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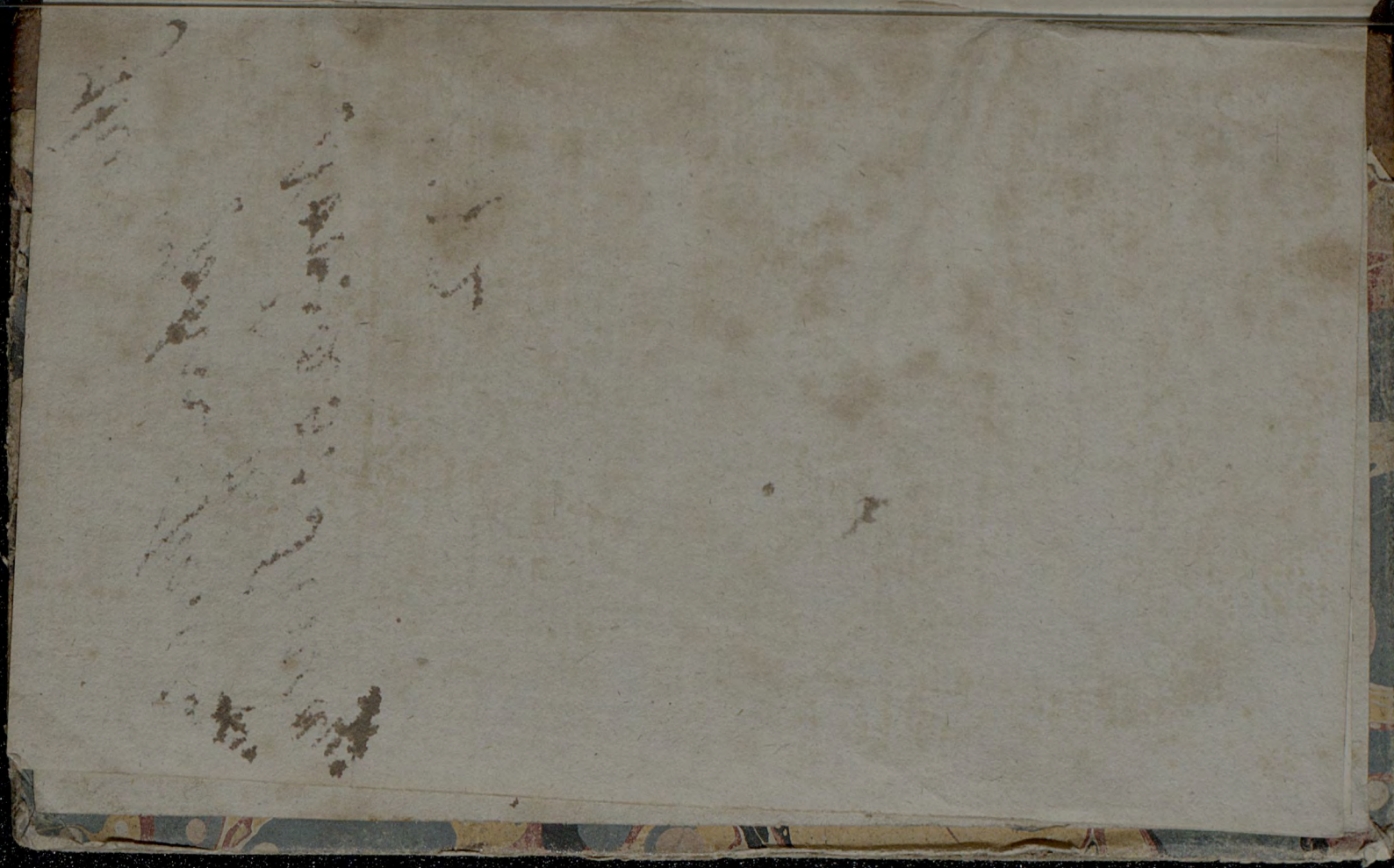
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Johannes Pentonius.
Unius
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Jho
John Kenton
Nov. 25th Sunday
1792 John Kenton

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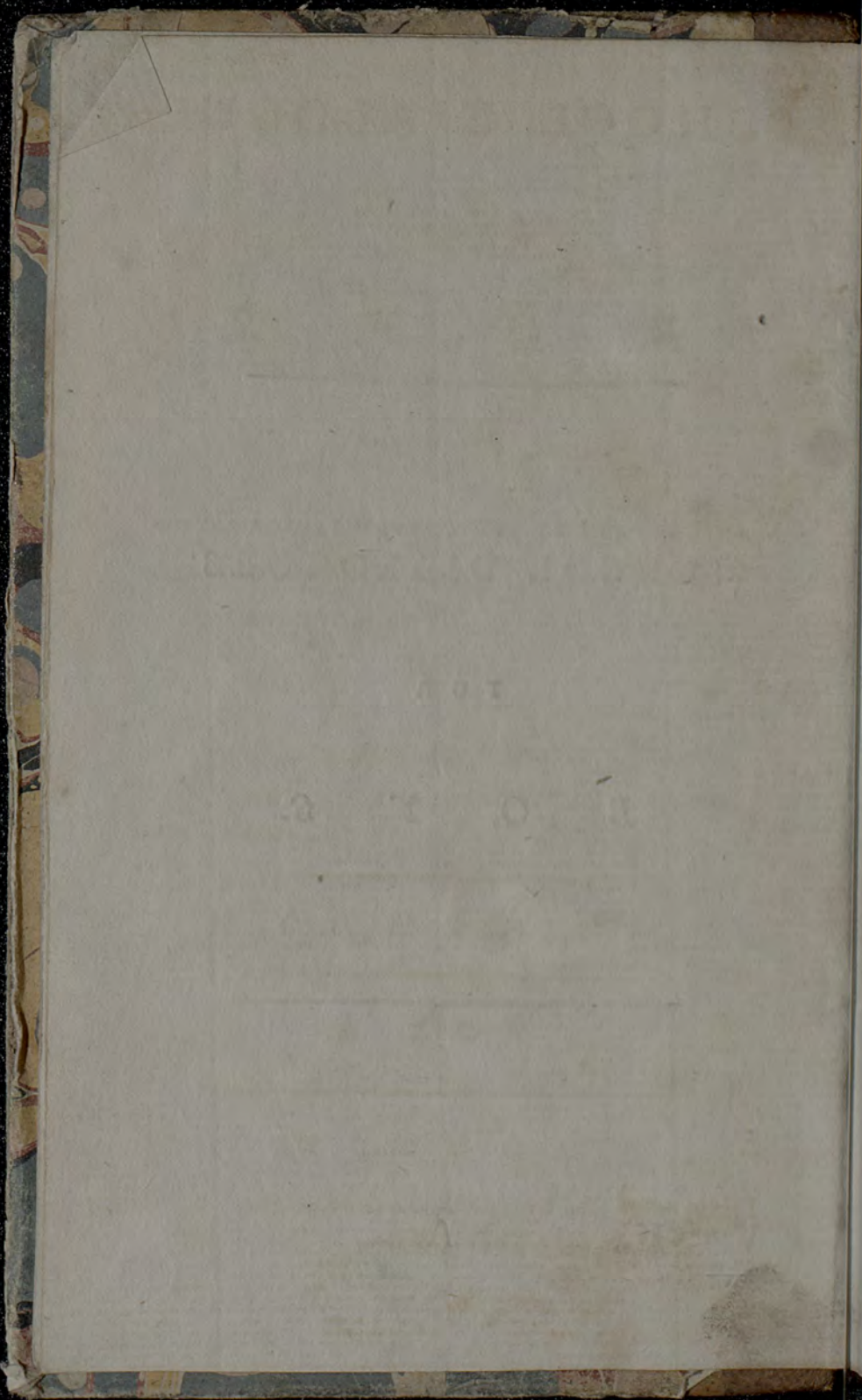
SCHOOL DIALOGUES

FOR

B O R S.

VOL. II.

A



SCHOOL DIALOGUES

FOR

B O Y S.

BEING

AN ATTEMPT TO CONVEY INSTRUCTION
INSENSIBLY TO THEIR TENDER MINDS,
AND INSTILL THE LOVE OF
VIRTUE.

"Thus the sick Infant's Taste disguis'd to meet

"We tinge the Vessel's Brim with Juices sweet."

HOOLE'S TASSO.

By a L A D Y.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

Printed and sold by JOHN MARSHALL and Co. No. 4,
Aldermary Church Yard, in Bow Lane.

SCHOOL DIALOGUES.

BOOK 1.

BEING
AN ATTEMPT TO CLARIFY INSTRUCTION
IN ENGLISH TO THEIR PUPILS,
AND IMPART THE LOVE OF
LEARNING.

BY
J. A. B. N.

LONDON.

VOL. II.

LONDON.

Printed and Published by J. A. B. N. at the
Printing Office, in the Strand.

SCHOOL DIALOGUES

FOR

B O Y S.

DIALOGUE XVII.

The PLEASURE GROUND.

A TERRACE in a Nobleman's Ground.

*All the boys of the school are seen walking, playing,
or sitting upon various seats.*

GENTLE, SPRIGHTLY, HAUGHTY,
WILFUL, MEEK, FRIENDLY, TAUNT,
SPITEFUL, SENSIBLE, FLIPPANT, SLY,
PERT, EASY, Mr. TAPE a stranger, are the
speakers.

Mr. TAPE.

Y O U never saw these gardens?

SPRIGHTLY.

Never.

A 3

SUBTLE.

6 SCHOOL DIALOGUES for Boys.

Mr. TAPE.

How do you like them?

SPRIGHTLY.

They are charming.

GENTLE.

It is very obliging of Lord *Glare* to permit us to walk in his grounds.

Mr. TAPE.

His lordship is absent now. Mrs. *Spicer* gives leave.

SPRIGHTLY.

I suppose we are not permitted to go into the green-house.

Mr. TAPE.

No: but I can procure leave for a friend or two. I will introduce you to Mr. *Lemon* the gardener.

SPRIGHTLY.

I thank you; it will give me great pleasure.

Mr. TAPE.

I will go and speak to Mr. *Lemon*; and when I have his permission, return to summon you.

[*He goes away.*]

HAUGHTY.

HAUGHTY.

Do you know that lad?

SPRIGHTLY.

No; do you?

HAUGHTY.

I am not acquainted with him; but I chance to know his name.

SPRIGHTLY.

Pray tell me before he returns.

HAUGHTY.

Tape; — he is a fine acquaintance truly!

SPRIGHTLY.

What is your objection to him?

GENTLE.

Tell us quickly.

HAUGHTY.

He is the son of a haberdasher in *Cheapside*; and comes to visit the housekeeper.

SPRIGHTLY.

Is that all?

GENTLE.

He is very civil.

SPRIGHTLY.

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SPRIGHTLY.

He is *more* than merely civil; — he is *well-bred*, and obliging to us as strangers; — I am sure he has had a good education.

HAUGHTY.

He is designed for college; but I thought it right to apprize you who —

SPRIGHTLY.

Pray never trouble yourself to tell me the pedigree of any person who behaves well. I shall think no one the less agreeable for the want of high birth.

HAUGHTY.

His *birth* is not amiss; — but the estate was deeply mortgaged; and the family feat out of repair; so his father sold them, and entered into business. — Pitiful fellow!

GENTLE.

Nay, now *Haughty*, you are *cruel* as well as *proud*.

SPRIGHTLY.

Mr. *Tape* was certainly commendable; and those who *despise* him are *mean*.

MEEK.

MEEK.

Wilful, pray do not pluck any thing.

WILFUL.

I shall do as I like.

MEEK.

Let me persuade you not.

WILFUL.

These gooseberries will not be missed; or if they should, it will be supposed that the birds got them.

FRIENDLY.

Fie! you ought never to do ill—though you were sure not to be discovered.

WILFUL.

If it be not *known* I can not be *punished*.

CAREFUL.

If you pilfer the fruit, we shall not be suffered to come again; and you will be whipped.

WILFUL.

I will give you all some, if you will not tell of me.

FRIENDLY.

We are not so mean as to take bribes.

TAUNT.

10 SCHOOL DIALOGUES for BOYS.

TAUNT.

You know, *Wilful*, you would climb an apple-tree, and steal the fruit, before you came to school; — an unmanageable brat!

WILFUL.

Who told you that?

TAUNT.

The servant who came with you; he said he was glad to get rid of you.

WILFUL.

A cross creature!

TAUNT.

He told us you were so spoiled; that even your mamma could not bear you any longer at home.

SPITEFUL.

I know whom you are talking of; — a disagreeable boy!

FLIPPANT.

Did you ever see such a boy as *Wilful*?

PERT.

Yes, his brother, who is at home.

SPITEFUL.

SPITEFUL.

The fruit-garden at home was forced to be kept locked; else they would help themselves.

PERT.

This young gentleman was found climbing over the wall one day.

SENSIBLE.

The *command* of a *parent* should keep a child in bounds; not *walls* and *bars*.

CAREFUL.

Sensible! tell us Mrs. *Steady's* remark upon chimney-irons.

SENSIBLE.

Mrs. *Wilful* asked Mrs. *Steady*, what sort of irons she had to prevent the children from being burnt?

PERT.

Her answer?

SENSIBLE.

“In the nursery, where there are infants who
“can but just walk alone, an iron is necessary;
“and there I have such an one as yours;—but
“in the other rooms, where older children only
“go.”

“ go.” — “ Aye, there (interrupted Mrs. *Wilful*)
 “ is the difficulty; I can not get one which
 “ will secure them; they climb, they creep,
 “ they squeeze between the bars.” — “ Excuse
 “ me, (replied Mrs. *Steady*) if you do not teach
 “ your children *obedience*, no *bars* can secure
 “ them. I make it a rule that the children
 “ shall never step upon the hearth. — As long as
 “ they adhere to that restriction, we need no
 “ smith to make irons.”

TAUNT.

All the servants hate such *spoiled children*.

PERT.

They are disagreeable to every body.

TAUNT.

How unhappy such *spoiled children* are when
 they come to school!

WILFUL. [*Crying.*]

I never was happy at home.

SENSIBLE.

It is cruel to tease him; — *Wilful*, you will
 never be happy, till you have learned to be
 content to obey those who are your superiors.

WILFUL.

WILFUL.

I like to have my own will; I can but be whipped.

SENSIBLE.

You do not talk like a rational being.

TAUNT.

A little of the afs!

SPITEFUL.

You affront the asses by the comparifon.

WILFUL. [*Crying.*]

I won't be called an afs.

EASY [*Running up.*]

What is the matter?

WILFUL. [*Sobbing.*]

I did as I pleased at home—and I will *be*—
be— be— do as I please here.

EASY.

You had better be content, and do as you ought.

WILFUL.

I do not want your advice.

EASY.

I will not trouble you with much of it; yet

14 SCHOOL DIALOGUES *for* BOYS.

let me assure you that I am always happy, because I am willing to comply with the rules of the school, and the wishes of my companions.

W I L F U L.

I wish you would let me alone.

E A S Y.

Most willingly. — Your servant.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XVIII.

The SLIGHT FRACAS.

Mildmay's Closet.

SPRIGHTLY *and* MILD MAY engaged in
conversation.

SPRIGHTLY *exclaims with vivacity,*

BLESS me! did you not know *that!*——I
knew that at four years old.

MILD MAY, [*Shedding tears.*]

If I had enjoyed the advantages which you
have done, I should have known more than
I do.

SPRIGHTLY.

What is the matter?

Bz

MILDMAY.

MILD MAY.

I did not think you would insult me for ignorance which I could not avoid.

SPRIGHTLY.

I never meant to insult you,

MILD MAY.

Had I neglected instruction, it would be less unjust to reproach me;—but—

SPRIGHTLY.

My dear *Mildmay*! I beg your pardon for my quickness in speaking.

MILD MAY.

It would have been more worthy of *Will Sprightly* to instruct his friend, than to reproach him for want of information.

SPRIGHTLY.

Pray say no more; but give me your hand. I hope you forgive me; indeed I will not speak so briskly again.

MILD MAY.

And I will forget that you did *now*.

SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

Would you condescend to learn any thing of a younger boy?

MILDMAY.

Very gladly; else I should deserve to be ignorant.

SPRIGHTLY.

How did it happen, that you are not so well informed as you could wish?

MILDMAY.

My mamma died when I was but three years old; my papa went abroad; and I was left to the care of my grandmother.

SPRIGHTLY.

Could she not instruct you?

MILDMAY.

She was a very good woman; she took great care of my morals; taught me to be very strict in my adherence to truth; to be perfectly obliging to my superiors; and obedient to all.

SPRIGHTLY.

In *that* you made a good progress, I am sure.

18 SCHOOL DIALOGUES *for* BOYS.

MILDMAY.

But I came to school backward in my learning; and I am not very quick.

SPRIGHTLY.

You are too modest.

MILDMAY.

Not so—I am really slow; but I make my want of aptness a reason for exerting double diligence.

SPRIGHTLY.

You are wise.

MILDMAY.

My good grandmamma took great pains to make me think justly; and if I judge rightly upon any occasion, I think with gratitude upon her kind attention to me.

SPRIGHTLY.

What books have you?

MILDMAY.

Very few; none I suppose that are new to you.

SPRIGHTLY.

Have you any thing written?—are you fond of copying?

MILDMAY.

MILD MAY.

I love writing; but I make it a rule not to write hastily.

SPRIGHTLY.

I wish I were as prudent; I injure my handwriting.

MILD MAY.

Here is my book.

SPRIGHTLY.

Bless me; how neat! and every page well-written: not a blot to be seen.

MILD MAY.

I write a little every day as well as I can.

SPRIGHTLY.

What is this?—"A true Tale,—to be added
"to Gay's Fables."

MILD MAY.

It is supposed to be written by Dr. Parnel—
it is worth reading. Read aloud.

[Sprightly reads.

A TRUE TALE:

To be added to Mr. GAY's Fables.

(Supposed to be written by Dr. PARNELL.)

- “ A MOTHER who vast pleasure finds,
“ In modelling her children's minds;
“ In midst of whom with great delight,
“ She passes many a winter night;
“ Mingles in every play to find
“ What bias nature gave the mind,
“ Resolving thence to take her aim
“ To guide them to the realms of fame,
“ And wisely make those realms the way
“ To regions of eternal day;
“ Each boist'rous passion to controul,
“ And early humanize the soul,
“ In simple tales beside the fire,
“ The noblest notions would inspire.
“ Her offspring, conscious of her care,
“ Transported hung around her chair.
“ Of Scripture heroes she would tell,
“ Whose names they'd lisp ere they could spell.

- “ Then the delighted mother smiles,
 “ And shews the story on the tiles.
 “ At other times her themes would be,
 “ The sages of antiquity,
 “ Who left a deathless name behind
 “ By being blessings to their kind.
 “ Studious to let her children know
 “ The various turns of things below;
 “ How Virtue here was oft distress’d,
 “ To shine more glorious with the blest.
 “ Told *Tully’s* and the *Gracchi’s* doom,
 “ The patriots and the pride of *Rome*;
 “ Then blest the *Drapier’s* happier fate,
 “ Who sav’d, and lives to guard the state.
 “ Again she takes another scope,
 “ And talks of *Addison* and *Pope*:
 “ *Steele’s* comedies gave great delight,
 “ And entertain’d them many a night.
 “ *Congreve* could no admittance find,
 “ Forbid as poison to the mind:
 “ That author’s wit and sense says she,
 “ But heighten’d his impiety.
 “ This

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" This happy mother met one day;
 " A book of Fables writ by Gay;
 " And told her children, here's a treasure,
 " A fund of wisdom and of pleasure!
 " Such morals, and so finely writ!
 " Such decency, good sense, and wit;
 " Well has the poet found the art,
 " To raise the mind and mend the heart.
 " Her fav'rite son the author seiz'd,
 " And as he read seem'd highly pleas'd:
 " Made such reflections on each page
 " The mother thought above his age:
 " Delighted read, but scarce was able
 " To finish the concluding fable.*
 " What ails my child? the mother cries;
 " Whose sorrows now have fill'd your eyes?
 " O, dear mamma, can he want friends
 " Who writes for such exalted ends?
 " O base, degenerate human kind!
 " Had I a fortune to my mind,
 " Should

* The fable of the *Hare and many Friends*; in which GAY describes his own situation — deserted by those from whom he hoped for assistance.

“ Should *Gay* complain? but now, alas!

“ Thro’ what a world am I to pass!

“ Where friendship is an empty name,

“ And merit scarcely paid in fame.

“ Resolv’d to lull his woes to rest,

“ She tells him he should hope the best:

“ This has been yet his case, I own,

“ But now *Augustus* fills the throne.

“ Content that tender heart of thine,

“ He’ll be the care of *Caroline*;

“ Who thus instructs the royal race,

“ Can’t fail of some distinguish’d place.

“ Mamma, if you were Queen, says he,

“ And such a book were writ for me,

“ I find ’tis so much to your taste,

“ That *Gay* would keep his coach at least.

“ My child, what you suppose is true,

“ I see its excellence in you.

“ Poets who write to mend the mind,

“ A royal recompence should find:

“ But I am barr’d by fortune’s frowns,

“ From the best privilege of crowns,

“ The glorious godlike pow’r to bless,

“ And raise up merit in distress —

“ But

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“ But dear mamma, I long to know,
“ Were you the Queen, what you’d bestow?
“ What I’d bestow? says she, my dear,
“ At least a thousand pounds a year.

SPRIGHTLY.

Dr. *Parnell* had met with such a mother as my mamma is—I think I see her sitting at the table with *Hatley* upon her knee, *Susan* standing by her side, my dear brother *Bartle* and myself—O me! [He bursts into tears.

MILDMAY.

What is the matter?

SPRIGHTLY.

If this were *real*, how happy should I be!

MILDMAY.

My dear *Sprightly*!

SPRIGHTLY.

You can not imagine how heavy my heart feels. — We are the happiest family in the world. My elder brothers are all condescension and indulgence; the younger children are all compliance and gentleness.

MILDMAY.

MILD MAY.

Do not indulge your tears.

SPRIGHTLY.

You left no papa, no mamma, when you came.

MILD MAY.

Nay, now I must assume the preacher—*Why* did you leave your parents?—*why*, but because it was proper for you to be placed at school?

SPRIGHTLY.

Heigh-ho!

MILD MAY.

You never neglected to obey and please them.

SPRIGHTLY.

No; I thank God, I never did.

MILD MAY.

Then enjoy your happiness; reflect what a comfort it is to have such excellent parents to rejoice in your improvement!

SPRIGHTLY.

I do often reflect on the blessing.

MILD MAY.

I sometimes fit and consider—what would my

dear grandmamma with me to do upon such an occasion? What would she advise me to say?

SPRIGHTLY.

And you feel great satisfaction in the consciousness of acting agreeably to her pleasure.

MILDMAY.

Thus you may seem to be with your mamma, though she be distant. Thus you should shew your affection.

SPRIGHTLY.

[Running to Mildmay, embraces him.]

O! Mildmay, teach me true wisdom. — Why did I exult in a little smatter of knowledge? why did I seem to insult your inferiority in trifles? — teach me, O! teach me.

MILDMAY.

You have better instructors.

SPRIGHTLY.

How is it that you judge so well upon all occasions?

MILDMAY.

I have told you that I suppose my dear grandmamma at my elbow; I think I hear her whisper,

“ Study

“ Study your lesson carefully.—Write correctly.—

“ Be not peevish.— Comfort your school-fel-

“ lows.— Oblige your friends.”

SPRIGHTLY.

You consider too what joy your papa would feel to find you amiable and accomplished at his return.

MILDMAY.

That I do often. I remember when my papa was just gone abroad, my poor grandmamma would place me upon her knee, kiss me, and say,—“ My dear child! how much you remind me of your papa;—O! may you be like him in temper!”—Then she told me how compliant and good he was when a child.

SPRIGHTLY.

Do you remember your papa?

MILDMAY.

I sometimes fancy that I do.

SPRIGHTLY.

Have you any picture of him?

MILDMAY.

There is a full length of him, and another

28 SCHOOL DIALOGUES for BOYS.

of my mother; my grandmamma often carried me to them; often told me how worthy they were; and what care they would have taken of me.

SPRIGHTLY.

One of my ancestors (I think it was my great great grandfather) wrote a book of advice* to his son; it is dated above one hundred years back; and written in so affectionate a stile, that you would be charmed.—We all copy it.

MILDMAY.

I long to see it.

SPRIGHTLY.

We have another written by the widow of the same person for her † son; full of good advice
and

* It was written by *James Reynolds, Esq.* of *Bumpstead Helion*, in *Essex*, for the instruction of his son, *Robert Reynolds, Esq.* and is dated the first of *June*, 1683.

† This book, dated in 1690, was written by the second wife of *James Reynolds, Esq.* for their only son, *James*, who, by following the good and prudent advice of his parents,
and

and exhortations to follow the example of his deceased parent, whose conduct she describes; and relating anecdotes of the family.

MILDMAY.

How engaging!

SPRIGHTLY.

Even trifles are interesting to the descendants; but I will relate one circumstance which affects me very much.—In the course of the narrative

C 3

the

and by his own diligence and application, became an honor to his family, and an ornament to his country.

He was born in 1686; educated for the law; appointed a judge in 1724, and in 1730 succeeded Sir *Thomas Pengelly*, as Lord Chief Baron of the *Exchequer*, which high office he executed till the 7th of *July*, 1738; when his memory, (worn out by a too great and constant application to study, and the duties of his profession) failing him, he was requested to resign. He survived his resignation only till the 9th of *February* following, when he died, having just completed his fifty-third year, and was buried in the south aisle of *Saint James's* church, in *Bury Saint Edmund's*, in *Suffolk*. Where a large and expensive, though inelegant monument, is erected to his memory.

He

30 SCHOOL DIALOGUES *for* BOYS.

the good old lady relates that her dear husband, in his childhood, was sent daily two miles on foot to school.

MILD MAY.

Poor fellow!

SPRIGHTLY.

He was a polite scholar; a good lawyer; and remarkable for the pleasantry and cheerfulness of his conversation.

The following prayer was composed by his Lordship for his own private use.

CIRCUIT PRAYER.

O God! the father of wisdom, and fountain of knowledge, grant unto me thine unworthy servant, that measure of understanding and discernment, that spirit of justice, and that portion of courage, which may both enable and dispose me to judge and determine those weighty affairs which may this day fall under my consideration, without error or perplexity; without fear or affection; without prejudice or passion; without vanity or ostentation: but in a manner agreeable to the obligation of my oath; and the duty and dignity of that station to which Thou, in thy good providence, hast been pleased to advance me; and this I beg for *Jesus Christ* his sake.

Amen.

SPRIGHTLY.

The country was so dirty that it was the most expeditious method of travelling. However, it is said that his father was very severe; and that the hardships which he endured in his youth, made all the rest of his life happier to himself.

MILDMAY.

What progress did he make in his learning?

SPRIGHTLY.

I will answer you in the words of the good old lady; for those words I have by heart; and there seems to be something venerable in the ancient language.

“ He was willing to learn, but when he
 “ was ~~little~~ he found it somewhat hard; and
 “ said, that when he was old, it was a great
 “ pleasure to him to see a tree in *Holbrook*
 “ wood; that as he came by, when he could
 “ not attain his lesson, he would kneel down,
 “ and pray to God to give him wisdom; and
 “ he was answered, for at thirteen years”—

Then he goes on to describe his attainments.

MILDMAY.

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MILD MAY.

I wish I could see the prayer which he offered ; it would suit me.

SPRIGHTLY.

There is no copy of that.*

We

* A descendant having expressed the same wish as *Mildmay* here does ; a friend wrote a prayer, which she thought might suit the occasion, and placed it in his way. The sweet boy exclaimed with emotion, " Here is a copy of my ancestor's prayer ! " — As it was designed to cherish worthy impressions, can it be deemed impertinent to add the copy ?

The CHILD'S PRAYER *for* WISDOM.

O God ! Who givest us every blessing which we possess ; and Who wast pleased to express Thy approbation at the choice of *Salomon*, who asked wisdom of Thee ; enable me, I beseech Thee, to receive and retain such instructions as are offered to me ; so that I may, as I grow in years, increase in understanding. Grant, O Lord. that I may prove a comfort to my parents ; and shew a gratitude for their affectionate attention to me, by a ready and cheerful obedience to their commands ; and when Thou art pleased to take me from this

MILDMAY.

We think that we should always remember the precepts of a parent or forefather thus transmitted to us; but are we not sure that all good people are anxious that their posterity should be virtuous, whether they leave injunctions in writing or not?

SPRIGHTLY.

We are;—yet a paper left to posterity makes great impression.—One of the letters says,

“ I have a conceit, that if my father or
 “ grandfather had left me such a thing as
 “ this is, it would have sunk deeper with me
 “ after their deaths than all *Seneca's* morals.
 “ And I pray you to leave something to your
 “ son, and he to his, &c. that our posterity
 “ may know that their forefathers desire above
 “ all things that their children's children should
 “ serve God, and love one another” —

But I shall tire you.

MILDMAY.

world, do Thou receive me to everlasting happiness, with them,
 in Thy heavenly kingdom; for the sake of *Jesus Christ*.

Amen,

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MILDMAY.

Believe me you will not; I wish to see the whole.

SPRIGHTLY.

Then come with me.

[*They go out.*]

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XIX.

The EXCURSION.

A CLIFF NEAR THE SEA.

Mr. BROWN. Mr. CLARK. GENTLE,
SPRIGHTLY.

Mr. CLARK.

I WILL venture to take *Sprightly*, because I
know he will submit to our directions.

Mr. BROWN.

I am sure *Gentle* will.

SPRIGHTLY.

Is it dangerous to pass?

Mr. CLARK.

Not to those who are accustomed to the path.
Follow me.

Mr.

36 SCHOOL DIALOGUES for BOYS.

Mr. BROWN.

Gentle!

GENTLE.

Shall I take your hand?

Mr. BROWN.

It is not often wide enough; but tread in my steps where it is narrow.

SPRIGHTLY.

I think I shall fall.

Mr. CLARK.

Courage! courage! and there is no danger.

Mr. BROWN.

Keep your eye upon me, *Gentle*.

[They disappear. After some time they all return.]

SPRIGHTLY.

I am glad we are safely returned; — and I thank you, Sir, for your care of me.

GENTLE.

And I thank you, Sir.

SPRIGHTLY.

The prospect was delightful from the summit of the cliff.

GENTLE.

GENTLE.

Charming! but I should not have liked to be left there.

SPRIGHTLY.

We could never have returned alone.

GENTLE.

We could not have assisted each other.

SPRIGHTLY.

It was all we could do to follow in safety.

GENTLE.

Sensible is much such a guide to us, as Mr. Clark and Mr. Brown have just now been.

SPRIGHTLY.

So he is. — “Shun such a path; — follow
“that; — turn to the right.”

Mr. CLARK.

Who is this, *Sensible*?

SPRIGHTLY.

A young gentleman who is almost grown up;
he lives at Mr. *Aweful's*.

Mr. BROWN.

Gentle mentioned him to me as we fate upon

the cliff; he is the guide and deputy father of these little friends.

MR. CLARK.

If you be as careful to follow *his* directions, as you were to follow *mine*, he will conduct you safely through life.

SPRIGHTLY.

He is so good to us, that it is a pleasure to be directed by him.

GENTLE.

Whoever gives us good advice does us a kindness.

SPRIGHTLY.

It is true -- but *Sensible* is so obliging in the manner of advising.

MR. CLARK.

Who is his favorite?

SPRIGHTLY.

I never thought of such a thing.

GENTLE.

Nor I; he is very kind to us both; he loves both; each would be sorry to see himself preferred to his friend.

GENTLE.

SPRIGHTLY.

Excuse me, Sir; you ought not to have asked such a question.

GENTLE.

[Runs to Sprightly, and embracing him, says,

Dear *Sprightly*! I would not have him love me better than he did you.

SPRIGHTLY.

Nor would I be preferred to you.

Mr. CLARK.

Good boys! I only meant to try you.

Mr. BROWN.

Amiable children! love each other, and be good; love each other, and be happy.

DIALOGUE XX.

The HAPPY MOTHER.

A PARLOUR at Mr. AWFUL's.

*Mrs. SPRIGHTLY upon a Visit. Mr.
WISEMAN, and SENSIBLE.*

Mr. WISEMAN.

IF all the boys were like your son, Madam,
it would be a pleasure to attend.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

I wish not to hear *flattery*, but *truth*. Is he
docile?

Mr. WISEMAN.

Perfectly so.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

I know he is apt, and has a good memory;
but is he diligent and attentive?

Mr.

Mr. WISEMAN.

I have never had occasion of complaint: how he is disposed *Sensible* can best tell, since he prepares him for me.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY. [*To Sensible.*]

I hear much of your kindness to my boy.

SENSIBLE.

He is an amiable child, Madam; I have a great affection for him.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY

You make me happy; but tell me truly, does he apply carefully?

SENSIBLE.

He is fond of his lessons.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

And not soon discouraged at a little difficulty?—

[*Sensible smiles and makes no reply.*]

There is confession in your looks; I perceive that he is.

SENSIBLE.

I endeavour to cure him of that disposition; and I hope that he will correct it.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

You will pardon the anxious enquiries of a mother—is he not sometimes inclined to conceit?

SENSIBLE.

He is soon elated by commendation.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

And as soon depressed when he apprehends displeasure.

SENSIBLE.

He is: it is difficult to keep his spirits exactly at the proper pitch; in his *temper* he is always right; ever desirous to do well; ever anxious to please.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY,

[Shedding tears of joy, says to Sensible,

I find he is the same engaging child as he was at home—to your attention I owe much. *[To Mr. Wiseman.]* You, Sir, can not so assiduously cultivate the dispositions of your pupils.

Mr. WISEMAN.

I could not, Madam, even if I were as intimately acquainted with them.

Mrs.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

Of the progress which my little boy makes in his learning, it is Mr. *Sprightly's* province to enquire; his temper and morals are more immediately my department, and they interest me exceedingly.

Mr. WISEMAN.

As far as my opportunities of observation can enable me to judge, *Sprightly* is such as a fond mother would wish.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

Artless and honest.

Mr. WISEMAN.

Perfectly.

SENSIBLE.

It is a very amiable part of his character.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

There is no greater security for good behaviour; nor any quality which I should more regret the loss of; he *was* remarkable for openness of temper.

Mr.

Mr. WISEMAN.

So he remains — I will give you an instance — trifles serve to shew characters.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

To a parent nothing is a trifle.

Mr. WISEMAN.

Sprightly had been deficient in a *Latin* verb, I desired him to perfect himself; he sat down, studied diligently, and returned to repeat it — I heard him through, and, returning the book, said, “*Very well!*” — He blushed, and said, “Sir, I hope you will not be displeased with “a boy who sat near me, (he meant it kindly,) “I must confess that I heard a voice whisper to “me, where I was before at a loss.” I asked, “Should you not have known?” “I believe “not, Sir; and if you please, I will study “it again.”

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

Himself! Sweet child!

SENSIBLE.

Those difficulties rarely occur; he learns readily whatever he *thinks* that he can learn.

Mrs.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

But is apt to be discouraged?

SENSIBLE.

That will soon go off.

[*Enter Mr. Sprightly leading his little boy, who quits his hand and runs to Mrs. Sprightly.*]

SPRIGHTLY.

Mamma, we have taken a long walk.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

I hope it has been an agreeable one.

Mr. SPRIGHTLY.

I examined his progress, and am well satisfied.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

I have been enquiring respecting his conduct. These gentlemen give our son a good character.

Mr. SPRIGHTLY.

You mentioned a little friend whom you had a wish to take home—Mr. *Aweful* gives leave.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

What his name?

SPRIGHTLY.

Gentle. We love each other like brothers.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

Tell him to prepare himself.

SPRIGHTLY.

I'll go now, mamma. [*He goes out.*]

Mr. SPRIGHTLY,

Mr. *Wiseman*, I am pleased to hear my boy speak with satisfaction of his lessons; it is a good sign.

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

My dear, my heart overflows with joy at the account of *William's* conduct; and with thankfulness to these gentlemen — Mr. *Sensible* is like an elder brother to him.

Mr. SPRIGHTLY.

My dear Sir! I can not say how much you oblige me — when you are a *father* you will know what my heart feels.

SENSIBLE.

Sir, it is a pleasure to guide so amiable a boy.

Mr. SPRIGHTLY.

Is he not rather indolent?

SENSIBLE.

Perhaps, were he to indulge himself, he would sometimes linger in bed; and be tedious in dressing

dressiug; but his sweet disposition makes him correct every propensity to ill.

Mr. SPRIGHTLY.

How does he pass his leisure hours?

SENSIBLE.

In innocent play, or in reading such books as I recommend to him; he works in his garden too.

Mr. SPRIGHTLY.

A propos; that reminds me of a promise. I am to carry you to look at his garden: Will you come?

Mrs. SPRIGHTLY.

Certainly.

[They go out,

DIALOGUE XXI.

RATIONAL EMPLOYMENT.

A PARLOUR.

*Miss SPRIGHTLY sits at Work by a Table,
upon which lies Barlow's Æsop — GENTLE
and SPRIGHTLY are turning it over.*

GENTLE.

I WISH we understood *Latin* perfectly well.

SPRIGHTLY.

My elder brothers could construe the fables —
or my sister can translate from the *French*, and
satisfy our curiosity.

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

[*Laying down her work, she looks over them, saying,*]

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS — there is a
manuscript

manuscript at the end, which I will shew you
— *there* — it was written by a friend, to suit
the print.

SPRIGHTLY. [*Reads.*]

F A B L E.

“ An old man had three sons, who used
“ to quarrel often; which made him very un-
“ happy.

“ One day he called them to him, “ Here
“ is a bundle of twigs, break them.”

“ The eldest son tried; then the second;
“ last of all the youngest strove, but they all
“ attempted it in vain.

“ The old man then took the bundle again
“ into his hand, and thus addressed his sons:

“ Your frequent quarrels distress me; a fa-
“ mily which is divided by disputes can never
“ thrive. Brothers should be the dearest friends;
“ they were born to assist and comfort each
“ other.

“ Let this bundle of twigs teach you the be-
“ nefit of unanimity; — you see its strength

“ whilst the band remains; — loose the band,
“ and then try.”

“ No sooner were the twigs separated, than
“ the young men began to snap them as fast
“ as possible.

“ The father then repeated,

“ Let that bundle of twigs be a lesson to
“ you, my sons. So long as you are united
“ by the bond of brotherly affection, you will
“ derive mutual security from your alliance; but
“ if you be divided by dissention, you may all
“ be ruined with ease.”

“ The mother who stood looking out at the
“ door, called to them,

“ O, my children! if you love your father
“ who provides for, or your mother who
“ nursed you, live in a friendly manner toge-
“ ther; so will the sight of your happiness cheer
“ the heart of your parents; and He who placed
“ you here will bless you.”

GENTLE.

Now we will look again at the print.

SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

How ferious the countenance of the father is.

GENTLE.

It is rather stern!

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

His countenance denotes him earnest and anxious for the welfare of his sons.

GENTLE.

I am thinking that a mother would look more pleasantly than the woman does.

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

Consider — she is not surveying her sons, with the satisfaction which a tender parent feels, when a set of affectionate children are assembled; she is not looking around her like my sweet mamma.

GENTLE.

It is true — I was wrong in my remark.

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

Her face expresses great solicitude; it seems to say, “Alas! when we are in our grave our
“sons my be miserable; miserable from their
“own fault.”

SPRIGHTLY.

Probably she may be supposed to reflect upon her own neglect or mismanagement of her sons in their youth.

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

Brother — you remember Mrs. *Doat*, when the babe was coming home from nurse?

SPRIGHTLY.

I was not there.

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

She said to the eldest boy, “ Now your brother is coming home; and if you be not very good, I shall love him best.”

SPRIGHTLY.

How contrary to my mamma’s management!

GENTLE.

Mrs. *Giddy* says to *Jack*, “ If you do not take care, *Tommy* will get before you;” and the nursery maid calls to him, “ If you do so, I shall not love you so well as I shall master *Tommy*.”

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

She must be a weak woman, or very inconsiderate.

SPRIGHTLY.

Few children have such parents as we have —
if we were not affectionate to each other, we
should be doubly faulty.

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

I will shew you a picture of my mamma.

[*Reads.*

“ See a fond mother, encircled by her chil-
“ dren ; with pious tenderness she looks around,
“ and her soul even melts with maternal love.

“ One she kisses on the forehead, and claps
“ another to her bosom.

“ One she sets upon her knee, and finds a
“ seat upon her foot for another.

“ And, while, by their actions, their lisping
“ words, and asking eyes, she understands their va-
“ rious numberless little wishes ; to these she dis-
“ penses a look ; a word to those ; and, whether
“ she smiles or frowns, it is all in tender love.”

The rest is very serious ; shall I proceed ?

SPRIGHTLY.

Pray do : I can be serious.

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

Doubtless: yet I would not enter upon such a subject, till I had apprised you. [*Reads.*

“ *Such*, to us, though infinitely high and
“ and awful, is *Providence*.

“ So it watches over us; comforting these;
“ providing for those; listening to all; assisting
“ every one.

“ And, if sometimes it denies the favor we
“ implore, it denies but to invite our more
“ earnest prayers; or seeming to deny a blessing,
“ sing, grants one in the refusal.”

SPRIGHTLY.

I thank you: where did you meet with this?

Miss SPRIGHTLY.

My aunt gave it to me. I think she said that *Richardson* was the author, in whose works she met with it.

DIALOGUE XXII.

The TIMID CRIMINAL.

SAGE's CHAMBER.

SAGE. FRANKLING.

SAGE.

I AM very sorry that you have been so drawn in.

FRANKLING.

I am ashamed to *own* that I was.

SAGE.

Rather say ashamed that you *were*; the voluntary avowal does you credit.

FRANKLING.

I am requested to confess for a friend.

SAGE.

Meek, I suppose.

FRANKLING.

FRANKLING.

Did you know?

SAGE.

No: I only guessed who it was. He has neither resolution to keep clear of faults, nor courage to own them.

FRANKLING.

He is much concerned.

SAGE.

That he always is. When he has done ill, he suffers ample punishment in his own feelings.

FRANKLING.

May I assure him of your pardon?

SAGE.

Let him come.

FRANKLING.

He dares not see you.

SAGE.

If he were as cautious to avoid a fault, as he is distressed when he has committed one, he would rarely offend.

FRANKLING.

You forgive him, I hope.

SAGE.

SAGE.

I must talk with him.

FRANKLING.

He was very unwilling to go. Unable to withstand the intreaties of some, and the raillery of others; he was almost forced away.

SAGE.

Was he *forced* to drink?

FRANKLING.

I believe he would rather have been excused after the first glass; he is not fond of liquor.

SAGE.

I believe he is not.

FRANKLING.

I trust that he will never repeat the fault.

SAGE.

I feel no such confidence.

FRANKLING.

You can not imagine how great his concern is.

SAGE.

Yes — I have often been witness to equal remorse in him.

FRANKLING.

FRANKLING.

Poor fellow! how hard is it, that he has incurred the displeasure of his best friend! and he really enjoyed no pleasure in the scheme! — I will be his surety in future.

SAGE.

You are rash.

FRANKLING.

I see his sufferings from compunction; I know how averse he was from engaging.

SAGE.

I love you for your zeal; and pity his sufferings.

FRANKLING.

Then I hope that you receive him into favour; may I tell him? —

SAGE.

Not so.

FRANKLING.

I can positively assert, that he joined the party with reluctance; and entering the tavern was entirely contrary to his inclination.

SAGE.

He is guilty of abundance of faults, merely
from

from want of resolution to withstand the persuasions of those who laugh at him for his weakness in complying with their solicitations.

FRANKLING.

Cruel !

SAGE.

Foolish !

FRANKLING,

You are his guide ; do not forsake him.

SAGE.

Fear not. I love him tenderly.

MEEK. [*Stealing in.*]

O ! forgive me, that I listened — I durst not come in.

SAGE.

I wished to give you my advice once more.

MEEK.

How good you are ! I am not afraid to promise never to offend in this way again — I never loved liquor.

SAGE.

The going out was a great fault ; it was contrary to the laws of the school.

I

MEEK.

MEEK.

I was very unwilling to go.

SAGE.

Why did you?

MEEK.

The boys told me I was a miser and a coward.

SAGE.

You proved yourself a coward. — Do you remember the reply of *Xenophanes* to those who urged him to venture his money in a game of dice; upbraiding him with being timorous?

MEEK.

No indeed.

SAGE.

Hear then from me — and let it remain in your memory.

“ *I confess I am so timorous, I dare not do an ill thing.*”

Remember those words — if you do not conquer that false modesty, you will go on all your life finning without inclination; and repenting without amendment. — You must exert resolution to do what you *know is right*.

MEEK.

MEEK.

I could have withstood the persuasions; but the boys said I was loath to spend my money.

SAGE.

You ought *not* to spend it in *vice*.

MEEK.

They called me sneaking creature; and said, that I wanted to creep back to school, to betray them, and get myself excused.

SAGE.

Beware of the first and slightest breach of rules; if you had not accompanied them out of bounds, you could not have been so beset.

MEEK.

When I got over the wall, I knew nothing of what they designed.

SAGE.

Nor they probably. He who begins to decline from the right path, slips farther and farther; till he is frightened to find himself on the brink of ruin.

MEEK.

I little thought of being drawn into such faults.

SAGE.

I believe you. Your disposition is good; you wish to act rightly; yet few transgress so frequently.

MEEK.

I am an unhappy creature — when I am engaged in a scheme, I see others merry and happy —

SAGE.

Merry perhaps, but not *happy*; — *he* only is *happy* who acts as he ought — but go on.

MEEK.

I am inwardly lamenting that I shall displease my real friends; so that I have no enjoyment at the time — then I am in a continual fright lest a discovery should be made; — and when I am detected —

SAGE.

You are sincerely sorry — you promise, (and probably you think) that you will do so no more; if you can obtain forgiveness this time, indeed you will offend no more — but alas! your promises —

MEEK.

Dear Mr. *Sage* spare me the rest — I am so sorry, so ashamed —

SAGE.

I am far from delighting to reproach — but I have tried every method without success — now observe — in future I will take no notice of you the day after an offence ; I mean if you confess it to me directly ; else I shall withhold my notice a week.

MEEK.

You forgive me this time ?

SAGE.

I do ; in consideration that you acquainted me directly.

MEEK.

Dear Mr. *Sage* ! I thank you ! — if you ceased to love me, I should be miserable.

SAGE.

Take care !

To *remember the end* is not a sufficient caution for you.

Think of me, and be *firm* in your adherence to what you *know* to be *right*.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

The NEW SCHOLAR.

A ROOM OPENING INTO A GALLERY.

SENSIBLE and SAGE are seen conversing
with Earnestness.

SENSIBLE.

I AM certain that your young friend will
learn nothing amiss of *Sprightly*; are you
confident that he will teach him no harm?

SAGE.

I hope not. Yet you ought to give *Sprightly*
a caution.

SENSIBLE.

What are *Supple's* particular faults?

SAGE.

I do not know.

SENSIBLE.

Then I must observe his conduct before I ven-

ture to introduce him to my little friend; you know how infectious vice is.

SAGE.

I hope that *Supple's* errors have not been such as to deserve the harsh appellation of *vice*.

SENSIBLE.

As you only *hope*, you must allow me to *fear*.

SAGE.

I will enquire farther before I press you to admit him to any degree of intimacy with your charge.

SENSIBLE.

You ought to know his character as he is recommended to your particular guidance.

SAGE.

His parents are pious good people; I know that they instilled good principles before they sent him to school.

SENSIBLE.

You say he is removed hither on account of misconduct.

SAGE.

He is.

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SENSIBLE.

You must not blame me, if I defer the acquaintance with *Sprightly*, till we know the nature of that misconduct.

SAGE.

I hope that *Supple* is not so bad as many boys who are already here. — *Sprightly* is acquainted with several naughty boys, yet *Sprightly* remains good.

SENSIBLE.

As far as common civility requires, he is acquainted with several boys, with whom I should be sorry to see him intimate.

SAGE.

Let him then be a common acquaintance till we see how *Supple* acquits himself.

SENSIBLE.

Agreed. If you will enquire what *Supple's* faults have been; and allow me to acquaint *Sprightly*.

SAGE.

I can not consent to proclaim *Supple's* misconduct; because it would remove one powerful incentive to reformation.

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SENSIBLE.

You mean his hope to establish a good character here?

SAGE.

I do.

SENSIBLE.

Let me then explain myself. I can depend upon *Sprightly's* secrecy; he will not betray the confidence we may place in him.

SAGE.

Then you would merely announce to him the disposition of our new boarder, to put him upon his guard?

SENSIBLE.

That is my design.

SAGE.

I consent to that.

SENSIBLE.

But observe — you must first learn whether he be free from all criminal inclinations; — if he be a liar —

SAGE.

If I find that he has been guilty of crimes,

I would

68 SCHOOL DIALOGUES *for* BOYS.

I would not ask you to allow an intimacy with *Sprightly*.

S E N S I B L E.

A boy may be free from actual *crimes*, yet prove a very dangerous companion.

S A G E.

It is true.

S E N S I B L E.

I will even suppose that *Supple* is merely negligent and inattentive, and might be removed hither solely because he made no improvement where he was.

S A G E.

I wish it may be no worse.

S E N S I B L E.

We will suppose this to be the case; I should shudder to expose *Sprightly* to the contagion.

S A G E.

Sprightly is attentive — his good example might correct the fault of his friend.

S E N S I B L E.

I should rejoice to see it; but I dare not hazard the reverse — it is more probable that
the

the habit of negligence would steal insensibly upon *Sprightly* — *Supple* is an engaging boy, you say?

SAGE.

He appears to be so.

SENSIBLE.

He is the more dangerous, if he be not good. I wish to assist you in reforming him without a hazard of corrupting my own pupil.

SAGE.

I am very anxious for his reformation — see how his mother writes. [*Gives a letter.*]

SENSIBLE.

[*Reads over the letter to himself; sheds tears; and after a pause, says,*]

Poor woman! she writes feelingly — I pity her tenderly.

SAGE.

And can you refuse to assist in reforming her son?

SENSIBLE.

Refuse? — I will do any thing to promote so good a work; any thing but expose another child

70 SCHOOL DIALOGUES for Boys.

child to the danger of causing the same pangs in the breast of his mother. — Can I see the person who accompanied him hither?

SAGE.

I wish you to see him — he will call soon.

SENSIBLE.

Who is he?

SAGE.

An old servant — born in the family, so much attached to the lad, that he requested to stay with him a few days, to see how he settles in his new school.

SENSIBLE.

His name, I see, is *Trusty* — is he related?

SAGE.

Here he comes — he is talking to *Supple* at the end of the gallery.

TRUSTY.

My dear, go to play. To indulge your grief will do no good.

SUPPLE.

I can not play.

TRUSTY.

TRUSTY.

Look on then whilst others play; it will amuse you, and you will feel satisfaction in seeing them so well pleased.

SUPPLE.

I had rather sit here.

SAGE.

Mr. *Trusty*, walk in. [*Enter Trusty.*] I will shut the door, as I want to talk with you in private; — you have always lived in the *Supple* family?

TRUSTY.

Sir, I was born in the house. My father was a servant to old Sir *Thomas*, and was so happy as to save his life — my mother was the children's nursery-maid.

SAGE.

Do you live in the family now?

TRUSTY.

I live in the house, Sir, I should be miserable to leave it — but I am not a servant.

SAGE:

You are well acquainted with the youth whom you accompanied hither?

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TRUSTY.

Sir, I have known him from his birth.

SAGE.

What is the reason of his removal from his first school?

TRUSTY.

Ah, Sir! he was a charming boy when he went thither,

SAGE.

Was he idle?

TRUSTY.

Sir. I would not talk upon the subject now.

SAGE.

Mr. *Sensible* is my particular friend, he will not divulge.

SENSIBLE.

I am going.

[Goes out.]

TRUSTY.

Sir, my heart bleeds when I recollect my poor lady *Supple*'s reflection at the birth of this boy — "O!" said she, "what a comfort will this child be, if he prove good! but if not" — Sir, you must guess the rest; for — [He weeps.]

SAGE.

SAGE.

I can readily guess, good Mr. *Trusty* — pray what are his faults?

TRUSTY.

Why do you ask?

SAGE.

That I may be prepared to correct them in him; and to guard against his misleading others.

TRUSTY.

He is far from being ill-inclined, Sir; but so compliant, that he does as those about him do, whether it be good or ill.

SAGE.

A dangerous easiness — yet I hope that by introducing him to a set of worthy boys, we may restore him to goodness.

TRUSTY.

Dear, Sir, try. He met with many very idle companions at *Lington*.

SAGE.

They are to be met with in all schools. — We will call him in.

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TRUSTY. [*opens the door, and calls,*
Master Supple! Master Supple! — He is gone;
will seek for him.

[*He goes out.*

SAGE.

Honest, affectionate old man!

[*Enter Sensible and Sprightly.*]

SENSIBLE.

Is Mr. Trusty gone?

SAGE.

He is gone to seek for Supple.

SENSIBLE.

What do you hear?

SAGE.

No particulars; — merely that he went to
school a good boy, and was corrupted by naughty
companions.

[*Re-enter Trusty, with Supple.*]

SUPPLE.

Mr. Trusty tells me that you will be my
guardian.

SAGE.

Gladly.

I

SUPPLE.

SUPPLE.

You are very good ; — I am so unhappy !

[*Sighing.*

SAGE.

What is the matter ?

SUPPLE.

I have grieved my parents by my faults.

SAGE.

Resolve to do better.

SUPPLE.

Sir, *that* I have resolved a thousand times ;
and a thousand times broken my resolution.

SAGE.

Frankly confessed. — I hope you will be able
to keep your good resolutions, now you have
left your naughty companions.

SUPPLE.

I wish I may. — When I have sometimes re-
ceived a kind letter of good advice from my
dear mamma, and been crying over it, they
would come and snatch it away, read it aloud,
laugh at the advice, and ridicule me for re-
garding it.

SPRIGHTLY.

O dear! how bad!

SUPPLE.

When I knelt down the first night to say my prayers, they called out, "*a Methodist!*" *

SPRIGHTLY.

What did you do?

SUPPLE.

I never durst kneel any more, for shame.

SAGE.

It is of the utmost consequence to distinguish between *true* and *false* shame; never be ashamed to *do well*.

SUPPLE.

I was very unhappy; I often knew I was doing ill, yet had not courage to brave the jests of my naughty companions.

SPRIGHTLY.

* The absurd exclamation of Folly and Irreligion at the appearance of Devotion. — What is put into the mouth of Fools can not be supposed to be meant as a reflection on any sect.

SPRIGHTLY.

I should have done as ill, if I had not had such a friend as *Sensible*.

SUPPLE.

Why?

SPRIGHTLY.

I thought it was manly to copy after older boys.

SENSIBLE.

You are modest in your confession.

SPRIGHTLY.

You recollect that I imitated some idle slovens in neglecting to comb and wash; and when you reproved me, I owned that I wished to be like my school-fellows.

SUPPLE.

Well!

SPRIGHTLY.

“Be as compliant as you please,” said *Sensible*, “in things indifferent; let others choose whether you shall drive a hoop, or play at leap-frog; — but where *right* and *wrong* are concerned, be firm.”

78 SCHOOL DIALOGUES *for* BOYS.

TRUSTY.

Who is this charming boy? how well he remembers the precepts of his friends!

SENSIBLE.

He is an excellent boy; and I hope he may be instrumental in winning *Supple* to the right way.

SAGE.

Does *Supple* love books?

TRUSTY.

He did before he left home he has been quite unfettled since.

SAGE.

He will probably grow fond of them again. We have a set of boys to whom we recommend such books as we approve.

SENSIBLE.

When the weather is bad, or a holiday affords leisure hours, *Sprightly* and a few more boys pass some time in reading, or in copying such passages as we point out to them.

SAGE.

We will admit him of the party.

TRUSTY.

TRUSTY.

How happy shall I make Lady *Supple* at my return !

SAGE.

I have great hopes that we may restore your young friend to reason.

TRUSTY.

My dear, I hope you will learn to copy after good examples.

SUPPLE.

I wish I may.

TRUSTY.

We are all prone to evil ; think of your dear parents, strive to grow as good as they wish you to be ;—pray to God to enable you to amend.

SUPPLE.

I hope that the boys at this school do not laugh and play at church ; I have been drawn into doing so ; and since that naughtiness, I really believe that God has punished me by leaving me to myself.

SAGE.

God does withdraw his grace from those who
make

80 SCHOOL DIALOGUES *for Boys*;

make an ill use of it; but if you repent, and pray to him for assistance, he will bless and enable you to be good.

SENSIBLE.

Mr. *Aweful*, Mr. *Wiseman*, Mr. *Sage*, all watch over the boys to keep them in order at church; they are obliged to behave with decency, so that you will never be interrupted in your devotions; it must depend upon yourself to be really devout.

SAGE.

If you be not attentive when you pray to God, you will draw down a *curse*, and not a *blessing*.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXIV.

The U S H E R.

THE SCHOOL.

Boys assembled.

MEEK.

I Have forgot my lessons.

MILDMAY.

What a pity!

MEEK.

I wish I had not been at home.

SPRIGHTLY.

Rather wish that you had looked over your lessons whilst you were at home.

MEEK.

How vexatious it is! — who would have thought it?

SENSIBLE.

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SENSIBLE.

What is the matter?

MEEK.

I have lost all my lessons.

SENSIBLE.

I am sorry for it.

MEEK.

I wish I had not.

SENSIBLE.

Does wishing help you?

MEEK.

You rally me.

SPRIGHTLY.

I know what *Sensible* will add; — what will help you?

MEEK.

What will?

SPRIGHTLY.

To study diligently.

MEEK.

I am discouraged that my memory is so bad.

SENSIBLE.

Exercise will strengthen it.

SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

Study carefully; I will hear you repeat.

MEEK.

You are very kind.

SPRIGHTLY.

Come, come, lose no time; Mr. *Wiseman* will be here soon.

MEEK.

I should repeat a page; I can not learn it in time.

SPRIGHTLY.

Not unless you begin; I will study it with you as an encouragement; it will imprint it the more firmly in my memory.—We may study aloud till Mr. *Wiseman* comes.

MEEK.

You are very good to me.

SPRIGHTLY.

I put myself in your place; just returned from your friends, whom you grieved to quit, and at a loss in your lesson too:—I pity you, and am happy to give you any help.—*Supple!* do you know your lesson?

SUPPLE.

SUPPLE.

No.

SPRIGHTLY.

Take my advice: always learn your lesson thoroughly, then amuse yourself at your leisure.

SUPPLE.

I can not learn so fast as I could when I was eight years old.

SPRIGHTLY.

That is for want of practice.

SUPPLE.

How mortifying it is, to be in so low a class at my age!

SENSIBLE.

Let that be a spur to you to take great pains; then you will soon get out of the low class.

SUPPLE.

O! that I could recall time!

SENSIBLE.

Waste not more in fruitless wishes;—
Make good use of the *present* time;
So only you can redeem the *past*.

SUPPLE.

SUPPLE.

How quick *Sprightly* is! I envy him.

SENSIBLE.

Envy no one; make the best use of the capacity and memory which you enjoy: so may you improve them.

CAREFUL.

I have no quickness, no strength of memory to boast of; but I am always ready with my lessons.

SENSIBLE.

You have more merit than if you were naturally bright and less assiduous.

SPRIGHTLY.

It is hard upon *Supple* that he used a different grammar at *Lington*.

TAUNT.

He did not learn much in it.

CAREFUL.

But what he has learned is of no use here.

SENSIBLE.

You are greatly mistaken; but if it were not of use, you should not discourage him.—Should

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he imagine that he could not get forward, he certainly could not. — To your seats — here is Mr. Wiseman.

Mr. WISEMAN.

Who is ready? — *Meek* are you?

MEEK. [*Crying.*]

No, Sir.

Mr. WISEMAN.

Does crying help you?

MEEK.

No, Sir.

Mr. WISEMAN.

Supple!

SUPPLE.

Sir!

Afide to Sprightly.] Dear *Sprightly*, whisper me when I am at a loss.

SPRIGHTLY.

Afide.] Say you are not ready; *that* will be honest; and study as hard as you can.

SUPPLE.

Afide.] I am afraid to say so; and I can not learn my lesson.

SPRIGHTLY

SPRIGHTLY.

Afide.] Do not think so.

SUPPLE.

Afide.] Tell me this once.

SPRIGHTLY.

Afide.] So you will miss learning the first lesson: *that first lesson* should be the foundation for the rest.

SUPPLE.

Afide.] I will ask you but this time.

SPRIGHTLY.

Afide.] So you think now.

SUPPLE.

Afide.] I will be guided by you; and try to learn it.

SPRIGHTLY.

Afide.] You will find the advantage of diligence and application.

[*After some time a servant enters, and speaks to Mr. Wiseman, who goes out.*]

MEEK.

It would break my heart to be thrown back

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as *Supple* is; he is now beginning with little boys of six years old.

SUPPLE.

It is my own fault; I really know no more than they do.

PERT.

If you *did*, it would be the same; — Mr. *Wiseman* made *Sprightly* begin again; yet he knew a great deal.

SUPPLE.

How did that happen?

SPRIGHTLY.

The grammar used here is different from that in which my mamma taught me.

PERT.

It was very cruel.

SPRIGHTLY.

I was rather disappointed — for I expected to be in a higher class.

SUPPLE.

What did you do?

SPRIGHTLY.

I studied hard.

SENSIBLE.

SENSIBLE.

I will tell you what his modesty makes him suppress. — He got through the grammar in a short time, and raised himself to a higher class by merit. — Now who does not allow that Mr. *Wiseman* was kind, to give him the pleasure of working his way?

SUPPLE.

I have not such quickness; neither am I accustomed to learning. — I never looked in a book at *Linton*.

SENSIBLE.

You are candid in your confession of past errors; so I may say that you experience punishment.

SUPPLE. [*Wiping his eyes.*]

Severe punishment! — here I sit like a great overgrown dunce, surrounded by little boys!

SPRIGHTLY.

You will not sit there long, if instead of repining you apply carefully.

WILFUL.

If I were you I would not learn in a new grammar.

90 SCHOOL DIALOGUES for Boys.

SENSIBLE.

The new grammar would signify little, if he had been well versed in the first.

PERT.

How can you say so? — all *his* (pointing to *Sprightly*) mamma's time was thrown away, and she thought herself *so* clever.

SPRIGHTLY. [*interrupting him.*]

Whatever liberties you take with *me*, I will not allow such freedom of speech about my *mamma*.

PERT.

Will you fight me?

SPRIGHTLY.

If —

SENSIBLE.

Do not answer him. —

Mrs. *Sprightly*'s time was well spent; he had acquired a habit of studying; he had improved his memory; he had learned to consider the allotted task as a duty.

PERT.

A duty!

SENSIBLE.

SENSIBLE.

Obedience to parents is the first duty; and where parents are good and judicious, it will secure the observance of every duty.

PERT.

We have no parents here.

SENSIBLE.

But you have those who are appointed by your parents to act as their deputies; to *them* therefore you owe obedience, with some degree of affection.

PERT.

Wilful! do you hear? it is your duty to love Mr. *Wiseman*.

WILFUL.

I shall never love him; I did not love my papa when he whipped me;* nor my mamma when she contradicted me.

SPRIGHTLY.

* Master *Wilful* was an ill-managed child. — Children who are improperly indulged, must occasionally be as improperly corrected. Rods and sugar-plums meet in the same house.

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SPRIGHTLY.

O fie! fie!

WILFUL.

I do not love people when they are cross.

SPRIGHTLY.

They designed their reproofs, their chastisement for your benefit.

WILFUL.

So *they* told me:—what good should it do me to be whipped?

SPRIGHTLY.

Teach you to be good another time; make you remember.

WILFUL.

If they whipped me all day, I would be as naughty as I liked.

SPRIGHTLY.

Stubborn, naughty boy!

SENSIBLE.

Wilful, come hither!

WILFUL.

I won't.

SENSIBLE.

SENSIBLE.

I merely meant to talk to others through you : young gentlemen, I should not spend a part of the school hours in chat, but that some of the boys have advanced maxims which have a dangerous tendency ; and I wished to give you an antidote to the poison.

PERT.

Silence ! listen to the learned orator !

SENSIBLE.

You, *Pert*, may be as faucy as you please ; I shall not be deterred from a good action by foolish jests.

Were I haranguing the boys with a view to shew my superior wit, I should then be ridiculous ; but I wish to persuade them* to judge with propriety : my design therefore is laudable, let the execution be as it may.

The fundamental error among children is that they assign the actions of their superiors to erroneous

* Let the Reader accept the Writer's apology in *Sensible's* speech.

neous motives. We frequently see this mistaken judgment in one particular instance, I mean the article of correction.

Mr. *Wiseman* is taxed with severity: to whom is he severe?—to the *lazy*, the *idle*, the *vicious*; never to the *dull*.

I often hear Mr. *Wiseman* accused of ill-nature: but by whom is he so accused?—by none but very naughty boys; boys who impute to his humour the chastisement which he inflicts upon them, for the correction of their faults.

WILFUL.

My mamma grew tired of whipping me.

SENSIBLE.

And do you make your boast of it? incorrigible boy! you are unworthy notice: but I speak for the sake of other little boys, who might be corrupted by you. I sometimes hear enquiries, — “Is Mr. *Wiseman* in good humour?” if the answer be—“*yes*,”—you think that you may be careless with impunity: but if—

TRIFLE exclaims,

Mr. *Wiseman*!

Enter

[*Enter Mr. Wiseman.*]

SENSIBLE.

As a mark of respect I desist from talking.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXV.

The ACCOUNT-BOOK.

SAGE'S CHAMBER.

SAGE—SUPPLE.

SAGE. [*Looking over a Book of Accounts*]

HERE is a shilling deficient; how do you account for that?

SUPPLE.

I am ashamed to say.

SAGE.

Tell me, however.

SUPPLE.

I lent it to *Frank Careless*. I hope you will forgive a fault which arose from good humour.

SAGE.

Good humour is no excuse for disobedience in any one; and least of all in you, who have
—been

been led into all sorts of mischief by compliance.

SUPPLE.

He begged so hard that I could not deny him.

SAGE.

Had his allowance been small, and you had *given* him the shilling, I should have approved, nay applauded the act. I should have exceedingly praised your conduct; but then you ought to have set it down among your expences.

SUPPLE.

He intreated that I would lend it to him.

SAGE.

Why did you not tell him that one of your papa's injunctions was, never to *lend* or *borrow* money?

SUPPLE.

I did; but that would not satisfy him.

SAGE.

It ought to have done; now you have not a farthing left.

SUPPLE.

I shall receive my allowance on *Monday*.

VOL. II.

I

SAGE.

SAGE.

You should not leave yourself quite without money; the fault punishes itself this week: you can not have the pleasure to subscribe towards the payment of the surgeon's bill for poor Dame *Need*.

SUPPLE.

I am very forry.

SAGE.

I once had the son of a particular friend under my care. I was so happy as to see him steer the middle course between niggardliness and extravagance: for him I wrote a set of maxims, to guide him respecting œconomy. I will read a part.

M A X I M I.

Be not selfish.

The *Prodigal*, who spends all that he has upon himself, is no less mean than the *Miser* who delights to hoard.

M A X I M II.

First be *just*;

Then *charitable*;

Then

Then *generous*.

To enable you to be all these, be *frugal*.

M A X I M III.

Never *borrow*; but be contented; — keep your expences within your allowance. *

I 2

DIALOGUE

* It were well if Parents and Masters would attend to the conduct of Children in these particulars. — How many young people contract at school, habits of extravagance which involve themselves and their families in distress and disgrace! — It is the epidemical madness of this age to spend on *Monday* the allotment for the present week, and to mortgage on *Tuesday* the allowance for the next.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

THE ENQUIRY.

AN ALCOVE, *commanding a View of the*
Play-Ground. — The Boys are seen at play.

Mr. QUONDAM, (*a former Scholar*) Mr.
SAGE.

Mr. QUONDAM.

I AM in the midst of strangers.

SAGE.

A great number are come since you left us.

Mr. QUONDAM.

How does *Careful* go on?

SAGE.

Very well, indeed.

Mr. QUONDAM.

He continues to be diligent?

SAGE.

He does: his progress is a proof what application will do.

Mr. QUONDAM.

He had flow parts.

SAGE.

He has passed feveral of the quick boys.

Mr. QUONDAM.

A propos! is *Pert* here still?

SAGE.

He is likely to be here all his life, if he stay till he is in the upper form.

Mr. QUONDAM.

As ignorant as ever?

SAGE.

And as conceited.

Mr. QUONDAM

And *therefore* as ignorant; for he does not want capacity.

SAGE.

He thinks he knows every thing; by which mean he learns nothing.

Mr. QUONDAM.

What sort of boy is *Meek*?

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SAGE.

Well disposed; but in danger of ruin, for want of resolution.

Mr. QUONDAM.

Apt?

SAGE.

Not unapt; yet I doubt he will make little progress.

Mr. QUONDAM.

Idle?

SAGE.

Not so idle, as languid, and diffident of himself; he is rather indolent, nor can I make him *wish* to excel.

Mr. QUONDAM.

Does he wish to please?

SAGE.

Y—e—s, if he could do it without trouble.

Mr. QUONDAM.

I should be very apprehensive of *Meek* being corrupted.

SAGE.

I am exceedingly fearful for him; he is frequently

quently in scrapes; if I reprove him he weeps, and intreats forgiveness; is miserable till he has obtained my pardon; then he forgets all my advice, falls into some new scrape, and is again miserable.

Mr. QUONDAM.

Somewhat like your new scholar from *Lington*.

SAGE.

I have introduced him to a set of good boys; he begins to relish advice, and to apply carefully to business, so that I have great hopes of him.

Mr. QUONDAM.

Who are those good boys?

SAGE.

One is an excellent little fellow of the *Sprightly* family.

Mr. QUONDAM.

The *Sprightly*, who is here is smaller than *Supple*?

SAGE.

He is; but *Supple* is so condescending as not to measure merit by inches.

Mr.

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Mr. QUONDAM.

Sage! you will smile, if I tell you that I had not been a father an hour before I formed a wish respecting the education of my son.

SAGE.

It was early to form plans.

Mr. QUONDAM.

I should tremble to expose a child to the contagion of a school, where one wicked boy may root out every virtue, which a careful parent has been labouring to plant.

SAGE.

But your wish?

Mr. QUONDAM.

That he might be under your protection. You would watch his conduct with the zeal of affection; *you* would be like a parent.

SAGE.

If you will engage not to spoil your son at home, I will take the care of him with pleasure.

Mr. QUONDAM.

I hope I shall not be so cruel a father as to
indulge

indulge my son improperly: what unhappy creatures are spoiled children when they come to school!

SAGE.

They are unhappy at home, but when they mix with other boys! — Poor *Tom Wayward*, what a disagreeable wretch he was!

Mr. QUONDAM.

And *is*; and *will be*; — such as the *boy* was, such is the *man*.

SAGE.

I believe our time for dinner is near; will you dine?

Mr. QUONDAM.

I will stay to see the young people seated. —

How pleasing is this scene!

“Enjoy, poor imps, enjoy your sportive trade;

“And chace gay flies.”

[*They go out.*

DIALOGUE XXVII.

The R I O T.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

All the Boys are present.

P E R T.

I Wish we could make a riot here.

M I L D M A Y.

O fie! how can you be so wicked?

P E R T.

How can *you* be so *squeamish*? — wicked!

M I L D M A Y.

It is *wicked* to rebel against our masters: the master is in the place of a parent, as he is appointed by our parents.

P E R T.

Tol de rol lol! — who will come and hear a sermon? — a sermon! a sermon! Come and hear a sermon

a sermon against the great and heinous sin of rebellion!

FLIPPANT.

Who preaches? who preaches? — O! I might have guessed. — Well! where is your text? — Begin; I am all attention.

MILDMAY.

My sermon would be lost upon you, if I should preach; yet I am not to be laughed out of my opinion.

SMITH.

What is all this?

WHITE.

Let us hear what is going forward here.

SPRIGHTLY.

Mildmay had a letter giving him an account of the riot at *Harrow*.

FLIPPANT.

We are so stupid that we never have a riot here.

PERT.

So I say.

SPRIGHTLY.

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SPRIGHTLY.

I hope we never shall.

SMITH.

If we had, what would you do?

SPRIGHTLY.

I dare not be confident that I should act as I ought to do.

WHITE

What do you call acting as you ought to do?

SPRIGHTLY.

To persist in the resolution of obeying the master, in spite of all temptation to rebel.

DAN.

I never saw a riot; yet I have been at two schools before I came hither.

SPRIGHTLY.

I heard Mr. *Bright* give an account of one which happened at *Eton* whilst he was there.

WHITE.

Tell us.

SMITH.

Do tell us.

SPRIGHTLY.

SPRIGHTLY.

I can not tell you much; the boys declared that they would leave the school. It was to my papa that Mr. *Bright* gave the account; and he said, "Pray, Sir, what did you do? I think *you* are not of a rebellious spirit?" — He replied modestly, "I was happy that it stopped before I had occasion to declare myself; for Dr. *Firm* refused to quit the school: I did not therefore need so much resolution, as it would have required, to be first in setting the example of obedience."

My papa exclaimed,

"What a mark of the worthy disposition of Dr. *Firm*! no wonder that he proves so excellent a man."

PERT.

Let us see your letter.

MILDMAY.

It would not please you; it does not accord with your notions: with *mine* it does.

PERT.

Let us hear these notions.

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MILD MAY.

That a becoming spirit is shewn by resisting all persuasions to a breach of duty; that it is truly noble to be steady in our adherence to a good resolution; and mean to be fearful of doing what is right, because others do ill.

MEEK.

What you say is very just; but I doubt I should have been ashamed of being the first to do, what yet I wished to do.

MILD MAY.

But you are aware it would be false shame, if it made you act amiss.

MEEK.

I am.

MILD MAY.

I honour *George Steady*.—In the late riot the boys refused to go into the school-room:—he (when the hour came at which they usually went in) took his place at the upper end; and his little brother placed himself upon *his* form.

SMITH.

Well!

MILD MAY.

SCHOOL DIALOGUES *for* BOYS. III

MILD MAY.

The riotous scholars assembled at the door; they beckoned, called, hissed, laughed, pointed—he sat composed in his place.

WHITE.

Surprising!

MILD MAY.

At last they spied little *Henry Steady* in a corner, and him they determined to remove.

SMITH.

I suppose *that* was not difficult.

MILD MAY.

You shall hear; they tempted him by every method they could contrive;—soothed, intreated, threatened:—they gibed him; said he was a coward; afraid of his elder brother. At last one great boy took him up to carry him out; this moved *Steady*: a scuffle ensued, which ended in victory to *Steady*, and little *Henry* was left unmolested. After all bustle was over, and the boys were reduced to order, and again assembled in school, the master gave thanks to *Steady* for his worthy behaviour; and congratulated him

upon the influence of his good example on his brother; think what an honor!

DAN.

How was this brought about?

MILDMAY.

The master always is conqueror; the boys get nothing but chastisement, contempt, disgrace; — they shew their evil dispositions, or want of judgment; and are either flogged, or expelled, according to the degree of their guilt.

THOMPSON.

I heard that Mrs. *Truelove* reasoned her son into repentance, and sent him back to school.

MILDMAY.

So my letter says; he went in and seated himself by *Steady*; so he was not punished: some few followed his example.

PERT.

Dunghill wretches!

MILDMAY.

The very exclamation that echoed through the gang! (so I must call them.) *Steady* called aloud to *Pliant*, who stood wavering at the door, hesitating

tating how to act — “Never be ashamed to
“own you see your error; it shews that you
“are wiser than you were!” — This brought
him in.

DAN.

Who was the ringleader?

MILDMAY.

Hotspur. A lad of high mettle, and mistaken
notions; he gloried in his fault. Several who
were on the point of leaving school, said, they
cared not for the master! they little think what
opinion rational people form of them. — It was
near the time of holidays too; so that many
thought if they could get home, whipping-day
would be distant.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Boys assembled in the Parlour.

SMITH.

WHY are we all assembled here?—Our master is not returned; the usher can not leave his bed; and I am certain that Mr. Sage will not attempt to read.

JONES.

Certainly he will not. Mr. *Lancet* insisted on his staying from church; and has forbidden him to make any use of his eyes till the inflammation abates.

THOMPSON.

Probably *Sensible* is to read to us. — Here comes Mrs. *Aweful*.

[*Enter Mrs. Aweful. The boys rise and bow.*]

Mrs. AWFUL.

Young gentlemen, Mr. *Awful* is concerned that he can not be with you this evening. His mother requests him to stay till the funeral of his father is over. Nothing less would detain him. — Mr. *Awful* in the midst of his distress thinks of his children, (such he esteems you all) and thus he writes :

“ I am truly concerned that I can not be
 “ with my young people on *Sunday* evening.
 “ To instruct them in their duty, is one of my
 “ greatest pleasures, as it is my highest duty :
 “ for what is all the learning which they can
 “ acquire, without the knowledge of God? — I
 “ am certain that Mr. *Wifeman* will attend to
 “ the behaviour of the boys at church : — He
 “ will read the Catechism, with all due so-
 “ lemnity, aloud to my children in the evening,
 “ and will call upon some of them to repeat a
 “ part. — In short, he will be my deputy.”

As Mr. *Wifeman* is ill, I shall give myself the pleasure of supplying his place. — I shall read to you the Catechism, and explain a part of

it. — But first we will have a little conversation.

Young gentlemen, I am sorry to begin with reproof; some of you behaved at church in a manner so very ill suited to the place and occasion, that I fear you must return with a *curse*, and not a *blessing*. — You would not have dared to do so had Mr. *Aweful* been present. What am I to think of you? Did you mean to affront me?

SMITH.

Madam, we did not know that you were there.

THOMPSON.

The curtains of the gallery were so closely drawn, that we believed the master's seat was empty.

JONES.

Indeed, I thought that nobody was there. — I beg your pardon.

Mrs. AWEFUL.

Consider whom you affronted! — not *me alone*.

SMITH.

I know, Madam, that he who offends you, offends the master; — but we meant no offence

to

to either; we could mean none, for we believed you to be absent.

WHITE.

Indeed, madam, we did not know that you were present. — I hope you will pardon us.

Mrs. AWFUL.

As far as I am personally concerned, I pardon you most freely; — therefore what I shall say to you, arises from no degree of anger. — I talk with you as a mother would do to her children, for whose eternal welfare she was most earnestly solicitous. — My dears, when you go to church, consider whose house it is you enter; — it is “the house of God.” — Reflect what a high privilege it is for us who “are but dust and ashes,” to be allowed to prostrate ourselves before the Almighty, and lay our wants before him! Were you admitted to the honor of an audience from the King — were you allowed to appear before an earthly Monarch, to present a petition, or return thanks for a favor received, how would you behave! — would you laugh, nod, whisper? — But why do I enumerate the instances

instances of impropriety? they shock me as I recollect them. — If then you would blush to be guilty of such indignities towards an earthly Prince, how sorry ought you to be to have offended the Majesty of the *King of Kings!*

You repeat the creed; — you declare “that you believe in God:” — If you did *indeed* believe in him, you would behave with seriousness and decorum when you went to “worship in his holy temple:” you would be attentive when his word is read. — But I address my reproof to a few only of you; the rest behaved well; and I hope were really devout. You, *Sprightly*, made me rejoice; you read the lessons, and I hope with attention.

SPRIGHTLY.

Indeed, madam, I love to pray for God’s blessing on myself and my friends; and to return thanks for all the good things which he gives. — I strive to be good, and I wish I were better.

Mrs. AWFUL.

Good child! “If you sincerely wish to seek God, — he “who visited “the child *Samuel*,”
“and

“ and accepted the praise of babes, will draw
 “ your heart to him: — that Saviour who em-
 “ braced and blessed the little children, will
 “ love you, and come unto you, and make
 “ his abode with you. — At an age of more
 “ experience and acquirements, you will be
 “ equally unable *of yourself* to serve God ac-
 “ ceptably: it is his grace alone which can
 “ direct your heart to the love of God.” *

We will now begin with the Catechism. †

* This passage is taken from a little volume which is lately published, by the title of “ *A Birth-day Present; or Nine Days Conversation between a Mother and Daughter.*” It breathes the spirit of pure devotion; but I think it is above the *feeling*, though not above the *comprehension* of young persons from ten to fourteen years of age. Childhood is not the season of sentiment: I wish every person *above* fourteen to read it.

† After so sweet an extract I dare not add a line of my own.—Why did not the author of “ *Birth Day Present*” write upon behaviour at church? Nothing can be more necessary than an admonition to boys on that subject. It appears so necessary to the writer of these little volumes, that this dialogue is added whilst the work is in the press.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXIX.*

The AMICABLE CONTEST.

Mr. AWFUL's LIBRARY.

Mr. AWFUL. — Mr. WISEMAN.

Mr. WISEMAN.

MY list of *Good* is the fullest I have ever had; — there, Sir, are their names.

[*Giving a paper.*]

Mr. AWFUL.

A very agreeable fight! — [*Reads.*]

“*Freeman — Thomas — Careful.*”

He is always here.

“*Friendly — Goodwill — Mildmay.*”

Him I am used to find.

“*Sprightly.*” —

* Some time is supposed to have elapsed since *Supple's* arrival at school.

“*Sprightly.*” — A constant one.

Umph! — umph! — surely *Gentle* is of the number; O! here he is! and “*Supple!*” I was doubtful about him.—Shall I never find *Meek*?

Mr. WISEMAN.

I wish to talk with you about him, at your leisure, Sir.

Mr. AWFUL.

Now for your *Best*.

Mr. WISEMAN.

I can not name *Him*.—I have three, and these are their claims.

[*Gives a paper.*]

Mr. AWFUL. [*Reads.*]

“*Sprightly.* —

“*Affiduous* at his lessons; amiable in his disposition; unexceptionable in his conduct. —
“*Uniformly good.*”

“*Gentle.* —

“*Manners, application, &c. good; with the additional merit of having lost nothing during his absence from school.*” — Very well!

[*He reads on.*]

“*Supple.*” —

(Who expected to find *him* among the best?)

[*Reads.*

“ *Supple* has a claim to high honors and re-
wards, for the progress he has made in his
learning, and the resolution he has exerted
in breaking himself of many bad habits; —
he is perfectly docile, and promises to prove
an excellent boy.”

Mr. AWFUL.

This is the first time we have had so agree-
able a dilemma. — Whose claim do you think
superior?

Mr. WISEMAN.

Excuse me, Sir; *you* must decide.

Mr. AWFUL.

We will summon the competitors.

Mr. WISEMAN.

They are waiting in the little room.

[*Opening the door, calls.*

Gentlemen!

[*Enter Sprightly, Gentle, Supple, bowing with
respect.*]

Mr. AWFUL.

My dears; I rejoice to see three of you upon
such an occasion.

SPRIGHTLY.

I am very happy to appear before you with credit, Sir.

GENTLE.

Sprightly speaks for us all, Sir.

SUPPLE. [*Bowing.*]

Sir! my heart is full.

Mr. AWFUL.

You all have my high approbation; — you are all entitled to general applause; — but the *Prize*! — this is the first time there have been three claimants. — Speak for yourselves.

SPRIGHTLY.

Next to the affection of my nearest relations, Sir, I value your approbation; — but for the *Prize*; — have I your permission to speak my thoughts?

Mr. AWFUL.

Go on.

SPRIGHTLY.

I should esteem a lasting mark of approbation very highly indeed! — but I beg leave to withdraw my claim.

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Mr. AWFUL.

You surprize me; on what account?

SPRIGHTLY.

Sir—I have enjoyed such superior advantages; have had such incitements to goodness; that if I were not somewhat better than boys in general are, I should be much more blameable.

Mr. AWFUL.

Modest and candid!—*you speak, Gentle.*

GENTLE.

I have been so happy as to experience an equal degree of watchful care (both at home and here) with my friend *Will Sprightly*; I have had the strictest friendship with him, seen his amiable example, and shall I be less generous?—*No*—give the *Crown*, Sir, to this boy, (*pointing to Supple*) as a reward for the struggle he has undergone.

Pardon me, *Supple*; it is no secret that you had bad habits to conquer.

Mr. AWFUL.

Noble boys!—

Supple, what do you say?

SUPPLE.

SUPPLE.

Sir, I can hardly speak; allow me a moment.

Mr. AWFUL. [*Afide to Mr. Wiseman.*]

These are glorious boys!

SUPPLE.

I never felt satisfaction equal to what I experienced when Mr. *Wiseman* announced to me that my name was on the list to be shewn, *For Good*.

I allow that I strive daily, hourly, every instant, to deserve some degree of *praise*.—I strive hard; and I am now rewarded beyond my desert.

Mr. AWFUL.

You accept the *Prize*, as your due reward.

SUPPLE.

Bless me, Sir!—no!—I receive the prize!—your approving smile is an encouragement to me to continue my endeavours; and upon some future occasion, if I could hope to gain the *Prize*;—but I should blush at my own meanness, could I deprive these superior boys of their reward.

To you, *Sprightly*, I am greatly indebted that

L 3

I am

I am even *thought of* as a candidate; — your advice, your example, your introduction to our worthy friend, *Gentle*, contributed so much to my reformation. [*Embraces him.*]

[*During this speech Mr. Aweful and Mr. Wiseman converse in a low voice.*]

MR. WISEMAN.

Come with me, young gentlemen, and mark the book which you make choice of; each mark in the list *which* he would choose for the *Prize*.

DIALOGUE XXX.

*The AGREEABLE SURPRISE;
Or, MERIT REWARDED.*

A LARGE ROOM.

Galleries above, in which the School-boys sit.

Below, Mr. Aweful, Mr. Wiseman, the Candidates, their Protectors, &c. Much Company.

CHIEF SPEAKERS.

Mr. AWEFUL, Mr. WISEMAN, SUPPLE, SPRIGHTLY, GENTLE, SENSIBLE, SAGE, WORTHY, Master GUEST, (a Visitor) Two other Visitors, a LADY, and another Stranger, a HERALD.

Master GUEST.

WHO are those in the middle gallery? —
they are distinguished from the rest.

SUPPLE.

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SUPPLE.

They are those who have gained prizes.

Master GUEST.

What is the prize?

SUPPLE.

A book; upon it is stamped a memorial and date in letters of gold.

Master GUEST.

I am told there is great ceremony in conferring the prize.

SUPPLE.

There are ceremonies in placing the *crowns* upon the head of the conqueror.

Master GUEST.

Who is to have the crown?

SUPPLE.

That is not yet known.

Master GUEST.

But the crown, what is it?

SUPPLE.

A wreath of artificial laurel; — there you may see several.

Master

Master GUEST.

Where?

SUPPLE.

Hanging by those youths who sit in the middle gallery.

Master GUEST.

Their former acquisitions?

SUPPLE.

Yes.

Master GUEST.

Who is likely to have the reward?

SUPPLE.

Perhaps *Sprightly*;—there he stands in a green coat.

Master GUEST.

The competitors then mix with the company?

— Who else?

SUPPLE.

Gentle is one.—I do not see him.

Master GUEST.

Any other?

SUPPLE.

There is another named; but he has no expectation.

130 SCHOOL DIALOGUES for BOYS.

Master GUEST.

Where is he?

SUPPLE.

Somewhere below.

Master GUEST.

When you see him tell me; I love to observe countenances. — What is his name?

SUPPLE.

You will soon distinguish him.

Master GUEST.

Where are they crowned?

SUPPLE.

Within those rails.

Master GUEST.

What ails you?

SUPPLE.

Nothing.

Master GUEST.

Something does; I am sure you are ill.

SUPPLE.

O! no; I feel for the competitors; — both gainer and losers, that is all.

Master

Master GUEST.

There must be great anxiety for success.

SUPPLE.

And great compassion towards the two who miss the reward.

Master GUEST.

It is an honour to have been a candidate, since merit only gives a claim.

[Enter a person dressed as a Herald.]

HERALD.

The company are requested to arrange themselves on the outside of those rails.

HERALD. [Proclaims.]

Competitors!

Enter within the lists!

[Sprightly advances into the midst with tolerable firmness and alacrity.]

[Gentle follows with much timidity.]

[Supple hesitates, till Mr. Sage gently pushes him.]

HERALD. [Proclaims.]

Youths! observe!

See merit rewarded, with a wreath of unfading Laurel.

Observe!

Observe!

And emulate!

Sprightly *stands pretty erect, his countenance rather approaching to a smile.*

Gentle *looks alternately with reverence at Mr. Aweful; with affection at Sprightly; with complacence upon Supple.*

Supple *looks down upon the ground with exceeding humility.*

Mr. Aweful *makes a sign — and at the same instant*

Sensible *crowns* Sprightly.

Worthy *crowns* Gentle.

Sage *crowns* Supple.

From the gallery a general shout is heard, and clapping of hands.

Mr. AWEFUL.

Where *all* are worthy, *all* shall be rewarded.

Persevere in goodness, and be happy.

[*The three embrace, and exclaim.*]

“Happy!”

“Thanks!”

“O! thanks!”

Here

[Then a person brings three books, and gives them to Mr. Aweful, who addressees the three boys.]

MR. AWEFUL.

There is for each the book which each made choice of. —

Amiable children! — thus ever emulate each other amicably.

[The company mix, and converse in parties.]

FIRST VISITOR.

What inscription is upon them?

SECOND VISITOR.

“*The Reward of Merit!*” with the name and date.

FIRST VISITOR.

They are all sweet boys.

SAGE.

Each rejoices in the success of the rest.

SENSIBLE.

Each would have felt greatly disappointed for the other two, had he alone met with success.

WORTHY.

Not one could have enjoyed success; he would

so warmly have shared the mortification of the others.

FIRST VISITOR.

What constitutes you one of the persons to confer the crown?

SENSIBLE.

Having had the honor to obtain one.

SECOND VISITOR.

Is there any thing more to be seen?

SENSIBLE.

Nothing; unless you would be entertained with the sports of the boys.

FIRST VISITOR.

Is there any thing particular?

SENSIBLE.

It is a day of liberty; each does what he likes; and there is no punishment, except for a vicious action.

SECOND VISITOR.

Are there not strange riots?

SENSIBLE.

There are variety of tricks.

FIRST.

FIRST VISITOR.

It is an odd custom.

SENSIBLE.

It has its use.

SECOND VISITOR.

You mean in discovering the dispositions of the boys?

SENSIBLE.

Certainly.

FIRST VISITOR.

Have you any exemplary public punishments?

SENSIBLE.

Not as public as these rewards; Mr. *Awful* is fearful they might harden the offenders.

SECOND VISITOR.

What are your chief punishments?

LADY.

Alas! for those who need punishment!

SAGE.

A school, madam, is a little world; the members of the community are not what we *wish*; we must make the best that we *can* of them.

M 2

LADY.

136 SCHOOL DIALOGUES *for Boys.*

LADY.

Punishment rarely reclaims an offender.

SAGE.

If it *never* did, yet it would have *this* use; — it might deter others from following a bad example.

VISITOR.

What punishments have you?

SAGE.

Tasks, exercises.

LADY.

They are good.

SAGE.

For the heinous offence of telling a falsehood, a tongue cut in red cloth is worn; — for the still more atrocious crime, a malicious lie, a black tongue.

LADY.

Proper, doubtless; but it would break the heart of a mother, for her son to deserve them.

VISITOR.

Does Mr. *Aweful* keep much in the school?

SAGE.

SAGE.

His breakfast-room (and through that the whole suite of apartments) communicates with the school; when he enters, and seats himself behind a screen, no one knows of his entrance; so that he should never be supposed to be absent. Yet he is not known to be present, but when he pleases.

LADY.

A proper restraint.

SAGE.

To the *good*; — but the greater part never think of him, any more than we do of a superior witness.

LADY.

The usher is, I suppose, always present?

SAGE.

Not so; I frequently supply his place; yesterday I did so; and I heard one boy say, “Mr. Sage is usher this morning; I will do “nothing, for he never whips.”

135 SCHOOL DIALOGUES *for Boys.*

LADY.

Odious boy! what pain those things must give!—I would not keep a school.

SAGE.

But I had the pleasure to hear another exclaim — “Ungenerous! mean! — I will exert “double diligence,”

LADY.

This was some compensation.

SAGE.

I have enjoyed infinite satisfaction this morning; — two of those boys who received the crown, were my particular pupils; and the third the pupil of my friend, *Sensible*. — These are joys!

LADY.

What do you suppose the *mothers* of such boys must feel?

SAGE.

More than they can express, or I conceive,

THE END.

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