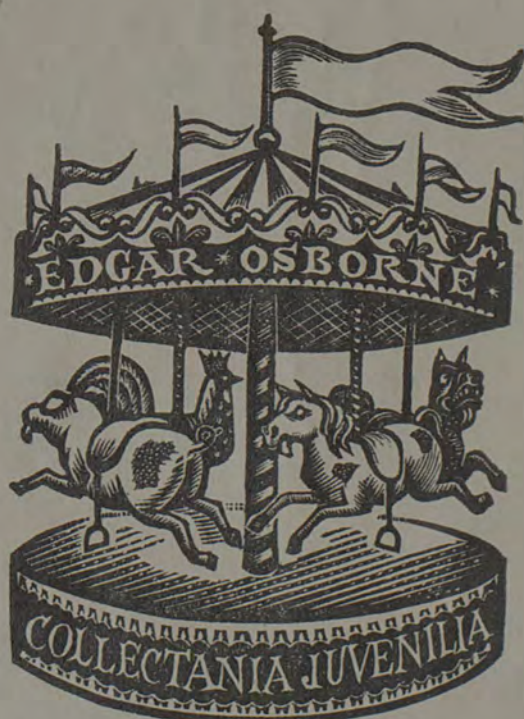


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Robert Blum 1812

Nov 9

Thomas W. B. W.

Scenes for the Young



*There is a great deal of entertainment and
knowledge which you might easily acquire
if you would read about these animals.*

SCENES
FOR
THE YOUNG;
OR,
PLEASING TALES,

CALCULATED
TO PROMOTE GOOD MANNERS AND
A LOVE OF VIRTUE,
IN CHILDREN.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
BY I. DAY.

Author of "Sandford and Morton" &c
—♦♦♦♦♦—

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR DARTON AND HARVEY,
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PREFACE.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,

FOR a few moments I solicit your attention: for a few moments I beseech you to vanquish the repugnance, which, at your age, is usually inspired by the name of a preface. A preface is but an introduction of the author to his readers; and, it might be presumed, could not be unacceptable to such of them as intended to cultivate his acquaintance. There may, however, be some of you, who take as little interest in the author as in his introduction; and it is probable that, not having learned to


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separate the idea of a writer from the book which he has written, he exists, to your imagination, as a strange, uncouth, incomprehensible being; unlike all you have ever seen, or known, or heard of.

If such be the case, permit me to assure you, that an author is not necessarily distinguished by any peculiarities of figure or conformation, from other people; and that the writer of the little work before you, is, in exterior, not dissimilar from those you see and associate with, every day; and so far from exhibiting anything strange or repulsive in his aspect, he retains his predilection, and even his aptitude, for many of the sports and pastimes which enlivened his childhood; when he alternately played,  
and



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and studied, like one of yourselves; and would have considered it not more impossible that he should become a book, than that he should produce one.

Yes, my young friends, I can still find intimates in your companions; and confidants among your playfellows: many of your cotemporaries have amused my cares, and some of them have beguiled my afflictions. Even from those with whom I have no personal intercourse, I am willing to persuade myself, I may be entitled to some consideration; as an unknown patron of their pleasures; an invisible counsellor, who may prove an auxiliary to their parents and preceptors, in promoting their virtue and felicity. But of what



use, you may, perhaps, be ready to ask; of what real importance can the perusal of a little story-book be to any of us? It may amuse us, indeed, or we should not read beyond the second page; but can it afford instruction also? and will it, like those grave, good books, we have read on Sundays, teach us all our duties? The usefulness of a book, my little friends, must depend on the temper of mind in which it is read; and if the following pages should recal to your recollection any salutary precept, or familiarize to your mind any important truth; should they even only lead you to form one virtuous resolution, or confirm one tottering principle; I shall think the trouble I have taken to please you, amply repaid.

That



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That the impressions received from books may influence conduct, I have myself often experienced; and memory supplies an instance from my juvenile life, which will convince you that the hopes I have allowed myself to cherish, are not chimerical, although they may not *always* be realized.

In my school-days, when, being just eleven, I looked forward to the term of twenty-one years as to the goal of age, it was my pride to be at the head of my class; and so much was I elated with this distinction, that I betrayed my arrogance in all companies, and on all occasions. I had been accustomed to spend the vacations with a maiden aunt, who, on my mother's death, had kindly undertaken the superintendence



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superintendence of my infancy. By her I had been initiated in the rudiments of learning; from her I had derived my first ideas of rectitude and duty, and the elementary principles of religion and morality; and to her attention I was, in reality, indebted for much of the progress I had made, and much of the consideration I enjoyed.

Till I went to school, this excellent woman commanded no less my veneration than my love. My affections she still possessed; but, having learnt of my boyish comrades to rail at old women, I now thought it unworthy of myself to submit to her controul, or to behave towards her with my usual deference of deportment. My aunt soon perceived the change in my sentiments,



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sentiments, and at first endeavoured to correct them by kind admonitions and gentle reproof; but these, far from curing the folly, increased it. I scoffed at her mandates, sneered at her precepts, and laboured, by every means in my power, to manifest contempt for her sex, and independence of her authority. My kind aunt judiciously waited for an opportunity to crush my puerile presumption.

One day, when I had, in company, displayed much rudeness, she desired me to leave the room; and, on my refusal, she called for the housemaid, a tall, robust woman, and charged her to put me in her Bridewell; for so she called an old garret, in a remote part of the house, filled with
lumber.

lumber. No words can describe the astonishment and indignation which this bold step inspired. I kicked, roared, and blustered, but in vain; the strength of Hannah prevailed; and, to my confusion, the agent of my punishment was a woman.

I was conducted to my prison, and left to my own reflections. In the bitterness of rage, I vowed never to forgive the author of my disgrace; and was even raving against her, who had been so long my benefactress, when Hannah returned to offer me my dinner. I stamped with fury at the proposal, which I chose to call a deliberate insult, and even conceived the idea of running away the next morning, and journeying to my grandfather's house, which

which was twenty miles distant; and such was my infatuation, that if he should take my aunt's part, I had resolved to go to sea.

Completely exhausted by the violence of these emotions, I at length fell asleep, and on awaking saw a little book lying at my side, which had previously passed unnoticed. I took it up, and my attention was immediately arrested by a story, in which a boy, of a character not unlike my own, was introduced. The situation was somewhat similar, with this difference, that he had been instructed by a mother, as I had been taught by an aunt: like me, he had taken the resolution to leave his protectress: (a resolution I most heartily applauded:)

applauded :) in the sequel, he had been inveigled by gypsies; was by them corrupted, and made a proficient in the art of stealing. At this part, I felt some horror, and exclaimed, "No, I will not go to sea." I read on;—the boy was at length detected in some theft, and brought before a magistrate, who proved to be his uncle; and by whom he was reclaimed. But where was his mother? Oh! she died of a broken heart: in her last moments she had prayed for the restoration of her dear son!—

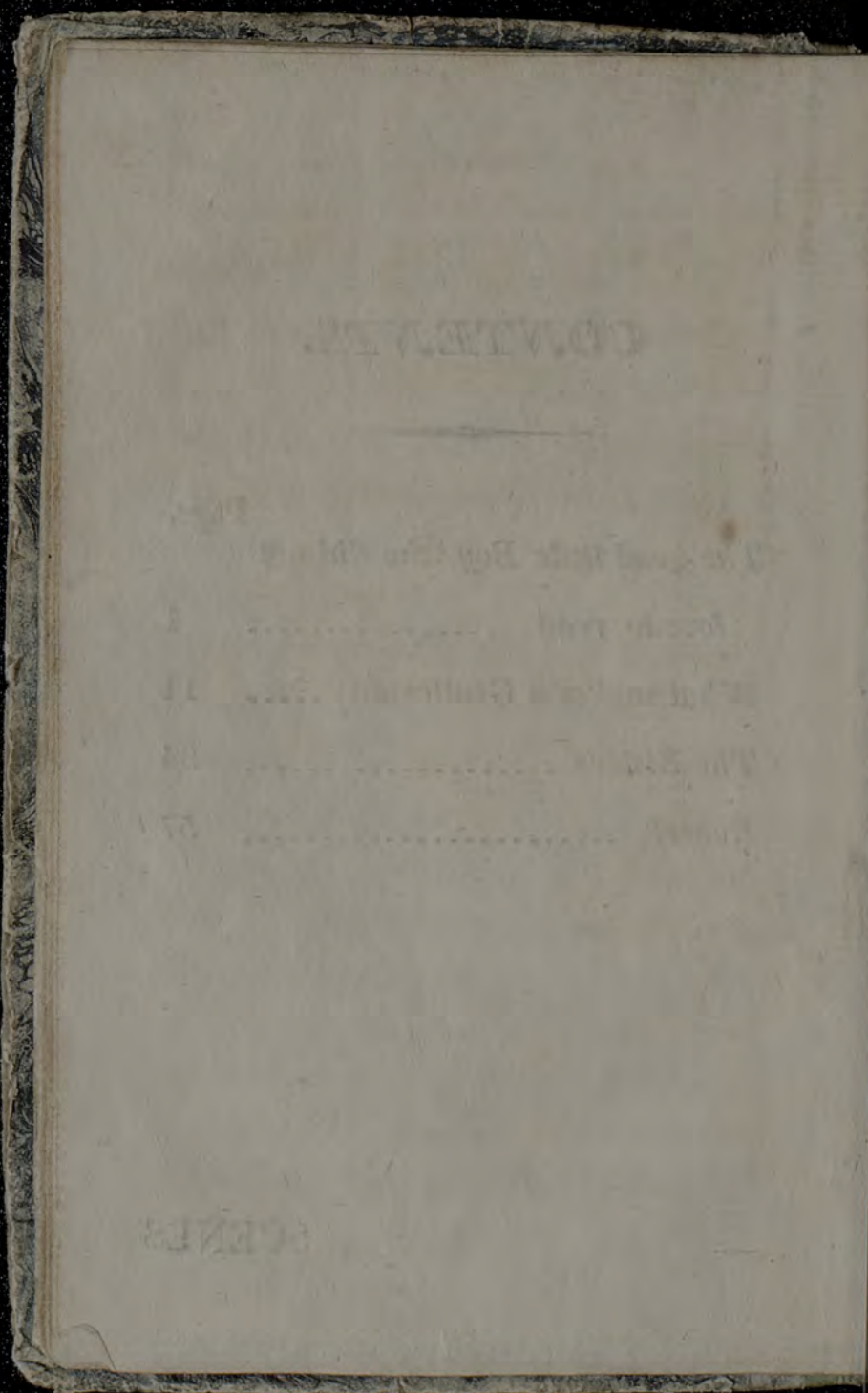
The book fell from my hands; I wept, not with anger, but sorrow. I thought I saw my aunt; I exclaimed, "No, she shall not grieve for me; I will not send *her* grey

grey hairs in sorrow to the grave." I became impatient to see her, to acknowledge my faults, and to abjure them. I was wiping away my tears, with the hope of hearing Hannah, when the door opened: my aunt entered, and, in one moment, sealed my forgiveness. Penetrated with gratitude, I promised never more to behave with disrespect. I kept my word; and the little book, to which I owe so much, is still in an odd corner of my library, and may, one day, be re-edited for the use of my young friends.

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SCENES



SCENES FOR THE YOUNG.

*The good little Boy who did not love
to read.*

HARRY SEYMOUR had been left with his grand-mamma till he was eight years old: she had taught him to read, but he hated it; and though he was a very sensible boy, he had been so indulged, that every degree of application was painful to him.

When his grand-mamma died, he was taken by an uncle, who was both an intelligent and good man. He was greatly concerned to see how much Harry had been neglected, and as he

soon perceived he had capacity, and a sweet disposition, he wished to give him a liking for books, to induce him to apply.

Harry was extremely fond of birds and beasts, and he had a number of them, with whom he wasted most of his time: a dormouse, a squirrel, rabbits, and a guinea-pig; besides a great dog, and a little horse.

"Harry," says his uncle, one day, "you do not know the history of one of these creatures." Harry did not pretend to say he did, but he wanted to know what his uncle meant by their history. "I mean," answered his uncle, "the nature of them; the difference between them; the manner in which they live. There is a great deal of entertainment and knowledge

knowledge, which you might easily acquire, if you would read about these animals.

Harry wished his uncle would tell him something about them, especially about his squirrel.

"You observe him," says his uncle, "sitting upon his hinder legs with grace, and using his fore-paws as hands, very skilfully. You are mightily delighted to see with what ease and spirit he bites his nut open, and eats the kernel; but if he had his full liberty, you would be much more astonished and delighted with him.

HARRY.—Why, what does he do then?

UNCLE.—He seems to be of the nature of birds, from his light, nimble manner of springing on the tops of
B 2
trees;

trees; he seldom comes down to the ground, except in storms, but jumps from one branch to another. He feeds in spring on the buds, in summer on the fruits, and in autumn he has variety of niceties to feast upon; acorns, filberts, chesnuts, &c. But he does not spend this season of plenty in idle enjoyment; the careful little animal gathers his provision for the winter, and looks forward to the season, when the forest shall be stripped of all its leaves and fruits.

HARRY.—That is very odd; how can he know it?

UNCLE.—God has given instinct to all the animal creation, which supplies the place of our reason; and which means, the wisdom to know what is proper for their food, power
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to seek it out, and methods to provide for their own safety. This is one of the wonderful works of our Heavenly Father, and is a proof of his infinite love and care for every thing which he has made.

HARRY.—Then the squirrel had no house, till we put him in a cage?

UNCLE.—He makes himself a nest instead; and generally amongst the large branches of a great tree.

He brings moss, twigs, and dry leaves, and binds them together with great art, so as to resist the most violent storm. This is covered up on all sides, and has but a single opening at top, which is just large enough to admit the little animal. This opening is itself defended from the weather by a kind of canopy, so  
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that it throws off the most heavy rain. The nest, thus formed with a very little opening above, is nevertheless very roomy below; soft, well knit, convenient, and warm. In this retreat the animal brings forth its young ones; screens itself from the scorching rays of the sun, which it seems to fear; and from the storms of the winter, which it can still less support. Its provisions of nuts and acorns is seldom in its nest, but in the hollow of the tree, and never taken out, but in cases of necessity. But it sometimes happens that the marten, who is not able to make a nest for itself, often goes in quest of a place for its young, and fixes upon the nest of a squirrel, and with great injustice destroys the tenant,

and


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and takes possession of the mansion.

HARRY.—Is not the martin a bird, like the swallow?

UNCLE.—There is such a bird; but this marten is an animal of the weasel kind, and the most beautiful of all the British beasts of prey: in every country they hunt them for their furs, which are very valuable. As soon as the marten has killed the squirrel, it takes possession of the nest for its own use, improves the softness of the bed, and in that retreat brings forth its young. As she has no milk to give them, she brings them eggs and live birds, accustoming them from the beginning to a life of carnage and rapine.

HARRY.—My little squirrel may  
think



think himself very happy that he is out of the way of these wicked martens; but he seems always afraid of something.

UNCLE.—A squirrel is very watchful by nature. He shuns the habitations of men as much as possible, and is never found in open fields nor in copses, but keeps in the midst of the tallest trees; and if the tree where he happens to be is but slightly touched at the bottom, he instantly takes the alarm, quits his nest at once, flies off to another tree, and thus travels with great ease along the tops of the forest, until he finds himself perfectly out of danger. Thus he continues for some hours at a distance from home, till the alarm be past away, and then returns by  
paths



paths which no other quadrupedes can pass, except itself.

HARRY.—What are quadrupedes?

UNCLE.—Beasts with four feet? now, if you wished to be wise, you would learn every morning to look out names, which you do not understand, in the dictionary.

HARRY.—But if you told them to me, uncle, it would be the same thing, you know.

UNCLE.—No; you would then depend upon me, and not your own industry. If I happened to be out of the way, you must remain ignorant; and even if I informed you rightly, you could never be sure of it, if you would not take the pains of reading for yourself.

HARRY.



HARRY.—But then, I am sure you would not tell me a story.

UNCLE.—Not intentionally, you may believe: but I may mistake, or be misinformed myself; and to prove whether I have or not, I desire you will take down “Goldsmith’s Animated Nature” from the shelf, and see whether I have related faithfully, part of the history of your little squirrel.

*What*



*What makes a Gentleman.*

WILLIAM MACKENZIE was bred at a public school. He spent his holidays at home, and, though he was neither ill-natured nor mischievous, such was his rude habits and disagreeable ways, that there was no quiet or comfort in his mother's house till he went away.

His mother was a sensible, judicious woman; she did not wish to restrain him from the sports, however noisy, which were suited to his age, but she much wished to restrict them to proper seasons, and give him, as he grew up, some ideas of

"The grace, the manner, the decorum,"  
which is expected in the heir of a  
large



large estate, descended from a well-bred ancestry.

She was also aware that it was difficult to do this without inspiring that folly of follies, family pride; and waited till William was come of an age to understand the proprieties of outward conduct, as they related to fellow creatures, before she talked to him of the advantages of being a gentleman.

A young nobleman in the neighbourhood came one day to dine with him: he was about his own size, and had neither the good understanding, nor the frank temper of William; but he was so attentive at the table, so civil to the servants, and so very obliging to every body, that all the company rang with his praises.

At



At play, the same good manners distinguished him; whilst William's loud voice and boisterous demeanour, his eagerness and his negligence, formed a most striking contrast.

The next morning William looked a little thoughtful at breakfast, and asked his mother what it was that made a *gentleman*?

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Why?

WILLIAM.—Because I heard Lord Harry's tutor say, in a whisper, that nobody would think I was the son of a gentleman.

I am sure I gave Lord Harry as many peaches as he could eat, and I let him have his own way at all our plays, and he cheated me twice at marbles; and with all his bows and  
c                      cringes,



cringes, he was not good-natured ; and he is very covetous, besides, in his heart. I cannot think what it was which made the tutor find fault with me.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—You slapped Lord Harry on the back, twenty times, to prove your good will. You gave him peaches, indeed ; but you bid him stand aloof and earn them, by catching as you flung them at him. You hallooed so loud in his ear, that I saw his eyes twink every time you spoke : and when he stooped down at any play, you contrived, unexpectedly, to jump over his head, and turn him pale with affright. In all your choice collection of sports, there was but one which gave him amusement, which was marbles ; and  
at



at this you continually called him dunce.

WILLIAM.—So he was, for he did not know how to draw a circle *round*; but he knew well enough how to cheat me, and I am sure that was not like a gentleman. But pray tell me what makes one?

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Behaviour.

WILLIAM.—I am sure that is not all; for Dick Rawlins, at our school, is as civil a boy as one can see;—ay, he is as civil as this fine Lord Harry; but his father and mother were once pawn-brokers, though they have left off trade a long while, and are very rich; yet, all our school knows Dick is not the son of a gentleman, for all that.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—There are other



qualifications, I must own, in the eye of the world, which constitute a gentleman; but they always are supposed to imply good manners.

WILLIAM.—What are the rest?

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Birth and education.

WILLIAM.—Must all three go together, to make a gentleman?

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Behaviour, as I said before, is always supposed to be included in birth and education; it is the sole advantage resulting from them. And, from this supposition, we call a man who is well born, and liberally educated, a gentleman.

WILLIAM.—Do you call him so, if he has no behaviour?

MRS. MACKENZIE.—I am sorry to say, that such is the prejudice of mankind,



kind, we do: but if a man is ever so highly born and liberally educated, if he be not well-behaved, people will remark, "He does not act like a gentleman. Nobody would think he was born a gentleman; at least, he never could have been bred a gentleman;" which proves what I told you, that everybody judges by behaviour.

WILLIAM.—But I cannot understand what you mean by behaviour. I am sure I would oblige any boy; and I always scorned to do a mean thing; and I do not value my money—no, that I do not, and all my school-fellows know it; nay, our master says I have the noblest spirit of any lad in the form.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—It is not the ac-



tion, but the mode of performing it, which distinguishes the gentleman. You may be good-natured, generous, and brave; all these, it must be confessed, are essential qualities in a gentleman; but if your good-nature is mixed with rudeness, your generosity with boasting and pride, and your spirit with insult and defiance, no person would call you so. When I have desired you to shut the door, you slam it so violently, that it makes me tremble. Your aunt dislikes a cat in the room, and as soon as you espy it, intending to be very civil, you drive her up the chimney, where her cries within, and your shouts without, disturb your aunt more than the sight of the poor creature would do. You bought  
some



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some cherries for your cousin Fanny, because you heard her say she liked them; but then you made her play at bob-cherry for every one you gave her.

Good sense and good-nature, or, in other words, reflection and feeling, form good manners. The one leads you to perceive what would pain, the other what would please others: now you never think at all of the first; and when you intend the second, your ungracious manner spoils it. How often have you made me blush too, at every thing which relates to yourself! At dinner, you devour your meat, as if you had been famished for days! You enter a room like a ploughman's boy, and drive your hat before you; sit on a table,


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table, if there is no chair; and rip open your waistcoat to cool yourself! In short, William, good behaviour is exactly the reverse of yours.

WILLIAM.—Then it does not consist in the thing, but the way in which one does it.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Now you comprehend me.

WILLIAM.—But if I acted ever so well, and was the son of a footman, I should not be thought a gentleman.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—You would be one in the most essential point—conduct; and if you received an education, might be one by profession.

WILLIAM.—What is meant by profession?

MRS.



MRS. MACKENZIE.—Divinity, law, and physic, are called professions.

WILLIAM.—Let me see; then bishops, doctors, judges, and barristers, are gentlemen by profession. And are not merchants and artists looked upon as such?

MRS. MACKENZIE.—The first merchants and the first artists always are; but not the lowest, as in professions. In England, indeed, our merchants and tradesmen are often gentlemen by birth, and still more frequently by behaviour; and we are daily rising above that foolish prejudice, that any employment which does not disqualify a man for good company can degrade him. Artists always associate with the nobility, as philosophers did with kings and emperors  
of



of old. Talents, indeed, will ever create superiority, and wealth confer distinction; but it is only good conduct which can obtain respect.

WILLIAM.—After all, I do not see what good there is in being born a gentleman.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—It secures to you the advantage of education; and education is supposed to make you behave better to every body, than you would do without it:—teaches you to relieve not only the wants, but to attend to the feelings, of those whom Providence has placed beneath you:—to bear with peculiar tenderness their faults, and to sympathize in their sorrows:—it enlarges your sphere of knowledge, of duty, and of happiness.

WILLIAM.



WILLIAM.—Happiness, indeed! it seems only to require more patience.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Patience is a word for virtue.

WILLIAM.—What! must I have more virtue too, because I am a gentleman?

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Not more honesty, more justice, or more truth; but, as I observed, you ought to bear with more temper the society of those people who are destitute of these qualities, whilst any defect on your own part is without excuse.

WILLIAM.—I think that is very hard.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Not at all. With certain advantages you must expect certain inconveniences: if you are  
exempt



exempt from bodily labours, you are under the strongest obligations to regard those who endure it for you; to instruct them by your example, to raise them by your kindness, and to cheer them by your bounty.

It is by education the wise are taught to be meek, the rich to be generous, and the great to be humble.

WILLIAM.—And will nothing teach us all this but education?

MRS. MACKENZIE.—I do not say so; for in all ages there have been some remarkable instances of men elevated by nature above all the little distinctions which birth, title, or education could bestow: but these instances are rare; whereas, it is very common



mon to see people who are suddenly raised to wealth or honours without education, disgusting by their vanity, and insupportable by their insolence.

WILLIAM.—But I cannot see the reason why low born people should not behave as well as high.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Because they are not taught, I tell you.

WILLIAM.—It is very odd that Latin and Greek should make so much difference!

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Latin and Greek, indeed!

WILLIAM.—Why, you call the knowledge of these languages, education.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—A very inconsiderable part of it: the conversation

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of



of the intelligent, the society of the polished, may properly be called education; and contribute more towards improvement, in mind and manners, than all the learning of the schools and colleges.

WILLIAM.—But may not people in low stations have these advantages?

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Men employed in procuring the daily necessities of life have no time to cultivate their understandings or attend to accomplishments. Besides, accustomed from infancy to associate with the lower order, they contract their habits and tastes; and they do not desire, nor could they enjoy, the pleasures of refined society. Of this you can form some idea from yourself, who are more at your ease with your  
noisy



noisy schoolfellows, than you would be with polite young noblemen, whose behaviour did not resemble yours.

WILLIAM.—So then, shoemakers, bakers, and butchers, cannot be as well-behaved as ourselves.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Far be it from me to undervalue the useful part of mankind; or to lead you to think contemptuously of any class of worthy people! You may recollect the fable, comparing society to one body with different members. Now the hands and feet are as necessary as the eyes or ears; and as they relate literally to our own body, we never regard them with contempt, or without tenderness. Thus should it be respecting all our fellow creatures

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employed



employed in the several offices of life: we are indeed expressly told, in the Holy Scriptures, that "we are members one of another." A lower situation neither destroys affinity nor importance: we are cemented, we should be endeared by it. We all are equally bound to do our duty in that state of life in which it hath pleased Heaven to place us; consequently, we all are to behave *well* in it. But behaviour, in this sense, implies morals: in that which I am endeavouring to inculcate, it means refinement; it regards the little established forms of polished life, and only to your rank in it.

WILLIAM.—Pray, is there this difference of forms between the high and low all over the world?

Mrs.



MRS. MACKENZIE.—Yes; and always must be, if their education and societies continue different.

WILLIAM.—Does it not make them very unhappy?

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Are you very unhappy at school; or would you be happier, do you think, always to live with Lord Harry?

WILLIAM.—Live with him, indeed! I could never enjoy myself in his company, nor in any of his cronies', if they were like him! At school I know all the ways of our boys, and they know mine: we club together at our feasts, and join in the same frolics: we get into scrapes and get out of them again; keep the same secrets, and revenge the same quarrels. I would not change my friends



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in the form, for all the titled lords in the universe. I am sure I could never love any boys so well!

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Are all the boys of your opinion?

WILLIAM.—All in our form are.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—Judge of the lower orders of mankind by them. They are much happier in the situation they have been accustomed to live in, than they could be in any other. I do not mean the abject poor, or the sick and friendless; but the little shop-keepers, the industrious labourers, and servants in well-regulated families, are vastly better pleased in their own societies than they would be in mine. The same pleasures and pursuits, the same scenes and sentiments, peculiarly unite them.

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It is the duty of those who are called gentry to render them prosperous *in* their station, not to take them *out* of it; as in all probability it would only increase their cares, not add to their felicity.

WILLIAM.—Well, I begin to understand this by myself, as you say now. But why are some of the common folks so much civiller than others in the same line.

MRS. MACKENZIE.—There is one thing which will always make people civil: it is *religion*; and you will find every one in the situations we have been mentioning, obliging, humble, and compassionate, in proportion as they are virtuous. The vicious, in this class, associating with the very low, and not having the  
outward



outward restraints of education, indulge the most violent passions on all occasions, and will storm, swear, and fight, whenever they quarrel with each other, to the disturbance of the neighbourhood, and often to the destruction of themselves.

WILLIAM.—But what is the reason that even the good amongst our inferiors call us their “betters.”

MRS. MACKENZIE.—My dear William, it is a term I never could endure.—Heaven forbid you should ever think it your due! There is something shocking, as well as unjust, in permitting such an appellation to be applied to us. Betters! because we happen to live in larger houses, wear finer clothes, and fare sumptuously every day! Better than  
the



the industrious, the honest, and the useful, who labour for our comforts, contribute to our support, and establish us in our luxuries! Believe me, to show your gratitude to them by your generosity and kindness, is the only real privilege of being *born a gentleman*.



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*The Sisters.*

SUSANNA and Margaret were sisters: Margaret was the favourite of her mamma, Mrs. Richmond; and Margaret was the prettiest, and the youngest: besides, she was a coaxing child. Her mamma thought she had an open temper, because she brought every tale; and a feeling heart, because she cried upon every occasion.

Susanna was no common child: her understanding, her affection, and her resentment was strong: she sincerely loved those who were kind to her; but her love was more shown in good-natured actions, than in caresses, or words.

Indeed



Indeed she would never wind herself into any body's favour; and it was only people of penetration who could find out that she was remarkable, excepting for her look of thoughtfulness. Accustomed to be slighted wherever Margaret was, she did not like to come into company; and by being much alone, acquired the happy talent of amusing *herself*. She could not but perceive her mamma made a great difference; but instead of complaining, (which very rarely happened,) she kept out of her sight, and played as seldom as possible with her sister, who always contrived to bring up some story against her, if she did.

Margaret was of an artful, selfish disposition rather than what is called  
a bad



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a bad temper: she would laugh and amuse, nay, oblige her playfellows by officious little ways; but if there was any mischief, (in which she herself was the first,) she would fling all the blame entirely upon them; and even when she was in friendship with them, as soon as they were gone she would tell all their secrets, and their faults.

Susanna used to reprove her for this; and Margaret then would fly to her mamma, saying, her sister would take any body's part sooner than hers, and was always scolding when nobody was by.

Her mamma would sharply reprimand Susanna, without hearing one word which she could say in her defence. Susanna felt the injustice, and

and could not but dislike the accuser. It estranged her heart from Margaret; it weakened her affection for her mamma.

Alas! it is often thus that the seeds of future enmities are sown in families, and domestic concord totally destroyed through life!

Often by the injudicious conduct of parents, children, from their early years, cease to be friends to each other!

Mrs. Richmond allowed each of these children sixpence a week for their pocket money; but Margaret would generally get more by some art or other, and squander it any way. For her delight seemed to be to spend, not use; and, as she never kept any thing to show for it, her

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mamma


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mamma used to extol her disinterested temper and generosity.

Susanna, on the contrary, bought her pencils, her drawing paper, and her plants, with this money; and would secretly, but regularly, give a penny a week out of it, to the poor.

Said her mamma, one day in company: "Susanna is born to hoard up. Ever since she had sixpence, she knew how to lay it out to her own advantage;—and the best advantage too; whilst my poor Margaret, here, has no idea of her own interest."

Susanna, who stood by her chair, replied: "Mamma, you buy for Margaret all those things which I purchase with my own money: so Margaret



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garet has her sixpence to spend besides.

"There," says Mrs. Richmond; "this is always the way; this child is so envious of the other!"

An old gentleman at the table, remarked that this speech was no proof of envy, but of reason. "I dare say," added he, "this little lady will be very generous;—nay, I would venture to lay a wager she is so already; for economists are never niggards.

"Oh, let her answer for her own virtues," cries Mrs. Richmond. Susanna blushed, and was silent.

"I see," cries the old gentleman, "modesty is amongst them."

"What do you give away, out of
E 2 sixpence


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sixpence a week, Susanna?" said her mamma.

"So little, madam;" replied Susanna, "that I should be ashamed to name it."

"Yes, I believe so," answered her mamma, "or I should have heard of it."

"Indeed mamma you would not," replied Susanna, "if I had given all:" and the moment she had uttered it, her heart reproached her; as it seemed like boasting. The old gentleman was extremely pleased with Susanna's answers; while Margaret stood by, ready to cry with real envy: for she always used to be taken most notice of, in company; and, to see her sister admired instead, was a great mortification. Susanna, however,



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however, enjoyed but little pleasure from this distinction: she had spoken in a manner which led people to think she was more charitable than she ever had been, and her mind was too ingenuous to be happy in being commended without deserving it. It sounded like reproach to her conscience.

She saw, indeed, plain enough, that her mamma did not believe anything about it; but she also could see, that the old gentleman gave her credit for much more than she merited. She was naturally reserved, yet she wished to tell him how little she spared out of sixpence: resolving, in her own thoughts, to give more in future; since the shame with which she struggled, convinced her she spent

too much upon herself. She was struck with the old gentleman's words, that "economists are never niggards;" and began to think she was a niggard, not an economist. Concerned, also, at appearing in his eyes more generous than she really was, she longed to whisper in his ear, that she only gave away a penny a week; and at last she got round to him, and told him so.

The old gentleman was extremely delighted with such an instance of ingenuousness. To find a little girl who feared being esteemed too much, and praised for what she did not merit, was extraordinary; and, as he was himself a peculiar character, he understood delicacy and enjoyed excellence in all its kinds and degrees.

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Before he went away, he requested Mrs. Richmond to permit Susanna to come and spend a week with his nieces, as she was just the companion he could wish for them, and could teach them by her example much. "I do not want my nieces," said he, "to sing and dance better than anybody; but to acquire solid qualities, love truth, and hide their own virtues. Will you lend this daughter to me?"

"Oh," answered Mrs. Richmond, "it was this request she whispered you, in your ear, to make, I suppose! Susanna, how could you dare be so intruding and sly?"

"Madam," says the old gentleman, "you do not render justice to this little girl. I give you my honour,

nour, she never hinted a desire to come to my house; and I will not pass over the supposition, if you will not grant me the favour of her company."

As the old gentleman was very rich, and Mrs. Richmond's family had some expectation from him, she was unwilling to disoblige him; so she promised Susanna should go next day. Margaret immediately burst into tears, saying, she should be left a whole week alone.

"My poor dear Margaret," cries her mamma, "has such sensibility, that I tremble for her through life. Every little thing touches her heart.

"Do you think it is concern to part with her sister?" said the old gentleman, shrewdly,

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“They never have been parted,” replied Mrs. Richmond; “though I must say, Susanna is not so fond of Margaret as I would have her to be.”

“Oh, then they will love one another better when they meet,” answers he, “and Miss Margaret will better bear the separation.”

As soon as the children were gone, he launched out in praises of Susanna. “Why did not you bring this daughter into company before?” said he. “To tell you the truth,” replied Mrs. Richmond, “because she never likes to come; but pokes by herself in corners, and does not resemble other children of twelve years old. She is not affectionate, though commonly quiet; and I hope will turn out a good girl, as she grows



grows up ; but her silent sulkiness is vastly disagreeable, though she is domineering enough to Margaret."

"Madam," says he, "this child is a wonderful child: she *thinks*, which is no common thing at her age; and I would sooner have my nieces resemble her, than be the best accomplished women in frivolous attainments.

"Her affections may never have been called out yet; but I am persuaded she feels kindness as strongly as slights. Partiality in parents often spoils two children; always one—that which is indulged most."

Mrs. Richmond was not inclined to argue with this old gentleman; but she thought him very impertinent. However, she would not affront



front her husband's best friend; so she contented herself with ridiculing him, after he was gone, to the rest of the company.

When Margaret and Susanna were undressing in the nursery, Margaret made every attempt to tease and put her sister out of humour. She tumbled her bed; she hid her night-cap; she took away her bason, just as she was going to use it; hoping to provoke Susanna to say or do something, of which she could tell her mamma, and so prevent her from going on a visit.

One of the peculiar excellencies of Susanna, was patience. It was long before she could be roused to anger; but when she *was* angry, she could completely humble Margaret,  
who



who, indeed, was little qualified to bear the truth from anybody, much less from her sister.

The nursery-maid was a judicious person: she saw through the ill-natured design of Margaret, and put Susanna upon her guard. "You are going out to-morrow, my dear," says she; "take care not to quarrel with your sister, who wishes it, that she may have you punished at home, instead of taking your pleasure abroad."

Susanna resolved to follow her advice; and, though she was tempted two or three times, to remonstrate, she had the fortitude to go to bed without uttering one ill-humoured sentence, and without her night-cap.

"Mrs.



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“Mrs. Margaret,” says the nursery-maid, “you do not suppose, I hope, that I will permit your sister to sleep without a cap upon her head.” “That is your business, not mine,” cries Margaret. “Ay, Miss, but it is your fault, I am certain,” replies the maid. “What have you done with your sister’s night-cap, pray?”

Margaret pretended to be going to sleep, and made no answer. The maid, after hunting every where, found it slyly hid in Margaret’s pocket, under her head; and, as she seldom had so completely detected her in spiteful and cunning actions, she thought it a good opportunity to make it known to her mamma. All the company were now gone,

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and Mrs. Richmond was not in the best humour; and when she heard this history of her favourite, she was violently angry, declaring she would put an end, once for all, to these children's jangles, by punishing both the next morning, and neither of them should have any breakfast.

It was in vain the nursery-maid assured her that only one child was in fault; that there had been no quarrel; for Susanna had been meek as a lamb, and the other mischievous as a monkey. Mrs. Richmond never listened to reason, and determined to adopt this new mode of injustice.

As soon as it was day-light, Susanna arose with a heart full of glee, thinking of the happy week she was  
to



to spend. The maid, on entering her chamber, brought in her breakfast, making signs that she must eat it quietly, lest she should awaken her sister. Susanna was surprised at finding she was to breakfast so soon, and in her own bed-room, which she was not accustomed to do; but the prudent servant did not tell her the reason, till she had drank the basin of milk, and then related to her the commands which she had received, to give neither of them any breakfast that morning. Susanna was distressed to think that the anger would fall on the poor servant; she entreated her to bring breakfast, also, to Margaret. "Never mind," said she, "her past ill-nature to me, and



then you will be in no danger of blame from mamma."

"I bring up anything for her, indeed!" answers the maid; "indeed I will not! nor would I save her from punishment to gain a guinea." Here she went out, and left Susanna in great perplexity. Susanna, as was observed before, had a feeling and a great mind: she was not capable of enjoying the deserved mortifications of the envious Margaret; and when she thought of the displeasure which would fall upon a good-natured servant, it embittered all the happiness she anticipated in her visit.

At last it occurred to her, that if she could convey Margaret's breakfast, it might reconcile her mamma to the maid; it would be doing good for



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for evil, and her own mind would feel satisfaction in it: so, slipping down into the kitchen, and watching her opportunity, when the nursery-maid was absent there, she contrived to procure a bowl of milk and some bread, awoke her sister, and related the whole matter to her.

Margaret was very subject to momentary impulses of good, and she felt this kindness strongly; she promised never more to indulge bad tempers towards so kind a friend, and declared she would own every thing to her mamma. Just then the bell rang, and they were summoned to appear. Margaret, conscious of wrong, hung behind, and her whole air bespoke shame and confusion; whilst Susanna, gay, because she was

F 3 innocent,

innocent, entered the room with obvious pleasure. Mrs. Richmond could not but perceive a difference in their countenances, which she attributed, in Susanna, to a spirit of mean triumph, because she was going out; and, in Margaret, to vexation in being left at home.

"Ladies," says Mrs. Richmond, "you are not to have any breakfasts this morning, for your quarrels last night." "We did not quarrel," sobs out Margaret.

"I *have* breakfasted," cries Susanna. "And who dared to give you any," said her mamma, "after my orders last night?" The nursery-maid boldly acknowledged that she had brought it to Susanna.—"And *not* to Margaret?" exclaims Mrs. Richmond.

mond. "No, Madam," replied the nursery-maid, "she behaved too ill to her sister. "Yet," said Margaret, "my sister was so good as to give me mine; though, indeed, I used her sadly."

Susanna interrupted her, by the kindest assurances that she would not think of it again; and Mrs. Richmond was astonished at seeing anything like affection between children, whom her own foolish conduct tended to estrange from each other. And when the carriage came to the door to fetch Susanna, Margaret shed tears, not of mortified envy, but grateful sorrow, as she embraced and parted with the kindest sister in the world; whilst Mrs. Richmond was penetrated, also, with temporary concern,


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concern, and called her a good girl, as she pressed her to her heart.

My little readers from hence may learn, that patience and good-humour will always be rewarded at last; and, if they happen to have partial parents, or envious, ill-natured brothers or sisters, they will always be able to conquer them by meekness, and to triumph, in the end, by generosity.

*Robert.*



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*ROBERT.*

MRS. MANNING, with her little boy, Robert, set off in the stage-coach for the west of England. She had once seen days of happiness and plenty; but she had disoblged all her family by marrying, and when her husband died, she had no means of subsistence but by her industry. She was going to take care of children at the school of a minister in the West, who had promised to give Robert his education, and herself her board, with ten pounds a year.

They travelled by night; and, in going down a steep hill violently, the coach overset. It was some time before any assistance could be obtained:



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tained: the night was stormy, there was no moon, and it was the depth of winter. The only inside passengers were Mrs. Manning, and her little boy. Robert was awaked, by the fall of the coach, out of his sleep, and began to cry sadly. He did not, indeed, know where he was; and when persons came to take them out, his mother did not answer. Alas! she never answered more; for a blow received upon her temple, killed her.

The people conveyed her to the first house, (which was a mile off,) and poor little Robert walked after.

You, children, who read this story, and are happy with your beloved parents, perhaps now by the fire-side, and are never permitted to go
out


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out in the cold evenings, think what a situation it was for little Robert to be in!

He had never before been out all night, any more than you: he hears his dear mamma, his only friend, is dead; strange men are carrying her, he does not know where; and he is ordered to follow them, in the wind, the rain, and the cold. His little heart was ready to burst with sorrow. The brutal coachman bid him not make such a noise, and walk faster; threatening to leave him in the dark road alone, if he did not make more haste.

When they came to the house, an old woman opened the door, and seeing the lady with the marks of death in her face, she trembled with fear.



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fear. The sight of Robert, a child of seven years old, showing all the distress of which he was capable, moved her with great compassion. She soon found it was his mother who was killed, and that nobody knew him.

God never leaves any of his creatures in affliction long, without somebody to comfort them; and this old woman soothed little Robert, and put him into her own bed, in five minutes, where he soon sobbed himself to sleep. She then went to call a surgeon, in the midst of this rainy night; for the coachman would not stir on such an errand, saying he had enough to do with his horses: and glad enough he was, to leave the place in the old woman's absence,

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lest he should be called to account for his carelessness.

Boys, who are very apt to mock and laugh at old women, ought to remember, that if any accident or affliction befalls them, there are no people in the world so kind to them.

Indeed, their grand-mammas and nurses are, on all occasions, their tenderest friends; therefore, it is particularly ungrateful to make a jest of them.

But perhaps some of them will say, they never laugh at their nurses and grand-mammas, only at the old women in the street, whom they do not know.

But is not this as wicked? Probably it is more so; for these aged
persons,

persons, who are strangers to them, may have no grand-child or friend to comfort them, when they go back to their home, after having been hooted at, and ill-treated in the street, for no cause but being old and too feeble to punish this wanton cruelty, bending under the weight of years.

When the surgeon came, and had examined Mrs Manning, he found all human help was vain: she was quite dead, and her poor little child was left to the humanity of strangers.

The good old woman awoke her son, who was a carpenter, and with whom she lived, telling him there was a dead lady in the house, killed in the stage coach, and a little boy.

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“And what is to be done with them?” said the carpenter. “Why, the lady is to be buried, to be sure,” replies the old woman, “as soon as the coroner’s inquest has sat upon her body; but as to the poor child, I know not what we can do with him, as he does not know where he was going, or to whom he belongs; and ’tis a sweet boy, for he is full of grief for his mother, young as he is, and full of thankfulness to me.—I warrant he is a gentleman’s child, if one could but find it out.” “Perhaps,” says the carpenter, “there may be papers in the lady’s pocket, to give us some account of him. We ought to search, for we have little enough to live upon, these hard times, without taking in orphans.”



“However, son,” cries the old woman, “we must not cast them out; and when we have witnesses, we will search the lady, but not before; because no one can tell what ill-natured people may say of honest folks: and I can now take my oath, I have never examined her pockets; nor will I look into them till the coroner comes.”

The coroner, my little readers, is an officer of the crown, who, assisted by twelve men, called a *jury*, enquires into all unnatural and sudden deaths. It is one of our excellent English laws, and is the means of finding out murder, and clearing up innocence, wherever there is the least suspicion of the person having been killed: and by bringing the  
cause



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cause of his death before the public eye, it proves that every man's life is considered precious in society; for the coroner's inquest makes no distinction between rich and poor, in its examination.

When the examination took place, however, nothing was found but a purse, containing a bank note for ten pounds, and three guineas; no letter, nor any thing that could lead to a knowledge of the deceased; and all the child knew was, that his mother (who had assumed another name) was called Mrs. Wray, and that the picture tied round her neck, was the likeness of his grand-papa. It now became necessary to provide for the interment of the body; a decent

G 3 funeral


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funeral was provided, and mourning for Robert.

The next question was, how to dispose of the child. Dame Garth said, that Providence had brought him to her house, and she would not turn him out among strangers. To this the carpenter agreed. He had no doubt that such a child must be discovered by his friends, who would, no doubt, repay them for their trouble. At any rate, they had three guineas of his money, which would maintain him some time; and when it was gone, he should not be turned out till they could find him a better place; and if they could not, he would teach him to work at his trade.

"Ay," says the old woman, "and  
we



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we should prosper more than ever we did, for such charity; which is but our duty, after all; for, if we were in such a plight, it is no more than we should wish others to do for us. And then, how much better would it be, to have an orderly child in the house, than that saucy Dicky Taylor, whom you are obliged to employ every now and then, though he so impudent to you, and my torment besides: and I dare say this dear orphan would like to be employed, instead of being idle.

Robert declared that his mother never let him be idle; and he hated to sit still; and she always taught him that sloth was shame. So he used to bring up her things from the kitchen, and rub the tables; but that
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was all he could do, except read, and say hymns by heart. "I have a great mind, son," said the old woman, "to take him to our vicar, who may put us in a way to find out his friends; and if he should take a fancy to him himself, (though Heaven knows, I do not want to part with such a child,) it may be the making of his fortune."

Little Robert had the most grateful heart; he had, already, an affection for this kind old woman, and the thought of being placed with another person, affected him strongly. He burst out a crying, and begged of her not to send him away till his money was all gone, as he would work every day, and do every thing she bid him.

"Precious



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“Precious child,” said she, “if I was a lady I would never part with you; but I do not like you to remain in our poor, low station, if I can get you a better house, and a better friend! However, you shall only walk with me there, and come back again.”

She took care to give him a good breakfast of milk-porridge before they set off, and strove to divert his attention all the way; but his grief often was so great, it was no easy matter to console him. He asked a thousand questions about his mother; if she was put into a coffin and buried in the church-yard; wished he could only once see her again; and his tender concern, and helpless situation, endeared him more to the benevolent

lent poor woman, than she knew how to express.

When they arrived at the vicarage, the vicar was out; but his wife, who was a fine lady, happened to be within, and hearing it was Dame Garth, (for that was the old woman's name,) she bid her wait till she was dressed. In about an hour, she sent for her into the parlour, and hearing the melancholy tale, and seeing Robert, (who clung to Dame Garth all the while,) she told her, that she must send him to the parish, and advertise him in the papers.

"Lack-a-day!" cries Dame Garth, "I would sooner go to the parish myself than send him there, Madam. The poor child has no friend in the world

world but me, and I would not cast him off for a hundred pounds."

"Oh," answers the vicar's lady, "if you know so well what to do with him, you need not have come hither to enquire."

"Madam," says Dame, "I only came to crave the vicar's advice, because he is a pitiful gentleman; and the poor child seems used to better fare than we can afford, and—" "Well, that is enough, good woman," interrupted the vicar's lady; "if you will not send the boy to the parish, you will not take advice, and need not have come so far to have asked it." So saying, she rang the bell, and Dame Garth was dismissed from her presence.

Little Robert, happily, was not of
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an age to feel mortifications. He did not understand what place was meant by the parish; only that it was to take him away from Dame Garth; and as she promised he should not be removed, he did not fear it: for it is the nature of innocence to believe. He thought, indeed, that the lady spoke roughly to them, and was glad when they got away.

Poor Dame was much disheartened; for she had hoped the sight of Robert would interest everybody, as much as herself; and though she well knew the vicar's lady was said to be very proud, in the neighbourhood, she little thought she should have been, as it were, turned out. As soon as she came home, she told her son all about it; and concluded with

with declaring, she would rather have her own poor pocket, than the hard heart of the vicar's wife, with all her finery !

Robert desired to have something to do immediately; and the carpenter took him into his work-shop, and set him to bring the hammer and nails, divers implements and tools, and showed him how to use them by turns. The child happened to have a turn for mechanics, and the carpenter was surprised to see how handy he was, as well as willing; whilst employment kept him from fretting, and amused him better than play. Before the day was out, Dicky Taylor called, to know if he was wanted. "No," says Dame; or I warrant you would not have been
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here. Dicky, seeing another little boy in the shop, thought he might find a play-fellow; so he walks in without further ceremony, and begins to talk to Robert, who remembered Dame Garth had called him a saucy boy, and did not care to have any thing to do with him. "If you will let off a squib," says Dicky, "I will give you one; and it will frighten old Dame, finely, and make sport for us."

"I should be ashamed of myself," answers the good little Robert, "to frighten anybody, much less such a good person as she is; and I do not like such sport."

"Hey-day!" cries Dicky; "where have you lived? You are a paltry, mean-spirited one, I see; and afraid of
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of a squib yourself, I would swear." Robert had never been accustomed to keep company with vulgar boys; and Dicky was so like the boys in the street, whom his poor mother used to warn him never to speak with, that he turned shortly away, and made no answer. But Dicky, no ways rebuffed, follows him: "Hark-ye," says he, "are you come to work in this shop?" "That is no business of your's," replies Robert. "Ay, but it is;" cries Dicky, "for you have got my place."

Dame Garth, seeing Dicky still in the shop, and talking to Robert, desired to know what he had to say.

"He says," answers Robert, "that I have got his place here." "His place, indeed!" replied Dame, "he
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will never keep any place, by his behaviour, but the stocks; and I have a great mind to make the beadle put him in to-day. You ducked my poor cat in the pond, the last time you were employed; and, if I ever see your face again without you are sent for, depend on it, I will make complaints."

Hereupon Dicky was glad to skip off. Mischief was his delight; and though he was never known to steal or swear, he contrived to plague all the poor people in the parish by his tricks; and as he did not dread anything so much as confinement, Dame could not have found a better method to get rid of him.

Three days had now passed, in which Robert had performed everything



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thing he was bid to do, in the best manner he was able. Often, indeed, in the midst of his occupations, and in the midst of his meals, he would weep for his mother; but the tenderness of Dame Garth soon made him dry up his tears again: for it is the great privilege of childhood, in all misfortunes, *soon* to be comforted. Every night, before he went to bed, she heard him read in the Bible; and her son was as much astonished as herself at his audible manner of speaking, and told him he would make as good a little clerk as a carpenter.

Dame Garth kept a Sunday-school at her house, and the vicar had made her the mistress, being the best scholar of any poor person in the parish, and blest with a good understanding

besides. "This child will be a treasure to me," cries Dame; "he is a better assistant than our head boy. Providence has cast him in our way, and he may prove the comfort of our lives.

"Ay," says her son "if we had but enough to keep him; though I do not begrudge him the little he wants, nor his house-room: but it is a sad pity, if he has any friends, that they should not know all this time what was become of him." "Perhaps," said Dame, "one might find it out by the picture hung about the poor lady's neck, if Robert can but tell us who it is."

She called him and enquired; but Robert only knew that it was his grand-papa, said he had never seen
him,

him, and when he used to ask his mother if she would ever take him with her to his house, she always cried, and bid him not ask any more questions. He remembered hearing of an aunt; but could give no account of the place where she lived, or of her name. She, or somebody, had behaved ill to his poor father; but he could not tell much about that neither. He believed that his father lived in a large house, with a garden, and he remembered a pond with swans in it; but it was a great while ago, for his mother had had only two rooms up stairs, a long while, and that was by Hoxton Square.

“Well,” says the carpenter, “if I can earn money enough, next week, to advertise the child in the papers, we


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we may try to find out some of his friends. "Oh," says Robert, "I am sure I have no friends, because my mamma told me we had none but God, and that He would be kinder to us than all our relations." "Did she work for her bread?" says Dame. "She took in needle-work sometimes, to pay for the lodgings, and never ran in debt." The carpenter observed, that if the wicked coachman had not gone off with the box, some information might have been gained; and Dame and he agreed to wait with patience, and act with kindness, and take all possible care of the good little Robert. When Sunday came, the poor children of the parish assembled at the school, (it was in the carpenter's workshop,)



shop,) where Dame went to meet them, with Robert in her hand, who was mightily pleased to think he was to hear boys bigger than himself, read their lessons in the Bible to him, and repeat hymns and their catechism.

He was seated on a high form, and performed his task so well, of asking the questions, and putting them in, when they were out, that Dame was as proud of her assistant as he was happy in the service. It happened to be a wet day, so that none of the ladies of the neighbourhood came to visit the Sunday-school, which was the excellent custom of that village. Dame was much disappointed, because she hoped to have had an opportunity of showing  
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off Robert and his learning before them. He went with her to church, and behaved there as well as she expected also, and was as cheerful when the duties of the sabbath were finished, as every body is who fulfils them properly.

The boy who read next best to Robert, in the school, was Mark Jones; and he used to hear the rest. He was quick at his book, and very fond of command; and his envy was so raised at seeing a stranger, and so little a boy as Robert, set above him, that he returned home to his mother quite miserable, and related how ill Dame had used him, to turn him out from his place, without any fault, and set up a new boy over his head, whom she knew nothing about.

about. His mother, being a foolish woman, pitied him; and being very ignorant and low besides, she advised Mark to get Robert out again, saying, it was a shame to take in strangers and vagabonds, who, after all, might turn out nothing but thieves.

Mark Jones had always been of an aspiring spirit; but, as he had always been distinguished by Dame Garth, he had not shown any of the bad dispositions of his heart. He was of a deep, designing temper, and often made cunning supply the place of superior genius.

His father, who was a gardener, frequently attended at the vicarage; and it came into his mind, that, if his mother would speak to the vicar's lady, he might soon be reinstated in
his

his office. Mrs. Jones took the hint, not so much from tenderness to her son, as from opposition to Dame Garth; whom she did not like, because she could not help feeling that, though she might wear a better gown, she was not, in reality, so respectable as her poorer neighbour.

In the course of the week, she contrived an errand to the vicarage, and finding Madam, as the vicar's lady was called, in good humour, she mentioned her poor Mark's distress; wondering how Dame Garth could take upon her to make changes in the school, without asking leave of the ladies who superintended it. Luckily for Mark Jones, Mrs. Deloraine was too tenacious of authority to tolerate an act of disrespect to herself.


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herself. She was incensed at the relation given by his mother, and protested she would go to the school the next Sunday, on purpose to let Dame Garth know who were her betters. Comforted by this assurance, Mrs. Jones hastened home, with the joyful news to Mark; bidding him not to be cast down for a trumpery upstart; for that the old gossip should find she was no match for such as were used to live with gentlefolks. Mrs. Jones had lived in two or three families, as an upper servant, and was, in her own estimation, as good as any lady in the neighbourhood. Servitude, my young friends, degrades not the honest mind. The poor can never cease to be respectable till they abandon the

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virtues of their own humble station, or ape the vices of people richer than themselves.

The following Sunday, Robert, as unsuspecting as Dame Garth, of the mischief that was brewing against him, went again to school; and was preparing to take his former place, when he was stopped by Mark, who gruffly told him, *that* business was none of *his*. Robert took up his book, in a manner that showed he was willing to maintain his post; Mark began crying, and, just at that moment, Mrs. Deloraine and another lady made their appearance. The former having enquired what was the matter, Mark, blubbering all the while, complained that Dame Garth had *outed* him, for a strange beggar-boy.

boy. Mrs. Deloraine, who, with all her fine clothes and high notions, still wanted somewhat of the *true* gentlewoman, declared she would have no such fuss about nothing; that, for her part, she would have people keep in their proper places, and not meddle with what did not concern them: then, looking scornfully at Dame, she bid her make haste, for she had no time to throw away. Awed by her frown, poor Robert fell back to the lower form; not so much hurt for himself, as his good Dame, for he saw a tear stand in her eye, though she hastily brushed it away. He was not, indeed, insensible to his own mortification; but he was not conscious that he deserved it; and, being free from

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vanity,

vanity, he was not prone to peevishness or discontent. By dinner-time he forgot his chagrin, and relished his Dame's plain pudding, as well as if he had been caressed by the vicar's lady.

In the afternoon he went to church, where, for the first time, he saw the vicar. Mr. Deloraine was tall and thin, with a pale complexion, black sparkling eyes, and a most benignant countenance. Robert had expected to see a person, proud and imperious, like Mrs. Deloraine; but he had not looked at the vicar twice, before he felt that he had nothing to fear: and as he looked at his son, a boy nearly of his own age, with brown curly hair, he could not help thinking how happy he must be, to have


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have such a father. After school, the children of the village formed a circle round the pulpit; it being the custom of their excellent pastor, to examine their progress in reading every other Sunday. His son took his place with the rest; the vicar wishing to convince him, that merit alone conferred real distinction and superiority.

In saying the catechism, Robert was quite pleased when it came to his turn to speak; and he repeated the *duty to neighbours*, slowly and correctly, and with such proper emphasis, that the vicar smiled as he said, "Very well, indeed." Master Deloraine, when it came to his turn, was unable to recollect the response; Robert, from an involuntary impulse

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of good-nature, prompted him, and the vicar observing this, desired he would repeat the whole passage.—Robert obeyed.—The vicar, turning to his son, exclaimed: “There, Charles, is a boy no older than yourself.” Master Deloraine coloured, and hung down his head; whilst Dame Garth, casting an affectionate look at Robert, secretly blessed the good vicar, who had kindly noticed a poor orphan. After this exercise, the children read two chapters in the Bible; the one from the old, the other from the new testament. From the former was selected the forty-third chapter of Genesis, which contains a portion of the interesting history of Joseph; from the latter, the eleventh chapter of St. John, in which

which is described the resurrection of Lazarus. Robert took his part with the other children, and still acquitted himself the best; and when the vicar came to distribute the books which were regularly presented to the little assembly, according to their deserts, the first he distinguished was Robert. "What is your name, my good lad? you are a new comer." "My name is Robert, Sir." "That name you received from your godfather; but I am not now asking you the catechism: what was your father's name?" "I cannot tell; I never saw his grave," said the child, who had observed, in the church-yard, the names engraven on the tombstones, and had a confused idea that his father's also would be there.

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"This poor boy's mother, Sir," cried Dame Garth, "was called Mrs. Wray: he is nothing but an orphan, and has no friends but Providence, and Providence is good to all." "If he continues such as he appears to be," returned the vicar, "he can never want friends:—here, Robert, is something to make you remember my name, though you should forget your own." Saying this, he put into his hand, a queen Anne's sixpence. Robert was not even so much pleased with the gift, as with the smile that accompanied it. His eyes danced; his heart beat with delight; the vicar appeared to him more than human; and, in passing through the church-yard, thinking of the miracle of which he had read, he asked

Dame



Dame Garth, if the vicar could not call his mother from the grave, as she had been buried but two weeks. "Poor child," replied Dame Garth, "he has no such power: he read a prayer over her corpse, when she was committed to the earth; but God alone can raise the dead." Robert walked sadly on, whilst Dame Garth revolved a plan for recommending him to the vicar's protection. The next day, chance seemed to supply the very opportunity she wished. Her son received a summons from the vicarage, where he was wanted to put up hanging shelves in a small room, built in the garden, originally as a summer-house; which was now to be converted to a general repository for shells, fossils, seeds, and



and other miscellaneous curiosities. Away went the carpenter, promising his mother to mention Robert; but, no sooner was he gone, than the good Dame, knowing the timid caution of his temper, contrived an errand to send Robert after; not doubting that his innocent countenance would plead in his behalf. The carpenter was really good-natured and humane; he did not forget his promise, and was just preparing to fulfil it, when the entrance of Mrs. Deloraine completely put it out of his head. He soon saw that madam was excessively out of humour, which she was at no pains to keep to herself. She began wondering why Mr. Deloraine would have the summer-house fitted up in the winter; declared



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declared she should never like the place, because his father had died in it; and concluded by kindly wishing, that whatever he deposited there might be stolen.

Neither disconcerted nor discomposed, the vicar quietly continued giving directions, and Mrs. Deloraine, tired of talking to so little purpose, was just leaving the apartment, when, almost on tip-toe, in stole Robert, with a small chisel in one hand; and, in his hat, a paper full of tacks in the other. He no sooner perceived madam, than, without knowing why, he heartily wished himself out of the house; and suddenly, in a sort of panic, dropping the chisel from one hand, in his effort to recover it, he let the hat fall
from

from the other. He hastily scrambled up the tacks; but the consequences of his inadvertance were too obvious to escape notice.

Mrs. Deloraine had, indeed, such eyes as nothing can miss; and her petulance was immediately directed to poor Robert. "So, this is the boy your old mother has taken into her house!—I should have thought she had known better, than to spend her earnings and yours on vagabond children."

"Vagabond children!" rejoined Mr. Deloraine. "Yes;" returned she, "that child dropped from the clouds. His mother, or at least a woman who passed for such, was the person killed by the late accident. Dame Garth, who had received the boy
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into her house, brought him to me, to ask what she should do for him; and because I told her she must send him to the parish, and get him advertised, she went away in a huff; and, poor foolish body, has lumbered herself with him ever since!" The carpenter, now meaning to vindicate his mother, said, he had always been against it; but that she thought he must have good friends belonging to him. "She is a very good woman," replied Mrs. Deloraine; "only she sets up her judgment against people who know better than herself: and if she chuses to be so wilful, she must even take the consequences." The carpenter, sighing, said: "To be sure she must:" so little had he to suggest for his mother,

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ther, when attacked by the vicar's lady. He threw a look of displeasure on Robert; and observing him draw his finger over the wainscot, he surlily bid him go home; if he could find nothing better to do, he might play there. Robert, who had started at the beginning of this speech, might have wept at the close of it, if surprise had not suspended every other sensation. At the moment that he was rebuked for drawing his hand over the wainscot, he was examining a crevice in the panel; and, on applying to it his forefinger, it suddenly slid back, and discovered a recess, in which stood a small cedar cabinet. Mrs. Deloraine screamed with amazement; her husband's eyes were rivetted on the spot, and



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and the carpenter, looking round, began scolding Robert. The vicar now hastily removed the cabinet; which, on being opened, he found to contain several papers, in his father's hand-writing.

He immediately withdrew, too much affected to speak: Mrs. Deloraine followed, burning with curiosity to learn the contents. Robert was already in the garden, making the best of his way home; and the carpenter, finding he was to receive no further orders, returned to the cottage. Dame Garth, busily occupied in preparing his humble meal, had drawn the table close to the fire, and placed a chair for her son, in the warmest corner.

The moment he appeared, she ob-
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served vexation in his countenance; and tenderly enquired what was the matter. "Matter enough," said he; "you have nettled madam at the vicarage; and I may lose my jobs by it: and all for a foundling, as you may say, that we know nothing about." "Madam has a son of her own," replied the Dame; "I wonder she has not more compassion for one without friends." "Why, it stands to reason, mother, that we cannot keep him: and what would become of him, if we could?" "Sufficient to the day, is the evil thereof: the widow of Sareptha's cruse did not fail." "Ah mother! things were different in those old times; but now-a-days, when a man must work for his bread; and a widow, if she


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she has nothing to help herself with, must come to the parish; it behoves one to take care of one's-self. Charity begins at home." Dame Garth was some moments silent. "So then," she at length rejoined: "so, you would send him to the workhouse!" "I do not say so; there is Mr. Crump's manufactory not far off; if he were to stay there three or four years, he would be big enough to earn his livelihood with me." "We will think of it," returned the good old woman; "but now, at least, let us eat our morsel in comfort." She then called Robert from the workshop; and the carpenter, pleased to find his mother so reasonable, resumed his kindness to Robert. As to Dame Garth, she seemed to think



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she could not be bountiful enough. "Poor child," thought she, as she helped his plate, "as long as he is with me, he shall not know want:" and her eyes filled with tears at the reflection, that he would so soon be among strangers; for she was now resolved to urge her son no further on the subject. She considered that she might unintentionally injure the boy she wished to befriend; and that the kindest service she could really offer him, was to enable him to provide for himself.

The next morning proving fine, she took Robert with her to Mr. Crump's manufactory. Mr. Crump was a rich clothier, who employed almost all the poor in the neighbourhood; of these, women and children
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were the most numerous, some of whom earned from three to six shillings a week: and such as had no home to receive them, were boarded by one of his female artisans, who had a small house, contiguous to the manufactory.

Having three miles to walk, Dame Garth and Robert beguiled the time with such conversation as they could. He had read but few books, his mother not being rich enough to treat him with those little entertaining volumes which many children throw by, half read, without having derived from them either information or amusement. To Robert, on the contrary, a book was a treasure that he never thought he prized enough. Since his residence with Dame Garth,

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the Bible had been the only one within his reach: and of this he had read so much, that he was familiar with all the histories in the Old Testament. The sacrifice of Isaac, in particular, having dwelt much on his mind, he suddenly asked Dame Garth how old he was when his father took him to Mount Moriah. This simple question affected the good old Dame so much, that she could not speak for tears. She fancied she was conducting Robert to a sort of sacrifice in Mr. Crump's manufactory.

By this time, they came in sight of a handsome brick edifice, which stood in a meadow, and which was nearly covered with various kinds of cloths spread out to dry and bleach;

bleach; these were turned by the women and children of the manufactory. Robert saw, with surprise, the number of pulleys and weights on the outside of the building, which were connected with the machinery used within. On his entrance, he was almost stunned with the cracking of wheels, the boom-like sound of the loom, and with the hissing noise raverberated through the apartments; but he was amazed to see with what diligence, order, and alacrity, all the operations of business were conducted: and what most astonished him, was the sight of children, no bigger than himself, holding the threads, and changing the bobbins suspended from the pegs, with assiduous attention. At first Robert was
delighted

delighted with the novelty and variety of the scene: he thought he could never satisfy himself with gazing on the curious objects before him, and examining the beauty, neatness, and diversity of their arrangement; but when he understood, that the children stood from morning till night, with scarcely any intervals of recreation or refreshment; when he viewed their wan cheeks, and dull, joyless eyes; he could not help thinking, that they were the most unhappy little beings in the world.

Children of affluence!—ye, who are too familiar with blessings to know their value, or their use!—ye, who with all the comforts of home, often repine at the obligation to perform
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those little exercises of education, which are sure to be rewarded with the praise of affectionate parents;—perverse, ungrateful children, equally insensible to the looks of love and the tones of kindness; think of the many little boys and girls shut up in manufactories, and humble those stubborn hearts, so long pampered by the spirit of pride, forwardness, and discontent!

Whilst Robert was contemplating the wonders of the manufactory, Dame Garth was engaged with Mr. Crump, to whom she related the history of her little companion. Mr. Crump was a man of indefatigable spirit and activity: his figure, short and thick, was in perpetual motion. He moved from room to room with
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the velocity of one of his machines; never stayed two minutes in the same spot; never remained two moments in the same position: his eyes were blinking with vigilance, he spoke with rapidity, and listened with impatience. Before Dame Garth had gone half way through her story, he tapped Robert on the shoulder, bid him be a good boy, and he would make him his first hand. Robert, who, till this moment had entertained no suspicion of this destiny, burst into tears, and earnestly besought the Dame not to leave him. "No, no; we will not keep you now," said Mr. Crump; "come again on Monday next, and here is something for your fairing to-morrow." So saying he gave him a shilling, and then, without

without waiting for an answer, hastened to another apartment.

In the walk home, Dame Garth endeavoured to reconcile Robert to his new prospects; and she so far succeeded in banishing his gloom, that he asked what Mr. Crump meant by to-morrow's fairing. The Dame told him there was to be a fair at a little place, about one mile from the vicarage, called the wake; which was attended by all the people in the neighbourhood.

Most of my little readers, have, perhaps, been once, at least, partakers of that scene of noisy festivity, a *fair*: to Robert, however, it was wholly new; and so strongly was his curiosity excited, that he almost forgot Mr. Crump's manufactory, in the
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anticipation of enjoyment. The morrow came; and Robert repaired, with his kind friend, to the wake, where, for a time, he was much entertained with the gaudy decorations of the booths, the jingling of bells, the rattling of punch, and other varieties of childish amusements; but what pleased him most was a book-stall, where he was turning over the history of Sandford and Merton, when Master Deloraine came to purchase a pocket-book. He took no notice of Robert, who stood quietly by his side, till he was called away by Dame Garth, who enquired what he meant to do with Mr. Crump's present. Robert said, he had nothing to do with it; he was too little to know what to do with money.

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“Why then,” says Dame, “we will put it by, with the three guineas, till you are big enough to make a proper use of it; and come with me, you shall not go without a fairing. She then took him to an old woman who sold gingerbread; and whilst he was regaling upon a piece of parliament, she pointed out Mark Jones, who had already squandered a shilling in toys and nicknacks. “I wonder he is not ashamed of himself, to throw away the money his parents work for,” cried she; “but there, the fault is their’s, that they have taught him no better.”

Here she was interrupted by Mark Jones himself, who said that Master Deloraine had done a fine job for himself: “He has lost a fine picture-



case for his mother, that he took, without her leave, from a cabinet." "More shame for him," said Dame Garth: "you see what comes of disobedience and perverseness." Mark could not conceal the joy he felt at the untoward accident: not that it gave any advantage to himself, but that he delighted in mischief, and cared not for the sufferings of others. Robert, on the contrary, though he had no reason to love Master Deloraine, was concerned for his misfortune; and often, in the walk home, recurred to it with unaffected regret.

The wake being over, Robert again thought of Mr. Crump's manufactory; and Dame Garth passed some sleepless nights, anticipating the time of parting. When the Sunday



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day came, she permitted not Robert to attend the school. "For why," thought she, "should Mark Jones embitter the last day we are to spend together." Mark missed Robert, and, so base is envy, repined at his absence, because he did not witness his triumph. Robert, meanwhile, amused himself with reading the book of Ruth; and as he read, he fancied that Dame Garth was just such a woman as Naomi.

After the school, he went to church; but the sacrament being that day administered, he came out at the conclusion of the service; leaving Dame Garth with the other communicants. As he was sauntering in the church-yard, he met Mark Jones, who having just heard

of his intended removal, could not let slip such an opportunity of venting his malice. "So," said he, "you are going to turn a spinning Jenny: much good may it do you." To this rude attack, Robert returned no answer. "Were you ever christened?" "Yes, that I was." "And where was your father, then?—but I dare say you do not know who he was." "Yes, I do," said the little orphan; whose patience was no longer proof to such malignant persecution. "Well, and what have you to show for it?—do you know who your grandfather was?" "Yes, and here he is," said Robert with some exultation; "and here he is." So saying, he drew from his pocket the miniature which had been found on his mother's neck, and


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and which Dame Garth had, for that day, permitted him to *take care of*, himself.

The spiteful Mark no sooner saw the picture, than he snatched it from his hand, and, taking to his heels, darted forth like an arrow. Robert ran after, as fast as he could; and both were in a moment out of sight. When Dame Garth came out of church, she looked in vain for Robert: supposing, however, that he was gone home, she leisurely proceeded, with two or three neighbours, through the village; but just as she reached the vicarage, she beheld little Robert dragged between Master Deloraine and Mark Jones, vociferating the cries of *thief! thief!* She instantly ordered them to loose  
their



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their hold. "Not till he has been before the vicar," said Mark. "No, not till he has confessed," cried Master Deloraine. Robert sobbed as if his heart would break; whilst he made convulsive efforts to escape from his conductors.

Dame Garth had scarcely time to ask why he was so conducted, when Mr. and Mrs. Deloraine approached. Charles, now quitting Robert, ran up to his father, exhibiting a miniature, in triumph. "I have found it," cried he; "the very picture I lost at the wake, papa; but the case he still keeps, though it must be in his possession." "And how came you by that picture, Charles?" asked the vicar. "From this boy, here." "No," interrupted Mark; "it was
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I that took it from him: he said as how it belonged to his grandfather; but I thought he looked like a thief.” “I am sure you speak like a liar,” cried Dame: “that picture was tied round his poor, dear mother’s neck, when she was brought to my house; and so I can bring people to testify.” “This is altogether very extraordinary,” said the vicar; but come, Robert, follow me, and let us hear the story from your own lips.” Encouraged by his benignity, Robert wiped his eyes, and the whole group entered the porch, where the vicar carefully examined the miniature. Charles eagerly exclaimed: “Did I not say it was the very picture I lost!” “But this he denies: it appears to have belonged to his mother.”

ther. "Oh, I hope my word is as good as his." "You have not only his testimony, but that of a most respectable woman." "I am sure papa, I never told a lie; I hope I am something better than a pauper, and a nobody.—" "Charles! Charles! how often must I rebuke that arrogance of spirit! how often must I remind you that merit is independent of poverty and wealth! I shall now prove to you that it is impossible this miniature should have been in your possession." "But papa, I had it at the wake; I was standing at a book-stall, and he was by me." "That very picture, with the case, I found myself, Charles; although, to punish your carelessness,

ness, I have hitherto concealed it from you."

Charles was now covered with confusion; whilst Dame Garth, devoutly clasping her hands together, said: "Ah! bless you, Sir, I knew you would be just and merciful; you would not be deceived, although 'the poison of asps was under their lips.'" "And now, Charles," resumed the vicar, "you have to ask pardon of this poor little orphan, for your injustice." "I am sure I meant no harm: Mark Jones showed me the picture—" "And you claimed it.—You now find you have wronged him, and you refuse the only reparation in your power." "But what have I done, Sir?" "What have you done? Is it nothing to have imputed

imputed to him a criminal action? is it nothing to have attempted to deprive him of the blessings of innocence; and to take from one, poor and unfriended, that fair fame, which is the only property he has? The disparity in your situation serves but to aggravate your offence, and to render your conduct more atrocious. Go, Charles, walk round the garden; endeavour to subdue that stubborn heart; and, when you return, let me find you, not only ready to own your fault, but anxious to correct it."

Charles retired in silence; and the vicar, again questioning Robert, obtained all the particulars known to Dame Garth. He appeared deeply affected; but, desiring them all to walk

walk into the house, went himself to call his son. In a few minutes he appeared, leading in Charles; who said, he was very sorry for the past. "You must now shake hands with that little boy, who is *your* first cousin, and *my* nephew;—the Robert Manning, of whom you have often heard me speak, and whose mother was my unfortunate sister.

"After her marriage, she dropped my correspondence, not chusing to acknowledge her distress to her friends. My father, who had never pardoned her imprudence, would never listen to anything I could suggest in her favour. In the first transports of resentment, he had made a will, in which all his property was alienated; and which, being the on-

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ly one discovered at his death, was that to which I legally administered; but, in the cabinet discovered a few days ago in his summer-house, I found the draught of another will, in which he bequeathed her twelve hundred pounds; and I shall cheerfully make over that sum immediately to Robert, in whom his mother's rights are now vested. For myself, I hope he will consider me not merely as an uncle, but an affectionate father."

Dame Garth was too much oppressed with joy to speak. Robert was stunned with surprise, but delighted to hear the vicar say he would be to him like a father. "Come, Robert, will you live with me and Charles?" "Yes," said the happy


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happy boy, "that I will, if you will let Dame Garth come and see me."

"What other wish have you, Robert?"—"And if you would build her a nice oven, which she wants sadly; and put up a fence, to keep neighbour Drew's pigs from her orchard."

The vicar was charmed with this simple effusion of gratitude, and readily promised to fulfil his wishes: his own benevolence, indeed, went far beyond them; and Dame Garth was soon in a more comfortable situation than she had been for some years.

As Robert grew up, he continued to feel for her the most tender affection; and often, as she experienced



enced his kind assiduities, she looked at her son, and said with a smile: "Did I not always say, 'Robert was the child of Providence!'"

THE END.



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