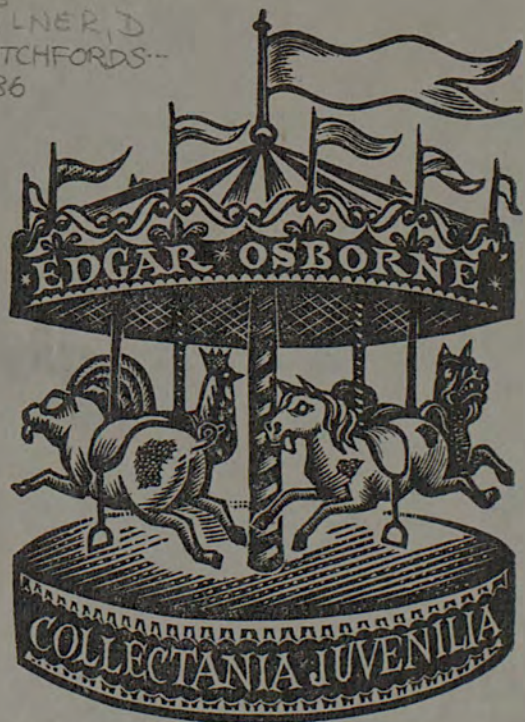




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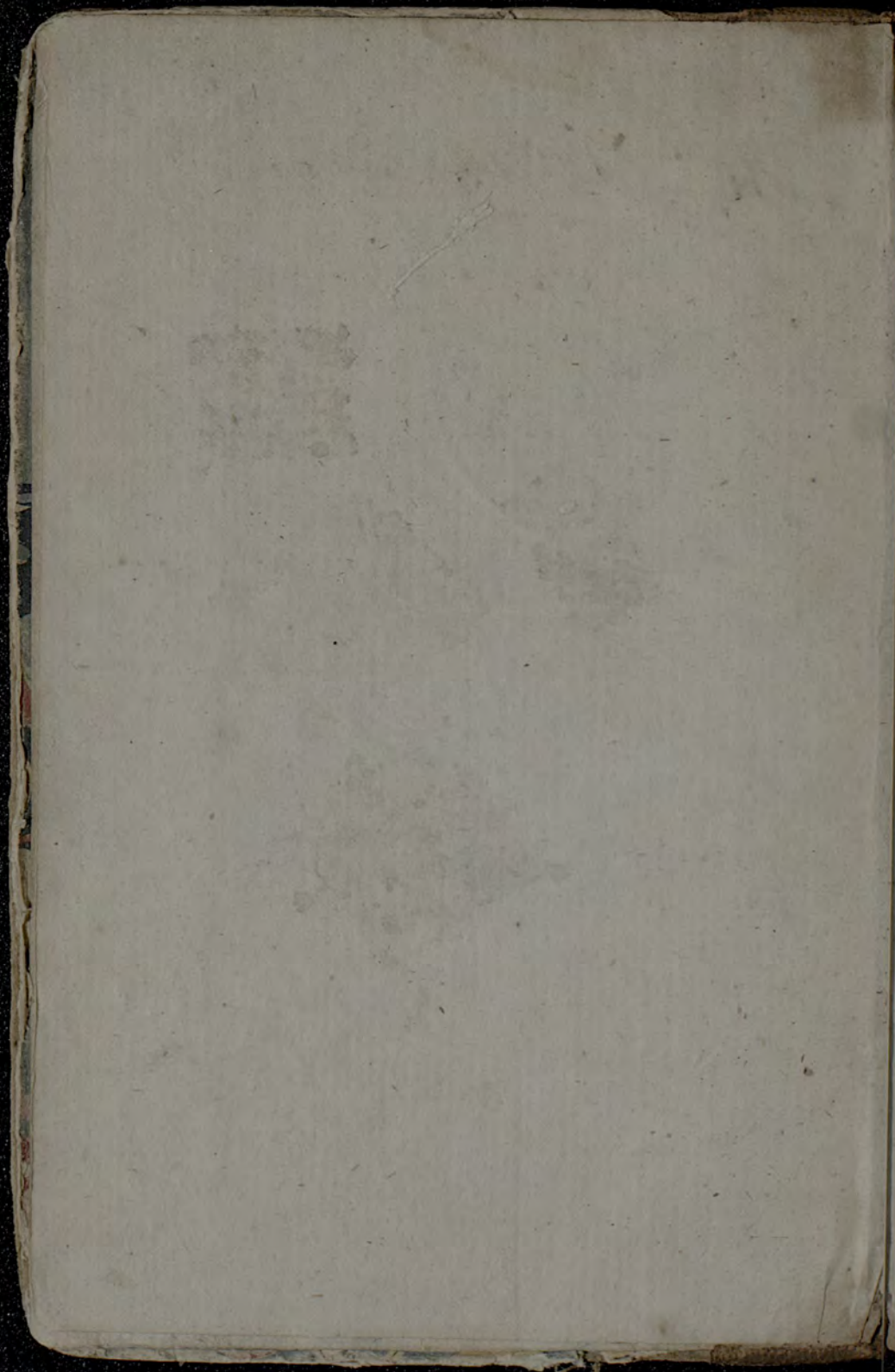


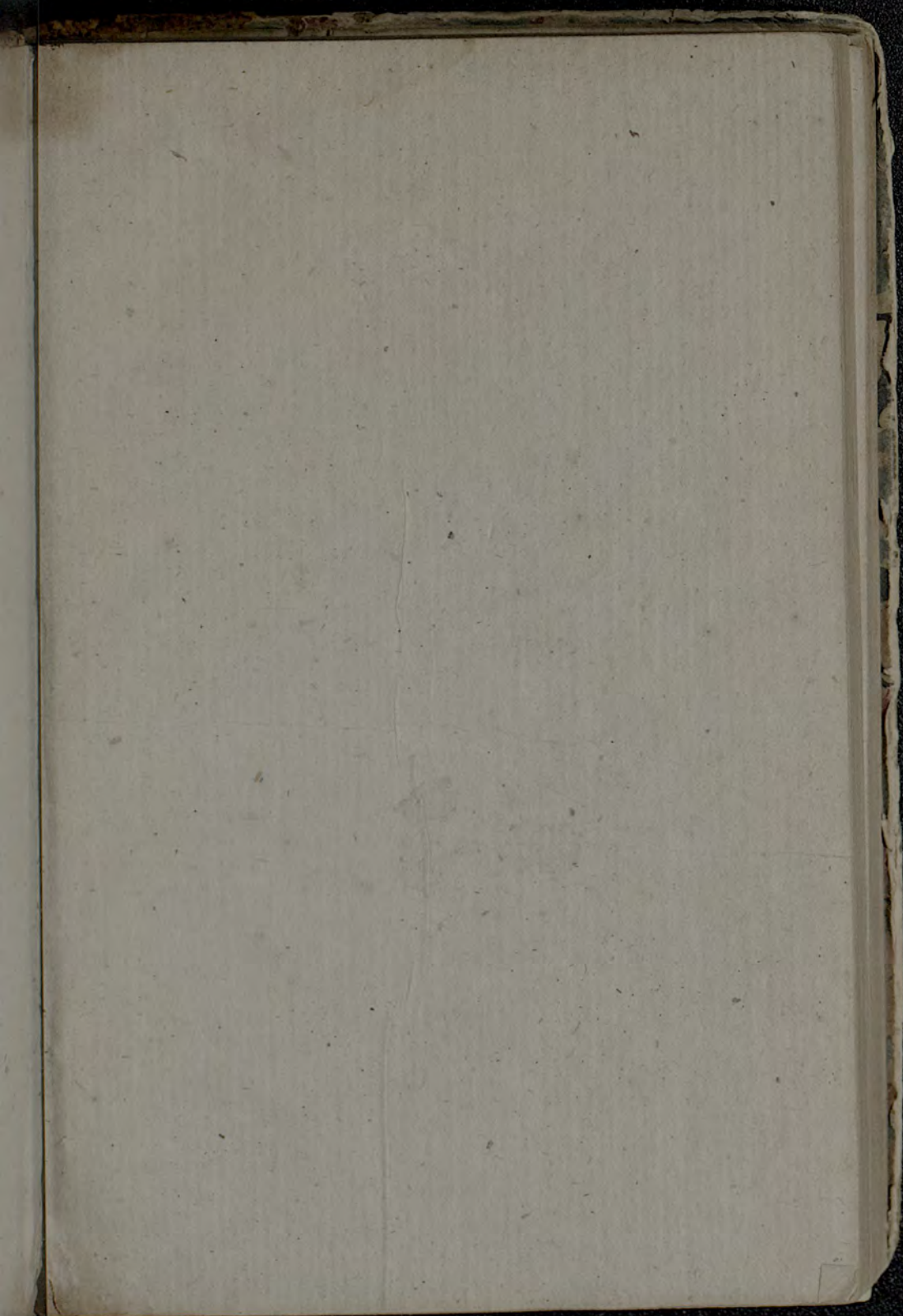
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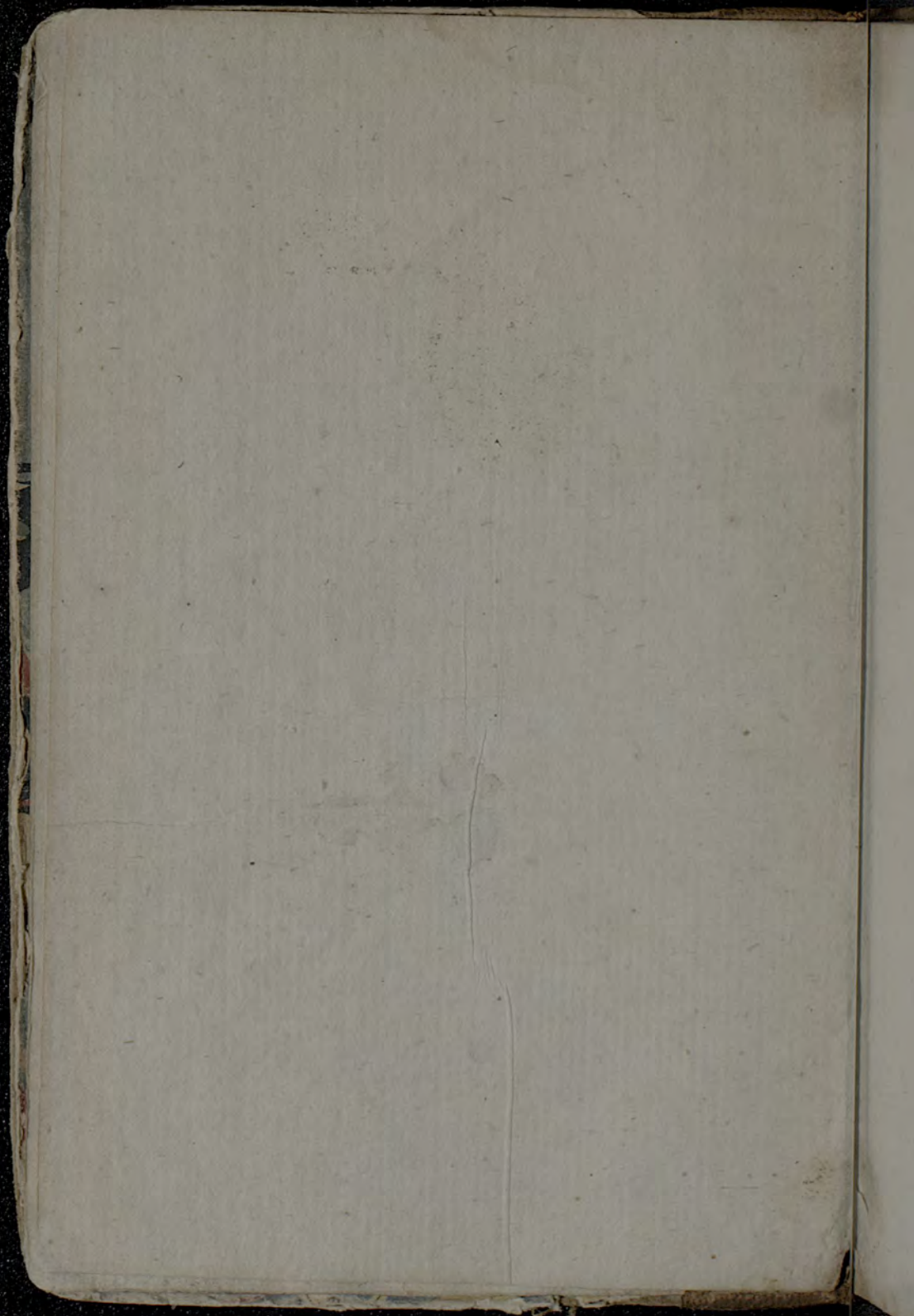
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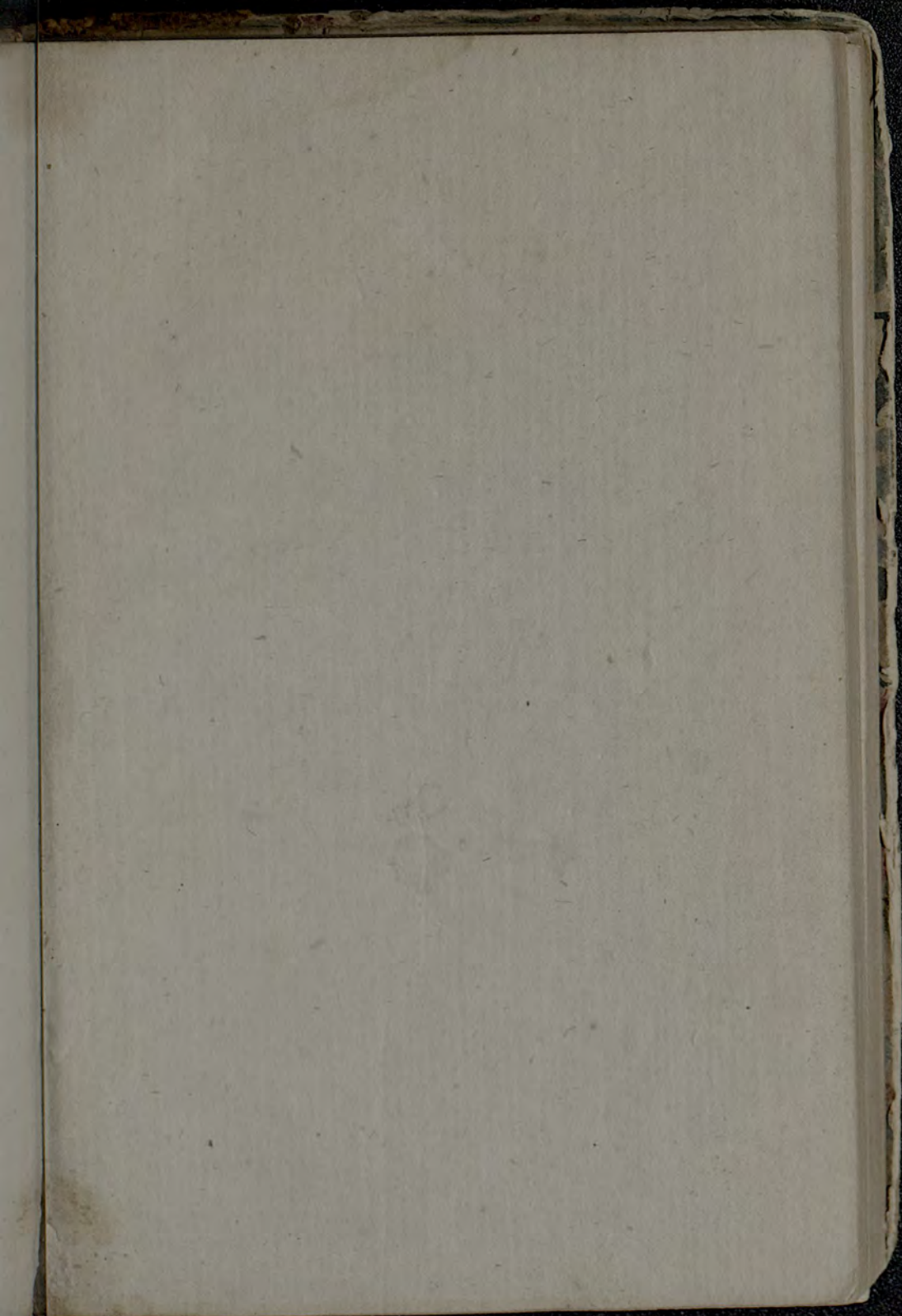
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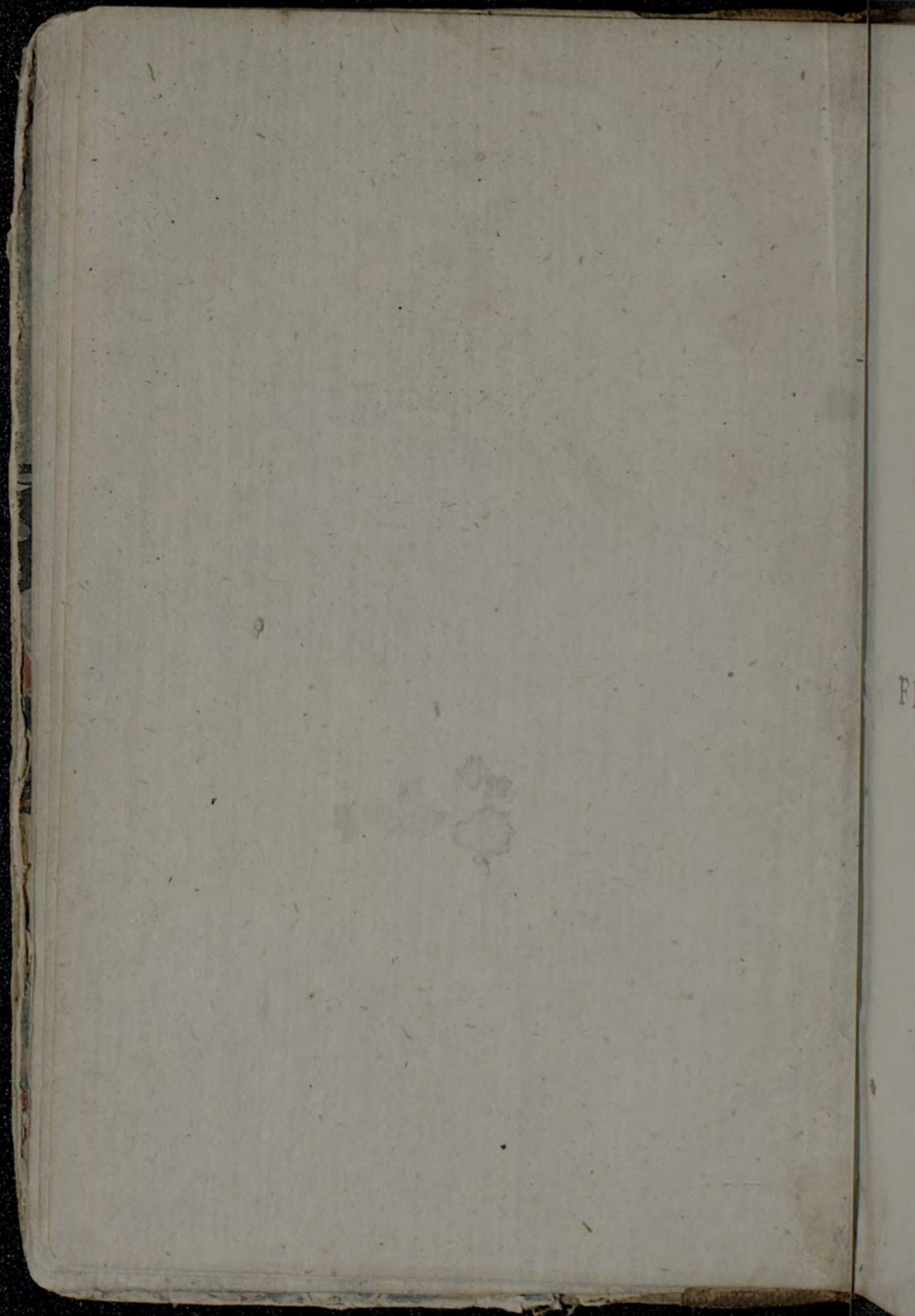
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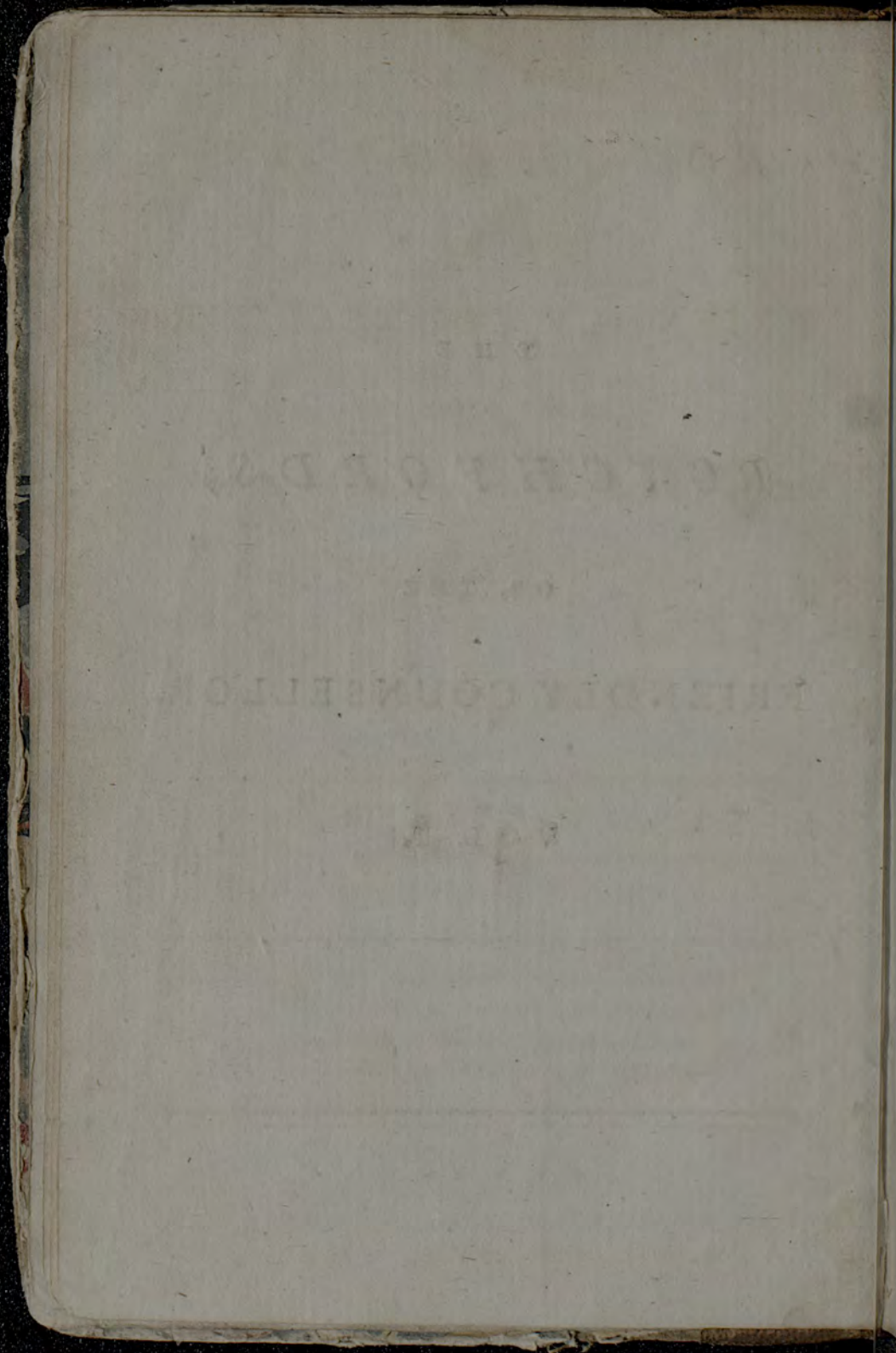








THE
ROTCHFORDS;
OR, THE
FRIENDLY COUNSELLOR.
VOL. I.



T H E
R O T C H F O R D S ;
O R, T H E
F R I E N D L Y C O U N S E L L O R :
D E S I G N E D F O R T H E
I N S T R U C T I O N A N D A M U S E M E N T
O F T H E
Y O U T H O F B O T H S E X E S .

By M. P.

I N T W O V O L U M E S .

V O L . I .

Let Heav'n-born virtue be thy constant guide ;
Nor seek thy errors by deceit to hide ;
Convinc'd no falsehood can mislead that Power,
Who's Judge A'mighty of each passing hour !

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by JOHN MARSHALL and Co. at No. 4,
ALDERMARY CHURCH YARD, in BOW-LANE,

ROBERTSON

1848

BRITISH COLONIES

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THOUGH the author by no mean thinks it necessary, that every book must have a preface to prepare the mind of the reader for what is to be expected in the subsequent pages; yet, lest from the title of the work now presented to the public, any should hope to find a mere romance, calculated only to amuse the imagination, or fill up an idle hour, it may be proper to inform them, that such is far from being what they will meet with here. VIRTUE, in the opinion of the author. as well as of every truly wise man, is the one thing most needful to be acquired, in order to our becoming comfortable to ourselves, useful and respectable members of society, or partakers of everlasting felicity. To promote this, and to enforce upon the young mind, the absolute necessity of practising every moral and religious duty, the following history

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

was composed; and, though to render the various lessons which it contains as entertaining, and little tedious as may be, they are delivered in familiar conversations; still let it be remembered, that its principal design is to inculcate the benevolent religion of Christianity, and teach the youthful heart to reflect upon the importance of each word and action.

With this intent it is offered to the public; and it is humbly hoped, will be found no unacceptable present; since, though books on religion profusely abound, small is the number of those which are calculated to engage the attention of the young and inconsiderate; and it is a well known observation, that

“A verse may teach him, who a sermon flies.”

T H E
R O T C H F O R D S;
O R, T H E
F R I E N D L Y C O U N S E L L O R.

TO give any true description of either Mr. or Mrs. *Rotchford*, is not in my power, as their merits far exceed any thing I can say in their praise; and were I to attempt to draw their characters, I should, by those who are unacquainted with their real worth, be supposed only to *flatter*; a meanness I so much abhor, that I should be sorry to be thought capable of practising it. For these reasons, the reader, when he thinks of Mr. and Mrs. *Rotchford*, must be content to form in his imagination the idea of every thing *good*, *great*, and *noble*, without any farther particular description of their numerous and brilliant virtues.

They had six children; two of whom were boys. After what has already been said, it would be needless to add, that they took the utmost care of the education of their children, since no parents can deservedly be called *good*, who omit to do that to the utmost of their

abilities; and as the advice they frequently gave them upon various subjects, may be equally serviceable to other young people in the same circumstances, I shall relate it, as nearly as I can recollect, in the very words it was first delivered. I frequently visited at their house, for several months at a time: I will therefore record any little incidents which I think may afford you, my young reader, either profit, or amusement. And having said this, I scarcely know in what manner to proceed, or what story to divert you with first; a number of events crowd into my mind, which I well remember at the time they passed, were very interesting to all the parties concerned; but whether they will appear so in the bare narration, is, to me, a matter of great doubt.

One day Mrs. *Blifield*, who was their grandmamma, invited them all to dine with her, and promised to send her coach early some morning to fetch them. They all thanked her for her kindness. And pray, enquired *Kitty*, How early will you send the coach for us, grandmamma? Why, my love, replied she, about ten o'clock. And do you call *that* early? resumed *Kitty*, I thought at latest it would have been here by *six*! I am sure if it does not come till ten, I would not give a pin to go at all! I hate setting off so late! Do not you, *Mary*? (said she, turning to her sister, who stood next her.) To be sure, replied *Mary*, I should like to go earlier; but I had rather go at ten, than not at all; and as my grandpapa and grandmamma do not rise so early as we do, it might not perhaps be convenient, you know, to send

for us sooner: you should not, therefore, *Kitty*, speak in that ugly manner; it does not sound civil at all. I do not care how it *sounds*; I am sure it does not *look* civil to make it so late before *she* fetches us: I *have* going so late! I declare I would not give a straw to go, if I do not set off till that time of the day. And then we shall be almost two hours afterwards in the coach, for old *James* drives so slow, he never makes the horses go faster than a snail's gallop, *jog, jog, j.g.*: if I had a coach of my own, I would go a *pretty deal* faster than that, I warrant me: I would go as far in one hour as *James* lets my grandpapa's horses go in two.

Well, my dear, said Mrs. *Blifield*, when you *have* a coach of your own, you will be much in the right to go at what pace you please, provided you do not overdrive the horses; for it is never right to misuse those poor creatures, let them belong to whom they will: but till that time comes, *Kitty*, had you not better be contented to go as other people please, and not talk in so grumbling a manner? Old *James* is a very good servant, a very excellent good man, and takes care of his horses, drives them as he conceives best, and as he knows his Master and Mistress approve. I do not think, therefore, my love, you speak in a pretty manner of him. And as for setting out so late, I did not know you would have been ready before, or I should be very glad of your company sooner; the coach therefore shall be with you at nine; and as you say *James* is so long in driving, he must then set out by a little after seven; and I hardly think he can very conveniently get

off much before that, for he does not love rising over early; he is not so young, my dear, as you are; and perhaps, when you are his age, you will not be in such a violent hurry as at present.

I do not know how I may like being late when I grow old, replied *Kitty*; but I know I so much dislike it now, that I had as *lief* not go at all, if I cannot go sooner. I should like to set off at six o'clock, and I do not think that would be too soon at this time of the year. I *bate* such lazy old folk.

Well, well, my dear! resumed Mrs. *Blifield*, if you *bate* us, I would upon no account wish you to come. I *love* you, and therefore invited you; but since the visit would be so disagreeable, pray stay away. And you, my dears, said she, turning to all the others, if you are of the same opinion as your sister, say so; for indeed I should not wish you to come, if it be contrary to your inclinations: I know old people are generally disagreeable to the young; they have no beauty to recommend them, no strength and vivacity to run and play about; are oftentimes very troublesome; they are apt to be cold and chilly, and chuse the windows and doors shut when the young ones like them open, and are often afflicted with noisy, tiresome coughs; in short, have no one qualification to engage the love of those who are charmed only by *outward* show, and are not of an age to consider things seriously. If, therefore, you *all* hate me, I cannot much wonder at it; but I could wish almost to be young again for the sake of possessing your love. Dear little souls! I *love* you, however, and only
with

with I had it in my power to let you know how earnestly I seek your happiness.

As she said this, *Mary* ran to her, and throwing her arms round her neck, kissed her, and said, My dear Madam, do not talk in such a way; we all love you, I am sure we do, and so does *Kitty* too, only she is out of sorts because she cannot come to you sooner; she loves you *so well*, she wants to enjoy more of your company, that is all; indeed it is. Blessings on you, my dear child! (exclaimed the old Lady, as she clasped the waist of *Mary*, who was hanging on her neck) blessings on you! old as I am, you make me behave like a child; get up my love, get up,—I shall drop my tears upon your slip, and that will be a pity, for it is a pretty layluc! Where is my handkerchief? I cannot find it. And then turning hastily round, she saw it in little *George's* hand, who was standing behind her chair drying his own eyes with it. He then gave it to her, and looking up tenderly in her face, whispered in a soft voice, I am sure *I love* you. I am sure we *all* love you, rejoined *Sophia*, we should be most ungrateful not to do so: *Kitty*, why do not you speak? How *can* you behave so, you have made my grandmamma cry. No, no, my dear, said Mrs. *Blifield*, *Kitty* has not made me cry; she was to be sure a little rude; but these are not tears of *sorrow*, these tears flow from emotions of my heart I am not able to express; why does my *Mary*? why does my little *George* cry? I do not know, answered *George*, but only because I love you, and cannot help it, you spoke so I could not help it. Nei-

ther can I help it my sweet child, resumed his grandmother; I love you *all*: and my dear *Mary's* tenderness quite overpowered me. But here comes your papa, he will wonder what ails us all; he will think we have all been naughty together, so let us dry up our tears; do not let him see us crying.

Just as she said this, Mr. *Rotchford* entered, and looking round with astonishment, enquired at the same time into the cause of their grief. O, no cause, no cause at all! (replied Mrs. *Blifield*) we have no *grief* here; we are only crying because we love one another, that is all, are we not *George*? *George* then going to his father, took hold of his hand, and kissing it, said, Indeed papa, I am not crying because I am *naughty*, but because my grandmamma talked *so*. And *Mary* cried, and could *not* help it; but I am sure *I* have not been naughty; *I* did not say I hated old lazy folk. *I hope* not, resumed Mr. *Rotchford*, gravely. I should be very sorry to have you, or any of my children make use of so rude, so disrespectful, and so *wicked* a speech. It is extremely wrong to hate any body; but old age in a peculiar manner demands our respect; and whoever behaves with rudeness to the ancient, discovers not only a foolish, thoughtless, but also a *wicked* heart: was I to behold the first prince in the nation, treating a meer beggar with insolence upon account of his *poverty*, or his *age*, I should need no farther proof to convince me either of his want of *humanity*, or want of *understanding*. *I hope*, therefore, none of my children have so far forgotten their duty in general, or the respect they owe
their

their grandmother in particular, as to use that insolent expression: then walking up to his eldest son, who was looking out of the window, and holding him under the chin whilst he looked steadfastly at him; I hope, *Charles*, you have not been guilty of any rudeness to your grandmother; honestly confess what you have said, and tell me the whole truth.

Indeed, Sir, replied the boy, I have nothing to confess, I have not spoken a single syllable, I believe, since I came into the room. I have been listening very attentively to all my grandmother and sisters said; and as for despising, or being rude to people because they are *old*, I should *scorn* to behave so: if I live long enough I shall, one time or other be old myself; and I am sure I should think it very hard to be despised upon that account, or treated with insolence at the time I might justly claim more respect, upon account of my superior wisdom; for surely the longer people live, the wiser they grow, or they must live to very little purpose indeed. Well, my boy, I beg your pardon, said Mr. *Rotchford*, for suspecting you for a single moment; your behaviour at all times indeed, is such, as I confess ought to leave no doubts in my mind respecting your *dutiful* behaviour to your grandmother, or your humanity and civility towards all your fellow creatures. But who then has been so much to blame? somebody, I am sure, has. So pray, madam, said he turning to Mrs. *Blifield*, acquaint me which of my children has acted wrong, that I may no longer be in danger of suspecting those who are innocent. Pough!

pough! replied the old lady, what signifies who it is, they are all very good children you know, and if one of them did make a little slip of the tongue, what matters that, she is sorry for it now, I dare say; so pray enquire no farther about it, I shall tell no tales out of school, and I hope they all have too much good nature to inform one of another. I do not love to see children glad to have an opportunity to tell of each other, it does not look kind and generous; but appears spiteful and cross. I do not mean that they ought to conceal great crimes when they know of them; but to tell every fiddle fiddle as some do, I think, shew unkindness.

I was upon a visit the other day, where a girl about nine or ten years old, came running in to acquaint her mother, that one of her sisters, with whom she was at play in the garden, had picked a flower; and a little while afterwards in she came to say that *Ann* had made a hole in the border with a stick; and during the course of the day there were two or three crimes of the like nature she appeared very happy to tell of. What sort of a girl *she* may be, I do not know; I only can say this, that I never knew any of those *tell-tales* who were not themselves guilty of as many faults whenever they had a convenient opportunity, and I am sure it discovers an ill-natured turn of mind, to like to procure anger to their sisters or play-fellows. It is a parent's *duty* indeed to correct every crime they see: but methinks brothers and sisters should not delight in drawing that punishment upon each other; at least I know when I was young I was as sorry almost, to see my brothers or sisters whipt

or punished as if it was myself that suffered. And to this day I cannot have a good opinion of children who tell tales, except indeed it is any thing *wicked*, and then they ought to inform their parents that proper methods may be taken to prevent their proceeding in wicked, bad courses.

I am much of your opinion, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, and therefore I beg the favour of *you* to tell me, who has, this morning, been naughty; for somebody has, I am certain. Well, never mind, replied she, I beg you will not trouble yourself any farther about it, but let the matter rest, there is a good man; and I will tell you, that on *Thursday*, I shall send my coach by nine o'clock in the morning to fetch all these young folks to spend the day with me, if they *like* to come; if they had rather not, I beg they will not think of it out of *compliment*; for I never wish to have any body visit me contrary to their inclinations.

During this speech of Mrs. *Blifield*, *Kitty* felt so conscious that it was directed to her, that she could not conceal her confusion, but by her looks appeared so guilty that her father observed it, and calling her to him, said, I fancy I need no longer doubt who has behaved in an improper manner. For your looks *Kitty*, pretty plainly discover guilt, and your countenance renders it needless for any one else to *tell* of you. By the words your brother let fall in vindication of his own character, I suppose you have said that you *hated old lazy folk*, if you have indeed spoken this to your grandmother, I can think of no punishment

punishment adequate to your crime; but I must behold you with the greatest *detestation* and *horror*, as an unnatural monster, unworthy of the care and solicitude that has hitherto been shewn you. Like the gaudy butterfly, you may indeed be able to move about with more briskness and greater alacrity than those decrepit with the pains and weakness of old age; but I should be glad if you would inform me, since you so much dislike *laziness*, in what your *industry* has consisted? I should much like to know what *good offices* you have performed; what *service* you have been of; what *assistance* you have given to any one of your fellow creatures upon earth, since the first moment you were born, to the present? *Pain, expence, fatigue, anxiety, and care*, I know you have given to your mother and myself, and those who have nursed and instructed you. These, all children occasion to those with whom they are connected; and for these are they bound by the sacred ties of gratitude, to be *for ever* thankful and kind. And if *age* is what you have with insolence despised, give me leave to ask you, who would protect, instruct, or defend you, if the world had no older people than yourself in it? That little wisdom you already possess, whence did you acquire it? Did you instruct *yourself*? Was it your *own* hands taught *themselves* to work, to write, to draw? or did you teach *yourself* to read, and did your *own* recollection inform you of all those incidents you have gathered from your books of chronology and history? Dancing too, an accomplishment in which doubtless the young far excel
the

the old; was it by your own cleverness you acquired that grace? or did not some one farther advanced in life than yourself, give the proper directions how you were to proceed? And do you suppose that after people have once been thus far superior to you, by reason of their being older, as they advance still farther in life, they *lose* all their knowledge, and become alone objects of your *aversion*?

Surely the longer we live, the more experience we gain, and consequently increase in wisdom. Or if some people are so unhappy as to outlive their faculties, and their reason and understanding forsake them, through the various infirmities which attend upon very advanced life; yet even then they justly claim every mark of tenderness and respect, in consideration of what they *have* been, and of their present misfortune. But I see what your mother and myself are to expect from you, should it please God to continue us in life till we lose our present spirits and activity. Then, for all the care, assiduity, expence, and constant watchfulness we have bestowed on you; to defend, instruct, and support you, we shall be repaid with your *abhorrence*, and *hatred*, upon account of our feebleness, which you will uncharitably misconstrue *laziness*.

It would be in vain to talk to a girl of such ungenerous sentiments of her *own* feelings, or bid her consult her *own* heart upon the occasion; or else I would enquire how *you* should like such behaviour from those you had fostered, and brought with much anxiety and care to maturity? But be assured of this undoubted truth,

truth, that whoever behaves disrespectful and irreverently to old age, not only breaks a divine precept, for the Lord hath said, “Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man;” but also discovers a very *weak* and *shallow* understanding, incapable of judging of things beyond its own pursuits. As if a baby were to despise you for not loving a rattle, or your brother *George* censure your wisdom, because you do not, like him, ride about the garden upon my walking-stick: an amusement which doubtless *he* thinks far preferable to any of your rather more rational ones.—Yes, interrupted *George*, I do like vastly to ride upon your cane that has got the string to it, for that makes me such a nice bridle, and there is a black mark a little above the head, which I always make-believe is the mane; and when I go upon the pavement in the hall, the ferrule makes such a charming noise. Where is it papa? I will go and take a ride this moment. And away he ran.

Mr. Rotchford then proceeded, saying, You see, *Kitty*, how delightful he thinks it to run astride on that stick! Pray should you think it so? or do you find any great inclination to accompany him in his *ride*, as he calls it? No, Sir, replied *Kitty*. And do you think, said her father, that it discovers any real *strength* of judgement to make choice of that employment rather than one more useful? or would not the error lie in *George*, were he to condemn every more serious pursuit, as stupid, grave, and *lazy*; and not in the persons who with better discernment preferred them?

So be assured, when you presume to despise the sedateness of old age, it only proceeds from the *inconsiderateness* of youth, and every body (far from thinking it any proof of your *sense*) will esteem it as they justly may, a certain sign of your *folly*—a sure mark of an *empty, trifling* mind. It gives me very great concern, to think, that the ceaseless pains which have been taken to inform and expand your understanding, should all be thrown away, and by your own perverseness rendered ineffectual. But depend upon it, *Kitty*, the time *will* come, when you will suffer the severest anguish of mind, for those faults you can not now be persuaded to pay any regard to; and long after your mother and myself may be forgotten in the grave, you will find reason to repent of not having, now in your childhood, listened to, and observed our advice.

At these words *Kitty* burst into tears, and going to her father, she endeavoured to throw her arms round his neck, but he drawing back his head, and putting her gently from him with his hand, said, No, *Kitty*, I want no embraces from a person who I know is every day encreasing in her *hatred* of me, for no other reason, than because I every day grow *older*. Indeed, indeed, papa, replied *Kitty* sobbing, I love you dearly, I am sure I do;—I shall never hate you, but love you as long as you live, though it should be a thousand years.

O! said he very coolly, your grandmother is not near the tenth part of a thousand, and yet you think her *old* enough to be *hated*. No I do not, Sir, I am *sure*, she again replied, I love her very much, only I was
vexed

vexed that I could not set off sooner on *Thursday* morning because the coachman is so old, and does not like to rise early; and so I *only* said I hated such old lazy folk; but I am sure I did not mean that I disliked either my grandpapa or grandmamma.

What! said Mr. *Rotchford*, you only hate *James* upon account of his age, it is only *poor* people you despise when they grow old? *No*, Sir, I do not mean that, I only wanted to go sooner, and I said it, without *thinking*, that was all; but I will not say any thing of the sort again. I *hope* not, said her father; I hope not; it is a poor excuse for a reasonable being to make for acting wrong; to urge that they did not *think*, and did not *mean* any thing. Such an allegation might serve for a *monkey* in mitigation of its mischievous tricks, or for the impertinence of a *parrot's* language; but to rational creatures who are blessed with *sense* and *reflection*, it affords not the smallest excuse; since the very acting without *thought* and *meaning*, is in *itself* a crime; and consequently, can never render faults so committed, innocent. Well, but, interrupted Mrs. *Blifield*, *Kitty* acknowledges her error, and the next thing to not committing a crime, is the confessing it, and promising to amend for the future; so pray, Mr. *Rotchford*, let me intercede for her, you know you have just been saying that *old* folk should be respected; come now, set the example in this instance yourself, and at *my* request, kiss and forgive your penitent daughter. I know she is vexed at what has

passed,

passed, and will not repeat the offence : so pray kiss her, and think no more about it.

Your request, Madam, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, undoubtedly I will comply with, so far as to *kiss* and *forgive* her, if she is careful of her future conduct : but as to *thinking* no more about it, is quite out of my power to perform ; and therefore, I am sure, I will not promise it. It is ridiculous for people to flatter themselves with the idea that their follies will all be *forgotten* the moment they please to cease from acting them. A thing once done, can never be *undone*, nor is it in the power of any one to obliterate from his remembrance, those events he may wish had never been impressed there. The only way therefore of acquiring a good character, is to *live* so as to *deserve* it ; to let all our words and actions be regulated by *reason* and *discretion*, and not to *say* and do improper things for want of *consideration* and *thought* ; and then suppose the badness of them will be *forgotten*, the moment we please to confess we are *sorry* for our conduct. But come, *Kitty*, said he, holding out his hand to her, I wish not to have any faults to remember in my children, and as you acknowledge yourself ashamed of what you have said, I will this time forgive and embrace you ; but *take care, take care*, that you fall not again into disgrace through want of *thought*, and without *meaning* it ; for few are the crimes that can any ways be mended by such empty excuses.

Certainly, Sir (said *Charles*) people *ought* not to do what is wrong ; but surely it is not *so* bad to do things
through

through want of thought, and without an ill intention, as to do them for the purpose, and to sin with your eyes open, as one may say.

Really *Charles*, replied his father, I see but little difference whether I walk straight forward into a ditch with my eyes open, or wilfully shut them, and by that means plunge in. If through natural blindness I tumble in, I certainly should be blameless, and deserving of the utmost compassion; but if I carelessly chuse to march with my eyes turned behind me, should I not, when struggling in the mire, be an object of ridicule instead of commiseration? In like manner, if a person whom the Almighty has endowed with understanding, will so misuse, or not use it till he brings his actions to a level with those of a knave or a fool, could it, do you think in justice, be any palliation of his faults, to plead, that they were committed without thought. Then, why did you not think? must be the enquiry every reasonable person would make. And what is of infinitely more consequence, God himself will make it. Have not I (may we not suppose the Almighty will demand) endowed you with reason and understanding, that you may act agreeable to their voice? Have I not given you the faculty of reflection, that you may meditate upon those things which are right, and carefully avoid every temptation to evil? Where then were these faculties, or how were they engaged, when you neglected to consult their dictates, when you refused to listen to their counsel, and heedlessly said, or did, those things which ought not to have been spoken or performed?

formed? Ah! think, my children how we shall be able to answer enquiries such as these; or what we can plead in excuse for omitting to use that sense and understanding with which God has been mercifully pleased to bless us? Besides, were this *thoughtlessness* (which is in itself a fault) capable of palliating our misdeeds, there is scarce a crime of the blackest nature but might offer it by way of excuse, since even the villain who robs you, or the murderer who takes your life, may both urge their want of *thought* on the occasion; and plead, that they committed their sins in a *hurry*, without *considering* all the evil consequences that would follow from them. But were you the person despoiled of your money, or deprived of the society of one of your beloved friends, I fancy you would think it small compensation to be told, that the criminal's actions were performed without any bad *intention*, and merely through want of *thought*.

Yes, Sir, said *Charles*, to be sure that would be no excuse at all, for such atrocious deeds as *theft* and *murder*; but it is a very different thing in affairs of *less* importance. Suppose now, whilst I am *taviddling* the button of this hat (for he had one in his hand when he was speaking) I were to pull it off, merely without thinking what I am doing whilst listening to you, it surely could not be esteemed a *vast* crime! I confess I could not think myself very guilty! Now could you, Sir? should you reckon it any great sin? No, my dear, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, I cannot say I should considered only as relating to the *button* of your hat. But

even with regard to *that*, you must acknowledge it would be a piece of *mischief*, which would sufficiently prove the *folly* of doing things without thought. But, *Charles*, the evil stops not at the *hat*, if it did, it would, I confess, be but of little importance; on the contrary, a *habit* of *inattention* and *want of thought*, soon spreads through every action of life; and he who to day *twilldles*, as you call it, off the button of his own hat, will to-morrow, through the same cause, pull off that of his companion's, or perhaps cut off the straps of his shoes, or the flap of his coat. I mean, that if we accustom ourselves to act without consideration in *trifles*, it will not be long before we shall proceed upon the same sandy foundation to commit actions of the greatest importance, from whence may flow consequences of the most dismal nature. I have seen so much of this in the world, that I would wish you, by all means, to accustom yourselves to a constant habit of reflection, even in the most trivial occurrences; and by custom this may be done without any restraint or inconvenience. And surely it is highly disgraceful to man to permit himself, like the brutes of the field, to move and act without thought or consideration. They, indeed, with no other direction than *instinct*, cannot be expected to act as if guided by the dictates of *reason*: the horse, with equal unconcern, would trample beneath his feet the most beautiful plantation of flowers, or the weed that grows amidst his pasture: to take care and provide for his own safety, is all of which he is mindful; and without any sense of *wrong*, breaks down the enclosure

which

which confines him, to seek for greater liberty; or spurns those who he apprehends are approaching to hurt him. In like manner, every beast and bird of prey, voraciously devour the lesser animals on which they subsist, and without any emotion, rend them to pieces in the most exquisite torments; to satisfy their own appetites is all they seek, nor have they any *thought* what sensations they occasion to others. But can a *man*, a being endowed with *sense* and *reason* act thus, and be guiltless? Can a creature who has the faculties of *thought* and *reflection* to guide and direct his conduct, behave improperly, or give pain or uneasiness to another, merely from want of *using* those faculties, and not be extremely blameable?

Consider, my dear, in what consists the superiority of man above the brute creation. Not in *strength*, for numbers of them far surpass us. Not in *swiftness* or *agility*; for almost every little animal possesses those qualities to a degree infinitely beyond the most alert of men. In what then is it that we excel them, but in the noble faculties of the *soul*, in the powers of the *mind*, in being able to *think* and *consider*, to recollect past events, and contemplate those which are to come; to form a judgment from things we have already seen, of what is likely to be hereafter; and to act as *reason*, *conscience*, and *duty* shall require. If, therefore, neglecting all these endowments, by which we are rendered capable of knowing our Creator, admiring his works, and learning his holy laws, we through our own carelessness and inattention degrade ourselves to a level

with the brutes, by acting as they do, *without thought*; do we not then justly deserve the anger of our God, for abusing, or *not using*, that *sense* and understanding with which he has blessed us? And can it be any excuse for doing wrong, to urge, that we did not *think*? Is not this as if a person should starve in the midst of plenty, and then expect to gain compassion, by saying, *I did not eat*; whereas, would not his sufferings, be they ever so acute, entirely proceed from his own wilful folly, in neglecting the use of those means he was blessed with to keep him in health and spirits? So, if endowed with *understanding*, we fall into sin, because we do not make use of it, do not you think the *fault* will be entirely our own? And must we not expect to suffer for it in this world, by the loss of the good opinion and love of our fellow creatures; and in the world to come, by the infliction of those punishments which God has prepared for all the workers of iniquity.

Mr. *Rotchford* was proceeding in his discourse, when he was interrupted by the arrival of a gentleman and lady, with their son and daughter. Mrs. *Rotchford*, who had been absent during the foregoing conversation, entered at the same time, and general subjects were talked upon, till Mrs. *Rotchford* enquired, Why Miss *Dawson* was not of their party? adding, she should have been extremely happy in being favoured with her company. Aye, and I assure you, Madam, replied Mr. *Dawson*, *Agnes* would have been as happy to have visited you; but in truth I would not let her come out, for Miss is in her *airs* to-day, and would not
sing

sing when I desired her; and when I *stormed* at her, and downright insisted upon it, then to *spite* me, she only squalled like a peacock; but I will break her of such tricks, I warrant me; the next time Miss is asked, she shall comply at once, or else be locked up on the stool of repentance, as she is now.

Indeed, my dear, said Mrs. Dawson in a tremulous voice, she was not so much to blame as you thought; she is really unwell, and has had an extreme bad cold for these two or three days: she was, I assure you, very hoarse, and could not sing any better, or I am sure she would willingly have obliged you the first moment you asked her. I am sure of no such thing, replied her husband in a loud tone, whilst his countenance looked red with anger. I know she is an *obstinate* little hussy, and only refused on purpose to vex me, because she knows I *hate* to hear women make such *foolatum* excuses: good fingers always *pretend* to have colds, and be *hoarse*, and be *this* and be *that*, and be *fools* I say, that is what they chuse to be; but my girls shall not behave so, however their mother may try to spoil them, that I promise you, Madam! Here he stopped, and panted as if actually out of breath, through passion and vexation; and moving his chair back in a hurry, pushed it against the elbow of his daughter, who was just lifting a tea-cup to her mouth, and threw it down her neck and clothes.

The poor girl who was really very much scalded as well as startled by so unexpected an accident, called out, O! dear Sir! and burst into tears; whilst her fa-

ther, though the sole cause of the misfortune, upbraided her very severely for her carelessness and awkward manner of holding her cup, telling her, it should be the last time she should come out visiting: that another time she should go without tea, or only have a handled cup like a *baby*, till she could learn to hold it better. She then retired with her mamma, and Mrs. *Blifield* to the next room, to apply something to the scald upon her neck, and to dry and wipe her clothes. In vain was it, during that time, Mr. *Rotchford* endeavoured to moderate the anger of his visitor, by representing that his daughter was entirely innocent; and that it was wholly owing to *his* having pushed the chair against her, that the affair happened. Then she might have moved out of the way of the chair, said he; surely she could see me coming, I am *big* enough to be seen, I fancy! Am I not? And your cup, Madam, turning to Mrs. *Rotchford*, is broke to shatters. I will be *hanged* if I had not rather have given five guineas than my girl should have done such mischief. I will be *hanged* if I had not—I suppose it has broke a *set*; and you ladies, I know, value a set of china more than you do your husbands; and at any time had much rather their necks should be broke than one of your cups or basons.

O! no indeed, Sir, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, I set no such inestimable value upon so brittle a possession as a tea-cup; and if Miss *Patty* is not hurt, I beg you will not give yourself another moment's uneasiness upon the occasion, though indeed I must say it was *yourself* who did

did it, nor could Miss *Patty* possibly foresee you was so hastily going to move back your chair. It is *false*, rejoined he, she might have seen if she would; but I ask your pardon, Madam, for speaking so plainly to you; I declare I did not *think* who I was talking with, I thought it had been my wife; and the girls have so vexed me to day that I absolutely did not *consider* what I was saying.

Here he stopped, and a silence for some moments ensued. Mr. *Rotchford* then endeavoured to engage him in conversation upon various general subjects; but he was so thoroughly discomposed by the preceding events, that he only returned short answers to the questions directly put to him, and continued sullenly silent till his Lady and daughter returned, when he tauntingly enquired, How much the young lady's neck was hurt? Indeed, my dear, replied Mrs. *Dawson*, she is scalded a good deal; and she was going on when he interrupted her, saying, I am *glad* of it with all my *soul*! I am *glad* of it; I wish I had scalded her head off, and then she would have taken more care another time, and not held her cup so *titter-tottering*.

He was again silent, and his poor wife appeared so much distressed by his behaviour, that she was but little more inclined for conversation than himself: in short the whole company felt themselves in a very awkward, disagreeable situation, and were heartily rejoiced when the arrival of their carriage was announced. No sooner were they departed, than Mr. *Rotchford*, addressing himself to all his family said, To criticise

the behaviour and conversation of ones visitors as soon as they leave the room, and ridicule every little failure in their politeness, or every expression in which either through their want of better information, or their carelessness of diction, they may have expressed themselves inaccurately, is, in my opinion, a sure mark of an *ungenerous, censorious*; little mind, incapable of discerning merit, if veiled beneath any trifling *outward* disadvantages. Nor is this all, for it also indicates a want of that *christian charity*, and *candor* of disposition, so requisite to form the character of either a *great* or a *good* man.

But, at the same time that I thus express my abhorrence and detestation of the *censorious critic*, I should be wanting in my duty as a *father*, not to make some observation upon the conduct Mr. *Dawson* has this afternoon displayed. When people so abandon all sense, and chuse to act in so ridiculous, so *wrong* a manner, it must be *folly* only, and not *candour* that could attempt to justify them. Indeed it would be a criminal indifference to *virtue* and *vice*, not to behold with *abhorrence* such unbridled gusts of passion and malevolence, as Mr. *Dawson* discovered in his temper; and though it would be a breach of charity to expose *unnecessarily* his behaviour to others, whom it no ways concerned; yet it is our *duty* to reflect upon it, to consider how extremely odious and displeasing it rendered his society; and to recollect, that the like petulance in *our* conduct, will certainly make us *as* despicable, and disagreeable to all around. Mr. *Dawson* is a man of
such

such strict honesty in his dealings, and so punctually executes all his transactions with whoever he is engaged, that the character he maintains in the world, is that of an *honest worthy man*. On that head, therefore, I by no mean would be understood to cast the smallest reproach. But can his punctuality in business, in *any* degree excuse his tyrannical behaviour in his family, or his unjust accusation of his children? Was it not entirely through his *own* petulance that the cup was thrown down, and his daughter scalded? How then was she deserving of blame? And because he would abhor to commit a dishonest action; was he at all justified for his unmerited severity towards her, for his *unkind, unchristian* wishes, that her *head* had been scalded off?

It was rather a *rough* speech, to be sure, said Mrs. *Blifield*; but I dare say he did not *mean* that he *really* wished to see her *headless*; he only spoke without thought, he was in a *pet*, and said just what came uppermost, without considering what it was. Yes, Madam, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, but that you know, I have to-day been endeavouring to shew, is no just excuse for our faults; for by the same rule, another time he may in his *pet*, cut off her head as well as *wish* it, and continue guiltless, because he was in too great a passion to *consider* and *think* of the consequences of his actions. That is very true, said Mrs. *Blifield*, we certainly are commanded not to do evil that *good* may come of it; much less may we be justified for committing *evil*, because we *first* do wrong; and surely not to give ourselves

selves time to consider the consequences of our words
 or actions, must be very blameable. *Undoubtedly* it is,
 resumed Mr. *Rotchford*, especially when we recollect
 that almost every crime, how great soever, *originally*
 springs from *want of thought*. For is not this the
 source of all those numerous errors committed by chil-
 dren? Their parents inform them how to behave; but
 they *forget*, they do not *think*, they do not *consider*
 what has been said to them, or the consequences
 of neglecting to observe the directions they have re-
 ceived; hence they are hourly guilty of some little in-
 decorum, neglecting to do some things which they ought
 to perform, and committing many actions which they
 have been forbidden to do. From the natural inattention
 of children, this is pardonable in those who are *very*
 young; but when they come to be of an age capable
 of understanding, and reflecting upon what is said to
 them; when they are old enough to know the impro-
 priety of doing a *wrong* action, or speaking *unkindly*
 and *uncivilly* to others; it is no longer an excuse to say,
 they did not *think*, they did not *consider*; for the *power*
 of thought is given them, and it is their *duty* to exert,
 and make use of it. And, if young persons do not
 early in life accustom themselves to attend to the sug-
 gestions of *reason*, and *consider* what is likely to be the
 effect of their words and actions, they will fall into
 such a careless habit, as all their lives through, they
 may not be able to conquer; and when they grow up,
 (like Mr. *Dawson*,) render every body wretched with
 whom they are connected, by their *passion* and ill *nature*,
 merely

merely because they do not give themselves the trouble to *think* and *consider* what they are about.

Pray, Madam, did you take notice, enquired *Mary*, how extremely rudely *Mr. Dawson* contradicted you, when you said *Miss Patty* could not tell he was going to move the chair against her? I could scarcely keep my countenance to hear him in so loud and positive a tone declare it was *false*. Yes, I heard him, my dear, replied *Mrs. Rotchford*, and I also could not help remarking with sorrow, the reason he gave for doing so, because he thought it was his *wife* who was speaking to him; as if he imagined the *relationship* would have excused his rudeness. Whereas, on the contrary, I think it mightily increased his crime; for if he could be careless of his behaviour to *her*, whom he ought so *dearly* to love, he certainly might be expected to be so towards *me*, for whom he has not the least regard. *Good manners* and *politeness* are undoubtedly due to *every* body; and if we omit to pay it to those with whom we converse, we must not expect that our company and conversation will be much desired, or approved of. But surely, that civility is of very little value, which is displayed only to *strangers* and *visitors*, if we fail to shew it likewise to our *relations* and those we constantly reside with.

But, mamma, interrupted *Maria*, I thought we might be free at home and amongst ourselves. I never think of calling my sister *Miss*, or my brother *Master*, as I should strangers. No, my love, replied *Mrs. Rotchford*, I would not have you give them such titles of ceremony;

but

but I should be very sorry, if because you are *free* with them, as you call it, you were to be *rude*, or contradict them in that unpolite manner Mr. Dawson did me, when he apprehended it was his wife spoke to him. We should always be *civil* to *every* body, or in other words, we should, at all times be *obliging* to, and behave to others, as we should like they should behave to us. If you carefully follow this one rule, my dear children, you can never be very faulty in your conduct towards any of your fellow creatures. If you wish your brothers and sisters to be *fond of*, *obliging*, *good humoured* and *kind* to you, do you be sure to *love*, be *kind* to, and *good natured* to them. If you dislike they should *tease* and *vex* you, be careful never to *tease* and *vex* them. If you wish your parents and older friends to love and please you, by complying with your reasonable requests, do you make it your earnest endeavour to conform to them, and love them as tenderly as you wish to be beloved by them. To your servants, and all whom Providence hath placed in a poorer situation than yourselves, upon every occasion, speak with that *gentleness* and *kind condescension* which you would yourself like to be treated with, were you in their circumstances, and they in your's. And to your visitors, and all those with whom you have no other connection, than living in the same neighbourhood, the same county, or the same world, constantly shew all those marks of *politeness*, all those little acts of *civility*, which you find so pleasant to receive, and which are
indeed

indeed so absolutely necessary to keep up harmony and good-will amongst mankind.

That they undoubtedly are, rejoined Mr. *Rotchford*; for there is a certain *bearishness* of manners attending some persons, which entirely overshadows and hides a thousand good qualities they may possess. And again, there is a civility and politeness of behaviour, which wonderfully enhances the merit of every trifling action they perform, or every little favor they confer. Never I think, could this difference of behaviour appear more striking than in the conduct of the two *Dockets*. But it is, my dears, so very late, that I must defer the account of them till another opportunity, as it is now time you should all retire to bed.

The young *Rotchfords* were sorry to leave the room before they had heard their father's description of the two gentlemen he mentioned; but as they were always accustomed to obey at the first word, they, without any hesitation, wished their father, mother, and Mrs. *Blyfield* good night, and instantly withdrew.

The next morning they rose impatient to renew the conversation, but Mr. *Rotchford* was obliged to leave them in suspense till the evening, having no opportunity to pursue his history before, being engaged with company till that time: but no sooner were they withdrawn, than his children all assembled around him, begging him to *go on* with what he had begun the night before. He cheerfully complied with their request and proceeded, saying, Sir *John Docket*, a man of large estate, and who really did many great and charitable actions,

actions, I scarce ever heard well spoken of in my life: whilst his brother *James*, possessed of no very considerable fortune, with a family of eleven children to provide for, has universally the character of *liberality, generosity, humanity and charity* in the highest degree. But pray, Sir, enquired *Charles*, if Sir *John* was really generous and charitable, how came it about that he was never esteemed so? Because, my dear, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, he had so *ungenerous, so rude* a manner of behaviour, that he always *disgusted*, and generally *affronted* those he most obliged. I remember being in his company at a time when a subscription was raising for the benefit of a poor family whose house had been burnt down. The man was a basket maker, and by his industry, supported a wife and nine young children. At the time the accident happened, he had in his house several dozens of baskets which had been bespoke by a captain of a ship to go abroad, and for which he had received part of his money before they were delivered. The fire broke out the very night preceding that they were to be carried home, and not only consumed *them*, but his whole stock of osiers and wicker; together with his house, his furniture, his own and family's clothes, and in short every thing he was possessed of, excepting the shirts and shifts they had on their backs at the time they escaped from the flames, which burnt so fiercely, that they had no opportunity of dressing themselves, and with the greatest difficulty saved their lives.

The

The news of their misfortune soon spread round the parish the next morning, and the moment Mr. *James Docket* heard of it, he payed them a visit in a little cottage where they had taken shelter; and finding the melancholy account to be true, directly sent some of his own and family's clothes to relieve them from their *immediate* necessity. He then set on foot a subscription for them, and in person went from house to house, soliciting the assistance of all those, who had it in their power to bestow. (If I recollect right, the sum he himself subscribed was two guineas, but I am sure not more.) I was present when he shewed to his brother the list of names of those who had given something for the poor family; and heard him intreat the favor of inserting his name amongst those already written; when Sir *John* replied, No, no! indeed *James* you shall not, I do not see any occasion there was for you to set about this *subscription* in the manner you have done; why could not you let things be *quiet*, it was no business of *yours*. If they wanted any relief, the *parish* might have helped them, at least you need not have been in such a wonderful *hurry*; I see no sort of *occasion* for it, there are hundreds and hundreds of poor families and people in distress besides these, who no doubt will be *vastly* obliged to you if you will be so kind as to go about begging for them; but I promise you I have enough to do with my money without giving to the Basket-maker, who, for what I know to the contrary, nay, I think very *probably*, set fire to his house on purpose to have a *subscription* raised for him;

for

for I will answer for it, his whole stock in trade, *clothes, furniture* and *all*, were not worth half so much as you have procured by your *begging*: no not *half* so much, so I think he is *very* well off, *very* well indeed; and may be *mighty* well contented. At least I can see no reason why I should be thus called upon to give it whether I like it or not; I do not approve of such doings, such *taxes*, that I either *must* give away three or four guineas, or else be looked upon as *stingy* and *niggardly*. There was an old woman here this morning with a *petition*, because she had a fore leg and could not work; she used to get her livelihood by going out to nurse; but now she cannot, because her leg is so bad, she has been obliged to go into the hospital, and has sold all her clothes: I *hate* such continual petitions. And did you give her any thing? said his brother. Yes I *did*, he pettishly replied, she *whined* me out of half a guinea; but I told her not to let me see her again, if she did, I would send her to the house of correction.

Well but, resumed Mr. *Docket*, you still, I hope, have something to bestow on the poor basket-maker; consider his case is very hard, they were going on very comfortably, and to be *so* suddenly reduced must be a terrible stroke upon them indeed! Come, come, Sir *John*, as I have taken up the begging trade, and have succeeded so well hitherto, do not disappoint me here: put your hand into your pocket, and take up all that it first encloses. Indeed I will do no such thing, I tell you, replied Sir *John*; if I do give them any thing, it shall be another time; I will send for the *fellow*, and
talk

talk with him, and see what will be best to be done. Here the conversation ended, and in all probability would not have again been introduced, had not the poor man, who looked up to Mr. *Docket* as his preserver, called to speak to him.

He left the room for a few minutes and then returned, introducing *Ratlodge*, (for that was the man's name,) to his brother, saying, This man, Sir *John*, is the poor basket-maker, whom you just now said you would take an opportunity of talking with; as he is here now, he will answer you any question you may have to put to him. *Pshaw! nonsense!* said Sir *John*, turning round hastily, with his back towards the man, who stood bowing and trembling, alarmed by so ungracious a reception. Then starting up and placing himself with his back against the fire he began saying, Why my brother, I find has been making a subscription for you; now I do not doubt but he did it out of *good nature*; but I think it a very *foolish* thing to go begging about for a man because he has had his house burnt down. I dare say you are in great distress, and will be very *glad* of all he can get for you, and so would thousands besides you; but is that any reason there should be a *subscription* opened for every man who has *lost* his money, or *spent* it foolishly?

I am sure, Sir, and please your honour, replied the man, that has not been my case: I can *safely* say, I never spent a farthing that was not absolutely necessary. I have a large family Sir; I have *nine* children, and the eldest is but eleven years old Sir, so your ho-

nour may judge if I had not enough to do to provide for them all, with this one pair of hands, Sir. For my poor wife, Sir, having children so fast, was hard worked to keep them all tight and clean, Sir; and so your honor must needs think. But with diligence we made a shift to live comfortably though coarse enough: and I never owed a shilling till this winter, when my wife and five of the children were so long ill, first with the measles, and then with *the* ague and fever, and one thing or other, that I was obliged to let my rent go; and I owed for one whole quarter and a week the very day the house was burnt.

And so, interrupted Sir *John*, you thought the easiest method of paying it was to set fire to the house and burn it down?

I set fire to the house, said the man, whilst his cheek glowed with just indignation. I burn my house down! No, Sir, thank God, though I am *poor* I am *honest*; I have a *soul* to be saved as well as my betters, and would as much scorn to do such a base action. So far was I from burning the house to avoid paying my rent, that my intention was to discharge that debt the very next day; for I was to have carried the baskets to Captain *Shelvy's*, and I should have received more from him than would have been sufficient to set me clear in the world.

Aye, it is very *easy* to *say* so now, replied Sir *John*, but there is no proof that such was your intention; and I know that you sort of fellows like well enough to be set clear in the world, and wipe off all your old debts
without

without paying a farthing. But where have you lived ever since? At a neighbour's, Sir, answered he, who Mr. Docket has been so kind as to pay for lodging and boarding us all; and if it had not been for his goodness to us, we might all have perished before this, through want of necessaries. Well but, resumed Sir John, I suppose your neighbours cannot continue to keep you all; you must put them to great inconvenience. There is at present a small house consisting of three rooms at the bottom of Grass-lane, which stands empty, and has been so for some time, because I have not liked to let it: now I could get seven pounds a year at any time for that; but I do not know what to say to it. Mr. Docket can not pretend to maintain you, having a large family of his own, so you must even have that, I think, and live there and see what you can do with your basket-making again.

Sir, replied the man, I humbly thank you; but I fear I shall never be able to discharge that rent, *seven* pounds, Sir, is more than I can promise to lay by after all my living expences are paid. Why you *stupid* headed fool, said Sir John, did not I say, you might live there without the rent, only pray take care and do not let any of your children break down my fence, or ever be idling about the park; for if I ever find them *lurking* about, I will turn you all out without a moment's warning, so mind that; and take care not to set fire to the house to discharge your debts again. And now, though I have not put my name down in the *subscription* that my brother has so *ill* judgingly set

on foot, I hope you will acknowledge that I have done much more for you than any one man in the parish besides.

Sir, said the man, I heartily thank you, and trust you will never find me ungrateful.

That is as it may prove, replied Sir *John*, I know very often you sort of people, when you are in distress, will be prodigiously humble, and make very fair promises of gratitude; but no sooner do you get a little up in the world than you forget your promises, and are so saucy and insolent that there is scarce any bearing you; however, take care, and do not let me find *you* so; and here are three guineas for your present use, a much larger sum than you ought to have given *you*, only I would wish to behave generously; and so now you may go about your business. I have nothing farther to say to you; but mind you do not go and spend it at the alehouse. I never spend any there, Sir, said the man, and making as humble a bow as he could, left the room.

But do you think, my children, that he left it with any favourable opinion of Sir *John's* generosity, although he had really so largely contributed to his future livelihood? And must he not, at the time he received the gift, *dislike* and *despise* the *giver*, who could so cruelly insult and accuse him as the wicked author of his own misfortune? On the contrary, Mr. *James Docket*, although the sum he bestowed was not near so considerable, yet by his obliging manner, and kind condescending behaviour, engaged the hearts of poor

Ratledge and all his family, who would willingly have done any thing in their power to serve and please him. And so in every instance through their lives, the one always pleased, while the other disgusted those with whom he conversed. *Mr. Docket*, if ever he found it necessary to deny any request, sent the person away better satisfied and pleased with him, than *Sir John* did those with whom he complied; so great a difference was there in their manners and behaviour.

Indeed, said *Charles*, if he conferred all his favors in the same *obliging* manner as he lent the house to the poor basket-maker, I do not wonder that he did not gain many admirers; for if I had been the man, I would have told him, he might keep the house to make his own baskets in, before I would be beholden to him, if he gave it in such an ungenerous manner. A wretch! I am sure he deserved to be burnt with the bundle of osiers and wicker; I hate such mean ungenerous doings. I would wish you, my boy, said his father, so far to hate them, as to keep clear from doing the like yourself; but yet you must take care that your abhorrence of wrong actions does not transport you to an unjustifiable length, and make you forget that moderation which is the very soul of Christianity.

Before, *Charles*, we so severely censure other peoples faults, we should take great care that our own conduct be free from blemish, otherwise the world may well think we blame more from an ill-natured propensity to find fault, than from any real dislike to *sin*; for

was *that* our abhorrence, we should certainly be careful to remove it from our own practice. But though Sir *John* was undoubtedly very blameable, and lost half the merit of his good action by the unkind manner of doing it; yet surely you have adjudged him rather too severe a punishment, considering that his crime consisted principally in want of *politeness* or a *graceful* manner of behaviour. No-but, Sir, rejoined *Charles*, it was so *abominably* ungenerous to insult a poor man for his *misfortunes*, and tell him they were his *faults*; I am sure I think poor *Ratlodge* must hate him for his house instead of thank him.

If *Ratlodge* was a *good* man, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, he would know it is very wrong to *hate* any body, much less should he feel such resentment against a person who had so greatly assisted him, and put it into his power again to carry on his business, and maintain his wife and family. He would therefore consider it as his *duty* to be *grateful* for the favor he had received; at the same time the unkind manner in which it was bestowed, would doubtless prevent his ever feeling any *love* or *affection* towards his haughty benefactor; and it would be impossible for the pleasing thought of living in his house free from rent to come into his mind; without at the same time, the recollection of the *ungenerous, rude* behaviour of Sir *John* likewise presenting itself; and thus, though he could not but *rejoice* in the gift, he could feel no great cordiality towards the *giver*. On the other hand, whenever the recollection of Mr. *James Docket's* conduct presented itself,

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he would feel his heart glow with *gratitude*, and sincere affection towards the man who had so kindly relieved him in his distress, and so humanely collected for him that assistance which he was himself unable to bestow. So prodigiously engaging is a mild affable behaviour.

To the man who conducts himself with constant civility and politeness to all he converses with, almost every body will be ready to give a good character; and if they discover any little errors in his life, will be desirous to excuse, instead of expose them. Whereas he who, mindful of no one's inclinations but his own, boorishly neglects every little office of civility, will be sure to make almost as many *enemies* as he has companions; and far from overlooking his *failings*, they will even be apt to censure his best *deeds* (as you Charles do Sir John's bounty) because so over-clouded by the disagreeable manner of performing them. Of such great, such material consequence is it, my dears, to be *civil* and *polite*, or what Saint Paul calls, to be *courteous*.

Only consult your own hearts, who are the people you love and admire most, and you will be sure to find that it is those who behave with *kindness*, and *civility*. Jack Hind is a boy, who I verily believe possesses many good qualities, and I have so good an opinion of him as to think he would not commit what he thought a bad action upon any account; at the same time his manners are so disagreeable, and his behaviour so rude and unpolite that he appears a *disgusting*, instead of a

pleasing companion. I will not pretend to say there was any thing *wicked* or *sinful* in his running to the plate of cake the moment he came in, to take *first choice*, as he called it, and then turning every slice round, to see which looked the largest and best; but it certainly was very *rude*, and had a very ungentlemanlike appearance. So again, when he drew his chair close to the fire, before all the rest of the company, because he was cold, and then sat laughing at his own ungracefulness; though there was no actual *sin* in it, yet surely it rendered him *disagreeable*; and every one who was witness to that and his other equally uncivil actions, could not avoid condemning him; and every time they think of him, or hear his name mentioned, they will instantly recollect also that he is one of those persons, who, though perhaps possessed of many good qualities, will never make a pleasant companion.

Pray, papa, enquired *Mary*, was it not *Jack Hind* who threw the shrimps at you when you dined there? Yes, my dear, replied *Mr. Rotchford*. Threw *shrimps* at you! said *Mrs. Blifield*, I beg I may hear how that happened, for they seem strange sort of creatures to make balls of? Strange indeed! Madam, *Mr. Rotchford* resumed, but so it was. One day they were a corner dish when I was dining at *Mr. Hind's*; and as Master *John* sat next them, I begged the favor of him to help me to a few: he directly, without any spoon, grasped a handful, and threw them across the table into my plate; that is, *some* of them, for others were scattered in their journey, and fell into different dishes, and
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upon the table-cloth, which he very gravely, as if not at all sensible that he had been any ways to blame, reached his arm as far as he could stretch, to gather up again, and actually put his thumb and finger into a boat full of gravy to pick out one which had fallen therein, and then said to me, *Here, hold your plate, Sir,* and I will give you these which I have got in my hand.

And did you hold your plate, papa? said *Charles*. No, my love, replied *Mr. Rotchford*, I cannot say I liked the thought of eating what he had so closely held squeezed up in his hand; we should never handle what another person is to eat, it does not look neat; and when I saw he did not mind putting his finger into the gravy, and taking the shrimps in that manner, I could not suppose that he much regarded whether his hands were *clean* or not, and therefore declined sending for any more.

Did his father or mother take any notice of his doing so? enquired *Charles*. I believe, said *Mr. Rotchford*, his father said, *O! for shame! Jack*; but I do not recollect any farther notice being taken of it, for which I thought them much to blame; for if they do not tell him of his errors, I know not how he will ever amend: and the next time perhaps, he may hand a joint of meat, or a pudding in the same elegant manner. But that would so grease his fingers, said *Kitty*, that I think he would dislike it. *O!* rejoined her father, that would be no objection at all, for I promise you he is very easy on that head; he uses his fingers almost as much as his knife and fork, and grasps a bone

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in his hand whilst he gnaws it, and greases his cheeks from ear to ear, without the least apprehension of being injured by it.

Well, to be sure, said *Charles*, I must confess I do like to gnaw a bone *vastly*, and at school we always do; you have no objection to my doing it *there*, have you, Sir? No, not I, *Charles*, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, if it is the *custom* of the place, and you chuse to do it, provided you take care never to offend in that manner against politeness when at any other table: at school, I believe, all pretensions to gentility are laid aside; are they not? and it would there be even thought a reproach to pay any attention to the *Graces*. Yes, that sure enough it would, replied *Charles*; there is one boy who always goes by the name of Sir *Supplejack*, because when he first came, he used to make bows to Mr. *Chiron*, and all the ushers, every time they gave any thing into his hand, or spoke to him; and called the boys *Sir*, or, the young *gentlemen*, when he spoke of them. But he was soon laughed out of his civility, and is now one of the roughest bears in the whole school; but if he continues there these hundred years, he will never lose his title of *Sir Supplejack*, I warrant him.

Aye, said Mr. *Rotchford*, I know schools are strange fort of *bear-gardens* indeed; and as it is the nature of all the wild *cubs* in them, to laugh at, and deride every one who appears a little more civilized or humanized than themselves, I would not wish you, whilst there, to set up for a reformer in that respect, or make yourself a particular character, by an unusual degree of politeness.

politeness. There is an old proverb you know, *Charles*, that, When we are at *Rome*, we must do as they do at *Rome*; that is, comply with the customs of the place we live in, provided they are *innocent*: if they are *not*, whatever part of the world we are at, whatever society we are with, we are no longer to conform to *custom*; for the moment any practice ceases to be innocent, that moment it becomes the *duty* of every virtuous person to forsake it; and though he stands singly in opposition to the whole world, still he ought to disregard their *derision* and their *threatening*, rather than comply with what he knows to be wrong, or in the least degree contrary to the will of God.

For a person to render himself *remarkable* by any particularity of behaviour in things indifferent; and like Mr. *Goswit*, wear the skirt of his coat down to his ancles, whether it is the fashion to have them short or not, because he *likes* it: or like Mr. *Newby*, lay it down as an invariable rule, to make three bows upon his entrance of any apartment, whether crowded with guests, or absolutely empty, because it is *his way*; and always to have his plates at dinner heated peculiarly hot for him, for the same reason, because it is *his way*; and his *way* likewise to have a napkin and water brought him in the middle of the afternoon to wash his hands. These, and the like particularities, may justly excite the ridicule of all beholders; and whatever understanding those who practice them may possess, they certainly discover great *want* of sense in such instances; since no truly wise person would wish to be distinguished

distinguished from the rest of mankind, by so *ridiculous* and *insignificant* a token. But to be pointed out *deservedly*, as the most *upright*, the most *virtuous*, the most *disinterested*, the most *candid*, the most *charitable*, or the most *learned* of men, are distinctions which must reflect honor to whomsoever they can be applied; and far from *disgracing*, are the *only* just mean of *ennobling* the character of man.

Titles of distinction are but empty names; the man dignified by the highest, may be as deserving of contempt as the poorest of the human race. The appellation of *Duke* or *Lord*, no more ensures *esteem*, *approbation*, or *love*, than that of a *chimney-sweeper*, or a *cobler*: more *outward* respect may indeed be paid to them, wealth and grandure will always meet with *submission* and *ceremonious* regard. But it is *goodness*, *Charles*, it is *virtue* alone, that can ever gain the real *love*, *esteem*, and *approbation* of the *heart*. And depend upon it my boy, however religion and virtue may be laughed at by the inconsiderate and the wicked, it will always be respected by the *wise* and *worthy* part of mankind; and it is the judgment of such alone we need give ourselves any concern about.

To be applauded by the *vile* and *foolish* part of the world, can surely afford no satisfaction to a sensible mind; on the contrary, if a man finds himself caressed by the worthless, he has great reason to suspect his own conduct must be sadly faulty. Resolutely therefore, my children, for I speak to you *all* (though *Charles*, from mixing with so many boys at school, is

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in more danger of being led astray) *resolutely* pursue the path of virtue, it is the only one that leads to *honor*; and being once informed in your minds of what is *right* to be done, never hesitate a moment to perform it. *Happiness* is the universal wish of every human heart; but of this you may be *confident*, there is no happiness without *goodness*. To be good is the only way to be happy. Do not, however, misunderstand me, or think that virtue will shield you from every difficulty and care; for such a state of ease is not the portion of any being upon earth. Sorrows and affliction of some sort or other, are the unavoidable lot of every living creature; and a person may as well expect to fly through the air, as to think of passing through this world, without meeting many and various calamities. From the fall of Adam, to the present time, no person has wholly escaped: Solomon long ago made the same observation, and declared, "That man was as certainly born to trouble, as the sparks of fire fly upward."

But, papa, interrupted *Kitty*, I thought you said, if people were *good* they *would* be happy? So my love, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, they will be in *comparison* of the wicked; and as happy as this life will permit: but perfect and complete happiness, *Kitty*, is never enjoyed by any one on earth. In Heaven alone is such felicity to be found, and none but the good and virtuous shall ever be admitted there; consequently none but the good and virtuous, can have the comfort of knowing that they shall some time or ^{else} enjoy it.

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It is this thought which makes good people so much happier than the wicked, even supposing they should both be afflicted with the same distresses. Suppose now a good person, and a wicked one, were both sick, both confined to their bed, and unable to partake of any amusement. How different would be their situation, though their distemper should be the same, and rage with equal violence in each. The good person, who has always been used to submit quietly to those inconveniences which he could not avoid; who has been taught to trust in God, and depend upon his doing what is best for all his creatures, will be patient and resigned; and though prevented from partaking of any kind of amusement, or pursuing any employment, still his own thoughts, when he reflects upon the kindness and mercy of God, will afford him much comfort and pleasing consolation. The pains and uneasiness of the *body* he cannot avoid feeling; but then his *mind* will be so calm and composed, and he will find such satisfaction in the review of his past life, which has been spent agreeable to the will of God; such joy and delight in the hope of the happiness which he shall receive in Heaven, in case it should please God that his sickness should prove mortal; such peace and cheerfulness will he feel in his bosom; that even in the time of sickness and bodily suffering, very far exceed any pleasure the wicked can ever, in their gayest moments, experience. But if you behold the wicked when deprived by illness of those pleasures, which they thoughtlessly pursued when in high health

health and spirits ; you will always find them melancholy and wretched, beyond any thing I can describe to you. *Conscience*, whose advice they have before neglected to attend to, will then most severely torture them ; confined to their bed by pain and weakness, they will find it impossible to run to *amusements* and *merry companions* for diversion, and to stop the torments which their own reflection occasions : for instead of being able, like the virtuous person when sick, to look back upon their past lives with *comfort* and *satisfaction*, the recollection of their numerous transgressions will cause them the most dreadful suffering, since they will be sensible that they must have made God angry with them ; and if they should now die, before they have sincerely repented and amended their ways, they know they shall not be admitted to the joys of Heaven ; but on the contrary, be doomed to the most inexpressible torments. This thought, you may well suppose, fills their hearts with *fear* and *horror*, makes the thought of death terrible to them, and robs them of every moment's ease which otherwise, perhaps, their distemper might allow them. Added to all this, they are *impatient*, *fretful*, and *cross* at their confinement ; and I think, my dears, by your own experience you must know, that persons who are *fretful*, and *out of humour*, can never feel *comfortable* and happy, even though they have no pains of the body to add to their uneasiness. And thus, in every distress which human nature is liable to, the wicked will feel it with ten thousand times more severity than the righteous ; since, when their

worldly

worldly pleasures leave them, they lose all their joy and comfort, and have no hopes of future happiness to revive and cheer their spirits: whereas, the *good* man in the greatest trouble which can possibly befall him, has the promise of the Almighty God to depend upon, that if he bears his distress *patiently*, and behaves *right*; he shall, in a far better world than this, be rewarded with everlasting joy; he shall be admitted into the glorious kingdom of God, where he shall possess all he can desire, and *never, never* feel any *pain, sorrow, or disappointment* more, but be made equal to the angels of God. Might I not, therefore, *Kitty*, justly say, that to be *good* is the certain and *only* way to be happy? Especially when virtue, in the common course of things, is the most likely mean to procure worldly comfort. You all, at present, my dears, are young and *very ignorant*; you know nothing as yet of the world; few are your acquaintance, and of those few you can form but very imperfect judgments. Yet young and ignorant as you are, consult your own little experience, and see who amongst those you know appear to be the most happy? Those whose *morals* and *tempers* are the *best*, or the *worst*? And in the first instance, does Mr. *Dawson* appear to act from that law of kindness which our Saviour has declared to be necessary towards forming the character of a sincere Christian? Does he appear mild and gentle? Does he appear to consider the comfort and satisfaction of others? and does he appear *happy* and *contented* in *himself*? No, that I am *sure* he does not, was instantly

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repeated by all. And yet, rejoined Mr. *Rotchford*, is Mr. *Dawson* far from being regarded as a wicked man. Only think, therefore, if the defect in his temper can so spoil his comfort and peace, how wretched must those be, who proceed still farther in guilt; for you may be confidently assured of this truth, that every fault a person commits, is certain to plant fresh uneasiness in his mind, and rob him of a degree of happiness which he before enjoyed. How miserable then must those be, who will persist in doing wrong!

Now, my dears, from the characters I have given you of Sir *John*, and Mr. *James Docket*, which do you think appeared the happiest man? Mr. *Docket*, to be sure (they all with one voice replied.) And who appears the happiest; (you will excuse me, Madam, said Mr. *Rotchford*, bowing to Mrs. *Blifield*,) your grandfather and grandmother, or old Mr. and Mrs. *Trunick*? O! my grandpapa and grandmamma, a great deal, was again the reply from all. I will tell you what renders them so, said Mr. *Rotchford*, they have always endeavoured to seek for happiness by being good. In their youth they diligently performed those duties which are required of the young; they were obedient and affectionate to their parents, respectful to all their instructors, kind and obliging to their equals, and civil and courteous to all. When they proceeded farther in life, and had families of their own to provide for and instruct, with diligence they then attended to those duties required of parents; they edu-

cated their children suitable to their situation in life; and taught them first, and *above* all things, to "Remember their Creator in the days of their youth;" him, and keep his commandments. And now that they are advanced far in years, and come to that period when life begins to lose every relish, how amiable! how pleasing is their conduct! Their pains and infirmities are not fewer, or less than those of Mr. and Mrs. *Trunick*; but how differently do they support them? When their eyes grow tired of reading or working, they quietly quit the employment; but do not, like them, *grumble* and *fret* at the miseries of age: neither when tired of walking, do they *repine* at their weakness; and by their perpetual complaints, appear almost to reproach Providence for granting them so long a life. On the contrary, they are always *cheerful* when blessed with freedom from pain, and *patient* when afflicted with it. They know God sent them into the world to do all the good that they could, which they always endeavoured to do, and have therefore nothing to fear from the approach of death; but let it come when it will, have undoubted trust that it will conduct them to immortal joys. Well! upon my word, said Mrs. *Blifield*, you have let your tongue run on finely now: little did I think, when you begged I would *excuse* you, what you were going to say; and I suppose you think I am too *old* to blush: as that is the case, I will not contradict you. I will confess to this company what I would not to any besides, that I *have* always tried to do my duty

duty in every stage of life through which I have passed; and thank God, I *do*, as you say, enjoy the blessed fruits of it, in the hope of soon partaking of a glorious immortality. Mr. *Blifield* and myself, excepting the rheumatism, are both, the Lord be praised, tolerably free from pain; weak, feeble, blind, deaf, and helpless enough we are; but still we have part of our senses left, and that is a great happiness at our time of life: I am sure I esteem it so, and strange as you may think it, I would not change places with the most beautiful lass, blooming in all her prime, that the whole world can produce. Do not you think, my dears, that I must be a strange woman, to have such a comical taste, as to prefer my ugly old form to that of a young beauty? Why, indeed, grandmamma, replied *Harriot*, to speak the truth, I *do*; I am sure I *love* you very dearly, but I cannot help saying, I wonder you do not think Miss *Cinara* looks as if you would like to change persons with her. Well! to be sure, returned Mrs. *Blifield*, smiling, I must confess you have thought of a young lady, who does rather surpass me in comeliness: Miss *Cinara*, I think, is reckoned a *beauty*; and I do not fancy any one upon earth celebrates me for one; but you know, just now I told you, I was a little *blindish*, and so perhaps I can not see all my own wrinkles and deformities; do not you think that must be the reason of my making such a strange speech, my dear? Indeed, madam, said *Harriot*, I cannot guess *what* was your reason, but I think you must be quite blind instead of only *blindish*, not to

see Miss *Cinara* look *vastly* pretty. Why then, my child, replied Mrs. *Blifield*, I will tell you my reason, and explain what I meant. Do not think me so blind, or so foolish, as not to see and know that Miss *Cinara*, and a hundred other Misses, are very pretty, and myself otherwise. But beauty of person my love, though it is certainly very pleasing to behold, can give no real happiness to those who possess it; it can neither prevent the pain of sickness, nor defend the heart from feeling all those troubles to which human nature is subject. Do you think, *Harriot*, those rosy cheeks of yours, would prevent your feeling sorrow, if your parents, or brother, or sisters were to die? Or if you were to tumble down and break your arm, would it suffer less pain, do you suppose, because it is fair and plump, than if it was brown and worse shaped? No! no, my love; *beauty of person* cannot defend us from sorrow, or suffering; neither can it furnish any degree of happiness to the heart. As your papa has just been telling you, happiness is only to be found in the path of *virtue*. A *quiet conscience* is a greater blessing than all the *beauty, riches, or grandeur* in the world: and I thank my God, that my conscience is very easy; so easy, that as I said before, I would not change places with any young person in the world; for I do not know how their minds may feel, or what troubles they may have to bear: and though they may be very pretty and much admired, still I am of that poet's opinion, who said;

“ One self-approving hour, whole years outweighs

“ Of stupid starers, and of loud buzzas.

POPE.

So *now* do you understand me, my dears? Do you comprehend *why* I would not change my age and deformities for Miss *Cinara's* youth and beauty? Not that I mean to infer any thing against the *goodness* of that young lady; for I know not any thing of her; but that she is *handsome*, and has, therefore, more temptations to vanity than I have; and is *young*, and, therefore, in all probability, more trials and difficulties to struggle with than I shall now meet with between this and the grave; for though I sit chattering here now as fast as a magpie, it will be but a little while before I shall be silent, and go to *bye-bye* in my coffin. As she spoke these words, a tear fell from the eye of Mrs. *Ratchford*, upon the neck of her youngest boy, who was sitting in her lap; the words which called it forth were spoken in so lively a tone of voice, that he was ignorant *why* she wept; and looking up in his mother's face, called out, Mamma is not well! what is the matter, mamma? why do you cry? and instantly his own tears started to his eyes, overpowered by his tender affection towards his mother, who he supposed to be in trouble. Mrs. *Ratchford*, who wished not to have her emotions observed by her mother, gently endeavoured to stop his enquiries, by telling him she was perfectly well; that nothing was the matter with her; and begging he would be silent that she might attend to what his grandmamma was saying. But little *George*, who, though possessed of the most sensible heart, was yet too young to know from whence his feelings proceeded, could not be so easily quieted

whilst he thought his mother in distress, and therefore repeated his enquiries of, What is the matter, mamma? why do you cry? papa! grandmamma! pray come to my mamma, and say something to her, and stop her crying. Mrs. *Rotchford* now found it impossible to conceal her tears, which the lovely tenderness of her son had made to flow still more abundantly; and pressing him with the warmest affection to her bosom, she said, *George*, how you have exposed me by your fond enquiries! nothing, my love, ails me; I am very well; but your grandmamma's last speech overpowered me; and, as you sometimes say, I could *not help* crying; but I did not wish any body to see it; and if you, you little fellow, had held your tongue, I should have wiped them away, and nobody would have seen a single tear.

Well, wipe them away now, my love, said Mrs. *Blifield*, I did not mean to pain you by mentioning my death; the separation of friend, is, to be sure, a melancholy thought; and when people have led virtuous lives, that is the only one which can give them any uneasiness at the approach of death. But still we should endeavour to overcome it, by reflecting upon the happiness to which we shall be admitted after we leave these fleshly bodies, that is, *if* we have been good, for *without* goodness, no one shall ever taste of joy. To be sure, the thought of leaving all one's friends, without knowing what will become of them when we are gone, is a little dismal; but then we should comfort ourselves with the knowledge, that,
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although *we* leave them, yet *God* will not; he will always continue to be their helper and defender; he will *never* leave them, or for one moment neglect to watch over them, and order all things for their good, provided they do but love and obey him to their lives end.

These kind of thoughts will mightily cheer our hearts when we ourselves approach towards our end: and when those we best love die before us, the same thought of *God's* goodness should then also comfort and console our hearts for their departure. For, if we really love them, must we not be glad that they are *happy*? must we not rejoice to know that all their toil and troubles are at an end? that they will never meet with any more difficulties; never feel any pain of body or uneasiness of mind; but be completely and eternally blessed? These considerations, my dear children, if we love a person, will help prodigiously to comfort us for their departure; and these considerations, my dear *Molly*, said she, turning herself to her daughter, will, I am sure, dry *your* tears, when, as I just now said, I am put to *bye-bye* in my coffin.

Here I am at present a *poor, decrepit, feeble, old* woman; but when once this body is laid in the dust, my *soul* shall, I humbly trust, return to the *God* who made it, freed from every encumbrance of this frail flesh, and enjoy in his presence that fullness of *happiness*, which, whilst we are upon earth, we are not even able to imagine or suppose. O! my beloved children! young as you are, let me persuade you steadily to pur-

sue the path of virtue; be assured it is the only course that can procure you *happiness*. Let not the temptation of *pleasure* or *profit*, or any thing upon earth, ever prevail upon you to do a *wrong* action; for depend upon it, however you may disregard it at the moment of doing it, the time *will* come, when you will be sorry for your folly, and feel much more pain from the thought of having acted wrong, than it ever afforded you pleasure in the doing. To conform to the dictates of virtue may *sometimes* be *difficult*; but it is *always* *glorious*; it may require *resolution*; but a human creature *without* resolution, is a *contemptible* being, and such as, I trust, any of you would scorn to be. A boy without *courage* and *resolution* every body must despise: a *coward* is always scorned; and what a dastard does he prove himself, who has not *resolution* to do *right*; who is *afraid* of being laughed at by *filly* people, and therefore has not *courage* enough to refrain from doing *wrong*. Shame! shame! upon such characters, they may *bluster* and *fight*, as much as they please, but till they have magnanimity to act as they *ought* to do, they are no better than dastardly bullies. *Women* and *girls* likewise have as much necessity for true fortitude as the other sex: because for females to yield to temptation, is as great a crime in their sex as in the other. I have no notion, for my part, of people perpetually acting wrong, putting themselves in passions, being out of humour, and committing a hundred bad actions, because they *cannot* help it. Such a plea is ridiculous. People *can* help it, if they please: every body may
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acquire resolution if they *try*, and earnestly endeavour to gain it. But if they do not attempt it, and take no pains about the matter, but content themselves with saying they *cannot*, then, to be sure, they never will; but *great* things, I know, are to be done by resolution.

I remember, when I was a girl, I had a little book, I forget what the name of it was, yet I know there were a great many different pieces of poetry, and little stories in it; I quite forget what the title of it was, but I recollect a few lines that are quite applicable to our present subject, though I believe I was not above seven or eight years old when I learned them:

“ By resolution, much may be atchiev'd,

“ Far more than, at first thought, could be believ'd;

“ And things that do most difficult appear,

“ When only view'd with eyes of coward fear,

“ Shall easy grow; when once the honest heart

“ Resolves alone to act the virtuous part.

“ For virtue courage to the mind shall lend,

“ And from base fear the upright soul defend.

“ Sweet conscious innocence the breast shall calm,

“ And every trouble, every woe disarm;

“ Mean, coward Fear shall have no power to wound,

“ Those who to virtue still are faithful found.”

There is a good deal more of it, but I cannot repeat it. I thought I could, but I am mistaken. I think
there

there is something very pretty, and just in those lines!
Do not you Mr. *Rotchford*?

Indeed, madam, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, I think the sentiments of them are very good, and very *true*; for certain it is, nothing can inspire such firm, undaunted courage, and resolution as *virtue*; in short, without it there can be no *true* courage. People, as you just now observed, may *bluster* and *fight*; but such actions deserve no better name than that of *rashness*; for a man of virtue must be a man of real bravery and unshaken fortitude. Every *bold, daring* fellow, pushed forward to enterprise by *rashness* and *passion*, is far from deserving the epithet of *brave* or *valiant*: and it is a great misfortune to this nation, that the same words are so frequently made use of to express the godlike *virtues* of *courage*, *magnanimity*, *fortitude* and *bravery*; and the *hell-born vices* of *rashness*, *passion*, *rage* and *impudence*. Hence it is, that every impetuous blockhead, with strength of *body* sufficient to enable him to *fight*, assumes the title of being *courageous*; and thinks, because, like an hedge-hog, he can annoy any one who offends him, that he is therefore deserving of being thought *brave* and *valiant*. Whereas, it will constantly be found, that people in *reality* possessed of those qualities, are the most backward either to give, or resent an injury; esteeming every trifling private pique as far too insignificant for their resentment. Every *child*, every vulgar person, every common *labourer*, knows how to be *angry*, to *fight*, and *resent* an affront; but it is the
truly

truly great and noble mind alone, that knows how to forgive and disregard it.

“ Cowards are cruel, but the brave
“ Love mercy, and delight to save.”

Those are two excellent lines, *Charles*, well worthy of your notice; for *cruelty* and *inhumanity*, I believe, will ever be found the attendants upon *cowardice* and *mean-ness* of spirit; and they are, in my opinion, vices that disgrace human nature beneath the brute part of the creation. If beasts or birds kill and devour each other, it is with an intent to satisfy their hunger; but never do they wantonly torment and afflict those lesser animals which fall within their power. That species of cruelty is practised alone by man. But let him not flatter himself, because those he ill treats have it not in their power to revenge *themselves*, that he stands for that reason excused for his barbarity. For as certain as it required the power of an Almighty Being to *create* their living bodies; so certainly is it displeasing in his sight to behold them *hurt, abused* and *tormented*.

GOD was pleased from the first beginning of the world, to give the human race dominion over the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, and every other living creature: but then that dominion was to be exercised with mercy, and his superiority to be displayed by the practice of superior qualities: and if he was constituted their *Lord*, he was also to be their *protector* and their *helper*. When, there-
fore,

fore, he wantonly takes away their lives, or especially, when he needlessly inflicts any degree of pain upon them, he abuses the power intrusted to him, and proves himself unmindful of *his*, and of *their* Creator's will: for the *same* God, my children, who made mankind, made the minutest *insect* also; and, therefore, cannot but be displeas'd to see them *tormented*, and rendered miserable, by that species of his creatures, to whom he has given *reason* and *understanding*, and the capacity of reflecting upon all the wonderful things they behold; *all* of which were created by his power. The scriptures assure us, that, "He preserveth both man and *beast*;" and that "His mercy is over *all* his works." But we must again defer our farther conversation upon this, or any other subject till another time, as your usual bed-time is already past. And my bed-time too, will be likewise past, said Mrs. *Blifield*, before I get home, if *James* does not make haste and put his horses to. Just as she said these words, her coach drove to the door, then taking leave of Mr. and Mrs. *Rotchford*, and her grandchildren; and reminding them she should send to fetch them on the *Thursday* following, she went away, and the young folk all ran up stairs to bed.

The next morning, when the family were assembled to breakfast, *Charles* was missing, nor did he return till that meal was concluded; when he entered the room, covered with dirt and blood, and his eyes almost beat out of his head. His appearance much surpris'd his father and mother, who both, as with one voice,

voice, enquired, What was the matter with him? where he had been? and with whom fighting? Why, indeed, replied he, I do not know who it is I have been fighting with; but he was a bigger boy than me a great deal. I cannot tell his name, but I know he lives down *Twistly-lane*; for I have often seen him in a house there. And what, enquired Mr. *Rotchford*, could induce you, *Charles*, to fight with a boy who lives down *Twistly-lane*, and of whose name you are not even informed? What can you say to justify yourself? You are not ignorant of my sentiments upon the subject of *quarrelling* and *fighting*. It was but yesterday, *Charles*, I expostulated rather largely upon it. I confess, I should not have supposed you would so soon forget what I said. He was proceeding, when *Charles* interrupted him, saying, *But*, Sir, pray hear what I have to say before you condemn me; for do you know, that it was in consequence of what you did say last night, that I am now in this battered condition. Did not you say, *cowards* were cruel? I did, replied his father. And did not you say likewise, that the *brave* loved mercy, and took delight to save? I did so, replied his father again. Well then, Sir, I will tell you how the battle happened.

I was standing at the gate playing with *Pompey*, and teaching him to shake his head, as you know he can, when I saw a boy coming along with something in his hat, which I at first thought was fruit; but when he came close, he took out something and held between his finger and thumb to *Pompey*, saying, Here, will you

you have it? And when I looked nearer, I saw it was a young unfledged bird, which he held by one of its legs whilst it fluttered with its wings; endeavouring to get loose.

As soon as I discovered what it was, I asked him, How he could be so *cruel*? *Cruel*, for what? said he. Why, to torment that poor bird so, said I. And then he burst out a laughing, saying, at the same time, O! *poor bird!* it is a pity you should be so tormented truly! And then whirled it round, still holding it by one of its legs. Upon that I told him, He was a *cruel, good-for-nothing* wretch; and if he did not kill it directly, and put it out of its misery, I would bid my dog jump at it, and he should bite his fingers off for him. O! will you indeed, said he, I neither fear *you* nor your dog, I would have you to know; but will use my own birds as I please, for all you, I promise you: so look here, said he, here is another, and I will do *so* to this. He then pulled off one of its legs, and threw it in my face; and was taking another out of his hat, when I caught hold of it, and said, he should have no more of them, since that was the use he put them to. I *shall* have no more of them, said he; but I will inform you, that they are *all* mine, and I will have them all in spite of you. I still kept tight hold of the hat, and said, he should *not*; and unless he would kill them all directly I would thrash him, for though he was a good deal bigger than me, yet I thought, by what you said last night, that he must be
a coward,

a coward, as he was so insufferably cruel; and, therefore, I should soon be able to conquer him.

Thraſh me, will you? ſaid he: if you are for that ſport, we will ſoon ſee how you like it; I will ſoon teach you what it is to *thraſh* your betters, I warrant you. Then he ſtipped off his clothes, and I did the ſame, and gave him the firſt blow, telling him, I did not at all fear him, though he was ſo much *taller*; as I knew he was a *daſtardly coward*, or he would not have ſo *cruelly* tormented the birds. So then we went to it pell-mell; and I found he underſtood the buſineſs better than I expected, at leaſt he was much ſtronger than I; but I could not bear the thought of *giving out* firſt, after I had abuſed him for being a coward; and if I could but have kept my legs, I ſhould have gone on till one of us had been killed, I believe, rather than give out; but at laſt, after I had been down a number of times, I was ſo much ſtunned with one of his blows, which he gave me *right* acroſs this eye, that I could not poſſibly recover myſelf any more, and was abſolutely obliged to let him conquer. Only think how monſtrouſly provoking, to be beat by that *cruel* daſtard; if I could but have conquered him at laſt, I had not cared a fig how much I had been hurt myſelf. And now, pray Sir, do not you think I acted right?

No, indeed, *Charles*, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, I think you acted very *wrong*. *Wrong!* Sir, repeated *Charles*, acted *wrong*, do you ſay? Why do you think it was wrong to endeavour to prevent ſuch horrid cruelty? Only think of tearing off the creature's leg whiſt it

was

was alive. I am sure, yesterday, you said it was very *wicked* to hurt any thing, and what torment must it have endured while he whirled it round by its leg, and held it shaking at the dog by the tip of its wing. I am sure, if *any* thing could be cruel, *that* was; and now, pray Sir, should not you have been very angry if I had done so? *Certainly*, answered Mr. *Rotchford*.

Well then, Sir, resumed *Charles*, is it not as cruel in one person as it would be in another? And if you would have been angry with *me*, was not *be* equally guilty? When, *Charles*, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, I said you had acted *wrong*, I by no means intended to justify the boy, or say he had acted *right*; for I think his behaviour was *infamous*, and deserving of the severest chastisement he could receive. But *you* were not the proper person to inflict it, as you have evidently proved, by being so thoroughly thrashed yourself, whilst he came off conqueror: by which means, *you* who were innocent, are the sufferer, whilst *he* who was so guilty, escapes. Not quite so, Sir, said *Charles*, for though, to be sure, he at last conquered me, still he has not *wholly* escaped, indeed; for I promise you, I dealt him many, and many a hearty blow: his mouth bled, I know most plentifully, and I *think*, if I am not much mistaken, I saw a large gap in it, as if two or three of his teeth were out. And, if so, that is worse than my black eyes, which will be well again in four or five days; whereas his teeth will *never* grow again; for I am sure he is too old to have new ones.

And

And do you *rejoice*, said Mr. *Rotchford*, at the thought of having done him an injury, which will continue as long as he lives? Is it by such sentiments as this you intend to display your *hatred* of *cruelty*, and your *love* of *mercy*? Mercy ought indeed to be shewn towards every beast and insect that has *life*, yet are not the human species exempted from sharing it; and to *injure* one of your fellow creatures, for the sake of defending a bird, can certainly by no mean be right. I do not in the least blame you for endeavouring to check his cruelty, had you done it by advising him to desist, and representing to him how barbarous it was to torment a living animal; but it was downright folly to threaten to *thrash* a boy older and taller than yourself; had he been even less and younger, still it would not have been *your* place to chastise him; and to offer to *fight* with him, would then have appeared cowardly. Supposing he had been in every respect an exact match for you, by *fighting*, you never would have convinced him of the impropriety of so misusing living creatures; therefore in any state your behaviour would have been far from *right*: nevertheless, as I am persuaded it proceeded from a *good intention*, and that your *motive* was a laudable one, though your *sense* was not sufficient to direct you properly, I shall certainly pass it over without any farther marks of displeasure; only let me beg of you for the future, not to let your zeal for the *right* in some *particular* instances, so transport you beyond the bounds of moderation, as to make you transgress, and be guilty in

others which are not less important. For only calmly reflect, my boy, upon what has been your conduct this morning; and see how far the *evil* you have been *guilty* of, outweighs the *good* you *intended*. You wished to save the nest of birds, from the sufferings they were exposed to by the boy. In that respect you wished right, and the emotions you felt upon seeing them tormented, were such as did *honour* to your heart. And had you civilly endeavoured to convince him of the cruelty of such behaviour, he might perhaps have left off; or, for a few halfpence (if he would not be convinced of his fault,) in all probability you might have rescued them all. Whereas, to threaten him with making the dog bite off his finger, and *thrashing* him, and taking them all away from him, was most absurd; and what you might be sure would only *provoke*, but not *amend* him. For in the first place, what *right* had you to the birds or his hat that held them? They were not *yours*; and his misusing them, gave *you* no more title to them than one man's mispending his money does another to come and take it from him. I am sincerely sorry to see *Paul Byran* squander away such large sums of money as he does at the gaming table, whilst his wife and family are in want of necessaries at home; but have *I* any *right* for that reason, to say, that unless he puts it to a better use, and supplies the wants of his children, *I* will *take* it *away* from him? And if his cruelty is so great, as to refuse them food and raiment, and the advantages of a good education, am *I* to draw my sword and *fight* with him?

him? Was I to act so, which do you think I should discover most, my love of *justice*, or my *insolence* and *folly*?

I am sure, said *Charles*, he *ought* to provide for his family before he spends his money *so*. I think he is *very wicked* not to do it. I am sure so too, said his father, and I think, it was extremely wrong for the boy so to use the birds. But for the reasons before mentioned, would it be *right* for me so to treat Mr. *Byran*? or was it right for you so to use the boy? Have I any just claim to Mr. *Byran's* fortune? Had you any to the boy's birds? No, Sir, replied *Charles*, I do not think I had any *claim* to them; to be sure they were not *mine*. Then what you did, said Mr. *Rotchford*, was *unjust*.

You wanted to save the birds; so far I again acknowledge you was *right*; but then to do it, you suffered yourself to be in a *passion*, you acted *unjustly*, you injured a boy in a manner that no *time* can ever repair, and you exposed yourself (needlessly) to the same or greater violence. And *all* this to no good purpose, as the birds still continue in his hands, and he is not in the least convinced of the impropriety of his conduct towards them. Ah! but, Sir, exclaimed *Charles*, I intended to have taken them from him, if it had not been for that last abominable knock in my left eye, which quite took away my senses. If you had kept your senses then, said Mr. *Rotchford*, your *intention* was to be *unjust*. *Mercy* and *justice*, *Charles*, should always go hand in hand, they must always be united to form a *good* character: if either triumphs too much over the

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other,

other, there must be a defect in the mind that suffers it.

Well! to be sure, said *Charles*, there is no saying how things will turn out; for I, as much as could be, thought I was doing quite right; an *inhuman monster* as he was, to tear the poor things so! Do not you think it was a barbarous act, Sir? *Extremely so*, replied his father, and one for which he deserved to be most *severely* punished: to have torn his *legs* off in the same manner would have been rather too much, as I should hope he will amend, and live to make a good use of them; but I promise you, if he had belonged to me, I would have torn some of his *skin* off; I certainly would have borrowed a little of *that* upon the occasion, and taught him experimentally, that *pain* is nothing very *pleasant*, even though it does not affect the *life* of the sufferer. Then, I hope, Sir, interrupted *Charles*, you will forgive *my* attempt to thrash him.

Forgive you, my boy! replied Mr. *Rotchford*, I not only forgive, but *love* you for your humane intention: I am convinced your actions proceeded from a *good*, a *generous* motive, and *so* far are deserving of applause. But then I hope I have shewn you, that *folly*, *passion* and *injustice* have counterballanced all the approbation which your wishes and endeavours would have been deserving of, had you in a more *reasonable* manner attempted to save the little victims. To check our own impetposity, *Charles*, is one of the first, as well as most necessary duties; and till we can enough conquer ourselves, to be guided by the dictates of *reason* and *prudence*,

dence, we are very ill qualified (however good our intentions may be) to set up for the correctors of others. Every good man will abhor vice wherever he sees it, whether practised by a prince or a beggar. But no wise man will attempt to correct it in those, who, in all probability, will not attend to, or be reformed by him.

The world, my dear, I am sorry to say it, abounds with much wickedness; and whilst there are bad people enough to encourage each other in sin, and keep one another in countenance, they will only deride and disregard any advice that can be given them by the more sober part of mankind. But have not I heard you say, Sir, enquired Charles, that it is the duty of each individual to do all the good he can; and that he must not mind being laughed at by the wicked and foolish? I have, my dear, said so, replied his father, and repeat it again, that it is the indispensable duty of every body to do all the good in their power; nor when they are performing what is right, are they to regard the sneers and mockery of the whole world. We were not sent into life to gain the approbation of our fellow creatures, in the first place; but to please God, and secure his favor, by strictly observing all his commands; and this we are bound to do, in defiance of every temptation that may be offered, or every threatening that may be made against us. But as it is impossible for us to govern those who are not under our command, it is not necessary that we should attempt to do it, where there is no likelihood of succeeding. Thus, though I trust you would be as willing almost to part

with your tongue itself, as to suffer it to utter a falſity, ſtill I would not for that reaſon wiſh you to attempt to reform every boy in the ſchool who is guilty of that *mean, deteſtable* ſin; becauſe the attempt would be *fruitleſs*, there would be no chance of your ſucceeding, and you would be expoſing yourſelf to difficulties and dangers for no good end, ſince you have not authority ſufficient to make them attend to your counſel. All therefore, that you can do; and all that is required of you, either by God or man, is to reform *yourſelf*, to conquer every evil diſpoſition of your *own* heart, and to let your *conduct* be ſo ſpotleſs, that whoever follows your example, may be certain of doing *right*.

By our *actions*, my boy, and not by our *words*, muſt we in private ſtations preach to the world. To our particular friends who will liſten to our advice, it is our duty to deliver it, but it is *folly* and *vanity* alone that will preſume to lecture mankind in general. In every neighbourhood, in every ſchool, there is always a mixture of *good* and *bad* perſons; and it is our place to ſeek for and unite ourſelves with thoſe who are moſt worthy. If we are ſo ſituated as to be obliged ſometimes to mix with the wicked, we muſt take particular care that we contract none of their bad habits, neither muſt we let the fear of their *laughing* at us, prevent our doing what we know to be *right*, and our duty.

A *good example* is what is owed by every body to the community in which they live; and whoever fail to ſet it, rob their country of that, which it has a juſt claim to demand from all its members. I know, ſaid

Mary,

Mary, every body ought to be *good*, and do what is *right*; but I do not see how their *example* is of much consequence, unless people are kings and queens, or of so exalted a rank as to be much taken notice of indeed. *Every* body, my love, rejoined, Mr. *Rotchford*, is taken notice of by those who see, and are near them. Pray do not you take more notice of your sisters and brothers, than you do of the princes and princesses, or any others of high rank with whom you are unacquainted? Yes, to be sure, that I must do, said *Mary*, because I am always with them, and never see the others at all. And if, rejoined Mr. *Rotchford*, they were always naughty, were continually picking the fruit, telling fibs to conceal it, neglecting their lessons, refusing to come to work when they were called, and in short, practising all sorts of naughty tricks, do you not think, you should be in much greater danger of learning to do so too, than you are at present? When they were all running about at play, should you not feel more dislike to come in, and sit still with your mamma at your reading, writing, and hemming, than you now do, when they all come in to their business at the same time? Yes, most certainly, I should, said *Mary*, for I should want to be at play with them. I never can sit comfortable if they finish, and go to play first; but I am in such a *hurry* to get to them, I do not know what to do with myself? Then, I hope you see, said her father, that although they are neither princes nor princesses, nor people who you think are *much taken notice of*, still their example is of some consequence; as

you acknowledge, if they were to set a bad one, it would cause you to be naughty likewise. And then, perhaps, Miss, and Master *Piely*, and the little *Brown-lows*, and the *Birks*, and the *Hobsons*, and all your different play-fellows, might also be tempted to behave as they saw you do; and so the bad examples set by my children, would be the cause of corrupting the whole neighbourhood. Do not you therefore perceive, my *Mary*, how very necessary it is, that every person should endeavour to be good; not only for their own sake, but also for the sake of their companions?

If every person were but careful to keep himself good, wickedness would soon be a stranger amongst us; and what a blessed country would that be, which was inhabited only by virtuous people! Such a glorious state, however, I fear we must not expect to see whilst we continue upon earth: there being too great a number of bad, and obstinate people, who will not be persuaded to reform, ever to permit this to be the case. But though the whole world may not be altogether virtuous, still that is no reason why a part of it should not; and we should each one try to make that part as large as possible, by resolutely performing all our *own* duties, and by our *example*, teaching others to do so also.

Here the conversation was interrupted by a loud ring at the bell, and *Charles*, who had been attending to his father, covered with dirt and blood as he first came in from his battle, made his escape as fast as possible; not chusing to be seen by any one, after his father had convinced him of the impropriety of his conduct,

Scarce

Scarce had he time to get out of the room, before a Mr. *Tyson* and his three sons entered, who soon declared their intention of spending the day with Mr. and Mrs. *Rotchford*, in case they were not otherwise engaged. They accepted the favour of their company with their usual unaffected politeness.

After they had sat some time, one of Mr. *Tyson's* sons went to him, and enquired, If there was not a boy in that house? as he wanted to see him, if there was. O! yes, replied his father, if he is not at school: but instead of enquiring of me, you had better ask Mr. or Mrs. *Rotchford*; they can better inform you. What is it, said Mr. *Rotchford*, taking him by his hand, that you wish to know? is it any thing I can satisfy you about? The boy coloured and remained silent. Why do not you speak, said Mr. *Tyson*, and not behave so sheepishly? He wishes to know, Sir, if your son is at present at home. O! yes, he is, said Mr. *Rotchford*, and will, I dare say, be happy in having the pleasure of your and your brother's company to-day. Then turning to his daughter *Harriot*, he desired she would go and inform her brother what good company were waiting below for him.

Harriot instantly went, and soon after returned; when going to her papa, she told him in a low voice, though loud enough for all the company to hear, that her brother did not chuse to come down; and if Mr. *Tyson* and his boys staid dinner, he should keep out of the way all the time. And so, papa, added she, he says you need not trouble yourself to send for him

him any more, for he is resolved not to come. What is that, enquired Mr. *Tyson*, will not your brother come down and see us? I hope we have none of us offended him! I am sure, if we have, it must have been very unintentionally. Pray, little lady, can you tell me why he will not favor us with his company? I fancy, Sir, replied the little girl, because of his black eyes and bloody nose: to be sure, he does look *monstrous* ugly, that he does; but as he is *very* good-natured, may be you had rather have him *as* he is, than not at all. Certainly, said Mr. *Tyson*, his, will not be the first face I have seen disfigured with black eyes, and a bloody nose. But pray, my dear, who has he been fighting with? *You*, or which of your sisters was it? for I think you have no more brothers. Yes, I have, Sir, answered *Harriot*, I have my brother *George*; but it was not he who almost knocked out his eyes: it was a boy who lives in *Twistly-lane*, because he was cruel, and would give the poor little birds to *Pompey*. O dear! I am sorry to hear it, said Mr. *Tyson*; I am sorry to hear that your brother was so cruel as to give the poor little birds to *Pompey*; but perhaps they were *dead*, and then you know it was not cruelty; and I dare say they greatly pleased Mr. *Pompey's* palate. No, Sir, replied little *Harriot*, they were *quite* alive; but it was not my *brother* who was so cruel, it was the boy who lives down *Twistly-lane*; and so *Charles* threatened he would bite off his fingers, I believe it was, but I forget what he said; and then the boy *thumped* out his eyes almost, not *quite*, for he can see as well as ever; and

and Charles drew the boy's teeth. Was not it so, papa? Was not it so, repeated Mr. Rotchford, you are an Irish evidence, Harriot; though altogether you have made out your history pretty tolerably, that I hope Mr. Tyson will not suppose your brother guilty of such barbarity. But I will go and introduce him, since he is ashamed of introducing himself.

Mr. Rotchford then left the room in pursuit of his son, and found him in one of his sister's chambers, where he had hid himself in hopes of not being again summoned into the drawing-room. The moment he saw his father, he called out, I hope, Sir, you are not come for me; for indeed I shall not come down. Do not talk in that manner, my dear, said Mr. Rotchford, for I assure you I am come to fetch you; and I think you will not refuse returning with me; for pray what is your objection? There are the three young Tysons waiting for you below, much about your own age; shall not you like to play with them? No, Sir, said he, to-day I shall not like to play with them at all, as I cannot play without my head; and I do not chuse to shew that to any body. Why not? enquired his father. Because, he replied, you have convinced me I did wrong by fighting; and I do not chuse the world should know I have acted like a fool, though I am sure I did it with a good intention. And let that intention, my boy, said Mr. Rotchford, give you courage to come down: had it not been for the rectitude of your motive, believe me, I should not have treated you as I have done; but I am convinced that your actions proceeded from

from *humanity*, though not directed by that *prudence* which ought to over-rule your conduct; but which will, for the future, I trust, regulate your proceedings, and restrain your impetuosity. Give me your hand, therefore, and let me conduct you to Mr. *Tyson*, and his sons, without any farther hesitation.

I am very ready to come, said *Charles*, if you think I need not be *ashamed* of what I have done; as for my battered face, I do not care for that: nay, till you blamed me, I even gloried in my wounds, which I gained in so good a cause. He then accompanied his father into the drawing-room, who introduced him, saying, Here, gentlemen is my son, for whom you so kindly enquired, covered as you see with wounds, acquired in a battle undertaken to defend a *family of injured, helpless, innocents*. The *cause* you must acknowledge was a good one, such as does honor to the *heart* of him who projected it; and will therefore, I hope, incline you to excuse the *indiscretion* with which it was executed. Aye, aye, certainly, rejoined Mr. *Tyson*, an *honest, good intention* at all times must plead excuse for errors: there are none of us quite perfect, and happy is the person who is careful upon every occasion to act as he thinks to be really *best*, and as he *ought* to do. And if this young man engaged in the cause of *humanity*, I *honor* him for the uprightnes of his intention, whatever imprudence might accompany his *noble zeal*. From an heart that feels for the misfortunes of its fellow creatures, and compassionates the sufferings of the brutes; every thing *great* and *noble*, may be expected: whereas

whereas, from the *unfeeling*, and the *cruel* disposition, I never in my life knew any thing proceed, but *meanness*, *cowardice*, and *ill-nature* :

“ *The Dastard, ever cruel, seeks to wound,*
 “ *And sport with wretchedness wherever found ;*
 “ *With hell-born love of mischief, smiles to see,*
 “ *Men, beasts, or birds, wreathing in misery.*
 “ *Not so the hero, who is truly brave,*
 “ *He lives, and wishes all around to save ;*
 “ *His kind regard the veriest insects share,*
 “ *And all that live, partake his generous care,*
 “ *To save, protect, and bless his constant end ;*
 “ *And be all Nature’s universal friend.”*

And such was your intention, was not it, my dear, continued Mr. *Tyson*, addressing himself still to *Charles*, when you endeavoured to rescue the birds from the jaws of the dog, or the still less supportable hands of the boy ? Believe me, I admire you for your *humanity*, your *courage*, and above all, for your *modesty*, in wishing to conceal yourself from our observation, after being convinced of having been faulty by acting rather too precipitately. All those noble qualities make me esteem you highly ; so go to play with my boys, and teach them to be as good as yourself : and then, I am sure, they will have reason to thank you as long as they live.

Charles made no reply to Mr. *Tyson’s* speech, but with a smile ran out of the room, accompanied by
 his

his three visitors. No sooner were they arrived in the garden, than one of them, whose name was *Joseph*, exclaimed, Well! my father may say as he pleases about fighting; but I do think it is abominably cowardly, to refuse either attacking a boy upon proper occasions, or to run away if they begin first, crying like a girl who has been whipt. Pough! nonsense, *Joe*, rejoined his elder brother *James*, that is talking ridiculously! Who ever wishes you to run away crying? Is that the advice my father ever gives us? But surely, as he says, there are other, and better methods of shewing one's courage, than by quarrelling upon every trivial occasion. And upon my honor I scarce ever knew a battle at school in my life, that did not first begin about some foolish nonsense or other, which might just as well have been avoided, or passed over; but some of you, are so prodigiously fond of displaying your prowess, that one should think you esteemed *that* the only qualification requisite for a boy to possess; when after all, I will answer for it, many of you are ten times greater cowards than *Jack Price*, or those boys who never fight at all: witness the out-cry *Frank Freeport* made, when his cheek was sewed up that he had cut with the bottie.

I fancy you would have made an out-cry too, said *Joe*, if your face had been cut, and sewed up as his was. I do admire your finding fault with that, when you never felt the pain of having a needle stuck in and out through your chaps. Very possibly *I* might, replied his brother; but then I am not so perpetually
boasting

boasting of my *courage*, and challenging all the boys round for the sake of displaying my *valor*, as he is. And that is what my father says, that *true* magnanimity will find occasions enough to discover itself, without engaging in frivolous quarrels, passionate battles, and bloody noses. But if *I* cannot be judge of the pain he endured, I hope it was not more than *Jack Price* suffered when he jumped upon the iron spike, that went through his foot, and tore open, as he fell down from it, a wound of three inches in length. I think he must have suffered as much that time, as ever *Freeport* did with his face; yet how quiet and patient was he! And when Mr. *Wigen* dressed it, he never uttered a single groan, or made the least noise. And yet *he* was the boy whom you, and all the *boxers* accused of *cowardice*; and said, would not fight because he was *afraid*, and could not *bear* the *pain* of a blow. And pray, *Joe*, the night of the thieves, *who* crept under the bed clothes, and lay panting, and frightened to death? And which were the boys that accompanied Mr. *Thales* in his walk round the house, to examine whether they were gone or not?

Have you ever had any thieves at school? enquired *Charles*. Yes, replied *James*; one night they broke into the *outward hall*, as we call it, where all the boys shoes, and the knives and forks, and mugs, and such kind of things are kept. And some how or other, they threw down a box of knives and forks, which made such a noise upon the stone floor, that it alarmed all the house; and many of the boys got up (but *Joe* was not one, I assure

assure you) and marched round the house and gardens, armed with sticks, pokers, tongs, and such like weapons. I am sure none shewed greater courage upon the occasion, than those whom the boys laugh at, as being *cowards* and *dastards*, *milkops* and *mollies* because they discountenance fighting. And, *Joe*, Do you recollect the time when the man was found robbing the boys gardens of their cucumbers, who it was that attacked him, and brought him into Mr. *Thales*? I do not know who it was, said *Joe*, but I believe *Jackson* was one, and I am sure he is a match for any boy in the school. Yes! he was *one*, replied *James*; but *Shrigly* was the first that went up to him; and he, and *Price* collared him; and *then*, and not before, *Jackson* went to their assistance. And I will maintain it, that they, in that single action, discovered more *real courage*, and *true spirit*, than fifty battles with the boys would do; and yet they are two who are called *cowards* by many of the boys; but I will be hanged if any one of them would have shewn half the prowess *that* one feat required. But come, do not let us spend all the day debating this subject, which, I fear, we shall never agree upon at last; and so, what shall we play at?

O! come along with me, said *Charles*, and I will shew you a clever game my papa has taught me; only we ought by right to have one more to play at it. And away they all ran to the farther end of the paddock, where they scarce had began their sport, before they were interrupted by the sound of some dismal groans, which made them leave off to listen from whence they proceeded.

proceeded. At length, they were convinced the sound came from the other side of the pales. Let us go and see what is the matter, said *Charles*; somebody must be in distress. And if they are, said *Joe Tyson*, what assistance can we give them? Beside, I think very likely it is only some ill-designing person, who makes that noise on purpose to draw people to him, to see what is the matter, that he may have an opportunity of robbing, and perhaps murdering them: I have frequently heard of such kind of contrivances; and I cannot say, I have any inclination to venture myself out of the park, for fear of being nabbed. Hang fear, said *Charles*, I will go indeed. And so will I too, said *James*: in a good cause, *Joe*, I would be as much ashamed of appearing cowardly as you can, for the heart of you; and I think to hear those horrid groans of distress, and not enquire into the cause of them, from fear of being nabbed, as you call it, is shameful, indeed; so come along, *Charles*: if he chuses to keep himself safe, let him; but you and I will go: and will not you, *Sam*, come along with us? Yes, to be sure, I will, replied he; we three will go to see what is the matter.

No sooner had they thus agreed to accompany each other, than they began climbing over the pales, whilst *Joe* followed them slowly, and remained on the inside the paddock, telling them to call him, if they wanted his help. *Charles*, and his companions had not proceeded many yards, before they came to the spot from whence the voice of distress proceeded. At first,

though by the sound, they were certain of being close to the person who uttered the groans, yet they could discover no one. Till observing amongst themselves, how strange it was, that they could not find any one, and with a stick routing amongst a bed of stinging-nettles, which filled a deep ditch, a dog jumped out from the midst, and seized upon *James Tyson*, who was the one that was searching among them: immediately the attention of the other two was removed from the first groaning they were in pursuit of, to their play-mate and brother; they both instantly endeavoured to assist him, and loudly called upon *Joe* to come to them; but he climbing to look over the pales, and seeing what was the matter, was afraid of venturing near; and only picked up stones to throw at the dog; which, instead of doing any good, added to his brother's distress, as he frequently struck him, and did not in the least make the dog quit the hold which he had of *James's* arm. At the same time he kept calling out, Knock the dog down with your stick *James!* Do not be afraid of him! Take him by the throat *Charles Rotchford*, and make him quit his hold! Run to him, *Sam*, and only squeeze him tight by his fore-paw; and I will warrant you he will soon let go! If I was with you I would make him let go in an instant! I would soon knock his brains out if I was amongst you! Then why do not you come, said *James*, if you could be so wonderful clever? Why do not you come, and help me? for I am in the greatest agonies. There can be no occasion for my coming when there are three of you already,

ready, replied he; besides, the sight of another person might perhaps enrage him more; but if I was *you*, I would soon see what his brains were made of, I can promise you. Surely you cannot be *afraid* of killing a dog! Hold your tongue, you bully, said *Charles*, I have not patience to hear you! At the same time, he took out his knife, and going quite close, put it between *James's* arm and the dog, and cut his throat, so that he could no longer continue his gripe, but howled and fell to the ground, where he whined with the pain he suffered. But *Charles*, with his usual humanity, before he farther assisted *James*, turned round, and with a stick knocked out the dog's brains, saying, Poor, poor beast! let me put you out of your misery.

As soon as the noise of this bustle was over, they again heard the groaning, and the voice of an old man, saying, in so faint a tone, that they could scarcely understand,—Pray, pray, good christians! help a poor old man, almost suffocated! O! for pity sake, help me out of this ditch! It is somebody in the ditch! they all exclaimed, as with one voice. They then enquired, Where are you? how got you there? who are you? And *James*, binding up his arm with his handkerchief, without paying any farther regard to his own sufferings, began once more searching amongst the nettles. There they found a poor blind old man, up to his chin in mire, and almost dead with fatigue and cold. Honest man! I am glad we have found you, said *James*, we will soon help you out; but how shall we reach you; for if we jump

down to you, the mud that comes up to your chin, will be over our heads, and suffocate us directly; but never fear, some how or other we will get you out in a minute.

Yes, that we will said *Charles*; at the same time, he carefully stepped down the side of the ditch, regardless of the nettles which stung his legs, hands, and face most violently. He then gave the man his hand, and thought he should be able to help him out; but not being strong enough to afford him any assistance, his own feet slipped, and he would certainly have fallen in likewise, had he not caught hold and saved himself by the nettles. Finding that scheme would not do, he again scrambled up the sides of the ditch; and they agreed to tie their handkerchiefs to both the ends of the stick, and then let the man hold fast by the middle of it, whilst two of them at each end should pull with all their strength at the handkerchiefs, to drag him out. In this office *Joe* offered to assist; for when he saw the dog dead, and heard it was only a poor old blind man that had fallen into the ditch, he likewise climbed over the pales and came to them. But another difficulty now arose, which was, that of one handkerchief being bound round *James's* arm, and without it, they could not possibly reach to pull the stick. *James*, seeing the need there was of it, untied it, and his arm then poured most plentifully with blood; but he, regardless of that, kindly fastened it to the stick. When *Charles* once more descended the sides of the ditch to give it to the old man; and this contrivance,

after

after exerting their utmost strength, at length succeeded; and they had the inexpressible happiness of bringing the blind man safe upon dry ground; where *James* (finding himself very faint and sick, through loss of blood, and his arm being in violent pain,) left him to the care of his brothers and *Charles*, whilst he returned back to the house.

Charles endeavoured, as well as he could, to wipe him; and they all fetched water from a brook at a little distance, in the crown of their hats, to wash him from the filth in which he had been plunged.

The poor man returned them his hearty thanks in the warmest terms of gratitude, and even shed tears at the thoughts of their kindness. May God, said he, reward, and ever bless you, for the goodness you have shewn to me! May you never know the distress from which you have rescued me, or ever experience the misery of poverty and blindness. But pray, my young masters, do you see ever a dog hereabouts? *Keeper*, *Keeper*, where are you? Come and lead your poor old master, for I dare not stir a step without you. Pray what sort of a dog was it? enquired, *Charles* eagerly. Not a *vast* large one, replied the man, he was a smooth coated one, black and white, with a longish tail like a cat's, and had a string round his neck, by which he used to lead me: he was very ugly, they say, but he was a *faithful* beast, and took good care of his poor blind master: he is the best friend I have in all the world, and I would not lose him for ever so much. So *Keeper*, *Keeper*, where are you got to? I

hope you have not tumbled into the ditch! for I might as well have remained there if you are, for I am sure I cannot walk without you!

Charles could no longer contain himself, but bursting into tears, exclaimed, O! I have killed your dog! I intended to *help* you, and I have only added to your distress. *Killed* him, master! said the man, in a melancholy tone of voice, how came you to do that? I am sure he was a harmless, inoffensive beast, and never even so much as *barked* at any one, unless they offered to offend his master. *Poor* fellow! Sure it was a *pity* to *hurt* him. Methinks I wonder that a gentleman so kind, as to help a blind man out of a ditch, should yet be so hard hearted as to kill a poor dumb creature for nothing! Alack! alack! my poor *Keeper*! What shall I do now? I cannot see to go alone, and I have none to lead me, now you are dead! And *killed* too, poor fellow! that was hard upon you indeed! Here the tears trickled fast from the poor man's sightless eyes; and *Charles* going to him, and taking his hand, said, Indeed poor man, I have injured you without designing it; but I could not help it; we heard your groans, and came on purpose to see who was in distress, or whether we could give any assistance. And when we found that the sound proceeded from the ditch, and were looking among the nettles for what it could be, the dog jumped out and caught one of my companions by the arm; nor could we by any methods make him quit his hold till I cut his throat; and afterwards, to put him out
of

of his misery, I knocked him on the head. But I did not know he was so good a dog; and indeed if I had, what could I have done? He has almost bit *James's* arm through, and he is now gone home, because it has bled so much, and is in such agonies that he could stay no longer. And yet, poor fellow, it was a pity he should be killed for his fidelity, for I dare say he flew upon *James Tyson*, because he thought we were going to hurt you. O! I am so grieved! What shall I do to make you amends, poor old man?

Why, Sir, I dare say, rejoined the man, that must be the case; poor *Keeper*, I suppose, apprehended you were hunting among the weeds to get at me, and he was as fierce as a lion, if any body offered to hurt me. I shall never get such another, that is certain; but it cannot be helped: you did right, to save your friend; and I should, without doubt, have done the same myself, if I had been in your case: so never mind it, master, you meant no harm; and may Heaven reward you for your mercy to me. But pray, could you be so kind as to give me a stick, with which I may help to feel out my way; and, if you please (for I have almost lost my senses by being in the ditch so long) be so obliging as to conduct me into the right path for the village?

I will go home with you, said *Charles*, and see you safe, live where you will. If I have killed your dog, do you think I will leave you here by yourself? Blessings on thy tender heart! exclaimed the man; but thank you, I need not put you to that trouble, young gentleman; if you will be kind enough to give me a stick, I can

feel my way, I dare say; and your friends, my dear child, will be uneasy at your absence: so go back again. And may the Almighty reward you for all your kindness to me! I am sure, replied *Charles*, I should be unworthy of any reward, was I to leave you by yourself: I will go home with you, I am determined. And *Joe Tyson*, will you return back, and tell our friends where I am gone? And, *Sam*, do you come with me! I shall go too, I promise you, said *Joe*; *James* will have told them where we are, and I choose to see this old gentleman's castle.

O! Sir, you will not see much, replied the man: my hut is a very small one: I never was very high in the world; but whilst I was blessed with eye-sight, I used to work, and so could maintain myself pretty decently; but since I have lost my sight, I have been able to do nothing but sell cabbage-nets, pin-cushions, and matches, which my poor old wife makes for me: and indeed, *she* grows so feeble now, that she can scarce do it. Her hands are so weak, that she cannot tie the knots in the netting, as she used to do; and then people say the nets are bad, and will not buy them. I really lost sixpence by the last dozen I sold; so it is to no purpose to carry them any longer. And indeed I cannot well tell what we must do; and now my *poor dog* is gone too! Well! but it cannot be helped. I ask your pardon, master, for speaking of him again, I know you could not avoid it, and therefore I ought not to say any more about it. *Indeed* I could not, replied *Charles*; I am extremely sorry it happened so. Poor fellow!

fellow! how shocking he looks with his mangled head. *Looks!* Sir, repeated the man, eagerly, *looks!* is he any where near for you to see him? Yes, answered *Charles*, he is close by; it was here, just where we got you out of the ditch that I killed him. O! then, my good child, will you be so obliging as to give me him up? said the old man, with tears in his eyes; I will carry him home; my dame, I know, will like to see the last of him; and I will have him skinned, and it shall be stuffed for my pillow, it will be pure soft, and I shall like to have the remains of him. *Charles* lifted the dog from the ground; and the head hanging back made the wound in his throat gape open, as he carried it in his hands; *Charles* again burst into tears, and jogging the old man by the elbow, gave it to him without uttering a word; who took it, and shaking his head with an heavy sigh, thanked him for his kindness, and laid it across his shoulders, saying, Come, my poor *Keeper*, you have many a good time conducted me home safe, it is now my turn to carry you.

Charles then took hold of his hand to lead him, and they all walked together towards his habitation. In their journey, *Joe Tyson* enquired, How he got into that *Lob's pound*, from whence they delivered him? To which he replied, Why truly, my good young masters, I can scarcely tell you; but by the sound, I judge there was a flock of sheep and some oxen coming along; and, I suppose, by my dog's going so near the ditch (for he was always very careful of me) there might be so many as to spread all across the way, and
leave

leave no more room on the footpath, and one of them (as the drovers hunted them on very fast) brushed against my legs, and so tumbled me into the ditch, and the poor dog along with me; but he soon scrambled out, as dogs will you know, and tried, and tried to pull me after him, but the string that was round his neck, broke, and I could not reach him again; for the more I struggled to get out, the lower I sunk. Alas! poor fellow, he never left me. I heard him rustling among the weeds and nettles all the time, and yelping as he would do when he wanted me to follow him. I little thought of his seizing on any body, or I would have bid him lie down; but indeed I was tired with struggling: and as I was sinking lower, and lower every moment, I thought of nothing less than dying; and how my poor old wife would wonder, and wonder what was become of me! And at last, perhaps, fret herself to death about it,

They now advanced towards the village, and were met by an old woman, who exclaimed upon the sight of them, Bless me, *John!* What, is it you! and *Keeper* dead? What barbarous wretch has killed that trusty dog? Whoever it was, I wish their own heads had been broke instead of his! Not quite so hasty! not quite so hasty, *Bet!* rejoined the old man; poor *Keeper* is dead, to be sure, and so was I almost, and should have been quite, before this time; if these young gentlemen had not kindly helped me out of my distress: and though they killed my dog, they could not help it; he flew at them first, and I am afraid, has hurt one of them. I do not see any signs of either of them

them being hurt, replied the woman in an angry voice; and they have dashed out the poor dear creature's brains, for nothing at all, but their own barbarous sport; and I am sure, all their brains put together, are not worth *half* so much as the dogs were. Poor dear creature! Who now is to lead you about *John*? Why you will never get such another trusty, faithful beast, as long as you live! It was but this *very* day morning, as soon as he saw you put your hat on, that he came, of his own accord, without being called, for you to fasten the string round his neck; and I said then, if I was rich, I would not sell him for an hundred pounds. And now to think, that these young villains have killed him for their sport indeed! But this, pointing to *Charles*, is young squire *Rotchford*; and I promise you, master, your papa shall be informed of your tricks; and I hope he will thrash you well for serving a poor old blind man so. Well, but *Bet*, interrupted the old man, did not I desire you to be less angry? These young gentry have, I tell you, saved my life; and they were *obliged* to kill the dog in their own defence: so say no more about it. They have been very kind; and may God Almighty reward them for their goodness! for I am sure it will never be in our power to do it.

I am indeed sorry the dog is destroyed, said *Charles*, but I could not possibly help it; and I fear that the boy, whose arm he has torn, will suffer a great deal before he gets well again. I do not, however, wonder, that your wife is grieved for the loss of so faithful a servant; and

and as she does not know the circumstances of his death, she may well be angry with those who killed him. I sincerely pity you for the loss of him; and here is half a crown toward buying another, it is all the money I have; and I hope you will be able to find another as good. I am sure, said *Joe Tyson*, you are very foolish to give them any thing at all; I would be *hanged* before I would give them a farthing! To think of the trouble we took in saving the blind fellow, and then to be scolded at by this old mumbling woman, is enough to provoke a faint! She deserves to be soufed into the ditch, from whence *we* drew her husband; and if I ever see her that way, I will pop her in, I warrant her. What a *bluffer* is here about the life of a *dog*! I wish we had let the man stick in the mud till the eels ate him, before ever we plagued ourselves to drag him out; and then madam might have had *Keeper* for her husband, if she liked it; and they might have sold cabbage-nets together. And *there* is something for you to stuff your pincushions with, said he, taking up a handful of horse-dung and throwing in her face. And so I wish you success in your business, and away he ran, knocking the old man's hat off as he passed, and calling to *Charles* to come after him, when he had heard enough of the *old lady Mumble's* lecture for killing her dog.

Poor *Charles* felt heartily ashamed of *Joe's* conduct, and endeavoured to excuse him, by saying, He dared to say he was only in joke, and did not mean to throw the dung in the woman's face. After again lamenting with

with them the death of the dog, and wishing them good success in the purchase of another, he took his leave of them. *Sam Tyson* slipped sixpence into the man's hand, as he went away, saying, That was for what he lost by the last dozen of cabbage-nets he sold.

They then both began to run home as fast as they could, and overtook *Joe* in the paddock, whom they censured very severely for his rude inhuman behaviour to the poor old couple. Why, replied *Joe*, we may bear every kind of insult people choose to put upon us, if we only stand and take it all quietly as you do; but I would rather be *shot* than stand so like a milk-sop as you did, to hear all that old beldame chose to sputter at you! I *hate* such cowards; but that is always the case with you sanctified young *masters*, who do not choose to fight, because it is *naughty*, and a *parvo parvo* trick to resent an injury. I abominate such dastards!

Whoever may be *cowards* and *dastards*, said *Charles*, I think it ill becomes *you*, who have just given us such a *strong proof* of your *valor*, by lending your assistance when the dog assaulted us, and by so *manfully* going to see from whence the groaning we heard proceeded, to talk of *hating cowards*. But I find what my father says is true enough, that those who *boast* most of their *prowe*s *possess* *least*, as shallow streams make more gurgling than deep rivers. Ay! indeed, rejoined *Sam*, I think *you* need not talk of courage *Joe*; for if we had all been as much *afraid* of being *nabbed* as you were, the blind man might have been suffocated before this time. And so he might, for ought I care, replied *Joe*,
sooner

sooner than I would run myself into *unnecessary* danger; but that is a very different thing from fighting.

Very different, indeed, said Mr. *Tyson*, who was walking with Mr. *Rotchford*, unnoticed by the boys, close behind them; for one is the courage of an enraged savage, the other shews the *resolution* of a *man*. The person, who from *fear* of being *hurt*, would refuse lending his assistance to a fellow creature, who required it, is undeserving of the daily support he receives from the community amongst which he lives; whilst the irascible man, ready upon every occasion to quarrel with, and challenge every one who offends him, may be esteemed as a *nuisance* to society, and like a wild beast, whose nature he chooses to resemble, he ought to be confined from enjoying his liberty, lest he should offer injury to those he converses with. But how ridiculous, *Joe*, it is to argue, as if I wished you to decline the combat, at any time, through *fear*; or lest you should get a black eye or bloody nose. *Fear*, unless it is the fear of doing *wrong*, is far too mean and servile a principle for me to wish you ever to be actuated by. I would wish my boys to be governed by *nobler* motives, and more *generous* incitements, than that of *fear*; and therefore I would have them far superior to the *fear* of being *laughed* at. And whatever you may think of it young man, be assured, that to disregard the sneer and derision of our companions, when they wish to shake us from our virtue, discovers greater *courage*, and much more *resolution*, than to engage with every one who offends us can possibly do.

To be a good boxer requires only bodily strength and agility; but to overlook an injury, and conquer our own impetuosity, asks much magnanimity, and strength of understanding, and is by far the most difficult task; consequently discovers *superior abilities* to perform. But, Sir, said Mr. *Tyson*, turning to Mr. *Rotchford*, I beg your pardon for thus neglecting you, whilst I lecture my son; only I know the young man is a little too much attached to that absurd opinion, that courage is best displayed by fighting: so *foolish* an error, that I fain would remove it from his heart.

Indeed, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, you need make no apology for your subject: *Charles*, I have remarked with pleasure, has been very attentive to what you said, and I hope will treasure it up in his memory, for the government of his future conduct. But what, *Charles*, have you done with the blind man whom your friend *James* left you with? We came expecting to find you at his house, and did not suppose we should meet you here. Upon my word you have had a fine adventure this morning, and slain one of your combatants, I hear. O! Sir, do not mention that part of the affair, said *Charles*; for the *gentleman* I killed, was so worthy, so honest, so faithful, so useful a member of society, that it is almost a pity *James* did not lose his arm, instead of *Keeper* his life. Only think, papa, he was the poor blind man's dog that used to lead him about; he flew at *James*, merely in defence of his master, and I cut his throat; I almost wish I had cut my own, before I had done so.

Hush!

Hush! my dear, exclaimed Mr. *Rotchford*, and do not allow your tongue to run on in that unbridled manner; it is a foolish habit to get into, which is very soon acquired; and gives an air of *levity* to conversation, highly unbecoming the character of a sensible man; and such I would always wish you to appear. I do not at all wonder that you grieve for killing the dog; his poor master must be sadly distressed by his loss; but yet, circumstanced as you all were, I do not think you were to blame for what you did: on the contrary, I think you acted in the best manner that you could have done in such a disagreeable situation; for had you attempted pulling the dog away, in all probability he would have torn off *James's* arm, at least have so much wounded it as to make him lose the use of it. If I could suppose, that through *crudelty*, or merely because it was in your *power* so to do, you killed the dog; I should look upon you with *detestation*, and as deserving the severest chastisement. But, according to your friend *Tyson's* representation of the affair, I think you acquitted yourself very manfully, and both he and you, not forgetting my little friend *Sam* here, displayed a very proper degree of courage and humanity in your proceedings; which has, I assure you, given Mr. *Tyson*, your mother and myself *great* and *sincere* pleasure: and acquired in so good a cause as that of *assisting the distressed*, *James* may truly esteem the scars (which I fear he will always have in his arm) as scars of *honor*; and the recollection of the *manner* they were received, must ever afford him

satisfaction,

satisfaction, and heart-felt delight. For, to do good, and relieve our fellow creatures, is an employment not only pleasing at the moment of action, but affords comfort and complacency to the mind every time it reflects upon it; and in the most distressing circumstances that may befall us through life, spreads a cheerful serenity over the soul, more delightful than can be expressed or imagined, by those who have not felt its pleasing influence.

Had virtue and humanity no promise of *future* reward in that everlasting state of existence which is to succeed to this present life; still it would be our highest interest to be guided by it, since nothing affords such sincere delight to the heart of man, as the consciousness of having acted nobly, and being beneficial to his fellow creatures.

“ Reflection on a worthy deed that’s past,
 “ Will yield a pleasure, which shall ever last;
 “ And in the season of distress and grief,
 “ Bring to the MIND AFFLICTED, sure relief.”

That is most undoubtedly true, rejoined Mr. Tyson, and not less certain is it,

“ That the remembrance of an action base,
 “ Will fill the mind with sorrow and disgrace;
 “ And in the hour of woe increase the pain,
 “ So as each art to cure shall be in vain.”

Indeed, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, I think your verse is an excellent counterpart to mine; and though we need not dispute about the *sublimity* of either, yet the *moral* they both contain is admirable, and I hope these young men will bear it in remembrance, so as never to yield to the solicitation of *evil*, let it appear in whatever tempting shape it may; or omit performing a *good* action, though attended with hazard and difficulty.

With this, and such like instructive conversation, the two gentlemen entertained their sons till they reached Mr. *Rotchford's* house again; where they found *James Tyson* (whose arm had been dressed by his father and Mrs. *Rotchford* when he first returned) in violent pain, which every moment, instead of abating, greatly increased, so that Mr. *Tyson* thought it necessary to send for a surgeon. Upon his arrival, poor *James* was obliged to undergo a very painful examination of his wound; but he bore it with that quiet submission, which is ever a certain proof of great resolution, and true magnanimity of soul.

After his arm was bound up, Mr. *Psylli* addressed himself to him, saying, Well! I hope, young gentleman this will make you remember engaging with *dogs* again, and prevent you for the future from ever getting into such kind of skirmishes.

Indeed, Sir, replied *James* with some eagerness, it will not; for were the same circumstances to happen to-morrow, though one of my arms is confined, I would exert the *other* to the utmost in so good a cause; and

if I lost that too, I should even then have the satisfaction of thinking they both *died* nobly, and spilt their blood in the defence of the old and helpless; and surely the comfort that reflection must afford, would be greater than in keeping them to hang useless by my sides. *Nobly* said! cried Mr. *Rotchford*. That boy, Sir, addressing himself to his father, reflects honor upon all his family; and I doubt not, he will be the delight and comfort of your declining age, should Heaven be pleased to continue both your lives till he grows to maturity.

The young gentleman, indeed, rejoined Mr. *Pfylli*, appears to have *true spirit*; but I cannot help hoping, that he will not fall a prey to the *dogs*: they, I think, are rather undeserving of so noble an antagonist. And pray, said he, turning to *Charles*, and holding him under the chin, who have you been engaging with? has a *dog* given you those black eyes? If I guess right, it must have been a *two legged* one; was not it? *Charles* blushed, whilst his father answered for him, saying, No, no, Sir, *Charles* did not fight with a *dog*, it was some unfledged *birds* that procured him that venerable countenance. He is an honest little fellow, and to rescue the *miserable* and *enslaved* family of a *sparrow*, endangered the loss of his eyes, rather *imprudently*, we must confess; but it was with a *good* design; with the *noble* intention of chastising *cruelty*. And, therefore, highly deserving of commendation and esteem. But, for the future, I hope he will call in *discretion* to his assistance, before he suffers himself to be hurried into
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action

action by the first impulse of his mind. Mr. *Pfyll* joined in applauding the humanity of *Charles*; and after giving proper directions to *James Tyson* concerning his arm, took his leave, promising to call at Mr. *Tyson's* the next day.

After his departure, *James* again accompanied his brothers and *Charles* into the garden, but his arm was in too much pain to permit him to engage in play; besides, he had been ordered to keep still, and upon no account to over heat himself: they therefore passed their time in quiet conversation, relating to each other many incidents that had happened at their respective schools. Whilst they were thus engaged, seated, or rather *lying*, upon a bench, Miss *Kitty* passed by, crying most pitiously, which her brother perceiving, stretched out his hand to her, saying, My dear *Kate*, what is the matter with you? what is the cause of your sorrow? *Come*, said he, gently drawing her towards him, come and sit down by us, and tell me what has vexed you. *Kitty* accepted his invitation, and seated herself between her brother and *James Tyson*, but continued sobbing so much, that for some time she could not speak. At last, in broken accents, she sobbed out, My squirrel! my pretty squirrel is killed! and it has made me *so* sick; I shall never forget how it looked! O! dear heart! And again her tears put a stop to her utterance. Your *squirrel*, my dear, said *Charles*! what has killed it? how got it hurt? tell us, my dear, all about it; perhaps it is not dead; where is it? O! replied she, I

hope

hope it is before this time, *poor* thing! how it tried to come to me after he had pulled off its tail? Pulled off its tail! rejoined *Charles*, Who has pulled off its tail? A boy, said she. *Mary* and I were going to play with *Miss Smith* at next door, and I had the squirrel upon my shoulder; and just after I had shut the gate, I found that a boy, whom I did not see before, had snatched him away: I turned round *directly*, and begged him to return it, but he only laughed at me, and twirled it round by its tail quite out of my reach; and when *Mary* and I both went close to him, begging him not to be so barbarous, but to give it us again; he ran away, holding it up, and twisting it round and round, whilst the poor dear creature kept kicking its little feet as fast as it could, to get loose; at last, some how or other, it turned round and bit him: and then he swore at it, and taking its body in one hand, whilst he held its tail in the other, he pulled the tail off, and then threw it upon the ground. The poor little animal, bleeding, and tortured as it was, came running towards me; and just as I had got it in my hand, the cruel wretch caught hold of the ribbon, which you know it wore round its neck, and again snatched it from me, and ran away with it, holding it as if it was hanged; which by this time, *poor* thing! it is to be hoped that it is; for I am sure he will only torment it till it dies. And which way did he go? enquired *Charles*, eagerly? Towards the mill-pond, replied *Kitty*. Then I will go after him, said *Charles*, this moment, and see if it is yet dead. Aye, let us, said

James, he deserves to be hanged himself for his cruelty. Never cry, *pretty Miss*, said *Joe*, we will go *hunt the Squirrel*, and bring him back to you alive or dead; he has already, you say, lost his tail, and perhaps by the time we catch him, his worship may have parted with his head also; but depend upon it we will restore his remains to you, and then you may quiet his ghost with all proper funeral solemnities; so your servant *Miss*.

Do not laugh at her *Joe*, said his brother, the poor girl seems in sad distress; you should not do so. Nay! replied *Joe*, I thought I was behaving wonderful civil; but if you do not like it, I will not say so any more; so *Miss*, hark ye, *James* says we must not hunt the squirrel, and bring him back to you, so if I find it I will help hang it. Pshaw! how can you be so tiresome! rejoined *James*, do come along, and do not stand wasting the time in talking nonsense.

They then all ran full speed the way *Kitty* had directed them, enquiring of every body they met, Whether they had seen a boy with a squirrel in his hand? But they could gain no information for a considerable time; till at last, passing by a small house, the door of which was open, they heard a girl's voice, saying, Do not give it to the cat *Jack*! Let me have it, cannot you? *Charles* peeped his head in to see what it was; and their discovered his antagonist, whom he had been engaged with in the morning, holding the poor squirrel for a cat to jump at. Enraged at the sight, he waited not for any invitation, but going into the house, followed by the three *Tysons*, seized the boy by the arm,
before

before he was aware, and demanded the squirrel to be instantly delivered. A scuffle immediately ensued, and *James*, regardless of his own sufferings, when he saw *Charles* (who was much less than the other boy) in danger of being overpowered, directly engaged in his defence. *Joe* declined lending any assistance, saying, it was cowardly for more than one to attack a boy at a time; and *Sam*, though he added to the bustle, yet was too little to afford much help. Frightened at this confusion, the girl, who before had been begging the squirrel might be given to her, ran out and fetched in her father, who was working in a neighbouring barn. He entered the house with his flail in his hand, with which he immediately saluted the backs of his visitors, demanding, in an angry tone, What business they had there? To which *Charles* replied; The business we came upon, was to require a squirrel, which this boy has stolen from one of my sisters, like a good-for-nothing thief as he is; and instead of restoring it as he ought to do, he refuses to give it up: and like a coward, knowing himself to be stronger than I am, overcame me and threw me down. So now, if you are his father, please to order him to give me the squirrel: and if he is your son, you ought to teach him to behave with less cruelty towards those animals that fall into his hands.

Upon my word you are a fine spirited chap, I see, replied the man; but I know nothing at all of the matter; if he has got the squirrel, I suppose it is his, and he ought to keep it if he likes it. And if it is

yours, you are at liberty to get it from him, if you can; I can say nothing more to it, you must settle it *betwixt* you, I think, and fight it out; and he that proves himself the best man, must run away with the prize, that is all I know of the matter; only let us have *fair play*, and do not half a dozen of you attack the boy at once; that cannot be right I am sure. But where is the mighty squirrel, that all this *noise* is about? I have got it in my hand still, said the boy. Then give it me, cried his father, you cannot fight whilst your hands are full; give it me, I say! and then try who the squirrel belongs to, and let the best man have it, I say.

The boy then delivered the squirrel to his father, which was already squeezed to death, and turning to *Charles*, in an insulting manner enquired, If he had a mind for a second part of what he gave him in the morning? But, I fancy, continued he, although you were pleased to call me a *coward*, I gave you a belly full of fighting; I believe *you* are too much of a coward to choose to have a second bout of it; but strip, and come along, Sir, and let us see who the squirrel belongs to by *rights*, as my father says. I am not in the least *afraid* of you, replied *Charles*; but as I see you have already *killed* the squirrel, it is of very little importance who it belongs to: I will not therefore so far *degrade* myself as to fight with you, which would be putting myself upon a level with an *unjust, inhuman, cowardly* fellow; for had you the spirit of a *man*, or the heart of a human creature, you would be ashamed

to torment, and hurt these poor animals, who never offended you, and are incapable of assisting themselves.

This speech very little satisfied the boy that *Charles* was not *afraid* of him; he therefore began abusing him with most virulent language, and at the same time gave him several very hearty blows, which *Charles* received with the most unmoved composure; and then said, When you have banged me as long as you think necessary, to discover your *courage*, you will, I suppose, leave off: in the mean time, I hope you are convinced I am not *afraid* of you; though, as I before told you, I think you far *beneath* my notice to fight with, and I heartily wish I had not *honored* you so far this morning. But you are very welcome to go on as long as you please, and shew your prowess by being able to fight with one who does not resist you.

This noble firmness of *Charles* provoked and mortified the boy beyond expression, he would far rather have endured the pain of many blows in a battle, than be treated with such cool indifference. In short, he flew into so violent a passion, that to what dangerous lengths it might have carried him, there is no knowing, had not his father taken hold of his arm, and made him desist, throwing down the squirrel at the same time, saying, What an insufferable pack of *fools* are here, all making this *ado* about a nasty *dead* squirrel, that is not worth so much as a single straw. I wish you had all been well flogged before I came to hinder my time amongst you for no purpose. I thought

to be sure, when *Sall* came into the barn to fetch me, it was for something of more consequence than *this*, or I would sooner have laid my head under the flail than come away from my work, had I known that *this* squirrel, giving it a kick with his foot, was all the mighty matter.

The squirrel, said *Charles*, now it is dead, may not be worth a *straw*; but when your boy *stole* it from my sister, it was *alive*, and worth a great deal, as she valued it very highly. I think, therefore, if *his* head or *tail* was laid under the flail, it would be no more than he deserves. But come along, *James*, let us go. Not without the *carcase*, I hope, cried *Joe*; for I promised the lady to bring the dear object of her sorrows back to her embraces, either alive or dead; so by your leave, gentlemen *thrashers*, I will pick up, and carry away this bone of contention. But pray where is its tail? for a squirrel without its tail is like a *thrasher* without his *flail*,—*of no use*. So the tail! the tail! restore the tail! or absolutely I will take yours home instead, said he to the boy, giving him at the same time a pinch upon his bottom. Indeed I shall not part with that, replied the boy. With your *own*, or the *squirrel's*, enquired *Joe*, for *one* I am determined to have; only as I would never wish to be guilty of an *uncivil* action, I would leave it to your option, which it shall be; so, Sir, please to decide, that I may proceed accordingly. The boy, not at all in a jocular temper of mind, was going to strike *Joe* for his ill timed mirth, had not his father prevented him; and in a loud angry voice, told him to
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be quiet! and give back the squirrel's tail that moment, without any farther disturbance! or I will flog yours for you, I promise you, *Jack*, said he. The boy then took it from his pocket, and throwing it in *Joe's* face, said, *There! take it then!* and I wish I could knock out your brains with it. *Joe* then stuck it in his hat, and ran after his brothers, and *Charles Rotchford*, who had walked off, when he returned into the house to pick up the dead squirrel. Upon their return, they found *Mr. Tyson* waiting for them to go home, who appeared rather displeas'd at their long absence, at the time he had appointed for their departure; but when *James* related how they had been detained, instead of shewing any signs of anger, he greatly commended their readiness to assist *Miss Kitty*, and highly applauded *Charles* for his *magnanimity*, in not suffering himself to be provoked by the boy's insolence to fight with him.

This one instance, said he to his boys, has discovered more *resolution* and *firmness* of mind, than fifty battles could possibly have done; and so nobly to restrain and subdue his own impetuosity of temper, was a conquest far more *difficult*; and, if for no other reason, is on *that* account alone, more worthy of applause, than the defeat of the most powerful antagonist would have been. Indeed, said *James*, he did behave most *nobly*; I fear, if I had had both my arms at liberty I could not have acted so. And I am sure I never *would*, rejoined *Joe*, I have no *notion* of standing still to be pummelled like a post, without returning a few blows with interest,
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for my part. No! I know, *Joe*, said his father, you *have* no notion of correcting your own failings, or moderating your passions at any time; but believe me, you will never by men of *sense* be held in higher estimation upon that account; every *cur* can *snap* when offended; but it requires *reason, resolution, and greatness of soul*, to pass over and *despise* an offence. Mr. *Tyson* was proceeding, when *Joe* interrupted, saying, O! I must seek for Miss *Kitty* before we go! for I have brought home her squirrel; I told her I would.

Just as he was leaving the room in pursuit of her, she entered; and seeing the tail of her beloved *pet* in his hat, she held out her hand for it, and burst into tears. *Joe* then took out of his pocket the body of the squirrel, which he had wrapped up in a large dock-leaf, and making a very low bow, presented it to her, saying, Receive, fair damsel, the remains of the object of your tender affection! Receive it from my hands! But permit me to wear, as a trophy of the services I have afforded you, this fine brushy tail in my beaver.

Kitty opened the leaf, and upon the sight of the mangled body exclaimed, O! my dear pretty squirrel! what shall I do for you? You will never again sit upon my hand to crack and eat your nuts. O! dear! O! dear! I would not have lost you for all the world! But pray, Master *Joe*, give me the tail, for that is the only part I shall be able to keep; this body will soon smell so disagreeable, that I shall not be able to bear it, so pray let me have its pretty tail to keep by way of remembrance of him. No, no! replied he, the tail

Miffey

Miffey is mine by right of conquest; and I shall not resign *that*; I only promised you to bring back the *body*, and that I have done; but *this*, said he, taking it out of his hat, and tickling her face with it, *this* is mine, and you must excuse my keeping it, because I like it much. Besides, I have just come into my head, a *use* for which I shall want it, so indeed I cannot let you have it, therefore I wish you good night, madam, and away he ran; but Mr. *Tyson* calling him back, severely reprimanded him for his unpolite behaviour, and insisted upon his restoring the tail of the squirrel to its rightful owner. After which they all took leave, and returned home.

Poor *Kitty* still continued in the deepest tribulation, and sat weeping and lamenting over her dead squirrel, as if labouring under the heaviest affliction. For some time her papa and mamma took no notice of her, thinking it very natural that she should be concerned at the loss of so engaging a little animal, that had been so fond of her, and with which she had so frequently been entertained. But when she continued to mourn and weep over it, as if bewailing the death of a near friend, they judged it proper to endeavour to check the violence of her sorrow, and Mrs. *Ratchford* thus addressed her. I wonder not, my dear girl, that you should be greatly concerned at the loss of your little squirrel; it certainly was a very pretty animal, and had a number of entertaining tricks, which might well engage your love for it; and if you could have beheld without regret the cruel treatment it has met with, I
should

should think you were not possessed of any feelings of humanity, and were undeserving of my love and esteem: for never can I esteem or have a good opinion of those persons, who, unmoved, can behold the sufferings of any of the brute creation, much less of one they have long known, and received pleasure from. But still, my dear, though sensibility is most pleasing in every one's character; yet ought we not to indulge it to an immoderate degree, since excess in that is wrong, as well as in any other particular. Resolution, you know, is as necessary a qualification for us to possess, as any other that can be thought of. Having, therefore, now my love, sufficiently proved your sorrow for the unfortunate death of your squirrel, endeavour to display as conspicuously your fortitude and resolution, by suppressing your tears, and trying to recover your former cheerfulness.

In this life, Kitty, we must expect to meet with many and great afflictions; and even such must be quietly submitted to, and borne with patience and resignation. But how, think you, shall we ever be able to do this, unless we accustom ourselves to support with fortitude the lesser evils that befall us? And if you are so prodigiously grieved for the death of your squirrel, what would you do if one of your brothers, or sisters, or your papa, or myself was to die? Dearly as you loved your squirrel, I do not doubt but you love us all much better: how then would you support our loss, if you cannot bear that of so small an animal? Endeavour then, my dear child, to exert your resolution,

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tion; and consider, how insignificant is your trouble, in comparison of poor *Jack Brown's*, who, you know, has just lost his only sister? or than the Miss *Allbirts*, whose papa and mamma are both lately dead. That, to be sure, interrupted *Kitty*, crying, must be a very sad thing; but I am *so* sorry for *my* squirrel, it was so exceedingly tame! I never saw one like it, that would come when it was called, and go into its house the moment it was bid; I am sure I never shall have such another as long as ever I live. Very likely not, my dear, replied her mamma, neither will Miss *Allbirts* ever, as long as *they* live, have another father and mother; nor *Jack Brown* another sister. But notwithstanding that their place can never be supplied, still must they bear their loss, and with *patience* too, otherwise they will act very wrong, and by their conduct displease Almighty God, which will be far worse than any affliction they can endure.

But indeed, mamma, said *Kitty*, I cannot *help* crying; and if any of you were to die, I am *sure* I could not *bear* it. That, my love, rejoined Mrs. *Rotchford*, is a *strange* manner of talking: you *must* bear it; you know, was God pleased to take any of us from you; and your saying you *could* not endure it, would no more restore us to you, than your present tears will bring back the squirrel. It is therefore absurd to allow yourself to speak in that manner. We *must* submit to whatever the Almighty thinks proper to appoint; and it is our duty to submit also with *patience*. I do not mean that we are expected to part from

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our friends, and those things which contributed to our happiness, without *sorrow*; that, if we have any feeling or gratitude in our hearts, would be *impossible*; and God never requires us to perform those things which we cannot. But though we may justly grieve, yet we are not to suffer our grief to run to such extravagant lengths, as to make us forget our duty and obedience to God. In every trouble we must depend upon him for assistance; and may rest assured, if we endeavour to exert ourselves, and bear with resolution those ills he permits to befall us, he will take care that we shall never have greater troubles than we *shall* be able to bear.

It is extremely wrong, therefore, for any body to say, they *cannot* bear the afflictions of life; for support them in some way or other they undoubtedly must; and the more they strive to sustain them with fortitude, the less dreadful will they find the burden. But really, *Kitty*, to lament so *exceedingly* for the death of a squirrel, is not only ridiculous, but absolutely *wrong*. I must therefore beg you will suppress your tears, and not give so great a proof that you are quite destitute of all resolution. Only think of the poor man's dog that your brother killed to-day; that was a much greater loss, for it not only afforded him *entertainment* and *pleasure*, as your squirrel did you, but also was of prodigious *use* to him, by safely conducting him from one place to another; and yet you hear he bore its loss with much greater fortitude than you do yours.

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But then he was a *man*, said *Kitty*, and men always do bear misfortunes better than women, so surely he may be supposed to bear it better than *I* can. Men, replied *Mrs. Rotchford*, ought undoubtedly to support whatever evil may befall them with resolution; but so, my dear child, should *women* also; and I should be very sorry, indeed, to suppose, that because I was a woman, I must for that reason have no *fortitude* or *firmness* of mind. Do not, I beseech you, my child, ever suppose that your *sex* will excuse you from giving way to *weakness*, *impatience* and *folly*; for, if once you are possessed with this notion, you will begin to suppose it *unnecessary* to exert those faculties of the *mind* which are equally bestowed upon *women*, as well as *men*. In some instances, indeed the qualifications of boys and girls, men and women, differ widely; and what in the one sex is absolutely requisite, in the other would appear most ridiculous and disgusting. For instance, there certainly was no *impropriety* in *Charles's* riding on the top of the hay-cart yesterday, and taking off his coat and waistcoat whilst he was assisting in loading it. But would it not have appeared most *dreadfully* indelicate, if you or your sisters had employed yourselves in the same manner, and pulled off your frocks and stays? Or, if like *Charles*, you were to jump over every post you came to, do not you think it would be most frightfully rude? On the contrary, was *Charles* to walk quietly with his hands before him, play with a doll, or sit down to work with a needle, would it not appear equally ridiculous and displeasing? But this by no

mean proves, that there may not be virtues of the *mind* capable of being practised by both sexes. And this is always *implied* both in the laws of God and men, the same rule being given for *one*, as for the *other*; the same rewards promised to *both*, for compliance with those laws, and the same punishments threatened to all who transgress, whether *male* or *female*: which would be absolutely *cruel* and *unjust*, were the women incapable of fulfilling them as well as the men.

But pray, Madam, do not you reckon men and boys much stronger than *we* are? said *Kitty*. In muscular or *bodily* strength, I do, indeed, my dear, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, think they far surpass us; and, through the advantages they generally acquire from education and custom, I likewise think that their understandings are frequently superior; but with respect to the *virtues* of the soul, I verily believe there is not a *single female*, who *may* not, if she endeavours, rise to as great a height as any in the male character: and I am always grieved when I hear some of our sex, endeavouring to excuse their own particular weaknesses and follies, under the pretence, that *women* may be excused, and are not *expected* to have fortitude, or act with resolution. To *excel* in any thing, we must believe it *possible* to do so; otherwise, we certainly shall not take pains to acquire what we suppose beyond our reach. If, for instance, you thought it *impossible* to read or write well; to work neatly, or make your painting resemble nature, you certainly would never give yourself any farther pains in endeavouring to do, what after all, would be *impossible*.

fible. So likewise, if girls will be content to adopt the notion, that because they are not men, they cannot possess patience, fortitude, courage, nor resolution; there is then, indeed, but little chance of their ever exerting any: and it is from first forming such an opinion, and then indulging themselves in the weakness that springs from it, that so many women act ridiculously, and bring discredit upon their whole sex. Do not any of you, my beloved girls, give way to this pernicious weakness; let *modesty* and *humility* govern all your actions; at the same time, be persuaded, that a great degree of perfection is within your reach, if you will but *endeavour* to attain it; but without constant vigilance, great exertion, and unshaken resolution, you will never be able to excel in any virtue.

Kitty had been so attentive to her mamma, that during the latter part of her discourse she had almost forgotten the subject which first gave rise to it, and sat with her dead squirrel in her lap, without appearing to pay any regard to it. But no sooner did Mrs. *Rotchford* cease speaking, than she cast her eyes upon her little favorite, and again burst forth into tears. I am sure, said she, I have been listening to all you have been saying, and whilst you were discoursing, *thought* I would not mind the death of my squirrel; but now that you have stopped speaking, and I see this *dear* little creature lying dead before me, I cannot help crying; and when I think in what a dreadful manner he died, and had his tail pulled off whilst he was alive, it quite breaks my heart.

Do not, my love, suffer it to do *that*, said her papa, it would be a pity to break your little heart about it; but let me advise you to have it buried, or thrown away, and not keep it in your hand, only to melt over it in tears of sorrow: as for the sufferings it went through, let not that disturb you now, for they are all over, and it feels no more than if it had died a natural death. I am sure I do not blame you for your distress when the boy took it from you; but after once he had possession of it, you must surely rejoice that it died so soon, and did not live to be farther tormented. Wrap it up in this paper, and go with *Charles*, who will dig a hole for you, and bury it, then go to-bed and forget all your sorrows. To-morrow, you know, will be *Thursday*, you have not forgot your engagement for that day, have you? I dare say your grandmamma will remember it, and send for you in the morning. I do not think, said Miss *Kitty*, I shall be able to find much pleasure in going there, or any where else, now my squirrel is dead; I am sure I shall never feel merry again. *Silly girl! silly girl!* rejoined her father, I am quite ashamed to hear you talk in such a manner; but if you are determined not to endeavour to subdue your sorrow, I beg you will go out of the room; for I will not have the comfort of the whole family disturbed by your continued tears and lamentations. Come, *Kitty*, said *Charles*, in a low voice, clasping his arms round her neck, and laying his cheek by the side of her's, come, let us go and bury the poor thing; I will dig a nice deep hole for it; and, as you know you cannot
bring

bring it to life again, so you may as well part with it at once. *Kitty* then rose from her seat, and walked slowly to the door, kissing the squirrel all the way. What are you going to do? enquired *Mary*. To bury it, replied *Charles*. O! then I will come with you, said she; and so will *I!* And *I!* re-echoed all the others; and away they went into the garden to pay their last honors to the little squirrel. When *Charles* had dug the grave, *Kitty* objected to having it laid into it without a coffin. I cannot bear, said she, that its nice soft skin should lay only amongst that dirt. Pough! replied her brother, what harm will the dirt do it? Wrap it up in a paper then; or this fine large sunflower leaf, will do very nicely. No, indeed, said *Kitty*, I do not think it will do well at all, that will soon be rotten; I will go in doors, and look for something better.

She then ran in and soon returned with a small gravy tureen and cover. Here! said she, I have taken this; I think it will make the very best and handsomest coffin that could be thought of; the poor squirrel may lay quite straight in it, and be preserved from the dirt and the damp, and every thing. My dear *Kitty!* exclaimed her sister *Sophia*, you must not have that; where did you get it? I am sure my mamma will not be pleased at having that tureen taken to be so wasted; you know there are three more of them; it will quite spoil the set; indeed you must not think of having it. O! but indeed I shall, replied Miss *Kitty*, I like it better than any thing else; my mamma will not much mind it, I dare say. No! no! rejoined *Charles*; but lest she

should, we will set a mark; so that it will be easy enough to dig it up again, and will do it no harm: so let us have it *Sophia*; the poor squirrel was so extraordinary good in its life time, that it ought to have some peculiar honor paid to its remains. Well, if you *will* have it, you *must*, said *Sophia*; but I confess, that I think it a *shame* to bury such a good tureen, when there are three more belonging to the same set: I am sure, I do not think my mamma will like it at all; and indeed you *ought* not to do it. Do you think they should, *Mary*? Why, to be sure, replied *Mary*, it is too good to be buried under ground; but, may be, my mamma, as she is also very sorry for the loss of the squirrel, will not grudge to part with it upon such an occasion, for it certainly does make a most delightful nice coffin for him! Only see, *Sophia*, how snug he lays in it! it would be a pity not to let him enjoy it, I am sure. As for *his* enjoying it, returned *Sophia*, that you know is nonsense, for he cannot feel or enjoy any thing; and if you think my mamma would have no objection to it, why do not you first go and ask her? Go *Charles*; I am sure you had better enquire whether you may have it or not; and if she consents, then we may proceed with satisfaction; but I can have no pleasure in doing what I think she will not like. Well, stay then, said *Charles*, till I come back, and I will run and enquire about it, so do not put it in till I return.

He then went back to the parlour. But during his absence, a gentleman had called in, with whom Mr. and Mrs. *Rotchford* were deeply engaged in conversation;

sation; and upon *Charles* opening the door, his papa said, Do not come in now, my dear, we are busy; and desire your sisters not interrupt us; but when you have finished your business in the garden, you may all go to bed; so I wish you a very good night, my dear. *Charles*, pleased at being thus prevented from speaking to his mother, returned to his sisters, and told them how the affair stood; so let us, added he, even bury the poor beast out of the way; and if my mamma does not like it, I will dig it up again in the morning, and that can do no harm to the tureen. Accordingly, the squirrel was enclosed in it, and the ground thrown over the tureen, and trampled down as tight as possible. *Charles* then erected a piece of clean deal wood, by way of tomb-stone, and to serve also for a mark, that he might know exactly where to dig, in case his mamma should not approve of the interment of her tureen. They then all retired to-bed, and *Kitty* taking the squirrel's tail with her, placed it upon her pillow.

When she waked in the morning, the first thing she did was to look for it, and consult with her sister *Harriot*, who slept with her, where she should place it for a continuance. At last, after long deliberation, they agreed to hang it at the bed's head, where they could see it every time they entered the room; and in the morning, before they arose, might, without any trouble, take it down and play with it. Accordingly, the moment *Kitty* was dressed, she tied a fine large bow of black ribbon, by way of mourning for the body,

round that end which was pulled from it, and pinned it in the middle of the head piece of the bed.

No sooner were they all assembled in the breakfasting parlour, than *Charles*, after having wished his mamma good morning, began by saying, I came in last night, madam, when Mr. *West* was here, to ask a very great favor, of you, in the behalf of my sister *Kitty*; but as you were *busy*, we made bold to take what I hope you will not be displeas'd with, without asking. I *hope* you will not want it restor'd, for we cannot very well spare it. Pray, my love, enquir'd Mrs. *Rotchford*, what was the mighty boon you came to request? I am sure, I will not deny it if I can grant it with propriety. O! you *can* grant it indeed, mamma, if you please, exclaimed *Kitty*; and, I am *sure*, I *hope* you will, for it will sadly distress me if you do not; so pray promise me that you will. No, no, my dear replied her mother, I shall bind myself by no such promise as that, I assure you; I have already told you, if it is *proper* I will, and if it is not, I should be very sorry to promise what would be wrong to fulfil. There is no *wrongness* at all in it, Madam, said *Charles*, smiling, it all depends upon yourself, and your own fancy, so *pray, pray*, do not refuse us! But then pray let me hear what it is my boy, or your grandpapa's coach will be here before I know whether I am to grant it or not, said his mother.

Then madam, replied *Charles*, hesitating, why then, (I am almost afraid of letting it out,) but you must know.

know. Last night, you remember, we went to bury the poor squirrel; and I dug a charming deep hole for it; but *Kitty* did not like it should lay naked in it (I suppose she did not think it quite decent) I recommended a sunflower leaf to wrap it in; but that she thought would get damp, (and give poor *Squg* the rheumatism in his limbs, I suppose) and so she came in to seek for something that might defend him from the earth's striking cold to him. How can you *Charles*, interrupted Miss *Kitty*, talk in so ridiculous a manner, and only laugh at the poor thing. No, my dear sister, I would not laugh at him, replied *Charles*, gently pressing her cheeks between his two hands, or cast a sneer upon his tailless *behind*, for all the world. I was only telling my mamma about you know what. And so madam, as I was saying, *Kitty* came in doors to look for a coffin for him, and she found the *best* that could be thought of: if ever any body sets up the trade of being undertaker to squirrels, I will recommend them to let their coffins always be *china tureens*. You surely do not mean, said Mrs. *Rotchford*, that you took one of the small gravy tureens to bury the squirrel in, do you? Indeed, my dear, mamma, said *Charles*, clasping her two hands in his, and smiling in her face, that *is* really what we mean; and you cannot think how delightfully it answered the purpose! The little gentleman lays as *snug* in it, as ever you could wish to lay yourself, if you were buried; so surely you will not be so heard-hearted, as to disturb his athes, only for the sake of a *tureen*! There are three left; I am sure they will hold

hold fauce enough for one dinner; and if they do not, you may easily, you know, put a little into a *cup*, or a *bason*, which will do just as well for that purpose; but would not make half so complete a coffin for poor *Squig*.

You *saucy* fellow, said his mamma, disengaging her hands from between his, and gently patting his face, never heard of such a trick in all my life! What do you think Mr. *Dawson* will say to it? O! Mr. *Dawson*, replied *Charles*, I do not care what *he* would say! He could not grumble more, than when by his own ill humour he threw his girl's tea down her stays; but never mind him; what do *you* say to it madam? *That* is all we care for! Why then, my dear, returned Mrs. *Rotchford*, I say that I must beg you will dig it up again; for I really cannot afford to have the set spoiled in that manner for nothing. Surely you are not in earnest, madam, said *Kitty*. Indeed, my love, replied her mother, I am really in earnest. And I desire *Charles*, you will take care not to damage the *coffin* with your spade, as you search for it again. Yes, madam, said he, I will take care of that; but I am very sorry to take the squirrel out of the tureen, because I have written an epitaph for his tombstone, which will not do if he is taken out of his coffin. I will read it to you, and then I think you must relent, and let him continue as he is. Then taking a piece of paper out of his pocket, he read as follows:

“ I very often have been told,

“ That people used in days of old,

“ When

- “ *When dead, in urns to place their bones,*
 “ *To guard them from the damp and stones.*
 “ *Now, by this monument there lies,*
 “ *A body, of no mighty size,*
 “ *Who ne'er in all his life was known,*
 “ *The least injustice to have shewn :*
 “ *Of manners placid, temper mild,*
 “ *In innocence, a very child ;*
 “ *He lived beloved, lamented died,*
 “ *Without one spark of sinful pride.*
 “ *A cruel death 'tis true he found,*
 “ *A barbarous stripling gave the wound,*
 “ *A wound ! no flood of tears could cure !*
 “ *Or Kate had washed them well, be sure.*
 “ *But now he's eas'd of all his pains ;*
 “ *And in a tureen rest his manes.*

There now, madam ! continued *Charles*, would not it be cruel to spoil that last couplet, for the sake of a *sauce-dish* ? I am sure it would be better to go without butter all the days of one's life ! Now do not you think it would, Sir ? said he, turning to his father. Your epitaph, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, is to be sure most *sublime*, and certainly must prove, that the body of the squirrel is well deserving of a china *vase* : but notwithstanding that, I cannot help being of your mother's opinion, and I think the deceased had better be provided with some less valuable repository for his ashes, as I cannot give my consent to their continuing where they are at present lodged. O ! dear, sighed *Charles*,
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if that is the case, and you and my mamma both have set your hearts more upon the tureen than upon the poor thing's resting in peace, I cannot help it; and must bring it back again, but it sadly distresses me to do it. Well then, interrupted his father, you must *keep it* in to day, for there is your grandfather's coach, and I beg you will not make it wait a moment. Are you all ready, my dears? O! yes! yes! we are all quite ready, replied *George*, and I intend to go upon the coach box, and drive, and I will make the horses gallop *pure fast*; you will like that all of you, shall not you? I am very glad you have let me know your *intentions*, *George*, said Mr. *Rotchford*, that I may inform you of mine, and acquaint you, that I intend you should go *inside* the coach, and not on the box, and sit quietly and mind what *Sophia* and *Mary* say to you: and if you will not agree to these conditions of travelling, you must, if you please, stay where you are.

O! no, papa, replied *George*, I do not chuse to stay at home to-day, I will agree to any thing you please; but may not I go in the boot with my head peeping out as *Spot's* does, when he sits there? I think that must be *very pleasant*; I should like that *vastly*! How pleasant it may be, rejoined his papa, I cannot pretend to say, as I never yet made interest with *Spot* to let me ride with him; but I must beg you will not think of occupying his seat till you turn a little dog yourself. So come, my love, go *into* the coach, and do not keep it waiting: and pray remember *all* of you and behave yourselves decently. And do not you forget,

Harriot,

Harriot, said her mamma, to wipe your mouth before you drink, which you are rather apt to do sometimes you know; and mind what your grandmamma says to you, and be good, there is a dear. Yes! yes! answered George, we shall all be *extremely* good, I promise you. They then took leave of their mamma; and Mr. Rotchford conducted them into the carriage, calling to them as they drove off to take care of the glasses.

For some time they all remained very quiet, when George growing weary of sitting still, chose to clamber upon the seat, and letting down the front glass, pulled the coachman's coat; then crouched down, to prevent his being discovered by James, who turned round to see who touched him. This he repeated so often and quick, that it was very troublesome to his sister and brother who sat by him; and they desired him not to do so. You push my cap off every moment, said Mary. And you break my ribs every instant, said Charles; so sit down and be quiet: at the same time, putting his arms round him, he lifted him into his lap, where he held him, whilst George, straightening his legs and back, endeavoured to slip from him, which at last he effected; and turning about, scrambled upon the seat again, regardless of his sister's frock, which he unfortunately tore as he stepped over it. See now! cried Mary, rather angerily, see what you have done, George! I wish with all my heart your papa had let you ride on the coach-box, or in the boot, or behind, or somewhere not with us; you are intolerably troublesome, I am sure! But you shall not go
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on pulling *James's* coat in that manner, I am determined; for I will draw up the glass, and then you will not be able to do so any more. She then turned round, and putting up the glass, said, There, Sir, now how will you get the coat again? *So!* exclaimed *George*, at the same instant, thoughtless of the consequence, thrust both his hands through the window.

Old *James* hearing the crash of the glass, turned round to see what was the matter; and there beheld master *George* with his arms through, both of them streaming with blood, and he crying as loud as he could scream, whilst all his sisters, and his brother were endeavouring to assist him; but the more they strove to draw them back, the louder he screamed, as that made the broken glass run still deeper into him. *James* instantly stopped, and getting off his box, hurried to them, and opening the door, called out in a voice of terror, Bless my heart and life, what have you all been about, children? And without waiting for any reply, stepped in amidst them all, and breaking the glass away that continued running into poor *George's* arms, lifted him out with him. All the others likewise got out of the coach to look at the wounds, and lament over them, for they had no mean of relieving them, and were above three miles from the next village, six from their own house, and about four from their grandfather's. Miss *Sophia* strongly recommended returning home; but old *James*, fearful his master and mistress would be uneasy at his long absence, could not be prevailed upon to turn back. I know, said he,
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your *grandpa* and *grandma* will be frightened, Miss; why here now, you see we shall be at home in less than an hour; whereas, if I turn back I shall not be there for above these three hours; only think what a time that is for a person to be *expelling*, and *expecting* another to come, and not be able to see them. So indeed, Miss *Sophy*, I cannot think of doing so; besides, do you consider, this dear baby's arm will be so much longer before it can be properly bound up; and my opinion is, if it continues to bleed at this rate, so like a fresh stuck pig, before an hour is at an end he will have bled to death, poor dear soul! I protest I do not know which way to proceed, or how to manage with him more than the child unborn! I will be *hanged* if I do! And yet we must not let the dear baby bleed at this rate. A little old hat is a charming fine thing to *swage* blood; but the worst of it is, my *new fashioned japanned* one will not do at all; but let us have a little of your's master *Charles*, there is a dear.

Charles instantly took off his hat, and with a large clasp knife, the coachman lent him, soon scraped enough totally to spoil his hat, and to satisfy old *James's* demand. There, *halt* master, said he, there is enough, I fancy; now ladies, if you can be so good as to lend me your handkerchiefs, I will bind it up. Give me leave to do that, said *Sophia*, if you please, Mr. *James*, I will tie this handkerchief round it. She then bound one round each of his arms; but the blood soon, notwithstanding the old hat which *James* said would *assuage* it, soaked through that which was on his right arm; and
all

all his sisters had so wetted theirs with their tears, that besides their being so necessary for their own immediate use, they appeared as if they would be but of little service. Old *James* then very kindly took off his own neckcloth, and bound that likewise round it; and lifting him into the carriage, desired they would all take care of him; and once more mounting the box, made the horses trot faster than they had done for many years; a convincing proof that the good old servant was very sincere in his wish to relieve the child as soon as possible; since nothing, which he did not esteem of the utmost importance, could have prevailed upon him to heat the horses in such an uncommon manner.

During the rest of the journey the poor children were in the greatest distress; *George* never ceased for a moment crying most violently, and complaining of the pain he suffered. *Sophia* held him upon her lap, and having tied her handkerchief round his arm, her tears trickled down very fast upon his hair as he leaned his head against her. But much as they were all affected, poor *Mary's* distress greatly exceeded the others, as she could not help considering herself the chief cause of the accident. If it had not been for *me*, she exclaimed, it would not have happened! O! how I wish I had let him pull the man's coat off, before I had drawn up the glass! It is all my fault that he is so hurt! Do not say so my dear, replied *Sophia*, it was no fault at all in you, for certainly you did nothing wrong by drawing up the glass. I am extremely sorry he is hurt; but to be sure, no one is to blame except himself; he would

would not mind what we said to him; and it was in consequence of that, the accident happened. O! but I will always mind another time, said *George*, sobbing; but my arms do *so* hurt, I do not know what to do, they smart *so* bad I cannot bear it. At length they arrived at their grandfather's; and Mr. and Mrs. *Blifield* were both sitting upon a bench under a large tree before their house, to be at hand to receive them the very first instant. As soon as the carriage drew near, Mr. *Blifield* got up to be in readiness to open the door and let them out; and their grandmother stood by him, intending to kiss each as they stepped down. But how were their pleasing hopes disappointed, when, upon opening the door they saw them all in tears, and *George* covered with blood; for the front of his frock appeared almost as if it had been dipped in it; his sisters likewise were most of them stained with it; and in short, a shocking appearance they made.

My dears, said the old lady, clasping her hands together, what is the matter with you all? And in the same breath went on saying, *James*, have you overturned the coach? or from whence came all this blood? Blood! Madam, replied *James*, I believe master *George* has lost above a gallon measure of it: we have had a most dreadful journey, and the horses, I am afraid, are killed by it; I have made such haste to get home, for all my fear was that we should lose the dear child upon the road; and, *thinks* I, what a sad affair will that be! Here I have the charge of all the blessed children put into my hands, as it were, and if one of them bleeds

to death, why how shall I ever be able to look any of the family in the face again? To be sure they must always look upon me as his murderer in a manner, as I had the care of them in my hands. But quick, said Mr. *Blifield*, do *pray* let us know how the affair happened. Why! upon my honor, Sir, replied *James*, *I'll be hanged* if I can tell *how* it happened; for I was so much *scared* I never once thought of asking. All I know is, that poor dear master *George* had his arms through the front glass up to his very elbows, and has cut them in so dismal a manner, I thought, as I say, Sir, he would *die* before I could bring him here; though I am sure, I have made all the haste I could, and have come *full speed* almost for the last four miles: the horses, as you see, Sir, are all in a lather. I would not have driven them so for five guineas, if I could have helped it; but when the life of a human creature is in question, you see, Sir, why then to be sure, that of *beasts* must give way, as a man is a more noble creature than a horse; though horses to be sure must be allowed by every body to come next in rank to that of *human people*.

Here *James* ceased, and giving both the horses a stroke, and a pat as he passed by them, ordered them to follow him, which they very obediently did into the coach-yard, and Mr. *Blifield* returned into the house, where his lady and grand-children had been during the time he had been conversing with *James*.

Miss *Sophia* had already given her grandmamma a very circumstantial account how the accident happened;

pened; which Mrs. *Blifield* repeated to her husband, and they agreed to send directly to the next town, about a mile and half distant, for a Mr. *Green*, who was esteemed a surgeon of some eminence. *Jacob*, the footman, was accordingly dispatched with orders to make all possible haste, and not return without either Mr. *Green* or some other assistance. In the mean time, poor *George* continued crying; but as it had bled so much, Mrs. *Blifield* thought it had better not be unbound, till somebody who better understood how to proceed should arrive; and above an hour passed in this wretched state of anxiety, before *Jacob* returned with Mr. *Green*. Little *George*, upon his arm being untied redoubled his cries; and it was not without a very severe operation that Mr. *Green* could extract the splinters of broken glass that were remaining in it, and which had caused him the violence of the pain he had complained of. The wound upon his left arm, Mr. *Green* pronounced to be of little consequence; but that upon his right was much more dangerous, and violently inflamed, occasioned by the glass, with the flew of the hat being tight bound upon it with the handkerchiefs. Whilst it was dressing, poor *George*, quite exhausted by pain and loss of blood, fainted away, and was put to bed before he came to himself, with orders to be kept as quiet as possible.

Mrs. *Blifield* had very kindly provided a number of little things to divert her grand-children, and had ordered her own maid to rise earlier that morning than common, to make some cakes and jellies, such as she

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thought

thought they would like, and would also be wholesome for them; but their brother's accident had so deeply affected them, that they had little appetite for the one, and not more inclination to enjoy the others. As soon as dinner was over, their grandpapa said, he was very sorry, the happiness of the day he had been looking forward to with so much pleasure, should be so totally spoiled; and still more was he grieved to reflect upon the *cause* of their disappointment. But, continued he, in this life, my dears, it is folly to depend upon any *future* event; we know not what an hour may bring forth; and he, who this moment is in all the glow of full health, may, before the next, fall a victim to the cold hand of Death. I sincerely hope, said *Harriet*, whilst the tear started from her eye, that *George* will not die! No, no! my dear, replied her grandfather, I trust not; I dare say he will soon be ready to play with you again; but only observe my little girl, the consequence of not minding what is said to you: had *George* obeyed what his father and mother told him, and sat quiet like a good boy, none of this said affair would have happened: he would not have cut his arms; my coach-glass would not have been broke; the horses not have been heated; and you might all have been as merry and happy as so many little grigs. But now, on the contrary, he must suffer the pain of two fore arms; I must be without my coach whilst it goes to be mended; *Charles* must put his father to the expence of buying him a new hat before he returns to school; and all your little hearts
are

are filled with sorrow for your brother's sufferings. It is a sad thing not to mind! Some evil or other always comes from being naughty; disobedience is a baneful root, that never produces any thing but distress and bitterness. Depend upon it, my children, (I am an old man, and in all my long life have never known this rule to fail) that whatever heart permits *disobedience* to God or its parents, to lodge in it, is always certain to suffer in some shape or other for so doing.

The old gentleman was proceeding in his discourse, when Mrs. *Blifield* entered, and said, I am sorry, my dears, to send you home a moment before you designed going; but I believe I must beg you to get ready, as I wish your parents very much to know about your brother's accident; his arm does not get so much easier, as before this time I was in great hopes it would; and I shall be glad to have either your papa or mamma come to him, that they may see how he goes on, and send for what advice they think best. You, my dear, Mr. *Blifield*, will see them safe home, will you? and tell my daughter to put a night-shift and cap or two into her pocket, for *George*; for I am sadly distressed what to lay him in; my caps are so big and troublesome about his little head, and his shift so much thinner than what he has been used to sleep in, that I quite dread his getting cold; and if he should, and it should settle in his arm, he may, perhaps, lose the use of it. I have spoken to *James* for the coach, and he has hired a pair of horses from the White Hart inn. I hope, my dears, you will all excuse my send-

ing you away so soon. I beg, madam, replied Miss *Sophia*, you will not talk in that way, I am sure we are exceedingly concerned to have given you so much uneasiness.

That I am certain we all are, said *Charles*; and pray, madam, permit me to stay all night; perhaps my papa and mamma may be gone out, and not able to return with my grandpapa: and then, I am sure, I can nurse *George* without your troubling yourself; I can sleep with him, you know. Sleep with him! my dear, replied Mrs. *Blifield*; no indeed, you cannot do that: I would not trust you in bed to his poor arms for ever so much! Then, madam, rejoined *Charles*, I can sit up with him all night; I am sure I could take care of him, and if he wanted any thing which I could not give him, I could at least come and tell you; so pray do let me stay! Indeed I will not disturb him. My dear, you are very welcome to stay: if you like it, I shall have no objection; but as to nursing *George*, I promise you, till your mother comes, I shall do that myself; and shall certainly not leave him upon any account. Then looking towards Mr. *Blifield*, she said, You must remember then, my dear, to speak for a night-cap and shirt for *Charles* too. The carriage then drawing up to the gate, she kissed all her grand-daughters, and wishing them safe home, after standing at the window till they drove off, returned up-stairs again to her little charge, whom she found still complaining of violent pain. *Charles* also accompanied her, and sitting quietly down by the bed-side, tenderly asked his brother,
How

How he found himself? O! my arm! replied little *George*, is so bad I do not know what to do with it; and it is grown *so very* fat, I never saw such a great arm in all my life! Only look, *Charles*, at my fingers! See how fat they are all grown! and they are so stiff and uncomfortable! I cannot bend them in the least.

Poor fellow! (said his brother, wiping away his tear with the back of his hand as he spoke, and putting on a forced smile) poor fellow! your hand looks very fat, indeed; but I hope it will soon be better! *Mr. Green*, I dare say, will be able to do you good when he comes to-morrow. O! I hope, replied *George*, *Mr. Green* will *never* come again, for he did *so* hurt me this morning, I could not bear it at all: I am sure he shall never untie my arm any more. You must not, my love, rejoined *Mrs. Blifield*, talk in that manner, for it is not pretty to say so. *Mr. Green* was *obliged* to hurt you this morning, to get the glass out of your arm, which was broken in it; but I hope, to-morrow there will be no occasion to put you to such pain; and if he does not see it, you will never get well again; and I am sure you would not like always to have such a fat, useless, smarting arm, should you? No, that I should not, returned *George*, crying, for it does *so hurt* I do not know how to bear it.

Look here, *George*, said his brother, holding up to him a little horse that he had just cut out of a card, round which his grandmother's thread had been wound; see what a droll little nag here is! Did you ever see one carry his tail so ugly in all your life? Why did you

cut it so ugly? enquired *George*, I wish you had not done so; I should have liked it much better with a long tail, and not such a *stump* as that is. A *stump*, repeated his brother, you should call it a *dock*, and not a *stump*: did you ever in all your life hear of a *stump-tail* horse? But I have not any more card, or I would make you a better. O! I will fetch you some cards, my dear, if you chose it; and that it diverts him to see you cut them, said Mrs. *Blifield*: so away she went, and presently returned with a whole pack. *There*, my dear, said she, there are enough for you to make a *scoop* of horses, if you please. *Charles* thanked her, and very good humouredly sat cutting horses and men, till his grandfather returned, accompanied by his papa and mamma.

As soon as they entered the apartment, Mrs. *Blifield* rose hastily from her chair, and going towards them, exclaimed, O! my dears! I am so glad you are come! Well! how do you do? We have a sad affair here; your father, I suppose, has told you all the particulars how it happened. A sad affair indeed, returned Mr. *Rotchford*; then advancing to the bed, *George*, said he, How came you here, my boy? What is all this dismal account I have been hearing of a rout-about boy, who would not mind when spoken to—broken glasses, and cut arms? Indeed, papa, I am very sorry, replied *George*, bursting into a fresh flood of tears, I will always mind what my sisters say another time; but I did not know I should have so hurt myself, or I would have minded before, that I would, I am sure,
for

for you cannot think how *very* bad I am; only see, mamma, what a fat arm and hand I have! Mrs. *Rotchford*, shocked at the appearance of his arm, made no other reply than by kissing him, and softly whispering, I hope you will remember and mind what is said to you another time.

After they had continued in the room some little while, Mrs. *Blifield* recommended them to go down stairs, as Mr. *Green* had advised him to be kept quiet. Indeed, added she, I am afraid his brother has been talking to him too much, only it seemed to divert him a little; and he has cried, poor fellow, so much all day, that I think he will be quite ill with that soon. His papa and brother then kissing him, left his apartment with Mr. *Blifield*, and went into the parlour; but his mother and grandmother continued with him; nor did the former quit his bed-side the whole night, the greatest part of which poor *George* spent in weeping, the pain of his right arm being so violent as to prevent his getting much repose: at length, however, about three in the morning, when his mamma was stooping down to wipe his eyes, and endeavouring to sooth him, he laid his left arm across her neck, and pulling her cheek to his, began to cease his crying, and mournfully sobbed himself to rest. Mrs. *Rotchford*, unwilling to disturb him, kept herself in that uneasy position, with her head down for above an hour, till her back and legs ached so exceedingly, that she was unable any longer to support it, and endeavouring to remove his arm from her neck, unfortunately waked him;

him; nor was he again able to close his eyes till seven in the morning; when once more, her face being upon his pillow, whilst she kneeled by his bed-side, he again fell into a doze, during which time she silently offered up her prayers to Heaven to mitigate his pains; and the tears of maternal tenderness trickled fast from her eyes.

In this situation they were when Mr. *Rotchford* and his son entered the room, and anxiously enquired, How they had passed the night. O! sadly indeed, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, in a low voice, interrupted by her tears, which she strove to hide from their observation, least they should add to their uneasiness. He has had very little rest, and only *that* whilst holding me thus down by him, which has made my head ache so violently, I do not know what to do with it; but if I offer to stir, he alters his breathing, and begins to wake immediately; so I cannot move, for I am sure poor soul, he requires some repose. But pray do not you stay, for I am quite afraid of speaking, lest I should disturb him. And be so good as to call at my father and mother's door, as you go by, to let them know how he does, or my mother will rise sooner than usual to come and enquire about him.

Mr. *Rotchford* and *Charles* then left the room, and after having informed Mr. and Mrs. *Blifield* of poor *George's* state, went into the garden, where they both walked without speaking for some time. *Charles* at last broke silence, by saying, I am so concerned too for my mamma, she will be tired to death by holding her
head

head down in that manner; I *wish* I might have sat up with him, and then perhaps he would have been contented with hugging me, and it would not have hurt me; for I do not care a straw whether I stand upon my head or my heels; but I know it always makes my mamma's head ache to stoop.

You are a good boy *Charles*, said his father, giving him a pat upon his shoulder; and your affectionate disposition affords me great comfort; for I cannot help regarding it as a sure sign of your future virtuous, and honourable conduct. Nothing good can reasonably be hoped for from that person, whose heart feels not for the sufferings of his fellow creatures; and the boy who can unmoved, behold the pain of his companions, and disregard the care of his parents, may be expected, when grown up, to turn out a *pest*, instead of a *blessing* to society. Your mother indeed, my dear, I fear will be greatly fatigued by her attendance on your brother; but I am sure she will not be prevailed upon to leave him, whilst he continues to need her assistance. Do you not remember, when *Mary* had her fever, how constantly she sat by her, and for ten nights, never even so much as laid down for a moment, but watched by her bedside, attending to every breath she drew, and administering every assistance in her power to relieve her sufferings. For you too, *Charles*, and for *all* of you, believe me, she has suffered much pain and anxiety. You can form no idea, my boy, what solicitude the heart of a parent endures for its offspring; nor fancy the great fatigue and care that is requisite to cherish and nurse a
child,

child, even through its first months of infancy. But the defence and provision for your *bodies* is not all that fills our breasts with solicitude. The cultivation and improvement of the *mind* is of *far, far,* greater importance. I, thanks be to God, have great reason to rejoice in the good dispositions of all my children, who at present appear possessed of honest and open hearts, above the mean *despicable* arts of *hypocrisy* and *guile*. Tenderness and affection likewise seem lodged in your bosoms; and the generous feelings of humanity are, I am sure, impressed upon your souls. Your mother and myself, therefore, have great reason to esteem ourselves highly blessed by Providence, in giving us such amiable children; and it has been our constant endeavour to cultivate and improve every *good* disposition, whilst, at the same time, we strove to root out every seed of *evil* from your hearts, before it should gather strength, and fix itself into a settled habit.

But my dearest boy, our utmost care will be totally ineffectual, unless you are yourselves diligent to second our endeavours, and crown our constant labours with success: for you must be sensible, *Charles*, that it is not in the power of any mortal upon earth, to make you either *good* or *happy*, unless you exert yourself to become so. Parents can but advise their children how to proceed, correct them for their faults, and commend them for their virtues. But if children will not follow the good advise that is given them; will not be pleased by commendation, nor improved by correction, they must continue ungenerous, wicked, and miserable: their
parents

parents cannot prevent it. With the deepest affliction they must behold those they so tenderly love, and for whom they suffered so much, walking in the path to ruin; but they will no way be able to stop them, if they are determined not to attend to the voice of friendly instruction. It is, however, a terrible thing, when this is the case, that children will not be persuaded to mind the advice of their parents and their older friends, who love and wish to see them happy. I am *sure*, Sir, interrupted *Charles*, with a voice of earnestness, I always *try* to follow the kind advice you, or my mamma ever give me. I meant not, my dear, replied *Mr. Rotchford*, to insinuate to the contrary. I observe, with a heart-felt delight, that you do; I was speaking only, my love, in general, and was going to remark, how exceedingly foolish it is that many children do not behave like you in this particular; but, on the contrary, as if they suspected their parents of betraying them, appear to take particular care to avoid those things they are recommended to do, and to commit those actions they are desired to avoid.

I could not help remarking this the other day, when I dined at *Mr. Ribbats*. When their eldest son came into the room, he threw his hat upon the table, round which his mother and her visitors were sitting at work: she returned it to him, and desired he would hang it up: but instead of so doing, he gave it a toss upon another table, on which stood a bottle and some wine-glasses, one of which was thrown down by his hat, and broke into twenty pieces. His mother again spoke to
him,

him, saying, I wish, *John*, you would hang up your hat in the hall, as I have frequently desired you, and not bring it into the parlour to make a litter about the room. Master *John*, however thought it, I suppose, needless to mind his mother; and as if on purpose to avoid doing as he was desired, clambered upon the elbow of a chair to lay it upon the top of a book-case. You will fall down and hurt yourself, or do some other mischief presently, said Mrs. *Ribbat*. No, I shall not, madam, replied *John*, only it is so much trouble to hang up ones hat every time one comes in, and I am sure it is in nobody's way now, and lays very safe.

Some time after this, we went to dinner, and amongst other things, there was a codling-tart that moment drawn from the oven. Miss *Eliza* was helped to some of it, and cautioned by her mother not to eat it, till it was cool. But as if she thought her mamma would steal it from her, if it continued a few moments in her plate, she directly began to eat, and swallowed so large and hot a mouthful of apple, that she was obliged, through the violence of pain it caused in her stomach, to leave the table and the rest of her pie behind; nor was she well enough to return to the company the rest of the evening. During the course of the afternoon, Mr. *Ribbat* proposed a walk; and *John*, who chose to be of the party, after moving the elbow chair again from one end of the room to the other, clambered upon it, and took down his hat. I could not forbear smiling to think it was because he would not

not have the *trouble* of hanging it up in the hall that he gave himself so much labour.

As we passed through that part of the garden which leads into Lord *Duffel's* park, we found it much littered with bits of paper, and pieces of stick and pack-thread; which Mr. *Ribbat* observing, addressing himself to his son, said, I am astonished, *John*, after I have spoken to you so very frequently about littering the garden in this manner, you should still continue to do so. This is the second time within this week that you have been guilty of the same crime. I have only, Sir, replied *John*, been making a kite. It matters not what you have been making, said his father, you have strewed your rubbish from one end of the walk to the other; and I desire you will now pick it up again; for you give more trouble to the servants by your negligence, than all the rest of the family put together. He then stooped down and picked up two or three bits of stick, and walked on again: and upon his father telling him to gather *all* up, he replied, that indeed he could not do *that*, it would be more trouble than enough, and it might as well be swept away at once. When we got into the park, his entertainment was to seek for small pebbles, to throw at the sheep which were grazing there, for the sake of seeing them run. He also seemed much delighted to go amongst the deer, and drive the fawns from the old ones. His father desired him to desist from doing so, but he still persevered till one of the old stags was so enraged as to run at him, and with his horns butt him

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in such a violent manner, that we could scarcely get time enough to his relief to prevent his being actually killed: as it was, he was extremely hurt, and with great difficulty, supported between his father and myself, returned home, where he appeared so much to require the attention of his father and mother, that I, supposing my company must be rather a restraint to them, and finding I could afford no further assistance, soon took my leave.

THE END OF VOL. I.

THE
ROTCHFORDS;
OR, THE
FRIENDLY COUNSELLOR.

VOL. II.

ROTHSCHILD

FRIENDS COUNSELLOR

VOL. 2

T H E
R O T C H F O R D S ;
O R, T H E
F R I E N D L Y - C O U N S E L L O R :
D E S I G N E D F O R T H E
I N S T R U C T I O N A N D A M U S E M E N T
O F T H E
Y O U T H O F B O T H S E X E S .

By *M. P.*

I N T W O V O L U M E S .

V O L . I I .

Let Heav'n born virtue be thy constant guide ;
Nor seek thy errors by deceit to hide ;
Convinc'd no falsehood can mislead that Power,
Who's Judge Almighty of each passing hour !

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by JOHN MARSHALL and Co. at No. 4,
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THE
NOTICE
OF THE
FRIENDLY COUNSELLORS
DIRECTOR FOR THE
INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT
OF THE
YOUTH OF BOSTON
BY
M. P.
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I.
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T H E
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AS I walked back, I could not help reflecting upon what had passed, and lamenting the extreme folly of children not accustoming themselves to do as they were desired, even in the smallest particulars. And how ridiculous it is that they will not ! For on whose head will the mischief of their disobedience fall ? Undoubtedly on their own. I am sure, in the trifling particular of putting away his hat, master *John Ribbat* gave himself ten times the trouble that hanging it where his mother desired him would have done ; besides the mischief of breaking the glass, and discovering the rebelliousness of his own disposition. So again, when Miss *Eliza* eat the pudding ; for *whose* sake could she suppose her mother desired her to wait a little, but for her own ? Would swallowing it hot burn her *mother's* mouth ? or give *her* a pain in her stomach ? And yet, as if she supposed her *mamma* did not deserve to be attended

tended to, she directly disobeyed her, and suffered accordingly; as did her brother, when he would hunt the fawns, contrary to his father's orders. And so, my dear *Charles*, you may depend upon it, that if children will follow their own judgments, in contradiction to the advice of their parents, some evil or other will always ensue, as in the cases I have just now mentioned to you. Not *always*, Sir, said *Charles*; for you see no harm happened because *John Ribbat*, regardless of his father's orders, littered the garden; nor would clear it away when he told him. I do not mean, my dear, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, that some *bodily* misfortune will *always* instantly follow, though very *frequently* that is the case; but, some *evil consequences* or other, I believe, you will generally find to be the attendant upon disobedience. The very instance now, for example, that you mention. If you regard *character* as any thing, or value the *love* and *esteem* of others, as necessary to your peace and comfort; the *hurting* your character, or the *loosing* the love and esteem of those you converse with, must surely be reckoned a very material harm. And must not this be the case with *John Ribbat*? Was it possible, do you suppose, for me to be witness to his behaviour, and not conclude that he was indifferent to the approbation of his parents, since he could give himself so little care to deserve it. And can any body have a *good* opinion of the person who does not try to oblige his parents? Surely they cannot! Thus they forfeit all title to esteem, and lose the honor of a fair character. And again, *John*, by not gathering up his fragments of
paper,

paper, packthread, and flicks, as his father desired him, left that for the servant to do, who no doubt, would find it as troublesome as master *John* himself did, nor would any better like the employment; consequently, he would feel displeas'd at the person who caus'd him that labour, especially if it had often been repeated, and therefore have less love for *John* than he would otherwise have, did he not occasion him such trouble. The love of his father and mother too cannot possibly be the same towards him, as if at all times he discovered a willingness to comply with their desires. And are not these considerations, *Charles*, of some importance, though no accident should directly befall the body?

It is a sad silly habit that many young persons get into, of not attending to what is said to them; which, though perhaps it may not proceed from any *badness* of heart, yet, is certain always to lead to much inconvenience and trouble. Your cousin *James*, and his sister *Mary*, always hurt me in this respect; they are both good tempered, and appear well dispos'd children; but pay so little regard to what is told them, that your uncle and aunt may speak a dozen times to them upon any subject before they do as they are desired. The other day, when at our house, did not you observe how repeatedly her mamma told *Mary* to fold up her gloves? But instead of doing so, she laid them down upon the chair, then in the window-seat, then on the table, then whirled them round in her hand, then threw them up, and caught them again; in short, laid them in every place, and did every thing with them, except wrap-

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ping

ping them up, and putting them in her pocket as her mother desired her. Now, perhaps, you will think there was no great *crime* in this, and the consequence not very important where she kept her gloves; but the value of the gloves was not the thing (though children certainly ought to take care of what cost their parents money;) but it discovered such an *inattention* to her mother's advice, such a *carelessness* of pleasing, that towards *any one* would be extremely *rude*, but when shewn to a *parent* is absolutely *wrong*. And from never accustoming herself to regard what is said to her upon *trifling* occasions, she will get the habit of slighting advice upon the most *important*.

Had *John Ribbat* made it his constant practice to mind when first spoken to, he would have ceased to hunt the fawns the moment his father bade him, and thereby have prevented the pain he afterwards felt, and I must say, most *deservedly* too. But permitting himself in general to hear with indifference, the orders of his parents, he no more thought it needful to mind at one time than another; and therefore, regardless of their caution, plunged himself into danger: as likewise did his sister, by not observing her mother's caution, and letting her pudding cool before she began to eat it. But I need not seek in other families for examples to shew the ill consequence of children not observing what is told them; your brother *George's* accident is a sufficient proof of that. Had he minded the very last words I spoke as the coach drove from the door, or the orders I before gave him to sit quiet, he would have
saved

saved himself all that misery he now endures, and his friends the painful anxiety they suffer for his sake.

That is very true, to be sure, said *Charles*, but I dare say, Sir, he did not do it out of *disobedience*; he was only at play, and did not think of what you had said. Did not *think*, *Charles*! I, the other day, if I recollect right, gave you my opinion of people acting wrong, because they do not *think*; and endeavoured to convince you, that it was so very poor an excuse that it never could much mitigate an offence. So young a child as *George*, I should not expect to have much thought about the *consequences* of his actions; but he certainly is old enough to mind what is told him. He might not, in all probability foresee the danger of breaking the glasses if he went to play; but *I* did, and therefore cautioned him against it, and he *heard* and *understood* what I said; and happy, poor fellow, had it been for him, if he had *minded* as well as heard. Thus in every instance, *Charles*, you may depend upon it, you will always be *most* safe, when you *most* follow the advice of your parents and friends, whose experience has gained them knowledge, and whose affection for you will never suffer them to mislead you. Or if at any time they *should* be mistaken, still no blame will be laid upon you for your obedience, *they* will be answerable for the error; but *you* will have performed your duty in the best manner you could, and will, therefore, be entitled to commendation instead of censure.

Mr. *Rotchford* was proceeding in his discourse, when a servant came to inform him, that Master *George* was awake, and Mr. *Green* with him. He then desiring *Charles* to continue in the garden till called for, immediately went to them, and found *George* wrapped up in his mamma's lap, whilst Mr. *Green* was dressing the wounds of his arm. Poor *George*, who had scarce ceased crying since the first moment of his accident, redoubled his screams at the painful operation of searching the wound in his arm, for more glass, which Mr. *Green* apprehended was still lodged in it. His mother, who sat turning his eyes away from the sight of the instruments, by holding his right cheek with her left hand, whilst the other pressed against her bosom, endeavoured to sooth him and abate his crying, whilst her own tears trickled fast down, and wetted his hair. Mr. *Rotchford*, observing the painful situation of his wife, intreated her to leave the room, and give the child to him: but she, fearful of any way adding to her child's uneasiness, replied, I am not at all tired of holding him, I thank you.

After the poor boy was again laid in the bed, Mr. *Rotchford* enquired of Mr. *Green*, if he thought it would be dangerous to move him, as they much wished to be with the rest of their family at home, and could not think of leaving him in his present condition? Mr. *Green* answered, he did not wonder at their desire to be with their other children; but advised them, by no mean to think of removing *George*, at least till the next day: and promised to call again

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in the evening to enquire after him : in the mean time, he ordered him some draughts to abate his fever, and if possible to procure him a little sleep ; but they took very little or no effect, his fever continued very high, and the pain of his arm so violent as to prevent his getting any rest.

When Mr. *Green* saw him in the evening, he appeared rather surpris'd at finding him so very indifferent, but gave no hopes of any speedy amendment. His mamma again sat up with him ; and this night was not less restless than the preceeding. Mr. *Green* again visited him early in the morning, and strongly recommended their calling in farther advice. Mr. and Mrs. *Rotchford* again urging the necessity of their being at home, he gave permission for *George's* being moved. Accordingly, after breakfast, they took leave of Mr. and Mrs. *Blifield*, and returned thither ; where they no sooner arrived, than they dispatched a man on horse-back to fetch a Mr. *Soft*, an eminent surgeon who resided in the next town. It would be impossible to describe the emotions of poor *Mary*, upon seeing her brother *George* in so dismal a situation, as she considered herself the cause of his misfortune, though in reality, she was not at all blameable for the part she had acted. But certain it is, no one of any sensibility can consider themselves as even the *innocent* cause of another's affliction, without being much hurt by the reflection, even though it should be one with whom they have no nearer connection than the tie of common humanity. But in the present instance Miss *Mary's*

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distress

distress was very sincere, as she had a most tender affection for her brother, and would joyfully, at any time have endured pain herself, rather than those she loved should suffer. When I think, she exclaimed, that it was owing to *me* he endures so much, I cannot *bear* it! and only because I did not like to have my cap knocked off, and tumbled! He had better have spoiled every cap in the nation, than have been so hurt, I am sure! I cannot think what could make me so cross as to mind it! Suppose he had pushed it off, or bent the wires, what great consequence would that have been of? But, poor fellow, his arm is of *great, vast* importance, and *I, I* was the cause of it!

But, my dear, interrupted her mamma, you do wrong to distress yourself so much upon that account, or accuse yourself of *crossness* where I do not find you at all deserved that reproach. If, indeed, you had been doing any thing *wrong*, or if through *ill-nature* to your brother you had caused his accident, you might then justly have condemned yourself as the author of it. But as I understand the affair, that does not appear to be the case. You could not foresee what would happen: if you could have done that, I acknowledge with you, that your cap had much better have been spoiled, or your frock torn, than poor *George* have suffered so much. But we are not, my dear, answerable for those accidents which happen contrary to our expectations and designs; we cannot, to be sure, help lamenting them, as in the present instance; but I do not
see

see that you need more afflict yourself, than any of the rest of us; unless indeed, because you did not attend to what your papa told you: for, did he not, as the coach drove off, desire you to let the glasses alone? Yes, Madam, replied *Mary*, he did, and I am sure, I wish, with all my heart, I had minded! But the front glass was up when we set off, and till *George* let it down to pull *James's* coat: so I thought I might put it up again, as my intention was not to play with it; nor did I break it by pulling it up; but I wish I had let it alone, and let poor *George* play as he would. I wish so too, my dear, resumed *Mrs. Rotchford*, and I hope it will convince you all, of the ill consequence of not minding what is said to you: had *George* been quiet as he was desired, none of this sad affair would have happened. But *Mary*, continued she, if you feel so much for having endeavoured to prevent *George* from standing upon the seat, and playing with the coachman; only think what your sufferings would be, had you occasioned his misfortune through any *ill-nature*, or inconsiderate *carelessness*; such as *heedlessly* pushing him through the window, or through *impatience* or *petulance*, causing him to fall against it? How, I say, must these, or such like circumstances, have added to your distress, and augmented your present sufferings? Then indeed you might justly have reflected upon yourself as being the author of all his misery, and the stings of your own conscience might well have contributed to make you truly wretched. O! if it had

had happened so! exclaimed *Mary*, what would have become of me? I should have been ready to chop off my own arms by way of revenging the pain I had inflicted on his. That, my dear, said her mamma, would have been but an indifferent recompence to him. *Seeing* you suffer would not have eased his pain, or have afforded him any relief. But the consideration of our *after reflection*, should keep us at all times from either saying an unkind word, or doing a wrong action; since no torment, we may assure ourselves, in this world can be equal to the stings of a *guilty conscience*.

Mrs. Rotchford was here interrupted by the arrival of *Mr. Soft*, whom she attended into her son's chamber. He examined the wounds in both his arms. That in the left he pronounced to be of small importance, such as a few days would perfectly restore; but he appeared greatly alarmed at the appearance of the other, and gave very little hopes of amendment: on the contrary, said, that it was certainly extremely bad, and he could not flatter them with the most distant hope of his ever recovering the *use* of it, but would apply every method he could think of to abate the inflammation and pain; and in the mean time, desired that he might be kept very quiet, and have proper means used for the abatement of his fever, which still continued very high. The whole family were much distressed at this dismal account given by *Mr. Soft*; and it was not without great difficulty *Mrs. Rotchford* could be prevailed upon to leave him that night to the care of his nurse; but her husband beseeching her to consider
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the importance of her own health to the happiness of the whole family, at last, to oblige him, consented, and, with tears in her eyes, left his chamber a little after twelve.

Mrs. *Rotchford* arose again the next morning before five, and found her poor boy in much the same painful, restless state, in which she had left him; he had slept not above half an hour during the night, complained much of violent thirst, and frequently enquired for his mamma. As soon as she went to him, he took her by the hand, and holding her tight by the fore-finger, said, Do not go away again, mamma, I am so very bad I do not know what to do! I have just been thinking, that I have got the gout; for do not you remember when my grand-papa had it, how *monstrously* his hand was swelled; and it was just like mine, I dare say, for he told me that he could not sleep, and was very bad, and in a great deal of pain; though to be sure, I do not think any body, in *all* the world, ever was in so much agony as I am; for I never felt any thing half so bad in all my life before. Do you think, mamma, any body was ever so very bad, or had their arm ache so much as mine does? Yes indeed, my love, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, I do really think a great number of people have not only felt as *much* pain, but a great deal *more* than you do. Do not you think that Captain *Willmot*, who dined here a little while ago, who, you remember, went upon crutches, and had two wooden legs, must have felt as much pain when both his legs were

were shot off; as you do with your one arm? I think he must; but I dare say he did not cry so much as you. O! then, answered *George*, he could not be so bad, or he would have cried too, I am sure; for I cannot get the least ease: I dare say, I feel as much pain as *Kitty's* squirrel did, when its tail was pulled off. I had almost forgot the squirrel, said his mamma; but I must remember and desire your brother to dig up his coffin to-day, for I cannot afford him one of the china tureens: it was a droll fancy for *Charles* to take that, was not it, my dear? O! I do not know, replied *George*, in a fresh agony of pain; and again burst into tears.

He continued crying for some time; but between seven and eight grew rather easier, and got into a doze, in which he continued above an hour, when Mr. *Soft*, entering his apartment, waked him.

Upon examining his arm, Mr. *Soft* expressed his desire, that some other surgeon might likewise see it as soon as possible; and when Mr. *Rotchford* attended him down stairs, confessed he thought him in a most dangerous state. My own opinion is, said he, that he has no chance for his life, but by immediately losing his arm. It is possible, however, it may not appear so needful to another person; let me, therefore, beg of you to let some gentleman meet me here as soon as may be, that we may consult what more can be done; I must now go a little farther, but I will be back again by twelve at noon.

Poor Mr. *Rotchford*, you may suppose, was greatly affected by this very melancholy account of his son; it distressed

distressed him exceedingly how to acquaint his wife with the dismal news; and yet, as it was so soon to be determined, it was necessary she should be prepared for so dreadful an event. He, therefore, after sitting a little while, endeavouring to compose himself, called her out of *George's* chamber, and in as tender a manner as possible gave her the melancholy account. It would be impossible for me to describe the emotions of these fond parents upon so distressing a prospect. They both agreed, how much less would be their sufferings, to see their child expire, than to think of his undergoing so violent an operation. But then again, they reasoned, that if life could be preserved, though by so severe a mean, still it was their *duty* to consent to it, as every one should endeavour to the utmost, to save the life which God had lent them. He may, said they, though he loses his limb, still live to be a useful member of society; and undoubtedly out of tenderness to his *present* feelings, we must not suffer him to expire whilst assistance can be given him. They therefore agreed to send for a *Mr. Steel*, to meet *Mr. Soft* at noon, and to abide by their determination, be it what it would. Whilst they were conversing together, the nurse came to beg they would be so good as to go up to *Master George*, as he seemed much to wish for their company. They immediately went into his room; but upon his calling out, Mamma, where are you gone to? Pray come and sit by me! Poor *Mrs. Rotchford* was quite overpowered, and instead of advancing to him, hurried out of the room, and throwing herself into a chair which

which stood by the door, gave way to those tender feelings which so deeply pierced her heart, and sobbed to so violent a degree, that her husband hearing her, left little *George* to go to her assistance. With difficulty he at last got her into her own room, and laid her on the bed, begging her not to attempt again to visit *George* for the present, which she promised to comply with. Her daughters hearing she was not well, anxiously came to enquire after her, and earnestly begged to know the cause of that distress they found her in. But as she thought it would be useless to inform them of what would so deeply afflict their hearts, she assigned no other reason for her tears than their brother's illness. But my dearest, mamma, said *Sophia*, he is not worse than he was; nurse told me he had some sleep this morning: pray do not distress yourself in such a manner! I dare say he will be better! You know Mr. *Soft* said his left arm would soon be well; and I hope the other will mend soon too; I dare say it will; do not my dear mamma cry so.

In this manner did those amiable girls strive to comfort their mother; but, alas! they only added to the emotions of her heart, whilst they so frequently repeated their hopes of *that* arm quickly mending, which she knew was shortly to be taken off.

In this manner were they engaged, when Mr. *Steel's* chariot stopped at the door, and in a few moments was followed by Mr. *Soft's*. I will not attempt to describe what I am no way able to do, the anguish Mrs. *Rotchford* suffered upon their arrival; or with what horror of mind

mind Mr. *Rotchford* attended them to the chamber of his son: much less can I give any description of his feelings when he found it was determined, that the limb was to be immediately amputated. He could not suffer himself to see his wife; but sent a message to her, earnestly requesting her to move herself and children from the house, that they might not be still more affected by the outcries of poor *George*.

She instantly complied with his request, and scarce knowing whither she went, and bidding her daughters to attend her, directed her steps to a small summer-house, which stood at some distance from the dwelling. There, in an agony of mind, not to be described, nor even *imagined* by those whose hearts have not been torn by the suffering of a beloved object; she gave a loose to her tears: at the same time earnestly imploring Heaven to support and strengthen her child, to go through the painful operation. Her intention was to conceal from all her other children, their brother's misfortune, till such time as his amending health, should mitigate their sorrow for his sufferings, or at least till their desire to see him, should render it necessary for them to be told. But so violent were her emotions, whilst in the summer-house, and so ardent her prayers, that he might have *strength* to support himself; that her two eldest daughters, (and *Charles*, who had also joined them,) plainly discovered something more than common was the cause of her tears. Is my brother *dying*? they enquired, or what, my dearest madam, can be the matter? *Pray, pray* tell us! for I am sure it must be something very bad!

bad! Is he dead? Dead! replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, no my dears! no! I hope he is not going to die! nothing is the matter, except his arm, that is worse than we suspected; it is *as* bad as can be. *Poor! poor* fellow! added she, O! what does he this moment suffer. Why, mamma, enquired *Charles*, hastily, why *this* moment suffer? Is any thing being done to it? I saw Mr. *Soft*, and Mr. *Steel* come just now; what are they going to do with his arm? Not cut it off, are they? Do not, my dears, answered Mrs. *Rotchford*, enquire any farther, for I cannot tell you. And again she burst into a fresh flood of tears. O! *it is! it is!* I am *sure* it is! they all together rejoined, with a voice of horror, whilst the colour forsook their cheeks, and the tears gushed from their eyes. *Poor! poor George!* O! dear, what will he do? How can he bear it? Oh! mamma, what shall we do for him? O! the *nasty* coach-glass, exclaimed *Mary*, *how* I wish I had not pulled it up. He will never love me any more! For it was *I* who caused him all his pain! O! how I wish it had cut my arm instead of his; I am sure he will never be able to love me again!

My dearest girl, rejoined her mother, do not distress yourself in this manner. We must all be most severely afflicted by the poor boy's sufferings, and the anguish of our *hearts*, can be but little less severe than the pain of his *body*. Great as my sorrow is to reflect upon what he must go through, and to see you all thus afflicted; yet still greater would be my sorrow, if you could, without concern, hear of your brother's misfortune;

tune;

tane; for the heart that bleeds not for the wounds of another, must be destitute of every *generous* or *noble* principle. But still, my dear *Mary*, there is no occasion for you so *sadly* to distress yourself, as if through any *ill-nature* or *design* of yours, the accident had befallen him. It is true, you in some degree, were the cause of it; but you were the *innocent* cause, and let that reflection *comfort* you; at the same time that it teaches you carefully to avoid doing any thing which may give you just reason for remorse in future: for if, as I before observed to you, your sufferings are *now* acute from the thought that you were *instrumental* to his misfortune, what do you suppose must be the distress of those peoples minds who are conscious of *guilt*, and know they acted in a manner which they ought not.

Whilst Mrs. *Rotchford* and her children were thus talking in the summer-house, Mr. *Rotchford* was engaged in a still more melancholy scene within doors. He had attended Mr. *Soft* and Mr. *Steel* into his son's apartment, and stayed whilst they made all necessary preparations by the bed-side. When, finding his spirits unequal to support being present at the dreadful operation, he stooped down to kiss his boy with an affectionate fervency, as if fearful it might be the last he should ever bestow; and he felt the sufferings of his *own* bosom, heightened by the unsuspecting ignorance of his child. Blessings on thee, thou little innocent! he exclaimed, may Heaven support thee? He was hurrying out of the room, when *George*, perceiving
him

him going, called after him, Papa! papa! where are you going? *pray* do not go away! I will come back presently, my love, replied Mr. *Rotchford*. But stop, *pray* do Sir! again rejoined *George*, *pray* come back! I want to speak to you; *pray* stay! Mr. *Rotchford* stepped back to the bed-side, and *George*, taking hold of him, said, *Pray, pray*, my dear papa! do not go and leave me till Mr. *Soft* has done my arm. Where is mamma? I like to sit in her lap while it is dressed; but this time I will sit in yours. Mr. *Rotchford* again attempted to quit the room, promising to return soon. But *George* bursting into tears, besought him with such earnestness to continue with him, that he resolved, whatever his own sufferings might be, to remain where he was, rather than by his absence add in the smallest degree to the unhappiness of his child. He therefore continued by him through the dismal operation, sustaining such painful emotions of mind as no language can possibly describe, nor any heart conceive, that has never been called to the like dreadful trial.

The moment the operation was safely over, he dispatched a messenger to the summer-house to inform his anxious wife; and to desire her still to continue there, untill he should again send for her. But, as soon as the surgeons were departed, and *George* laid in bed, (where, owing to a strong opiate which had been given him, he soon appeared stupid, and seemingly insensible of his pain,) Mr. *Rotchford* went himself into the garden; and, upon entering the summer-house, the sight of his wife, and all his other children in tears, together with

the

the great restraint he had put upon himself whilst attending upon *George*, so overcame him, that he dropped down on the floor, unable to move, or utter a syllable. This greatly added to Mrs. *Rotchford's* distress; she ran to him, and in vain endeavoured to raise him. The children also screamed out, and as fruitlessly tried to help him up. His mother then dispatched *Charles* for some water, which he quickly returned with, only staying to dip his hat in a water-tub which stood close by. My dear, said Mrs. *Rotchford*, we cannot make him drink out of *this*! No, madam, but we can wet him said *Charles*, and at the same time, threw it all in his face: which rough recipe, together with a smelling-bottle, happily brought him to himself; and, for an instant, the joy felt by his wife and children, upon seeing him recover, made them almost forget the sufferings of poor *George*.

But this forgetfulness was but of short continuance, their hearts were too deeply affected to permit it long to be absent from their minds; and with a trembling voice, Mrs. *Rotchford* enquired after her son. Has he, said she survived the amputation? or was it too much for his strength? and are his life and limb resigned together? No, my dearest love, replied her husband, thanks to all-merciful Heaven! he is not only still *alive*, but sustained the operation even better than we could have hoped. I wished not to be present at the dreadful crisis. Had he been a child perfectly *indifferent* to me, I knew it would be a scene most painful for my nature to behold; but to be witness to such an operation performed

formed upon one of my *own* children, I confess, was almost too much for me to support; and I was fearful I should not be able to go through it with proper fortitude. But nobody knows what they *can* do till they come to be tried; our strength is oftentimes greater when we resolutely exert ourselves, than we before expected; and Providence, sufficiently powerful for *every* thing, never fails to help and assist those, who earnestly *try* to do their *best*; and to the utmost, endeavour to support the difficulties they are called upon to sustain. Let us then, my love, look to that helping Providence alone, for strength to support our spirits through the melancholy scene we are now engaged in. Heaven knows what our sufferings are upon this, and every occasion; and provided we exert our fortitude, and patiently submit to what God is pleased to appoint, we may rest assured, that we shall never have greater difficulties imposed upon us than we shall be enabled to support.

Here Mr. *Rotchford* paused, and *Kitty* enquired, Why he did stay in the room if he so much disliked it? Because, replied her father, *George* so earnestly desired me, that I could not refuse his request. His sufferings, I thought, poor fellow! would be *severe* enough, without my *vexing* him by not staying when he so much wished for me; and at any time I would sacrifice my own ease for the satisfaction of my beloved children. You are *very* kind, Sir, said *Charles*, taking one of his hands, and pressing it between his; then looking upon his fingers as he held them, and the
tears

tears starting to his eyes, he exclaimed, I *hope* this hand will never be cut off! I hope not, my dear, said his father. Ah! replied he, so a few days ago we none of us expected poor *George's* to be; and yet *now poor* fellow! what a sad state is he in? And so, for any thing we can tell to the contrary, *this* hand of yours, may be obliged to be taken off in a week's time. That, said Mr. *Rotchford*, is certainly true: no one can possibly say how soon calamities, or even death, may overtake them; and therefore, we ought always to live in such a manner, as, let death come when it will, we may be ready and prepared to meet it. And likewise, we should not fix our hearts and affections too deeply on any *worldly* good, or possessions; since, as you observe, we are every moment liable to lose them: our very *limbs* not being so secure in our own power, but that we may be obliged to part with them. But, though this is the case, we must not for that reason, *Charles*, suffer ourselves to live in perpetual dread, through the apprehension of future evil: for this would be to make the *whole* of our lives wretched, and to throw away the comforts which Providence is kindly pleased to lend us. To *bear* the misfortunes of life with resignation and fortitude, is the *duty* of every one, and the sign of a truly *great* and *noble* mind. But not to enjoy *present* blessings, through the *dread* and *fear* of some time or other being obliged to part from them, is very *wicked*, and a certain sign of a *weak*, and *cowardly* disposition:

- “ *When Heaven, indulgent any blessing lends,*
 “ *Whether of goods, of fortune, or of friends,*
 “ *Enjoy the boon; and gratefully receive*
 “ *Whate’er kind Providence sees fit to give:*
 “ *Nor let the dread of ills some future day,*
 “ *Destroy thy peace, or drive fair Hope away.*
 “ *For this, thy proper business, mortal know!*
 “ *Is with the current of thy life to flow.*
 “ *If ills attend thee, patiently submit,*
 “ *And bend submissive, to what God sees fit.*
 “ *But when prosperity with happy gales,*
 “ *Wafts smooth thy bark, and gently fills thy sails,*
 “ *Rejoice with humble gratitude; for know!*
 “ *Thy God, O! mortal! hath ordain’d it so!*”

Thy God! O! mortal! hath ordain’d it so! indeed,
 repeated Mrs. Rotchford; but come, let us return to the
 house; not that I wish to take any of you in-doors;
 but I must go to my poor boy, though I greatly dread
 to see him.

She then went in accompanied by her husband. The
 children also were very desirous of going to their bro-
 ther; but as he was to be kept as quiet as possible, they
 were not permitted to go up. Mrs. Rotchford, upon
 entering the room, was greatly affected; but still more
 so, when little George (who saw her between an open-
 ing of the curtains) called out, Is it *you*, mamma?
Where have you been all day? I have wanted you *so*
 much! I never wanted you *so* much in *all* my life!
 Do you know, when Mr. *Soft* and two other men, and

my papa, had me by themselves, without you, they cut off my arm? I did not think my *papa* would let me be used so! Why did not *you* come to *save* me? I called you as loud as ever I could scream; but you would not come, though I am sure you must have heard me, for I never called so loud in all my life. My papa said it was to cure me, and make me well; but I am sure that is a story, for I am a *great, great* deal worse than ever I was; and my arm is not a bit easier, for it aches as much as ever it did; and I believe I am *quite* killed. No, my love, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, you are *not* killed, but I hope will soon be better. What your papa told you was very true, and your arm was indeed taken off to cure you, and make you well; for, if it had continued on, it would soon have made your whole body very bad, and that *would* have killed you. But do not, my dear boy, talk so much, lie still and try to go to sleep; Mr. *Soft* has desired you would be quiet, I will sit down by you, and not leave you any more all day, if you will be quiet and lie still. Then do not, resumed *George*, let Mr. *Soft* and the other men come and cut my other arm off, but stay and watch me: and if I get to sleep, do not let them come to me; but bolt the door to keep them out, and sit down by me, *close* by me, and take care of me, for I am *wastly* bad indeed; and my arm that is cut off aches and smarts *ten hundred* times worse than ever it did. Hush! hush! my dear, said his mamma, you must not talk so much: I *will* sit by you, and take care that no one shall hurt you: but you must first drink this

little dose of physic, which I hope will give you ease. Now let me see how like a man you can drink it at once without stopping! I do not like to have it at all, said *George*. Besides, what is the use of my taking it? You before gave me physic to cure my arm, you said; and now that is cut off, this *nastiness* can do it no good! It will not make it join on again, will it? No, replied his mother, that it cannot do; but it may give you ease, and make you fall asleep. At least it is proper, and ordered for you, and I must have it swallowed immediately: and you are too good, I am sure, not to do what you are desired.

Mrs. Rotchford then carried it to him, not aware how greatly she would be affected by the sight of him. But no sooner did she cast her eyes upon his face, which was as pale almost as the pillow on which he lay, and saw the bandages which were wrapped round him, than the cup dropped from her hand, and she fainted away, falling on the bed. Poor *George*, alarmed at so sudden an alteration in the appearance of his mother, bursting into tears, called out, *mamma is dead!* This alarmed the nurse, who, sitting by the window, had not observed what happened. She instantly ran to her mistress's assistance, and by the help of some hartshorn, soon restored her to her senses, when a violent flood of tears greatly relieved her; and she was soon so far recovered, as to be able again to approach her son with another phial of medicine, which he drank very quietly, and in a short time afterwards fell into a sound sleep. *Mrs. Rotchford*, according to her promise, never quitted his bed-

bed-side all day; and his father made very frequent visits to enquire after him. His brother and sisters also anxiously often came to the door to listen if any one was stirring, that they might learn how he did; and asked a thousand questions of whoever came out of the room, to know if he slept? if he grew easier? whether he ceased crying? how he looked? if he spake? what he said? whether he could eat, or drink? and in short, every particular which their affection made them desirous of being satisfied in.

In the evening, Mr. *Rotchford* took a walk down the garden with the children, and passing by the spot where the squirrel was buried, *Charles* pointed it out to him, saying, There, Sir, directly under that stick lies poor honest *Squg*, at rest in his china vase. O! then pray, said his father, smiling, fetch your spade, and remove his bones into something else. *What* else, enquired *Kitty*, can do half so well? May I put him into a half-pint stone-mug that is in the house, and then fasten the top of this box over it? holding one in her hand as she spoke. Aye, aye, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, you may do that if you please; so away ran *Kitty* for the stone mug, and *Charles* for the spade, with which he directly began to dig for the squirrel. Take care, *Charles*, said his father, mind and do that carefully, or you will break the tureen, and then all your labour will be useless. Yes! yes! Sir, I will take care of that, replied *Charles*, I know whereabout it is; I shall find it in a minute or two, I dare say. And when he had dug pretty near to it, he knelt down on one knee,
and

and with his knife and hands scratched through the rest of the earth till he came to the tureen. O! here it is, he exclaimed, as soon as he found his knife grate against it, I have found my treasure. Then scraping the dirt away from the sides, he took it up, saying, Well, Mr. *Squirrel*, how do you find yourself? I hope you have been well pleased with your new lodging, and have felt no attacks of the rheumatism from the dampness of the situation. *Do not, Charles*, talk in so *laughing* a manner, said *Kitty*, taking it from him rather hastily; but let me have it. Come, poor fellow! I am *glad*, I shall once more see you, sweet creature! Then lifting up the cover, she looked into it. But to her utmost astonishment, perceived its fur all off, and the little animal covered with maggots; whilst the stench that proceeded from it was most intolerable.

It would be no easy task to describe the alteration in her countenance upon this disappointment, for she had expected to behold her favourite in the same state as when she left it. For a few moments she remained in silent astonishment. Then going with it in her hand to her father, she exclaimed, *O-n-l-y* look here, papa! see what a dismal *nafty* condition the poor squirrel is in! Who *can* have been so ill-natured as to put these maggots in to eat it up? I am *sure* they could not get in by themselves, for the lid shut quite close, and was tight down, and now when I opened it, there was not room for a single one to crawl through. You silly little monkey, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, who can you suppose

suppose would have troubled themselves to dig up the Squirrel for the sake of putting in maggots? But do not you know that *all* dead bodies turn to putrefaction, and breed those kind of insects which devour them, notwithstanding they are shut up ever so closely? No! I did not know that, said *Kitty*. I thought when it was put into this nice clean thing, nothing could come to it, or spoiled it. Pough! how it stinks. Indeed, my dear, it does, resumed *Mr. Rotchford*, you called it just now your *sweet* creature; but nothing surely was ever more *mis-called* in this world. Do throw it away, for it smells enough to make one sick! O! dear, I am *so* sorry, said *Kitty*, in a mournful tone of voice, I am quite disappointed; but I think there is no occasion, now it *is* in this condition, to put it into the mug, for it cannot be worse than it is, so it may as well go into the ground naked. Then holding the tureen topsy-turvy, at arm's length, she shook it into the hole from whence it was taken, telling *Charles* to cover it up again as fast as he could, which he very good-humouredly did, saying, I ought to have enquired after the gentleman's *worms*, and not the rheumatism, for that was not his disorder.

And now, said *Kitty*, turning to her papa, pray Sir, what must be done with this tureen? I think if my mamma saw it, she would never chuse to eat sauce from out of it any more, so it might as well have stayed where it was. It will wash again, said *Mr. Rotchford*, so carry it in doors and desire it may be thoroughly cleaned. Miss *Kitty* then ran to carry back both the

tureen

tureen and the mug; and returning to her father, expressed her disappointment at finding her favorite in so sad a condition. To *think*, said she, that that could possibly be my dear little squirrel, who used to look so *very* pretty, and his hair so nice and smooth! Why he did not look like the *same* creature! I declare I should not have known it to be my little *jumper*, let me have seen it where I would; for you know, papa, it used to be so *very* smooth and clean; could you have thought it *possible* for it to alter so?

If I had not *known* that all dead bodies *do* alter in that manner, perhaps I might be as much surpris'd at it as you are, my dear. But I cannot say I am in the least astonish'd at its appearance; for I really expected none other. And what, perhaps *Kitty*, you may never have thought, you yourself will undergo as great an alteration in a very few days after your death. All *this* bloom, my love, said he (patting her cheek) will then be entirely gone; nor will those eyes which now sparkle with health, then retain any of their present lustre. Your whole complexion too, my girl, and every feature, will be as much transformed from the appearance they *now* have, as is the squirrel from what he *used* to be. And the same kind of maggots which you saw upon the squirrel, will one day feed upon *you*, upon *me*, and upon the greatest *kings* and *princes* that now tread the earth. And will such nasty fat looking maggots eat *me* up too? enquired *Harriot*. Yes, indeed, said Mr. *Rotchford*, chucking her under the chin as he spoke, they will not pay respect even to *your* dead body; but
will

will eat my little *Harriot* with as much relish as if she was but a squirrel. It is a very unpleasant thought, rejoined *Mary*, and very mortifying to human nature. Mortifying to human *pride* it undoubtedly is, replied her father; for how ridiculous is it to be vain of those perfections which so shortly will not only lose all power to please, but likewise become so exceedingly *disgusting*, that even our fondest friends will not be able to endure us in their sight. This consideration, I should think, would be sufficient to check the vanity of the most perfect beauty upon earth: and when she looks in the glass to survey with pleasure the attractions of her person, if she would remember, that in a very few years, perhaps *days*, all that beauty will be entirely fled, and *loathsome deformity* take place; surely she would find she had but little reason to value herself upon what would so soon be gone, and reduce her to a level with those she esteemed the *ugliest* of the whole creation. When once death hath robbed us of all that pleasing animation, which alone hath power to delight the eye of beholders; when once we are laid in the grave, and the worms have begun to feast upon us, *then* the greatest beauty, and the most deformed; the strongest man, and the most feeble, will be all upon a level; nor (were we to open the graves of those in such a state) should we be able to discover any difference in their persons; but the appearance of all would be *equally* disgusting. How *foolish* then! how *aburd*! it is to value ourselves upon what must so very soon perish and turn to *corruption*. But still, I cannot see, my *Mary*, why the thought

thought should be displeasing to you. If, indeed, your *body* were all you had to boast of; and death and corruption were the only state in which you were to remain; *then*, you might well abhor the idea, of your present activity and comeliness of person being so soon extinguished. But this, my love, is far from being the case; our bodies you know, are but mere *outside cases*, or *shells* to our souls, in which God has placed them for a little time, that they may have an opportunity of displaying their virtues, by complying with all those duties the Almighty has appointed. And, if we are careful to obey God, and follow his commandments, whilst we continue in this world; these souls, we are informed, shall, when our bodies drop into the grave, be removed into a state of *happiness* and *glory*; where they shall not, like our bodies decay, and be devoured by worms, and turn to corruption; but shall continue to enjoy perfect and uninterrupted happiness through all eternity; that is *for ever*, never more to cease.

This then, my children, being the state of the case, our *souls*, you see, are what we should bestow our labour and constant care upon, to improve and render virtuous, that they may be admitted into the kingdom of Heaven. For though the soul of every person is immortal, and will never die; yet, it is the souls only of those who are *righteous* and *good* in this world, that shall be *happy* in the world to come. Whilst the wicked (all those who have taken no care to render themselves pleasing to God, by observing his laws) shall be *turned into hell*, that dreadful place of unknown torments, where their
misery

mifery shall far exceed any pains we can now imagine. What! be worse than having an *arm* cut off? said *Harriot*. Aye much, much worse indeed! replied Mr. *Rotchford*, much worse than any pain or distress ever known on earth. Think then how worthy of all our care it is, to live so, that we may not be in danger of ever going to that place of torment. And, if at all times we strive to be good, by doing those things we know to be right, and avoiding those things we know to be wrong, then we need not be afraid of any thing. God will be our friend; and though the worms may eat our bodies, which will hurt us no more than they now do the squirrel; our souls shall be in peace, and everlasting glory. Tell me then, my dear *Mary*, what cause have we to dread the thought of these *carcasses* of *flesh* becoming food for insects, turning into corruption, or mouldering into dust?

To be sure, Sir, replied *Mary*, it does not, as you say, much signify what becomes of our bodies when dead, as they will not be sensible of pain, nor know in how displeasing a state they appear. Besides *Mary*, rejoined *Charles*, as people are not often buried in *china turrens*, they are seldom dug up again to be looked at when half eaten; so I would not have you distress yourself upon the thought, how you will appear to your neighbours, and the Misses of your acquaintance; for I dare say, my little *Polly* (going to her and kissing her as he spoke) will make as pleasing a mess of worms and corruption, and look as pretty as any buried and dug up again Miss of them all. Pshaw! *Charles*,
how

how ridiculously you talk! said *Mary*, turning her cheek from him. I was really *serious*, and not at all intending to make a joke of so important a subject. Take care that you never discover greater weakness upon any occasion than I did, by saying it was not a pleasant thought, to be reduced to that *filthy, stinking* state of the squirrel.

Well, my dear, said Mr. *Rotchford*, I dare say *Charles* did not intend to joke upon the serious subjects of either *death* or *immortality*; nor even at you for expressing that dislike, which our nature at first thought feels at the idea of being degraded into so *odious* an appearance. I have too good an opinion of him, to suppose him capable of acting in so wrong a manner, because a truly good and sensible mind, will no more make jokes upon death, than it will fear it. Those persons who are greatly alarmed at the apprehension of death, prove that they are either conscious of not having behaved as they *ought* to have done, or else, that they are of a *weak* and *cowardly* disposition of mind. But those who *laugh* at death, and pretend to *disregard* its consequences; discover such an *impious audacity*, that every man of *virtue* or *sense* would blush to be thought guilty of. If ever I hear persons *laughing* at the solemnity of death, or wishing themselves *dead* upon every trivial vexation, I always look upon it as an infallible sign, that they have never reflected upon it in a proper manner, nor considered that the stroke of death is to introduce them to the presence of their *Almighty Judge*, whose sentence will consign them to everlasting happiness,

pinens or misery: an event by far too important to pretend to *trifle*, and be indifferent about: be assured, that nothing but the consciousness of having always endeavoured to please God, can give a person any *just* grounds for courage at the approach of death; and *that* it is which will enable us to encounter it without fear, and to lay down in the grave with the same calm composure, as we recline ourselves on our beds to take our night's repose.

Then pray, Sir, said *Charles*, do you suppose Mr. *Milo* would have more dislike to dying than he says he should? for you know, he very often declares, he wishes he was dead: and the last time he was here, if you remember, he said, he had as *lief* die as take a pinch of snuff; and much *rather* than be obliged to wear his hair dressed, for he should look upon that as a daily misery; but dying would soon be over. Yes! I remember he talked in a strange absurd manner, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, which by no mean increased my opinion either of his *good morals* or his *understanding*; for by his conversation upon that subject, I could not but conclude, that he was rather defective in both; since no *wise* man, I am sure, would have permitted his tongue to run on in such a ridiculous strain; and no *good* man, I should think, could suppose that wearing his hair dressed, was either a *misery*, or of much *importance*: so that to confess the truth *Charles*, judging by Mr. *Milo's* conversation, I do not consider him as a very respectable character. And as for his boasting perpetually of not *fearing death*, and *wishing to die*,

and being willing to give his *life* to rescue Miss *Plumb's* lap-dogs, and such sort of chat; it is all downright *nonsense*, no more worthy of attention than the chatter of a magpie, or a parrot; nor will it ever lead a person of any discernment, to believe him in the least better prepared for death, than those, who do not make such a continual vaunting on the subject.

Mr. *Thestor*, in my opinion, discovers much more magnanimity of soul in his conduct, though you never hear him talking in that light manner upon serious subjects; nor does he on the other hand betray any signs of *fear* at the apprehension of death; and, to all appearance, he has several times been much nearer to it than Mr. *Milo*. In how generous a manner did he hazard his life that night when the two houses were burned down at *Belford*. Pray how, papa? enquired Miss *Kitty*, I do not remember any thing about it! I perfectly well recollect the *fire*; but what did Mr. *Thestor* do? The fire, returned Mr. *Rotchford*, had been burning a considerable time before it was discovered, and when, at length, the families were alarmed, it was with the greatest difficulty that any of them escaped: at Mr. *Bright's*, two children who were lodging there for the benefit of the air, were left up stairs by themselves (their maid having made her escape without them;) and would undoubtedly have perished in the flames, had not Mr. *Thestor*, who was there assisting the unhappy sufferers, happened to hear them cry; and enquiring, If any person was still left in the house? he was informed, that there were two children

children in bed upstairs; but, added the person who was talking to him, it is impossible to save them, the stairs being already in flames; and the front of the room in which they are, is on fire, so that no ladder can be placed against it; their maid is come down without them, and they, poor things, must be lost. But not without some attempt to save them, replied Mr. *Thesfor*, so rushing through the smoke and flames, he ran to their apartment, guided to it by the sound of their screams. When he got there, the smoke was so thick he could not directly discover them, and the fire raged in some part with such violence, that even then he thought he must return without them, or, if he continued a moment longer perish with them. Yet, though he was in such imminent danger, he resolved to make another attempt to cross to that part of the room, where, from their cries he supposed they were, and, if possible, preserve their lives. This, he with the utmost difficulty effected; and taking one in each of his arms, returned again to the stairs, which were then so much burnt, that on his stepping upon one of them it fell in, and down he and the two children plunged into the midst of flames and rubbish. Happily, however, he was not so hurt, but that he immediately recovered himself and got up; and again taking the children (one of whom had dropped from him in his fall,) he passed as quick as possible through the fire, and once more found himself in safety, though not without being very much burnt in several places: nor had he left the house two minutes, before

fore it all fell down together, so that had he then been in it, he must have been crushed to pieces.

Pray, papa, enquired *Harriot*, were the children boys or girls? and how big were they? One of them was a boy about four years old, replied *Mr. Rotchford*, and the other a girl of eleven months. But I was going to observe, *Charles*, that such behaviour was a much more convincing proof of *true* courage, and being above the fear of death, than all *Mr. Milo's* nonsensical chatter upon the subject. And the quiet, resigned manner in which *Mr. Thestor* has since supported a most painful and dangerous illness, is an undoubted sign that he considers death in its *true* and *proper* light; as an event of the utmost *importance* to man, by putting a total stop to his present state of life, and introducing him to *immortality*: an immortality of *happiness* and *glory*, if he has lead a virtuous and a holy life. Therefore, confident in his own integrity, *Mr. Thestor* (trusting to the mercy and goodness of God,) has no cause to be *afraid to die*, though he knows it to be an event far too *important* to be made a subject of laughter, or furnish witticisms for common conversation. But come, my dears, let us go in doors, it is almost time that you should go to bed: besides, I am afraid, I shall tire you with my serious discourse, and this evening I find myself so little disposed for any other, that I believe I had better leave you, for I should be sorry to render my conversation tedious or disagreeable to you.

Indeed, Sir, we are not at all tired of what you say, exclaimed *Charles*; at least I can answer for myself.

And

And so can I, said *Sophia*: and I too, said *Mary*. And so can *I too*, I am sure, said *Kitty*; for I am quite in a grave mood; the disappointment I received, by seeing my dear squirrel in that nasty condition, when I expected that he would look as well as when we buried him: and then the thoughts of poor *George's* arm being cut off, which I am sure is a very sad thing, make me altogether feel quite grave, and I do not wish at all to go to play, but like very much to hear you talk about being good, and dying, and those sort of things. Do not you, *Harriot*? Yes, replied *Harriot*, gaping, I like it very well; but I am so sleepy, that I think, as my papa says, it is almost time to go to bed. So I will go to *Betty*, and desire her to undress me. Good night, papa! I am not at all tired of hearing you talk grave. May I go into *George's* room and wish my mamma good night? No! no! my love, replied her father, you must not do that; give me a kiss for her, and I will carry to her your good wishes. And tell *George* I wish him a good night too, rejoined *Harriot*, and hope he will not have any more arms cut off to-morrow. Good night, *Kitty*! good night *Charles*! *Sophia*, *Mary*, and all of you! And so saying, she walked in doors, whither all the rest of the party soon followed.

Mr. *Rotchford*, after wishing them all a good night, went into *George's* room; and found him more easy and composed than could possibly have been expected after so severe an operation. He also passed a tolerably quiet night, and slept more than he had done for some preceding ones. His surgeons, when they saw him in the morning,

morning, congratulated his parents upon his being in so good a way, declaring that he appeared in every respect, as well as the nature of the case could possibly admit of. But it would be tedious to relate particularly each day's gradual amendment; it is sufficient to say, that he improved daily, and in as short a time as could be supposed, was able to go about again and join in the diversions of his brother and sisters.

But here I must not pass by unnoticed, the uncommon attention which they all paid to him, and the care and tenderness which they discovered, to prevent his meeting with any fresh accident. Mr. *Soft* had cautioned him to be very careful not to fall, or heedlessly run against any thing, as a blow upon the remaining part of his arm, might be attended with very bad consequences. His brother and sisters were also told this, and desired to take care upon no account to run against him, or let him fall into any danger whilst at play. They promised to be very observant of this order, and indeed they amply fulfilled their word; for, so far from carelessly endangering him, they never permitted him to walk by himself; but either *Sophia*, *Mary*, or *Charles*, constantly held him by his hand, and refused joining any sport in which it would be improper for him to engage.

Mary, who, notwithstanding all her mother had said to endeavour to comfort her, still considering herself as the cause of his misfortune, was peculiarly attentive to all his inclinations and wants, and spent the whole of her time that could be spared from her own daily improvements,

provements, in cutting out cards, painting, reading to him, telling him stories, and using every method she could devise, to amuse and entertain him. Her money, also, she laid out to purchase toys for him; and in short, her whole pursuit appeared to be to express her affection towards him, and her concern for the part she had acted, in pulling up the coach-glass at the time he wanted it to be down.

It is a pity that a good motive should ever be attended with evil; but unless people are careful to let *prudence* direct their actions, it will frequently be found to be the case. And poor *Mary* was an instance, how much an excessive zeal for what is really right, may betray us into error and sin, unless we at the same time are careful to govern our *own* passions by the strictest laws of moderation and reason.

One day, soon after *George* was getting about, they had a large party of young folk to play with them. *George* earnestly requested to join them, which his mamma at first refused, being fearful he might by some mean or other be hurt. But upon *Mary's* promising to take care of him, and not leave him for a moment, she at length consented; and he, greatly delighted, went into the room where they were all assembled. He wished much to make one at their sports, and join in whatever game they were engaged; but his sister would not suffer him to run into any danger, and very kindly forbore entering into any herself, that she might guard, and attend him. Much was she solicited by all her companions to join

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them;

them; but she refused all their invitations, saying, she could not possibly leave her brother. Then let your brother come too said one! That he *must* not, she replied, lest he should be hurt. Then let him sit and *look* at us. But pray *you* come, said another. Whilst a third exclaimed, I never saw any thing so ridiculous in all my life! All our party is to be spoiled for the sake of that little *brat*! Turn him out of the room, and let him go to his *nurse*, since he wants so much care, and must be watched like a mouse! No, indeed, I shall *not* turn him out of the room, replied *Mary*. You need not mind *me*! suppose I was not here, you could all play without me; and so *make believe* I am nobody, and I dare to say, you will be able to find some game that will do just as well without me as with me. But should not you *like* to come? enquired one. Yes, *very much*, replied she, and so would poor *George* too, but he can not; and as he likes to see you play, I shall not make him go away, I promise you. So as I said before, *pray* do not mind us; fancy we are only *two posts* or *pictures*, and go on with your play.

Well, if you *will not* play, replied the other, you must let it alone, I think; but I am sure it is very ridiculous that that *child* is to prevent your coming amongst us! At that rate, you might as well have had your *own* arms, or legs chopped off, if you may make no use of them, because he cannot use his. They then returned to their diversions for some little time; but so often interrupted themselves to debate the matter, whether she ought, or ought not to join them, that at last

Sophia

Sophia and *Charles* persuaded *George* to go into the other room, where likewise, *Mary* promised to accompany him, and make him a nice card coach, if he would be contented and not want to return.

After they had for a good while been busy in this employment, (*George* very well entertained, watching the progress of his coach, and *Mary*, kindly contented in amusing him) one of the children from the other parlour, *Jack Biggs* by name, a boy about ten years old, came running in to hide himself; and crawling under the table by which they were sitting, whisked down many of the cards, pins, and little pieces of stick they were using. O dear! only see what you have done, *Jack!* exclaimed *George*; I wish you would keep away! I wish so too indeed, said *Mary*, for you have done us a great deal of mischief! Pray come out, for some of the cards are under you. I cannot help that, replied he; I shall sit snug here, and they will not see me when they come to look for me; there is a whole pack of bounds after me, and they will all come in presently. I hope not, resumed *Mary*, so do go and look for some other hiding-place, there is a good boy; for you sadly interrupt my business; I cannot go on with my coach-building whilst you sit there.

Pray *Mist*, said he, how do I interrupt your ladyship? What harm do I do you? Why, replied *Mary*, you have thrown down all my treasures, and you sit upon the card I had marked to cut the wheels out of; and that stick you are now snapping is my axletree; in short, you are very troublesome, and *George* and I were much better

better without you. *Hang George*, and *you* too, replied he in an angry voice, what an abominable racket you make about your trumpery. I should not have thought of *girls* talking about *axletrees*, when they do not know the difference between an *axletree* and a *linchpin*. But, perhaps, girls may not be quite so ignorant as you suppose, rejoined *Mary*: not that I will contend for my skill in coach-building. You, Sir, may employ some other maker, if you please, when you set up your carriage; but as this little gentleman has bespoke one of me, do give me leave to finish it; and so pray do not break any more of those sticks, and give me the card you sit upon. O! *here* it is! cried *George*, stooping down to pick it from under the flap of *Jack's* coat: *here* it is! I see it peeping its little nose out. But you have not got it yet, Sir! said *Jack*, nor *shall* have it either, I promise you; and giving him a push at the same time, threw him down, and he fell on his right side. He immediately screamed out that his arm was hurt: to which the other brutishly replied, *That* I am sure must be a *lie*; for on the side you fell you had *none*.

Poor *Mary* jumped up frightened almost out of her senses, and in the height of her resentment, gave *Jack Biggs* a very severe box on the ear; which he disdainingly to accept from the hand of a lady, returned it immediately with interest. *Mary*, who had no inclination to enter into combat; without paying any regard to the blow she had received, went directly to her brother's assistance, who crying exceedingly, complained much

of his arm being hurt; she, therefore, very prudently was going to lead him to his mamma; but *Jack Biggs*, fearful of receiving blame for the part he had acted, placed himself before the door, and declared they should not pass by him. Do not, said *Mary*, in a positive tone of voice, pretend to talk in that ridiculous manner, for I am determined I *will* go. Ho! ho! *will* you so Miss, resumed he, I wonder how you will manage it, for I say you *shall not*. But, I say, I *will*, replied she, I am *resolved* I will! and you shall *not* keep me! So let us come by directly, or— Or *what?* pray, madam, enquired he; what is your threat to be, if you speak out? Will you *cry* if I do not let you go by, like your brother *Georgy* there? No! but I will make *you* cry, said she, if you do not let us out. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself to behave so cruelly to this poor little fellow. How should *you* like, if you had met with the same misfortune to be thrown down upon so fore a place, and then prevented from getting relief? How should *you* like it, I say? I really cannot say how I should like it, replied he, in an insulting tone of voice, I never had any *stumps* to fall upon; when I have, I will inform you; but at present, I cannot tell how folk find themselves affected upon such occasions. How is it *Georgy*, ha? said he, taking hold of his right shoulder, and moving it backwards and forwards in a very rough manner; how is it I say? how does *stumpy* feel? how does it do? does one half of it keep alive like a worm after the other end is cut off?

Mary,

Mary, exasperated by this behaviour to her brother, beyond all patience, forgetful of the meekness becoming a young lady's behaviour, ran to him, and with her utmost violence, gave him a blow upon the hand with which he held her brother's arm, that immediately obliged him to quit it; and turning towards her, he resented the attack with not less violence than she began it. Poor *Mary*, who had never lifted her hand against any one, unless it was her doll, though somewhat older and taller than her antagonist; yet you may easily suppose, was but an unequal match against a rude school boy, whose disposition appeared not to be one of the most placable and forgiving. However, she resolutely maintained the combat, till *George*, who made his escape when he found the door unguarded, told his history to *Charles*, and sent him in, attended by half a dozen of his playmates, to her assistance, amongst whom were the three *Tyson*s.

Joe entered the room first, and stopping short, lifted up his hands and eyes with an air of astonishment, exclaiming, Well! if ever I beheld the like to this in all my life! Walk in, gentlemen and ladies, and see (imitating the voice and manner of those who stand at the door to invite passengers to see wild beasts at a fair) *walk in! walk in!* and see the strangest fight you ever beheld in your lives! Here, gentlemen and ladies, you may see a combat carried on with great spirit, between two furious animals! *Charles Rotchford* pushing by, and going up to *Jack Biggs*, took hold of his hands, and rescued his sister, whilst

whilst all voices were loud in their censures upon his *cowardice* for fighting with a *girl*.

What upon earth then would you have me do? enquired *Jack*. If you would not *fight* with a *girl*, would you stand like a tame fool to be *beat* by one? and I declare she began the attack, and gave me the first blow: and any *girl* in the kingdom that does that, shall find I understand boxing as well as she does; so gentlemen, I disclaim your charge of *cowardice* for fighting with a *girl*; or rather with a *tygres* you should say, or a *mad cat*, for the claws and scratches worse than a *fury*. However you may clear yourself from the imputation of *cowardice*, in fighting with *me*, said *Mary*, in a resolute tone, how will you justify yourself for *throwing down*, *insulting*, and *hurting* a poor little defenceless boy, with only *one* arm, and then not permitting him to get any assistance? How will you justify yourself for not letting us go out of the room, after you had *hurt* him? And it was necessary some thing should be put to his arm to prevent its growing worse; and this is what you *know* you have done! I did not throw him down for the *purpose*, said he. You *did*! replied *Mary*. But whether you did or *not*, it was on *purpose* that you would not let us pass by, and go out at the door. And on *purpose* you shook about his arm, *insultingly* calling it his *stumpy*! And if such behaviour is not *daftardly* and *cowardly* to the height, I do not know what is; but I have always heard that *ungenerous* and *cruel* dispositions are no better than *poltrons*.

Nobly

Nobly said, upon my honor! (exclaimed *James Tyson*, as she passed by him in going out of the room the moment she ceased speaking;) and I do think that you deserve, *Jack Biggs*, to be tossed in a blanket. Or rather, added *Charles Rotchford*, to be soufed in the common sewer! I think so too, said *Joe Tyson*; but surely, *Charles*, you do not intend to let him come off so, do you? If you do, I am sure you are as great a coward as he is. What, do you think I would let him insult a sister of mine, and a little one-armed brother at that rate, and not fight him for it? I do not know what you might do, replied *Charles*, but I shall not fight with him, I promise you. I look upon him too much beneath my notice; and by hurting a little child, and fighting with a girl, he has sufficiently shewn what opinion he has of his own prowess. For me therefore to engage with him, would be like his fighting with my sister, upon very unequal terms indeed; and I should be ashamed of myself, was I to be provoked to do it. I am sure you may be ashamed of yourself not to do it, replied *Joe*, and I have a great mind to do it for you; I hate he should get off so.

I am surpris'd you should be so angry, too *Joe*, said his brother *James*, considering that he has been fighting, no matter with whom, or for what, since the mere act of fighting seems all you ever regard; without in the least considering upon what cause it is grounded, and whether you engage in a good or bad one. I do not know what you may call a good one, replied *Joe*; but I should think, if any body insulted my sister, he deserved

served to be thrashed; and if I had a little lop-sided brother with one half of him stolen away, I should think any body who hurt the *remainder*, gave me very sufficient provocation to break every bone in his skin if I could; but you and *Charles Rotchford* are so wonderful wise, you never find any matter of importance enough to fight about; the real truth, I believe, is, that you are both cowards, and afraid of getting a black eye.

Not I indeed! said *Charles*, I should not care for having a dozen black eyes upon any occasion that was worth it, or where I could do any good: and if it will afford you any satisfaction, you may give me one now, if you please, I will stand still to receive it, and convince you that I am not at all afraid of a blow, be it as hard as it will; though I do not intend fighting with this *Biggs*, who is in my opinion, unworthy being permitted to fight on a level with me, after having chose to engage with a girl, and an infant. Well then, if you are determined to do nothing, said *Joe Tyson*, do let us go to play again, for it is but poor sport to stand still and debate. I hate words, as much as I like action, so come along, I say! Do let us set about something better than this. With all my heart, replied *Charles*, but first let us expel this gentleman, for he is a disgrace to all who converse with him: and so, if you please, Mr. *Biggs*, you may march home, for I declare you shall not stay here! I will conduct you to the door, Sir! Be so good as to walk this way! Which *Jack Biggs* refusing, he put his hands upon his shoulders, and pushed

pushed *Jack* before him to the house door, and shutting it against him exclaimed, Go along you mean spirited dastardly cur, and learn more humanity before you presume to enter this house again!

Then *Charles* returned to his other companions, and they all passed the rest of the day very amicably and agreeably. In the mean time, *Miss Mary* and little *George* went up stairs to their mamma, who, after having examined the bruise upon *George's* arm, expressed her astonishment at seeing *Mary* in so dishevelled a condition. *Mary* endeavoured to justify herself by urging, that it was in her brother's defence she engaged in fighting, said she could not bear to see him insulted, and used in so ungenerous a manner, and, added rather warmly, I will fight again, whoever dares to do so, when I am with him, *that* I will.

Hush, my dear, said her mamma, do not talk in that manner, I beg of you. I do not at all wonder that you were offended by the brutal conduct of Master *Biggs*; but you let your zeal for your brother transport you rather too far, when you express yourself in that warm unguarded strain. Consider, my love, what you say! consider your own character! and remember, that though greatly offended, a young lady is not to suffer herself to be provoked to blows. For boys to quarrel and fight, is bad enough; but for girls to act with such violence, is quite shocking indeed. Nothing can be said to justify one girl's fighting with another, but to engage with a boy is not only wrong, but also ridiculous; as they can always conquer, being much stronger
and

and expert at that exercise. But, Madam, rejoined *Mary*, what would you wish me to have done? Ought I, when I was staying with *George* on purpose to take care of him, to see him hurt, and insulted for his misfortune, without trying to defend him? I only wanted to get him out of the room; and if Master *Biggs* would have let us pass him, I am sure I had no inclination to fight: but indeed, mamma, I could not endure to see the poor little boy's arm so roughly shook, after having hurt it with the fall; and, besides that, inhumanly sneered at, without using some methods to make him leave off: and when he began to attack me, I knew it would give *George* an opportunity of making his escape, and I would sooner be battered to pieces than see him used so.

Your motive, my dear girl, replied Mrs. *Retchford*, was a good one, and I highly commend your love towards your brother, whose misfortunes indeed claim compassion from every body, but in a peculiar manner call for tenderness and care from his brothers and sisters. I do not, therefore, my love, blame you for your desire of assisting *George*, or defending him from every insult; but for the *method* you took to do so. Had you been in an uninhabited place, with no one near to assist you, you then might have been excused for engaging *Biggs* yourself, whilst your brother made his escape. But situated as you were, what but being too much transported with anger could induce you to attempt fighting, when you might have procured help in a much shorter time by only pulling the bell; and

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if *Jack* was standing at the door to prevent your passing him, he could not at the same time hinder your doing that. That to be sure is very true, said *Mary*, but I never thought of it any more than if the bell had not been there. I was so exceedingly vexed and provoked, I scarce knew what I did. *That*, replied *Mrs. Rotchford*, is the very point I was speaking about; and I wished to shew you the impropriety of suffering yourself to be so overcome by resentment, as to lose the power of recollecting what is the proper method for you to behave in, and how you may best act to procure what you desire to obtain. Thus, in every instance through life, those people who will not attend to the calm voice of *reason*, will always by their own petulance defeat the very end they want to accomplish; and instead of punishing their adversaries, only expose themselves to contempt and shame.

No one, my dear *Mary*, should ever suffer themselves to be put in a *passion* upon any account whatever. Not to feel ourselves displeas'd, and angry sometimes with the ill behaviour of others, is *impossible*: but we should be always careful to keep such a strict watch over our tempers, as never to permit ourselves to say or do things without considering the consequences, merely because we are *provoked*. Accustom yourself therefore, my love, upon *all* occasions to maintain the command of your own passions; for if you cannot regulate them, how ridiculous is it to expect to have any influence over others! If you cannot govern your *own* temper, how can you hope to direct that of another?

another? If you found yourself so exceedingly *vexed* and *provoked*, that you could not recollect there was a bell which you might ring for assistance, can you be surpris'd that *Jack Biggs* did not stop to consider the impropriety of *his* behaviour to your brother? Or, if you so far forgot the gentleness necessary to the character of a young lady, as to strike *him*, can you wonder that *he* should return your blow with violence, or put you into that tattered, dishevelled condition, in which you now appear? Thus, you see, you have made yourself partaker of his crime, instead of preserving that perfect innocence upon the occasion, which you might and *ought* to have done. And so it will always be with those who suffer themselves to be provoked beyond the bounds of *right* and *reason*. However *good* the *cause* may be, in which they engage; still, if they pursue it with *heat* of temper, and *passion*; they will certainly bring themselves into disgrace, and when they come to reflect on what has past, feel both *ashamed* and *sorry* for the part they have acted. Nor will that be all; for commonly the *mischief* done in a passion, does not all subside with the fury which occasioned it; but its fatal consequences may last long after the parties are both restored to calmness and repentance for the folly they before discovered. Thus, in the transaction that has happened to day, though your *battle* is now over, yet the *effects* are far from being so. You not only interrupted the pleasure and harmony of all the party who were assembled to pass the day in cheerful amusement; but have caused a quarrel between

tween your brother and *Biggs*: and who can pretend to say how soon they may be reconciled, or whether his father and mother may not take part with him, and blame your papa and me for suffering him to be used so roughly in our house. Only, likewise, take a view of your own dress, though I do not mean to say your *clothes* are of any *very great* importance, yet the tattered condition in which they now are, may serve to convince you, that the *effects* of ungoverned anger may continue longer than the anger itself, as they are torn and spoiled in such a manner, as to be no more fit for you to wear. And so, frequently, most material mischiefs, and the ruin sometimes of whole families, proceed from words and deeds, spoken and done in a passion.

When people, through illness of body are so unhappy as to lose their reason, and therefore not know how to govern themselves; they are always put into confinement, and have proper people set over them to watch and attend them, that they may neither do harm to themselves or others: and those persons, who, through the impetuosity of their tempers, refuse to be governed by reason, are in fact, for the time their passion lasts, as mad as the others, and as little regard what is right and fit to be done: only there is this difference between them; those who have really lost their senses cannot help it, but are very much to be pitied, and deserve not blame for any rash act they may commit; whereas those, who, through their passion, destroy their reason, might help it if they would; and

and therefore are accountable for all the evil and mischief they do: nor will it be any excuse to say, I was in a *passion*; for one sin can in no degree take away the evil from another.

Mr. *Lycaon* (who you know was hanged about two months ago for killing his grandson) endeavoured to justify himself by this argument, and pleaded, that when he thrashed him he was in *such a passion* that he did not *consider* what he was about; but had no intention of killing him. Most likely he might *not*, but then he ought to have governed his own temper in a better manner; and not because he was displeas'd, permit his anger to get to such a height, as to deprive him of the use of his reason! What can possibly excuse any one for behaving in so sad a way? Suppose, that being in a *passion* could excuse a person, which it *cannot*, for murdering another; still, what excuse *could* be made for the *passion itself*, which is a very great and forbidden sin? Guard against it, therefore, my love, with the greatest precaution, and on no account ever permit yourself to be so discompos'd, as not to know or attend to what you say and do. If ever you find yourself beginning to be warm, instantly restrain both your *words* and *actions*, till you have given yourself time to reflect on what *ought* to be done, and how you can best act agreeable to the laws of God, and that *reason* he hath lent you.

Had Mr. *Lycaon* observed this *one* rule; and when first he felt himself provok'd by the behaviour of his grandson, given himself time to check his own impetuosity,

tween your brother and *Biggs*: and who can pretend to say how soon they may be reconciled, or whether his father and mother may not take part with him, and blame your papa and me for suffering him to be used so roughly in our house. Only, likewise, take a view of your own dress, though I do not mean to say your *clothes* are of any *very great* importance, yet the tattered condition in which they now are, may serve to convince you, that the *effects* of ungoverned anger may continue longer than the anger itself, as they are torn and spoiled in such a manner, as to be no more fit for you to wear. And so, frequently, most material mischiefs, and the ruin sometimes of whole families, proceed from words and deeds, spoken and done in a passion.

When people, through illness of body are so unhappy as to lose their reason, and therefore not know how to govern themselves; they are always put into confinement, and have proper people set over them to watch and attend them, that they may neither do harm to themselves or others: and those persons, who, through the impetuosity of their tempers, refuse to be governed by reason, are in fact, for the time their passion lasts, as mad as the others, and as little regard what is right and fit to be done: only there is this difference between them; those who have really lost their senses cannot help it, but are very much to be pitied, and deserve not blame for any rash act they may commit; whereas those, who, through their passion, destroy their reason, might help it if they would;

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Had Mr. *Lycaon* observed this *one* rule; and when first he felt himself provok'd by the behaviour of his grandson, given himself time to check his own impe-

tuosity, and consider what chastisement would have been most proper for the fault he had committed, instead of inconsiderately snatching up his thick walking-stick, and beating him till he died; what a load of remorse, misery, and shame, would he have saved himself! and what sorrow, distress, and ignominy have spared his family! Only consider, my *Mary*, how dreadful must be his sufferings, when his *passion* cooled, his *reason* returned, and he reflected on what he had done! Think, with what *horror*, *shame*, and *confusion* he must appear before his daughter; conscious that he was the *murderer* of her son! And what language can describe *her* feelings, when she beheld the hands of her *own* father, stained with the blood of her child! A father too, who though greatly defective in the regulation of his temper (never having taken proper pains to subdue his angry passions,) yet, in many respects, was deserving of esteem; had always shewn the tenderest affection towards his family, and in general, treated them with such indulgence and care, that they loved him with the utmost sincerity. How great then, must have been their affliction, to see him, after having nourished and brought them up, put to a shameful death by the hands of justice, and suffer the most ignominious punishment that is ever in this happy country inflicted on the greatest offenders! What a dishonor does it reflect on all his family! What a direful disgrace, to be the offspring of a man who was *hanged*! But still worse than all this, must be the sorrow which he and they felt, at the thought, that the crime for which

which

which he suffered in *this* world, was such as must likewise expose him to the severe wrath of God. "Thou shalt do no murder," you know is one of the Lord's positive commands; and that we "Put away all wrath and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, with all malice; and be *kind* and tender-hearted one to another," is also the command of God. If therefore, we disobey these precepts, and instead of being *meeke* and *gentle*, are *overbearing* and *violent*; if instead of endeavouring to *save* the lives of our fellow creatures, we absolutely *kill* them: what can we expect but the severity of God's anger for such great offences! such transgressions of his holy laws? For though God is a very kind and merciful Being, yet he hath declared, That all sin is deserving of punishment; and those who will not obey his commands in this world, shall be punished in the world that is to come. A sincere and hearty repentance for any fault we have been guilty of, with a firm resolution not to commit the same again, are the only means by which we can procure the forgiveness of God, or have any hope to obtain his mercy. But when our crimes are of such a nature, that the laws of the land render it necessary as examples to others, that we would be put to death, how can we then prove that our repentance *is* sincere, when we have no *opportunity* to amend?

Mr. *Lycan*, when he beheld the dreadful *consequences* of his fury, was, no doubt, greatly afflicted, and sincerely sorry he had not taken proper care to check his passion, and regulate his temper, before it

hurried him to the commission of so horrible a crime. But who can pretend to be certain, that had he lived longer, he would not upon the next provocation again have flown into a rage, as he had so frequently done before? How great then must be the affliction of all his friends! so *unknowing* as they must be, whether God has accepted of his repentance, and forgiven his transgressions.

From hence, my love, you may learn, the necessity of acquiring in the days of your youth, an absolute control over your temper; that you may be able, under every provocation you meet with, to preserve a calm moderation; and to your worst enemy, *return an answer with meekness*, agreeable to the dictates of reason, and the precepts of that holy religion you profess. Had Mr. *Lycaon*, when a child, been taught to subdue his passions, and made to consider the sad consequences of immoderate anger; he might still have been possessed of every enjoyment this world can afford, and surrounded by his family, have beheld them all happy and blessed. Instead of which, into how terrible and untimely a death has his violence plunged him! and into what distress and contempt, brought his children and friends! But go, my dear *Mary*, I by no mean wish to detain you from your playfellows, to listen to my serious admonitions: we can renew this important subject another time, when you have not so many young folk ready to amuse you as are now, I dare say, wishing for your company below stairs.

O! replied *Mary*, I dare say, they can do very well without me; and I do not feel in the least inclinable

clinable for play. I had much rather, if you will give me leave, sit and talk to you, madam, for I do not like to go down: the boys, I am afraid, will laugh at me, for fighting; and the girls, not knowing how much I was frightened about *George*, will say I was very rude to do so. Therefore *pray*, madam, let me stay with you. I was just going to ask you what *crime* Master *Arcas* had been guilty of, that made his grand papa so angry with him?

I must say, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, he was a very naughty boy, and certainly deserved *chastisement*, though not to be *murdered* for his offence. The case was this. Mr. *Lycan*, who was very particular about his fruit, and had some remarkable fine peach-trees in his garden, had given strict orders that no one should gather them besides himself and the gardener: and knowing *Harry Arcas* to be very fond of them, charged him, on no account, to touch them, adding, if he did, he should certainly be punished. *Harry* listened very gravely to his grandfather's prohibition, and appeared as if he intended to observe it; but, in the afternoon of the same day, he was caught gathering some of those very peaches which he had been ordered not to touch. This you must allow was very naughty, and Mr. *Lycan* severely blamed him for his conduct; but omitted to put his threat of *punishment* into execution: and only again repeated, that he certainly *should* suffer the next time. But having escaped so easily once, he flattered himself that he might always do so; and therefore, in a
day

day or two, was again found gathering more of the peaches.

His grandfather, upon this second offence, gave him two or three strokes with his horse-whip, tied his hands behind him, brought him in doors, and confined him the rest of the evening, talked to him in a very angry tone, and once more threatened still greater severity, if he should presume to trespass in the same manner again.

Harry appeared to be very sorry for his offence, and promised to repeat it no more. But, as Mr. *Lycaon* was getting up the next morning, the first person he saw was his grandson mounted upon a watering-pot, and filling his pockets with peaches from the same forbidden tree. This audacious repetition of the crime enraged him beyond all bounds, and without waiting a moment to reflect what punishment would be most proper for such obstinacy and falsehood, he ran down stairs, and taking up his walking-stick, which stood in the hall, through which he passed, went directly to the boy, and seizing him by the left hand to prevent his escape, thrashed him with all the violence he could inflict; totally regardless of his outcries, or the very improper weapon he was using for the purpose. The boy, at last, unable to support it longer, fell senseless on the ground, stunned by a blow upon his head. But Mr. *Lycaon* was so much exasperated, and his passion so violent, that he still continued his stripes, unmindful where they fell; till the gardener, by chance, coming that way, saw how he was engaged; and by force dragged

dragged him from the child, and wrested the stick from his hands; at the same time, shocked with the sight he beheld, he screamed *murder!* which soon brought more of the family to his assistance. They then carried *Harry* into the house, undressed, and put him to-bed, and sent for a surgeon; but, though he was alive when the surgeon first came to him, yet poor *Harry* was too far gone to receive any assistance, and expired whilst they were examining the blows which his grandfather had given him.

Such, my love, were the dismal effects of *ungoverned passion* in Mr. *Lycan*, and of the shameful *breach of honor* and *perversefness* in his grandson. I hope, therefore, that it will teach you and me, and all who hear the sad account, to be very careful of our own conduct; lest we should also suffer ourselves to be provoked, and hurried on by our resentment, to commit some fatal action. The fate of *Harry Arcas* should instruct us, that although guilt may chance sometimes to escape unpunished, still at the last it will certainly bring those who practice it to ruin.

In conversation of this kind, and making observations of the great superiority that *virtuous* and *mild* dispositions, have even in *this* world, over the *wicked* and *violent*; Mrs. *Rotchford* and Miss *Mary* passed the rest of the evening, till the young visitors were all gone home, and Mr. *Rotchford*, and his other children joined them. Your humble servant, ladies! said Mr. *Rotchford*, bowing and smiling as he entered the room. Pray, may I presume to enquire what has been your
subject

subject for the last two hours, for I have been writing in my study, and heard you very earnest in conversation? I do not believe your tongues have been silent a single moment! I do not think they have many moments indeed, replied Mrs. Rotchford, we have been deeply engaged; and Mary has honoured my discourse with so much attention, that she even preferred my company to the party of young folk who were playing below stairs. Our subject, if you wish to know it, has not been a very *pleasing*, though certainly a most *important* one. I have been endeavouring to represent the necessity of learning to regulate our tempers, and subduing our anger upon all occasions, before it transports us into *rage* and *violence*; lest it should at last hurry us into the like fatal effects that Mr. *Lycaon* was guilty of.

An *important* subject indeed, rejoined Mr. Rotchford, and one that can never be too often considered; since human nature is so subject to fall into that error, when, disregarding the dictates of *reason*, we behave more like wild beasts than men; or at least like men beside ourselves, and in a state of insanity. But some people, Sir, said *Charles*, you know cannot *help* it, but *are* passionate by *nature*! The whole family of the *Achman's*, for example, how prodigiously warm they are! *Tom* told me one day, that he *could not help* it, for his father and mother, and all of them were so. *Tom*, replied Mr. Rotchford, might very probably tell you so; but that by no mean proved the *truth* of his assertion. That some people may feel greater *propensity*

sity to passion than others, I will not pretend to deny: for most undoubtedly, our *dispositions*, no more than our *constitutions*, are all formed alike. One person, upon being offended, may feel a strong inclination to return the injury; whilst another, with a more happy temper of mind, may disregard it as beneath his notice. One man, when offered an abuse, will immediately fly into a rage, and seek instantly to revenge it; whilst another, with *sullen* anger, will continue to *brood* over it in his mind, till an opportunity presents itself, in which he thinks he can return as great a damage, without endangering himself. But though people's different dispositions may thus prompt them to express their anger in different methods, still no one is *obliged*, or under a fatal *necessity* to transgress in *any* way; on the contrary, it is in every person's *power*, and is the absolute *duty* of each individual, to *conquer* his *evil* dispositions, and regulate his temper according to the laws of God. For persons therefore, to say they *are* passionate, and *cannot help* it, is ridiculous, and can by no mean excuse the baseness of their conduct. The robber might as well plead, that he has a great desire for the wealth of another, and therefore cannot *help* stealing it. Whilst the drunkard and glutton, might with equal reason, urge the *violence* of their respective appetites, as an excuse for their excesses. And thus, *every* vice might be justified, if the *inclination* to practise them could possibly be their excuse.

God, my dear children, hath given rules proper for us to observe, in order to our becoming holy, just,
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and good: rules, which every body has *power* to observe, and which we all *must* obey, if we wish to gain the approbation and blessing of the Almighty. It is therefore to no purpose to say, we cannot *help* our crimes; for we certainly may avoid them, if we will but *resolutely endeavour* so to do. And in no respect is it more necessary for us to keep a constant guard over ourselves, and gain the mastery of our inclinations, than with regard to our *tempers*. Yet there is scarce any thing which people in general are more apt to neglect, as if they thought it matter of small consequence, how they conducted themselves in the daily course of their lives.

I have known many people, who would not upon any account, do a *dishonest* action, nor injure their fellow creatures, either in their *bodies* or *estates*; who yet would not scruple, by their *unkind* and *cross* behaviour, to give them the greatest uneasiness in their minds: as if they thought there was no crime in making people *wretched*, provided they did not *rob* or *maim* them. But be assured, my dears, this is a *great* mistake! The same Divine Power which said, "Thou shalt do no *murder*." "Thou shalt not *steal*," said also, "Be ye *kind* and *tender-hearted* one towards another. *Love* as *brethren*, be *pitiful*, be *courteous*; not rendering *evil* for *evil*, or *railing* for *railing*; but contrariwise, *bl-ssing*." And whosoever transgresseth any of these precepts, as effectually disobey the law of God; as he, who by craft or violence, takes from his neighbour his money, or his goods. How it comes to pass

pass that people so frequently seem to forget this, I cannot imagine. But however that may be, certain it is, that *their* neglect will in no degree excuse *our* faults. We are not to follow a multitude to do evil: that is, though others do wrong, we must not comply with their ill example. And though the regulation of the *temper* is too much neglected by the generality of the world, and mankind are frequently either *mild* or *furios*, *forgiving* or *vindictive*, *placid* or *petulent and fretful*, according as they *feel* themselves inclined, without any great *exertion* or *care* to render themselves affable to those they converse with, or pleasing in the sight of God; yet we may assure ourselves, that such conduct is highly culpable: and the time will come, when the Almighty Father of mankind, shall call us to a severe account for this our criminal neglect. Let me then, my beloved children, prevail upon you, to consider it with all the seriousness that a matter of such great importance requires: how necessary it is for you to acquire an *affability* and *gentleness* of manners, and to regulate your *tempers*, as well as every other pursuit, by the pure, benevolent precepts of the gospel of *Jesus*.

The importance of governing our temper is greater than I can express, or you at present imagine. But from the little experience you have hitherto had in the world, I am sure you must have seen and *felt*, that *good humour* is so conducive to happiness, that no one can enjoy it who is *sullen*, *fretful* or *morose*. If ever any of you have suffered yourselves to be querulous
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and peevish; for the time you were so, you must be sensible you banished all enjoyment from your bosoms; and wishing to interrupt the pleasure of another, you totally destroyed your *own*. This, believe me, in *every* stage of life, you will always find to be the case; our Almighty Creator having so constituted our natures, that we cannot be *morose, petulant, and unkind* to others, without at the same time interrupting our *own* tranquility. We cannot disturb their happiness and preserve our own unmolested; the dart with which we mean to destroy them, will recoil back and deeply wound our own bosoms.

That petulence of temper, for which the *Achman's*, whom you just now mentioned are so remarkable—how totally does it rob them of all enjoyment, and render their lives one continued scene of strife and wretchedness! Snarling and quarreling with all around them, they spend their time in perpetual uproar: every little disappointment or unpleasing circumstance, is sufficient to disconcert the harmony of their minds for the rest of the day, and prepare them to be angry with whoever approaches them. Their own tempers thus ruffled, every thing appears in a displeasing point of view. As a person sick with the jaundice, beholds ever object of a yellow hue, so a discomposed angry *mind*, considers every event as intending to add to his vexations, and every word that is uttered, spoken only with a design to offend. Equally guilty of the same violence of temper, Mr. and Mrs. *Achman* mutually torment and punish each other; and if the one can unmoved de-

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stroy the others happiness, neither has much right to complain of the evil they suffer, nor any great claim upon our pity and compassion for their *self-created* wretchedness. But alas! they confine not the *venom*, as I may justly call it, of their tempers to themselves alone; their children, their servants, their dependents, their relations, their neighbours, and in short every body with whom they have any connection, share in some degree, the unhappiness that ever follows from *ill-humour* and *passion*. Their children are indeed peculiarly to be pitied, because they are not only doomed to suffer the effects of their violent anger and rage upon every, even the smallest inadvertency; but still worse, they, inheriting the tempers of their parents, have no proper methods taken with them to check their impetuosity, but added to their own inclination to be angry, have the *example* of their parents, to justify in *their* opinion the sad sinful habit.

Was it possible for a person to live alone, quite unconnected with society; even then, for his *own* sake, he should cultivate a mild and patient temper, as the best mean of promoting his happiness, by diffusing a sweet peace and serenity over his mind. But situated as we are, encompassed with relations, friends, servants, and neighbours, connected on all sides with some of the human race; and scarcely speaking a word, or performing an action, but that must tend either to increase or diminish their comfort; how are we bound by the strongest tie of *duty* and *humanity*, to make it our constant endeavour to promote as much as possible, the

satisfaction and peace of those with whom we are so united. And the more acquaintance we have, and the wider our connections and influence extend, so much the more and greater are our obligations to kindness and benevolence. As the more people we by a contrary behaviour make uncomfortable, the *more* shall we have to answer for, and the *greater* is our *crime*. For this reason, *Charles*, though it is not my intention to exclude you, my *girls*, from what I say, as it is the duty of *every* one to cultivate a good disposition; yet, as the authority by custom is placed in the *man's* hand; and the *master* and *father* of a family has the chief command over his household, I would wish you, I say, *Charles*, to consider yourself from your youth, as one to be *intrusted* as it were with the happiness of numbers; and therefore, *peculiarly* bound to regulate your *own* temper; lest by any errors in it you should destroy the comfort of those with whom you are connected, and over whom you rule.

I know it is frequently thought, that the *master* of a family may act just as he pleases, and stands accountable to none for his conduct. But have we not all one Great Master in Heaven, who ruleth over all, and to whom we must render an account for every *word* and action? Besides, what *meaness* of spirit, and what an *ungenerous* soul, must that man possess, who because he has it in his *power*, will therefore destroy the comfort of those, whom for that *very* reason, he ought to cherish and protect? Must not that breast be more savage than the beasts of the field, who could either

hurt or treat roughly a little helpless infant intrusted to its care? Would not its *defenceless weakness* be a *claim* upon our humanity, to protect and nourish it? And should we not behave with more gentleness towards it, than to a man robust and hardy like ourselves? So my dear boy, would I wish you at all times to consider yourself not superior to any one, either in *strength* or *fortune*, merely for the sake of indulging more *crimes* than they can practice; but if indulgent Heaven bestows superior talents, know, that it is for you to exert them in the service of those who have them not. If you are blessed with money, let the poor and destitute feel the effects in your liberality towards them. If your learning, sense, and understanding are superior, consider from whose bounty you enjoy that superiority, and use it not to *mock*, *deride*, and *confound* the ignorant, but to edify and comfort them. Let it not tempt you to despise them (for it was not your *own* hand that made you to differ from them) but shew your superior abilities by superior *goodness*; and let the *generosity*, *candor*, *benevolence*, and *fortitude* of you behaviour, prove that you have not received such mighty blessings in vain.

If in bodily strength you excel, as doubtless you will the female sex, let not that make you, *coward* like, behave with less *kindness*, *generosity*, or *respect*, than you would to one you esteemed every way your equal; but look upon yourself as commissioned by Providence to be the *defender* of the *weak*; the *guide* and *instructor* of the *ignorant*; the *reliever* of the *poor*, and in one word,

the friend of human kind. So acting, my boy, you will indeed prove yourself to be in the language of the poet,

“ *The noblest work of God* ”

POPE.

And need not fear, that your *dignity* will be diminished by your affability, or that gentleness and mildness of conduct, will rob you of respect. If indeed respect consists in *fear*, and an *awful restraint* in your company, you may not by a courteous behaviour acquire such solemn homage. But how savage must the mind of that man be, who can take pleasure in being *feared*, instead of *beloved* by those about him.

To wish to be esteemed and respected by all, is a laudable ambition; and it is a duty we owe ourselves to endeavour to preserve our characters free from any stain. But of this we may be assured, that how much soever our *rank*, our *wealth*, or our *authority*, may procure the *outward* complaisance and submission of the multitude, nothing can engage their *esteem* and sincere *respect*, but *virtue* and *benevolence* of temper: for though we may bend and pay homage before the throne of a *tyrant*; in our hearts we can love and reverence no one who is not the *father*, as well as *governor* of his people!

Pray Sir, interrupted *Sophia*, why do you address yourself particularly to my brother? Is not *kindness* and *good humour* as requisite for girls and women, as for boys and men? Undoubtedly my love! replied Mr. *Rotchford*; I know not the being upon earth whose
character

character can be amiable without it. Men and women too may certainly possess many and great qualities; but if they are defective in *candor* and *good temper*, they never can be objects of our love, or persons whom we can select for our bosom friends. When therefore, I addressed myself to your brother, as I before told you, I by no mean intended to exclude you; but was aware of a notion which has too frequently crept into boys heads, that *goodness of temper* is a virtue too *feminine* for them to cultivate, or bestow any attention upon; and I wished *Charles* to consider the prodigious importance of rightly governing his disposition, if ever he hopes to be happy himself or make others so: and that was my reason, *Sophia*, for principally directing my discourse to him. But pray do not on that account, think yourself less bound to practise even to the utmost extent, that placability which I have been recommending; for even the base *custom of the world* will not excuse a woman for want of gentleness. Do not, however, mistake me, or suppose when I thus warmly recommend *good humour* and *mildness* of manners; that I would be understood to advise that *weakness* of temper, which complies with *every body*, and *every thing*, without considering whether it is *proper* to do so or not. This is so far from being an amiable quality, that on the contrary it is downright *folly*, which nothing but deficiency in the understanding can excuse; *resolution* being as necessary to conduct us with propriety through life, as any other qualification whatever. Although therefore, we should accustom ourselves to give up our own wills to the inclination

clination of others, and endeavour to conform ourselves as much as possible to their wishes in things of indifference; yet, if they solicit us to an *improper* action, we are on no account to comply. *Complaisance*, and the *kind desire to please*, must then give way to *duty*; and *resolution* must exert her power to prevent us from yielding to evil.

Pray, papa, enquired *Kitty*, what do you *call* things of indifference that we ought to give up to others? *Every* thing, my dear, replied her father, that is not important; that is, every thing which may innocently, and without any harm be complied with. For instance, *Kitty*: when *Miss East* had a peculiar fancy to play at *hide-and-seek*, her companion, if *properly good-natured*, would certainly have complied with her, though she herself rather wished to *tofs* the ball instead of hiding it: neither would she have seated herself in the corner of the room, declaring she would not *then* play at all. And yet, believe me, *had* she complied, she would have felt herself much happier in playing at *hide-and-seek* than in sullenly sitting and pouting in the corner. But, Sir, said *Kitty*, colouring as she spoke, there was no more reason that I should give up playing at ball, than that she should give up *hide-and-seek*; and I am sure ball is much the most entertaining play!

That is in *your* opinion, my dear, rejoined Mr. *Rotchford*; for it appears as if *Miss East* thought *hide-and-seek*, as you call it, the most amusing. But I will not take upon me to pronounce which of the games is
bis

best. I should suppose *that* entirely depended upon the taste of the parties engaged. But this I know, the girl who was the *most good humoured*, and the *best disposed*, would be the one, who would *first* submit to the inclination of her companion. Miss *East* would no more give up to me than I would to her! said *Kitty*. Then, resumed her father, Miss *East* and you were *both* to blame, both deficient in good manners, and both far from being kind or good natured. But when the other day, *Tom Blot* solicited your brother to mount with him upon Mr. *Spruce's* coach-box, and to drive it away whilst the man was gone into the house, he acted quite right to refuse complying with his request; because it was what ought *not* to be done, and might have been attended with bad consequences. *Charles* therefore, behaved quite right upon the occasion; and I hope will, all through life, have too much resolution ever to comply with the desires of others, when they wish to engage him in improper pursuits; and too much politeness, and good humour ever to refuse, when his own inclination is the *only* sacrifice.

I am glad, Sir, said *Charles*, that you think *I* did right not to go: I scarcely knew how to act, for *Tom* was so prodigiously earnest about it, and appeared much displeas'd with me for refusing; but I thought it not only seem'd to be very dangerous, as we neither of us understood much of driving, but might very likely bring the coachman into a scrape in case any accident should happen; for then perhaps his master might have been angry with him for leaving the horses. Indeed that

was the reason why *Tom Blot* wanted to drive off; for he said, *John* deserved to be punished for going into the house, and leaving the carriage and horses alone.

As for that, resumed *Mr. Rotchford*, though I think the man ought not to have left them, still it certainly neither belonged to *Tom* or to you to punish him for his neglect; and it would have been a strange method of shewing his disapprobation of another's fault, by being guilty of a *greater* himself. It never, therefore, could be supposed he had any other intention in wishing to drive away the coach, except his own love of mischief, and desire to make the coachman uneasy, if upon his return he had not found it.

But pray Sir, enquired *Charles*, where were you when *Tom* and I were talking about it? I did not see you; and I cannot think in what corner you could be hid to see us! Indeed, by boy, replied *Mr. Rotchford*, patting *Charles* upon the head as he spoke, I was not hid any where; but believe me I often spend my time in observing the conduct of you and your sisters, when you are neither thinking of me, nor supposing I see you. Perhaps *Kitty* did not think I saw her when she disputed with *Miss East* on the important subject of *hide-and-peek*; but I heard all that passed, and was sorry to find my little girl so soon discomposed. Well! I cannot think how you manage to know all that happens, exclaimed *Kitty*, I am sure you must come and listen at the door; and I think, Sir, you have said, it is very wrong to listen at doors to what people are saying. Aye! very wrong indeed, my love, replied her father,

it is a degree of meanness I should blush to be thought guilty of; and I promise you I made use of no such mean to become acquainted with the dispute held between you and Miss *East*. But when people once engage eagerly in argument, they seldom continue to speak very low; but *both* striving to be heard, try to *out-noise* each other, without regarding who in the house, or scarcely in the parish, may happen to hear them. I was in my own study, I assure you, when I distinctly heard the whole of your debate. But come, my dear children, we must not sit chattering thus all night, I am sure it is time for you to go to bed. Do not you recollect, *Charles*, you are engaged to set off with me early to-morrow morning to visit Mr. *Norris*? And if you do not go to bed, I shall be to wait for you in the morning till you have finished your nap. But seriously, I shall not do that! You know what time our horses are ordered, and I shall be punctual. I dare say, Sir, said *Charles*, that I shall be ready. I shall wake fifty times between this and morning, for I always do when I am to rise soon to go any where: but, however, since you are grown tired of us, I wish you a very good night; and remember, Sir, and do *you* be ready, for fear I should gallop off and leave you behind. Go along, you saucy boy! said his father, giving him a pat upon his cheek, go to bed and learn to behave more respectfully to your father, or I shall *trim* you if you do not. Well, give me a kiss then, Sir, and I will go, said he, looking up and smiling as he spoke. A *kiss!* repeated Mr. *Rotchford*, what! do you think I shall kiss such a
great

great fellow as you? No, no *Charles*, you are rather too big to be *kissed*! Go and salute your mother, if you please; but I think I shall not kiss that great broad face to-night. Then *I* will kiss a still broader, said he, springing up, and clasping his arms round his father's neck. Now, Sir, will you kiss me? If you do not, I will hold you so, till it is time to mount our horses to go to Mr. *Norris's*. So, Sir, will you kiss my great face, or do you chuse rather to be held tight by my great arms? For one or other must be your fate, I promise you. O! aye! I will kiss you, exclaimed his father, or bite you, or do any thing to get rid of you; so *there!* *there!* said he, kissing him, go along, and let me see no more of you all night! And now, Madam, said *Charles*, turning to his mother, will you be so kind as to honor me with a salute in a more gentle manner? Or *else*, Madam, I am sadly afraid I shall discompose those nice curls that hang by your neck, and perhaps rumple your handkerchief, and tear your apron; and that you will not like. No, that I shall not indeed, my dear, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, so I promise you I will honor you with as many kisses as you please, rather than have my head pulled as you did your father's. *Charles* then saluted his mother, and wished her good night; and clasping one arm round *Sophia's*, and the other round *Mary's* waist, he hurried them out of the room, calling to *Kitty* to shut the door as she came out; For, said he, I must conduct these two ladies safe to their chamber, and have no hand at leisure to shut doors.

When

When they were gone, Mr. and Mrs. *Rotchford* observed to each other the pleasing satisfaction it afforded them, to behold their children all so affectionate and kind to each other. The care and expence of so large a family, said Mr. *Rotchford*, is undoubtedly very great, and those who have no children can form no idea of the constant state of anxiety and solicitude a parent's heart endures, for the welfare of its offspring: neither can they tell the joys we experience, when we behold them good, and attentive to the voice of instruction, with tempers gentle and persuasive, willing to assist, and desirous of pleasing all their fellow-creatures. And such, I am happy to say, appears to be the case with our beloved children. *Kitty* is at present, I think, rather sooner disconcerted than any of the rest; but she does not want for sense. I therefore flatter myself, that she will consider the advice given her upon that subject; and by reflecting upon the great importance of proper government of temper, learn to overcome every little tendency which she may at any time feel within her bosom, to petulance or unkindness. *Charles*, I think, appears possessed of a nobleness of spirit that gives me exquisite delight to behold, as it is joined to a humanity and affability of manners, that will ever direct it to the best of purposes, and preserve him from degenerating into that ferocity of conduct, which too often is the attendant upon constitutional bravery, and great vivacity of spirits; and which, instead of exalting, actually degrades human nature, to a level with the wild beast of the forest.

In such kind of interesting conversation, and planning proper methods of conduct towards their children, Mr. and Mrs. *Rotchford* passed the remainder of the evening, till they retired to rest; from which they were early awakened in the morning by *Charles*: who, knocking at the door called out, Are you up, Sir? The horses are almost ready, and you know you made a bargain with them, that they should not wait for you a moment at the gate! Mr. *Rotchford* obeyed the summons of his son, and at the time appointed, they set off to visit Mr. *Norris*.

They had not got above two miles from the house, before they met a negroe boy about twelve years old, crying most pitiously; and upon their slackening their pace to observe him, he clasped his hands together in a supplicating manner, and falling on his knees in the road before their horses, exclaimed, O! masters! masters! help me! indeed me *very* hungry! me *very* sick! and this head, (putting his hand to his forehead) go *thump, thump, thump* so, me fear it will tumble off. Poor fellow! said *Charles*, whilst tears stood in his eyes, who do you belong to? what is the matter with you? where are you going? O! master! replied the boy, me go no where! me no where to go! but me *very* sick and hungry. But to whom do you belong? enquired Mr. *Rotchford*, what is the name of your master? Who brought you to *England*? Captain *Midas*, answered the boy, bring me from my own country in the ship, to be foot-boy to my mistress; but my mistress do not love black boy; me brake her best tea-pot, and
throw

throw the butter over her gown : so my master sell me to my new master *Chromis* ; he very cruel, and make me carry *great big* load upon my back, much bigger than me could. So me tumble down, and then my master whip me, and call me lazy *black dog*, and give me no bit to eat, for one, two days, because he say me lazy. Indeed, master, me not *help* it ; me not strong enough. But master *Chromis* said he *make* me strong, so he *was* whip me sadly, and shut me in the cold, with the coals, because me *black* they not dirt me. When he let me out, me so very hungry, me take a cold chicken from the top shelf, and eat it. So mistress cook see me, and beat me with the toasting-fork, and tell me mistress ; but she very good, said poor *Pompy* hungry, and no beat me. But mistress cook tell my master, and he kick me down stairs, so my teeth tumble out, look master (said he holding open his lips) see where they one time stand ; and me knock my head too when me come to the bottom, so me not work at all, but sick, and sick every day ; so me master say me lazy *black dog*, and whip me to make me work ; but me not able ; *indeed* me not able. Then me try to run away ; but me be found ; and when me brought back, me master tie my leg to a tree, and beat me sadly, the blood run down upon the ground ; and me there naked all night ; and me *so cold!* me shake so ! O ! me did so wish to die before it light ! But me did not ; so me wanted to go again ; and one day, when me very hungry, master send me ask mistress to change guinea, so me carry him some of the money
mistress

mistress give me, and put the rest in my own pocket, to buy something to eat. But master find me out, and call me *black* thief, and beat me with his horse-whip, and take away all my clothes and kick me down the steps, and say me might go be starve, he keep no such black devil longer. So me quite naked, and quite hungry; but coachman gave me this waistcoat and breeches, and two halfpennys to buy some bread. But now the monies be gone, me have nothing left to buy more; me be very hungry! very sick! very cold! Me do not know where to go! nobody take me in; and me have no house, no ene thing to eat! Me eat nothing for one, two days! Yes, the berries upon the hedge; but me *so* sick! I am sorry for it, said Mr. *Rotchford*, but I cannot help it; you ought not to have robbed your master; I have nothing for you; come, *Charles*, we shall be too late. *Sir!* said *Charles*, looking stedfastly at his father, with a voice of astonishment: *Sir!* are you going to leave this poor boy without doing something for him? What can I do with him, my dear? he replied, I do not want a black boy; besides, by his own account, he has been dishonest, and robbed his master. Yes, *Sir*, rejoined *Charles*, eagerly, but it is by his *own confession* you are informed that he has done so; and I am sure the account of his sufferings, is enough to move ones compassion. If he *did* steal, it was to satisfy his *hunger*; and I dare say, he has never been informed that it is wicked to do so. Poor soul! see how he cries! See how he shakes with cold! I cannot *indeed*, *Sir!* I cannot,

not, said he, bursting into tears, go on and leave him in this wretched, friendless, starving state, without in some way or other assisting him! Then follow, my dear boy, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, whilst his eye sparkled with satisfaction, follow the direction of your own heart. Believe me, I have no intention of so inhumanly leaving him to perish; but I wished to hear your sentiments upon the subject. Then let us, said *Charles*, return back and carry him home; he has no where to go, he says; and if you give him money, he will not know how to spend it properly, or what to do when it is gone; let us take him home, and employ him in some proper work, or till he can go to his parents. Have you any father or mother, little boy? said he, turning to the boy. O! master! master! replied he, me have good mother in my own country; she not like me to leave her; she hold me round the neck, and I hold tight by her neck: but the white mans beat our hands, and make us let go: then one white man keep her fast, and t'other white man drive me along to the ship, and put me in; and master *Midas*, the Captain, bring me to here and sell me to me master *Chromis*. So me never see me mother now: me love her; she love too. O! she so scream when white man took me from her; then he beat her, and beat me—white men are *bad* men! You have had reason to think so, indeed, poor boy! said Mrs. *Rotchford*; but though some are bad, *all* are not so: perhaps you may find kinder treatment from some white men than you expect. Pray, Sir, said *Charles*, let us take him
him

him home. Well! replied Mr. *Rotchford*, you shall, if you desire it; but I must go on to Mr. *Norris's*, for my business with him can not be put off. You may, therefore, return, and see this poor fellow fed, and find some old clothes for him, and take care of him till I return, which I will do as soon as I can in the evening. Yes, Sir! yes, Sir! said *Charles*, panting with joy and eagerness. Come then, *Pompey*, if that is your name, come with me, and you shall soon have something to eat. He then set off upon a full trot, forgetting that *Pompey* was on foot, and could not keep up with him: at length, recollecting himself, and looking behind him, he saw *Pompey* running as fast as he could, at some distance. Poor fellow! said he to himself, I never considered that he might be tired; then turning his horse, and going up to him, he enquired if he was tired? Yes indeed, master, replied the boy, me much tired; me two feet very fore. Dear! why did not you tell me so before, said he, jumping off his horse, there, get upon the horse; I will walk by you; I wish I had thought of desiring you to ride sooner. Me get upon the beast! said the boy; no, no, master! me no get upon the beast; me cannot make such great beast move; me walk; but me fear to get up so high. O! you need not be afraid, replied *Charles*, he is very gentle, and I will lead you; pray get up, it will rest your feet, and we have a good way to go still. The boy again refused, but after a good deal of persuasion, he consented to get behind *Charles*, and holding him tight round his waist, lest he should slip off; they again
set

set forward, and were not long before they reached home. Mrs. *Rotchford*, who was standing at the window, was surpris'd to see *Charles* return; but still more at the appearance of his miserable companion: nor was her astonishment decreased at her son's walking up the court-yard, and telling the black boy to follow him. She was going out to enquire the cause of his speedy return, just as he opened the door, and introduced little ragged *Pompey*. My dear, said she, what has brought you so soon back? Has any accident happened? Where is your father? and who is this? No accident, returned *Charles*; nothing, madam, is the matter, so do not be alarmed; only we met this poor little starved negro, and my father gave me leave to bring him back to feed and clothe him, and keep him till his return. Poor fellow! you cannot think what distress he is in, and how cruelly he has been used! Then, without waiting for his mother's reply, he went out of the room; and presently after returned with a large slice of bread and meat, and a mug of beer.

The poor boy ran to him at the sight of it, and snatching it out of his hand, devoured it with that eagerness which nothing but extreme hunger could have caused, not staying to chew, but swallowing it by mouthfuls; and the beer he drank all off at one draught; whilst Mrs. *Rotchford*, *Charles*, and his sisters stood in silent astonishment, to behold him. *Charles* would willingly have fetched him some more, but his mamma prevented him, saying, she was sure he had better not eat more at once, as so large a quantity

would probably disagree with him. She then again enquired who he was? and where he came from? To which *Charles* replied by repeating the account which he had just heard from him. *Poor, poor fellow!* said *Mary*, whilst the tears trickled fast down her cheeks; I am glad you and my papa happened to meet him! I hope, said *Sophia*, he may continue here; or at least that my papa will be able to send him back to his mother. He may have my old clothes that *Tom Jones* was to have had, may he not, madam? enquired *Charles*. Certainly! replied *Mrs. Rotchford*; let him go into the barn and new dress himself.

I think, said little *George*, he had better first go into the pond and wash himself; for I never saw such a dirty black fellow in all my life; his hands, face, and legs are all as black as a coal! If he is not a chimney-sweeper, I cannot think how he can have made himself in such a nasty condition! O! I suppose he became so when his master shut him up in the coal-hole; but then he might have washed himself afterwards, if he had any clean notions in his head! I am sure, if I had been *Charles*, he should not have got upon my horse till he had cleaned himself a little. My dear boy, said his mother, that blackness is not dirt, it is his natural complexion; no washing in the world will ever make him white. Nobody is *white*, said *George*, but it may make him *flesh-coloured*, and not so *inkey*. But, my dear, resumed *Mrs. Rotchford*, the natural colour of his flesh is *inkey*, as you are pleased to call it. Do you know, that the inhabitants of different parts

parts of the world, are of different complexions; some black, like this boy; some *tawny*, that is, not quite so black; some *copper colour*; others of a paler yellow; none of which can, by washing be brought to what you call *flesh colour*, any more than you could be changed to resemble them. Well then, if that is the case, replied *George*, and he *cannot* become any cleaner, I with my papa had happened to meet with a *common* coloured boy instead of this, who looks as if he was made of coal; and his mouth sticks out so frightfully, I cannot say I like him much.

O fie, *George*! said his mamma, you surely have more sense, and good nature than to dislike persons upon account of their personal deformities: besides, those particulars which you object to, in his own country are esteemed *beauties* instead of defects; and was you to be carried amongst them, they would look with equal dislike upon your complexion and features as you now do upon this poor boy. What, madam! exclaimed *Kitty*, could any body, do you suppose, think *George's* rosy cheeks, and fair skin, and his pretty little nose and thin lips, half so ugly as that black's, whose stick out in such a *hideous* manner? I do indeed, my dear, suppose it, replied *Mrs. Rotchford*. To us *Europeans*, who have always been accustomed to the sight of fair complexions, and to consider small features, and delicacy of skin, as marks of beauty; the blackness of a negro, and the protuberance of their features, that is, sticking-out mouths, and broad noses, are very far from pleasing. But no doubt, to an

African, who always beholds people of his own *hue*, and is taught to consider the blackest as the most perfect, and the broadest nose, as that which is esteemed the handsomest; to such a one, I say, our whiter complexion, and what we call more delicate shaped features, is no doubt to them as displeasing and *bideous*, as *George* called it, as their blackness and other particularities are to us. But supposing it was otherwise, and this poor boy as displeasing in the sight of his own countrymen as to us, is that any reason why he should not be treated with kindness, or relieved when in distress? For my own part, *George*, I rejoice that your papa found him, and has it in his power to afford him some assistance; and the more, upon account of his colour being such, as exposes him to contempt and barbarity, from many unkind and unthinking people; many of whom seem to imagine, that because a person's complexion differs from their own, and is *black*, therefore, they cannot *feel*: without reflecting, that the tint of the skin affects not the sensibility either of the body or mind; but that the sensations of pain, are equally exquisite in people of all complexions, and of all countries.

O! my children! were you to know the dreadful cruelties that have been inflicted by the *Europeans* upon the poor innocent *Africans*, and inhabitants of *America*, it would make you shudder with horror; nor can a tender heart reflect without anguish, upon that vile practice which is still continued, of buying and selling slaves: as if, the being possessed of money, enjoying many
superior

superior blessings, and having the understanding more enlightened, could possibly give one nation a right over the *lives, liberties, and possessions* of another. Yet such is the *abominable* use, persons, so blessed by Providence have made of their endowments, that they have employed their wealth and superior knowledge, to *enslave* and render *miserable* their fellow creatures; because they happen to be of a different complexion, and are unskilled in science, and the *improved* art of war. But God and nature have given no such authority to any one; nor had Captain *Midas* any more *right* to take this poor boy from his mother, and sell him to Mr. *Chromis*, than has any one to fetch you away from me, and sell you to whoever chuses to become the purchaser. Probably his mother might be a *slave* to Captain *Midas*; but what made her so? He bought her with his *money* of those who had by violence torn her from her own country; and who, therefore, had no more *right* so to dispose of her, than he had to purchase her: which, after he had once done, he considered her and her children to be as much at his disposal, as he would his mare and colt, or any other beast he possessed. But this is a *sad, sad* wicked practice, and I would not be guilty of it for the world: nor should the certainty of any increase of fortune, ever tempt me to engage in a way of life, that required *slaves* to labour for my emolument.

Pray then madam, said *Sophia*, do you look upon Mr. and Mrs. *Bruce*, and Mr. *Fang*, to be wicked people? For you know, that when they were abroad they kept a great many slaves. I believe all Mr. *Fang's* servants

were blacks. They might be blacks, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, and yet possibly not *slaves*; for Mr. *Fang* in common gave them their liberty; I know he did to some, and they served him for wages, the same as other servants, and had it equally in their power to leave him, if they disliked his service. Mr. and Mrs. *Bruce*, I believe, did the same, or if they did not, they treated them with such consideration and kindness, that the yolk of their slavery must have been greatly lightened. I will not, therefore, take upon me to pronounce, Mr. and Mrs. *Bruce*, or Mr. *Fang* to be wicked people; for indeed I believe them to be much otherwise.

In *Jamaica* there are few other servants beside negroes; when, therefore, a number of these unhappy creatures, torn from their kindred and country, were brought to the market to be sold to the best purchaser, the same as horses and cattle are at our markets and fairs; they might buy them with a good intention of preventing their falling into cruel hands, and meeting with unkind treatment; and mean afterwards to give them their freedom, as I believe they have to most of them. We must not, therefore, my dears, presume to condemn every body as *wicked*, who may be in possession of a negro, without knowing *how*, or for what *reasons* they are so. We cannot read each other's hearts, or the various motives which actuate the conduct of another; consequently we are very ill qualified to judge them: that office belongs to the Supreme Being, who sees the inmost secrets of all hearts,
with

with much greater perspicuity, that is more *clearly* and *plainly*, than we can their outward actions. He, therefore alone, is the unerring Judge capable of rewarding, or condemning every soul, according to their deserts. Let us then each one take care of ourselves, and on no account commit any action which we think to be blameable, because another does it: perhaps, to them it may appear *innocent*, and then they may be excused for doing it. Or if not, and they are really guilty, their being so will be no mitigation of our fault. Whilst, therefore, I possess that notion of things I do at present, and have been taught to esteem *justice* and *mercy* towards *all* men essential requisites in the character of a christian; I would not, for any worldly consideration, purchase my *fellow creatures* as *slaves*, to labour for my benefit; and, debarring them from every enjoyment of life, use them, as they too frequently are used, like beasts of burden; as if possessed neither of understanding of mind; nor the same feelings of body as ourselves.

Mrs. *Rotchford* was going to proceed with her reflections on the inhumanity of making slaves, when the entrance of *Charles*, and *Pompey* dressed in his new clothes, put a stop to her discourse. How do those clothes fit you, my dear? said Mrs. *Rotchford*, addressing herself kindly to the little negro. O! mistress! mistress! replied he, shaking his head and shrugging up his shoulders as he spoke, these *coats* good for *Pompey*! me never such before! Never mind that, said *Charles*, you shall have them now, however; I wish
G 4 my

my papa would come home to see you; he will scarcely know you again; but you want something more to eat by this time, do you not? He may have some more now, madam, may he not? looking towards his mother as he spoke. Yes, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, he shall now have a bason full of bread and milk which I think will be better for him than more meat. She then rang the bell and ordered some to be brought; which he no sooner saw, than his eyes sparkled with joy, and meeting the servant at the door, he devoured it with little less eagerness than he had done his former repast. *Charles* stood close to him, looking steadfastly in his face, whilst he eat it, and exclaimed as he emptied the bason, What pleasure it is to see him eat! O! how I wish my father was at home to enjoy it! I am sure he will rejoice that we met him! *Pompey*, then patting his stomach with his right hand, whilst he wiped his mouth with the back of his left, advanced towards Mrs. *Rotchford*, and making her an aukward bow, said, Me tank you mistress, for that good eat, and that good drink; me will love you for be so kind, as much as if you black; but me do not love all white people! White people very bad! very cross! very cruel! Me no love white people. White man it was used to beat all blacks in *Barbadoes*; white man hang me brother *Tankey*; white man first beat me mother, then hang poor *Tankey*; white man too pulled me from my mother, beat her, beat me, put me in ship, bring me to *England*; and white man kick me down, knock out me teeth, beat me, lock me up with
6
coals,

coals, not let me eat, take off my clothes, push me away naked: me no love white mans! But I hope, said *Charles*, though some white men have used you in so bad a manner, you will not for that reason dislike them all: will not you love my father; that gentleman who has let you come to his house, and will take care of you? O! yes, master! master! replied the boy, me love you, love your father, love all these mistresses, (pointing to *Charles's* mother and sisters as he spoke) me love *all* that will not beat me, and starve me; but me no love all white people: they be very cross; white man hang poor *Tankey*. Pray inform me, said *Mrs. Rotchford*, who *Tankey* was? and for what reason he was hung? I suppose he had committed some crime, or he would not have been so severely punished? Tell me the truth what he had done?

Yes, mistress, replied the boy, *Pompey* tell you all the truth about poor *Tankey*; he me brother, so good brother, no better in *Barbadoes*: me not so big as he, by so much, holding his hand a little above his head, to shew the difference in their heights. One day me mother sick, in great pain round her body, so could not work, but sit down; so *Tankey* and me sit down by her, to look at her when she sick. Then white man with whip in his hand, come whip us all to make work: so me get up, *Tankey* get up; but mother could not get up: then he whip her more, and make her go work; but she not stand long, because she so sick; and when white man look away, sit down again, and cry for her pain. But white man soon see her,
and

and whip her back to make her work: the blood came from her back, she scream out loud; me did cry to see, for me *loved* me mother, and so did *Tankey*; he not like to see her beat, because she sick, so he crept softly behind white man, and with the hoe he work with, give him great knock on his head, and broke it; so down he tumble dead. We all shout for joy; but one other white man hear us, and see who done it; so he take poor *Tankey* to master, master tie him up; and more white masters order him to hang to a tree, then whipt and left to die. O! me *never! never!* forget poor *Tankey!* Me hear him crying in my ears now for two days before he die; his back all blood! and he so hungry! O! me *bate* white man! me *bate* white man!

What! exclaimed *Charles*, with a voice, and look of horror, was he hanging for two days before he died? and did no one cut him down? Could not you have got at him to help him? *Me!* ma'ker! said *Pompey*, me get at him! No, no, me could not; white man watch him; and any body that go to him, be used like him. How came you to go to *see* him hanged? enquired *Sophia*; I am sure I would have *kept* at a distance; how *dreadful* it must have been! and to his poor mother too, where was she? O! mistress! re-sumed the boy, she see him too; we all see him; for he was hung and whipt in master's own plantation, that all slaves see what they be done to, if they strike white man. So me not get out of the sight of poor *Tankey*. O! it make me cold all over, when me tink
of

of the cry he made before he die! Me too little; but if me been a man, me *would* cut him down, and kill the white man that put him there, and the white man that made us work close to him while he was scream out with pain.

He deserved it indeed, I think, said Mrs. *Rotchford*; but should not you have been *afraid* of doing that? Besides, do not you know it is very wicked to *kill* a person. Then why white man kill *Tankey*? enquired the boy. Because, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, he first murdered the overlooker. And serve him right, said *Pompey*, for beat me mother when she sick. If not proper *Tankey* kill white man, white man no should kill *Tankey*. But if white man kill *Tankey*, *Pompey* kill white man, if he can. But then *Pompey* would have been killed too, said *Charles*. Ah! master! master! replied he, shaking his head, me no care for that! *Tankey* gone home and *free* now; *Tankey* no slave again. But should you have liked to be put to death in the shocking manner in which you say *Tankey* was? enquired Miss *Mary*. *Like* it mistress! repeated he, *like* it! no, be sure, me not like it; but me not have what me like. Me not like be put in ship; me not like be beat and kick, and starve; but me not *help* it: and if me once dead me be glad, for then me go home and not be slave.

How does he mean, mamma, that he should go home? said *Mary*, what a strange manner of expressing himself that is! It may appear strange, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, to you, my love, who have been blessed with instruction,
and

and taught that after death, your soul shall, if virtuous, be admitted into glory and happiness in Heaven; but this poor boy, *Mary*, has never been informed of those important truths made known to us in the Holy Scriptures; he has never heard the glad tidings of the Gospel, or been told of the immortality of his soul. He, poor fellow! is ignorant of the mercy and loving kindness of his Creator, nor ever been acquainted with the love, condescension, and compassion, of his Redeemer. That holy religion which *Christ* has taught us, wherein *life* and *immortality* are brought to light, and which assures us that our patient endurance of evil here, shall be greatly rewarded in a life to come; has never been preached to him: it is not, therefore, my dear at all *strange*, or to be wondered at, that he should express himself in different language, or have different notions of the state of his soul after death, from those which we are taught to entertain. And never having been made acquainted with God, and those good things which he has prepared for them that love him, it is not at all *strange* that the highest idea he has formed of happiness, is *rest* from the labour of *slavery*, and quiet enjoyment of a country or *home*, where no inhuman masters shall tyrannise over him: and this is the general received opinion of these poor unhappy negroes, who have never had their minds enlightened by the truths of Christianity. But if this boy should continue any time with us, we shall have an opportunity of rectifying his mistaken notions, and introducing him to the knowledge of One Almighty Creator and Governor of all things; and of

Jesus

Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and teacher of righteousness; and of having him baptised into the christian faith, and become one of the disciples of *Christ*.

O! how I shall enjoy that! said *Charles*, how glad I am that we found him. So am I too, said *George*, if I may be at his christening; *Pompey*, shall not you like to be christened? and be a christian instead of a black? No, no, little master, replied he, me not be christian! me not love christian, they all bad men! me be good, christian beat mother! christian hang poor *Tankey*! christian bring me here! christian beat and starve me! me no christian; me be good! I hope so, said *Mrs. Rotchford*; and you cannot be a christian unless you are good: those cruel, bad people you mention were not christians, *Pompey*; they only called themselves by that name, because it is a good one; and therefore they chose to bear it: but no cruel, unkind, wicked people are christians. When you have been longer with us, and know what good people christians are, I am sure you will love them, and wish to be one too. No mistress, replied he, shaking his head, me never love christians, they bad people. But they are not all bad, said *Charles*, did not you say, you would love my father, and my mother here, who have given you such good victuals and drink; and they are christians, *Pompey*. Me no tink so, said he, they more kind than christians. Me know it, christian white man beat mother, and hang *Tankey*. But if they were, said *Kitty*, you need not dislike all others because they were wicked. Poor fellow! he has reason to dislike the name indeed, re-
 joined

joined Mrs. *Rotchford*; and I think, my children, you could not possibly have had a more convincing proof of the *injury* the wickedness of one person does to a whole community, than this now before you: or see how much scandal the crimes of an individual may bring upon a whole body of people. I hope, therefore, it will shew you all, the necessity you lay under of behaving in such a manner, as may reflect honor, instead of disgrace, upon that holy religion of which you profess yourselves members, since you see how much the ill conduct of one, or a few individuals, may prejudice people against the best religion in the world, and even against Omnipotence himself.

Had the christians, whom poor *Pompey* has been connected with, behaved in any degree suitable to the name they bore; and instead of being *unjust, cruel, and oppressive* (passions all directly *contrary* to the doctrines of *Christ*) made it their business to follow his commands, by being *kind, gentle, and tender-hearted* towards all; had they, instead of inhumanly tearing the poor negroes from their native land, to enrich themselves by their toil and labour, let them undisturbed have continued to enjoy that rest and peace, which God and nature designed them: or had they, when they invaded their country, enlightened their understandings, by instructing them in the knowledge of God, and their Redeemer; and at the same time treated them, like what indeed they are, *brethren and fellow creatures*, created by the same God, susceptible of the same pleasures, the same pains, and equally endowed with souls immortal;
had

had they, I say, behaved in this manner towards them, agreeable to the dictates of the religion they *profess*, they would not then have been looked upon with abhorrence; nor would the name of *christian* ever been considered as a mark of *cruelty* and *sin*, as poor *Pompey*, and thousands of his complexion now seem to regard it. Although, therefore, it sounds dreadful in our ears, to hear a person refusing to become a *christian*, because they think all of that religion are *wicked* and *bad*, still the disgrace falls on those, who, by their *behaviour* have *dishonored* their faith; and not on those *ignorant*, *honest* hearts, who, shocked by the appearance of their crimes, refuse to embrace the same religion, lest they should thereby become partakers in their guilt.

Consider then, I say, my children, how *great* must be the sin of those, who by their bad conduct, deter others who are ignorant, from embracing the faith of *Christ*, or give those who are already enemies to the Lord, occasion to blaspheme and deride his holy name, and his power; when they observe the actions of the very people who profess to worship him, defiled with as much guilt as those of savages or heathens could be.

Pride, and an ostentatious regard to the *outward* formalities of religion, is so far from being acceptable to God, that on the contrary, it is highly displeasing to him. But though all *hypocrisy* is forbidden by our Saviour, he commands us to "Let our light so shine before men, that they may see our good works, and glorify our father which is in heaven." That although we are forbidden to put on a greater *appearance* of piety than

than we really possess, for the sake of gaining the praise and approbation of men, who can only see our *outward* actions, and not the wickedness of our hearts; yet are we not to be *ashamed* of the God we worship, or the religion we profess; but be careful to obey all its precepts, and behave upon every occasion as the disciples of *Christ*; carefully governing our lives by the laws he has given us; so that every one may see our conduct to be good and orderly; such as becomes reasonable creatures, and suitable to the dignity of our natures; and be thereby led to *glorify our father which is in heaven*; that is, to entertain honourable opinions of that Almighty Being, whose worshippers they see behave upon all occasions so piously towards him, and so benevolently towards men.

It certainly, said *Charles*, is every body's duty to be *good*, and behave *right*; but I do not see that one person's acting wrong is any reason why we should either condemn his religion, or reflect upon his God. *Tom Biton* now, I know to be as wicked a fellow as ever lived almost; he strikes his mother, gets tipsey, and is as bad a man, my papa says, as can well be. Yet I do not, for that reason, think the worse of christianity, or suppose that all christians must act as he does.

I should be sorry, my dear, replied *Mrs. Rotchford*, if after the great pains which have been taken with your education, and to instruct you in the principles of religion, you should, for the sake of one, or *many* bad men, be led to think slightly of it; or for a single moment disrespectfully of your God. No *generous*

or noble mind, will ever judge hardly of, or condemn any sect or body of men, for the crimes of some few individuals amongst them. And yet we must confess, that sin is of so *odious* a nature, that it cannot but cast disgrace upon all who are connected with it. Thus the crimes of one member of a family frequently bring such dishonor upon the whole, that no person will mention them without contempt, though doubtless many *innocent* ones may reside with them. I know not, I am sure, of any misconduct in *John Biton*, yet from the infamous behaviour of his two brothers, *Tom* and *Cleobis*, I should be unwilling that you, or any one I have a regard for, should form any intimacy with him, because I cannot help feeling fearful, lest he should turn out like his brothers; and yet very probably he *may* disapprove their conduct as much as we do. How irreparable then is the injury his brothers do him by drawing suspicions upon him, which he may not in the least deserve! And be assured, that in every family, every society, every kingdom, and every country it is the same; the ill effects of one person's crimes are felt in proportion to the size of the community he is connected with. Thus, the injury *Cleobis* and *Tom Biton* do their *own* family, is *prodigious*; because they are so closely connected with them, and the family so few that they can not, by their utmost exertion, counterbalance the infamy which they draw on them. The dishonor they draw on the *parish* to which they belong, is less severely felt, because divided amongst greater numbers; and there are many more who may prove by their virtues,

that they have no fellowship with them. The disgrace they draw on the *kingdom* in general, for the same reason, is still lessened, and on the whole numerous body of christians throughout the world, it is not in the power of *two* young men to cast disgrace: no wonder, therefore, my love, you who have no connection with them, should not think more slightly of your religion upon their account.

That, madam, returned *Charles*, is what I said; that though every body *ought* to be good, yet their being otherwise can do no great harm to religion in general. Yes, resumed Mrs. *Rotchford*, that *is* what you said, I know; but you are greatly mistaken. If it was possible for *one* person to continue wicked by himself, religion perhaps would not suffer; and had *Pompey* found but *one* (who called himself a christian) cruel and unkind, he would not (had all the rest been good) have been led to judge so hardly of christianity in general. But, *Charles*, this is far from being the case; no one person lives unconnected from all others; the circle in which he moves is but a *small* one, and in *that* his conduct and example is of *great* importance, to the *world*. In the *kingdom*, the *county*, or even the *parish*, your papa may be but of small consequence, and his behaviour of little weight; but in his own family, to his *wife*, his *children*, and his *servants*, his conduct is of the *utmost* importance, as well as to all his other relations; and among those people with whom he has any dealings or conversation. Governing his family with that true spirit of christianity by which he directs all his actions;

actions; do we not live possessed of every comfort, and happy as this world will permit any of its inhabitants to be? But only for a moment suppose, if you *can* fancy such an alteration, that instead of his constant kindness and benevolence towards all; instead of at all times addressing you with the mild voice of good humour and affection, he should be morose and selfish, sullen, furious, and vindictive? Instead of being ever ready and desirous to contribute to the peace and satisfaction of his family; considering it as one point of his duty to promote their happiness, he should imperiously demand servile attendance from them; and because he is *master* of the household, disregard the comfort of any of its members, and expect the inclinations of *all* to be sacrificed to *his alone*? If, instead of that constant, cheerful piety which he now shews towards God, and that strict regard which he pays to every religious duty, he was to blaspheme and scoff at his Creator, and indulge himself in drinking, gluttony, and other crimes? If he was to defraud his neighbour, keep back the wages due to his servants, oppress the poor, and with malicious tongue, slander and raise evil reports against others? If, I say, your father was to act in such manner, could any person, do you suppose, under his roof be happy? Would not his conduct lead you to conclude there was not any necessity for *you* to be very good, since he who was your *father*, and consequently ought to be so much wiser, set you so different an example, and took no pains to instruct you in what was right and just? Would not the servants too, who ought

to respect their master, be tempted to think, that they might neglect to perform *their* duties, as well as he might omit to practice *his*? And might not his wife also, either through *fear* of his displeasure, or *blinded* by partiality, be tempted to practice his crimes, and thereby become partaker in his guilt? Thus might the wickedness of one person spread through, and poison the hearts of a whole family: nor believe me, would it stop there: a *family*, no more than a single *person*, can subsist by *itself*, unconnected with many others; every branch of it is therefore of *importance*, as every branch of it is acquainted with numbers of other people, all of whom may be influenced by bad example.

If you recollect, Dr. *Watts* says in one of his little poems, "One sickly sheep infects the flock; and poisons all the rest." He makes use of this simile to convince his young readers of the danger of evil company; and nothing can be more just than the remark: for as those distempers to which sheep are liable, are known to spread very quickly amongst them, so that a whole flock will soon catch the contagion from only one that is diseased; in like manner, the contagion of wickedness spreads with inconceivable rapidity, and by daily *seeing* vice in others, people come at last to *practice* it themselves: *they* again, give the like ill example to more, who will also find many to copy after them. Thus vice defuses itself like a flood over the land, and no man can pretend to say, where the evil (which was begun at first, by only one person) may stop; or to how
remote

remote ages it may spread its baneful influence. Of such great, such mighty importance therefore is it, that every individual upon earth should look diligently to himself, and guard his *own* heart, lest he should not only himself fall into evil, but draw after him many others, by the force of his ill example.

When people, who pretend to profess the religion of *Christ*, act wickedly, you cannot wonder that those who are ignorant of its real *importance* and *value*, either through want of education, or from being born in a heathen land; you cannot, I say, wonder that they should form but a bad idea of that religion, whose members they beheld so corrupt. Thus guilty beyond all expression are they, who boast of having *Christ* for their master, and yet live in direct opposition to his laws.

But though every wicked person is a disgrace to his family, and the community to which he belongs; and will undoubtedly, by his bad conduct, lead many people to judge hardly of them for his sake, still I should be very sorry that any of you, my children, should give way to this method of reasoning; and because you see some individuals guilty, should therefore conclude, that *all* with whom they are connected, must be so likewise. It is an *unmanly*, *ungenerous* way of proceeding, and the sure sign of a *mean* and *narrow* spirit, to condemn whole bodies of people for the crimes of some few particular persons. Thus Mr. *Safe* inveighs with the greatest violence against *all* physicians, because he unfortunately has known *one* or *two* dishonest men of

that profession; by them he judges of the rest, and condemns them all as *selfish, mercenary* wretches, who enrich themselves by hurting the constitutions of their fellow creatures. But how *unkind, how unjust, how wicked* a method of deciding is this! And how little would he himself like to be suspected as a dishonest trader, because many merchants have proved themselves to be so; and yet, such is the way in which he judges of his fellow creatures. Nor is he the only person guilty of this species of *injustice*; too many there are who not reflecting how *they* would like to be so treated themselves, condemn numbers where one only is deserving of blame.

In how shameful and unmannerly a way did Mr. *Croft* the other day abuse and condemn the whole body of clergymen as so many hypocrites; because *some*, out of the prodigious number there are of that profession, have indeed been such. All those he could recollect, who had behaved misbecoming their sacred function, he readily enumerated, and with malicious pleasure recorded their names and defects; but those, who by their piety and many godlike virtues have been, and are, blessings to society, and an honor to humanity, *these* he omitted to mention, and only basely ranked them upon the same level with the undeserving and wicked.

What! exclaimed *Charles*, eagerly, would he call my uncle *George Rotchford*, or Mr. *Chryses*, *wicked* and *bad* men, because they are *clergymen*? Or would Mr. *Safe*, said *Sophia*, call Dr. *Balm*, and Dr. *Milampus* and Mr. *Soft*, and Mr. *Steel*, *bad* men, because they

are physicians and surgeons? for I believe they are all very good men, do not you, madam? Indeed, my dear, I do, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*; and to form an ill opinion of them, because Dr. *Leach* and Mr. *Busiris* may be mercenary, and care not how much their patients suffer, provided they can but be paid for their attendance, is as unjust as it would be to punish your brother for any fault his school-fellows may commit; or to hang your papa because he was brought up to the same business as Mr. *Scyron*, who so treacherously broke open his friend's escrutore, and robbed him of the bank-notes which it contained. But unjust and detestable as is this method of judging, you will meet with many who are guilty of it; who even carry their mean prejudices so far, as to condemn not only whole bodies and professions of men, but also whole nations and countries. So far does Mr. *Croft* carry his want of charity (for I can call it by no better name) towards his fellow creatures, that to hear him talk, one must suppose that there was not an honest man to be found any where out of *England*, and scarcely indeed in it, if not of his own business and county. He appears by his conversation to think every part of the globe, except the small spot he resides on, inhabited by rogues, cowards, knaves, fools, and hypocrites; not considering, that in every nation, every county, every parish, and amongst all ranks and professions of men, there are many to be found who are possessed of noble, honest, and virtuous souls, who would scorn to commit a base action towards their fellow creatures, or be guilty of the smallest im-

piety towards their God. And, whoever supposes otherwise, discovers a *bitterness* of mind, and want of *charity*, which may indeed claim our *pity*, but must forfeit all our *esteem*.

Mrs. *Rotchford's* discourse was here abruptly broken off, by *Pompey's* falling suddenly on the floor, and as he was falling, he struck his face with violence against the corner of a table. Mrs. *Rotchford*, was deeply engaged in counselling her children, whilst they were attentively listening to her advice; they, therefore, had none of them observed that *Pompey*, to whom much the greatest part of the discourse had been unintelligible, had dozed as he stood, and were not a little astonished to hear him fall down amongst them. At first, Mrs. *Rotchford* was fearful that he had been in a fit, not in the least suspecting the real cause; but he soon eased her of that apprehension, for getting up, and putting his hand to his cheek, which streamed with blood, he called out; O! me! O! me! me brake me face in me sleep!

What, were you asleep, *Pompey*? said *Charles*. Yes, master, replied he; mistress talk, and talk so long, me go to sleep, for me not know what she say. But O! me face so bad! me not know what to do, it hurt so much! Poor fellow! said Mrs. *Rotchford*, I am sorry I talked so long as to occasion you this mischance! but I will put something to your face, *Pompey*, that I hope will cure it, and soon make it better, I dare say. She then very tenderly bound it up with such application as she thought would heal it; and *Pompey*, though the
wound

wound was really a deep one, and very much bruised, made not the least word of complaint during the time of its dressing. As soon as it was done, he nodded his head, saying, Thank you, mistress, you be very good, me will love *you* white woman. *Harriot* and *George*, were not a little astonished to see the blood which flowed from the wound, of the same colour as that which on any accident came from their own fingers, or cheeks. Pray, mamma, said *George*, with an air of surprise, could you have supposed that that *inkey* looking boy would have had such red blood? Did not you expect to see it look like ink or mud? I am sure I did; did not you, mamma?

I cannot say that I did, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, because I *knew* that it was not so; and that the colour of the blood has nothing to do with the outside complexion. Do you suppose, *George*, the blood of your papa's horse, and that of *Charles's*, would be very different, because one is black and the other white; or if those two, and my boy, were all to be blooded, should you expect to find three different shades according to the colour of their hair? I do not know, said *George*, how I should expect that; I have not thought about it yet: but I know I never could have expected to see *red* blood come from that *black boy*. I dare say, my papa will be surprised when he hears it; I will keep a little bit of the rag it dropped upon to shew him; for I am sure he will be astonished; do not you think he will, *Harriot*, when he sees it? Yes, I should suppose so, replied *Harriot*, only, perhaps, as well as my mamma,
he

he may *know* before this time, that black people have red blood. Do you think he does, mamma? O! yes, my love, replied Mrs. *Rotchford*, I do not in the least doubt his being acquainted with that; so *George* need not trouble himself to save a bit of dirty rag for the sake of his seeing it, as it will not to him appear any thing wonderful. Well but, said *George*, as you cannot be *quite sure*, and *certain*, and *positive*, that he has ever seen a black boy's blood, I think I had better keep a little to shew him in *case* he should not, for I am sure I never saw any before, and so may be, he has not. He then took a little piece of the rag with which he had wiped *Pompey's* face, and desired his mamma to put it in her work-bag till his papa returned; which she objecting to do, saying, she thought it too dirty to put in her bag, he stuck it up with a pin against the door; for as that was black, he said, he was sure it could not dirt or do any harm to it.

From this moment, *George* grew very impatient for the arrival of his father, that he might have the pleasure of shewing him what he esteemed so strange a phenomenon: nor was *Charles* less desirous of his return, to relate to him all that *Pompey* had told them, and that he might see how happy he appeared, now he had had some victuals and drink, and was so comfortably clothed. Mr. *Rotchford*, however, did not return till past eight in the evening; when he entered the room where they were all sitting, and *wishing* for his company. The moment they saw him, they flew to him with that glow of affection, which all dutiful children, blessed

Blessed with so kind and good a parent, must naturally feel after every little separation. Whilst, on his part, he saluted them with that cheerful good humour, and tenderness, which constantly accompanied all his words and actions, and rendered him so deservedly dear to his family. Nor did he forget to pay kind attention to poor *Pompey*, whom his humanity had so happily relieved; but going to him, and taking hold of his hand, thus accosted him; Well, little fellow, how do you find yourself? Are you more comfortable than when I last saw you? Have you had any food? for you then complained much of hunger. I see you are clothed, and I *hope* you are happy. But what, said he, looking at his face, what is all this bandage for? Have you met with any accident? He has tumbled down, and cut his face, and got *red* blood, exclaimed *George*, before *Pompey* could answer; and fetching the rag to his father, hallowed out in a loud voice, Look, papa! look papa! could you have supposed such a thing?

Mr. *Rotchford* paid no farther attention to him than gently putting him back with his hand, whilst he again enquired of *Pompey* the reason of his face being bound up. O! master! master! said he, me go sleep, and so me fall down, and brake hole in me face; but me not mind that; mistrefs says it will be well; and me have eat so much; and so warm in this coat! O! me will love you white people in this house, you all so good. But they are all *christians*, said *Charles*. Then me will love christians too, replied *Pompey*; O!

me so happy, so warm, so no sick; me will stay here with you, master; me never go away more. O! I do not know what to say to that! answered Mr. *Rotchford*. In the first place, I have no right to keep you, you belong to Mr. *Chromis*; and he may punish me for detaining you from him. In the next place, you may not be a good boy; by your own confession you have been guilty of dishonesty; and, for ought I know to the contrary, you may likewise be a liar, idle, and mischievous: besides this, I have a great many children of my own, and do not at all wish for a little black boy to add to their number; so that I would not have you expect to continue always with me. You shall stay here to-night, and to-morrow I will write to Mr. *Chromis* to inform him where you are, and to enquire, if the account you give of yourself is true. Yes sure, master, it is, said *Pompey*, bursting into tears, *sure* me say all true. Then falling on his knees, and lifting his hands in a supplicating manner, he continued, Pray, pray master, not give me back to Master *Chromis*! Me can not go! Master *Chromis* bad white man; beat me; no give me victuals; put me in the coals; beat me again; kick me; knock out my teeth; me can not go to him! Me die if me do! Well, poor fellow, rejoined Mr. *Rotchford*, stop your tears, we will see what can be done with you; but, indeed, I cannot promise to keep you here. O! yes! yes! yes! master! pray do! said he, me be good boy! me black, no white! me not hurt people! You shall go to bed now, however, *Pompey*, said Mr. *Rotchford*, and will, I hope, have a good night's

night's rest: in the morning we will consider farther of the matter; so good night to you. Then ringing the bell, he desired the servant to shew him to the bed that was prepared for him; and *Pompey*, after making a number of bows, retired, (his eyes swimming in tears) and slowly walked after the servant.

The moment he was gone, little *George* again claimed the attention of his father, and climbing upon his knee, shewed him the rag he had so carefully preserved for his inspection; saying, at the same time, Look here, papa! I beg you will take a great deal of notice of this! Pray what colour do you call this blood upon it? *Red*, said Mr. *Rotchford*; but what are you keeping that little nasty dab for? Throw it away! I do not like such dirty things! It is not *dirty*, Sir, rejoined *George*; I kept it on purpose for you to see; and you see this blood upon it is *red*. Only think how very strange it is! for do you know, it came from *Pompey's* face! Now could you have believed that such a *black* boy, would have had his blood made of this common colour? Are you not very much surprised at it? Pshaw! you little silly fellow! said his father, pulling him by his two shoulders, and kissing him as he spoke, is that all the mighty matter of astonishment you have to communicate? Go, go to bed; for it is time you were there; so good night, you little monkey. But I cannot go to bed, Sir, till you say something about this wonderful thing I have shewn you, replied he, for both *Harriot* and I were so surprised about it you cannot think!

think!—That a *black* boy should have *red* blood like ours!

Aye, *very* like yours indeed, rejoined Mr. *Rotchford*, and was your skin and his to be stripped off, there would be no difference to be discovered between the black, and the white boy. And are his *bones* like mine? enquired *George*. *Exactly*, replied his father, and not only his bones, but his *soul* too, is of the same immortal, never-dying nature; and like yours, will be for ever happy in the kingdom of Heaven, provided he endeavours to be good and do his duty. What then, said *George*, are black people the *same* as white people, all but their ugly *outside*? *Exactly*, my love, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, and ought therefore to be treated in the same manner, and not *misused*, *oppressed*, *enslaved*, and *chastised*, as if they were only beasts of burden: nay, even sometimes worse than that, as if they had no feeling at all. Should you like to be a black, papa? enquired *George*. I do not think, returned his father, the outward complexion of a person is of any *prodigious* consequence; though amongst the *Europeans*, that of a negro is in general so much disliked, that I cannot say I should at all chuse to have it. And if you mean, should I like to be in their state of unenlightened ignorance, or endure the hardship of slavery; most undoubtedly I should not; though I had even far rather submit to the worst they suffer, than be like their masters who inflict it. Their torments, poor creatures, will end with their lives; but the punishment of those cruel wretches who enslave and misuse them, so contrar-

to the will and commands of God; will but begin when their present life is finished, and continue to torment their souls with that dreadful anguish which God has prepared for all the inhuman, uncharitable, and wicked, in the world to come.

Little *George*, now his father had seen the blood of *Pompey*, and expressed no surprise at the colour of it, went contentedly to bed. During the evening, *Mr. Rotchford* wrote the following letter to *Mr. Chromis*, ready to dispatch by the next morning's post.

S I R,

I This morning was stopped on the road by a negro boy, who solicited my charity; he was scarcely covered, and complained of great hunger and want. He says he was sold to you by *Captain Midas*; and that three days ago you dismissed him from your service, upon account of his having kept back some money which he had received for you in change of a guinea. If you will be so obliging as to favor me with a line, acquainting me whether this is the real truth; and informing me what kind of a lad he is, with regard to his general behaviour, abilities, and temper, it will be esteemed an obligation by, Sir,

Your humble servant,

CHARLES ROTCHFORD.

Four days passed before *Mr. Rotchford* received any answer to his enquiries: during which time, *Pompey* behaved with the greatest docility, and grateful attention to every word that was said to him. He often repeated his

his earnest request, to be permitted to stay; but Mr. *Rotchford* refused making him any promises of that kind, till he should receive a letter from his master, which at length arrived, and was as follows:

S I R,

I Defer not one moment to answer your letter, because I should be sorry if you were to give any countenance to that little negro dog, who has intruded himself upon your notice. By the description you give of him, he must be the same as I turned out of my doors on account of his robbing me of four shillings; nor was that the first time he has discovered an inclination for purloining, and other bad tricks. In short, Sir, if you will be advised by me, you will get rid of him immediately; for he is a good-for-nothing, stupid, dishonest, lazy boy; and, like the rest of his colour, fit only to be kept to toil and hard labour. He might possibly be of some service if sent to work in the sugar plantations in Jamaica; but will never do any thing under the government of us Englishmen, who have not the art of managing the blacks as they do abroad. He was in my family about a twelvemonth; during which time he did more mischief, and gave me more plague, than an hundred of his black brethren are worth. I am thus particular that you may better know what methods you ought to pursue with him; and am, Sir,

Your humble servant.

LYNCUS CHROMIS.

As

As soon as Mr. *Rotchford* had read the letter, he gave it to his son, saying, There, *Charles*, you see what sort of character Mr. *Chronis* has given *Pompey*; judge, therefore, what will be proper for me to do with him. *Charles* took the letter, and after reading it over very attentively three or four times, said, Well, Sir, I hope this will not make you dismiss him. Not make me dismiss him! repeated his father; What! would you wish me to keep a lazy, dishonest, stupid, good-for-nothing boy in my family? No, Sir, not if he is deserving of all those appellations, replied *Charles*; but as some of them, I am sure, are false, so we may conclude the others are also: in the first place, his dishonesty you knew before, for *Pompey*, ingenuously told you of that crime himself; and his master has given no farther proof of it, though he says he discovered an inclination to purloining; perhaps he might allude to the fowl, which *Pompey* told us he took when he was half starved. Then, as for his being lazy, that likewise *Pompey* told us his master accused him of, when he gave him work beyond his strength to perform; and I am sure since he has been here, he has shewn no signs of it; he has worked constantly in the garden; and *Thomas* himself says he rubs the tables as well as he can. Then again, for his stupidity, you know the gardener told you yesterday, Sir, that he never saw a more handy acute lad in his life; and I think, if he had not some ideas of honor and veracity in his head, he would never have told you all the various faults he was turned away from both his masters for; so that I dare say he is a very

good boy; and I am sure, if I was you, I would keep him, and instruct him, poor fellow, in what is right and wrong, which he has never yet been told. Well, I confess, said Mr. *Rotchford*, you plead very earnestly and *justly* for him; but do not you think, if I keep him after the fair warning which Mr. *Chromis* has given me of his bad disposition, that I shall *deserve* to suffer by his villany? *Fair* warning! replied *Charles*, I can see nothing very *fair* in the representation of Mr. *Chromis*; I believe it to be no better than a pack of malicious *lies*, to prevent your keeping him, lest you should discover what an *unjust*, *cruel* master he has been. O! fie, my dear! said Mr. *Rotchford*, what an uncharitable way of judging is that! you know nothing of Mr. *Chromis*! why then should you conclude him to be so bad a man? I will tell you why I think so, Sir, said *Charles*; because his letter seems written in the most *ungenerous ill-natured* manner possible. Only read it through again, Sir, and you will see that he not only accuses *this* boy of all sorts of crimes, but says, *all* the rest of his colour are as bad, and are only *fit* to be made to *labour* and *toil* to a degree beyond what *Englishmen* can make them do. And then he says, *Pompey* has done him more mischief than a *hundred* of his *black brethren* are *worth*; as if he thought, that because they are *black*, they are not as *valuable* as himself. And then observe the *uncharitable* manner in which he expresses himself in the first passage of his letter; "I am sorry you should give any *countenance* to that little negro dog, who has *intruded* himself upon your notice;"

and then, again, "He must be the same as I turned out of my doors." Surely, Sir, by all these expressions, we may reasonably conclude, that he must be of an *ungenerous, cruel* disposition; and as you know, you have often told me, that *cruelty* is an attendant upon *cowardice*, I think we may well suppose he is *afraid* of your discovering how he has used poor *Pompey*. Now, only let me beg of you to read his letter over again with attention, and see if you think I have judged too severely of him from it: or if you can find in your heart to turn the poor fellow out of *your* doors, as he did, to *starve*, to *steal*, and at length to die, either in a ditch, with hunger; or to be hanged for some theft which he may be *obliged* to commit.

My dear boy! said Mr. *Rotchford*, rising, and clasping his son in his arms as he spoke; your generous zeal for the unfortunate delights me! and the conclusions you have drawn from Mr. *Chromis's* letter, are such as do honor to your *humanity*, as well as *penetration*. Believe me, my sentiments, upon reading it, were the same as your's; and far from prejudicing *Pompey* in my opinion, it served but to strengthen the favourable idea I had already formed of him, since he mentioned not a single fault, that he had not himself honestly confessed in our first conversation with him. Then again, as you justly observe, his *ungenerous* invective thrown at the *whole* race of negroes, evidently proves, that his aversion to this boy, proceeded from no just dislike to him in particular, for any crimes that he had committed; but was the effect alone of a narrow-minded prejudice,

prejudice, which he entertained againſt all his countrymen, or colour: and thus with you, *Charles*, I think indeed, we have it under his own hand, that he is of an *ungenerous, inhuman, cruel* diſpoſition, conſequently a perſon whoſe representation of others, I ſhall pay no regard to. Go then, my love, and tell *Pompey* to attend me, but ſay not one word, I charge you, reſpecting what has now paſſed between us, or of my intention of keeping him.

Charles waited not to be told a ſecond time, but jumping over a chair that ſtood betwixt him and the door, flew with all the expedition which his generous feelings could inſpire to ſeek for *Pompey*, that he might introduce him to his father, to hear the good fortune that attended him. But the glow of pleaſure that animated his boſom was a little overcaſt, when he found *Pompey* ſeated on the ground, his right elbow upon his knee, and his head reclined upon his hand with a melancholy countenance, and his eyes ſtreaming with tears. My poor *Pompey*, exclaimed *Charles*, I am come to call you to my father, he wants to talk with you; what is the matter? Are you unwell? Are you ſick?

O! no, maſter, me no ſick, ſaid *Pompey*, riſing and ſhaking his head; but me bad boy! me do miſchief! gardener ſay me ſhall be kick out. No! no! why, what have you done? enquired *Charles*. Me pull up all great many *flowers, cabbages, and fine things*, replied *Pompey*, me tink they weeds, ſo me work hard, up ſoon this morning, to do it; but me kill them all,
and

and gardener say I shall be kill myself too: *me* no so good as *cabbage*. Well, I am sorry you have done so, said *Charles*, but it cannot be helped; never mind it, you shall not be killed, so come to my father, for he wants you sadly. And then, without stopping for any answer, away he ran in doors first, as if his expedition would have introduced *Pompey* the sooner to his father; but he, poor fellow, walked slowly behind, fearful of appearing before Mr. *Rotchford*. At length, however, he peeped in, opening the parlour door, scarce wide enough to admit his face, whilst his body remained on the outside; but *Charles* seeing him, called out, Come in, *Pompey*! how slow you walk! my father wants you, I tell you!

Pompey then advanced towards Mr. *Rotchford*, and falling on his knees before him, with uplifted hands, besought his pardon, informing him of the mistake that he had been guilty of, and repeating the goodness of his intention. Mr. *Rotchford* held out his hand to raise him, and with a good humoured smile, told him not to be so greatly distressed; promising to pardon it, and advising him for the future to enquire of the gardener what he should do, before he began his daily work. But come, *Pompey*, added he, dry your tears, I want to have some conversation with you. I have received an answer to my letter from Mr. *Chromis*, in which he gives me your character; but it is so *bad* a one, that it would be madness in me to keep a boy who was *deserving* of it. He says you are *dishonest,*
stupid,

stupid, lazy, and in short, good for-nothing. Now I by no mean wish to have such a boy in my family: you therefore surely cannot expect that I should let you continue with me.

Poor *Pompey* made no reply, but burst into a violent flood of tears, and wringing his hands, traversed the room backward and forward in great disorder and apparent distress of mind. *Charles*, in the mean time, got up and sat down several times, looked pitifully on *Pompey*, then impatiently at his father, wanting him to declare his mind, and set the heart of the poor boy at rest, and was several times going to speak himself, but recollecting his father's command, he restrained himself, though not without great difficulty. After some minutes had passed in this state of impatience on one side, and anxiety on the other, Mr. *Rotchford*, taking *Pompey* by the hand, said, Well! you do not make any answer, *Pompey*! what do you think I must do with you? O! master! master! said he, sobbing, you let me stay, me no go! me *sure* me no lazy! me *not* thief! me only steal when me *hungry*, and me no help that; me *must* eat or me die! but me will never steal here; here me have victuals, and not hungry! me no *white*, no *bad* boy; me good, and work hard; me only lazy when sick; me well here, and me must stay! And so you—— *shall*, *Charles* was going to say; but his father looking gravely at him, he coloured, and again was silent. But if I let you stay and take care of you, rejoined Mr. *Rotchford*, will you indeed be very good, very honest, very industrious, very faithful, and never
tell

tell lies? O! yes! yes! master! said he, me do all them things, though me not know what they mean; but me will be all them *verys*; and all you bid me; indeed me will! try me, master! try me! Well, I *will* try you, said he; but remember, *Pompey*, if you do not keep your word; if you are not good; or if ever you tell me the thing which is *not* true, I shall be very angry; nor shall I let you stay in my family longer than you behave so as to deserve my favor and protection.

Me be good! me be good! said *Pompey*, kissing his master's hand, and jumping about the room, hallowing, singing, dancing, and shewing every sign of immoderate joy that he could express; then throwing himself on the floor, he clasped and kissed Mr. *Rotchford's* knees; then did the same to *Charles*; and in short appeared for some time like a person beside himself. At length, when he was a little composed, he again kissed Mr. *Rotchford's* hand, telling him, he would go directly and work in the garden, till he made new flowers and cabbages come in the stead of those he had killed: and away he went, singing and jumping all the way.

As soon as he was gone, Mr. *Rotchford* addressed himself to *Charles*, saying, I was afraid, my boy, your impatience to put *Pompey* out of suspence, would have made you forget my orders, and have prompted you to tell my intention, before I had sufficiently made him sensible how necessary it is, that he should be careful of his future behaviour. Indeed, Sir, replied *Charles*, I was afraid so to; I could scarcely bear to see him in

such distress; when I knew you designed at last to keep him, I thought it a pity he should be so tortured: would it not have been more *generous*, do you think, Sir, to have told him at first? I thought we should not give any one a moment's pain that might be avoided. Your opinion, replied Mr. *Rotchford*, is quite just and right; and in common that rule ought not to be deviated from: but in the present instance you must consider, notwithstanding we have reason to *suspect* Mr. *Chromis's* account of him, that we are totally ignorant of his real character; therefore, too much caution cannot be used, before I admit him to become one of my family. It was necessary, on this account, that I should use every method I could, to endeavour to find out his sentiments and temper; whether he appeared as if *indeed* desirous of *pleasing*, and being *good*; or whether he only liked to stay for the sake of his food, without caring if he gave me satisfaction or not. For this reason, therefore, and not for the sake of occasioning him one moment's suspense or *pain*, I refrained from telling him my design, till I saw how the thoughts of his departure would affect him; and whether he would esteem his continuing here an obligation worthy of being requited by his gratitude and fidelity. Time only can shew if his professions are sincere; but he certainly *appears* to be as much in earnest, when he makes them, as possible; and I hope and trust I shall find no cause to repent of my dependence upon them; but let him turn out as he will, I shall at least have the satisfaction of reflecting that I acted *right*, by shewing

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ing compassion to a fellow creature, who seemed ready to perish, and therefore had a *demand* upon me for assistance.

However some people may think of it, nothing is more certain, than that every person is bound to help their suffering brethren as much as is in their power, and to a *generous* mind, no pleasure can be equal to that which arises from acts of beneficence and kindness; it is a pleasure that continues to delight us as long as our memories last. The recollection of having afforded help to a fellow creature, having relieved the wants of nature by giving food to the hungry, and clothes to the cold and naked: of having comforted the afflicted, and dried the tear from the cheek of the sorrowful: the recollection, I say, of these things, is such a balm and satisfaction to the heart, that those alone can have an idea of, who have experienced; and those who *have* experienced, would not part with, for all the gay pleasures and amusements in the world. For your *own* sake, therefore, *Charles*, cultivate a friendly, benevolent disposition towards all the human race: look upon *all* the inhabitants of the earth as so many different members of that *one* great family to which you belong, and endeavour to love them all as brethren; to feel for their miseries, and to be desirous of obviating them as much as possible, to whatever nation or country they may belong, whatever religion they may profess, whatever occupation they may pursue, or whatever rank and condition they may be of. These distinctions should make no difference in your feelings for them as

men or fellow creatures, created by the same God as yourself, and preserved by the same Almighty power. And if you regard yourself as peculiarly happy by being born a Briton, display the generous spirit of one, by rising superior to all little ungenerous distinctions of party and external circumstances. Remember that you are yourself an English man, and act with that nobleness and generosity of soul, which has long been esteemed characteristic of our happy country. But above all things, remember my boy, that you are a christian; a professor of a religion the most pure of any upon earth; and one which requires its members to shew forth their faith by their practice, by an universal display of benevolence and kindness to all mankind. O! my Charles, make it your first, your chief endeavour to cultivate in your heart, to shew forth in your practice the divine precepts of christianity. Whatever else may be your study, however you may improve in science, or in literature, let not the scriptures be neglected: all other acquisitions and knowledge may illustrate, or display your genius, your memory, and your abilities, may gain you the reputation of being wise and learned; but be assured, that it is by the study of the sacred scriptures, you will gain that true knowledge which shall make you wise unto salvation.

There are a great many of the boys at our school, said Charles, who laugh at Mr. Chiron for reading the bible on Sunday evenings; they say it is very superstitious to do so; and that nobody has any occasion to read the scriptures beside parsons and old women.

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Are parsons and old women the only people then that have souls? enquired Mr. *Rotchford*, that the knowledge of the will of God, and how to make their souls eternally happy, is of no consequence to any body else? I should imagine it was of equal importance to every body to know *what they must do to be saved*. It is a sad thing, *Charles*, that there should be so many wicked people in the world, who seem to think it a proof of *wit* to laugh at every thing that is holy or serious. But they are greatly mistaken in supposing they display either their *ingenuity* or *understanding* by such conduct; for on the contrary, it is a sure sign that they are greatly defective in both.

I never, in my life, knew a person of sound sense, who would not have been ashamed of speaking irreverently of those subjects, which ought by all men to be esteemed most sacred. When, therefore, it should be your ill luck, either now, or in future life, to fall into company with those who think to shew their superior *sense* and *wit*, by ridiculing either *religion*, the *scriptures*, the *church*, the *clergy*, or any *pious person*, look upon it as a certain rule that their *principles* must either be bad, or their *understanding* defective; and on no account enter into familiarity with them; lest by degrees they tempt you to be of their party, or weaken in your mind that reverence which you ought to bear towards all things that respect your *God*, and your *religion*: and rest assured, that the observation made long ago by king *Solomon*, is most undoubtedly true, That *fools* only make a mock at sin.

Mr.

Mr. *Rotchford* was here interrupted by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. *Blifield*, and the entrance of Mrs. *Rotchford*, her daughters, and little *George*, who going to his grandfather, before he made any enquiries after his health, or gave him any other salutation, said, Do you know my papa says *Pompey* may stay! My papa and brother found him the other day as they were riding; they were going to Mr. *Norris's*; but as they found *Pompey*, my brother came back with him, and so my papa went by himself; and poor *Pompey* was so hungry you cannot think: I am glad my papa will keep him, for he is very good natured. And you are very fond of dogs, my dear, are you not? enquired Mr. *Blifield*, chucking him under the chin as he spoke. *Dogs!* repeated *George*; yes, I like dogs very well; but what have dogs to do with *Pompey*? Why is not *Pompey* a dog? said his grandfather. No to be sure, he is not! replied *George*. Do not you know that *Pompey* is our black boy that lives with us? Did not I tell you my papa and *Charles* met him as they were going to see Mr. *Norris*? What, did you think *Pompey* was a dog? Indeed, my dear, I did, said Mr. *Blifield*, laughing; I thought you had bestowed the *Roman* general's name upon a new dog your brother had found; but I never should have guessed you were talking of a boy.

Pray, Mr. *Rotchford*, said he, turning toward him; how is this affair? Have you really found a little negro? Yes indeed, Sir, I have, replied he, and one who, I think, appears to be of a good disposition, although to be sure the crime for which his last master turned him

out

out of his door, was a very bad one, being no less than *theft*. Aye, aye, said Mr. *Blifield*, looking very gravely, and slowly nodding his head as he spoke; a *good* disposition! and do such a naughty trick as that! I do not understand how that matter can be, for my part! do you *justify* *thieving*, Mr. *Rotchford*? By no mean, Sir, replied he; but it may in some peculiar circumstances be *less criminal* than in others, though in none can it be *justified*. But the boy we were speaking of, if his account is true, was almost starving with hunger; though undoubtedly, *that* can not plead excuse for a bad action; since a person had far better submit to death, than be guilty of so great a crime, provided they *know* that it is a crime; but of that poor *Pompey* was ignorant, having never been so happy as to be instructed in his duty, or taught any of the commands of God. It is not therefore, you see, Sir, to be wondered at, that when he felt the *severe pangs* of *hunger*, and had an opportunity, as he thought, of *relieving* them, though by dishonest methods; it is not, I say, to be wondered at, that he should yield to the pressing temptation; nor can it be esteemed the *same* sin in *him*, as it would be if any of *us*, who have been taught what is right and wrong, were we to be guilty of the like. You will not, therefore, I dare say, when you consider this, blame me for thinking he may possess a natural good disposition, although he has been guilty of so foul an action.

Very true, very true, rejoined Mr. *Blifield*, what you say is quite just; the *de_ree* of a *person's* *guilt* certainly depends

depends upon his *knowledge* of good and evil: thus a fool, or a madman may commit murder, and yet be innocent: but if you, or I, were to do so *Charles*, we should stand a chance of swinging for it; and *deservedly* too; do not you think so boy? And so you know, *George*, a little baby may do many things, and throw down cups and saucers without any ill design; but if such a stout boy as you were to do so, it would be very naughty, and you would well deserve to be thrashed for it, because you *know* it is *wrong*, which an infant does not.

I do not throw down cups and saucers, replied *George*, I only one day let the bread and butter plate fall, because I would carry it flat on my hand, instead of holding it as my mamma told me: she said I should break it; though I did not think I should; but some how or other, it tottered off my hand, and *smash* it came down, bread and butter and all, and made such a sad grease upon the carpet, that *Susan* said she did not know how to clean it, and now there is a great mark of it left still; if you will come into the other room, grandpapa, I will shew you the place. Then taking hold of his grandfather's hand, he endeavoured to pull him from his seat, saying, Come, Sir, help yourself up a little, for I cannot move you if you do not; and I promise you, it is well worth your while to come and see the dirty place which the bread and butter made; so do pray come.

Do not be troublesome, *George*, to your grandpapa, said his mamma. No, no! replied Mr. *Blifield*, he

is not troublesome; but never mind my going to see the dirt on the carpet, I am very well contented with your account of it, *George*, and the next time I go into the room, I will be sure to observe it; but at present, if you please, I had rather sit still; I grow very lazy, my dear, and do not like moving at all, but when once I am seated, think it a sad labour to get up again: so if you please, I will look at the greasy spot next time I come.

You need not go, to be sure, returned *George*, unless you like it; but I thought you would be glad to see the place, when once you heard of it; and as for there being any labour in getting off your seat, I assure you, Sir, there is not the least trouble in the world in that! look at me now, grandpapa! only see how I do it! Then taking his stool, he jumped up and down twenty times, calling to his grandpapa, to observe with how much ease he performed it. Afterwards, turning to his grandpapa, and laying his hand on his knee, whilst he looked up in his face, he desired him to try if he could not do the same? To be sure, said Mr. *Blifield*, smiling, and chucking him under the chin as he spoke, it does appear easy enough as you do it; and if ever I should be as young as you, I will certainly bump myself as you have done; but for the present, I must beg to be excused: and suppose now, *George*, instead of going into the other room for my entertainment, you were to fetch *Pompey* to me: I should like to see him much better than the dirt you made upon the carpet, by not minding what your mamma said to
you;

you; for I think that was a sad thing: I do not, you know, like little boys and girls who do not mind when they are spoken to; some mischief always follows when children are unruly: do not you remember, *George*, do not you remember the coach glass? and the sad, sad consequences that followed not minding what your papa told you? I should have thought, that would have taught you never to disobey orders again as long as you lived. O! yes! replied *George*, I remember that very well; that was my arm, you know. I wish I had not done so, and then I should have had two arms still. I wish I had two hands, for it is very uncomfortable being without, I assure you, Sir; besides my papa and mamma will not let me run and play about, for fear I should hurt myself. But if you want to see our *Pompey*, I will run down the garden and fetch him. Then I shall run with you, said *Charles*, for I shall not let you go alone, for fear you should, as you say, hurt yourself.

They then both left the room together, and soon afterwards returned, accompanied by *Pompey*, who making a bow with his head, as he entered, enquired if he was wanted for any thing? Yes, my lad, said Mr. *Blifield*, I want to see your little honest face. I hear Mr. *Rotchford* found you in the road the other day, and has been so very kind as to tell you that you shall continue with him; I am sure, you ought to be much obliged to him, I hope you intend to be a very good boy, and always do the things you are desired. O! yes, master! replied *Pompey*, me be very good! me love

love master and mistress, and little masters, and little mistresses; we love them all; they all good as if they were not whites, not christians. What is that you say? enquired Mr. Blifield, gravely, as good as if they were not christians! That is a strange manner of speaking, little boy; you must be set right in your notions on that subject, and I hope, will become a christian yourself likewise. Yes, yes, Sir! added Mr. Rotchford, I dare say he will very willingly receive instruction on that important subject; but the poor fellow has unfortunately hitherto fallen into the hands of people, who, calling themselves christians, have neglected to practice the duties of christianity; and by cruel treatment of him, and others of his country, have given him an ill opinion of that religion: but, when he comes to be instructed in the excellency of it, and taught what purity, what kindness, and gentleness of manners is required of those who profess themselves christians; I doubt not but he will readily allow, that he has hitherto been greatly mistaken, in supposing that christians are wicked people; and will gladly and thankfully embrace a religion, so calculated to promote his present comfort, and future everlasting happiness.

He told me, this morning, said Miss Sophia, that he thought christians were the worst people in the world. That is my love, replied her father, because he has been treated worse by them than by any other people in the world: and a shocking thing it is, that people who profess to be of that holy and gentle religion, should act in so cruel, unjust, and wicked a manner, as to

give the ignorant and uninstructed, a prejudice against it. At present, I am not at all surpris'd, that *Pompey* should entertain an ill opinion of a religion, whose members he has found to be barbarous, tyrannical, and unjust: who, with inhuman thirst after riches, took his mother as a captive from her own country, to make her labour for them in theirs; and with brutal rigor, put to death his brother in so shocking a manner, for a blow, to which he was provok'd in the defence of his sick parent. Then he himself, torn as he describes, from the arms of his mother, so contrary to both their inclinations, and sold to Mr. *Chromis*; whose treatment of him we find was not the most humane: all these things, you must consider, were acted by persons calling themselves christians; and he, never meeting with any, better deserving of that sacred name, is sufficient to have set him against them. It remains, therefore, with us, my children, to *counteract* that unjust prejudice which he has already imbibed, and by our conduct to prove, that *christian* is the highest style of man! That is, that every thing *great, noble, humane, and generous*, is practis'd by them: that *cruelty, deceit, injustice, oppression*, and every species of wickedness, is their detestation and greatest abhorrence: and that they had far rather undergo the severest poverty themselves, than purchase riches by the unjust labour, and slavery of their fellow creatures: far rather die themselves, than torment, or destroy the life of another.

These things, my dears, it is now *our* duty to teach him; and the manner in which we must instruct him, is by setting the *example* in *our own* lives; by letting him *see* in our *practice*, as well as *hear* by our *precepts*, what the religion and life of a christian is. And after he is *thus* made acquainted with it, I shall be surpris'd indeed, if he does not alter his opinion concerning christianity. Yes, indeed, continued Mr. *Blifield*, I shall indeed be astonish'd, if, after he has been in your family, Mr. *Rotchford*, and beheld the conduct of the master and mistress of it, he does not change his sentiments, and become desirous of embracing that religion, which he sees renders them so affable to all around them, and so happy and comfortable to themselves. What then you think my papa and mamma are very good kind of people, do you, Sir? said little *George*. Indeed, my dear, returned Mr. *Blifield*, I really do. I will not take upon me to say that they are the very *best* in all the world, because I hope there are a great many good people; but this I can promise you, there can be none *better*: and if you will be always careful to mind what they say to you, and do as they bid you, you will also be a very *good*, and consequently a very *happy* man. I will try, Sir, said *George*, to remember all you tell me, and be as good as my papa, if I can; and when I am a man, if I find a little black boy, I will take him to my house, and let him stay, as papa does by *Pompey*; and I will give him some clothes too, as my papa has, and something else I will do *better* than papa has thought of; I will have him new painted white, with

red cheeks, for I do not like that black dirty colour at all; do you, grandpapa?

I do not think it looks so pretty as your little cherry cheeks do, to be sure, replied Mr. *Blifield*, at the same time giving him a gentle pinch between his finger and thumb on both cheeks: but I do not apprehend your paint would much improve him; besides, it would be very disagreeable, and very unwholesome for a person to be painted like a wooden doll. And though I have been so long accustomed to *European* complexions, that I cannot help preferring them to black; yet I think my little friend *Pompey* here, shews a very honest well-looking face, that he need not be ashamed of, or wish to hide from the sight of any body; and his little curling pate I like mightily: in my opinion, it is ten times handsomer than that quantity of mane which hangs blowing about all your faces and necks, like so many wild colts. I cannot say I like that fashion, if it is the fashion. I love to see childrens *faces*, and their hair put prettily back, and not all this quantity (taking hold of *George's* hair who stood by him, and lifting it up as he spoke) enough to make a Lord Chancellor's wig of. I know when your mamma and uncles were little, theirs used to be tied back in a much neater manner.

That is very true, my dear, said Mrs. *Blifield*, and yet, perhaps, if their grandfathers and grandmothers had been alive to see them, they would have as much disliked that fashion as we do this. I am sure, I often blame myself for talking about what is a *pretty* fashion and

and what not; as if it did not entirely depend upon taste; or, as if it was possible that old persons should like the present fashions, as well as those that used to be when they were young, and in good health and spirits joined in them. I confess I do not like to see young people in a hurry to set new fashions, or be the first to wear every new whim that comes up; but I am for having folk in those indifferent matters flow with the current, and not by a singularity of dress be taken more notice of, and be more talked of, than if they complied with the innocent follies of the times. For my own part, I must say, that as well as Mr. *Blifield*, I like to see childrens hair tied back, and turned up in a neat manner; but I would not, for that reason, wish these *Rotchfords* to be dressed so, for the sake of pleasing our old fashioned eyes, when no other children are; only I should be afraid that in summer time it would heat their heads too much.

O! no madam, said *Charles*, there is no danger of that, the young folk of this generation have all such *thick* skulls, that the warmth of the hair can never penetrate the brain: besides, I have often heard that keeping the head warm, is a *fine* thing for the *eyes*, for the *ears*, for the *teeth*, and I know not what besides. And the pictures of my grandfather *Rotchford*, and my great uncles in the other room, have all got wonderful large wigs, that would keep not only their *heads*, but also their *shoulders* and *backs* as warm, as if they were wrapped up in a sheep skin: and I have always been told, that they were very *wise* and learned men: so I

suppose the warmth of their heads made their knowledge and understandings grow and flourish, in the same manner as, the heat of the sun ripens fruit, and makes vegetation prosper: besides, my dearest madam, ought you not, as much as possible, to follow the guidance of *nature*; and when she kindly wraps up the head in nice, *long, soft, warm* hair, can any thing contradict her dictates more, than scalping it all off, either to go bald and shivering, or to put on a load of another person's, made into shape by the hands of the barber? As if a *barber* could form a covering to fit your head better than its own skin did! I think when one comes to consider, it appears almost as strange as it would be, to cut off the end of the nose, for the sake of having one made of wax to suit your face better than your own did; or as if you were to cut off your legs to put on two cork ones that would be lighter.

What *nonsense* you do talk, boy! said his father smiling. Nay, for my part, I think there is a great deal of *reason* in what he says, rejoined Mrs. *Blifield*; for certainly nothing can be more unnatural, than that great curled wig of Mr. *Blifield's*, was it not that *custom* reconciled us to it: for I should suppose, that the warmth of ones own hair, must be better adapted to the head it is placed on, than any other person's can be. So indeed, *Charles*, I think you argue very justly; and there is great truth in what you say, notwithstanding artificial hair is better than artificial legs or noses. But still I do not see why it might not be put back, and tied up a little: it would keep your *head* as warm as it does

now,

now, you know; and you cannot at present follow nature so far, as to let it run to its full length, so I am still for having a little more cut off, though not for *scalping* it all, as you call it.

Very well, madam, said *Charles*, next summer we will have a little polling amongst us; but at present I could not bear to part with these warm locks for ever so much; and as they are the fashion, you say, you will allow us to keep them?

Yes, that I will, my dear! replied his grandmother, I should be sorry if they were cut to please me; you young folk understand those matters much better than I do; therefore pray do just as you like, without thinking of my taste, for an old woman would make but a bad hair-dresser: if I were to set up the trade, I doubt I should have but little custom. I doubt so too, madam, said *Sophia*, if you followed the same fashion as that you dressed my mamma in when she was a girl; for I cannot think that the hair turned up, and tied *neatly* back, as you describe it, could possibly be at all becoming. No, no, said *Charles*, jumping up and smoothing one of his sister's curls round his fore-finger, I understand hair dressing much better than my grandmother; and if she would permit me, I could much improve her's. Then going to her, and bowing with a very grave face, he enquired if she would grant him the honor of dressing her hair in the *present* mode; and not as it was worn in king *George* the first's reign?

Dress my hair! exclaimed Mrs. *Blifield*, you would be puzzled to find much to dress, *Charles*, I can promise

mise you, for I am pretty near bald; I have only these few white locks, added she, stroaking the back of her fingers against the side of her temples as she spoke, and I will defy you, Mr. Barber, to dress it better than it is, or make it look more becoming an old woman's face; so go about your business, I shall not employ you. Charles was going to reply, when a loud ring of the bell, instantly turned all their eyes that way; and the entrance of two gentlemen and a lady put a stop to all farther conversation with the young folk: who, after having continued in the room sufficiently long to shew their respect to the company, withdrew to their respective entertainments; and Charles, after having prepared his exercise for his father's inspection the next day, amused himself with composing the following lines, addressed to his new favorite Pompey:

“ Cease, Pompey! cease, thy fortune to deplore,
 “ For all thy toil and suff'rings now are o'er.
 “ No more oppression shall thy life attend,
 “ For thou hast gain'd my father for thy friend;
 “ He shall thy youth with tenderness sustain,
 “ Supply each want, and ward off every pain.
 “ The heavy chain of slavery, no more
 “ Shall gall thy shoulder, as it has before.
 “ No more fell Tyranny with iron rod,
 “ Regardless of the dictates of our God,
 “ Shall crush thy youthful spirit, or destroy
 “ Thy health, and relish of each earthly joy.

“ But

“ But British freedom henceforth shall be thine,
“ Thou with the sons of liberty shalt join ;
“ Enjoy humanity’s soft rites, and know
“ The blessings that from British freedom flow.
“ Nor only freedom shall thy body find,
“ Whilst Ignorance dark cloud enslaves thy mind ;
“ That cloud dispell’d shall by instruction be,
“ And thou the beauties of Religion see.
“ The name of CHRISTIAN, shall no more alarm
“ Thy breast with dread, and fear of unknown harm,
“ But kindly taught by my indulgent fire,
“ The duties true religion doth require,
“ Shewn by his practice how a christian ought
“ To regulate his action, word, and thought,
“ Thou’lt learn to venerate the sacred name,
“ And pant impatient to embrace the same.
“ Thy soul enlightned by instruction’s lore,
“ Daily the paths of virtue will explore :
“ Whilst thy young heart, which ne’er hath right been
“ taught,
“ To know, and love its Maker shall be brought ;
“ His power and goodness shall be made to see,
“ And praise that mercy he hath shewn to thee.
“ Thy sufferings past, no longer then lament,
“ But in thy present station be content :
“ My parents kindness shall thy wrongs repay,
“ And the foul guilt of Chromis wash away :
“ Midas no more shall tear thee from their hand,
“ As once he drag’d thee from thy native land ;

But

“ But safe, securely thou with us shalt stay,
 “ And thy life glide in happiness away.”

As soon as *Charles* had concluded this little poem, he shewed it to his sister *Sophia*, who very highly commended it: Though, said she, if you will excuse me, I think there is one line in it badly expressed; and that is, where you say our parents kindness, shall the *foul guilt of Chromis wash away*: as if it was possible, for the goodness and virtue of one person, to wash away or obliterate the *crime* of another. I think you should some how have expressed it, that our parents kindness may make him *forget* or *disregard* the guilt and cruelty of *Chromis*; but not as if *their goodness* could possibly make *him innocent*. Certainly, replied *Charles*, your observation is very just and proper, and I intended it should be understood, only to *wash away* from *Pompey's mind* his cruelty, and not the very *act* of cruelty itself; but since it appears to carry that sense in it, I will alter it, if I can think of any other rhyme that will do as well; if not, it must go as it is; and I will write a little note at the bottom to explain my meaning. Well, do so, said *Sophia*, though I think you had better alter it. *Charles*, however, I believe, never found a line that would please him better, wherewith to supply its place; at least I never saw any other copy than that I have just given.

The company whose arrival I before mentioned, continued the whole day, and spent the evening at Mr. *Rotchford's*; nor did any circumstance throughout their

visit

visit occur of importance sufficient to be worth relating. I must not omit a conversation that passed the next morning at breakfast, when Mr. *Rotchford* observed, that *Charles*, after having drank some of his milk, removed his basin to a farther table which stood by the parlour door; and after walking two or three times about the room, in a sly way (very uncommon for *Charles* to practice) took it up, when he thought no one was looking at him, and went out of the room. Mr. *Rotchford* was going to call him back to enquire into the reason of his proceeding; but whilst he was considering with himself for a moment, whether he should do that, or stay till his return; he saw him run out at the gate, and in about two minutes walk quietly back again; and returning to the parlour, he sat down as if nothing had passed, and joined in conversation with his sisters.

Mr. *Rotchford* took no notice of what he had seen, till breakfast was over: he then desired all the children to put their empty basins together, that they might the more conveniently be taken away. All instantly held forth their own, except *Charles*, who, upon his father's enquiring for it, coloured, and said it was below stairs. Mr. *Rotchford* fixed his eyes stedfastly upon him, and gravely repeated the words, *Below stairs!* Yes, Sir, said he in a faltering voice, I will fetch it up if you please. Pray how got it below stairs? enquired his father, still looking stedfastly at him. I carried it down, Sir, said he. And for *what?* rejoined his father. For no harm, Sir, he replied. But for *what?* repeated
Mr.