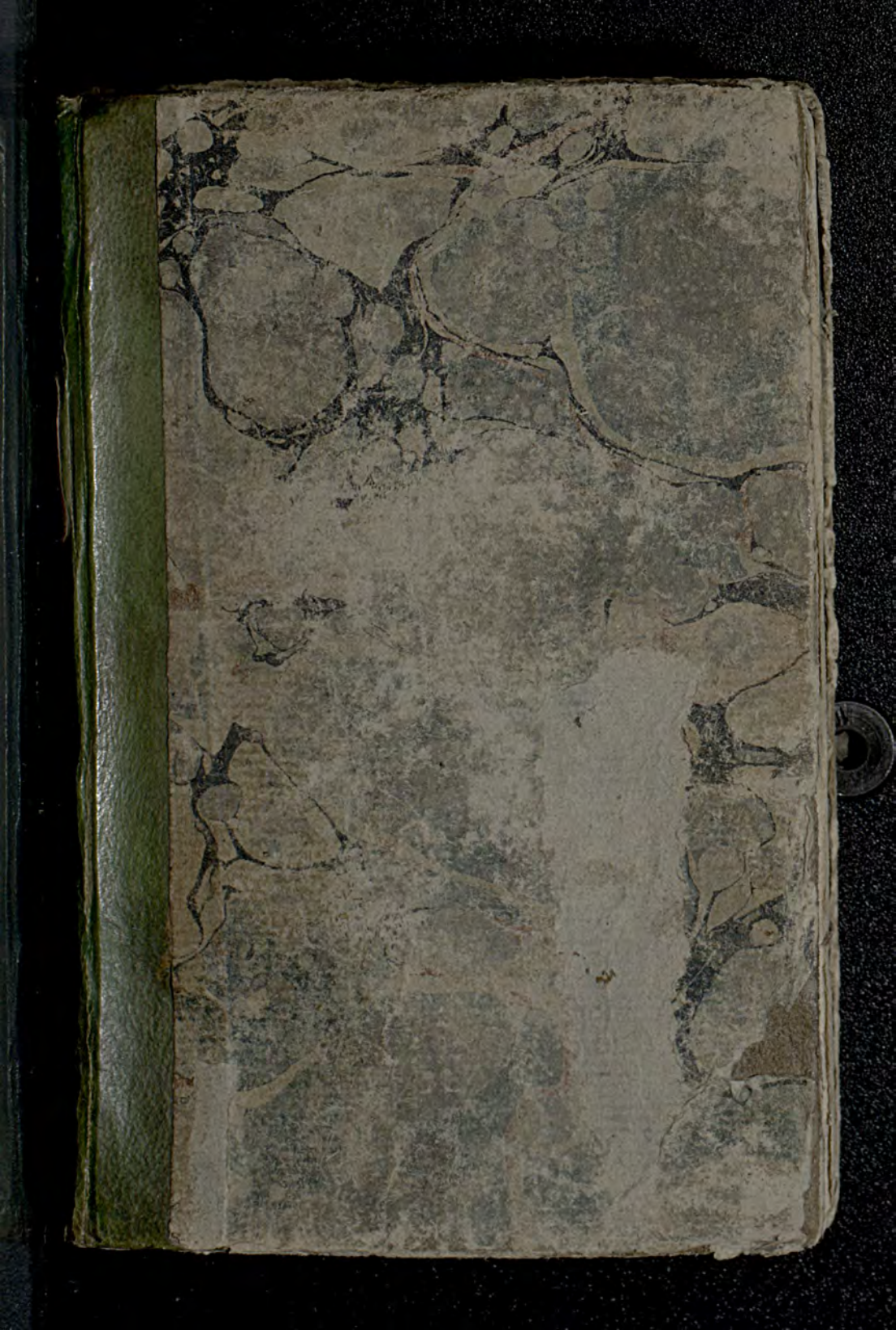

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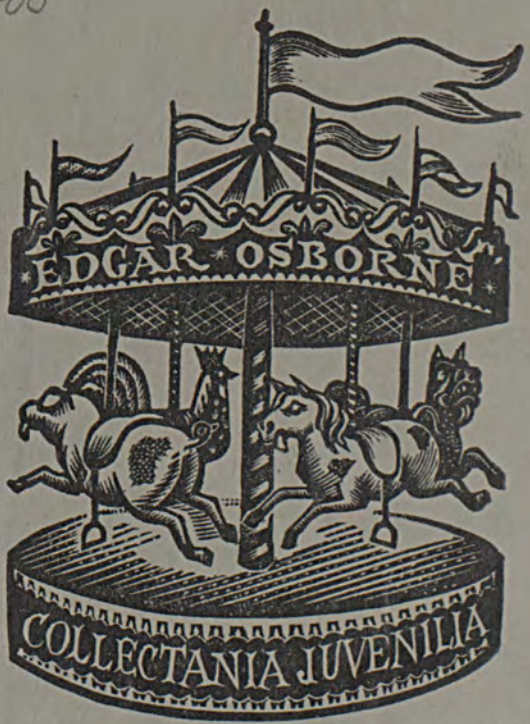

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BIOGRAPHY

FOR BOYS;

OR,

CHARACTERISTIC HISTORIES:

CALCULATED

To impress the Youthful Mind

WITH AN ADMIRATION OF

VIRTUOUS PRINCIPLES,

AND

A DETESTATION OF VICIOUS ONES.

By Mrs. PILKINGTON.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD,
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1800.

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BIOGRAPHY FOR BOYS:

OR,

CHARACTERISTIC HISTORIES.

CHARLES HENLEY.

AT the declivity of one of thoſe mountains which render the ſcenes in Caernarvonſhire majeſtic, bold, and ſtriking; ſtood a ſolitary little cottage; the owner of which, diſguſted with the world, and replete with melancholy and ill-humour, had thither retired, to indulge in ſolitude the natural propenſity of a gloomy ſullen mind;—and, in that humble cheerleſs dwelling, the little hero of the following hiſtory firſt drew his infant breath.

The melancholy event which attended the birth of Charles Henley, might be conſidered as a prelude to the diſtreſſes which attended his infant ſtate; for, deprived by

death of a mother's tenderneſs, his ſorrows (it might be ſaid) began with his exiſtence! The feelings of his father were ſo completely under the dominion of *diſcontent*, that they reſiſted, in a great degree, all other impreſſions; and neither the death of an amiable wife, or the birth of a lovely boy, were capable of counteracting its baneful influence. His family eſtabliſhment merely conſiſted of one female domeſtic, under whoſe protection the little Charles was placed, the day after the interment of his unfortunate mother, though the nurſe who had been engaged to attend Mrs. Henley, during her confinement, aſſured his father ſhe was wholly unfit to undertake the charge.

As Dorcas (which was the name of Charles's nurſe,) had ſagacity enough to perceive, that *paſſive obedience* was an abſolute requiſite in the ſituation ſhe filled, her maſter might have been more properly called the *nurſe* than herſelf, as ſhe merely

acted

acted under his direction; and, from this circumstance, the infant was inured to a degree of hardship absolutely unheard of at that period of life. Though the season was particularly cold, and the time of his birth within a few days of Christmas, yet, before the expiration of a week, he was exposed to the inclemency of the open air, and it was with the utmost difficulty his nearest neighbour could even pursuade him it was necessary to wrap the child up in flannel.

This lady, who lived about a mile from Mr. Henley's cottage, was the widow of a gentleman in the adjacent village, and struck with the sweetness of Mrs. Henley's manners, had made many overtures for a greater intimacy, which her husband's natural dislike to society compelled her to receive with coldness; but as Mrs. Benson knew from whence it proceeded, she rather *admired* than *blamed* her conduct; and, upon hearing the melancholy news of her

death, resolved to transfer her affection to her helpless offspring.

As it was Mr. Henley's determination to prepare the mind of his infant son for encountering the most severe attacks of adversity, he thought it necessary to avoid every species of indulgence that might either tend to soften or affect it; and from the moment of his birth, the hapless child was a total stranger to parental fondness—accustomed, from that period, to hardship and severity, a disposition naturally *flexible* and *timid*, gradually became *firm* and *resolute*; yet, anxious to obtain the affection of his father, he unrepiningly submitted to his most wanton caprices; and, whenever Mrs. Benson (who really loved him with maternal tenderness) would, in Mr. Henley's absence, venture to blame his method of educating his son, Charles invariably turned the conversation, or else would, affectionately, take her hand, and say, "Consider, my dear madam, that *I*

am

am his child! and that he has an abſolute right over me, and had not ſome ſevere misfortune ſoured his temper, I am ſure he never would have treated me with the leaſt unkindneſs: beſides, I am ſure, whenever he has corrected me with *ſeverity*, for a *ſlight fault*, he is always ſorry for it, though it would not be *proper* for him to ſay ſo; and you know both the Romans and the Spartans treated their children much more rigidly than my father does me."

Mrs. Benſon, on theſe occaſions, would preſs the amiable boy to her boſom, and declare, that he reaſoned more like a *biſhop* than a *child*, and add, that ſhe firmly believed ſhe ſhould live to ſee him made one, as ſhe was convinced Providence always rewarded (even in this life) ſuch exalted virtue.

As the moroſeneſs of Mr. Henley's temper increaſed with his years, his unfortunate ſon's ſituation daily became more uncomfortable,

comfortable, and even the natural ſentiments of filial duty and affection could ſcarcely enable him to ſupport it without repining. Whilſt he was permitted to enjoy the ſociety of the worthy Mrs. Benſon, and that of her only ſon, (a boy about his own age,) he could not conſider himſelf completely unhappy; but when his unfeeling father, in mere wanton cruelty, forbade him the continuance of this gratification, his ſpirits ſunk under the ſeverity of the command, and a ſhower of tears proved how much it grieved him.

Twelve tedious months dragged ſlowly on, and Charles had never ventured to viſit thoſe dear connections on whom he had placed his tendereſt regard, when a circumſtance occurred that impelled him to break through the reſtriction he had received, and fly for council to his much loved friend. It had long been a practice with Mr. Henley, to abſent himſelf from his family for hours together, and ramble, unattended,

unattended, over thoſe immenſe cliffs and mountains with which that country ſo peculiarly abounds, whilſt Charles, who was never permitted to attend him, always received a *double taſk*, to prevent the poſſibility of his being *idle*, during his father's abſence.

At an early hour, on a very ſevere morning, in the month of January, Mr. Henley ſet out upon one of theſe pedeſtrial excurſions, and as Charles's taſk was of an extraordinary length, his mind was ſo occupied in the wiſh of completing it, that evening began to approach before he even thought of the length of time his father had been abſent. The natural tenderneſs of his heart, which ſeverity had, in ſome degree, lain dormant, was inſtantly aroufed by this circumſtance, and the very idea of any accident having happened, filled his boſom with a thouſand fears. Knowing the rout his father generally took, and totally regardleſs of his own ſafety, he inſtantly

ſtantly ſet off in purſuit of him, though the rapid approach of night rendered the undertaking extremely dangerous, for the leaſt falſe ſtep over theſe amazing precipices, might have proved fatal to his own exiſtence.

The anxious boy continued his reſearch until the darkneſs with which he was enveloped, prevented the poſſibility of his perſevering in it, and he returned dejectedly to the cottage, faint, exhauſted, and diſpirited! Inſtead of Dorcas attempting to leſſen his apprehenſions, her obſervations greatly tended to increaſe them; and, upon her expreſſing a belief that her maſter had thrown himſelf from the top of one of the mountains, he could no longer ſupport the exceſs of his apprehenſions, and again ſnatching up his hat, he left the cottage, and ran with haſty ſteps towards Mrs. Benſon's.

The joy of Edward, at again beholding his former companion, prevented him from obſerving the dejection that was depictured

pictured on his countenance; but as Mrs. Benſon's penetration was more lively than her ſon's, ſhe was perſuaded ſhe was indebted to ſome misfortune for the viſit; and taking her favourite tenderly by the hand, anxiouſly enquired into the cauſe of his ſolicitude?

The unfortunate Charles had long been a ſtranger to the voice of tenderneſs and the tones of pity, and they made ſo forcible an impreſſion on his heart, that inſtead of replying to the interrogation, he burſt into a flood of tears, and remained for ſome moments abſorbed in ſorrow.

An elderly gentleman was ſitting on one ſide Mrs. Benſon's fire, reading the newspaper with much attention, but rouſed from his employment by the appearance of a ſtranger, he fixed his eyes upon him with a mixture of curioſity and commiſeration, and drawing Mrs. Benſon gently towards him, demanded, in a whiſper, the name of her little gueſt, declaring, at the ſame moment,

ment, he had the moſt expreſſive countenance he had ever ſeen, and ſtrongly reminded him of a dear loſt child.

The amiable Charles ſoon recovered a ſufficient degree of compoſure to make his friend acquainted with the occaſion of his viſit; and after intreating to be indulged with her advice, paid his compliments to the venerable ſtranger, who, whilſt he gazed upon him with pleaſure and delight, ſhook him by the hand with the moſt cordial welcome.

The night was dark, dreary, and tempeſtuous, and as Mrs. Benſon kept but one man ſervant, ſhe perſuaded Charles to remain at her houſe during the remainder of it, promiſing him that Thomas ſhould ſet out the moment it was light, and endeavour to obtain the information he was ſo anxious to receive; at the ſame time adviſed him to compoſe his ſpirits, and ſhare the bed of his friend Edward—Every thing that was kind, tender, and affectionate, that amiable boy ſaid, to ſoothe the agitation of poor

Charles's

Charles's mind; but the idea that his father had either loſt himſelf amongſt the cliffs, or was daſhed to pieces from ſome of the precipices, ſo completely tortured it, that he could neither obtain compoſure or repoſe.

After ſeveral days, ſpent in a fruitleſs reſearch for this extraordinary man, it was univerſally believed he had either put a period to his exiſtence, or that he had for ever quitted that part of the world, with the view of eſcaping the expence of providing for his child; and it might naturally have been ſuppoſed that the loſs of a father ſo rigidly ſevere as Mr. Henley had ever been, would neither have impreſſed his ſon with melancholy or dejection, but ſo completely amiable was Charles's diſpoſition, that he lamented the circumſtance with as much real ſorrow, as if he had loſt a moſt affectionate parent.

Mr. Hemmington (which was the name of Mrs. Benſon's venerable gueſt) found himſelf ſo peculiarly intereſted in the welfare

fare of the unfortunate boy, that he reſolved in future to conſider him as a ſon, and ſupply the want both of parents and fortune, by uniform tenderneſs and unbounded liberality.

Charles heard of this benevolent reſolution with a mixture of gratitude, pleaſure, and apprehenſion, for, as he had no certain confirmation of his father's death, he did not think himſelf authoriſed to accept the propoſal; yet, the fear of offending his generous patron, made him totally undetermined *how to act*, and his countenance expreſſed the embarraſſment of his feelings.

Though Mr. Hemmington was anxious to promote the *intereſt* of his new favourite, yet he did not wiſh to do it at the expence of his *happineſs*, and without being a convert to the opinions of Lavater, he could eaſily perceive that Charles did not receive the propoſal with all the warmth he had expected; reſolving, therefore, to know the reaſon of it, he ſent for him into

into his own apartment, and addreſſed him in the following friendly words:

"I have requeſted your company, my dear fellow, with the hope of obtaining your confidence, and for the purpoſe of telling you, that though I know I have the power of becoming your *benefactor*, I am only anxious you ſhould conſider me as your *friend*: but, in return, I expect to be treated with that candour and ſincerity which is ſo eſſentially neceſſary to the continuance of friendſhip.—From the firſt moment I beheld you, I felt my affection involuntarily attracted, and whilſt I traced a ſtriking reſemblance between you and the dear loſt offspring of my tenderneſs, the ſoft ſenſation naturally increaſed, and I reſolved to cheriſh the impreſſion. My fortune is affluent, my intereſt great, and if you conſent to accompany me to London, you'll find them both devoted to your ſervice; but if you rather wiſh to ſtay behind, fear not to own the *cauſe* that binds you here."

"Oh, Sir," replied the agitated boy, "what ſhall I do to merit ſuch kind friendſhip, and prove how gratefully I feel your kindneſs?"

"But ſpeak, my dear Charles," ſaid Mr. Hemmington, perceiving his embarraſſment, "and fear not to offend me, by your candour—I admire an *ingenuous* character, and ſhould deſpiſe the boy who could conceal his real ſentiments."

"Then, sir," continued Charles, "I'll openly avow my own, and tell you, though I'm grateful for your offer, I cannot bear to *quit* my father's *dwelling*, until I learn ſome tidings of his fate—if he ſtill lives (which heaven yet grant he may) I have no right to form a new engagement, without receiving his permiſſion—but, if he ſhould be dead, then, ſir, your will ſhall be my future guide, and I will have no thought, no wiſh but your's."

"Noble boy!" exclaimed Mr. Hemmington, "your filial duty charms me, your conduct is ſuperior to all praiſe! Had you

you been bleſſed with an *indulgent father*, ſuch ſentiments as thoſe had been his *due*; but when I know he was a perfect tyrant, *oppreſſing* where he ought to have *relieved*, my love and admiration are increaſed, and you ſhall be rewarded for your conduct. Go in purſuit of this miſguided parent, and take this purſe, in token of my friendſhip."

Mr. Hemmington quitted Wales in the courſe of a few days after the preceding converſation, and Charles reſolved to extend his reſearches after his father, entirely through the unfrequented paths of Caernarvonſhire. Mrs. Benſon would fain have diſſuaded him from this Quixote-like undertaking, conceiving that a boy of fourteen, who had never travelled beyond the vicinity of a cottage, was liable to a thouſand dangers by ſuch an expedition: but though he liſtened to their remonſtrances, he refuſed being directed by them; and, much againſt her inclination, quitted the cottage a few hours after his venerable benefactor.

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As Charles, from his infancy, had been accuſtomed to very long walks, he could travel five and twenty miles a day, without finding himſelf the leaſt fatigued—every peaſant he met, and every cottage he came to, alternately filled his boſom with hope and expectation, but, as conſtantly as he enquired after his unfortunate father, ſo conſtantly the ſenſations vaniſhed, and gave place to fear and diſappointment. At length he arrived at the foot of that ſtupendous mountain, which, from its height, has acquired the name of the Britiſh Alps, and oppreſſed by melancholy, and exhauſted by fatigue, he ſeated himſelf on the banks of the lake that waters its baſe, undetermined whether he ſhould *proceed* or *return*. In this melancholy ſtate of mind he was unexpectedly accoſted by an old Goatherd, who in the unintelligent jargon of the country, demanded what could make ſuch a pretty face look ſo ſorrowful? and what could

have

have brought him into that unfrequented part of the world, at ſuch a dreary ſeaſon of the year?

Charles had no ſooner ſatisfied the ſtranger's curioſity, both as to the cauſe of his dejection, and his journey, than he exclaimed "Cot pleſs my ſhoul! as I am a chriſtain man, my pretty teer, the poor teer ſhentleman you pe come ſuch away to look for, is now tying in my own little cottage—that is, if he pe not tead already—for his poor pones are all pattered to pieces de ye ſee, and he's juſt for all the world as though he had peen peaten in a mortar—put Cot Almighty is very cood, and has ſent his child to hear his tying preath, ſo come along, my teer, come along."

Charles had no ſooner heard the melancholy account of his father's ſituation, than he urged the peaſant to purſue his way, with the utmoſt expedition, thinking every minute an hour, until he arrived at

the humble dwelling, and trembling with apprehenſion leſt he ſhould be too late.

Though Charles was a ſtranger both to luxury and affluence, yet he had been accuſtomed to enjoy the comforts of life, and the very appearance of Morgan's cottage was enough to excite the moſt chilling ſenſations, for poverty herſelf ſeemed to have been the architect. If the outſide of the dwelling had the power of creating ſuch unpleaſing emotions, how muſt they have been increaſed upon his entrance, when he beheld the author of his being ſtretched upon a low humble pallet, and deeply groaning with exceſs of torture!

"My father! my beloved father!" exclaimed the duteous boy, throwing himſelf on his knees by the bed ſide, and tenderly graſping the emaciated hand, "Why did you leave—why did you e'er forſake your ſon?"—

"*Son!*" replied the unhappy man, gazing at him with a vacant ſtare—"Where

is

is my son? His mother's father must be *his*—but I will not see him—I will not be reproached by Mr. Hemmington;—Did I not burn Eliza's letters to him? and does he not believe us now in India?"

Charles soon perceived his father's senses were affected by the fever, yet the name of Hemmington struck him with astonishment, and the idea of being related to him instantly occurred; but the dreadful state to which he saw his father now reduced, banished all other considerations from his mind, and he auxiously demanded of his host whether no surgeon had been sent for to him?

"Cot bless your shoul, my teer," replied the man, "why what was the use of having doctors to him, when every pone in his poor poddy was all pattered like a mummy, and, besides, the doctor lives a cood long ten miles off, and Cod knows I could not spare the time to fetch him."

"Oh!

"Oh! do not mention *diſtance*," ſaid the unhappy Charles, "only direct me in the neareſt road, and I will *fly* to purchaſe his aſſiſtance." Morgan not only readily conſented to this, but offered to walk to the next village with him, for the ſake of purchaſing a few neceſſaries for the apparently dying man, with the money Charles had given him for that purpoſe. They had not proceeded more than half a mile, when Morgan clapped his hands, and ſuddenly exclaimed, "Cot Almighty pleſs my ſhoul this is the luckieſt thing that ever happened, for there is toctor Jones his very ſelf, and as cood a ſhentleman he is as ever trew a Chriſtian preath!" Charles did not wait for Morgan to finiſh his eulogium upon the doctor's ſkill, but ſpringing forward with redoubled activity, briefly made him acquainted with his father's ſituation, and conjured him to accompany him to the cottage, holding, at the ſame time, the purſe which Mr. Hemmington had given him,

him, in his hand, and declaring he ſhould have *that*, and *more* if he could ſave the life of his loved parent.

Mr. Jones, whoſe humanity was equal to his ſkill, took him affectionately by the hand, deſired him to replace his purſe, and endeavoured to inſpire him with hopes of his father's recovery; but no ſooner did he behold the dreadful ſtate to which his patient was reduced, than he was convinced of their fallacy, and inſtead of attempting to *ſupport* the *hope* he had raiſed, he rather tried to arm his mind with fortitude.

Mr. Jones had formerly been ſurgeon to an Eaſt-Indiaman; and in that ſituation was perſonally known to Mr. Henley, though the latter gentleman, at that period of time, bore the name of *Stanley*, which he ſoon after changed, in conſequence of a fortune left him by an uncle; but which, through the artifice of a pretended friend, and his own fondneſs for *gambling*, had been nearly all expended, and he had retired

tired from the world to indulge the miſanthropy of his natural diſpoſition, and to avoid the cenſure of his wife's father, who was highly incenſed againſt him.

Notwithſtanding the number of years which had elapſed, and the total alteration in Mr. Henley's appearance, yet Mr. Jones immediately recognized him, and ſhocked at the viciſſitudes of fortune, demanded of his ſon from whence they had been occaſioned? Charles, who was totally ignorant of his father's affairs, heard the ſurgeon's account of them with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, but was incapable of affording him the ſlighteſt information; and ſome days elapſed before the unfortunate man's ſenſes were ſufficiently reſtored to enable him to account for his dreadful ſituation. During that period, his amiable ſon never, for one moment, quitted the bedſide, adminiſtered all the medicines, attended to all his wants, and ſoothed his anguiſh, with that ſympathetic

thetic tenderneſs which at once evinced his duty and affection.

As Mr. Henley's danger daily increaſed, the fever which had occaſioned his delirium gradually declined, and he not only became ſenſible of his approaching diſſolution, but felt the force of a reproaching conſcience, which, though it did not accuſe him of *enormous vices*, yet ſeverely condemned him for being deficient in the practice of thoſe amiable virtues which at once ornament and dignify humanity. As a ſon, he had been headſtrong, preſumptuous, and undutiful; as a huſband, poſitive, unaffectionate, and overbearing; as a father, cruel, tyrannical, and capricious; and as a man, at one period of his life, profuſe, prodigal, and oſtentatious; and, at another, ſordid, ſullen, and miſanthropic!—With propenſities ſo unamiable, and paſſions ſo completely turbulent, how truly deplorable muſt have been that unfortunate man's ſituation through life!—

but

but how much did he become an object of commiseration at that aweful moment of it, when it drew near its close!

Mr. Jones not only acted the part of physician to the sick man's body, but to his mind, and endeavoured to inspire him with hopes both of mercy and forgiveness. The accident which brought on the premature death of this unhappy man, had been occasioned by a false step over one of those dangerous precipices with which that part of the country abounds; and the unexpected appearance of his father in law had been the means of his extending his rambles beyond the precincts of his abode, to avoid encountering a man whose censure he knew he deserved, and whose displeasure he had intentionally incurred.

As Charles had promised to send Mrs. Benson an account either of the *good* or *ill* success of his undertaking, a messenger was dispatched for that purpose, and the day preceding Mr. Henley's dissolution, that

that amiable woman arrived at Morgan's ſolitary cottage. I ſhall draw a veil over the melancholy ſcene that followed, and merely ſay, that the natural ſenſibility of Charles's diſpoſition was ſtrongly diſplayed upon the occaſion, and that he ſeemed rather to feel as if he had loſt a father whoſe greateſt gratification had conſiſted in promoting his happineſs, than one who had conſtantly teſtified a total indifference to it.

Mr. Hemmington was immediately made acquainted with the near relationſhip that ſubſiſted between him and his young favorite; and, eager to enfold the child of his beloved Eliza to his boſom, intreated he might be ſent immediately up to London; but, as the extreme fatigue he had undergone had brought on a ſlow nervous fever, Mr. Jones thought a journey of that length might be attended with the moſt dangerous conſequences; and it was determined that, inſtead of *going*, Charles ſhould write to his grandfather, and ac-

cordingly the following letter was immediately ſent to the poſt-office :—

" MY DEAR SIR,

"AS it is the opinion of thoſe friends, to whom I am under the higheſt obligations, that my health is not in a ſtate to undertake a journey, I know you would wiſh me to ſubmit to their deciſion, though contrary to my inclination, and my wiſhes.—Oh, my dear ſir! how little did I imagine when your benevolence firſt offered me protection, I had a greater claim upon your affection than that of common humanity —yet, even *then*, I reſolved (if my father conſented) my life ſhould be ſpent in proving my gratitude. But *now*, dear ſir, now that I find I may look upon you both as a *father* and a friend, how much more is that ſentiment increaſed; and I now aſſure you, that if affection, duty, and gratitude, can inſure me the continuance of

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the regard I hope to *merit*, I never ſhall have the misfortune of lamenting its loſs.

"My dear unhappy father too late felt the impropriety of his conduct; and on his death-bed deſired me to aſſure you of his contrition, and I am ſure you have too much humanity to extend your anger to the grave.—The tears which involuntarily fall to the memory of my lamented parent, I fear will render my writing illegible; but you will pardon this proof of tenderneſs and duty.

"As ſoon as Mr. Jones and Mrs. Benſon approve of my quitting Wales, I ſhall fly to the embraces of my benefactor, and endeavour to prove how much I am,

"Dear ſir,

"Your grateful and dutiful grandſon,

"CHARLES HENLEY."

In about a fortnight after this letter had been written, Charles's health was ſo perfectly re-eſtabliſhed, that he received Mr.

Jones's permiſſion to undertake the journey, and was received by his grandfather with a mixture of joy, love, and tenderneſs, that at once ſoftened and elated his youthful heart.

Though Mr. Hemmington had determined to leave the bulk of his large fortune to Charles Henley, yet he was reſolved to educate him for ſome profeſſion; convinced that the mind which is not occupied in ſome ardent or intereſting purſuits either become liſtleſs from inactivity, or depraved from vice; and as Charles had a decided preference for the church, he was ſent to Eton, preparatory to his being entered at Cambridge.

That docility of manners which had marked his conduct as a ſon, was ſtrictly obſerved when he became a pupil; and though he was a lad both of high ſpirit and temper, yet he never was guilty of diſreſpect to his ſuperiors, and was equally beloved both by maſters and ſcholars.

About

grandfather had purchaſed a very fine eſtate—with the following lines engraven on his monument.

Struck by ſtern death's unerring dart,
When every virtue bloomed;
When rich perfection grac'd his breaſt,
Then was that heart---entombed.

The Power Supreme, who ſaw his worth,
Reſolved that worth ſhould riſe,
By a removal from the earth,
To that bright ſpot---the ſkies.

HERBERT

HERBERT HUMPHREY.

HERBERT HUMPHREY, the only ſon of an eminent planter in the Weſt-Indies, was born on one of the moſt beautiful eſtates in that country, where he remained under the inſtruction of a private tutor, until he had attained his tenth year, when it was found the climate had injured his health, and he was placed under the guardianſhip of his father's brother, a clergyman of reſpectability in the weſt of England.

Mr. Edward Herbert was a gentleman of the higheſt erudition, and as his church preferment was rather ſmall, augmented his income by a few private pupils, who, by paying liberally for the inſtruction they received, enabled their tutor to live in a

ſtyle

ſtyle of elegance. Though theſe boys were not in the poſſeſſion, they were moſt of them born to the inheritance of a title; and, with all the *little* pride which is too often attached to it, fancied themſelves people of infinite importance, and that thoſe who could not boaſt of being deſcended from *nobility*, were formed of materials quite different to themſelves.

Poor Herbert, in addition to the mortification he was deſtined to endure, from being unable to claim *kindred* with a ſingle *title*, had the peculiar misfortune of being doubly inſignificant, from the ſhade which nature had given to his complexion; for his father, forgetful of thoſe diſtinctions, had married a very beautiful young woman, the daughter of an Indian chief, whom he had fortunately reſcued from the hands of her enemies;—and Herbert's introduction into this dignified ſociety was attended with the moſt pointed and illiberal incivility.

One boy enquired whether he had ſlept upon

upon the deck during his paſſage? another whether the ſun in that part of the world always changed the complexion? and a third, whether his mother was a *free woman* or a *ſlave?*

To theſe interrogations, which proved at once the weakneſs and inſolence of the enquires' mind, Herbert did not condeſcend to make any reply; but, turning to a boy, whoſe countenance had pleaſed him, began aſking ſome ſimple queſtion reſpecting the cuſtoms and manners of England. This lad, who appeared about a year holder than Herbert, was the only ſon of Sir Charles Effingham, a gentleman who had ſo completely injured his fortune on the turf, that he had been obliged to let his patrimonial eſtate, and to quit the country, for the ſake of avoiding the perſecution of his numerous creditors, leaving his ſon under the protection of his lady's father, from whon he ſtill had great expectations.

Mr.

Mr. Leſter, though naturally fond of his grandſon, was of a diſpoſition remarkably ſevere, and Oſmund Effingham was ſo fearful of diſpleaſing him, that he dreaded the return of every vacation, and was delighted at receiving a letter, on the day of Herbert's arrival, to ſay he was to ſpend the following one at the rectory. The intercourſe that took place in conſequence of this circumſtance, laid the foundation of their future friendſhip, and though their tempers were, in many points, diſſimilar, yet in generoſity of ſentiment they perfectly agreed.

Oſmund was endowed rather with a *quick* than a *ſolid underſtanding*; and, at the ſame time, had ſo great a diſlike to ſtudy, that he was eternally in diſgrace from the incorrectneſs of his taſks. Herbert, on the contrary, was both ſedate and manly, and ſo extremely fond of reading and application, that he could ſcarcely be perſuaded to devote any time to play.

The partiality which Oſmund teſtified for the young Weſt Indian, was the means of ſecuring him from the inſolence of the other boys; for though they ſtill thought themſelves degraded by his ſociety, they did not *openly* treat him with *contempt*, and would ſometimes condeſcend to ſolicit him to do their taſks.

About three years after Herbert had been in England, Mr. Leſter invited him to ſpend the vacation with his grandſon, who, delighted at the proſpect of having his friend for a companion, quitted the rectory in unuſual ſpirits. As Leſter Hall was only about twelve miles from Mr. Herbert's, a little poney was always ſent for Oſmund; but as Mr. Leſter had a high opinion of Herbert's *prudence*, he indulged him with the uſe of his own horſe, charging the groom, with the ſtricteſt caution, not to permit his grandſon to mount it.

Oſmund, who had often longed to ride this favourite animal, laughed at the injunction

junction of the ſervant, and, clapping his friend affectionately on his ſhoulder, ſaid, "Come, Herbert you will not be ſo crabbed as my grandfather, I know, and we can change horſes before we get near the hall." It was in vain that the groom remonſtrated, or that Herbert pointed out the poſſibility of his grandfather's diſcovering the impoſition, he was reſolved to follow the bent of his own inclination, and vaulting upon the ſaddle, was out of ſight in a few moments; and, had he not ſtopped at the turnpike, neither of them could have overtaken him.

As he was exulting in the idea of this piece of horſemanſhip, the diſtant cries of a pack of fox-hounds, at once ſtruck and charmed his ear; and he conjured Herbert, if he had the ſlighteſt affection for him, only to ride after them, for *two* or *three miles*. To this the ſervant *poſitively objected*, declaring he ſhould loſe his place, if he conſented to ſuch a thing; and Her-

bert protested if he attempted pursuing them, he would directly ride on to the hall. This *threat* he was certain would not be executed, and not doubting but they both would follow, he kissed his hand, and rode off full speed.

The poor man was so terrified by this manœuvre, that he was absolutely unable to attempt stopping him, and Herbert was so provoked at his folly and imprudence, that he could scarcely refrain from shedding tears. After debating how they were to act, they thought they had better remain near the present spot, for, as no other road led to the hut, they were certain he must return to it. After walking their horses near three hours, and suffering torment, from fear and apprehension, they beheld Osmund at a little distance, slowly approaching, with the bridle in his hand, and the poor animal he had been so anxious to ride, hobbling after him, upon three legs.

" Are

"Are you hurt?" exclaimed Herbert, in a voice abſolutely faultering with fear.—"I ſhall looſe my place, as ſure as I'm a ſinner!" ſaid the man, "and all through your headſtrong doings maſter Effingham! I'll be hanged if the mare is worth *five pounds*, and my maſter might have had *fifty* for her this morning; Oh, Lord! Oh, lord! I'd ſooner have given twenty ſhillings out of my pocket, than have had the job of fetching ye, maſter!"

"I dare not ſee my grandfather," ſaid Osmund, burſting into tears, "poſitively Herbert, I will *not go home*—and as to you, Peter," continued he, looking at the man, "I can never make you amends, for I know your maſter will turn you away, and perhaps you may ſtarve, through my folly!"

The ſympathizing tenderneſs of Herbert's diſpoſition, induced him not only to participate in his friend's diſtreſs, but to try all in his power to mitigate it, and, after

ſpending ſome time in conſultation and entreaty, he perſuaded him to let the blame devolve on himſelf, and it was agreed between them, that the groom ſhould ſay the horſe had fallen in conſequence of Herbert not having held the reins ſufficiently tight.

Herbert's affection for his thoughtleſs friend, had frequently impelled him to receive correction for failings which he alone had committed; but voluntarily to incur the diſpleaſure of a man like Mr. Leſter, was certainly a proof of the moſt diſintereſted regard, and was much more painful in its conſequences, than the ſevereſt flogging could have been.

The old gentleman, impatient for his dinner, and alarmed for his horſe, was fretfully walking about his park, when he diſcovered Herbert and Oſmund riding on one horſe, and the terrified groom leading the other, which appeared ſcarcely able to crawl.

"Here!

"Here! you young jackanips, Ofmund!" exclaimed he, "what have *you* been riding my *Juno?* If you have you *undutiful* rogue, poſitively I'll break every bone in your ſkin!" Trembling with fear, the alarmed Herbert diſmounted from the poney, and, in the moſt aſſuaſive terms, diſcloſed the fatal cataſtrophe that had happened, apologizing for his inexperience in riding, and wholly exculpating his friend from blame.

"I wiſh you had been in her ſituation," replied the Churliſh being, "or if you had broke your *neck*, it would have been no matter,—however, I'll take care how I aſk chaps like *you again*. Why I ſuppoſe you thought you was riding an *elephant* or a *camel*, or ſome of them outlandiſh things you meet with in your country? well, well, for my part, I wiſh you had never come out of it, or that I had never let you croſs the back of my poor Juno!" ſo ſaying, he walked away to the ſtable,

and

and venting the remaining part of his ill humour on the unoffending groom.

It was some days before the unfortunate animal was able to move her legs, but, at the expiration of that time, the farrier pronounced her in a fair way of recovery, and declared that she would be only injured in *appearance* by the fall. This intelligence softened the asperity of the old gentleman's temper, and taking Herbert affectionately by the hand, he told him he believed he had treated him rather rudely; but the *rougher now*, the *smoother another time*; "Hey, my boy!" then slipping a guinea into his hand, desired him to lay it out at the neighbonring fair; instead of which, Herbert presented it to the groom, as a compensation for all the agitation he had suffered through the folly of his friend.

Though both the boys were extremely happy in the society of each other, yet neither of them were sorry when the expiration of the holidays arrived, and were

extremely

extremely concerned at hearing the old gentleman declare he ſhould keep them a few days beyond the time, as he intended conveying them back to the rectory, having ſome particular buſineſs to tranſact with a lady, in the neighbourhood. This lady, whoſe name was Mercer, had long been an object of the boys' averſion, for, as ſhe lived within a few doors of Mr. Humphrey, ſhe was continually making complaints againſt them, and they had ſo often been puniſhed through her *ill nature*, that at length they reſolved upon retaliation.

When Mr. Leſter propoſed paying her a viſit, Oſmund and Herbert requeſted leave to accompany him; for, knowing that her garden abounded in fruit, they thought themſelves ſecure of a tolerable portion, and were not a little mortified at ſeeing her meanly divide an apricot between them. This circumſtance they related to their ſchool-fellows, who, previouſly exaſperated againſt her conduct, were reſolved

ed no longer to defer their vengeance, and the next evening excecuted the following plan :—

Having accidentally diſcovered that ſhe had an averſion to *cats*, they collected all that the neighbourhood produced, and faſtening a bell round their necks, confined them together in a general bag. Bribery ſecured the aſſiſtance of the gardener, who ſupplied them with a ladder, to aſcend the wall, and, as Mrs. Mercer was ſitting reading in her drawing room, the window was thrown open, and the bag emptied.

Fits and faintings were the effect of this alarm, for the animals, terrified at their own noiſe, flew round the apartment, with an appearance of phrenzy, breaking and deſtroying whatever oppoſed their progreſs. Juſtly exaſperated at ſuch an outrage, the offended lady reſolved to diſcover the perpetrators of an act, at once inſulting and *inhuman*; and knowing that bribery is more

more forcible than perſuaſion, ſhe offered a twenty pound reward to the diſcloſer of the plot.

Twenty pounds in the pocket of a gardener, would at any time enable him to become a *maſter man*, and as to the bond of fidelity between him and *ſchool boys*, that was too *fragile* to reſiſt the power of *intereſt*, and the man who had aſſiſted the perpetration of the deed, was the unprincipled creature who diſcloſed it.

Though all the boys were acceſſary to the plan, the execution of it was committed to the daring Oſmund, who, always eager to be foremoſt in miſchief, never foreſaw the conſequences that attended it, and, from his careleſſneſs and temerity of diſpoſition, was eternally ſubject to ſome diſgrace.

Though nothing could be ſaid in vindication of the conduct, Mrs. Mercer certainly acted with unjuſtifiable ſeverity; for, inſtead of acquainting Mr. Herbert with

with the circumſtance, ſhe immediately ſent to an officer of juſtice, who apprehended Oſmund in the public ſchool.

Herbert, who knew his friends dependence on his grandfather, entirely reſted on his *good opinion*, was perſuaded that a circumſtance ſo compleatly diſgraceful, would totally deſtroy his future proſpects; and, before Oſmund could attempt a juſtification of his conduct, he told his uncle there muſt have been ſome miſtake in the affair, as *he* was the *perſon* that had ſcaled Mrs. Mercer's wall.

Mr. Humphrey was ſhocked at this declaration, for, as his nephew had ever been a promoter of order and regularity, he was the laſt boy he would have ſuſpected in the ſchool; and, after chaſtiſing him with the utmoſt ſeverity, he went directly to Mrs. Mercer, and with great difficulty compromiſed the affair.

This circumſtance, which every boy had witneſſed, exalted Herbert in their eſtimation,

tion, and they began unanimouſly to believe that elevated conduct was not merely attached to *nobility*, but that a generous and diſintereſted action might be performed, without the auxiliaries of *birth* and *title*.

About two years after this circumſtance occurred, Mr. Humphrey and his lady returned to England, poſſeſſed of a fortune abſolutely princely, and only anxious it ſhould be devoted to the happineſs of their ſon. Oſmund was immediately introduced to their acquaintance, and the liberal allowance Herbert received from his father, enabled him to compenſate for Mr. Leſter's parſimony, who inſtead of increaſing his grandſon's allowance, abſolutely denied him the moſt innocent recreations.

Though Sir Charles had quitted England upon a plan of economy, and with a view of avoiding the claims of his creditors, yet the habits of luxury and diſſipation were ſo firmly engrafted, that he found it impoſſible to break through them, and the ſame

degree of extravagance which had been so destructive to his credit, in *one country*, was thoughtlessly persevered in, when he arrived in another, until the embarrassment of his circumstances was so oppressive to his feelings, that it brought on a slow nervous fever, which totally baffled the skill of his physicians, and, at length, terminated his existence!

A short time previous to this melancholy circumstance, Osmund's expectation of inheriting the fortune of his grandfather was totally cut off, by his unexpected marriage, and the unfortunate youth came to a title, without scarcely three hundred a year to support it.

Beggary and nobility are terrible companions, and the disappointed Osmund, anxious to disencumber his estate from mortgage, resolved to try his success at cards.—Just as he was going into a gaming-house, he accidentally encountered his friend Herbert, who, finding he could

not

not diſſuade him from his purpoſe, reſolved to attend him to this vortex of deſtruction.

The brilliancy of the apartment, the elegance of the company, and the immenſe ſums that were laying promiſcuouſly ſcattered upon the table, animated the boſom of the youthful adventurer, and, big with the hopes of *retrieving* his *fortune*, he thoughtleſsly inſured its *total ruin*. Two gentlemen, peculiarily elegant in their manner, after a ſlight converſation upon different ſubjects, invited both the young men to form a table, and upon Herbert declaring that he never played, he offered to find a fourth to make up the deficiency. The unſuſpicious Oſmund accepted the propoſal, and fortune, for a while, proved much his friend; but ſuddenly the ſcene was changed, and the deluded victim of deſign, in leſs than two hours, was reduced to poverty, diſgrace, and ſhame!

Herbert's diſtreſs, during the whole of this proceeding, was ſtrikingly diſplayed in every feature, and cloſely watching the play of his friend's opponent, he was convinced he won by an *unfair* purſuit, and quitting the apartments unobſerved, he flew directly to an officer of juſtice, and returned to the ſcene of extortion and iniquity juſt as the frantic Oſmund was eſcaping from it.

"I am *ruined* and *undone!*" (ſaid he in a voice of frenzy), "my father left me ſcarcely *above want*, and my *own folly* has now finally inſured it!"

"Where are the men who've *robbed* you of your *fortune?*" ſaid the impatient Herbert, fearing they had eſcaped the power of juſtice—at that moment he perceived them deſcending the ſtairs, and giving the officer, who accompanied them, an intelligent glance; they were inſtantly taken in cuſtody, where they were detained until Mr. Humphrey arrived,

rived, to whom Herbert had dispatched a messenger the moment he perceived the unfair method they had practised during their play.

Terrified at the prospect of having their iniquity exposed, they not only offered to return the promissory notes they had received from Osmund, but to present him with two hundred pounds they had that evening won from another gentleman. The *latter* part of this proposal was indignantly spurned by the exasperated Mr. Humphrey, who resolved to make an example of two destructive beings, who, by fraud and injustice, had long supported their families in a style of luxury and extravagance, and were even received in the most polished circles.

Warned by this fortunate escape from ruin, the impetuous Osmund resolved in future, never to act contrary to the council of his friend; and cured by it of a natural love for play, he made an absolute

determination never again to touch a card, which he was the more likely to adhere to, from having taken up his reſidence in Mr. Humphrey's family.

About two years after this occurrence had taken place, Mr. Humphrey found a diſorder he had contracted, by a long reſidence in an unhealthy climate, making ſuch rapid inroads on his conſtitution, that he was perſuaded he could not long ſtruggle againſt it, and ſending for his ſon into his apartment, expreſſed his deſire of arranging all his worldly affairs, and requeſted he would tell him how large a portion of his fortune ſhould be left as a *legacy* to his *friend?*

Herbert's agitation at the proſpect of loſing ſo kind and indulgent a father, was evinced by the moſt unfeigned affliction and tender attention; but as the phyſicians had candidly informed him Mr. Humphrey's recovery was impoſſible, for his friend's ſake, he wiſhed him to ſettle his affairs

affairs; and after requeſting his mother might be enabled to live in the ſame ſtyle to which ſhe had always been accuſtomed, he begged the reſidue of the fortune might be equally *divided between* Oſmund and himſelf.

Mr. Humphrey, though very partial to his ſon's favourite, ſtrongly oppoſed this diviſion; but finding that he preſſed it with moſt perſuaſive eloquence, at length yielded to the ſolicitation; and as the property was all perſonal, there was no difficulty in making the diviſion.

Oſmund's aſtoniſhment at hearing of this unexpected acquiſition of property, could only be equalled by the firmneſs of his reſolution to refuſe accepting it; for, though he had never felt his delicacy wounded at receiving *ſmall* ſums from the hands of his liberal minded friend, he thought it incompatible either with principle or probity to take advantage of ſuch unheard-of friendſhip; and it was not

until

until Herbert determined to break through all intercourſe, that he was perſuaded to avail himſelf of Mr. Humphrey's generoſity.

All the mortgages upon the Effingham eſtates were immediately paid off by the advice of Herbert, and fifteen thouſand pounds, which then remained, divided between Lady Effingham and her only daughter, who both reſided with Mr. Leſter.

Emily Effingham was both lovely and engaging; and Herbert's friendſhip for the brother inclined him to feel an attachment for the ſiſter, which he ſoon had penetration enough to perceive was not wholly diſagreeable. Pleaſed with the proſpect of having the bonds of affection ſtrengthened by the ties of relationſhip, he made immediate propoſals to her ladyſhip. The patron of the ſon was certain of meeting the approbation of the mother, and the beautiful Emily delighted at the preference of a man whoſe friendſhip had been ſo

thoroughly

thoroughly exalted, consented, without reluctance, to become his wife.

Soon after this circumstance had taken place, the death of Mrs. Humphrey put her son in possession of her ample jointure, and purchasing an estate within a few miles of his friend's residence, he lived upon it in a style of the utmost elegance, devoting, at the same time, an eighth part of the income to the purposes of *charity* and *benevolence*. A numerous family was the result of this alliance, and, in forming their infant minds to virtue, the amiable pair derived the highest gratification, and both lived to see them elegantly established in respectable and elevated situations.

The friendship which had been formed during the days of childhood, terminated only with the existence of Mr. Humphrey, and the lines which Sir Osmund had inscribed upon his tomb, proved that it lived even beyond the grave—

When

When near this facred fculptur'd urn
Unthinking mortals bend,
Here let them paufe--for they may learn
To be a faithful friend!

Here lies the mortal earthly frame
Of one whofe ample breaft
Rais'd a lov'd friend from want and fhame,
And made him truly bleft!

Herbert Humphrey, Obt. Feb. 27, 1798. Æ. 65.

FREDERICK

FREDERICK FITZALLEN.

FREDERICK FITZALLEN was the only ſon of a Colonel of that name, who, after many years ſpent in the ſervice of his country, retired upon half pay, to a ſmall patrimonial eſtate in the northern part of Ireland. On this eſtate, which was called Ballyvolin Vale, the youthful hero of the preſent ſtory firſt drew his infant breath, to the mutual joy of both his parents, who began to deſpair of leaving an heir to their little property, which, in that caſe, muſt have deſcended to a remote branch of the family.

Mrs. Fitzallen was, at leaſt, twenty years younger than the Colonel, whom ſhe had married at ſixteen, for the purpoſe of eſcaping from the oppreſſive controul of a capri-

cious

cious mother-in-law, and obtaining a precedency over her eldeſt ſiſter, towards whom ſhe had always felt a moſt invincible diſlike; and the Colonel, whoſe affections had been ſuddenly attracted by the charms of her perſon, had taken no pains to diſcover the imperfections of her mind.

This union, ſo completely unequal in point of *years*, was perfectly conſiſtent in point of *conſequences*, and neither the lady or gentleman derived from it thoſe gratifications they had ſo fooliſhly expected. Mrs. Fitzallen, whoſe arbitrary diſpoſition diſdained controul, found the inclinations of a huſband as unpleaſing to ſubmit to, as the commands of a parent, and the Colonel readily allowed, that it was more eaſy to govern a *regiment* of *ſoldiers*, than *ſubdue* the *caprices* of an *overbearing wife*. A contradiction of opinions, and a ſtruggling for power, had been warmly ſupported between the two parties for nearly the ſpace of four years, when the ſubject of theſe memoirs happily appeared as the harbinger

of

of peace, and the reſtorer of tranquillity, and ſo completely was the little irritability of the Colonel's temper ſoftened, by his arrival, that he reſolved, from that period, to allow pre-eminence to his lady. This reſolution formed, in the hour of mutual happineſs, was no leſs tranſitory than the happineſs, itſelf; and the firſt impreſſions the child was capable of receiving, were tinctured with a *diſlike* to each of his *parents*. When Mrs. Fitzallen met with the ſlighteſt oppoſition to her inclinations or deſires, ſhe conſtantly accuſed her huſband of being the *deſtroyer* of her *peace*, and would frequently preſs the little Frederick to her boſom, and enquire whether, when he became a man, he would *ſuffer* her to be *uſed* ſo *cruelly?* whilſt the Colonel would empaſſioned declare, the boy would be totally ruined by her folly, without attempting to counteract its effects.

This mode of conduct, ſo highly improper in them both, had an effect pecu-

liarly unfortunate upon Frederick, who naturally of hot turbulent diſpoſition, ſoon learned to deſpiſe the authority of both his parents, and, by the time he had attained his ninth year, would openly avow his diſreſpect to their commands. Colonel Fitzallen was compleatly ſhocked at theſe early proofs of preſumption in his ſon; but worn by diſeaſe, and dejected by diſappointment, he was unable to correct the evil he lamented, and this overbearing temper was ſuffered to increaſe until the boy became the tyrant of the family.

The ſudden and unexpected death of the unfortunate Colonel, was the means of inducing Mrs. Fitzallen's father to viſit Ballyvolin, and alarmed at the unamiable traits in his grandſon's diſpoſition, he prevailed upon his daughter to ſend him immediately to ſchool, and ſtrongly recommended one at Londonderry.

Mrs. Fitzallen, who had already felt the ill effect of her partiality and indulgence, willingly

willingly acceded to this propoſal, and Frederick was induced to conſent to their ſcheme, under an idea that he was to be his grandfather's gueſt; but when he arrived at the ſpot of his future reſidence, and found that he was to be placed at a public academy, his rage and indignation knew no bounds, and he even attempted ſtriking his grandfather.

Mr. Patrick, who was a man both of ſpirit and reſolution, ſoon taught him to *repent* ſuch an inſtance of *temerity*, and Frederick had ſagacity enough to diſcover that the ſame behaviour would not do at Londonderry, he had practiſed, with ſo much ſucceſs, at Ballyvolin Vale. Mr. Newton, the maſter of the ſchool where Mr. Patrick placed his grandſon, was a man of great erudition and high reſpectability, but of a temper ſo complete mild, that he was inclined to paſs over trifling imperfections, and was, therefore, not en-

tirely the kind of man under whose care Frederick ought to have been consigned.

The moment our young hero was established in the school, he selected, amongst the number, one of the boys as an intimate friend; and as there was a great similarity in their dispositions, the two young gentlemen were soon inseparable. Cavan Langford was near two years older than his new companion, and though he possessed more subtlety of temper than his friend, he had much less of that daring boldness, which, from his infancy, had marked the character of Frederick.

Though Mr. Newton, was by no means a strict disciplinarian himself, yet the gentleman, who was next in consequence in the school, amply compensated for the superior's deficiency, and whenever either business or pleasure obliged Mr. Newton to be absent from it, he always took care to exert his authority in a way no less painful than mortifying to the boys, and in consequence

ſequence of this proceeding, he was univerſally hated by them all.

Frederick, who with the utmoſt difficulty, could ſubmit to the authority of Mr. Newton, openly defied that of his aſſiſtant; and, upon his firſt attempt to inflict perſonal chaſtiſement upon him, he not only made uſe of the moſt ſcurrilous language, but diſcharged the ſlate he held in his hand with ſuch violence at his head, that the corner of it made a wound in the poor man's temple, more than an inch an half in length.

This daring outrage againſt delegated power, was conſidered, by Mr. Newton, of ſo unpardonable a nature, that he reſolved to expel the author of it from the ſchool, dreading the effect ſuch an act of violence might produce upon the reſt of the boys; and ſending immediately for Frederick's grandfather, he declared his reſolution of not permitting him to remain any longer one of the community.

Mr. Patrick was too well acquainted with the perverſe diſpoſition of his grandſon, to imagine that *diſgrace alone* would be likely to make a laſting impreſſion upon it, unleſs it was accompanied by ſome more perſonal mark of his maſter's indignation, and after many expoſtulations from Mr. Patrick, Mr. Newton at length conſented to Frederick's remaining in the ſchool, on condition of his making Mr. Brownlow (which was the uſher's name), the neceſſary conceſſions for ſuch a mode of conduct, and ſubmitting with humiliation to whatever puniſhment his maſter thought proper to inflict.

Frederick, who had been confined to his apartment from the moment of his diſgraceful conduct, was exulting in the idea of being expelled from ſchool, as he had an invincible averſion to ſtudy; when he received a ſummons to attended his grandfather, who, after ſeverely reprimanding him for the outrage he had committed, informed

formed him he must either publicly apologize to Mr. Brownlow for it, and patiently submit to the punishment due to his crime, or accompany Captain Dawson to the coast of Africa, where he would be treated with the rigour and severity he deserved.

The idea of apologizing to a being he despised, was peculiarly mortifying to a disposition like Frederick's; yet the distressing alternative to which he was reduced, compelled him not to hesitate in his choice, and he reluctantly made those concessions the necessity of the case extorted from him, at the same time forming a resolution to be *privately* revenged for the degradation. Mr. Newton, after expatiating upon the atrocity of his pupil's conduct, prepared to inflict that corporeal chastisement he so justly merited; and in addition to his mental and bodily humiliation, he had the mortification of hearing his grandfather declare he should remain at school during the ensuing vacation.

Though

Though Mrs. Fitzallen's affections had been warmly attached to her ſon during his days of childhood, yet the ungrateful return he had made for her tenderneſs, united to the aſſiduous attentions of a young fortune hunter (attracted by her jointure, rather than her charms), had greatly weakened this natural impreſſion in his favour, and ſhe acceded to her father's propoſal of his remaining at ſchool, with a readineſs wholly unexpected by him, and Frederick's appeal to her authority for counteracting that of his grandfather's, was totally diſregarded and unattended to.

Exaſperated at this unexpected inſtance of maternal diſregard, the diſappointed boy gave way to the moſt violent paroxiſms of rage and indignation, which only ſubſided by his friend Langford imparting a ſcheme of private revenge againſt the object of their mutual abhorrence; which, if properly executed, would not only be the means of removing him from his preſent

ſituation,

ſituation, but prevent the poſſibility of his obtaining an eſtabliſhment in any one of a ſimilar nature.

As Mr. Newton was averſe to perſonal chaſtiſement for petty failings, a forfeit box was erected in the ſchool, into which was put ſmall ſums for the tranſgreſſion of ſuch rules as were eſtabliſhed for the good order of the ſociety; and this box was committed to the care of Mr. Brownlow, and regularly opened on the day preceding the vacation, and its contents divided into two parts: the one was diſtributed amongſt the ſervants, and the other was devoted to the gratification of the boys, and either purchaſed for them an excellent ſupper, or enable them to give a dance to their friends in the place. This box Langford had contrived to open, and had made himſelf maſter of great part of its contents, which he propoſed placing under the papers in Mr. Brownlow's deſk; and as ſome of the boys had forfeited pocket

pieces

pieces which they had promiſed to redeem at the opening of the box, he had no doubt but that circumſtance would lead to the diſcovery of the theft. As it then wanted near a fortnight to the vacation, he propoſed that both Frederick and himſelf ſhould ſpend the little money they had by them in purchaſing pocket-pieces, then purpoſely tranſgreſs thoſe rules which would compel them to forfeit, and requeſt permiſſion of Mr. Brownlow to ſubſtitute their pocket pieces in the place of money, until they received their allowance, and were enabled to redeem them.

This artful propoſal was agreed to with avidity, and Frederick determining to place the circumſtance beyond a doubt, contrived to ſteal ſeveral articles from the different boys, and put them in the drawers of the unſuſpicious uſher, which was managed without the ſlighteſt difficulty, as the ſame key opened the lock both of the deſk and the drawers.

The

The day of exultation at length arrived, and the injured Brownlow beheld, with aſtoniſhment, the box which had always been conſigned to his care, unexpectedly robbed of almoſt all its treaſure! The boys ſhocked at the idea of being deprived of their accuſtomed gratification, loudly exclaimed againſt the atrocity of the thief, whilſt Langford, with well-feigned ſorrow for the loſs of his pocket-pieces, declared himſelf ready to give ten times the value of them, as they had been the gift of his *departed mother*. During the confuſion this circumſtance had occaſioned, Mr. Newton received a ſummons from his wife to inform him that upon examining the inventories of the young gentlemen's apparel, previous to their quitting ſchool, many articles were deficient in great numbers of them, and that ſhe conſidered it neceſſary to ſearch the houſe. The propoſal was inſtantly made to all the ſervants, who, conſcious of their own integrity, willingly

conſented

consented to the projected plan; but not a single article was found amongst them, and Mr. Newton returned to the scene of universal tumult, to demand the keys of all his pupils desks.

Langford and Frederick both murmured at the proposal, declaring that such treatment was an *insult* upon *gentlemen*, and the unsuspicious Brownlow, to silence their complainings, requested the *usher's desks* might be included in the research; but who shall describe either his horror or astonishment, when both money and pocket pieces were discovered at the bottom of his own! All subordination at that moment ceased, and it was with the utmost difficulty the boys were restrained from evincing their resentment by *personal indignities.* It was in vain that he protested his innocence of the crime, or declared his resolution to discover the perpetrator of it; the evidence of guilt was too strong to admit of palliation, and Mr. Newton insisted upon the unfortunate

unfortunate man's quitting the houſe, without allowing him an opportunity either of clearing his character, or detecting the artifice of his enemies.

The ſucceſs which had attended this maſter-piece of iniquity, was an incitement to the perpetrators of it to extend the practice, and they were continually amuſing themſelves with taking advantage of the credulity of the other boys, or in ſome ſcheme to outwit the uſhers. Though providence permits vice to triumph for a ſeaſon, the period always arrives when it is diſcovered in its native deformity, and when the deceptious veil, which has ſo long concealed it, is withdrawn for the advantage of the *unſuſpicious* and *unwary!*

Frederick and Langford had long been companions in ſin and iniquity, when the latter was ſeized with an alarming diſorder, and terrified at the proſpect of his approaching diſſolution, thought that, by making a diſcloſure of the crimes he had

committed, he ſhould obtain forgiveneſs in the eye of heaven!

Shocked at the idea of having his character expoſed, Frederick implored, conjured, and intreated; but the unhappy boy, who was labouring under the anguiſh of a diſeaſed body, and a tortured mind, was totally deaf to his friend's intreaties; and, upon Mr. Newton's entering the room at that very moment made a frank confeſſion of his former guilt, and exculpated the uſher from every kind of blame.

The agitation of mind which the unfortunate boy endured during the period of this recital, haſtened the moments he ſeemed ſo much to dread, and feeling the hand of death ſuddenly arreſt him, he ſprang up in his bed, and with a ghaſtly terrified appearance, conjured thoſe who were around him to ſave him from deſtruction! Hardened as was the heart of Frederick, the horrid ſcene made a deep impreſſion on it, and graſping the cold hand of his dying friend,

he

he wept upon it with an emotion of violence. "Oh Frederick!" ſaid the helpleſs Langford, in a voice ſcarcely to be underſtood, "had I but taken as much pains to lead you in the path of virtue, as I did to allure you into that of vice, how different would have been my feelings at this aweful moment!—but Oh! pray for—Oh! pray for my departing ſoul!"

The worthy Mr. Newton endeavoured to compoſe the horrors of his mind, and to convince him that the truly penitent might juſtly hope for pardon and forgiveneſs; and ſending immediately for the clergyman of the pariſh, he joined him fervently in acts of prayer and interceſſion, and the unhappy Langford breathed his laſt, amidſt the humble petitions of his ſurrounding friends.

Though it was impoſſible that Mr. Newton could retain a boy of Frederick's diſpoſition in his ſchool, after he had been made acquainted with the depravity of his con-

duct, yet humanity induced him to avoid expoſing it; and fancying that the aweful ſcene he had ſo lately witneſſed, muſt teach him to view his actions with abhorrence, he endeavoured to ſtrengthen thoſe ſenſations by the moſt ſerious and friendly advice, and after a lecture of a couple of hours, he returned his pupil into Mr. Patrick's hands.

Mrs. Fitzallen had, previous to this circumſtance, long been united to the object of her affection, and as her huſband's regiment had been ordered abroad, ſhe had accompanied him to the Weſt Indies, and left her ſon wholly under the care of his grand-father, who, not knowing how to diſpoſe of him, propoſed ſending him into that country.

To the Weſt Indies, this headſtrong boy openly avowed a ſtrong averſion; and as his heart was incapable of filial attachment, the ſeeing a parent there was no attraction.—To ſupport a lad of the moſt amiable diſpoſition in indolence and inactivity, would

be

be to hazard the deſtruction of his virtuous propenſities; but to ſuffer a mind like Frederick's to remain unoccupied, Mr. Patrick was convinced would be to inſure his eternal ruin; and he inſiſted upon his making choice of that profeſſion to which he felt moſt inclined.

As ſtudy and application had ever been his averſion, the army alone ſeemed calculated to avoid it, and upon expreſſing a deſire to obtain a commiſſion, a lieutenancy was purchaſed in the ſixty-firſt regiment, and on the day he entered his ſeventeenth year, he was ordered to embark with it for the Weſt Indies. This mandate he heard with ſenſations of grief, rage, and mortification; but as he found reſiſtance impracticable, he prepared to obey what he could not counteract. The paſſage was quick, the voyage proſperous, and the regiment arrived on the ſtationary iſland without any thing materially happening, either to the men or officers; and the firſt circumſtance

that called forth Frederick's aſtoniſhment was, that his regiment was to relieve that to which his father-in-law belonged.

Though Frederick's heart was *incapable of tenderneſs*, it was open to impreſſions of *intereſt* and *advantage*; and the proſpect of deriving benefit from his father-in-law's experience, induced him to put on the maſk of duty and affection, and he immediately went in ſearch of Mr. Macnamara's lodgings.

At the time of Mr. Macnamara's marriage with Mrs. Fitzallen, he was an Enſign in the regiment in which he afterwards purchaſed a company; but from a natural propenſity to the vices of the age, he was under the neceſſity of parting with his commiſſion for half its value; and at the period of his ſon-in-law's arrival in that country, he had quitted both that and his wife (whom he had left in the moſt abject and forlorn condition) the prey of diſappointment, mortification, and diſeaſe!—Frederick,

inſtead

inſtead of flying with open arms to the aſſiſtance of his unfortunate mother, was no ſooner made acquainted with her diſtreſs, than he inhumanly refuſed her the ſmalleſt ſuccour, and inſtead of commiſerating the ſituation to which ſhe was reduced, inſulted her misfortunes by a condemnation of her conduct.

That diſtreſs which had appealed in vain to the humanity of a child, made an impreſſion on a heart unattracted by conſanguinity, and the unfortunate Mrs. Macnamara received, in a blank cover, a ſum ſufficient to enable her to embark for England, where ſhe might ſeek for that ſhelter in parental arms, which had been denied to her in filial ones!

The ſtrength of Frederick's paſſions, and the violence of his temper, was continually evinced during his reſidence in the Weſt Indies, and there was not a man in the whole regiment ſo completely deſpiſed and deteſted as himſelf. The moment for his return

return at length arrived, and as the period of his entering on his patrimonial property drew nigh, his insolence and arrogance seemed to increase, and whilst he exulted in the idea of his *own importance*, he imagined the whole world must be subservient to it. A young man of spirit, but of conciliating manners, had, with indignation, beheld this supercilious behaviour, but, as no personal affront had ever been offered him, he avoided taking notice of what he heartily despised. At length, however, he considered *himself* insulted, and incapable of submitting to the slightest indignity, he told Frederick he insisted upon an immediate apology. Unaccustomed, from his infancy to control his passions, or subdue his rage, the headstrong Frederick darted a look of fury at the amiable young man, and drawing his sword in a moment of phrenzy, inhumanly plunged it into his unguarded breast.

Horror—grief—terror—and despair, at once

once poſſeſſed the wretched Frederick's mind; and had it not been for the intervention of the ſurrounding throng, the crime of *ſuicide* would have been added to that of *murder!* The unhappy culprit was inſtantly ſecured, and his perſon fettered by ignominious chains, which his ungovernable paſſions had been the means of forging; and when the ſhip arrived at the deſtined port, he became a ſpectacle of abhorrence to the ſurrounding multitude, who crowded on the ſtrand to behold the unfortunate victim of lawleſs paſſion.

The melancholy news of Frederick's fate too ſoon reached the ears of his unhappy parent; who, ſtruck with a ſenſe of her own miſconduct, in the early part of his education, and ſhocked at the proſpect of his ignominious death, inſtantly fell into a ſtate of deſpondency, from which, neither the tenderneſs of her father, or the ſolicitude of her friends, was ever after capable of rouſing her.

Though

Though Mr. Patrick was convinced that neither intereſt or power could protract the life of his unfortunate grand-ſon, yet he thought it his duty to make the trial; and, if he could not preſerve an exiſtence juſtly devoted to the laws of his country, miniſter as much as poſſible to the comfort of its cloſe. With this laudadle and humane intention, he left his wretched daughter to the care of her friends, and going on board an Iriſh packet, arrived at Holyhead in ſix and thirty hours, and proceeded to Wincheſter with the utmoſt expedition.

From the dreadful moment of Frederick's confinement, the ſound of pity had never reached his ear, or the voice of tenderneſs ſoothed the ſorrows of his heart. The ſullen keeper had either ſilently conveyed his ſcanty ſhare of ſuſtenance, or inſultingly demanded whether he approved it. How ſweetly conſoling, then, muſt have been the ſympathizing tear of paternal com

miſeration,

miſeration, and how unexpectedly grati fying the preſence of a friend.

A carriage and four ſtopping at the gate of a priſon in a country town, was ſufficient to attract the attention of the lower order of ſociety; and before Mr. Patrick could alight from it, he heard the murmuring crowd draw curſes on the head of his unhappy grand-ſon, whoſe ſeverity of diſcipline with the men under his command, had been the means of producing *univerſal hatred*.

With trembling ſteps, and palpitating heart, the agitated Mr. Patrick followed the keeper to the diſmal cell; and when the maſſive door diſcloſed the wretched culprit, a groan of ſorrow ſhook his aged frame!—Stretched at his length, upon a truſs of ſtraw, lay the ſad offspring of his much-loved child; and as he roſe to view the form that entered, the clinking chains ſtruck horror on his heart!—"Frederick!" ſobbed out the poor old man, "unhappy, wretched

wretched boy—Oh! how my heart is torn with grief and ſorrow, thus to behold you, after years of abſence!"

"Oh ſpare me! ſpare me!" exclaimed the wretched youth, "nor drive me frantic by the voice of pity! I am the verieſt wretch that crawls on earth, and all my ſins crowd heavily upon me!"

Mr. Patrick took him gently by the hand, and ſeating him on the ſtraw from which he had juſt aroſe, endeavoured to compoſe the agitation of his mind: and after ſome hours ſpent in religious and intereſting converſation, had the happineſs of leaving him more reſigned. By enquiring into the circumſtances attending the death of the amiable young man who had fallen a victim to Frederick's fury, Mr. Patrick was convinced that the fate of his grandſon was inevitable; and inſtead of appealing to the power of *juſtice*, he reſolved only to apply to that of *mercy*, and by that means procure, for the unhappy culprit,

prit, thoſe comforts of which he ſtood in ſo much need. In conſequence of this application, he was removed from the cell in which he had ſo long been confined, into one of thoſe devoted to the debtors, where he patiently awaited the awful ſentence which ſummoned him to appear before the eternal throne.

The day previous to that fixed upon for the unfortunate young man's execution, a meſſenger arrived, expreſs from Ireland, with the melancholy intelligence of Mrs. Macnamara being pronounced by her phyſicians paſt recovery. The wretched father, agonized by this intelligence, took a melancholy leave of his repentant grandſon, who, in addition to all his ſufferings, had the miſery of knowing his diſgraceful conduct had ſhortened the exiſtence of his unhappy parent.

The final hour at length arrived, which was to determine the career of headſtrong paſſion; and ſhow, to the ſurrounding

multitude, the fatal effects of an ungovernable temper! the dreadful ſcene was at once *ſolemn*, *melancholy*, and *diſtreſſing*, and left, upon the minds of the numerous ſpectators, a leſſon more impreſſive than the moſt pointed precept.

When the body had remained ſuſpended the accuſtomed time, it was delivered into the care of Mr. Patrick's ſervant, who, at a little diſtance from the awful ſcene, waited with a hearſe ready to receive it, and afterwards ſaw it depoſited in a prepared tomb, with this remarkable inſcription placed over it :—

If head-ſtrong paſſion ſhakes the mind,
Pauſe o'er this ſilent tomb;
For here its victim lies confin'd,
Cut off in manhood's bloom!

F. F. Ob. Nov. 17, *Æ.* 20.

HORACE

HORACE LASCELLS.

AS the contented inhabitants of an humble cottage, in Devonshire, were domestically enjoying the comfort of a cheerful fire, and relating to each other the interesting history of their early days, their mutual attention was suddenly aroused by the feeble wailings of a new-born child, which seemed to proceed from an interior apartment.

Starting from their seats with an emotion of surprise, they flew to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and, with a mixture of pity and astonishment, beheld an infant apparently a few days old, wrapped in a mantle, and laying on their bed. The casement of the window remained unclosed, and from the dirty marks the

floor ſtill retained of a man's footing, it was evident the child could not have been many minutes in its preſent ſituation. Whilſt honeſt Sarah was examining the contents of a ſmall bundle which was placed by her little charge, her huſband was no leſs anxiouſly buſy in ſearching the environs of his humble dwelling, and enquiring of his ſurrounding neighbours whether any ſtranger had been ſeen lurking near their hamlet; but each were unſucceſsful in their endeavours to trace the means by which they had received their gueſt; and the only circumſtance that could ever be likely to lead to the diſcovery of the child's name or family, was a large purple ſpot on his left ſhoulder, and a piece of paper with theſe remarkable words: "*Treat him well*, and your fortune may be made—but if he dies, his blood may be required!—Call him *Horace*." The linen in which he was dreſſed,

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was plain, and there was neither money or valuables incloſed within the bundle.

The ſingularity of a child being found in ſo extraordinary a manner, called forth the conjectures of the whole community; and, amongſt the number of thoſe who crowded to behold the wonderful phenomenon, was the venerable paſtor of the little flock.

"A curious circumſtance this, I hear, honeſt Dobſon," ſaid the worthy vicar, as he entered the manſion of conjecture; "but where is this poor forſaken child? I'm come to take the burden off your hands, for induſtry and age ſhould not be forced to labour hard for others."

"God Almighty bleſs your reverence," replied Dobſon, "for all your goodneſs; but as to that there poor babe wanting my great labour to ſupport it, why that's out of the queſtion do ye ſee; and my Sarah was juſt ſaying, before your reverence came in, as how ſhe would not part with it for

all the world; and, as it pleaſed God to take all our own children from us, perhaps that was ſent to be a comfort to us in our old age; and a ſweet looking little angel it is, as ever your reverence clapped your eyes on."

"Well, my honeſt friend," replied Mr. Manners, (which was the clergyman's name), I would not for the world, deprive either yourſelf or wife of ſo benevolent a gratification; but knowing you ſometimes felt the infirmities of age, I feared any additional labour might increaſe them, and prepared my houſekeeper to receive your charge."

Though Dobſon refuſed to relinquiſh the little foundling, he very willingly delivered up the paper which had accompanied him, which Mr. Manners determined to ſecure, in the hopes that it might ſome time lead to a diſcovery; and the next day was fixed upon for chriſtening the child by the name which had been deſired.

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The infancy of the lovely boy I ſhall paſs over in ſilence; and merely ſay, that even at that early period, he evinced a pliancy of temper, and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, that ſtrikingly marked his future actions; and that a ſtrong affection for his adopted parents was diſcoverable even from his childhood.

The firſt affliction Horace became acquainted with, aroſe from the death of the amiable Mr. Manners, whoſe fondneſs for the child had increaſed ſo much with his years, that he voluntarily offered to become his inſtructor; for though he wiſhed him to imagine himſelf the ſon of Dobſon, he thought it neceſsary to educate him for a more exalted ſituation; that in caſe he might ever diſcover his real parents, he might not diſgrace them by total ignorance; and thoſe hours which were not devoted to induſtry and labour, were all ſpent in the cultivation of his mind.

The

The benevolence of Mr. Manners's heart, and the generosity of his disposition, had prevented the possibility of saving a fortune; and though he frequently wished to lay by a portion of his income for his little favorite, yet the constant appeals which were made to his humanity, compleatly frustrated the desire, and he was not enabled even to leave him a trifling legacy.

It was not Horace alone who had reason to lament the loss of the venerable Mr. Manners, for every inhabitant of the village felt it; and as the character of his successor was totally opposite to his own, the contrast was at once melancholy and striking. Mr. Clifton was the younger son of a man of rank in the north of England, who, to all the insolence of power, united the pride of birth; and who, knowing himself destitute of those qualities calculated to produce respect, resolved to inforce it by tyranny and oppression. His family consisted of two sons and a daughter; and as

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he had lived much beyond his income during his reſidence near the metropolis, upon receiving a preſentation to his new benefice, he reſolved to retire to the ſpot, and endeavour to retrieve his former credit, and to ſave the expence of removing his furniture; he purchaſed (upon his own terms) whatever had belonged to the late incumbent, and, amongſt other articles, his favourite horse and two Alderney cows.

As it had been a regular practice with the neighbouring poor to ſend their children every morning with ſmall pitchers to the vicarage, for the purpoſe of receiving a portion of the ſcum milk, during the life of their late worthy paſtor, they vainly imagined the ſame cuſtom would be continued upon the arrival of their new one; and, by way of inſuring it, they unanimouſly reſolved to petition Mr. Clifton for the ſame indulgence.

As poor old Dobſon was confined to his bed with a rheumatic complaint, to which he

he had many years been subject, and his wife's time was occupied in nursing him, it was mutually determined to send Horace to the vicarage upon this embassy, and he was desired to take with him the same jug he had always carried upon that occasion, when there was no doubt of its being filled by the hands of benevolence.

Although there was something repugnant to the amiable boy's feelings in asking favors, yet his parent's *wishes* had always been considered as *commands*; and taking up the pitcher without repining, he walked towards the vicarage with a heavy heart, lamenting the loss of its late venerable inhabitant, and embalming his memory with an involuntary tear. As he approached the dwelling, his emotion increased; and, turning his back on the scene of former happiness, he seated himself on a style to regain composure, and calm the agitation he was unable to subdue. Reflecting on the virtues of his lamented patron, and pained at

the

the idea of entering the abode in which he had reſided, he was wholly indifferent to ſurrounding objects, and was rouſed from his reverie by a ſtroke acroſs his ſhoulders, before he perceived any perſon near him—a ſalutation ſo wholly unexpected, induced him inſtantly to ſtart from his ſeat; and, turning round with a look of aſtoniſhment, he beheld two boys, the one rather taller, and the other rather ſhorter than himſelf, who accoſted him in a ſtrain of ſupercilious haughtineſs, and demanded "why he preſumed to take poſſeſſion of the ſtyle, and prevent *gentlemen* from paſſing over it?"

"Prevent *gentlemen* from paſſing over it!" ſaid Horace, in a tone of voice that implied a doubt of their meriting the appellation—"however," continued he, "I would adviſe the *gentlemen*, in their future walks, to adopt a different method, if they wiſh to purſue them; or, inſtead of my making way for them to paſs, I ſhall take care to ſtop their progreſs."

"You

"You impertinent Jackanapes," ſaid the elder, giving him a violent blow with the cane he held in his hand—"is that the way you treat young men of faſhion?" but, continued he, turning to his companion, "before Mr. Clifton has been a month amongſt these Hampſhire hogs, I fancy he will teach them a different kind of dialect."—"Yes," replied the other, "my father will ſoon civilize the brutes, and teach them the immenſe diſtance there is between a *boor* and a *gentleman*:"—ſo ſaying, they both leaped over the conteſted ſtyle, darting an indignant look at the object of their diſpleaſure.

If Horace had felt an averſion to ſoliciting a favor, before he was acquainted with the diſpoſition of the party who was to confer it, how much muſt it have been increaſed by this ſpecimen; and ſo completely was he mortified by the treatment he had received, that he at firſt determined to return home without tranſacting his commiſſion; but the fear of offending his

adopted

adopted parent, ſoon induced him to alter his reſolution, and juſt as he reached the vicarage gate, he met ſeveral of his companions returning from it, who informed him the parſon had been in a violent paſſion, and inſiſted upon their never preſuming to go near his houſe again, as the milk was to be devoted to a very different purpoſe.

Though Horace felt hurt at the diſappointment his parents would feel at being debarred their accuſtomed gratification, yet on his own account he rejoiced moſt heartily, as he would rather have lived upon bread and water than have received an obligation from people he deſpiſed: this was not the caſe either with Dobſon or his wife, who finding the means of procuring the neceſſaries of life leſſen with their years, heard the intelligence with grief and mortification.

Mr. Clifton's behaviour towards his pariſhoners was at once haughty, ungenerous,

and oppreſſive, and there was not a ſingle being in the whole village who did not heartily hate and deſpiſe him. It is natural to ſuppoſe that ſo unamiable an example muſt have a powerful influence upon his children's conduct; and, from the little ſpecimen which has been related, neither principle or humanity could be expected from them.

The ſpirited manner in which Horace had reſented their behaviour, had been the means of exciting their reſentment; and, though they were too cowardly, openly to profeſs it, they ſecretly reſolved to puniſh his temerity. A ſhort time before the death of Mr. Manners, he had given Horace a little leveret; and, as he had it a few days after its birth, he had brought it up in habits of friendſhip and ſociability, and the little animal had ſo completely conquered the timidity of its nature, that it would follow its maſter like a little ſpaniel.

One

One ſummer evening, as Horace was digging in his father's garden, accompanied, as uſual, by his little favourite, the two Clifton's accidentally paſſed, and glancing an eye over the hedge, beheld, with aſtoniſhment, the little hare eating familiarly by its maſter's ſide.

"Where did you get that little animal?" demanded Henry Clifton, in an authorative tone—"And how did you contrive to tame the creature?"

"It was given me (ſaid Horace) by the lamented friend, whoſe houſe you now reſide in, ſir; and I have tamed it by fondneſs and affection."

"Friend," exclaimed Henry, with an indignant ſneer, "your *preſumption* is equal to your *ignorance*, or you would never dare to uſe the term—but hear me boy, I'll buy the creature of you; ſo tell me what you'll have, and bring it here."

"You ſhould not have it", ſaid the inſulted Horace," if you would give me

hundreds. I value it too much, to ſell it to a tyrant—beſides, I told you it had been a gift, and therefore you might think it of double value."

Henry's indignation at the temerity of this ſpeech, broke through all conſtraint; and, after uſing the moſt ſcurrilous language to the offender, he ſnatched up a large ſtone and, with too ſure an aim, deprived the helpleſs animal of life.

Though Horace had heard his abuſe and ſarcaſms without the ſlighteſt appearance of emotion, this inſtance of revenge and cruelty inſtantly rouſed his paſſion and reſentment; and, throwing aſide the ſpade he held in his hand, he ran acroſs the garden, and, in an inſtant, vaulted on the other ſide the hedge. Cowardice and cruelty are generally combined; and the moment the Cliftons' beheld his movement, they ran towards the vicarage with terror and rapidity, but were overtaken by their purſuer, before they had gone an hundred yards.

"Daſtardly

"Daſtardly coward!" exclaimed the breathleſs Horace, "if you are not as *paltry* as you are *cruel*, you'll not refuſe to fight the boy you've injured."

"Fight!" ſaid the trembling agitated Henry, "do you ſuppoſe I fight with mere plebeians?" "As you pleaſe for that," ſaid Horace, twiſting the cane out of his hand, and laying it acroſs his ſhoulders with all the violence he could, until Henry roared aloud for mercy, and promiſed to give him all the money in his pocket, to indemnify him for the loſs of his little favourite.

"Keep your money for a better purpoſe," ſaid Horace, with indignity, "and remember that though a *gentleman* cannot condeſcend to *fight* with a *plebeian*, a *plebian* has much gratification in *thraſhing* a *gentleman*." So ſaying, he broke the cane aſunder and walked compoſedly towards his home.

The moment Charles Clifton beheld Horace make an attack upon his brother, he took to his heels with the utmoſt expedition; and, encountering the gardener in his way home, he intreated him to fly to Henry's aſſiſtance, declaring he believed he was in danger of being murdered, and the man arrived at the ſcene of action in a few moments after Horace had eſcaped from it.

As an adherence to truth was not amongſt the number of Henry Clifton's virtues, he was not at a loſs to fabricate a tale greatly to the prejudice of his inſulted opponent, and, as his father gave perfect credit to his ſon's aſſertions, he was determined to be revenged for the indignity he had received, by inſiſting upon Horace being ſent out of the neighbourhood.—With a determined air, and enraged countenance, the haughty Clifton entered the humble cottage; and, in a voice peremptory and authoritative, demanded "where the raſcal,

who

who had inſulted his ſon, had ſecreted himſelf to avoid his vengeance?"

Dobſon, who was totally ignorant of the tranſaction which had paſt, beheld his indignation with trembling aſtoniſhment; and in a tone of ſoothing humility proteſted his ignorance of what his reverence meant, The entrance of Horace ſoon betrayed the ſecret: for Mr. Clifton had no ſooner beheld him, than, regardleſs of the old man's prayers, he chaſtiſed him with a horſe-whip, with inhuman ſeverity, whilſt Horace in vain eneavoured to break from the graſp of his too powerful arm.—This revenge, though cruel and unmanly, was far from ſatisfying the enraged prelate; and he informed the terrified Dobſon, that unleſs the young raſcal was ſent out of the village, he ſhould no longer occupy his preſent habitation.

The wanton barbarity of Henry Clifton, and the inhuman conduct of his father, were inſtantly forgotten by the much injured

jured Horace, and the idea of having involved his aged parents in misfortune, alone occupied his generous feelings.—"Oh! let me go—send me away my dear father," said the agitated boy, grasping Dobson by the hand, and bursting into an agony of tears, "for I can bear any thing better than making you unhappy!"

"Send you away?" replied the honest man, "No, not for all the Parsons under Heaven:" for God who hitherto has blest my labours, will still befriend me, though I quit my home!"—Sarah, who had been absent during the transaction, which had just been related, beheld the agitation of her husband, and the grief of her adopted son, with a mixture of alarm, pity and astonishment; and, with all the eagerness of fondness and solicitude, demanded an explanation of the distressing scene.

The very idea of quitting an abode, in which she had passed five and thirty years in tranquillity and peace, was a distress,

which

which Sarah's philoſophy was not prepared to encounter; and it was neither in the power of Dobſon or Horace, to ſooth or compoſe the violence of her agitation; and, after an evening ſpent in ſuggeſting plans for avoiding the threatened evil, they retired to their reſpective apartments, with minds oppreſſed by grief, and tortured by apprehenſion,—and it was ſeveral hours before either of the party were enabled to obtain from ſleep even a temporary alleviation of their ſorrows—From this ſlight ſuſpenſion of expected misfortnne, they were ſuddenly arouſed by a violet knocking at the cottage door, and a terrified exclamation of—*Fire at the Parſon's*!

No ſooner had the alarming ſound reached the terrified ears of the generous Horace, than, forgetful of former injuries, he ſprung out of bed, and, in leſs than ten minutes, was at the vicarage, which he found in a total blaze, and beheld the wretched maſter of it, frantic with terror,

in

in all the agony of parental tenderneſs conjuring the ſurrounding multitude to attempt the reſcue of his ſons, who were prevented from making their eſcape by the flames having extended to the ſtair caſe, which led to their apartments, and the bruiſes he had received from jumping from his own window, entirely diſabled him from offering any aſſiſtance to the unfortunate children.

As the love of *life* has a more powerful influence than the love of *gain*, not one of the encircling throng, would hazard the extinction of his own exiſtence, for the ſake of purchaſing a precarious reward, though the agonized parent repeatedly offered the half of his fortune to any one who had courage to aſcend a ladder, which was placed at the young mens' window, in the hope they would perceive it, and by that means effect their eſcape.

The idea of preſerving a fellow creature's life, induced the magnanimous boy to become

come indifferent to his own, and, forcing his way through the gazing crowd, he darted ſuddenly upon the ladder and ſpringing in at the window, remained out of ſight near the ſpace of a minute; when, re-appearing with one of the boys on his back, he regained his footſteps, and calling to thoſe who were neareſt him, delivered his apparently lifeleſs burden into their care, and re-aſcended in a moment; and in a few ſeconds, deſcended with the other body in the ſame ſituation, amidſt the applauding ſhouts of the ſurrounding throng.

By neceſſary care, and proper applications, both boys were ſoon reſtored to the uſe of their faculties, which had been totally ſuſpended by the ſuffocating power of the ſmoak, which entirely filled their apartments, and prevented them from making the ſlighteſt exertion to preſerve their own exiſtence.

The haughty Clifton, depreſſed by pain, and bowed down by misfortune, eagerly demanded

demanded to see the preserver of his children; and, when he beheld him in the person of the injured Horace, a mixture of shame, gratitude, and astonishment, for some moments, prevented him from expressing the various feelings which agitated his mind, but a sense of the important obligation he had just received, conquered every other sentiment; and, embracing him with the warmth of a friend and benefactor, he protested, from that moment, he would consider him in the light of a son, instead of a stranger, and that he should share both his fortune and affection with his other children.

Though Horace had completely proved that he neither felt the slightest degree of enmity or revenge against the authors of his injuries, yet there was a certain independence about his mind that revolted at the idea of receiving obligations from those he could neither love or esteem; and though he expressed his acknowledgements for Mr.

Clifton's

Clifton's friendly intentions, he secretly resolved never to avail himself of them, preferring the humble situation to which he fancied he was entitled, either to competence or affluence, if it was only to be obtained through the medium of Mr. Clifton. The family of the Cliftons were immediately removed to the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and the noble minded boy returned to the dwelling of his imaginary parents, elated with the idea of relieving the agitation of their feelings, by an assurance of their not being removed from their favourite residence, and gratified with the consoling reflection of having rescued the lives of two fellow-creatures.

A few days after the extraordinary circumstance which has just been related, as Dobson and his wife were commenting upon the magnanimous conduct of their adopted son, and expressing their apprehension that they should never live to see him restored to the arms of his *real pa-*

 rents,

rents, they were unexpectedly surprised by the stoppage of an elegant travelling equipage at the door of their cottage, and perceiving a middle aged gentleman spring out of it, and, in a moment, enter their humble dwelling.

"My child! my child" said the stranger, in a hurried agitated voice, "in mercy tell me, does he live?"

"Yes, yes, indeed, he lives!" exclaimed the delighted Sarah, "and lives the very image of his father."—"Great God, I thank ye!" said the still more agitated parent, throwing himself on the nearest seat, scarcely able to articulate, from the violent conflict of his feelings; but recovering himself in a few moments, he demanded—"but where, my worthy friends, is this darling pledge of my hapless Emma's love? in pity bring him to a father's arms!" At that moment the cottage door opened, and Horace, unsuspicious of the happiness that awaited him, unexpectedly entered the room.

My

"My ſon! my ſon!" exclaimed the enraptured parent, riſing from his ſeat, and enfolding Horace in his extended arms—"Oh!" continued he, "the extatic bliſs of this unlooked-for moment!" then diſengaging himſelf from the fond embrace, he gazed upon his ſon with a mixture of love and ſorrow; and burſting into an agony of tears, ſaid, "Oh, my Emma, if it is permitted thy angelic ſpirit to partake of earthly happineſs, how muſt thou ſhare in that of thy fond huſband!"

The ſenſations of the amiable boy were ſo totally new and various, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty he was able to expreſs them; but the moment he was ſufficiently compoſed, to be ſenſible of the happineſs that awaited him, the idea of being able to recompenſe the kindneſs he had received, filled his boſom with an extacy of delight; and taking Sarah and her huſband tenderly by the hand, "now, my beloved father and mother," ſaid he, "you

will no longer be compelled to labour for your daily food; for ſure I am, my dear and new found parent will raiſe you far above your preſent ſituation."

"Yes, my beloved Horace," ſaid the enraptured father, "both competence and wealth await your foſter parents; and, if I e'er forget the debt I owe them, may heaven, in vengeance, ſnatch my treaſure from me!"

Whilſt the venerable pair were buſily employed in making preparations for the refreſhment of their gueſt, Horace was anxiouſly liſtening to his father's hiſtory, and diſcovering the cauſe of the extraordinary circumſtance that had attended his introduction into Dobſon's family. "The father of Mr. Laſcells had, during his infancy, unfortunately married a ſecond wife, who always conſidered him as a barrier to the fortune of her own child; and endeavoured, by artifice and deception, to rob him of that affection to which his merits

ſo

ſo juſtly entitled him. Her ſchemes, though well conducted, failed of ſucceſs, and ſhe had the miſery of ſeeing her ſon in law, at an early age, united to a woman both of rank and fortune; and living in a ſtyle ſuitable to ſuch an alliance, whilſt the darling object of her own tenderneſs (from being a younger brother), was deſtined to fill a more ſubordinate ſtation. A few months after the marriage of Mr. Horace Laſcells, his father was alarmed by the declining ſtate of his health; and the phyſicians, unable to conquer the diſeaſe, ſtrenuouſly adviſed a change of climate. Mrs. Laſcells' ſituation prevented her from accompanying him, and the doating huſband was compelled to leave the darling object of his tenderneſs at the very moment ſhe required its aid; who, in a ſhort time after his departure, gave birth to the hero of the preſent tale, and inſtantly reſigned her own exiſtence. This circumſtance, ſo melancholy in itſelf, was highly

pleaſing to the inhuman Mrs. Laſcells, who, believing her ſon-in-law paſt recovery, vainly imagined her huſband's immenſe eſtate would all deſcend to her own offſpring, as ſhe was reſolved to make him believe the hapleſs infant had ſhared its mother's fate. Splendid guilt too eaſily finds agents; and an old ſervant, deep in the intereſt of his iniquitous employer, undertook to place the child with ſome reputable nurſe, and introduce it to her care as an offſpring of his own, with the promiſe of paying a ſtated ſalary for its maintenance; this ſalary (though not large) was ſufficient to corrupt a depraved mind; and he reſolved it ſhould be devoted to his own uſe, and that the infant ſhould depend upon the charity of a pariſh. As he was revolving this ſcheme in his imagination, the idea ſtruck him, that, at ſome future period, the important ſecret he was in the poſſeſſion of, might be the means of making his fortune; and being acquainted with the pro-

bity

bity of Dobſon's character, he reſolved to commit the infant to his care, which he did in the manner which has already been deſcribed. Although the ſucceſs of Mrs. Laſcells' ſcheme fully anſwered her moſt ſanguine wiſhes, as not the ſhadow of a doubt of the child's death ever occurred either to the mind of her huſband or ſon, ſhe ſoon had the mortification of hearing that, notwithſtanding the diſtreſs of the latter, for the loſs of a beloved wife, he had regained that health of which he went in ſearch; and, in addition to this misfortune, in leſs than a twelvemonth, ſhe had the miſery of loſing that child for whom ſhe had ſacrificed virtue, principle, and feeling. For ſeveral years ſhe endured all the horrors of a ſuſpicious mind and a reproving conſcience, and was tortured with the conſtant dread of being betrayed by the being who had aided the iniquitous plan. Unable to endure the painful conflict of her feelings, ſhe, at length, reſolved to expoſe

poſe that guilt which had occaſioned her ſo many anxious moments to conceal; and ſending for the object whom ſhe had ſo unjuſtly injured, ſhe made a frank diſcloſure of the inhuman plot; at the ſame time aſſured him, the child was ſtill alive, and that ſhe had regularly paid twenty pounds a year for his maintenance; and to prove the truth of the aſſertion, ſhe ſummoned the agent of her iniquity into her preſence, for the purpoſe of corroborating the facts, and diſcloſing where the boy had been ſecreted. Alarmed, with apprehenſion, at the proſpect of detected fraud, the ſordid wretch invented a tale calculated to impoſe upon the agitated parent; and whilſt the carriage was preparing to convey Mr. Laſcells to the arms of an unexpectedly found child, he abſconded from the houſe, leaving a ſcrip of paper on the table, avowing his guilty conduct, and declaring his ignorance whether Horace was ſtill in exiſtence. The agitation of Mr. Laſcells' mind,

mind, at this unexpected intelligence, may be much more eaſily imagined than deſcribed: and tortured with the mingled emotions of hope, fear, and expectation, he arrived the ſame evening at the worthy cottager's abode.

As ſoon as Mr. Laſcells had partaken of the homely refreſhment which had been prepared for him, by the hoſpitable pair, he retired, with his ſon, to the only inn the little village afforded; and was awoke, at an early hour the next morning, by the ringing of the bells and loud acclamations of joy, which burſt from the honeſt ruſtics, who were all crouding round Horace, and expreſſing their felicity at his unexpected good fortune, whilſt he was endeavouring to reconcile his venerable protectors to the temporary ſeparation. Mr. Laſcells experienced the moſt refined gratification at beholding the intereſting ſcene, and by offering Dobſon a farm upon his own eſtate, and aſſuring him that Horace

ſhould

ſhould be his daily gueſt, relieved the ſorrow which had aroſe from an apprehenſion of their being ſeparated from the darling object of their mutual tenderneſs.

Never were the leſſons, which the worthy Mr. Manners had taken ſo much pains to inculcate upon the generous mind of his young favorite, more ſtrikingly exemplified, than in his conduct to his grandmother, who, for ſome time, could not behold the being, whom ſhe had ſo unjuſtly injured, without a painful mixture of embarraſſment and remorſe; but which his dutiful attention, and gentle ſweetneſs, at length enabled her to ſurmount; and the ſame magnanimous mode of forgiving injuries, which marked his actions in his conduct towards the Cliſtons', was again diſplayed towards his unamiable relation.

The little awkwardneſs which was viſible in his manners upon his firſt introduction into genteel ſociety, imperceptibly wore away upon his mixing in the world;

and

and thoſe talents, which nature had ſo abundantly beſtowed, were then cultivated, with an attentive care, that ſoon rendered him, at once, a pleaſing and inſtructive companion. The unexpected comforts, ſo liberally beſtowed upon the firſt protectors of this amiable boy, lengthened their exiſtence beyond the uſual date; and the filial fondneſs he unremittingly diſplayed, ſhewed both the affection and gratitude of his feelings.

The amiable qualities which had adorned his youthful character, ripened into excellencies as he attained the age of manhood; and he was, at once, an ornament to his ſex, and a bleſſing to his father, at whoſe death, he came into the poſſeſſion of eſtates to the value of a hundred thouſand pounds, which was devoted to the noble purpoſes of rewarding virtue, exalting merit, and alleviating misfortune: and when the period arrived which terminated his valued exiſtence, he expired with

with the bleſſings of the rich, the poor, the friendleſs, and the unfortunate; and was interred in the chapel belonging to the eſtate, with the following inſcription engraven on his tomb:—

Here reſts a form with every manly grace,
Here lies a heart with every virtue ſtor'd;
The wretched's friend--an honour to his race,
Alike reſpected, valued, and ador'd!

Horace Laſcells, Ob. Aug. 2. Æ. 54.

LAMBERT

LAMBERT DARLINGTON.

LAMBERT DARLINGTON was the ſecond ſon of a baronet of that name, who, having amaſſed a conſiderable fortune in the Eaſt Indies, reſolved to add *dignity* to his *wealth*, by the *purchaſe* of a *title*. Had the little hero of the preſent hiſtory been intoduced to the acquaintance of his youthful readers, as the preſumptive heir to an immenſe property, ſome extraordinary circumſtances might have been expected to attend even the infantine ſtate of ſo great a perſonage; but as he will not appear as a conſequential character in the boſom of his family, during that period of his life, I ſhall ſilently paſs over the firſt eight years of it, and preſent him to the world without either the auxiliary advan-

tage of a fine person, or the *natural one*, of *parental fondness*.

Lambert's misfortunes might, with justice, have been said to commence previous to his existence: for, by an eccentric whim in Lady Darlington's father, the greatest part of his immense fortune was to devolve to her second child (provided it proved to be a female); but, if the other sex appeared, five thousand pounds was all it could receive, and the remaining sum was destined for the use of public charities.

This extraordinary distribution of property, induced both Sir Thomas and Lady Darlington to look forward to the birth of a *second* child, with no less solicitude than they had done a *first*; and when they were informed it had appeared in a male character, the disappointment of their hopes destroyed the tenderness of their feelings; and the idea of losing, from that circumstance, the valuable acquisition of eighty thousand pounds, seemed totally to

have

have eradicated every parental impreſſion; and, inſtead of thinking he had a claim upon their affection, they appeared to conſider him as an *interloper* in the family, whoſe preſence had been the means of leſſening their fortunes.

This prejudice, ſo unnatural and unjuſt, was extended throughout the whole family; and, in addition to parental coldneſs, was added the mortifying degradation of domeſtic incivility, and fraternal hatred; and the unfortunate boy was treated as an alien in a houſe where he had an hereditary claim both to *affection* and *reſpect*.

Never were diſpoſitions more completely oppoſite than thoſe of the two brothers: and never were parents ſo completely inſenſible of the bleſſing they enjoyed in the poſſeſſion of the one, or the misfortune that awaited them in the perſon of the other, as Sir Thomas and Lady Darlington. Their elder ſon (who was about two years older than Lambert), was proud,

artful, obſtinate, and overbearing; and, in addition to theſe unamiable qualities, was united a total diſregard to truth, which ſo completely influenced his converſation, that no dependence could be placed on any thing he aſſerted; and, to eſcape puniſhment himſelf, or to get it inflicted on his brother, he would not only fabricate the groſſeſt falſehoods, but maintain them with all the appearance of plauſibility and truth.

Amongſt the different virtues, which, at a very early age, were conſpicuous in the mind of the hero of theſe memoirs, was his ſtrict adherence to *veracity*, and his uniform perſeverance in the cauſe of *truth*, from which, no fear of anger, or dread of puniſhment, could ever induce him, in the ſlighteſt inſtance, to deviate. His ſpirit (naturally high), was *lowered*, but not *broken* by *unkindneſs*, though his temper, which was peculiarly amiable, induced him

to

to ſubmit, without repining, to the repeated inſtances he received of it.

As neither Sir Thomas or Lady Darlington could bear the idea of parting from the object of their affection, or of ſuffering him to encounter the hardſhips of a public ſchool, a clergyman, of extenſive erudition, was engaged as a private tutor, who, perceiving the little credit he was likely to obtain from the employment, ſoon gave up ſo unpleaſing a taſk; and the ſituation was then filled by a man of low extraction, who had been ſome years uſher in a noted ſeminary. This perſon, whoſe name was Walters, was poſſeſſed of an *artful*, though not a deep underſtanding; and perceiving that the good opinion of Sir Thomas would depend rather upon *flattering*, than *correcting* the failings of his ſon, he might be ſaid to have miniſtered to thoſe imperfections the boy unfortunately derived from nature. As Lady Darlington (notwithſtanding her partiality)

could not avoid perceiving, that the understanding of her younger son was far superior to that of her elder, she resolved to deprive him of those advantages which would have made that pre-eminence more striking; and whilst Maurice was introduced (when quite a child) into all company, his unoffending brother was totally confined to the nursery, and was not taken from the care of a female servant, until he had attained his eighth year, when he was placed under the tuition of Mr. Walters, with the indirect suggestion, that he was not to be *suffered* to surpass the hopeful heir to their estates, in any of those studies they were mutually to engage in.

Maurice, who had hitherto treated Lambert with all the consequential airs of manifest superiority, could not even bear the idea of a *competitor* in the path of science; and when he found, that in spite of Walters inattention to his brother, the aspiring boy, in a very short time, became the bet-

ter

ter ſcholar, the mortification of his feelings increaſed the hatred in his heart, and each day afforded ſome new inſtance of malignant envy, or ungoverned paſſion.

Though Sir Thomas Darlington was abſolutely blind to the imperfections of his favourite ſon's heart, he could not long remain ſo to the imbecility of his mind; and when he drew a compariſon between the underſtandings of his two children, he could not help feeling a kind of *parental pride* in the younger, which, in ſome degree, compenſated for his *want* of *tenderneſs*, and induced him to treat the amiable boy with a degree of attention, which, at once, gratified and delighted him.

This alteration in Sir Thomas's conduct, was an additional ſtimulative to the diligence of his ſon; and, whilſt Maurice was amuſing himſelf in the moſt childiſh occupations, Lambert uſed to be conſtantly employed in the cultivation of his mind; and thoſe themes which the former was under

under the neceſſity of ſhewing to his father, were always executed by Mr. Walters.

Amongſt the numerous gueſts with which Darlington hall was frequently crouded, was an elderly maiden lady of the name of Maurice, who, from poſſeſſing a very large fortune, and being nearly related to Sir Thomas, was treated with peculiar reſpect by every part of the family; and Maurice (who was named after her), was taught to believe he would certainly inherit the bulk of this immenſe property. The lady, who was endowed with a thouſand amiable qualities, had, to counterbalance them, a few peculiarities, and amongſt this number, might be ranked an inconceivable fondneſs for every part of the animal creation, and a particular one for every thing in the form of a cat, however ugly, or miſshapen. This preference, though gratifying to herſelf, was attended with inconvenience to all her friends, as ſhe never went out to pay a viſit without being

accompanied

accompanied by one or two of her favourites. Poor Lambert was particularly annoyed by this unfortunate partiality, as he had felt, from his infancy, an invincible averſion to the charming objects of his couſin's attachment, though he never diſplayed it to their injury.

To a mind leſs liberal than Mrs. Maurice's, this averſion might have been prejudicial; but ſhe ſaw ſo much to *admire* in the character of her young relation, that ſhe entirely overlooked his inattention to her pets, and was continually extolling his conduct in his par[illegible]s preſence, and condemning the [illegible]ur of their eldeſt ſon. This preference [illegible] too ſtriking to eſcape the obſervation o[illegible] deſigning boy; and mortified and enraged at the proſpect of being rivalled, he reſolved to deſtroy her good opinion, by impreſſing her mind with a belief of Lambert's cruelty.

To accompliſh this ſcheme, required ſome little contrivance, and a variety of plans

plans were ſuggeſted and declined; but going by accident into the gardener's ſeed-houſe, he ſaw the man buſy in laying poiſon for the rats, and ſliding a ſmall quantity of it into his pocket; he reſolved to give it to the favorite cat the firſt convenient opportunity he could find, and convince Mrs. Maurice the deed had been his brother's.

This inhuman, artful deſign, he found very little difficulty in executing; for, as he was conſtantly in the habits of careſſing the animal (by way of obtaining the good opinion of its miſtreſs), it always came whenever he called it; and, under pretence of giving it a piece of chicken, he offered it the arſenic wrapped in a little butter; and, the moment dinner was over, quitted the room, with an intention of procuring a little more of the poiſon, and artfully ſubſtituting it in the place of his brother's pounce, and returned in time to partake of the deſſert.

The

The unfortunate animal ſoon became uneaſy, and, in leſs than an hour, ſeemed tortured with poiſon, and endeavoured to obtain relief from its miſtreſs, by inceſſant motion and plaintive cries! Lambert's feelings were under the influence of tenderneſs; and, though he really had an unconquerable averſion to the cat, yet he could not bear to behold its ſufferings, and intreated Mrs. Maurice would let him run for the apothecary, who might probably give it ſomething to relieve its pain!

A propoſal ſo congenial to the lady's wiſhes, could not fail meeting her warmeſt approbation, and Lambert flew from the diſtreſſing ſcene with the humane intention of procuring ſome aſſiſtance. "How benevolently tender is that amiable lad's heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Maurice, as he cloſed the door, "for he certainly has an antipathy to cats; yet obſerve, Sir Thomas, how anxious he is to obtain relief for the *poor animal!*" "He *knows*, I fancy, madam,"

madam," replied Maurice, in a tone of irony, "the luckleſs creature is paſt all aſſiſtance—or elſe, perhaps, he would not be in *haſte to fetch it*."

"Why ſo, my love," ſaid Lady Darlington; "Lambert may be a very clever fellow, but ſtill not able to *foreſee events!*"

"Oh, mama," retorted Maurice, "there is no great ſkill required in *foreſeeing* an *event*, he, perhaps, may be the occaſion of occurring, though I do not, poſitively, *ſay it is ſo*."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the aſtoniſhed Mrs. Maurice, "can Lambert have been guilty of ſuch baſeneſs! Oh, my poor helpleſs victim!" ſhe continued, turning towards the dying animal, "and, will thy life be ſacrificed to cruelty?" then burſting into a freſh agony of tears, ſhe reproached Maurice with not having *cautioned her* againſt the deteſtable deſign.

Maurice, with well-feigned ſorrow, aſſured her he had never thought his brother capable

capable of ſuch a deed; though he had frequently heard him declare, he certainly would poiſon the animal, was he not fearful of being diſcovered—but, *that apprehenſion* would prevent him from making the attempt; yet, the moment he ſaw the torture the poor creature endured, and obſerved Lambert's embarraſſed manner, he was convinced he had accompliſhed his deſign, and he was certain he only went for the apothecary to *prevent* his *father* from *obſerving* his *confuſion*.

"If," ſaid Sir Thomas, (colouring with indignation), "I find he has been guilty of the act, from henceforth I will diſown him for a ſon; for ſuch premeditated baſeneſs in a boy, muſt bring diſgrace upon his whole connections."

The violence of the poor animal's complaints, at this moment, arreſted the attention of the whole party; and, as they were gazing at, without being able to relieve her, ſhe gave a ſudden ſpring from the

the cushion on which she had been laid, and running round the room with an effect of violence, gave a convulsive groan, and instantly expired!

Sir Thomas Darlington immediately quitted the apartments, and turning towards the village where the apothecary lived, perceived Lambert approaching with the utmost expedition. "Oh, Sir!" said he, as he drew near his father, half breathless with fatigue, "Mr. Denton was not at home; but his shop-man has given me something for the poor animal, which, he tells me, will certainly do it good, so I will run on as fast as my legs will carry."

"*Stop, Hypocrite!*" exclaimed his father, in a stern tone of voice, catching him, with violence, by the arm, as he was attempting to pass by him, "and tell me where you bought that destructive drug you had the *cruelty* to give the unoffending creature?"

"*Drug,*

"*Drug, Sir!*" replied the aſtoniſhed boy, evidently alarmed at his father's angry countenance—"*buy a drug, Sir,*"—

"Yes, ſir, *buy a drug,*" ſaid the exaſperated baronet, (at the ſame time ſhaking him with violence) "prevarication will not do with me; and I read *guilt* in every artful feature—tell me," continued he, ſtill exalting his voice, "who was it ſold you the pernicious poiſon?"

"*Indeed, indeed,* ſir, I am accuſed unjuſtly," ſaid the ſtill agitated Lambert; "I never touched, or ſaw, or bought the poiſon; and who would dare to tell me to my face, I ever even *thought* of ſuch an action?"

"Your *brother dare,*" replied Sir Thomas; "but come along, ſir, for I muſt ſcan this buſineſs pretty cloſely, and if (which heaven avert) I find you *guilty,* you loſe me from that moment for a father." Notwithſtanding the conſcious rectitude of the amiable boy's feelings, and the con-

viction he had that no proof of guilt could be found upon him; yet the agitation of his mind at the unexpected ſeverity of his father, ſo compleatly overpowered his feelings, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty he reached the houſe; which, as they entered, Sir Thomas bade him follow him to the ſtudy. Maurice had purpoſely placed himſelf at his writing-deſk, and was in the very act of ſcratching out a word, juſt as his father entered at the door. "Lend me your pounce-box," ſaid the artful boy, "for mine is empty, from more frequent uſe." Lambert's heart was too full, to allow him to pay attention to his brother's requeſt; who, riſing from the ſtool on which he had been ſitting, fetched the powder which he had required.—"This is not pounce!" ſaid the deceitful Maurice, rubbing the arſenic on the ruffled paper.—"What is it, ſir?" continued he, careleſsly addreſſing himſelf to Sir Thomas,

mas, who had not articulated a word from the moment he had entered the room.

Rouſed from the diſorder of his own reflections, by the interrogation of his *favourite ſon*, Sir Thomas walked immediately to the deſk, and taking a ſmall portion of the powder upon the end of his finger, darted a furious glance at the unconſcious Lambert, at the ſame time deſiring him to quit the room, and furiouſly declaring, he would never ſee him more.

Though the circumſtances were *ſtrong*, that indicated Lambert's guilt, yet his being condemned without even being permitted to offer any extenuation for the crime, ſtruck Mrs. Maurice as palpable injuſtice; and, though ſhe alone had been the ſufferer by its perpetration, ſhe endeavoured to prevail upon his parents to mitigate the puniſhment; but no perſuaſion could avail, and, on the following day, the devoted victim of fraternal hatred was baniſhed from the preſence of his enraged parents,

and ſent to the ſchool where Walters had been uſher, without obtaining his requeſt of being honoured with their bleſſing.

The ſuſceptible mind of the amiable Lambert ſunk under the preſſure of this ſevere misfortune; and whilſt his brother was enjoying the ſucceſs of his iniquity, he was waſting his youth in melancholy and dejection, without a friend to ſooth or commiſerate his ſituation, as the malicious Walters, who accompanied him to the place of baniſhment, publiſhed the cauſe of his being ſent there; and, on the proceeding morning, when he entered the ſchool, he found the following lines paſted on his deſk:—

As each boy in the ſchool always bears a nick-name,
Your's Sir, is the killer of cats:
But ſhould you not think it exalteth your fame,
We'll call you the patron of rats.

The mortification he endured whilſt peruſing theſe lines, is more eaſily to be imagined

agined than described; and he resolved never to attempt associating with boys who had unanimously offered him so gross an insult. This resolution he strictly adhered to; and the moment the close of school allowed him an opportunity of shunning their society, he always retired to his own apartment, where he generally passed the intervening hours in melancholy reflections upon his unfortunate situation.

Though Walters had given the master of the school an absolute prejudice against his pupil, yet the condescension of his manners, and the superiority of his understanding, counteracted the illiberal impression, and he soon experienced an involuntary regard, and frequently invited him to pass the evening in his society. In one of these friendly intercourses, Mr. Milford (which was the master's name) touched upon the subject that occasioned him to be sent from home, and offered to write Sir Thomas an account of his admirable conduct, which

which the amiable boy gratefully declined, saying, that as his father would not allow him to convince him of his own innocence, it was not likely he could feel interested in his present behaviour; and, as his *justification* must prove his brother's *disgrace*, he would patiently submit to the stigma that had been thrown upon him.

Although the servants at Darlington hall had, during the period of Lambert's childhood, treated him with indifference and inattention, yet, as he advanced in years, the gentleness of his manners won their affection, and they not only bewailed his loss with the most hearty sorrow, but felt convinced in their own minds he had *not* been accessary to the animal's death. The dairy maid, from whom Maurice had received the butter, at the time she had given it, was very ill with an ague, and, as she went to her mother's immediately afterwards, she never heard of the death of the

cat

cat until her health was re-eſtabliſhed, and ſhe returned to the hall, which was two months after it had happened. A combination of circumſtances rouſed the ſervants' ſuſpicion; the dairy maid had given Maurice a peace of butter, which ſhe ſaw him put in a little china-box; the butler had obſerved him feed the dog at dinner, and the upper houſe-maid had found the box in his coat-pocket on the following day, which ſhe had taken out before the footman bruſhed it, and had totally forgotten to return it to the young gentleman. The various opinions that were given upon theſe ſubjects, afforded ample matter of converſation for the party in the kitchen, and was conveyed to the ear of Mrs. Maurice (who had been confined to her room with a fever), by a favourite attendant, who had been many years in her ſervice.

The little concern Maurice had teſtified at the baniſhment of an only brother, united

to

to his having been, in a great measure, the occasion of it, gave Mrs. M. so complete an aversion to his character, that it was with difficulty she could treat him with bare civility; and Sir Thomas and Lady Darlington began to apprehend, that by having exposed the blamable conduct of their younger son, they had hazarded the loss of her immense fortune out of their family, as they were convinced, by her treatment to the elder, she never intended bestowing it on him.

No sooner had Mrs. Pliant (which was the attendant's name) made her lady acquainted with the suspicions that were circulated through the family, than she instantly espoused the injured Lambert's cause, and, without assigning her reasons either to Sir Thomas, or Lady Darlington, on the following morning quitted the hall: but instead of going to her seat in Berkshire, ordered the coachman to drive to Mr. Milford's academy, where she did not arrive until the day had nearly closed.

The

The injured Lambert was ſitting at his window, in a dejected poſture, with his head reſting on his hand, when his attention was ſuddenly arouſed by a chariot and four, driving furiouſly up to the gate, and caſting a glance upon the liveries, inſtantly recognized them to be Mrs. Maurice's. A variety of new ſenſations crowded rapidly on his mind. Hope, fear, joy, and apprehenſion, by turns, agitated his trembling frame, and, it was with the utmoſt difficulty he could attend the ſummons, which, in the courſe of a few minutes, he received from Mr. Milford.

Mrs. Maurice roſe upon his entrance, and taking him affectionately by the hand, ſaid, "Am not *I* a very *ſpirited old woman*, Lambert, to take a journey of near fifty miles after a boy of fourteen;"

"You are very *kind* ma'am," replied Lambert, whilſt the tears *trembled* in his eyes, "to take any trouble after an unfortunate

fortunate being, who has been discarded by all his family !"

" That is the very *cause* of my exertion in his favour," continued the old ady, " but tell me briefly, my dear, were you *accessary* to the *death* of the poor animal, or were you *not* ?"

" I was *not*, upon my honour, madam," replied Lambert; and, why I should have been *suspected*, or who could put the arsenic in my desk, I even *now* am *ignorant*."

" Dear injured boy ! (said Mrs. Maurice) I will discover who has been your *foe*, though much I fear it is your *artful brother*, who, with a deep, malevolent *design*, resolved to ruin you in *my opinion* ; but I will *expose* the iniquitous proceeding, and make Sir Thomas punish the offender."

" Expose my brother, madam ! No, in pity spare him, for I am sure it would break my mother's heart; think how she loves and

doats

doats upon him; and could she bear to hear his failings published? perhaps I might, *unknowingly*, offend him, and he believe I did it with *design*; but I would sooner suffer *blame* myself, than have the *failings* of my *brother known!*"

"Generous fellow, how much your conduct charms me," said Mrs. Maurice "how few could act so praise-worthy a part towards one who had behaved with so much *malice*; but you shall never more be subject to it. Henceforth, your residence shall be with me, and happy shall I feel with such a dear companion."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a variety of refreshments, followed by Mrs. Milford, who easily persuaded Mrs. Maurice to alter her plan of sleeping at the inn, and accept of a bed at her house; and the next morning a servant was sent express to Darlington hall, with a letter to Sir Thomas, from Mrs. Maurice, informing him of the

permiſſion to accompany her into Berkſhire.

"With the moſt reſpectful attention to Lady Darlington, and affectionate regard to my brother,

"I am, honoured Sir,

"Your dutiful and affectionate ſon,

"LAMBERT DARLINGTON."

The apprehenſion both Sir Thomas and Lady Darlington had felt, leſt the fortune of their relation ſhould centre in a different branch of the family, induced them to give a ready concurrence to her requeſt; and though they had experienced ſome degree of mortification at the imaginary cruelty of Lambert's conduct, they were ſhocked at the idea of his exculpation being produced at the expence of their *favourite's* character; and though they could not avoid giving credit to Mrs. Maurice's inſinuation, they reſolved not to *appear to do it*, but to throw all the ſtigma upon

Walters,

Walters, who had quitted the family in consequence of some dispute between him and Lady Darlington.

Mrs. Maurice remained the guest of the hospitable Mr. and Mrs. Milford, until her servant returned from the hall with the anxiously expected letters, when she immediately set out for her elegant retreat, where Lambert was introduced to all the neighbouring families as her intended heir and adopted son, and soon became so great a favourite amongst the whole circle of her acquaintance, that his society was courted by them all; but, as he was emulous in the prosecution of his studies, he very seldom accepted any of their flattering invitations, until his tutor pronounced him perfectly qualified to obtain admission at Oxford: when, during the vacation, he used to accompany his venerable relation in all her neighbouring visits.

As Mrs. Maurice advanced in years, her disinclination to taking long journeys, in-

duced her to perſuade Sir Thomas to change the method of communication, and, inſtead of her annually going to Darlington hall, the whole family regularly paſſed three of the ſummer months in Berkſhire; and, if Lambert's behaviour to his brother, as a boy, was noble and diſintereſted, as a young man, it became generous and affectionate; for he would frequently deprive himſelf of a thouſand little indulgences, for the amiable purpoſe of beſtowing the money upon his brother, whoſe natural propenſity to every ſpecies of extravagance, rendered him conſtantly under difficulties, notwithſtanding the very liberal allowance he received from his father.

The ſudden and unexpected death of Sir Thomas Darlington put this thoughtleſs, inexperienced young man into the poſſeſſion of a fortune of upwards of fifteen thouſand a year, a few months after he came of age; and the gratification he delived, from eſcaping parental authority

ſeemed

ſeemed totally to deſtroy thoſe filial ſenſations he ought to have felt as a ſon; and whilſt Lambert was ſincerely lamenting the loſs of a father who had never treated him with *tenderneſs*, the *ungrateful object* on whom it had been *beſtowed*, was buſily employed in augmenting his ſtud, and purchaſing hounds; and in leſs than five years, by an exceſs of extravagance and folly, reduced himſelf to abſolute beggary.

At this period, the death of our hero's amiable benefactreſs gave him an opportunity of ſaving his unworthy brother from that eternal ruin in which madneſs and intemperance had involved him; for the moment he came into poſſeſſion of his fortune, he ſettled two thouſand a year of it upon him, with this reſtriction only, that it could neither be *mortgaged* or *ſold*; for, as the thoughtleſs Sir Maurice had involved a beautiful young woman in his *ruin*,

Mr.

Mr. Darlington was determined to ſecure that property for her ſupport and comfort.

The dowager, lady Darlington, purchaſed a ſmall villa within a few miles of her youngeſt ſon's ſeat, in Berkſhire, where his filial attention to her in the decline of life was, at once, a *conſolation* and a *reproach*, for ſhe could not help accuſing herſelf for denying him thoſe tenderneſſes in his infantine and boyiſh days, which, from relationſhip and virtue, he had ſo juſt a right to claim.

If, as a boy, the amiable Lambert obtained the approbation of thoſe who knew him, as a man he claimed both their admiration and eſteem; for, as a huſband, a parent, a friend, and a maſter, he conducted himſelf with the higheſt credit, and was, at once, an ornament and an honour to his ſex. His years flowed in an undiſturbed current of felicity; and his children, happy in the bleſſing of ſuch a parent, vied with each other in teſtifying their

obedience,

obedience. His exiſtence was lengthened beyond the uſual date, and he expired in the arms of his beloved companion, in the ſeventy-third year of his age, after an illneſs of only three days, when the following lines were inſcribed to his memory:—

Beneath this ſculptur'd marble tomb,
The mortal fabric lies;
Of one, who from his earlieſt bloom,
Look'd forward to the ſkies!

The virtues that adorn'd his youth,
In rich ſucceſſion ran,
Until religion, honor, truth,
Compoſed the perfect man!

Lambert Darlington, Ob. Jan. 31, *Æ.* 73. 1798.

DUNCAN

DUNCAN MALCOLM.

AT the extremity of a beautiful village, in one of the moſt romantic parts of the north of England, ſtood a venerable Gothic priory, which had formerly been the ſcene of religious ſanctity, or monkiſh ſuperſtition, but had latterly been occupied by the ſons of honeſt induſtry and laborious toil; for, as the lands around this ancient ſtructure were particularly calculated for paſturage, the farmer, who rented them from the crown, likewiſe tenanted the manſion which ſtood upon them, part of which he let to a young beautiful widow, who was ſtrongly recommended by the rector of the pariſh, and who, ſoon after her eſtabliſhment in this retired abode, became the parent of a lovely boy.

The

The amiable father of the hero of this tale, was the ſecond ſon of a Scotch nobleman, who having been quartered at Carliſle, with the regiment in which he had a commiſſion, became tenderly attached to the daughter of a clergyman in that place, and deſpairing of receiving his father's conſent to a marriage ſo far inferior to himſelf in point of rank, perſuaded the object of his tenderneſs to conſent to a private union; and, in a few months after it had taken place, was ordered to the Continent, where, in fighting againſt the enemies of his country, he loſt a life which had neither been tarniſhed by cowardice, or diſgraced by ſhame.

The birth of the lovely little Duncan was, at once, a ſource of diſtreſs and joy to the beautiful author of his exiſtence, who, in endeavouring to trace a reſemblance in his features to thoſe of his lamented father, would ſit whole hours in ſpeechleſs agony, until cheered by the ſmile

of

of infantine ſimplicity, ſhe loſt a ſenſe of *preſent ſorrow* in the ſoothing reflection of his future fondneſs.

The ſudden death of Mrs. Malcolm's father, ſoon after the departure of her beloved huſband, had been the occaſion of her applying to the friendſhip of Mr. Addington, who, anxious to have her near his hoſpitable abode, perſuaded her to become an inhabitant of the priory, for the purpoſe of paying her thoſe attentions which, at a greater diſtance, he could not have beſtowed, and which the natural liberality of his diſpoſition induced him to feel ſo much gratification in performing.

The confined ſtate of Mrs. Malcolm's income compelled her to deny herſelf a thouſand little indulgences which ſhe had been accuſtomed to in early life; for, as her huſband had been totally dependant on his father, he was unable to make the ſlighteſt proviſion either for his wife or child, therefore ſhe was under the neceſ-

ſity

ſity of ſubſiſting upon the intereſt of her little fortune, the principal of which was ſafely ſecured upon the pledge of their mutual love.

To obviate the diſtreſs an attached huſband muſt naturally feel at the proſpect of leaving a wife, on whom he doated, under any pecuniary embarraſſment, Captain Malcolm delivered, into the care of his reverend friend, an interceding letter to his father, explaining his motives for marrying without his conſent, and conjuring him, in the moſt ſolemn manner, to become the protector of his wife and child, with directions to have it forwarded to Scotland, in caſe of any accident happening to him during the campaign; but, otherwiſe, to remain in the poſſeſſion of the worthy rector.

This letter, which was ſent a ſhort time after the melancholy news arrived, for ſome weeks received no anſwer: but, upon Mr. Addington addreſſing a ſecond to his

lordſhip, a reply was written, dictated with all the haughtineſs of inſulted dignity, proteſting againſt the *legality* of ſuch a *marriage*, and poſitively declaring a diſbelief that any ſuch had ever taken place, and expreſſing an opinion that the letter (which had the appearance of being Captain Malcolm's writing), was an artful forgery, calculated to impoſe upon parental fondneſs, and would be treated with the contempt and inattention it deſerved.

The generous mind of the worthy rector was deeply wounded by this unexpected inhumanity; but as the proofs of the marriage were in his poſſeſſion, and the witneſſes were living to bear it teſtimony, he thought it better to let the matter reſt untill time had cooled the violence of diſpleaſure, or principle had pointed out the path of duty.

Having thus far premiſed our hero's ſituation with regard to his connections with, and claims upon his elevated relations, I

ſhall

ſhall introduce him to the more immediate acquaintance of his young readers at the moment he entered his ninth year, when Mr. Addington undertook to be his preceptor: and he went regularly to the rectory every morning, either attended by his mother, or her only domeſtic.

In one of theſe daily peregrinations, as Duncan was careleſsly running by the ſide of his mama, and entertaining her with a number of little juvenile tales, the thread of his narrative was ſuddenly broken, by the plaintive cries, for mercy, of a little girl about two years older than himſelf, whom a boy, about her own ſize, was beating violently on the other ſide of the hedge.

As Duncan was poſſeſſed both of agility and ſtrength, he inſtantly ſprung over the hedge, and catching the boy by the collar, exclaimed, "What coward, *ſtrike a girl!* Oh! I'll have you hooted through all the town, you daſtardly fellow, that I

will, and I'll fight you in the bargain, if you have courage enough to attack me; but you look like a *ſneaking, ſhabby, cowardly poltroon*, and I dare ſay, you are afraid to *touch me*.

"No," replied the boy, in a ſullen tone, "I am not afraid to *touch you*; but I have ſprained my wriſt in trying to take a baſket from her, and ſo you would be ſure to beat me. By this time Mrs. Malcolm had joined the little group, and, upon enquiring into the cauſe of the affray, found that the little girl, who was a gardener's daughter, had been ſent by her father with a preſent of peaches to Mr. Addington, and, upon being overtaken by her cowardly aſſailant, he aſked her to *give him one of them*, which, when ſhe refuſed, he not only attempted to ſnatch the baſket from her, but treated her in the manner which has been related.

This inſtance of Duncan's humanity and courage, not only eſtabliſhed his

fame

fame among his own ſex, but made him an univerſal favourite with the other; and the boy, who would voluntarily eſpouſe the cauſe of a *gardener's* daughter, would certainly become the champion of every *young lady* in the pariſh; indeed, Duncan's diſpoſition was ſo perfectly amiable, that, from an inſtinctive impulſe, he was inclined to *defend* whatever he conſidered as *defenceleſs*; and, to render this propenſity ſtill more permanent, he derived, from nature, conſtitutional bravery that could neither ſubmit to *inſult*, or ſupport oppreſſion.

Mr. Addington's family conſiſted of two ſons and a daughter, the former of whom were rather older than our hero, and the latter about ſix months younger. Euſtace, the elder of the two boys, was of a ſimilar diſpoſition to his friend at the priory; but Chriſtopher was one of thoſe unamiable tempers that is continually tormenting itſelf with its own caprices and ill humour.

Peeviſh, ſuſpicious, quarrelſome, and fretful, he was continually engaged in altercations and diſputes; and, unable to enjoy either cheerfulneſs or gaiety, he was never ſo happy as when he could fruſtrate it in others; but the general ſufferer from his untoward temper, was the gentle, mild, and engaging Emily, although her cauſe was warmly eſpouſed both by her brother Euſtace, and her friend Duncan, the latter of whom, before he was twelve years old, had fought as many battles in vindicating her rights.

Mr. Addington's friendſhip and affection for his pupil, was almoſt equal to his tenderneſs for his own children; and knowing him to be a boy of an aſpiring diſpoſition, he thought he was doing him a palpable piece of injuſtice, by ſuffering him to remain in ſo retired a ſituation, when, from his birth and connections, he might be thrown into a ſtation where his talents and abilities would ſhine with peculiar luſtre; and

and he resolved to make a personal application to Lord Malcolm, and take with him the man servant, who had been one of the witnesses to his son's marriage.

A few days after Mr. Addington had quitted the rectory, for the benevolent purpose of establishing the child of his friend in a situation to which he was, by birth, entitled, as Mrs. Malcolm and her son were one evening walking on the high road that led to Scotland; the former found herself suddenly indisposed, and complaining of a violent giddiness in her head, leaned against a tree to prevent falling.

Duncan's agitation at beholding the altered countenance of his beloved parent, was visible in every look and gesture; and, whilst he alternately embraced her face and hands, he conjured her to let him try and support her to the priory, fearing the night would overtake them if they remained any longer in their present situation. Mrs. Malcolm, anxious to assuage the terrors

of

of her ſon, immediately made the deſired effort; but, before ſhe had proceeded twenty paces, a total laſſitude overſpread her frame, and ſinking through the arms that were endeavouring to ſupport her, ſhe fell ſenſeleſs on the ground!

"Oh, my mother! my beloved deareſt mother!" exclaimed the tortured boy, looſening her cravat, and bathing her pallid face with tears, "for God's ſake ſpeak to me—look at me! Oh, ſhe's dead! ſhe's dead!" he continued, riſing from the ground, and calling loud for help. At that moment, a travelling chariot drove furiouſly down the hill, when Duncan, with all the ſwiftneſs he could urge, ran ſcreaming after, calling to the ſervant who attended, to ſtop, and help him to ſave his dying mother!

The noiſe of the carriage wheels prevented the man from hearing the requeſt; but a gentleman within, accidentally putting down the glaſs, immediately perceived his

his young purſuer, and calling to the drivers, ſtopped their courſe.

"Oh, Sir! my mother—my mother!" ſaid the breathleſs boy, "will you come to my dying mother?"—"Where is ſhe?" replied an elderly gentleman, immediately opening the chariot door, and ſpringing out of it. "Here—here, only a little way off," continued Duncan; the ſtranger followed the agitated boy to the ſpot where he had left his languid parent, who had ſo far recovered from the faintneſs with which ſhe had been ſeized, as to be able to anſwer the tender enquiries of the attached Duncan, whoſe joy, at finding her ſo much better, was diſplayed in the moſt rapturous and lively expreſſions. The chariot had, by this time, turned round, and reached the ſpot where Mrs. Malcolm lay, when a boy, apparently about fifteen, ſaid, in a ſullen tone of voice, "Well, Mr. Gibbon, as the *woman is better*, we need not be detained any longer; and I think

we

we are already in danger of not reaching Carliſle before it is dark."

"I ſhall certainly do myſelf the pleaſure of conveying the lady *home*, Mr. Martin," replied the gentleman in a tone of vexation and diſpleaſure, "even at the hazard of our not reaching Carliſle at all; therefore, Thomas," continued he, "put your arms under the lady, and let us lift her into the carriage."

The inſolence and brutality of the young ſtranger's manner, was not unnoticed by the agitated Duncan, who, darting at him a look of indignant contempt, expreſſed his acknowledgement to his humane companion in the moſt grateful language, and then deſired the drivers to follow him, adding, that he ſhould not detain the gentlemen many minutes, as they were not more than a quarter of a mile from home.

The motion of the carriage had again brought on Mrs. Malcolm's faintneſs; and, when ſtopped at the abbey gate, the benevolent

volent Mr. Gibbon was under the neceſſity of lifting her out of it in the ſame manner ſhe had been placed in, whilſt his ſullen fellow traveller refuſed to lend the leaſt aſſiſtance, and would not have quitted his ſtation, had not the drivers informed him a ſpoke in one of the wheels had given way, and that it would be neceſſary to have it repaired before they could proceed, and he then entered the room into which Mrs. Malcolm had been carried, without even taking off his hat.

Mr. Gibbon's attention had been ſo entirely occupied in adminiſtering reſtoratives to the ſtill languid invalid, that he had ſcarcely obſerved the countenance of her ſon; but what was his aſtoniſhment when he heard the ſervant addreſs him by a name familiar to his ear, and ſaw, in every feature, the exact reſemblance of his lamented pupil!

"*Malcolm!*" ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the ſervant, "did you call him *Malcolm?*"

Malcolm?"—"yes," replied the woman, (who had lived with Mrs. Malcolm previous to her marriage), "and a great pity it is he ſhould be *called ſo*, ſince his wicked relations will not *own him*, though God knows the king of England might be *proud* of ſuch a *grandſon!*"

"So," ſaid the inſulting Martin, viewing Duncan with a moſt ſupercilious ſtare, "this is the preſumptuous gentleman whom my mother told me might one day ſtrive to rob me of my *rights*, although ſhe knew my uncle never had been *married*! —Come ſir," continued he, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Gibbon, "let us leave this *great perſonage* to the gratification he enjoys in poſſeſſing a *name* to which he has no *legal title*."

The aſtoniſhed Mr. Gibbon was prevented from replying to this inſolent ſpeech, by the enterance of the worthy Mr. Addington, who had travelled with the utmoſt expedition from Malcolm caſtle,

for

for the purpoſe of introducing his young pupil to its preſent maſter, who finding himſelf in a ſituation that promiſed but a ſhort poſſeſſion of *hereditary honors*, wiſhed to behold the object on whom they would devolve, before he reſigned them for ever.

It is here, neceſſary to inform my young readers, that the ſudden death of the preſumptive heir to the Malcolm eſtate (which happened about three months before Mr. Addington went to Scotland), had ſuch an effect upon the debilitated conſtitution of his father, that the phyſicians pronounced him paſt recovery; and, as he totally diſcredited the account of Captain Malcolm's marriage, he ſent Mr. Gibbon (the former tutor of that amiable young man) on an embaſſy to England, for the elder ſon of his only daughter, who had married a gentleman of the name of Martin, and had for ſome years reſided near London. This boy, whoſe conduct muſt have appeared

ſo ſtrikingly unamiable, had been educated with the hope of poſſeſſing the Malcolm eſtate, as the ill health of Mrs. Martin's brother gave her reaſon to ſuppoſe he could not live to enjoy it.

Duncan, who had with difficulty conſtrained his indignation during the whole of Martin's ſpeech, ſaid, "let me tell you, ſir, that though I am ignorant what *rights* you allude to, it is lucky you have the *right* of *hoſpitality* in *your favour*; for, if you were in any other houſe than my mother's, I would certainly thraſh you until you could not ſtand; and now," continued he, "if you are not as *cowardly* as you are *inſolent*, you will go into the yard, and let me take my ſatisfaction."

Mrs. Malcolm, who had entirely recovered from her alarming faintneſs, was perfectly terrified at the proſpect of her ſon's *fighting*; and Mr. Addington, who had not been preſent during the preceding converſation, rebuked him ſeverely for his ungentleman-

ungentleman-like conduct, though Mr. Gibbon openly avowed he had not, in the ſlighteſt inſtance, been to blame.

A few minutes converſation between Mr. Addington and Mrs. Malcolm, completely overturned the aſpiring Martin's hopes; and, inſtead of feeling any inclination to ſee his dying grandfather, he inſiſted upon returning back to London, declaring he would not ſubmit to the degradation of going as a *viſitor* to a houſe he expected would have been his *own*; and Mr. Gibbon finding he was not to be perſuaded, reluctantly conſented to return, though not until he had repeatedly congratulated both Duncan and his mother upon the entire change in his lordſhip's ſentiments.

Although Mr. Addington found himſelf much fatigued after his long journey, yet ſo anxious was he to ſee the child of his friend eſtabliſhed in the boſom of his father's family, that he ordered the carriage

at the door at four o' clock on the following morning, when Duncan, after taking a tender leave of his beloved parent, and promiſing to write the moment he arrived in Scotland, threw himſelf in the chaiſe, and burſt into a flood of tears!

It was the firſt time, during the amiable boy's life, he had ever been ſeparated from the moſt affectionate of mothers; and the probability there was of his not ſeeing her again for months, or years, threw ſuch a complete gloom over his ſpirits, that he would willingly have relinquiſhed all his future ſplendid proſpects for the pleaſure of remaining under her maternal care; and knowing his grandfather's attachment to hereditary greatneſs, he was fearful he ſhould not be ſuffered to return again to his beloved priory.

As Mr. Addington imagined he had no time to loſe, they purſued their journey with the utmoſt expedition, and arrived at the caſtle about three o'clock on the day after

after they had left the priory. Though the beauty or elegance of a *boy's* perſon is ſeldom an object of attention to beholders, there was ſomething in Duncan's ſo *peculiarly ſtriking*, that it was impoſſible to look at him without a certain degree of animation; and this paſſport to general favour, was no trifling recommendation in the eyes of his grandfather, who was aſtoniſhed at beholding ſuch real *dignity* of *manners* in a boy who had never aſſociated with *nobility*. Contrary to Mr. Addington's expectation, he found his lordſhip much recovered; and the ſame phyſicians who had pronounced him *incurable*, then gave it as an opinion, he might be reſtored.

The affectionate conduct of Lord Malcolm, could not reconcile Duncan to the abſence of his mother, and it was with ſome difficulty, Mr. Addington perſuaded him not to name her in his grandfather's preſence, until he was more fully aſſured

of his friendſhip and regard. This conſtant check upon his feelings, the ingenuous boy was unable to ſupport; and, on the day after his friend had left the caſtle, he reſolved to petition his lordſhip to let her come and reſide in Scotland, which he did in ſo diffident and reſpectful a manner, that even the haughty Malcolm could not refuſe, and the delighted Duncan received permiſſion to invite her immediately to the caſtle.

In about a fortnight after this total alteration in Duncan's affairs, the worthy Mr. Gibbon returned to Scotland; and, when he related the account of his companion's conduct, his lordſhip's indignation was unbounded, and he proteſted he ſhould never receive a penny of his fortune, though Duncan generouſly endeavoured to find excuſes for his conduct.

The ſtrong diſlike our youthful hero had heard his mother expreſs againſt a profeſſion which had been ſo fatal to his father,

had

had been the means of preventing him from requeſting her to indulge his paſſion for it; but, upon his grandfather's offering to purchaſe him a commiſſion in a regiment which was juſt going to America, he could no longer indulge a natural propenſity, and he reſolved to try the effect of perſuaſion. With all the enthuſiaſm of youthful ardour, he painted the glory he might purchaſe in his country's cauſe, and conjured her to reflect upon the pleaſure ſhe would derive from hearing an account of his bravery—yet declared his readineſs to ſacrifice his proſpects, unleſs ſhe would give an *unreluctant conſent*.

"Oh, my Duncan!" ſaid the agitated parent, encircling him at the ſame moment in her maternal arms, "how can I *part*—yet how *detain* my child?—No, deareſt boy, I will not check—will not deſtroy that ardent zeal for *fame*, which warmly glows within thy generous breaſt! then go, my love, and may the guardian powers

powers of Heaven protect and save my son!"

The delighted Duncan, after endeavouring to reconcile his mother to their temporary separation, and convince her there was the same sustaining power to shield the soldier in the field of battle, that protected the peasant in his peaceful cottage, returned immediately to his grandfather, to impart the success which had attended his petition, and to learn farther particulars respecting his departure, which he found must unavoidably take place in less than a fortnight.

The gentle attentions of the amiable Mrs. Malcolm were so completely gratifying to the feelings of his lordship, that previous to Duncan's departure for the Continent, he had almost persuaded her to give up her apartments at the priory, and consider the castle as her future home; and, when she had lost the object that had endeared the spot, she no longer hesitated

about

about complying, but wrote to her friend, Mr. Addington, to diſpoſe of the effects ſhe had left behind.

The regiment in which the earl purchaſed a commiſſion for his grandſon, had been ſome time ſtationed on the continent; but what muſt have been his aſtoniſhment upon joining it, to find himſelf under the command of the imperious Martin, who, on being diſappointed in his moſt ſanguine expectations, had perſuaded his father to purchaſe him a company.

The neceſſary civilities from a ſubaltern to a ſuperior, the liberal minded Duncan immediately paid; and as every one was buſy in making preparations for an engagement, there was no time for reflecting either on pique or prejudice. Duncan's heart beat high with expectation, and he boldly determined, that the following day ſhould either *eſtabliſh* his *fame*, or deſtroy his exiſtence, as he reſolved to exert himſelf to the utmoſt. Far different

were

were the ſenſation of his alarmed relation, who ſhocked at the danger with which he was ſurrounded, would gladly have exchanged ſituation with the meaneſt peaſant. The trying hour at length approached, and large columns of the American troops from different quarters poured down upon them. The Engliſh ſoldiers prepared to attack them with heroic bravery: but where was the commander of the detachment to which Duncan belonged? The cowardice of the captain ſeemed to have checked the valour of his men, when our youthful hero perceiving their diſmay, immediately offered to take the vacant poſt. The animation of his countenance, the heroiſm of his conduct, and, above all, the aſſurance he gave them of being able to ſubdue the enemy, inſtantly rekindled every ſpark of courage, and the whole body unanimouſly declared, *death* or *victory* ſhould be theirs!

I ſhall

I ſhall paſs over in ſilence the various proofs both of courage and magnanimity which Duncan diſplayed on that memorable day, and merely ſay, that the detachment to which he belonged obtained, from their conduct, immortal glory, and that the general not only publicly expreſſed his acknowledgements to them, but wrote a particular account of our young hero's behaviour for the inſpection of his ſovereign, who, when he was afterwards preſented at St. James's, treated him with the moſt flattering marks of diſtinction and regard.

Lord Malcolm received him with open arms, and preſſing him to his boſom with parental tenderneſs, declared he conſidered *courage* as much the peculiar virtue which belonged to his own ſex, as *delicacy* was to that of the other; and added, that he felt himſelf ſo much diſgraced by the conduct of his other grandſon, that he would never own him for a relation.

In about three months after Duncan's return from the Continent, his lordſhip was ſeized with a paralytic fit, againſt which his conſtitution was unable to ſtruggle, and he expired in the arms of his attentive grandſon, leaving him the whole of his real and perſonal eſtates.

Though Scotland had been the ſpot of his anceſtor's *greatneſs*, the *priory* had been the ſcene of Duncan's happineſs; and as ſoon as he had arranged his grandfather's affairs, he reſolved to viſit the dear abode, and evince his gratitude to the worthy Mr. Addington. His friendſhip for Euſtace had known no change, and his affection for Emily had increaſed by abſence; and as neither of their parents oppoſed the marriage, they were united on the day his lordſhip came of age. The priory ſoon after became vacant, and a few thouſands converted it into an elegant abode, which his Lordſhip ſeldom quitted, except when called upon to fulfil the duties of his profeſſion,

feſſion, which, notwithſtanding his affection for his amiable wife, he always attended with the moſt minute exactneſs; and when he had attained the rank of general, he was no leſs aſſiduous than when a ſubaltern. His fame as a ſoldier could only be equalled by his virtues as a man, and his death was conſidered as a general calamity to all who were fortunate enough to boaſt of his acquaintance. He was interred in the chapel belonging to the priory, with the following lines engraven on his monument:—

Valour, and virtue were combin'd---
No baſe diſhonour ſtain'd
The ſpotleſs dignity of mind,
That through his conduct reign'd!

Duncan Malcolm, Ob. May 1, 1798, *Æ* 41.

GEORGE COWLEY.

AS William Cowley, an honeſt, but diſſatisfied labouring man, was ſitting by the ſide of the partner of his affection, and watching the expiring embers of a turf fire, his diſcontented murmurs were ſuddenly interrupted by a violent blaze of light, which unexpectedly iſſued from a neighbouring cottage, and the misfortune he was lamenting of having a *numerous family*, was threatened to be terminated by the extinction of their exiſtence.

The flames which raged with alarming violence, inſtantly communicated to the devoted dwelling, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty the miſerable inhabitants could ſave the lives of ſix healthy children, all of whom were locked in the arms of ſleep when the fire broke out.

The

The humane farmer, from whom Cowley had long derived the means of ſupporting his numerous family, was no ſooner made acquainted with the melancholy event, than he flew on the wings of friendſhip to the ſpot, ſnatched up the two younger children in his arms, and deſired the affrighted mother and the remainder to follow him; and after placing them all beſide a large wood fire, returned to the ſcene of terror and deſolation, in the hope of reſcuing ſome part of their property from the devouring influence of the raging flames.

This benevolent intention was completely fruſtrated; for, by the time he arrived at the humble dwelling, it was almoſt reduced to aſhes, and the diſconſolate owner of it ſtood wrapped in gloomy contemplation, fully convinced there were much ſeverer misfortunes than thoſe which reſulted from a *numerous family*.

"Come, Maſter Cowley, cheer up!" ſaid the farmer, at the ſame time giving

him a hearty clap on the ſhoulder; "for though you havn't got a pleace of your own to put your wife and children, ye ſhant want a hole to ſtow um in, as long as John Jenkins has got a houſe to cover them!"

"God bleſs your goodneſs, meaſter," replied the unfortunate Cowley, "and reward you for it too—for I never ſhall be able!"

"Well, well," continued the benevolent Jenkins, "never talk about *rewards*; but let us go and ſee what is to be done for your poor wife, and all the young ones, for they are all mortally ſcared, and want a body to comfort them, I dare ſay!—Come, man, come along; for we can do no good here; but, thank God, it can burn no furder: and it will not ſtop until ſtick and ſtone be down to the very ground, if we ſtand gaping here till midnight."

Cheered by the aſſurance of the farmer's friendſhip, the unfortunate man reluctantly retired; and, anxiouſly gazing at the

conſuming

conſuming flames, he ſighed deeply, and followed his conductor.

Nothing could be more oppoſite than the diſpoſition of the humane Jenkins, and his wife; for whilſt the heart of the one was all kindneſs and benevolence, that of the other was incapable of thoſe ſenſations.

Diſpleaſure and aſtoniſhment had been ſtrongly excited by the appearance of her huſband, attended by his gueſt; but when, immediately after his departure, the unhappy woman expreſſed her apprehenſion that another being would be brought into the world to become participater in her misfortunes, ſhe inſtantly inſiſted upon her retiring to the barn, declaring ſhe would not have her houſe converted into a lying-in hoſpital, to pleaſe all the huſbands in the world.

Cowley's misfortunes ſeemed now complete: his houſe deſtroyed—his children half naked—and his wife hurried into a premature labour by the unexpected fright

ſhe had recently experienced!—Frantic he flew to the overſeer of the pariſh; and, in the moſt pathetic terms, deſcribed the miſery of his ſituation; but before the unfortunate creature could be removed, ſhe became the mother of the hero of theſe memoirs.

Though he was not the firſt infant that drew its breath in a barn, yet the circumſtances which had attended his birth were ſo peculiarly intereſting, that every creature in the neighbourhood (Mrs. Jenkins excepted) ſeemed to feel ſolicitous for his welfare; and as the fire had conſumed the clothes that had been prepared for him, every body was anxious to ſupply him with others.

The repining author of the little George's exiſtence (for ſo he was named immediately after his birth) was continually grumbling at his diminutive ſize, and expreſſing a wiſh that he might die in his *infancy*, from an apprehenſion he would never be able to *ſupport himſelf* when a man.

It

It was in vain that the affectionate mother endeavoured to prove the *duty* of *attachment*, and tried to engage ſome portion of his tenderneſs; for the inhuman father beheld him with an eye of coldneſs and inſenſibility, and conſidered him as an additional cauſe of difficulty and labour.

The opinion which this ſelfiſh man had formed, that the child would never be able to earn its own ſubſiſtence, was more than probable, in the opinion of thoſe who ſaw him; for he was ſo remarkably ſmall, and ſo extremely unhealthy, that he had abſolutely attained his fourth year before he was able to walk without aſſiſtance.

Amongſt the number of theſe benevolent characters who had always felt intereſted in the little George's welfare, was a gentleman of the name of Sutton, who lived about a quarter of a mile from the place of his birth, and who, from being curate of the pariſh, had been ſummoned to the barn upon that occaſion, to make him

him a chriſtian before he expired; as he was then thought in too weak a ſtate to ſurvive more than a few hours.

This gentleman, who was a great phiſiognomiſt, imagined he perceived traces of genius in the boy's countenance; and whenever Cowley grumbled at having ſuch a *puney child*, uſed to ſay in a tone of *exultation*, "he would become a *greater man* than any of his brothers."

The idea of a perfect *mite* being converted into a *great man*, was what the induſtrious Cowley could not comprehend; but as he thought it would be highly improper to contradict the *parſon's aſſertions*, he uſed only to reply by an expreſſive ſhake of the head; or a "God grant your *reverence* may be *right*."

As ſoon as George was ſufficiently ſtrong to walk backwards and forwards to the rectory, without the aſſiſtance of his brothers and ſiſters, Mr. Sutton offered to teach him to read; and the hope that

George

George might get his bread by his *learning*, reconciled his father to the delicacy of his ſhape; and the idea that he might one day riſe to the *elevated ſituation of pariſh clerk*, gave a new turn both to his affection and his behaviour.

If Mr. Sutton was convinced by the lines in George's countenance, that his mind was ſuperior to the generality of boys, he was abſolutely confirmed in this opinion by the rapid improvements he made under his tuition; for in leſs than a twelvemonth after he had received his inſtruction, he could read the moſt difficult chapter in the Bible and Teſtament, and became tutor to his elder brothers.

His mother, who had always regarded him with the utmoſt fondneſs, beheld theſe inſtances of perception and docility with a pride natural to her humble ſituation, and began to look higher than a *pariſh clerk*, for a boy who diſplayed ſuch ſurpriſing abilities. By the time George had attained

his

his tenth year, he was perfectly master of the Latin Grammar; and so much gratified was Mr. Sutton by his attention and improvement, that he offered to take him wholly under his protection; and the father, delighted at being relieved from all expence, joyfully acceded to the proposal, finding that though his health was greatly improved, it would never be strong enough to enable him to undertake any *laborious employment*.

This eligible and advantageous scheme excited the envy of our our little hero's brothers, who, exasperated at the prospect of his becoming a *gentleman*, treated him in the most *unkind* and *insulting* manner.

"'Tis a fine thing indeed, to be born no bigger than a *shrimp*," said the elder of the boys, as soon as he heard George was to reside at the rectory; "for then folks think one not *able to work*, and forsooth make gentlefolks of them *directly*; though, for my part, whilst I have the use of my hands to guide

guide the plough, I had rather *earn* my own *living*, than be obliged to the beſt *parſon* in *England*."

This was merely an unkind ſneer; for Tom happened to be a remarkable lazy boy, and was always endeavouring to find ſome excuſe for idleneſs, though his father would ſeldom permit him to put it in execution.

"I am ſure, Tom," replied George, "I have no greater wiſh to be lazy than you have; and when I am at Mr. Sutton's, I am never idle one minute; for I firſt read, then I write; and, after that, go to accompts—ſo I leave you to judge whether I am going there merely to be a *gentleman*, as you call it;—beſides, if ever I was to be a *gentleman*, you ſhould *be ſo too*; for do you think I would be ſo wicked as to keep my money to myſelf?"

The converſation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Sutton, who came to fetch his intended companion; and though George was ſincerely attached to his

his generous benefactor, he could not bear the idea of being ſeparated from his family, without their being upon terms of friendſhip with him; and with tears in his eyes, he beſought Tom to viſit him frequently.

"Why, one would imagine," ſaid Mr. Sutton, patting George upon the head, "I was going to tranſport you to the Eaſt Indies, you take leave of your brothers with ſuch a ſorrowful countenance:—"but," continued he, ſoftening his tone of voice, and looking at his young friend with an eye of tenderneſs, "I do not mean to check thoſe natural impreſſions of fraternal affection; on the contrary it gives me pleaſure to behold them; for the heart which is incapable of being attracted by the *ties of nature*, muſt be *cold* and *apathetic* to the *claims* of *friendſhip*."

Immediately upon George's eſtabliſhment at the rectory, his whole appearance underwent a ſudden transformation—his nailed ſhoes and coarſe yarn hoſe were immediately

mediately exchanged for ſhining pumps, and cotton ſtockings—his leather jacket and woollen cap, for a blue coat and round hat; and, in ſhort, his whole perſon was ſo totally changed, that even his parents could ſcarcely recognize him.

This alteration, ſo much in George's favour, excited in his boſom neither vanity or pride; and whenever he was led to obſerve the change, it was only to regret that the ſituation of his brothers was leſs fortunate and comfortable than his own.

Though Mr. Sutton was merely curate of Ditton, he had a very good living in the fenny part of Lincolnſhire, which he was only prevented reſiding at by an aſthmatic complaint upon his lungs; and, in addition to this competent income, he had a ſmall paternal eſtate, which probably amounted to two hundred a year.

Without children of his own, or any *near* relations, Mr. Sutton felt himſelf at liberty to diſpoſe of this fortune in what-

ever manner he thought proper; and as each day displayed some new instance of George's merit, he openly avowed his intention of making him his *heir*, and expressed a determination of sending him to the university.

This intention was soon circulated, and at length reached the ears of a distant branch of the family, who had felt secure of possessing the fortune he now heard destined for our youthful hero. Alarmed at the prospect of being deprived, by a stranger, of an inheritance to which he fancied himself entitled, the selfish man instantly resolved to visit his relation, and endeavour, by artful insinuation, or open opposition, to lower the credit of the usurping favourite.

Though no kind of intercourse had for several years taken place between Mr. Sutton and this designing man, he possessed too large a portion of genuine christianity not to feel some degree of satisfaction at the

the proſpect of being upon terms of friendſhip with his neareſt relation; and when the letter arrived, expreſſing an intention of ſpending a fortnight during the ſhooting ſeaſon, at the rectory, he anſwered it with all the warmth of an ingenuous mind, declaring that no circumſtance could have afforded him more real gratification.

A being who could be capable of forming a premeditated plan to injure the proſpects of an unoffending friendleſs child, muſt, of courſe, be very unfit for the office of preceptor to his own; and his elder ſon Charles, though only fourteen, was as complete an adept in the art of deception, as the moſt finiſhed hypocrite of forty-four.

This boy Mr. William Sutton reſolved ſhould accompany him in his viſit to the rectory, conceiving the beauty of his perſon—the affability of his manners—and the pliancy of his diſpoſition, would ren-

der him a desirable agent in the execution of his designs.

The worthy rector received his guests with all that warmth of hospitality natural to his character, and seemed to feel additional satisfaction in the unexpected society of his young relation.

The ingenuous frankness of George's disposition, rendered him incapable of discovering the low petty cunning of his young companion's mind: and, with all the openness of unsuspicious confidence, he disclosed some trifling indiscretions which he had carefully concealed from the knowledge of his patron.

The ill consequences of this injudicious proceeding, our young hero soon experienced; for failings which, in themselves were *mere trifles*, under false representation and *exaggerated colouring*, appeared *faults* of *great magnitude*, and created a total alteration in Mr. Sutton's conduct.

Elated

Elated at the ſucceſs which had attended his ſcheme, Mr. William Sutton doubled his aſſiduities to his unſuſpicious relation, whilſt Charles, by theſe minute attentions which at once gratify and pleaſe, imperceptibly underminded poor George's intereſt.

It was not to be ſuppoſed that George was negligent in attention, or deficient in reſpect to his generous benefactor: on the contrary, few things gave him ſo much ſatisfaction as the being able to render himſelf uſeful to one to whom he was ſo infinitely obliged; but he was unacquainted with that refined art of diſſimulation in which Charles had been inſtructed, which, under pretence of ſtudying the happineſs of another, ſeeks only to eſtabliſh its own intereſt and advantage.

Notwithſtanding the viſible decreaſe in Mr. Sutton's regard, he ſtill felt a lively intereſt in the welfare of his protegée: but a circumſtance ſoon occurred, which en-

tirely deſtroyed this prepoſſeſſion, and baniſhed the unfortunate boy from an abode in which he had paſſed ſo many years of happineſs.

A favourite houſekeeper, who had reſided ſome years with Mr. Sutton previous to his adopting the little ruſtic, fancied her own intereſt would be injured by his introduction into the family; and, in conſequence of this opinion, always beheld him with an eye of envy.

This diſlike, though both unjuſt and ungenerous, was ſoon obſerved to the diſcriminating Mr. William Sutton, who, with an exceſs of meanneſs which could only de equalled by the illiberality of his deſigns, intreated the houſekeeper's aſſiſtance in the execution of them.

Few propoſals could have been more congenial to the feelings of this intereſted woman, than that which was made by Mr. Sutton; and, as it was ſtrengthened by a preſent of a two pound note, as an earneſt

of

of favour, ſhe promiſed her aſſiſtance not only from an impulſe of private pique, but from an expectation of future reward.

Though Charles was endeavouring to deſtroy his young companion's intereſt with his worthy benefactor, he inſidiouſly acted with the utmoſt appearance of cordiality towards himſelf, and inſtigated him to be revenged upon Mrs. Thomas (which was the houſekeeper's name) for her ſpiteful conduct in having told Mr. Sutton of ſome boyiſh tricks they had beed jointly guilty of.

Revenge was a paſſion to which the generous boſom of George Cowley was a total ſtranger; yet he enjoyed thoſe little boyiſh tricks that rather ſpring from a lively imagination than a corrupted heart; and Mrs. Thomas was a perſon on whom he was very fond of exerciſing them, as her conduct towards him had always been both *ill-natured* and *illiberal*.

As

As it was generally believed Mr. Sutton's houſekeeper had ſaved a good deal of money in his ſervice, though her perſon was as completely deformed as her mind, ſhe was thought to poſſeſs ſufficient charms to attract the hearts of no leſs than three different admirers, viz. the butcher, baker, and pariſh clerk; the latter of whom was the favoured lover, and uſed to meet her moſt evenings at a back door, at the extremity of a narrow lane, which led into a ſhrubbery, that belonged to the lord of the manor, and of which Mr. Sutton had a key.

As George ſoon diſcovered that a loud whiſtle was the ſignal of this attached ſwain's arrival, he uſed to amuſe himſelf by imitating the well-known ſound, and run away from the ſpot before the lady could reach it, to prevent her from diſcovering the author of her diſappointment. This ſcheme the boys had practiſed once or twice with very great ſucceſs, when

Charles

Charles propoſed increaſing their *fun*, by faſtening a cord acroſs the lane in a manner that would occaſion the poor woman to fall, and then placing a pan full of water in ſuch a ſituation as would be moſt likely to receive her head and face. George was at firſt delighted with the propoſal, but a few moments reflection convinced him, that the execution of it might not only be attended with *diſgrace to himſelf*, but with *danger* to the *object* of his *averſion*, and he ſtrenuouſly reſiſted all perſuaſion.

As this was a ſcheme which Charles had imagined would certainly inſure his rival's *ruin*, he was greatly mortified at finding him oppoſe it; but determined not to forego his iniquitous deſign, he reſolved to ſacrifice *truth* as well as *principle*, and to accuſe him of a crime of which he was not only *innocent*, but *averſe!* Thus reſolved to perpetrate a deed which was not only *diſgraceful*, but *inhuman*, he eaſily contrived to arrange every thing in the

the proper order for the practice; and accordingly, as soon as evening approached, the water was placed, the cord fastened, and he entered the library where the unsuspicious Charles was completing the afternoon task he had received from his benefactor, with as much composure of countenance as if he had been performing the most meritorious action.

"Well, George (said he), are we not to have a little *fun* with the old girl? —Where is your *whistle*?—Come get it my lad, and do not sit dreaming over that old musty fellow *Horace* any longer."

"I have just done (replied the unsuspicious boy), but I saw Mr. Sutton and your father walk through the church-yard a little time ago, so I fear we shall be found out, and I am sure we should never be forgiven, for she is such a favourite."

"Come along, *coward* (exclaimed the hypocrite), what should we *fear*? and, besides, what great harm is there in what we

we do, even if we are found out? I am ſure my father would only laugh at it, and Mr. Sutton could not be diſpleaſed when we had ſuch an able champion?"

Thus urged to the proſecution of a plan which ended in ruin, the unfortunate boy inſtantly complied, and opening the drawer of his writing deſk, took from thence a little tin whiſtle, repaired to the ſpot, and gave the accuſtomed ſignal.

The cloſing of the kitchen door, which ſhut very loud, had always been the ſign for the boys to depart, and the moment they heard it on the fatal evening, they flew from the place of concealment, ſcrambled over the ſhrubbery gate, and inſtantly encountered the old gentleman.

"Whence all this hurry, George?" ſaid Mr. Sutton, in a tone of diſpleaſure and aſtoniſhment, "and why have you preſumed to enter Mr. Bedford's pleaſure grounds without my permiſſion?"

"Sir

"Sir—Sir, I—I did not mean to offend Mr. Bedford!"—"You did not mean to *offend Mr. Bedford!*" ſaid Mr. Sutton, in a ſtill more angry tone of voice, "but you have *offended me*, and I inſiſt upon knowing the *cauſe* of all this *agitation*, which convinces me you have been guilty either of ſome *paltry*, or *diſgraceful action!*"

The converſation was ſuddenly interrupted by a loud and violent ſcream, which ſeemed to proceed from the ſpot the boys had juſt quitted.

"Gracious powers, what do I hear! (exclaimed Mr. Sutton) and darting forward, unlocked the gate, and beheld a ſight which filled his boſom with terror, grief, and amazement! The unfortunate houſekeeper was lying flat upon her face, whilſt the blood was ſtreaming copiouſly from an immenſe wound in her forehead, which had been cut by the edge of the pan, againſt which ſhe had fallen, whilſt the

the cord, which had been the occaſion of the accident, remained as a ſtriking proof of the *malice* of the *deſign*.

Mr. Sutton, without ſpeaking a word, darted a look of fury and reſentment againſt the unoffending object of his anger, and at the ſame time raiſed the bleeding favourite in his arms.

"I would *not* have had you *done it*," ſaid the adept in artifice, addreſſing himſelf in a low tone to his companion, yet, at the ſame time, loud enough for Mr. Sutton to hear him.—"It is as I ſuſpected then," ſaid Mr. Sutton, "and to indulge an inhuman prejudice, this unhappy creature's life, I fear, is ſacrificed!

"Fly for a ſurgeon, Charles," continued Mr. Sutton, "and as to *you, inhuman as you are*, never let my eyes behold you more!—Away, nor e'er attempt to *diſobey my orders!*"

The unhappy boy threw himſelf on his knees, caught Mr. Sutton by the ſkirt of

his coat, and, in the ſtrongeſt terms, proteſted his innocence of the crime alledged againſt him, but avowed the part he had acted, intreated forgiveneſs, and conjured his benefactor neither to let prejudice or injuſtice prevail againſt him; but alas! without effect, Mr. Sutton remained inflexible, and his deſigning relation, ſtrengthened by the moſt perſuaſive argument, a diſlike which ſeemed but too firmly rooted.

The unfortunate George, thus driven from an abode where he had paſſed ten years of his life in an uninterrupted ſtate of happineſs, was under the neceſſity of retiring to the humble dwelling of his parents, loaded with ſhame, ſorrow, and diſappointment! His father, who nad never felt the affection of a parent for him, fully believed the tale that had been fabricated againſt him, received him with the moſt bitter *reproaches*, and ſevere accuſations, and his brothers, who had always envied

envied his good fortune, treated him with the moſt mortifying coldneſs and inſulting cruelty.

It was impoſſible, that a mind of ſenſibility could ſupport the inhumanity of this behaviour, and particularly one which ſo little deſerved it: for during the whole ten years George had reſided at the rectory, he had never one day omitted viſiting his parents, and ſharing, with them and his brothers, that money which the generoſity of his patron intended for his own indulgencies. He accordingly aroſe at day-light, the following morning, reſolving to attempt to ſoften the reſentment of his benefactor, and endeavour to reinſtate himſelf in the good opinion of one whom he loved, venerated, and admired: but alas! his enemies had too far prevailed againſt him, for him to be able to eſtabliſh his own innocence; and Mr. Sutton, after giving him, a ten pound note, adviſed him to offer his aſſiſtance to a clergyman who

kept an academy about fifteen miles distance, and expreſſed a deſire of never ſeeing him again.

With a heart oppreſſed with ſorrow, and a mind labouring under diſappointment, the unfortunate object of Mr. Sutton's reſentment, bent his ſteps towards the ſpot his patron had directed, and fortunately arrived at the ſeminary at a moment when the maſter was in want of an aſſiſtant, who, in ſpite of his youth and inexperience, was reſolved to engage him in that capacity, as the anſwers he gave to the queſtions which were put to him, convinced him that his knowledge was much ſuperior to his years.

Though time, in ſome degree, reconciled him to the ſeverity of his misfortune, it could not make him ceaſe regretting the loſs of his benefactor's friendſhip; and, though he ſoon obtained the eſteem of his employer, and the affection of the boys,

he

he ſighed at the remembrance of paſt felicity.

Amongſt the number of lads who were partial to their youthful inſtructor, was one of the name of Lumley, who was ſo extremely partial to George's ſociety, that he entirely gave up all former amuſements, and ſpent thoſe hours which he had been accuſtomed to devote to boyiſh pleaſures, in cultivating his friendſhip, and profiting by his information.

Sir Thomas, who ſoon perceived the advantages his ſon had derived from the improving converſation of his young tutor, immediately ſent him a preſſing invitation to paſs the enſuing vacation at the abbey, and became ſo warmly intereſted in his welfare, that he reſolved to defray his expences at the univerſity, to prevent the neceſſity of his ſon being ſeparated from a friend ſo able to counſel, and ſo competent to adviſe.

His attention to ſtudy, his promotion of regularity, and his zeal for the welfare of his young friend, inſured him the approbation of all the heads of the college; and it was difficult to determine whether he was moſt *admired* as a *ſcholar*, loved as a *companion*, or *eſteemed as a man!* The knowledge he had obtained of different ſtates and kingdoms, aſtoniſhed thoſe who were much older than himſelf, and induced Sir Thomas to propoſe him as a travelling tutor to his ſon, during his intended tour through Europe.

A propoſal ſo flattering, was of courſe, joyfully accepted; and the two young men commenced their journey, determining to profit by every new obſervation. Three years elapſed in this delightful employment, when the travellers returned, informed in mind, improved in manners, and ſtrengthened in friendſhip and affection.

Though

Though George had determined never to return to the ſcene of juvenile felicity, unleſs recalled by the revived regard of his valued friend and patron, he was neither unmindful of his parents' intereſt, or his brother's welfare; and the moment he was engaged as a tutor to his young friend, he ſettled half the ſalary upon his unaffectionate father, who was then convinced that, inſtead of repining at the birth of a *ſickly child*, he ought to have been grateful to heaven for ſending him ſuch a treaſure. A hundred a year to a man like Cowley, was abſolutely conſidered as a *princely fortune*, and the humble cottage was immediately exchanged for a comfortable farm, where the induſtrious inhabitants paſſed their days in an uninterrupted ſcene of domeſtic happineſs.

Soon after the departure of the much injured George, the inſiduous Mr. Sutton perſuaded his too credulous relation to make a will in favor of his favorite ſon; in

in which requeſt he was urgently joined by the deluded Mrs. Thomas, who ſoon recovered from the wound ſhe had received, and became his firm friend and advocate.

The deſired will was no ſooner completed, than the object in whoſe favor it was ſo ſtrongly penned, was ſuddenly ſeized with a putrid fever, and expired in leſs than four days. This viſitation, which ſeemed like a judgment from heaven, made a ſtrong impreſſion upon the unhappy father's mind, and in the firſt paroxiſm of grief, he reſolved to confeſs the iniquity of his proceedings, and reſtore the unfortunate boy to his patron's favor. But time, which blunts the edge of affliction, likewiſe decreaſed the impreſſion of *contrition*; and on the proſpect of inheriting an uſurped fortune, he ſoon forgot the means by which it had been attained. Upon George's return, after a three years abſence, a letter from

his

his father informed him of his *patron's illneſs*, and no longer able to deny himſelf the pleaſure of ſeeing the friend of his juvenile years, he ordered his horſes, and rode poſt to the rectory.

Time and abſence had ſo completely altered and improved his perſon, that Mr. William Sutton, who at that moment was ſtanding at the gate had not the ſlighteſt recollection of it; but, ſeeing an elegant looking young clergyman, attended by a ſervant in livery, alight, he accoſted him with that politeneſs due to his appearance, and begged to know by what name he was to have the *honour of announcing him to his relation.*

"I will have the happineſs of *announcing myſelf*," ſaid the indignant young man, darting at him a look of unconcernable contempt, "for if I am introduced under Mr. Sutton's auſpices, the recommendation I fear would not be very *advantageous.*" So ſaying, he darted forward,

forward, ſprang up ſtairs, and was by the invalid's bed-ſide, before the aſtoniſhed man could recover from his ſurpriſe.

"My much loved friend! my generous benefactor!" ſaid the agitated amiable George, "do you not know—can you not recollect the being whom your humanity ſo nobly raiſed from poverty to affluence? Oh, ſay," continued he, "that my preſence is not *hateful*, and I am bleſt indeed!"

"My boy! my injured boy! (feebly articulated the dying man) and do I live to ſee you once again!—Oh joy!—exceſs of joy!—yes, I have heard how ſadly you were uſed! but ill-got wealth, you know could never thrive; and Sutton this day owned he wiſhed not to poſſeſs it."

This little exertion was too much for the debilitated frame of the venerable man to ſupport, and throwing his arms round the neck of the agitated George, he faintly ſighed "I'm happy," and expired.

By

By the death of this worthy character, George found himself in possession of a fortune of near five hundred a year: and by the generosity of Sir Thomas Lumley, he was presented with a living of nearly the same value. This was but a prelude to his future *greatness*, for Sir Thomas was very soon called to the house of peers, and put in one of the first posts in administration: when his first object was to provide in the most ample manner for the preceptor of his son, who, from being born in one of the lowest situations, by his virtues and abilities, elevated himself to one of the first stations in the church of England.

In this respectable and exalted situation he behaved with that modest dignity and unassuming gentleness, which is truly expressive of *real greatness of mind*; and, after providing in the most liberal manner for all his family, was united to a young lady of exquisite beauty and superior merit,

with

with whom he lived twenty-five years in the utmoſt harmony and domeſtic tenderneſs, and was interred in the cathedral over which he preſided, in the ſixty-third year of his age, with the following lines engraven on his tomb ;—

From humble birth and lowly ſtate
This noble prelate came,
Virtue alone make mortals great,
And dignifies their name !

George Cowley, Ob. Jan. 1799, *Æ.* 63.

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