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Eleanor Catharine
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The poor fellow jump'd out of the Cart
and beg'd the driver would suffer that
little boy to supply his place . . . *Page 75*

MARTIN & JAMES

OR THE
Reward of Integrity
A MORAL TALE

Designed for the
Improvement of Children



L O N D O N

Printed for & Sold by W^m Darton & C^o
Gracechurch Street,

1791.

DEAR SIR
I have the honor
to receive your
kind letter of the
10th inst. in relation
to the improvement of
the school
I am, Sir,
Yours truly,
Wm. B. Ewing

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The P R E F A C E.

*T*O the publications which have already appeared for the use of Children, the author begs to add the following, being encouraged to hope that, however numerous its imperfections, in other respects, the moral and sentiments are unexceptionable. She has, in this little piece, endeavoured to illustrate that useful maxim, that "honesty is the best policy," and to prove from example that those who are actu-

vi P R E F A C E.

ated from mean and interested motives, frequently defeat their own purposes, and draw on a punishment where they sought a reward, while the generous and worthy, exclusive of their satisfaction, which must ever arise from a good action, cannot in the end fail of meeting a recompence.

The incidents of this little tale are in general simple, and the reflections such as the author presumed might naturally be supposed to arise from the situations in which they occur. With respect to the language it has been her aim neither

P R E F A C E. vii

to soar above the comprehension of those to whom it is addressed, nor to descend so low as to vitiate their taste. To conclude, should neither profit nor pleasure arise from the perusal of her tale, the author has at least the consolation to reflect, that no ill impression will through that channel be conveyed to the young reader.

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MARTIN and JAMES,

OR THE

REWARD OF INTEGRITY.

AT a small village, in the Western part of England, lived a poor widow, who gained a livelihood by carding of wool. She had one son, for whose sake she cheerfully underwent the fatigue of working early and late. James, for that was his name, was too young to work, but he was a ve-

B

ry good boy. If by chance he had a penny or a halfpenny given him, a reward for his civility in opening a gate, or conducting a traveller through the village, instead of spending it in cakes or fruit, as children generally do, he ran with it immediately to his mother, saying to himself, "my mammy must card a great deal of wool before she can earn a penny to buy us a loaf." Though it is natural for parents to love their children, their affection must proportionably lessen or encrease as they are unworthy or deserving of it:

This and many other instances of affection which James shewed toward his mother, rendered him so dear to her, that the poor woman considered him as the greatest blessing Heaven had bestowed on her, and had nothing so much at heart as his interest. As a proof of this, small as her earnings were, she contrived by working early and late, to save out of them sufficient to send James to a day school; where he was so attentive, that in a short time, he was pronounced by his master to be the best scho-

lar of his age, in ^{the} village.—
James endeavoured to repay
his mother's kindness by every
mark of dutiful attention; of an
evening, when he returned from
school, instead of going to play
with the children of the village,
he would read the scriptures to her
while she was employed at work,



ever looking forward to the time when he should be able to work for her support, as the summit of all his wishes. But alas! this happy period was never to arrive—The poor woman was seized with a fever, which in less than a month put an end to her life. James was at this time between ten and eleven years old, an age, when he was capable of feeling the full extent of his loss; for several days he wept almost incessantly, and refused to take comfort; but time and proper reflection by degrees

abated his grief, and he began to consider what course he had best pursue to obtain a livelihood; for though he was universally beloved among his neighbours, as well on account of his own good behaviour, as of the respect they bore the memory of his mother, he was sensible that, in his mother, he had lost the only friend to whom he could reasonably look up for a subsistence. He offered his service to several neighbouring farmers, but they all rejected him on account of his youth, which they alledged rendered him unfit

for business. They, however, employed him to drive the birds from the grain, an office, for which he received so small a gratuity that had it not been for the humanity of his neighbours, who could not bear to see so good a boy in want, he must have starved; yet so cautious was James of intruding upon their kindness, that he many a day went with an empty stomach, because he would not make known to them his necessities. In the same village lived the son of a poor cottager, who

had been a schoolfellow of James's. This youth, who was fourteen years of age, had just buried his father, and found himself in possession of four crowns; a sum which the old man had by dint of hard labour scraped together. Martin, for that was his name, was always extremely selfish and undutiful; he thought the four crowns amply compensated for the loss of his father, and began to consider in what manner to lay the money out to the most advantage. He had been told, that in London places were to be had,

where servants lived like gentlefolk; such a place Martin thought would suit his taste better than to follow the plough or to gather in the harvest. With his four crowns, therefore, he resolved to set out and try his fortune in London, and by chance meeting with James, communicated his intentions to him, setting forth the advantages which, he said, must infallibly occur upon his arrival. James listened attentively to this discourse, and naturally inclined to rely upon the judgement of others, could not forbear sighing,

that, for want of a little money to bear the expences of his journey, he was deprived of sharing these advantages. His mind ran so much upon the subject, that in the evening, when he returned to the dwelling of Ralph, an honest cottager, who, since the death of his mother, had afforded him a shelter, his discourse insensibly turned upon the intended journey of his friend, and he could not at the same time forbear uttering a wish that fortune had put it in his power to accompany him. It happened that evening, that several

neighbouring cottagers were assembled at the hospitable fire side of honest Ralph. As they all entertained great good will towards James, they asked with one consent, what advantages he could expect from going to London? James replied, that from what he had been told, he should not fear gaining employment of some kind or other, and that if he had money to keep him upon his journey, he should not hesitate to set out immediately. The honest rustics seeing him so much in earnest, asked what sum he thought would

answer his purpose? James paused a moment, and then replied, that he should not wish for more than three shillings. Three shillings seemed a very small sum to perform a journey little short of two hundred miles, but James at present knew but little of travelling, and affirmed he could make it do. In short, he said so much on the subject, and set forth the advantages of the journey in such glowing colours, that the good people, who had his welfare much at heart, by contributing each his mite, raised the sum

and James with infinite joy and gratitude, by the assistance of his good neighbours, set out the next day with his friend Martin for London. The two lads travelled till late in the day, when growing extremely fatigued, and much in want of refreshment, they made toward a tree, and were preparing to draw forth the contents of their wallets, when they perceived an old pedlar approach. Martin instantly threw his wallet across his shoulder, and counselled his companion to do the same, saying,

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that if the pedlar came to rest near them, he would expect that they should ask him to partake of their repast ; “ let us, said he, go behind that clump of trees on the other side the road, and then he will not see us.” “ Why,” said James, keeping his seat, “ should we be so mean to hide ourselves from the poor man ? he may not want our assistance, and if he does I am sure he shall be welcome to a part of what I have. What should I have done, Martin, if my neighbours had been so churlish to me ?”

“ I never think about other people,” said Martin, “ it is enough for me to take care of myself; though *you* are so rich,” continued he with a sneer, “ that you can entertain travellers, I am not, so I shall leave you to yourself.” Saying this, Martin crossed to the other side of the road, and setting down among the trees, so that he could not be seen, like a true churl, devoured his meal alone. James in the mean while took out a little brown loaf, and a piece of cheese, with which his

good neighbours had furnished his wallet, and was beginning to eat when the pedlar came up. "My little lad," said he, "be so kind as to help me to ease my shoulders of this box, for I have born it till I am weary." James, who was always ready to oblige, instantly sprung upon his feet and gave the stranger the assistance he required. The old man then sat down to rest under the same tree, and was civilly invited by James to partake of his homely fare. "I thank you, my good lad," said the pedlar, "but we

will first see what my wallet affords." Saying this, he drew forth a large bag, and took out of it some cold meat and bread, with a bottle of excellent beer. "Come my child," said he, "eat heartily of this, and if here be not enough to satisfy us, we will make an end with your bread and cheese." James, who was a very modest boy, at first refused; but being warmly pressed by the honest pedlar, who would take no denial, he fell to with a good appetite. Their hunger being in



some measure satisfied, the pedlar took an opportunity of asking his young companion to what part of the country he was going, and being answered to London, expressed great surprize that he should attempt at his age, to take such a journey alone, and on foot.

James replied, that it was not long since he parted with a companion, and that he expected him every moment to return; but he was too generous to discover upon what account Martin and he had separated. The pedlar, who was prepossessed in favour of James, expressed a curiosity to know farther particulars concerning him; upon which James in a few words made him acquainted with his story, and the cause of his setting out upon so long a journey. The old man smiled when he under-

flood, that the sum with which his little friend designed to perform a journey of more than a hundred and sixty miles, amounted to no more than three shillings, beside a loaf of brown bread and a piece of cheese. "My little lad," said he, when James had ended, "I fear you have heard a much better account of London than it deserves; however, as you seem resolved to try your fortune there, I will not discourage you. I am travelling the same road; if therefore, as your pocket is not very heavy, you

incline to save expences, and will sometimes carry my box, you shall fare as I do, and we will jog on together till we are tired of each other's company."

James was delighted with this generous and unexpected offer, and expressing his thanks in the warmest terms, assured the Pedlar he thought himself happy in meeting with such a friend.

By this time Martin had made an end of his churlish meal, and came up to the tree to rejoin his companion. The pedlar, who was an open hearted good natured

man, filled out a horn cup of beer, and offering it, "had you come sooner, my lad," said he, "you would have fared better," for you see we have just made an end of a cold shoulder of mutton; but here is a cup of excellent beer, and your companion can supply you with bread and cheese."

Martin thanked the pedlar, and taking the cup drank with as good grace as he was able, for he was not only extremely chagrined to think, that, through his over care he had dined upon bread and cheese, when had he been

less selfish, he might, like his companion, have fared so much better. But he was in great fear, lest James had told the pedlar the real cause of his absence. James, thinking to give his friend pleasure, acquainted him with the pedlar's kind offer, not doubting but that he would rejoice in his good fortune; but Martin was by far too selfish. The happiness of others never afforded him satisfaction; and in this instance, he was ready to cry with vexation, to think on the advantages he had lost by his greediness.

For he was persuaded, that had the pedlar seen him, before he engaged with James, he would have preferred him to the office of carrying his box, as being stronger, and more fit for the purpose.

Having reposed themselves for some time beneath the tree, the pedlar proposed that they should continue their journey, and James who was very mindful of his office, prepared to charge himself with the box. The old man seeing his intention prevented him. "Stop, my good child,"

said hē, laying his hand upon the box, "I am now rested, and as able to bear the burthen as yourself; when I am weary, I will call for your assistance." James however, could not be prevailed upon to relinquish the box; he begged he might carry it, alledging, that it would be a very unseemly sight for an old man to bend under such a burden, and for two lads to walk at his side unladen. The honest pedlar at last yielded to the persuasions of his little friend, and suffered him to take the box

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upon his back; after which, they all cheerfully set forward.

James tripped lightly along with his load; and though the good-natured pedlar repeatedly offered to ease him of it, so anxious was he to express his gratitude, that he constantly refused to resign the box; saying, that he was very well able to carry it. As for Martin, with the base view of supplanting his friend, he made use of every art to insinuate himself into the esteem of the pedlar, and as a proof of his zeal and affection, which he thought could

not fail of pleasing, warmly opposed every attempt the good man made to resume his load, constantly alledging, that it would fatigue him.

But all would not do, the pedlar who was a shrewd man, and had seen a great deal of the world, far from being won upon by these extraordinary civilities, conceived a distate to Martin, whom he looked upon as solely actuated by interest; for how otherwise could he account for his behaviour? Was it not strange

that he should pay *such unnecessary* attention to a stranger, and yet suffer his old friend and companion James to toil on for so many miles, without once offering to ease him of his burden.

Toward evening they arrived at an inn, where it was resolved they should pass the night; when Martin understood that the pedlar designed to share his bed with James, artfully drew him on one side, and advised him to let James sleep in one of the out-houses, adding at the same time, that he would pay him for half

his bed, which would make the expence easier for both. The honest pedlar, who partly despised him for so treacherously endeavouring to supplant his friend, answered coolly, that he was already provided with a bed-fellow, and advised him to seek a bed elsewhere.

In the mean while, the pedlar called for bread and cheefe and some ale, upon which, he and James made a cheerful supper; as for Martin, though the generous pedlar invited him to par-

take with them, rather than endure the pain of witnessing his friend's happiness, he left a good supper, and pretending extreme weariness, retired to bed, where he could unobserved indulge the envy and rancour of his disposition.

James on the contrary went to rest, as happy as a good supper and a good conscience could make him; and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, offered up his thanks and praises to God, who, in the honest pedlar

had raised him up so good a friend.

Early the next morning the two lads again set forward with the honest pedlar; James as he had done the preceding day carried the box, and to the great mortification of Martin, constantly fared with the owner; who was so pleased with his honesty and unaffected good humour, that he became every hour more attached to him. While James and his good friend endeavoured to divert the length of the way

by discoursing upon different subjects, Martin walked sullenly behind, wholly intent upon mischief: it was death to him, to see poor James so happy, and he resolved not to rise till he had found some means to interrupt his happiness. Unluckily an opportunity offered: they had travelled some hours, and James still carried the box, when they turned into a road, on one side of which was a deep ditch, more than half full of mud. To the brink of this ditch, as they walked, Martin insensibly drew James, and

watching his opportunity when the pedlar looked another way, artfully gave him a shove and



plunged the unfortunate lad headlong into the ditch.

The good old pedlar alarmed, hastened to the assistance of his little friend, and (with the help

of the treacherous Martin,) drew him all over mud out of the ditch. Luckily he received no hurt from the accident; but the poor boy was under great apprehension lest the goods contained in the pedlar's box were spoiled. However, on this account he was soon eased, for the box being close shut, few of the articles, upon examination were found to be damaged; so that a little fair water would soon repair them. This was a great comfort to James, and equally a disappointment to his treacherous friend; who was

in hopes the goods would have been spoiled, and the pedlar so incensed against James, that he should with little difficulty have supplanted him. Having failed in the success of his wicked scheme, it was his business now to clear himself of all suspicion of being the perpetrator of it. He attended James to a brook hard by, and was very diligent in assisting him to wash the mud off his clothes; during which, he expressed so much concern for the accident, that the poor lad, who at first suspected and reproached

him with his treachery, thought (as Martin pretended) that the shove which had knocked him into the ditch, was either the effect of accident or given in sport.

James having cleansed his person and the pedlar's wares, they all three once more set out amicably together. James could not summon courage to ask for the box, fearing from the late accident, that the pedlar might refuse to trust him with it in future; but Martin, who was never diffident when he thought his interest concerned, warmly pressed his

services upon the pedlar; who, shrewdly suspecting that he was the cause of the late disaster, absolutely refused to accept them, and persisted in his resolution of carrying the box for the present himself, which he accordingly did, till seeing James look very disconsolate, and judging that his chagrine proceeded from the fear of not being restored to his office, he very good-naturedly resigned it to his care.

Martin, however, could not yet give over the hope of supplant-

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ing the poor boy. He took an opportunity when James was at such a distance that he could not hear him, to observe to the pedlar, that it was very unsafe to trust his box with a boy, who, from his carelessness was liable to the same accident that had happened once, every time he should chance to pass a ditch; besides, said Martin, he is so poor, that it is ten to one if he will not be tempted to pilfer some of your goods.

Happily for poor James, these unjust insinuations made no other

impression on the honest pedlar than such as turned to the disgrace of his enemy. He clearly saw through Martin's drift in striving to villify the character of his friend; and while he heartily despised him for his baseness, redoubled his kindness towards James; but it was not long before the poor boy was deprived of his good friend. The pedlar was that same evening seized with a complaint in his stomach which proved mortal: having with difficulty reached a small house of

entertainment about half a mile distance, he immediately took to his bed, from whence he justly presaged he should never rise more.

James, who possessed the most grateful and affectionate heart in the world, during two days which the pedlar lay ill, attended him with the same diligence and tenderness, as if he had been his father. Martin, though from a motive less disinterested, was equally attentive; and resolved, however it might encroach upon his finances, to wait the event of

the pedlar's sickness. The poor man, who found himself every hour grow worse, on the second day after he was seized with the complaint, as James was sitting by his bed-side, took him kindly by the hand, and in a faint voice said, "James, I feel I am not many hours for this world; my life is going from me apace, and I shall shortly be borne to my long home. James, you are good lad; had it pleased God to spare me, we should not soon have parted; but his blessed will be done."

James could not speak for weeping, and the pedlar seeing him so much affected, rejoined: "Do not grieve my child, if you continue to be honest and good, God will raise you up a friend when I am no more; and as for me, I trust I am going from a world of care and sorrow, to a life of peace and joy."

James still wept, and in a broken voice, said, he hoped that death was not so nigh as he thought.

The pedlar shook his head, and for some minutes seemed buried

in thought. Then looking earnestly upon James, as if something lay upon his mind which he wished to communicate, thus began :

“ My child, said he, though my knowledge of you has been but of a short date, I am persuaded you are honest and upright. I have observed that you love God, and fear his displeasure as the greatest misfortune that can attend you on this side the grave. It is this opinion which makes me fix upon you in preference to others of maturer years, to execute a trust, upon the perform-

ance of which my present peace of mind greatly depends.—It is now,” continued the pedlar, “ten years since the good Mayor of S——, in whose service I spent my youth, lent me forty crowns to furnish this box. Since that time I have traversed the country, and various successes has attended me; upon the whole, God has prospered my endeavours. This said he, taking a leathern purse, from a private pocket in his doublet, contains the forty crowns which are due to my honored master the mayor; I have saved

them from the moderate profits of my wares, I thank my God they are not the fruit of fraud or unjust dealing.



I resign them, my child, into your care, and solemnly enjoin you, as you value the blessing of Heaven, which be assured as you perform

or neglect the trust, will punish or reward you, when I am dead, to deliver them to the Mayor."

James solemnly promised that nothing but death should prevent his executing the trust upon which the pedlar put the leather purse, which contained the forty crowns, into his hands, enjoining him not to acquaint any one with the affair, and especially to conceal it from Martin, of whose principles he entertained but an indifferent opinion.

The next morning the pedlar called for the master of the house,

and after satisfiſying him for the trouble, and all expences during his illneſs, he requeſted him to be a witneſs that he bequeathed the contents of his box to the little lad who attended him, meaning James. He then began to talk of his diſſolution as of a journey he was ſhortly to go; and putting three pieces of money into the hands of the landlord, “As to my burial, ſaid he, this will defray the expences, and the care of it I leave to you as being my fellow chriſtians.”

The pedlar did not live long after; he expired before the next morning, and left James in great affliction for the loss of so good a friend. As for the legacy, he would not suffer himself to think about it till the funeral of his good friend was over; but having followed him to the grave, and paid all due respect to his remains, he took the key, and for the first time since the death of the pedlar unlocked the box, designing, as the people of the house advised him, to make a sale of the goods it contained, and afterwards to de-

terminè in what manner to dispose of the money they produced. What was the poor boy's consternation when, instead of the articles it formerly contained, he beheld the box filled only with a heap of stones! This was an unexpected and severe disappointment; sometimes he was inclined to suspect that the people of the house were accessary to the theft, and at others his suspicions fell upon Martin, who had refused to stay till the burial of the pedlar was over, and had left the house early on the morning

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after he died: the poor boy knew not whom to accuse, nor where to apply for redress. All his consolation was, that the forty crowns, which since the pedlar had committed them to his care, he had kept in his pocket, still remained in his possession, as also the three shillings with which he had been furnished by his neighbours on his first setting out, but of this only a third remained when he had payed for his board and lodging, since the death of the Pedlar; and he set out to perform a journey of nearly sixty miles with no

more than twelve-pence in his pocket; for as to the forty crowns the delivery of which was the purport of his journey, he resolved, whatever might be his extremity, not to falsify his word with the pedlar, but faithfully, as he had promised, to deliver them to the Mayor. James could not forbear being much chagrined at the treacherous trick which had been played him, but he endeavoured to reconcile himself as well as he was able to his misfortune, by reflecting that he could

not be poorer for the loss of that which he had never possessed. As his purse was very low, he travelled all the first day without any refreshment but such as the blackberries and flows which he picked from the hedges afforded, and at night was content to sup upon a half-penny roll and some skim milk. The next day he pursued a course nearly as frugal, and having travelled till the sun had entirely disappeared, found himself in danger of being benighted, and overtaken by a violent storm, on an unfrequented heath. He

pressed forward as fast as possible, and just sheltered himself in a little farm house at some distance, as it began to pour violently with rain, and to thunder and lighten dreadfully. James thought he could not do better then bargain with the farmer to let him sleep in one of his barns, and accordingly agreed to give him three-pence for his nights lodging. While they were talking, a poor sailor who had lost one leg, came to the gate and asked the farmer to have compassion on a poor fel-

low who had fought many battles in defence of old England, and to give him a nights shelter in one of his out-houses. The farmer, who was mercenary churl, and thought the night being so bad, he could make an advantage of the poor man's necessity, replied, "that if he could pay for sleeping in his barn he might stay, otherwise he knew better than to harbour such vagabonds."

"Truely, said the sailor, I have only four-pence to carry me fifty miles, and if you will not for the sake of charity afford me shelter,

I must ever be content with a wet skin." The farmer persisted in his resolution, and the poor fellow was turning upon his heel to seek his fortune elsewhere, when James told the farmer that sooner than see a poor fellow creature turned out in such a dreadful night,



though he could ill afford it, he would pay the three-pence himself, which he accordingly did; and the poor man after expressing his thanks in the most grateful terms shared the barn with his kind benefactor, who far from regretting the loss of his supper, which this generous action made him think it prudent to forego, enjoyed the most pleasing reflections and grateful slumbers.

Early the next morning James again set forward on his journey, but toward evening he grew so fatigued, and so faint from the lit-

the sustenance he had taken for the three preceding days, that he sat down at the foot of a tree and began seriously to reflect upon his situation. " Alas, said he, tears dropping from his eyes, what will become of me ! I have yet many long miles to travel before I can deliver my trust to the Mayor, and many more before I reach London. My shoes are already worn out, and my feet are so blistered that I can scarcely stand, and how shall I ever be able to travel so far without food. How happy would these forty crowns,

said James, (taking the leathern purse out of his pocket) make me! But then I have given my word to restore them to the Mayor, and yet they would do me ten times the service, for he is most likely rolling in plenty while I am starving for want of food, and so weary that I can scarcely stir from this tree. Let me see—with these forty crowns I could take the cottage that my poor mother lived in for so many years, and I dare answer for a trifle could buy the piece of land adjoining to it of farmer Gosling.—Well, I could

then get honest Ralph of the mill to assist me in cultivating it, and the produce would perhaps make me one of the richest cottagers of our village.—No one, said James, pursuing his reflections, knows that I have these forty crowns—the pedlar is dead, and as to the Mayor, he will never think of enquiring after him, and if he should, nobody will be able to tell him that I have the crowns. Well, I am almost tempted to take them.—(Here James paused for some minutes, then resuming his reflections)—But after all, said

he, would these forty crowns make me happy after I have broke my faith with the pedlar, and committed a dishonest action? No, though I could hide my crime from all the world, I could not from God; it would be known to him, and he would undoubtedly punish it. It is true, I am in greater want of this money than the Mayor, but that will not excuse me for taking what is not my own; and yet these forty crowns, said he, looking at them, are very tempting—What will become of me after I have de-

livered them to the Mayor—as to London, I shall never reach it, and if I do, notwithstanding all that Martin has heard, places may not be less difficult to gain there, at least for a poor friendless boy like me, than elsewhere—What will become of me? Should I attempt to return, it is as far to go back as forward, and how can I look my good neighbours in the face, when I have profited so ill by their bounty?—But after all, said he, what can befall me so dreadful as the displeasure of

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God!—I will look at these forty crowns no longer—I am sure money must be very dangerous to put such wicked thoughts in ones head—I will trust in God, and endeavour to pursue my way to the Mayor--- Whatever happens I shall be much easier when these crowns are out of my possession.”

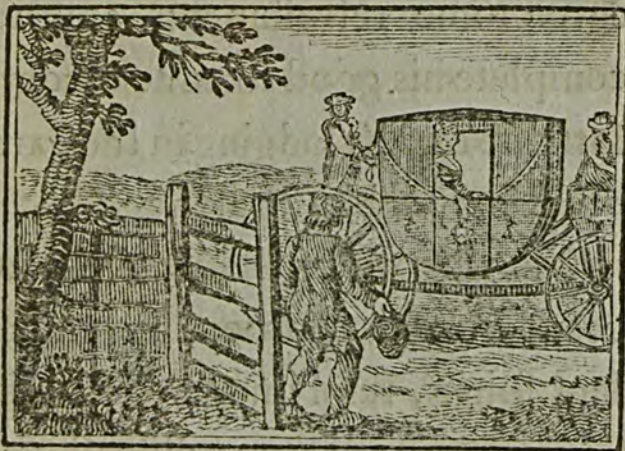
Saying this, he rose and made the best of his way to the next village, where with the few halfpence that remained, he procured himself a lodging for the night, and some necessary refreshment.

James was now quite penny-

less, and had still many miles to go; the goodness of his cause, however, supported his spirits, and he rose early the next morning to pursue his journey. Worn out at length with fatigue, and almost famishing with hunger, he was sometimes tempted, for a moment, to take a small part of the forty crowns, and tell the Mayor, that what remained was all the pedlar had committed to his charge; but when again he reflected that in doing this he should add a falsehood to the crime of

dishonesty and breach of faith, he resolved rather to perish than be guilty of either.

While James made these reflections, a carriage with two footmen behind it approached.—The poor boy, who notwithstanding his fatigue, still retained his usual alacrity to oblige, without thinking what was to follow, ran and opened a gate which a carriage was to pass through, when a young lady in the coach, who had observed him, threw him a sixpence.



James at first could hardly believe his eyes, he picked it up with transport, for in his present extremity it seemed like manna sent from heaven; reanimated by this unexpected supply he hastened to the next village, where he pro-

cured some refreshment, and to complete his good fortune, a comfortable night's lodging in the barn of an hospitable farmer.

Next morning he again proceeded on his journey, in excellent spirits, resolving, as he walked, never more to distrust the goodness of God, who in his greatest extremity had sent him relief. He travelled all that day and part of the next, and was beginning to grow extremely faint and weary, when a voice called to him out of a little cart that was passing. James looked up and perceived

it to be the poor sailor for whom he had so charitably purchased a lodging in the barn. The poor fellow expressed great joy to meet his little benefactor, and perceiving that he was extremely weary, jumpt out of the cart, and begged the driver would suffer that little boy, meaning James, to supply his place, at the same time telling him of the service he had rendered him; the driver, who was equally pleased with the generosity of James and the gratitude of the sailor, consented to take them both into the cart, and they

all set off together. On their way the sailor informed James, that when they last parted, he was going fifty miles the contrary way in pursuit of an old captain under whom he formerly served, to procure a recommendation to Greenwich Hospitable,* but that on his way, he had learned his old commander had removed his residence to another part of the country, to which he was now going. The sailor said further, that being on his way, the honest driver in com-

* The place where disabled seamen of the British navy are taken care of.

passion to his infirmities had offered to give him a lift as far as he went in his cart, and he added, that he thought himself doubly obliged to him for the same service to his little friend.—Nor was this all, the poor fellow's purse had been recruited since he left James, and he positively insisted upon dividing it with him. "Well, thought James, a good turn is never lost, I assisted this poor sailor in his necessity, and at a time when I least expected it, he has rendered me a service far greater." Luckily for James, the driver was go-

ing within a mile of the town where the Mayor lived, for he was so completely worn out with the fatigue he had undergone, that this last twenty miles seemed more formidable than all that he had travelled before. The hour of parting being arrived, James, after expressing his hearty thanks to the driver, and the grateful sailor, took a friendly leave of them, and proceeded to the town where the Mayor lived. Having enquired out the house, and with difficulty obtained admittance, on account of the shabbyness of his

appearãnce, thro' extreme pover-
ty, he produced the leathern purse



which contained the forty crowns,
and delivered them, in the name
of the pedlar, to the Mayor. The
Mayor, who during ten years had
heard no tidings of the pedlar,
enquired kindly after his old do-

messic, and asked James whether he was related to him. James replied that he was not; and modestly informed the Mayor of the manner in which he became acquainted with the pedlar, of his death, and the charge which he had in his dying hours given him to deliver the forty crowns to the owner.

The Mayor praised the honesty of the Pedlar; but much more did he admire and applaud the integrity of poor James. It was with difficulty he concealed his admiration, when he reflected that

a poor unlettered boy, reduced to the extremities of want, should nobly preserve his integrity, and withstand so powerful a temptation; however, he did not think it necessary at present to discover all he felt upon this occasion. When James ended his account, he asked him coolly whether either of his parents were alive? James sighed, and replied that he had neither parents nor friends. No, said the Mayor, that is hard indeed for so good a boy.

H

At this instant news was brought that two countrymen who had taken up a youth on suspicion of committing a robbery, waited in the hall for audience. The Mayor ordered them to be admitted; but what was the horror and astonishment of James when, in the culprit, he discovered his old friend and treacherous companion Martin.

One of the countrymen deposed, that having observed a variety of articles in the youth's possession, which he had a few months before seen in the box of

an honest Pedlar who lodged at his house, and judging from the appearance of the lad that he could not have purchased them, he was induced to question him on the subject; and from his confusion and vague replies was persuaded he had not come honestly by the goods, on which account he had brought him before his honor.

The Mayor, whom James had just informed of the legacy which the Pedlar had left him, and of the manner in which he had lost

it, was persuaded, this was the very youth who had robbed him; prepossessed with this idea, he immediately called James, who remained almost petrified with surprise and horror in one corner of the room, to confront the accused. James advanced reluctantly, but Martin no sooner observed him, than thinking it in vain to dissemble, he fell upon his knees before the Mayor, and confessed that while James slept he had carried off the articles contained in the Pedlar's box, and to prevent an early discovery, substituted stones

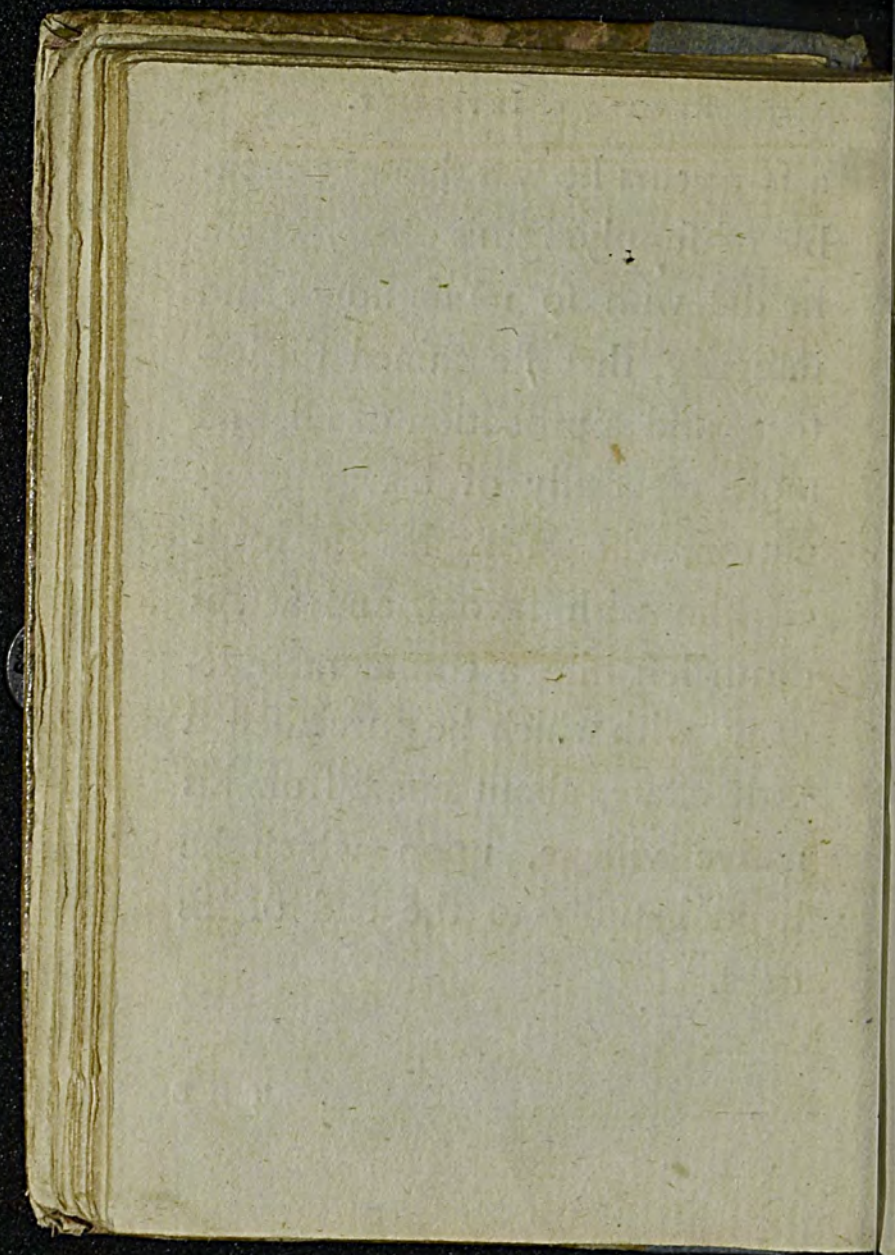
in their stead.—James was astonished at the treachery of his old comrade; and the Mayor having made some observations on his baseness, as a contrast to it, related to all present the noble conduct of James, to whom turning, “*You refused the forty crowns, said he, at the expence of your integrity, now my noble boy receive them as the reward of it.*” Saying this, he put the leathern purse, containing the forty crowns, into James’s hand, who, in a transport of joy and gratitude, threw himself at

the feet of the Mayor, and could only express his acknowledgments in tears and broken accents. The good Mayor kindly raised him, and assured James that this was but a prelude to what he intended farther in his favor—"You say, continued he, that you have neither parents nor friends; your virtue, my honest lad, has in me, gained you both, for from this moment I mean to take you under my protection. But while I am mindful, said the Mayor, to reward virtue, let me not forget that guilt remains unpunished."

Saying this, he ordered Martin to be seized and conveyed to prison, there to await the punishment of his crime; but James, whose present happiness did not make him unmindful of the wretchedness of his old companion, threw himself at the feet of the Mayor, in the greatest agitation, and with tears and sighs entreated him to pardon his unhappy friend. The Mayor at first seemed inflexible, but at length overcome by the distress of James, yielded to his entreaties. "Go, said he, to Martin, at the request of your friend,

I remit your punishment to God, and leave you to the stings of your own conscience—Go—and may you from your own disgrace, and the example of your honest friend, draw this useful lesson, that although guilt may flourish for a time, virtue and honesty are the most certain roads to happiness and honor.”—Having said this he dismissed Martin overwhelmed with shame and disgrace. James through the generosity of the Mayor and his own diligence, obtained a liberal education, and the secretary of his patron dying, in

a few years he was thought capable of supplying his place, which he did with so much honor and integrity, that he gained the esteem and approbation of all, and more especially of his generous patron; who during his life, loaded him with favors, and at his death left him a considerable legacy, with which he purchased a little estate, about a mile from his native village, upon which he lived happily to the end of his days.



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My little friends,

I Trust by this time you have perused my book, and have not found the adventures of MARTIN and JAMES destitute of entertainment; I assure you,

it was my design to amuse, as well as morally to instruct you; if, therefore, I have failed, it is rather owing to my want of ability than want of inclination. With respect to the moral, it is so obvious, that unless I suspected you of great inattention, which I have no reason to do, I should think it unnecessary to point it out. I cannot, however, before I lay down my pen, forbear recommending little James (who I am persuaded you admire as much as you despise his treacherous companion Martin) as

an example worthy your imitation; when I call to mind his *modesty*, his *patience*, his *humanity*, and above all his *integrity*, and *regard to his word*, I think I cannot present you with a more deserving model, You will, perhaps, tell me that, "As it is improbable you should ever be placed in the same situations in which he was, it is of little consequence whether or not you cultivate the virtues which rendered his character so estimable, and in the end raised him to a situation

far above his most sanguine expectations." I agree with you that it is improbable, you should be placed *precisely in the same situations*; but it is far more unlikely that you should pass thro' life without being called upon to exercise (though not exactly in the same manner) the virtues of Patience, Modesty, Humanity, and Integrity. On the contrary, there is not a day passes, in which all or some of these are not called into action; your temptations may indeed, be less powerful, but then you will be the more

inexcuseable if you yield to them.
Our Virtues as well as our Vices
gather strength by habits ; accus-
tom yourself therefore to a strict
examination of your actions, and
endeavour to render them such
as will be acceptable to God,
and entitle you to the esteem of
all good men.

Let Truth on all thy actions wait,
In prosp'rous, or in low estate ;
Revere thy sov'reign Lord on
high,
Nor tempt his anger with a lye.

Let Envy ne'er thy breast inflame,
Nor seek to wound another's
fame ;

Bear with the failings of thy
friend,

Be silent when you can't com-
mend.

When naked, cold, distress'd and
poor,

The wretched seek thy shelt'ring
door ;

Ah haste to still affliction's sigh
To wipe the tear from sorrows
eye.

Let pride, and anger have no
part,
Nor malice in thy youthful heart;
But *Virtue* all thy actions sway,
The leading star that points thy
way.

F I N I S.

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and retail by W. DARTON and Co. No. 55,
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