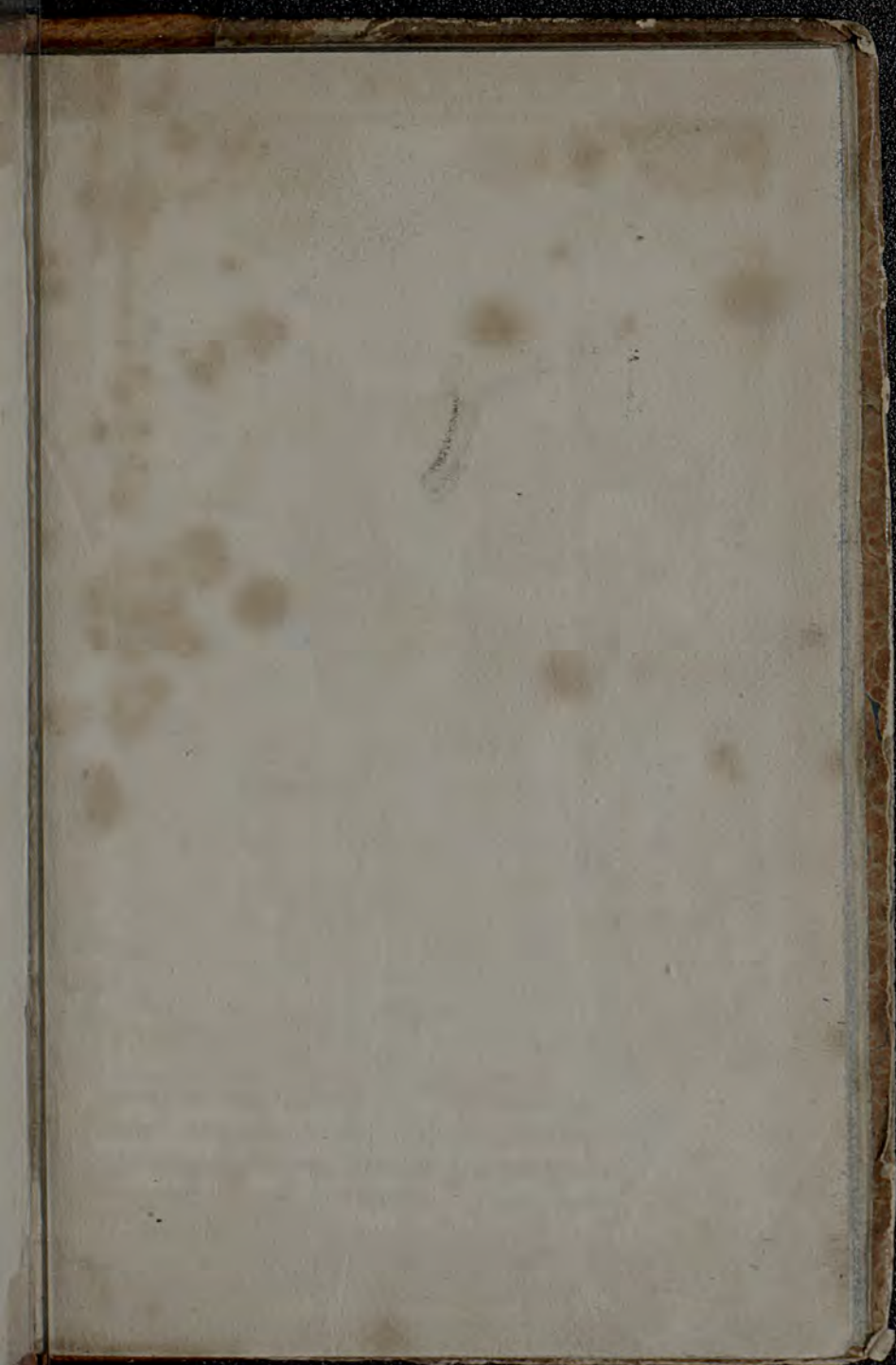
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FRONTISPIECE.



The boys came running in from school, calling out  
'a holiday this afternoon! a half holiday to-day! huzza!  
Is dinner almost ready; that we may take a walk  
and fly our kites this fine day?'

*see page 10.*



THE  
YOUNG REVIEWERS;

OR, THE

Poems Dissected.

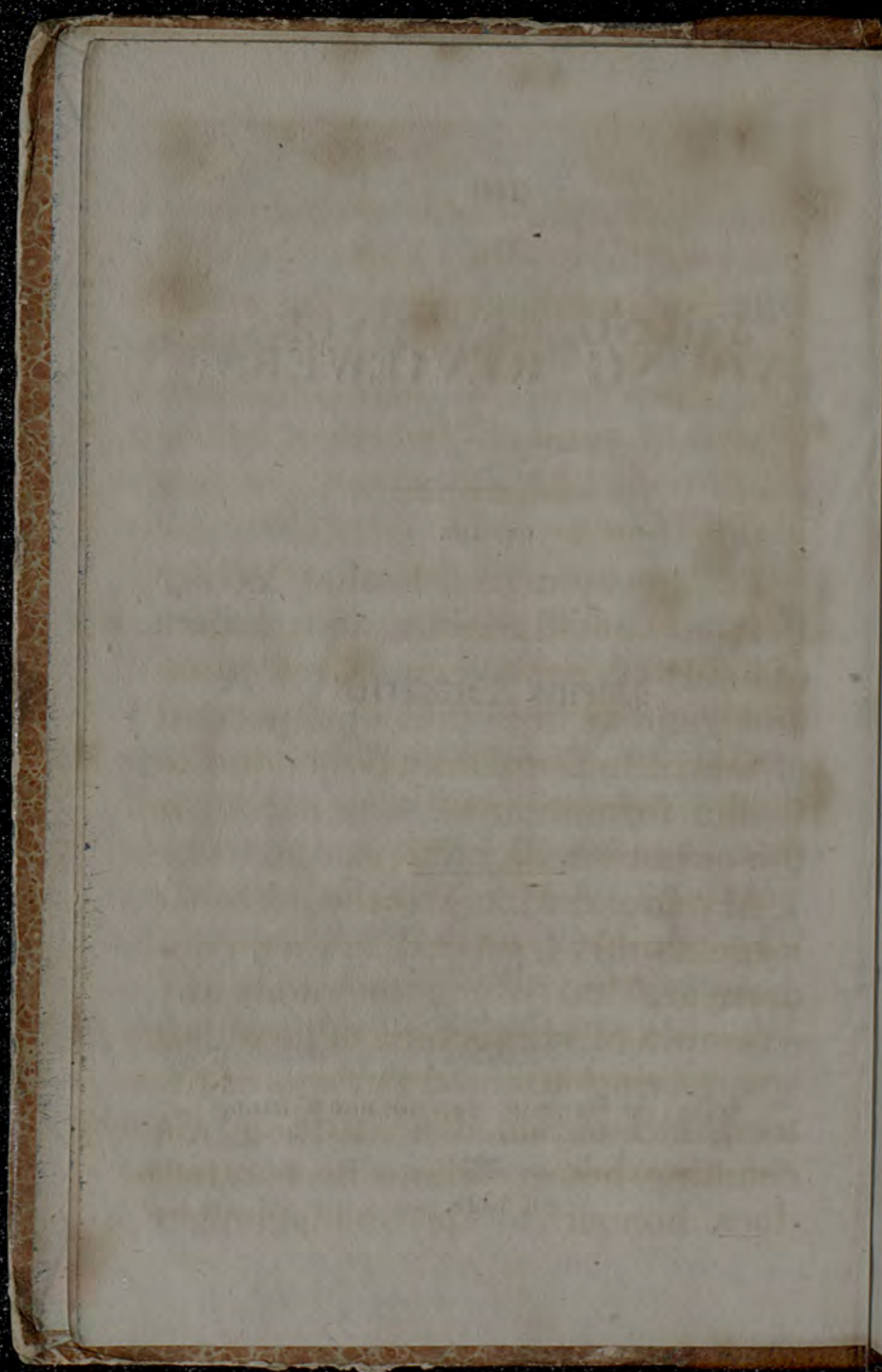
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London :

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN HILL.

1821.





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THE  
YOUNG REVIEWERS;

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IT is very desirable that Young Persons should early acquire habits of industry, perseverance, reflection and regularity: that the perusal of this little Book may be conducive to the formation of such habits, is the earnest wish of its Author.

My friend Mrs. Heathcote has a large family; several of her children are too young to afford any example of character. The eldest son, having attained the age of fifteen, has obtained a situation in a counting-house, where his conduct does honour to the management



bestowed on his early childhood : but, as his age places him in circumstances rather above the young readers of this little Work, their attention will be principally directed to his two brothers, of twelve and ten years old, and their sister of about eight. Philip and William board at home; but are daily pupils to Mr. Gorton, who conducts an academy in the neighbourhood with great approbation and success. Philip is a lively boy, of rather superior abilities; but too much inclined to depend upon them, and consequently not always applying so steadily and closely as he ought. William, though far from being deficient, is a boy of less splendid talents; but as he is very attentive and persevering, he bids fair to become as sound a scholar as his brother.



As to their tempers,—Philip's quickness sometimes renders him impatient and irritable; but he is of a candid, generous, and forgiving disposition, very ready to acknowledge a fault and endeavour to amend. William is more thoughtful, deliberate, and firm; consequently, though by common observers he is less frequently extolled than his brother, he is far less frequently blamed. It is not supposed that he is entirely free from faults; but his general prudence preserves him from many errors, and prevents his failings becoming flagrant and conspicuous. Rose is a well-meaning, prettily-behaved little girl, very affectionate and tender-hearted; but rather apt to be heedless and forgetful. It is no small comfort to their parents, that each of these children is possessed of



such abilities and dispositions, as upon good instruction bid fair to ripen into respectable and useful characters; especially for them to trace that habitual sincerity which is the only foundation of all that is really valuable and excellent.

By adapting the management of each child to its peculiar capacities and dispositions, their careful parents endeavour to turn every thing to advantage; and place each upon such duties as its previous habits best qualify it to discharge.

Among many other excellent regulations adopted in the management of this family are those which concern the bestowal and expenditure of their pocket-money.

It is obtained, not as a regular pension, but as a reward for diligence and good conduct. They are often employed in little ser-



vices, distinct from their regular engagements, and receive a small sum of money as a recompence. Nor do their parents find in this practice any tendency to produce a mercenary disposition; but that, on the contrary, a spirit of honest independence, self-denial and generosity are acquired by their being early accustomed to look to their own exertions, both for their own personal gratification, and for the means of affording relief or pleasure to others. Thus the most diligent and obedient is also the richest and most able to do good.

They are wisely restricted from squandering their pence upon cakes or toys—the first of which are in general very pernicious, and at best cannot be necessary to children who are liberally supplied with good things at home; and the



other afford very little real amusement, and are soon broken and thrown away.

By refraining from these needless expenses, in the course of a year a vast number of pence are saved for better purposes; and become the means of affording rational pleasure to themselves, and of doing real good to others. It is thus that Philip, William and Rose have already furnished themselves with several valuable and entertaining books, and other useful articles, beside making many little presents to each other.

Josiah's exertions and success have also been proportioned to his years; by rising early and writing for his master in the absence of a clerk, who has been a long time ill, he has gained the approbation of his employer; the gratitude of



his afflicted companion ; and so far improved himself in his knowledge of business, as to qualify him for filling a higher situation in the counting-house if a vacancy should occur. Beside this, by the returns made by his master for his extra services, and a handsome present from the parents of the young man he has so good-naturedly assisted, he has obtained the means of purchasing a complete little chemical apparatus, a science to which he has attached himself. His own savings have also enabled him to educate and partly clothe a poor boy who, some years since, rescued him from drowning, at the hazard of his own life.

At present, Philip has in view a box of Reeve's water colours ; William, a telescope ; and Rose, a History of England.



Philip and William often gain a penny by weeding a bed in the garden; making out an account; going an errand; or picking up bits of wood, and tying them in neat little faggots for lighting fires: and Rose, by hemming a pocket handkerchief before breakfast; or amusing her little sister on a washing day, when her mother and the nurse-maid are busy.

Not long ago, the boys came running in from school, calling out "a holiday this afternoon! a half holiday to-day! huzza! Is dinner almost ready; that we may take a walk and fly our kites this fine day?"

"You shall soon have your dinner," replied their mother; "but I much doubt if the fine appearance of the weather at which you now seem so much pleased, will last till



you have eaten it, though the sun now shines bright. The wind blows cold and hollow; and yonder are some large black clouds overspreading the fine blue sky. Do not depend too much on your afternoon's walk, lest you should be disappointed. But pray, what is the occasion of this half holiday?"

"Why, mother," said William, "don't you know that it is Maberly fair? Most of the boys are going, and they asked us to go; but we thought you would not be willing."

"Beside," added William, turning to Philip, "I think we should not be willing ourselves to take money from our savings to spend at the fair; and we should not like to go there and not do as other boys do."

"True, William," returned Philip; "well, if it is fine we can go



and fly our kites, and sow some seeds in the garden, which will cost nothing; and if it should be wet, perhaps Mamma could employ us within-doors, to earn something to put in our boxes. I have got three shillings and seven pence half-penny already; and my paints will cost half-a-guinea."

"And I have eight shillings," said William; "but you know I began saving for my telescope before you, while you were getting your compasses. How much have you got, Rose?"

"Only two shillings and three pence," returned Rose; "but I hope I shall soon get rich now; for Mamma has given me a dozen neckcloths to hem and mark at two pence each, and I can do one in two mornings."

Dinner soon appeared; and,



according to Mamma's prediction, before the meal was ended, the sky was completely overspread with blackness, and the rain descended in torrents.

"Well, well," said Philip, "the sharper the shower the sooner it will be over; it will clear up in time for our walk. Rose, will you go with us to see us fly our kites?"

"I should like it," answered the little girl, "if it should be fine and dry; but, even if the rain should cease, it will be so damp under feet that I am sure Mamma would not let me go."

"Dear, dear," exclaimed Philip, "how the rain is come on again! How very vexatious! I was in hopes it had almost cleared just now. Well, perhaps this is the clearing shower."

"That does not appear at all



likely, Philip," said William; "see how thick the clouds gather, and how steady the rain comes down. The wind, too, is in the wet quarter; I should not wonder to see it rain all the afternoon."

"Now do not preach to me any of your grave philosophy, William," returned Philip, "I know nothing about winds and clouds; but I know that while there's blue enough in the sky to make a Dutchman a surtout, it's sure to be fine."

"Well, Philip," said William, "I wish it may be so; as you seem so anxious about it, and I should like, as well as you, to go out:—but do not let us spend all our holiday in watching the weather. You said before dinner, you would ask Mamma to employ us; shall we speak to her for something to do?"

Philip agreeing to the proposal,



Mamma was applied to ; but she was particularly engaged in writing letters, so could not employ them in any thing that required her superintendence.

“ Then, Mamma,” said William, “ will you set us something to learn by heart ? And if we do not teaze you while you are busy, and say it well at night, perhaps you will give us a penny ?”

“ I have no objection to do so, my dear children,” returned the affectionate mother ; “ but what will you learn ?”

“ Any thing you please to set us,” returned William.

“ May I learn it too, Mamma, and have a penny as well as the boys ?” asked Rose.

“ Yes, surely, my dear,” replied her mother ; “ but what can I think



of to set you? Oh, here are three little pieces I copied out when I was a child; *they* will do very well. Now go and employ yourselves quietly; and when you have learnt those verses, if the weather does not allow you to take a walk, you may amuse yourselves by looking at the book of British Birds."

In the evening the Poems were repeated very correctly by each of the children: they are subjoined.

#### EVENING REFLECTIONS.

*A Maxim of Pythagoras.*

Let not soft slumber close your eyes  
Before you've recollected thrice  
The train of actions through the day.  
Where have my feet chose out their way?  
What have I learnt where'er I've been?  
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?  
What know I more that's worth the know-  
ing?  
What have I done that's worth the doing?



What have I sought that I should shun? }  
 What duties have I left undone? }  
 Or, into what new follies run? }  
 These self-inquiries are the road  
 That leads to Virtue and to God.

The next piece was taken from a watch-paper, and is as follows :

Could but our tempers move like this machine,  
 Not urged by passion, nor delay'd by spleen,  
 But, true to Nature's regulating power,  
 By virtuous acts distinguish every hour;  
 Then Health and Joy would follow as they ought,  
 The laws of motion and the laws of thought—  
 Sweet Health to pass the present moments o'er—  
 And everlasting Joy when Time shall be no more.

The third Poem was addressed to a Watch, and was probably



designed for the same purpose as the former.

Little Monitor, by thee,  
 Let me learn what I should be.  
 Learn the round of life to fill  
 Useful and progressive still.  
 When I wind thee up at night,  
 Mark each fault and set thee right.  
 Let me search my bosom too,  
 And my daily thoughts review:  
 Mark the movements of my mind;  
 Nor be easy when I find  
 Latent errors rise to view,  
 Till all be regular and true.

“Well, my dear children,” said Mrs. Heathcote, as she presented each of them with a small reward, “you have been very quiet and diligent; and I hope these little Poems may be the means of impressing on your minds sentiments of far more value than this little reward of your exertion. Do you



The Young Reviewers.

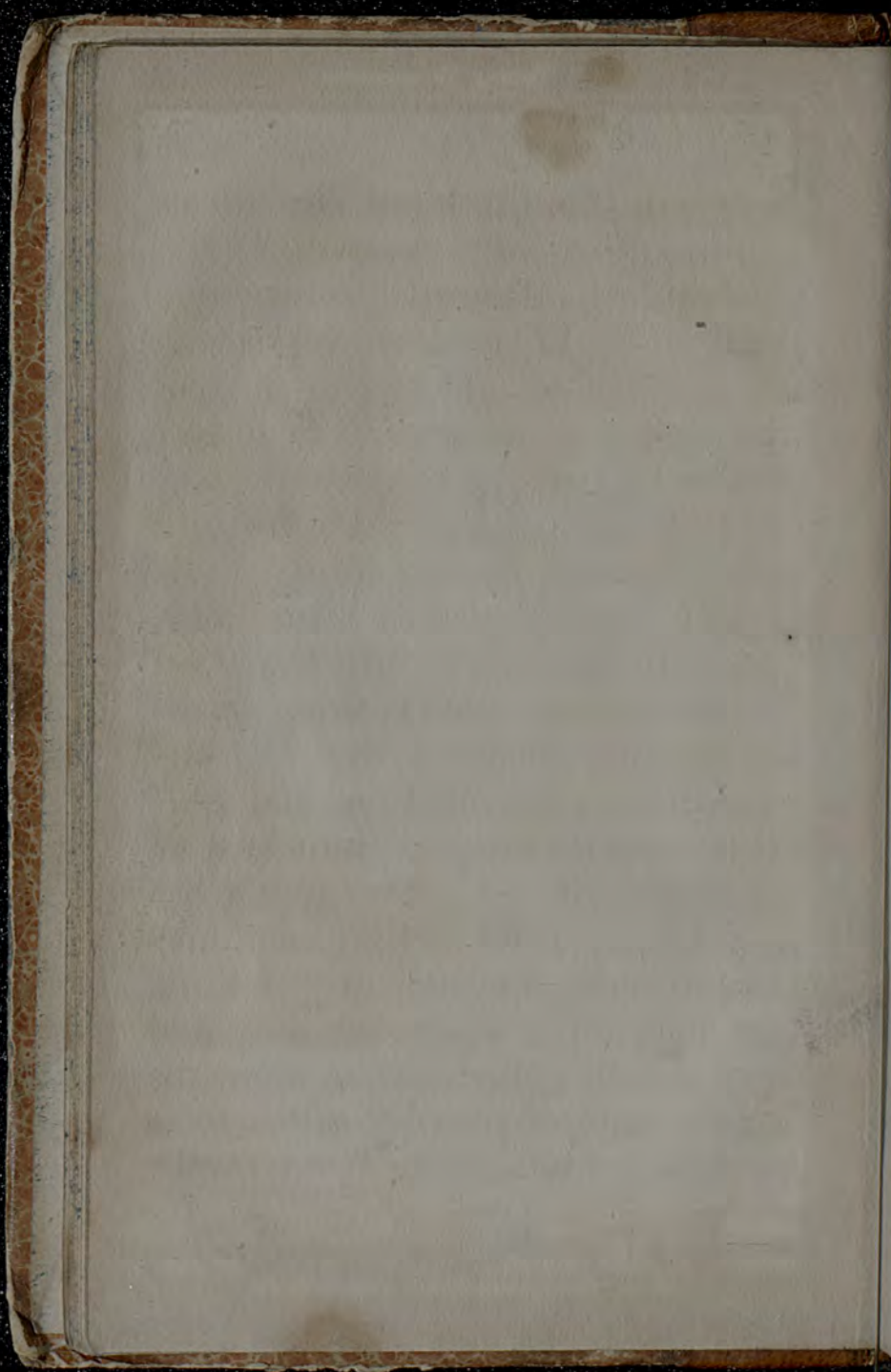


"Well, my dear children," said M<sup>rs</sup> Heathcote, as she presented each of them, with a small reward,—"you have been very quiet and diligent; and I hope these little Poems may be the means of impressing on your minds sentiments of far more value than this little reward of your exertion."

*see page 18.*

*London, William Darton, 58, Holborn Hill, Aug<sup>6</sup> 30, 1821.*





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think you comprehend the ideas they are designed to convey?"

"Not all, Mamma," answered William. "When I am repeating pieces of poetry, I often wish you could take it line by line and explain it to me."

"It would be impossible for one whose time is so constantly occupied as mine," returned his mother, "often to devote so much attention to one object; yet nothing gives me greater pleasure than to answer, as far as my time and abilities enable me, the inquiries of my dear children concerning what they learn or what they see. As I have now finished my letters, you may, if you choose, stay and hear a little conversation concerning the subject of your afternoon's exercise; but if either of you be



more inclined for play, I do not wish to confine you."

"Oh, no, Mamma," exclaimed the children as with one voice, "we will stay and talk about our Poems."

"I like this one best," said Rose, "'Little Monitor, by thee;'—it sounds so quick and lively."

"That," observed her mother, "has nothing to do with the sense of the words; and only depends upon the measure or number of the syllables in the lines. However, as the sentiments are good, we will allow you to prefer the measure that best suits your ear."

"The writer addresses the watch as a 'Little Monitor,' that is, *one who conveys admonition and instruction*. If we be inclined to receive good hints, they are conti-



nually suggested to us by surrounding objects. King Solomon, the wisest of men, says, 'Go to the *ant*, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.' The lark that rises early in the morning, and sings his morning lay to his great Creator's praise, invites us to rise from the bed of sloth, and improve the hour of prime for early devotion. The *bee*, flying from flower to flower to sip the fragrant juice, and returning to her cell loaded with a store of precious treasure, bids you, my dear children, embrace every opportunity of acquiring useful knowledge, and enriching yourselves with stores of good principles and habits that shall furnish you with comfort and usefulness even in the winter of age.

"Thus, too, a watch may be properly called a Monitor. Philip



possesses a watch ; he is therefore the most proper person on whom we can call to point out the lessons a watch may convey. What say you, Philip ?”

“ I think, Mamma,” said Philip, “ it teaches us a diligent improvement of time ; the watch goes on and ticks at every moment through the whole twenty-four hours : so we ought to fill up every moment with some good action.”

“ And what lesson do you draw, William ?” asked their mother.

“ Let me think a moment,” replied William ;—“ Oh, the watch teaches us to do every thing in its proper time ; the wheels must go just the right number of rounds, and the hands point to the right figures, or else it might as well not go at all. So, I think, if we do not appoint a time for different duties,



and attend to them in their proper time, we shall be always in confusion, and most likely neglect some."

"Oh, Mamma," said Rose, "don't you remember what a droll story Mr. Darley told us about an Irishman going every day to compare his watch with the clock of St. Paul's Church in London; and at last somebody heard him say, 'Ye need not be so proud up there, ye great vaunting braggadocio; here's my little pocket-piece, made by Paddy O'Callaghan, of Cork, has beat ye three hours in the four-and-twenty!'"

"Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Heathcote, "we laughed heartily at the poor Irishman's blunder; but I have known some children under quite as great a mistake when they bragged about *how*



*much* they had done, not taking the trouble to consider *how well*."

"Ah, Mamma," said Rose, "I know what you mean; it was me you hinted at, when I made my night-gown in two days, and was very proud of it; but it was done so slightly that it came to pieces the first time it was washed."

"And if you go to that, Rose, I dare say Mamma meant me," said Philip, "when I had Gray's Elegy set me to learn for my speech at the breaking-up. I took it in hand one afternoon and learnt it very perfectly as I thought, and then was too proud to look it over again, or try to understand it; but when I went to rehearse it at school, I jabbered such nonsense, and left out so many verses, that Mr. Gorton said I was not fit to speak at all. I remember saying, to begin



with, 'The *cuckoo* tolls the knell of parting day,' and all the school set up a laugh at me. I think I looked more foolish than poor Paddy's watch; but I hope to remember in future, that 'once well done, is twice done;' and if I can fill up my four-and-twenty hours well, not to attempt at crowding in the work of seven-and-twenty. But, Rose, you have not told us what lesson we may learn from the watch."

"I don't know," answered Rose, "unless it is that we should go steadily on about our duty, and not drive on very fast at one time, and be indolent at another. Does not the watch teach us this?"

"Certainly," replied her mother; "it is not merely necessary that it should perform its allotted round in the course of the day;



every hour and every moment must be filled, or the watch becomes useless as to its most important object. Well, then, it seems you learn from your watch a diligent, well-directed and persevering improvement of time, as is happily expressed by your poet in the second couplet :

“ Learn the round of life to fill  
Useful and progressive still.”

“ Always have in view some good and useful object, and pursue it with steady diligence. Ever aim at higher degrees of excellence in wisdom and virtue than you have hitherto attained, and make the most of every hour and every moment, and every means of acquiring them. A wise man never thinks that he is too wise to learn, nor a



good man that he has no need to be better. 'But the path of the just, is as the shining light which shines more and more unto the perfect day.'—It seems from your Poem that a watch is sometimes out of order."

"Certainly, Mamma," said William; "do not you remember that about the second or third night of my having a watch, I undressed myself in a hurry, and, forgetting my treasure, let it slip, and the blow it got in falling to the ground, set the wheels running violently round and round, with a whizzing noise for a minute or two, and then it stopped all on a sudden, and I could not wind it up? Papa said the main-spring was broken; and after it had been repaired, it went rather too slow, and then Papa



altered the regulator two or three times till he brought it right."

"Thus, my dear," said Mrs. Heathcote, "your Poem says,

"When I wind thee up at night,  
Mark each fault and set thee right;  
Let me search my bosom too,  
And my daily thoughts review."

"I think you will readily acknowledge," she added, "yourselves at least as liable to errors and faults as the watch; and these lines teach you the important duty of self-examination. No practice can be more advantageous than to take a retrospective view of a day, a week, a month, a year, or as far back as memory can reach; to measure your improvement with your advantages; and especially to reflect on the faults and irre-



gularities that have attended your progress. If you accustom yourselves to such a review, I am persuaded not a day will pass without reflections on the sluggishness of some movements; the eager, tumultuous haste of others; the ill-directed tendency and ill-proportioned means of some measures; the preponderance of self-love; and the undue preference of selfish and momentary gratifications to solid and ultimate good, or to benevolent sacrifices; impatience under disappointment; irritability of temper; want of candour, generosity, or forgiveness. My children, when did you, or did you ever, retire to rest with your watches in perfect order?"

"No, Mamma, I think not," replied William; "for when *I* have been most praised for my behavi-



our or my progress, still something has happened, though perhaps nobody saw it, that was not quite right. Sometimes I have triumphed over the other children, or become proud of my own good conduct, which I know could not be right, because I have felt in my own mind, 'If Papa or Mamma could see my pride, I am sure they would not praise me.'"

"A proof, my dear boy," returned Mrs. Heathcote, "of the good tendency of self-examination to make us humble; but it ought also to produce improvement. You know, Philip, you are not content with looking at your watch at night and saying, 'It has lost half an hour; it goes too slow; or it has gained half an hour; it goes too fast.' You are anxious to do something more—to reform what



is amiss. If the watch were suffered to go wrong half an hour to-day, and half an hour to-morrow, it would soon become quite useless. We should know no more about the time than if we had no watch at all."

"But, Philip," asked Rose, "how do you know whether your watch gains or loses?"

"By comparing it with Papa's watch, which goes very regularly," answered Philip.

"But how does Papa know that his watch goes right?" asked Rose.

"By comparing and regulating it with the sun-dial," said Philip.

"Oh, then," returned Rose, "this teaches us something about our conduct; the more we follow Papa's maxims and practices, the more regular and right we shall



go on. But what do you mean by regulating it? Moving the hands do you mean?"

"That is not all, Rose," replied Philip; "moving the hands only sets it right for the present moment. The regulator, a part within the watch which governs the movements of the whole, must be corrected till it keeps even pace with the sun; or else, by the next night, it will be again as far from the truth, and as irregular as ever."

"But can you tell me, William," asked Mrs. Heathcote, "what is it that bears the same relation to our characters as the sun-dial does to the watch?"

"Let me see," replied William; "is it not good example?"

"Good example," said Mrs. Heathcote, "is certainly highly useful in directing and forming the



character;—and it is your duty always to observe and imitate the best examples you meet with: but the best human example cannot furnish a perfect standard. That of your dear father, which I believe you justly estimate, may properly be made a model of comparison, like his watch. But as the excellence of his watch consists in its correspondence with the sun-dial, so does the goodness of his character and example in its conformity with the only true and perfect rule of duty. Where shall that be found?"

"Oh, I can answer you now, Mamma," said William; "you mean the Bible."

"Yes, surely, my dear," returned Mrs. Heathcote, "there we are furnished with a clear and perfect



directory by which to regulate our practice; and we are also presented with a faultless example, as well as a perfect standard. Throughout the whole life of our Saviour, we find in every instance a perfect conformity to the rules of his holy law; and it is our great privilege to have such a law and such a pattern; and our duty continually to refer to and compare ourselves with it. Recollect, my dear children, that the Son of God once became a child like you; and whenever you feel inclined to be idle or passionate, peevish or stubborn, insincere or undutiful, reflect on the laws of God, which you have been early taught to read, and the example of your Saviour, which you are bound in all things to imitate. By this practice you will soon discover



what in yourselves is wrong and defective, and be made anxious to have it corrected."

"But *how* are we to *have it corrected*?" asked William. "When I see that I have done any thing wrong, I say in my own mind, 'I am sorry for it, and I will try to do better;' but very often, the next night I have again to reflect on doing things as foolish and wrong as ever. It seems as if it was only like the hands of the watch being set right."

"True, my dear," said Mrs. Heathcote, "and I wish you by this to be convinced of two very important truths; one is, that, as in order to a watch going right, it is necessary that the main-spring be well regulated; so, to secure a permanent and progressive course of virtuous actions, the *heart*, which is



the main-spring, must be regulated according to the perfect standard of the law of God; and the other is, that finding ourselves so apt to go wrong, and so unable of ourselves to maintain such a course, we learn the necessity of constant prayer to God, that he will *himself* regulate the movements both of our hearts and lives, according to his own word. But, my dear children, we have talked the light away, and scarcely got through one of your Poems; it is nearly time that we should separate and leave the rest for another opportunity."

"Could we not stay a few minutes longer, Mamma," asked William, "just to talk over the other Poem about a watch, which is very short?"

"Well," returned Mrs. Heathcote, "I will give you ten minutes



which I think will do ; as it will not be necessary to say so much about it, the subject being so very similar. In my opinion it does not convey so much instruction as the other : it seems to overlook one very important matter, namely, that the machine is already sadly out of order ; without a full conviction of which, we shall never be likely to take means for getting it rectified. It also expresses wishes, which in our present state are vain and unattainable ; we cannot attain perfect goodness here, nor can we enjoy perfect happiness. However, it is our duty to strive after the highest possible attainments of virtue ; and the higher we rise, the nobler degrees of happiness we shall enjoy. Thus are duty and happiness beautifully interwoven in our great Creator's plan. We shall especially find that steady,



active diligence, an even, patient, and forgiving temper, and a moderate and contented use of all worldly enjoyments, though they cannot absolutely ensure, will materially contribute to our health, serenity, and cheerfulness. The idea of 'distinguishing every hour by virtuous acts,' is uncommonly pleasing:—it reminds me of an ingenious device I have met with, I believe in a beautiful Poem, entitled the *Botanic Garden*,\* called the *Watch of Flora*, on which the hours are supposed to be marked by those flowers which open or close their petals at particular times of the day. And, I am sure, those days are the happiest of our lives, and the most ornamented, that are marked by a constant succession of piety, virtue and beneficence.

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\* By Dr. Darwin.



“There is a peculiar advantage in assigning to every hour its particular work; and in adhering, as far as possible, to method in all we do. Thus it is that duties and engagements are best secured from being forgotten, violated, or interrupted through hurry and confusion, and the day most usefully and most happily spent.

“The movement of a watch, ought also to remind us of the rapid flight of time, and the certain and near approach of its close:

“Time by moments steals away  
First the hour and then the day:  
Small the daily loss appears;  
But it soon amounts to years.”

“As the winged arrow flies,  
Speedily the mark to find,  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:



“ Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life’s rapid stream—.”

“ If we make a right use of these reflections, they will be a means of teaching us ‘henceforth how to live with eternity in view;’ and we may also humbly hope, that though our best endeavours can *never merit* the exalted felicities of a world of immortality, yet that such a course of ‘patient continuance in well-doing,’ commenced and carried on with right views and principles, is a path evidently tending to ‘everlasting joy, when time shall be no more.’ Now, my dear children, I must bid you all a good night; and I wish you may rise from the refreshment of sleep, with new motives to a diligent, persevering, and regular improvement of time.”



"Good night, dear Mamma," said the children; "but when shall you have time to talk to us about the other Poem?"

"I cannot exactly say," returned Mrs. Heathcote. "As we have friends coming to-morrow to spend a few days with us, my time will most likely be taken up rather more than usual. But I will tell you what you may do, which will answer nearly the same end; perhaps a better; each of you shall write down your own observations on the Poem. At a school, where I was placed when a child, it was a practice, once a week, to write a letter to our governess, stating to her the various employments in which we had been engaged, with our own observations on the instructions we had received; and an account of our own conduct,



whether blameable or praise-worthy.

“In some respects I think it was a very useful exercise; though among the numbers at a school, there might perhaps be some danger of exciting improper emulation, and of presenting a temptation to the young writers, to be rather *fine* than *sincere* in their accounts. I hope, in our own little circle, the benefits of such a practice might be enjoyed without its inconvenience.

“We can but make the trial; and if any thing unpleasant should arise, it is easy to desist from a repetition of it.

“As your subject is Evening Reflections, it may be well to take the advice suggested; and each night endeavour to recollect and comment upon ‘the train of ac-



tions through the day,' and make your answers to the several queries suggested. However, I don't wish to confine you to any particular method, or to require any thing of you as a task : write any thing or nothing, much or little, just as you feel inclined. Once more, good night."

The children left their mother highly pleased with this proposal, and the next morning furnished themselves with a pencil and a sheet of paper, or small memorandum book, on which to commence their observations. As several plans were proposed and rejected, and several things written and altered, we shall pass over the intermediate time until the Wednesday evening following; when their mother found on her work-table, a neat little box, covered with paper,



ingeniously contrived to represent a house, over the door of which was inscribed, "The Post Office," and one of the windows slipped up to admit the letters. The mother felt the pleasure mothers only know—and immediately opening it, found the three following letters.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I hope you are well. I am afraid I shall not make out the Poems half so well as when you talked with us about them. Indeed, I did not understand it at all, till William explained it to me a little. He says, the first lines mean that we ought not to go to sleep at night till we have seriously reflected on what we have done through the day. As I knew that if I tried to think after I got into bed, I should soon drop asleep, I asked Eliza-



The Young Reviewers.



— when their mother found on her work-table, a neat little box, covered with paper, ingeniously contrived to represent a house, over the door of which was inscribed, "The Post Office." The Mother felt the pleasure mothers only know—and immediately opened it.

*See page 41.  
London, William Darton, 58, Holborn Hill, Aug<sup>r</sup> 30, 1821.*



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beth, when she took us up to bed, to let me sit in my room a little while to think: but she staid in the room and talked to me, and so I could not think at all. The next night, I asked her to leave me a little while, to think by myself, before I was undressed: she said you had forbidden her leaving a candle in the room for fear of an accident; but offered to let me go up by myself, and stay in the dark a few minutes, and said she would bring a candle and light me to undress. This I did not much like; for I have always felt rather afraid of being alone in the dark (I don't know why); but thinking it would look cowardly to refuse, I went alone into my room; but when I tried to think of my Poem, it would come into my mind that I was in the dark, and at first it made me



feel uncomfortable, but I remembered what you have often told me, that God takes care of me in the dark as well as in the light; and that nothing can hurt us without his permission. Then I remembered doing many naughty things, and thought, perhaps God would be angry, and would not take care of me; so, while I was thinking of this, I knelt down and prayed to Him to forgive my sins, and to make me do right the rest of my days, and to take care of me, now and at all times; and then I became more comfortable and did not feel afraid.

“I wondered to find the room so light, (as there was no candle,) and undrawing the window curtain I saw such a beautiful sight, the bright full moon on the fine dark blue sky, with here and there a



little twinkling star. The sight  
made me think of my hymn :

‘ I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.’

“ It seemed to me the greatest wonder of all, that there should be any people in the world so stupid as those I heard Papa speaking of one day, whom he called Atheists. When I asked him the meaning of the word, he told me they were persons who did not believe that there is a God. If they would only look upon the bright moon, they must know and be sure that some very great and wise person must have made it, and given it light : and so they might know of the corn, and trees, and flowers ; for no *man* could make them grow.



But perhaps they are wicked people, and do not like to think of God, because they know he will be angry with them. I had no more time then, for Elizabeth came up with the candle, and said I must get into bed directly. So another evening was gone, and I had not thought of my Poem at all. But I hope you will not be angry; as you said we might write what we pleased.

“After I had looked at the moon, I forgot to draw my window curtain, so the light came in the morning much earlier than usual. It quite surprised me after I was dressed, to hear the clock strike five. What a beautiful morning! When I opened my window, the air smelt so fresh and sweet; and the birds sung so delightfully! I sat in the arbour and got on with



my needlework, besides reading a little and preparing my lessons for school. If you have no objection, Mamma, I should like always to have my window curtain undrawn, that I might enjoy the moon at night, and wake as early every morning.

“Every night since, I have seen less and less of the moon; and it is now become dark when I go to bed; but I have quite got over the dread of being in the dark; and I intend, if you please, to continue the practice of sitting a little while every evening to think—for I can think much better when there is nothing before me to divert my mind, or when things cannot be seen, which amounts to much the same thing. In the afternoon you were so kind as to take us a walk with the ladies to St. Florentia’s



bower; we enjoyed the afternoon very much; but were sorry that poor William could not be with us. I do think it was not his fault that he got fighting; for he is not a quarrelsome boy; but certainly Mamma knows best, and would not do any thing unkind.

“ I enjoyed my afternoon’s pleasure the better, on account of knowing that my lessons were prepared for Saturday, which I had been able to do at dinner time, owing to being up early in the morning. It makes the day seem a vast deal longer, and more comfortable, to get up early: though sometimes one feels very loath and sleepy, especially in winter time.

“ I was very tired after my walk, and rather inclined to get into bed without thinking of my Poem at all; but Elizabeth said



to me when I came home, 'Now, Miss Rose, if you want to go up stairs alone, you'll please to go directly, as it is getting late, and I shall be wanted down stairs to lay the supper cloth.' I would not miss going; and I thought I had a great deal to be thankful to God for;—in giving me parents, able to provide every thing necessary and proper for me; and who are so kind also as to indulge me with this and many other pleasures. I felt especially so, when I remembered the poor little ragged girl we saw, whose mother beat her for giving a bit of her bread and butter to the kitten. Perhaps her mother was ignorant, and did not know how to manage her, as you do us, by kindness and reason; or else, I dare say, she would not have beaten her. But if she had



been as good as you are, yet being very poor she could not have clothed and made her so comfortable as you do us.—Then I repeated my hymn,

‘ Whene’er I take my walks abroad.’

“ I think, Mamma, something happens almost every day that reminds us of the hymns or other good things we have been taught. The last verse of that hymn which runs,

‘ Are these thy favours day by day,  
To me above the rest?

Then let me love thee more than they,  
And try to serve thee best,’

made be quite ashamed and sorry, to think that though I enjoy so many more comforts, and am so much better taught than many



other children, yet I fear I do not do my duty to God or my parents any more than they do; for I recollected a very naughty thing of which I had been guilty, and that, just when you were so very kindly doing every thing to give me pleasure. When you gave me leave to gather strawberries, the Misses Marshall were eating green gooseberries, and they offered me some. At first, I told them I could not eat any, for that you had forbidden me to eat unripe fruit; but they persuaded me, and said they would do me no hurt; and at last, when they laughed at me, and called me a baby, I was foolish enough to eat some, though I really did not like them much. It grieves me to think what a foolish, naughty child I have been, and I hope, dear Mamma,



that you will forgive me, and that I shall never be guilty of the like again. Although at the time my fault passed unnoticed, it did not go unpunished; for the fruit I had eaten made me so sick and ill, that I was kept in bed all the next morning, hindered from altering an old frock given me for the poor little girl at the cottage, and, by being absent from school, lost my place in the geography and table-class, in which I had hoped to have gained a prize at Midsummer, having been at the top all this half-year. Being very poorly all day, I was unable to go out at all, or indeed do much good at any thing; but I *thought* a great deal—more than I can write. I shall be very glad when you have an opportunity to talk to me a little,



as I wish to speak to you about a great many things that came into my mind.

“ On Sunday, having to sit in another pew at Church, on account of the company being with you, I am sorry to say, I was careless and trifling, and did not remember much of what was said; and when I thought of this at night, it made me very sorry; for (though I was in the dark) Miss Marshall's lilac pelisse and wreath of flowers, seemed to bob about before my eyes, and put all the good thoughts out of my head. I tried and tried, but I could make nothing of it; and it grieved me so, that at last I burst out a crying, and knelt down, and what I thought of then, was that hymn you once gave Philip to learn out of Familiar Dialogues. I



did not know it perfectly, but the next morning I got the book and learnt it, and I hope it will remain on my mind and do me good, and that God will hear my prayer, and make me a good and attentive child.

“Monday I got up quite early ; learnt the hymn ; hemmed the bottom of the frock before breakfast ; and read the History of Samuel in the Bible. Oh, Mamma, what a lovely child he must have been, to be admitted to live and serve in the temple of God so very young ! I wish I was more like him ; but sometimes I am afraid I do not wish in earnest ; for I do not grow much better, and you have often told me, Mamma, that if I really wish with all my heart to be good, God will make me so.



“ When the little girl came for her frock, I saw that she had scarcely any shoes: I wish to ask you, Mamma, as she seems a pretty-behaved little girl, whether you would let her bring a penny here every Monday, and I will put another to it, till it becomes enough to buy a pair of shoes. As I have taken to get up so early of a morning, I can easily earn as much as that, besides what I want to save for my History of England.

“ When I found at breakfast-time that you were going in a coach to see Lord Brompton’s seat, and meant to take Philip with you, I felt rather disappointed and inclined to repine that I was not to go; but when William saw me colour up, and look ready to cry, he took me aside, and talked to me very kindly, and convinced me that



it was wrong to wish for such a thing, as it could not be done without great expense in hiring another carriage, besides taking us away from school, which was a great object, and that we might be very comfortable at home. So I soon got over it, and we spent a very comfortable day together, and contrived about the Post Office; William got up early the next day and finished it.

“As we dined by ourselves, we made believe to be you and Papa, and we talked about how you would like us children to behave, and what we should do to make you happy; and I hope, dear Mamma, what we found so pleasant to play at we shall always in future do in earnest.

“In the evening we took a walk to meet you; when Papa and Philip



were so kind as to get out of the coach and walk home, to treat us with a ride, which we very much enjoyed.—And now I must tell you what I thought about my Poem. It says we should reflect

‘What know I more that’s worth the knowing?’

“I think I have learned two things to-day worth knowing, because I hope they will make me better and happier in future: one is, that whenever I am disappointed of any very pleasant thing that I much wished for, it is far better to be contented, and enjoy what *is* in my power, than to fret and repine after what is not;—the other thing I learnt is, that any pleasure is greater for coming through the kindness of a friend.

“William was so very kind all



day in endeavouring to make me comfortable and forget my disappointment, and never said a word about his own, though I am sure he would have liked very much to have gone; and then Papa and Philip were kind, in letting us ride home, and in bringing us those beautiful plants for our garden, and telling us all about what they had seen; that, notwithstanding my disappointment, it was a happier day to me than some in which I have had all my wishes gratified.

“Yesterday evening, Mamma, I had to reflect on two things wrong; first, when Mrs. Marshall asked you to let me go home with her, and spend a fortnight, though you said you must beg to be excused, and I was sure both you and Papa did not choose me to go; and though I saw by your looks



that you wished me to say nothing about the matter, yet I kept teasing to know *why* you would not let me go. I am sorry for it now, because I know it vexed you, and you did not know what to answer, without offending Mrs. Marshall; and because I am sure you had good reasons for refusing, which perhaps I shall know some time or other. Very likely it was because the Misses Marshall are proud, and do not mind their mother, and try to keep things sly from her, and you did not wish me to copy their example. The other fault I had to reflect on was untidiness. I was sadly grieved when poor little Laura fell down stairs and made her nose bleed, through Elizabeth having left her to go and look for my tippet, which I had not put in



its place, as you have so often told me.

"I think this accident and fright will make me remember, more than reading the words a hundred times over, to

'Do every thing in its proper time.  
Keep every thing to its proper use.  
Put every thing in its proper place.'

"Now for to-day I shall only mention this, that though it is pleasant sometimes to have company, or go out for a little change, yet things never go on quite so well as when we are all in a regular way, at our usual employments, and you, Mamma, to instruct and explain things to us.

"I am sorry that I have not thought or written so much about



my Poem as I meant to have done; but I somehow hope that the reflections which it has led me to make, though they are not on the very words of the Poem, will be of some use to guard me from what is wrong, and lead me, as the Poem says, in the road of virtue and happiness.

“ I remain,

“ Dear Mamma,

“ Your affectionate daughter,

“ ROSE HEATHCOTE.”

William's letter was next opened, which inclosed his memorandum-book, and was as follows :

“ DEAR MAMMA,

“ As I wish to send you my thoughts on the Poem just as they occurred to my mind every night,



I hope you will not accuse me of laziness for inclosing you my little memorandum-book, as I wished to keep a clear and regular method, which I know you approve of. I divided the week into days, and the Poem into its different questions, and intended to answer each question every day, but I found I could not well keep the answers distinct, nor have I thought of half the things that might have been mentioned, but have done the best I could. I think I have found some advantage from the practice even in this short time; therefore, I wish to continue this method for the future, as I hope it would be of great benefit to me, if my life is spared, to have before me memoranda, as my Papa says the word ought to be, of my past course, with which I might be able, from



time to time, to compare my progress. I therefore beg the favour of you to return my memoranda, when you have done with them, as I intend, if you approve my plan, to provide myself with a larger book for the same purpose, into which I shall copy the reflections of the past week by way of a beginning. I hope, dear Mother, you will be so kind as to point out to me any thing which I learn or see that deserves a particular remembrance; also any thing in which I act foolishly or wrong, that I may make a memorandum against it, and avoid it for the future.

“ I remain,

“ Dear Mother,

“ Your dutiful son,

“ WILLIAM HEATHCOTE.”



When more than one memorandum or thing to be noted was intended in the book, William had allotted to each day its page, with the questions on one side, and the answers on the other, on the following plan:

“ THURSDAY.

“ “ Where have my feet chose out their way?”

“ Before breakfast I went over to Burley, to buy Mamma some green peas.

“ School morning and afternoon. In the evening went with Philip and Master Lambert to fly our kites.

“ What have I learnt from observation? Instruction? Experience?

“ At Burley, I saw a nice piece of garden ground, kept in beautiful



order, and producing the finest fruit and flowers, and the earliest vegetables, in the neighbourhood. Having surveyed the garden, while they gathered the peas, I was asked to go into the cottage and rest myself; it looked so neat and comfortable, that I thought at first they must have a great deal of money to afford every thing so agreeable. But, on inquiry, I found that their comforts were the produce of their own industry; that the man and his two sons go to daily labour at low wages, and cultivate their garden only by early rising, and diligently making the most of their meal times and evening hours. The other children assist in getting things ready for the market, and the woman carries them there to dispose of. She said it was a happy spot, and



supplied many gentlemen's tables with finer and earlier vegetables than their own gardens would afford, though regular gardeners were employed, at great expense.

" Here I learnt, that labour is not an evil. I never saw a family look healthier and happier than this, though every one labours hard for his and her daily bread. I learnt also, how much may be done by persevering industry, and rescuing every moment of precious time from sloth and trifling. I hope I shall never think it a hardship to be employed, and for the future will endeavour to be more diligent, and manage my time better, that I may both get and do more good than I have hitherto done.

" At school I was employed in rehearsing Syntax, construing Eutropius, learning geography and



tables, writing two copies, and doing sums in arithmetic. A great deal of pains and expense are necessary to my being instructed in all these things. I must endeavour to make the best of my time, that my dear parents may not be disappointed in their expectations of me; and that when I grow up, I may not find, to my own sorrow and shame, that I have learnt *all* but know *none*.

“I cannot say that I am very fond of Latin;—I do not acquire it so easily, or construe it half so well as Philip. Indeed, the usher says, that he will be a bright classical scholar; but I am a perfect dolt: however, I am resolved to apply and do my best; for ‘whatever man has done, man may do’—and though I am not the brightest boy in the school, I need not be a dunce. My father has told



me that he considers the labour necessary to learning languages, a useful mental discipline; and I hope it will strengthen my mind, as the cold bath does my body. My father has also told me, that learning a language is like acquiring a set of tools, not for their own sake, but as instruments of true and solid knowledge; and that the chief design of laying up these treasures of words, is to lead us into an acquaintance with things. I, therefore, hope in due time to reap these advantages, though hitherto I have found it a dry, fatiguing pursuit. I like arithmetic very much; and intend practising it at home, that I may the sooner be able to put it to real use. I think, if my mother approve of it, I could soon keep her accounts, which would save her a little time. Mr. Gorton gave us a lecture on



geography ; and has desired us to copy out maps, without the names of places ; and says, that next week he will examine us as to their situation, extent, produce, government, and the remarkable events connected with them. In reading English History, I very much admire the character of King Alfred ; particularly his good sense, in not being satisfied with the dignity and splendour of a crown, while he was destitute of learning ; his diligence in acquiring it ; his exertions in spreading it ; his proof of it in founding the University of Oxford ; his humanity, moderation, and condescension, in an exalted state ; and his magnanimity and fortitude under affliction, when driven from his throne by the victorious Dane, and made to wander in disguise, frequently



without food. In all these particulars I wish to imitate him as far as circumstances will admit. I was also well pleased with Canute's reproof of his courtiers: I thought when I read it, what a pity it is, that great men are so surrounded by flatterers, who would make them proud and self-conceited, and so keep them back from becoming either wise or good! But, on reflection, I recollected that no station seems too low to be out of danger of flattery: how Mrs. Marshall praised us when she saw our school-pieces, and when she heard us repeat the dialogue between Hamlet and the Ghost.

"Now there could be nothing to praise us for knowing what we had been taught; and though I can repeat the piece, I am sure I do not understand it; and as to the



writing, it was almost all done by the usher, and I could not write a quarter so well myself. So I know, that if we are pleased with praise, when we do not deserve it, we shall not be likely to take much pains to do well in future.

“My mother has often warned me against keeping company with idle, rude, or mischievous boys; and I think I have now learned enough by experience to convince me of the danger of so doing. Philip and I have been accused of throwing stones, and killing a poor man's pigeons, of which I am sure we were neither of us guilty: but Lambert and his cousin were caught in the fact, and two other boys seen to run away, who were supposed to be us, because we had been with them flying our kites. Papa ad-



vised us to give the poor man half-a-crown between us: I believe he was satisfied that we had no hand in the affair. I hope we shall get half-a-crown's worth of wisdom by it, and keep out of bad company in future.

‘What know I more that’s worth the knowing?’

“From all that I have learnt I hope to gather up rules for my future conduct. Papa told me I ought to gain wisdom by instruction, by observation, and by experience.—I often feel at a loss to make out the exact meaning of different words, which seem to carry pretty much the same sense; I have, therefore, been employing myself a little to look out the



meaning in the dictionary, which Papa recommends as the only way to get a habit of speaking and writing in a correct manner. By this I find, that knowledge by *instruction* is what we gain from the precepts of other persons, or from books ; — that *observation* means, *notion gained by observing ; note ; remark ; animadversion ;* and that *experience* is *knowledge founded on experiment* : so, to attain knowledge, I must attend to what I am taught ; take notice of what I see ; and remember what I feel ; — and thus, being *told* by my parents or teachers that a thing is good or evil, having *observed* the benefit or injury which others have derived from it, and having *felt* the happiness or misery it brought on myself, I shall be able best to judge



which path to shun and which pursue. But I must next inquire,

‘What have I done that’s worth the doing?’

“I really think that boys of my age and circumstances might do a great deal more than they usually do. Those boys at Burley are not much older than I, and yet they half manage that large garden, besides going out to work every day: I must form some plan of doing more.

“FRIDAY.

“Having risen early to take a walk, I was delighted to watch the sun rise, to smell the sweet flowers, and to hear the cuckoo; I took with me Sturm’s Reflections, and I found



the book a pleasant companion. There is much more pleasure in admiring the goodness and wisdom of Providence, teaching the little birds to build their nests and rear their offspring, than in wantonly destroying their ingenious labours, and taking from them their eggs or their young. I heard my master say to one of the boys, 'You think yourself very clever for climbing the trees and taking these nests, but with all your ingenuity, you could not in five years make so comfortable and so proper a habitation as this which you have destroyed in five minutes.' I hope I shall always remember this, and scorn the unmanly, cruel sport of birds' nesting.

“At school, besides our usual instructions, Mr. Gorton favoured



us with a lecture on the microscope. How wonderful to observe a fly, an ant, or a beetle, through the glass! I always disliked the thought of cruelty to poor insects; but I could not have supposed them possessed of powers to act, and to suffer, as I now clearly see they do.

“As I came home from school I saw some boys spinning cock-chafers with a string and a pin. Being full of what I had just seen, this put me quite in a passion; I called them cruel young rascals, and bade them desist or I would fight them. As they did not regard me, I set to, and gave them a good drubbing; but in the scuffle, I got my shirt-sleeve torn, and my nose bloody, and so was prevented from accompanying my mother



and the visitors a country-walk. I was glad to succeed in rescuing the poor chafers; but on reflection, I certainly did not take the proper method: the boys, to be sure, were very cruel and provoking, but I had no right to punish them; and what I did was not at all likely to convince them that they were wrong, or to make them act differently in future.

“ In the evening, being at home alone, I employed myself in painting a butterfly, and a shell, on card-paper, which my sister will use for the sides of a work-bag: these she sells to buy clothes for the poor. I must endeavour to assist her more, which, by contriving my time better, I could easily do, especially in wet weather.



## " SATURDAY.

" Having had the tooth-ache violently all night, I took resolution, and had it drawn the first thing in the morning. I had dreaded the operation very much, and had suffered so much pain as often to prevent my attending to my lessons. How silly to dread such a trifle, which does not last a moment, and while it does last is not so bad as the tooth-ache itself! I hope to have more fortitude in future.

" Reading Ancient History, I thought the plans of virtue on which they acted not near so good as the plain rules by which *we* are taught;—to do right, because it is right; and to do to all other



persons as we would wish them to do to us. They seem to have acted rather upon what they thought grand and brave, than what was really right; but this makes me think, that when I fought with the boys about the cock-chafers, I acted more like a Heathen than a Christian.

“To-day, coming by their house, I saw the same boys doing so again; I spoke civilly to them, and told them I thought it very wrong and cruel to do so. I gave them two pence to let fly all the chafers they had got, and promised, at the end of a month, if I did not see them doing it any more, to give them a new bat and ball. This plan, I have a great notion, will answer better than the other.



## "SUNDAY.

"I was learning 'The Principles of the Christian Religion,' by Dr. Doddridge, which I like very much, because I can understand it.

"I heard a great deal about the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of seeking religion while we are young, and intended to remember and apply it to myself; but when I sat down to reflect upon it, I heard Philip in the garden just under my window; so I ran out to him, and we both employed ourselves in a very improper manner. My mother came out to look for us, and talked very kindly, and then we repeated to her that hymn,

'Why should I love my sports so well?'



“ In the evening we read some chapters in the Bible, which my mother explained to us. I wish she had not any thing else to do than to talk and attend to us; I think then I should never be naughty. But this is a foolish wish: our parents teach and take pains with us to make us love what is good ourselves, and then we should do right as well out of their sight as in it.

“ MONDAY.

“ In the morning, (with my father's leave,) I took a walk to Burley to see the woodman's garden again. He was very kind in explaining things to me, and offered me some roots and seeds of different kinds to put in my garden at



home; but it is a very small bit, and there would be no room. Next to the woodman's garden is a piece just the same size, belonging to his neighbour, the rat-catcher; he makes no use whatever of it, and it is overgrown with thistles and nettles. This man can earn more money than the wood-cutter; but I am told he is always in poverty through his laziness. Instead of making his family comfortable and earning a little money in his garden, he wastes both his money and time; and his wife lies a-bed till nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and the children are playing about on the common all ragged and dirty.

“ Said I then to my heart, here's a lesson for me;

This man's but a picture of what I might be:



But thanks to my friends for their care  
 of my breeding,  
 They taught me betimes to love work-  
 ing and reading.'

"I was thinking, what a pity to see this nice piece of ground uncultivated: I wish it were possible for me to rent it, and manage it by the help of the woodman's instructions. I must consult my father about this; I do think it might be so managed as to furnish me with a delightful employment, and do good besides, without a great expense.

"Dined at home with Rose. She is a pleasant, good little girl; I am sorry that we sometimes tease her about her dolls and playthings. It is as natural for a girl to like dolls and baby-houses, as for us to like toys and



marbles; and we ought to be the more kind to her as there is not another little girl in the family old enough to be her companion. If I get my garden, I shall plant her a cherry tree for her own, and a bed of strawberries; but that may be a long time to come, if ever: it would be better to think of some way to be kind to her that is in my power now. I will give her a penny a week towards the shoes for her poor little girl; her own penny, and the child's, would be a long time amounting to it.

"We contrived a little box this afternoon to put our letters in for Mamma, and called it the Post-Office. I hope it will be often used, and that sometimes Mamma will find time to write a letter to us.



“ In the evening I spoke to Papa about the garden ; he answered me very kindly, but said he feared it was too great an undertaking ; but I know from his manner that he did not intend entirely to refuse.

“ TUESDAY.

“ The first thing I thought of was the garden ; I can't help thinking about it ; but I know if mother could see the inside of my heart, she would say I thought too much. I think the persons who write hymns must remember very well all they thought and felt when they were children themselves, or they could not have written so well : there is one I learnt the last day of the year which says,



‘How often I rose from my bed,  
 And did not remember my prayer!  
 Or if a few words I have said,  
 My thoughts have been going else-  
 where.’

This is exactly like me when my mind is set upon any thing. I hope as I grow up I shall learn to think and feel towards every thing just according to its real value and importance: but mother says, if I would know and act aright when I grow up, I must begin to learn and practise it now.

“The lady that has been staying at our house invited us to spend the holidays with her sons. I was very glad to hear Papa refuse: I do not like her much, she is too finical and proud for me; and I dare say her sons have to sit up in the parlour with gloves on, and do



not know the use of their hands. I shall be much happier at home; especially if I get the garden. In the evening, when desired to go to bed, I was very busy making a net to put over my cherry tree, and had half a mind to grumble and be perverse about it; but thought of it, just in time, before I said a word, how very kind and indulgent my parents were, and that I ought to be willing to meet their wishes in every thing; especially as I knew it was wished that we should go to bed rather earlier on account of its being the last night the company would be here.

“ WEDNESDAY.

“ The first thing that happened this morning reminded me of what



I once heard my father say, that 'whatever is right is wise,' and convinced me of its truth. He kindly granted me an indulgence which I am sure would have been withheld if my discontent the night before had been suffered to appear;—it was to engage the garden at Burley, and place my brother Philip and myself in it as his undertenants. He will lend us three pounds to begin with, and allow us to engage the assistance of the woodman and his sons in fencing and digging it. After this, my dear father desires that the labour should be all our own, which, to be sure, we greatly prefer; for it would be a mere name to call it *our* garden if other people were to dig, and hoe, and plant, and water it.

"Father says, if we raise enough



the first year to pay the rent, he shall be very well satisfied; but the woodman thinks, if it is a favourable season, we may begin to clear the loan. We have been so busy to-day, laying plants and buying our tools, that we have not been able to think much about our Poems; but I hope this garden-amusement will teach us some lessons quite agreeable to them: therefore, before we begin, let me set down a few resolutions which I wish to observe; and I hope my dear mother will put me in mind of them:

“ 1st, Let me shew my gratitude to my dear, kind parents for their indulgence, by complying readily with all their requests, and willingly giving up what they disapprove.



“ N. B. Though my mother has not said any thing to us about the garden, I am sure she was in the secret, for my father never does any thing without consulting her; and I know too, that obedience and attention to her, especially when Papa is obliged to be out, will be the most acceptable way we can shew our gratitude to him.

“ 2nd, Let me feel an honest emulation to begin, as soon as possible, paying off the debt.

“ It is not a burden to be obliged to so good a father as long as it is necessary; but it would be ungenerous, dishonest, and discreditable, not to use every exertion to discharge it. With this view let me

“ 3rd, Be diligent and industrious, and never let any thing that



ought to be done in my garden, go undone, because I am too lazy to do it.

“ 4th, Let me be frugal, and not indulge in expensive things, while we cannot afford them; but plant at first, such as are cheap and quick growing, the sooner to bring in something to pay the debt.

“ 5th, Let me be persevering; not whimsical — to have things altered, when I take any thing fresh into my head, or when any inconsiderate person tells me it would look better different; nor impatiently expecting to see things come on before they have time allowed for growth and maturity.

“ 6th, Let me not be self-willed, but ready to take the advice of my father, and other persons, who know better than myself.



“ 7th, Let me remember moderation in all things; and though I hope to enjoy my garden very much, let me take care not to be there when I ought to be attending to other things.

“ 8th, Let me always be willing to give up, and accommodate my brother's wishes. I dare say that was one object my father had in view, in making us partners, to promote brotherly love. Let me also be more willing, when I have fruit or flowers, to gratify my sister and other friends, than to indulge myself.

“ 9th, Let us always honourably pay the woodman for his assistance, and behave in a civil, proper manner to the family; at the same time let us guard against imitating any ignorant expressions or vulgar



manners, which our parents would not approve.

“ 10th, When the debt is paid to my father, let us not forget to spare what we can of the produce of our garden to do good to the poor: a few potatoes planted in the worst part would cost very little, and would be of great use in a poor family.

“ Lastly, When I walk in my garden and admire the progress of nature, let me not forget to adore that God who makes every thing beautiful and fruitful in its season; and let me pray for his blessing, that I may become pleasant and useful to my dear parents, as the blossoms and fruits are delightful and profitable to me.

“ WILLIAM HEATHCOTE.”



Philip's observations on the Poem were thus addressed to his

“DEAR MOTHER,

“While I sincerely wish to make such observations on the Poem as may be pleasing to you and useful to myself, I feel that I cannot do it so freely as if I were conversing with you.

“The practice recommended in the beginning, I believe, is very excellent; and I hope, in compliance with the advice of the great and good Dr. Watts, (whose book on the Improvement of the Mind I have just begun reading, and from which, I believe, the Poem is taken,) to bring my volatile mind under its sober discipline.

“I am sure that every day's observation will teach me I am



not what I ought to be. I hope it will not rest there; but that I shall strive to improve.

“ Dear Mother, when I ask myself,

‘ What have I learnt where’er I’ve been?  
From all I’ve heard, from all I’ve seen?  
What know I more that’s worth the  
knowing?’

it leads me to look back to the time when I knew nothing; it is impossible that *I* should recollect it, but *you* do. I know but little now; but for that little how much am I indebted to you! What pains have you taken, from day to day, and from hour to hour, to excite my attention and improve my mind! How kindly have you inquired into my progress and my remembrance! Sometimes I call



to my mind those affecting lines learnt from your lips, while I sat on your knee, and my heart melts when I answer all its questions—  
*'My Mother!'* Dear Mother, I hope I shall be a comfort to you; and may God spare your life still to watch over and instruct me.

"I am happy to know, that my progress is in general satisfactory to my kind parents, and to my honoured master. I hope I am thankful for the many advantages I enjoy, and that I shall soon begin to make some return, by putting what I know to some useful purpose. It is a great expense to my father to furnish me with suitable books and instructions; and I certainly ought to have improved so far as to be able to teach the younger children. I should be glad also, to



become useful to my father in the counting-house. My father often complains, that it hurts his eyes to write by candle-light; perhaps, by his instructions, I might soon be able to relieve him of a great part of this work. With this view, I must diligently improve myself in writing and accounts. How delightful it would be to do something towards earning the bread I eat, and repaying the kindness of my parents!

“Really, I think I have hitherto done very little that was worth the doing; and if my time has not been quite so much trifled away as that of many children, it is only because my parents have taught me better than theirs, and contrived to give me employment. I am ashamed to think, how often I



have felt unwilling to leave my play when called to do some little service; and yet, at other times, when my mother has been engaged, and could not employ me, I have been grumbling and discontented for want of something to do. Let me, for the future, have always before me some regular plan for constant employment, yet so arranged and executed as to leave me ready to spare the time when called to any other employment.

“ I have sometimes been apt to play all the evening and trust to learning my lessons as I went to school: this I know was wrong; for even, though I might contrive to get through them tolerably, if I was heard directly, they did not make a proper impression on my mind and memory; and thus I am



in reality, none the wiser or better for them : this I must guard against in future.

“ I wish the great boys would not be always calling me ‘ *a clever dog* ;’—it is apt to make me careless and vain. After all, it is my own fault that it does me any injury : if they are so thoughtless as to say it, I need not be so silly as to believe it.

“ There are many other faults, and follies, and neglects, of which I must accuse myself. You know them all, dear Mother ; you are sure to see when I am going wrong or doing wrong : yet I think it best to mention those to which I feel myself most liable, that you may be kind enough to watch over me the more strictly ; especially as I grow up, and am more out of



your sight, you will, I hope, be continually warning me against them. I am often very hasty, peevish and impatient, if I cannot have my wishes gratified directly; or if I undergo any little disappointment — such as losing my place in a class, or being beat in a game at play. I hope I am not revengeful or malicious; it does not last long; but at the moment I am often in a great passion; and I know that a moment's passion is very wrong, and that a great deal of mischief may be done in a moment.

“ I have also frequently displeased you by my behaviour to the servants; being sometimes chattering and familiar with them, and at others, saucy and tyrannical; both of which, I know you



disapprove, and which I must endeavour to correct.

“ I have also frequently been drawn into the company of some of my school-fellows, whose character I know you disapprove, and whom I cannot myself respect or love. This has often been the means of making me do wrong, in several ways; having staid out longer than I ought to have done, and made you uneasy; or joined in rude, dangerous, or gambling sports, which you have forbidden; then I have been tempted to untruth, to excuse myself to you; and have led you to suppose I was detained at school. But improperly as I have often acted, I have more than once been accused of faults in which I had no concern, merely from the circumstance of



my having been seen in company with those who were guilty. I hope these things will be a warning to me, henceforth to obey the admonitions of my parents. Sometimes I have had to reflect on unkindness to the younger children, whom I have treated with contempt, especially Rose, whom I love dearly; I have often teased her, only because she is a girl: it is but a day or two ago, that I laughed at her very unkindly, for beginning her letter in such a simple way—'*Dear Mother, I hope you are well!*' Poor little girl, I almost broke her heart by my ill-natured observations; for which I am now ashamed of myself.—Not long since I was as young as she; but I am sure I never was half so good tempered.



I have more than once indulged improper curiosity,—peeping into a desk, or looking over a letter, which you or my father was reading or writing; but I am happy to say, I have not committed it lately, and hope I shall never be guilty of so mean an action again. Dear Mother, I must mention one more fault to which I have often given way, and which, I know, must be very, very sinful;—it is, that when you have seen it necessary to reprove or correct me, my heart has sometimes rebelled against it; and I have even muttered, or mocked with my lips. I often tremble when I reflect on this crime. May it be forgiven both by Almighty God, and by my dear parents! and may I be inclined to love and read my Bible more, and so learn to



love and practise my duty better, both towards God and man ; and become, in every instance, more obedient, submissive, and affectionate, to my honoured parents. Now, dear mother, with grateful thanks for all your goodness towards me, I subscribe myself,

“ Your dutiful son,

“ PHILIP HEATHCOTE.”

“ P. S. Since I finished my Letter, my dear father has indulged us with a new proof of his kindness and willingness to afford us innocent pleasure ; he has engaged a garden at Burley, which my brother and I are to cultivate, and hope, if we live to another summer, to welcome you, dear mother, to an arbour of woodbines, roses, and jessamines, and entertain you



with a treat of cherries and strawberries.

“ P. H.”

Mrs. Heathcote, having read these letters, affectionately embraced her dear children; telling them, she was much gratified by the frankness of their communications, and promising them every assistance in her power towards counteracting those faults of which they had complained, and strengthening, and encouraging every virtue after which they aspired. “ And may you, my beloved children,” said she, “ each of you, continue as you grow in stature, to improve in piety, wisdom and virtue; and in favour both with God and man: thus shall you best fulfil the anxious wishes of your affectionate



parents; pass through life usefully, honourably and comfortably, and be ornaments of society, and blessings to the world."

THE END.

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