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THE
HISTORY
OF
PRIMROSE PRETTYFACE.



PRIMROSE PRETTYFACE

Spinning at her father's door, her scholars sitting round her.

THE
RENOWNED HISTORY
OF
Primrose Prettyface,
WHO,
By her Sweetness of Temper and Love of Learning,
WAS RAISED FROM BEING THE
DAUGHTER OF A POOR COTTAGER,
TO
GREAT RICHES;
AND
TO THE DIGNITY OF THE
LADY OF THE MANOR.

SET FORTH

For the benefit and imitation of those pretty little
BOYS and GIRLS,

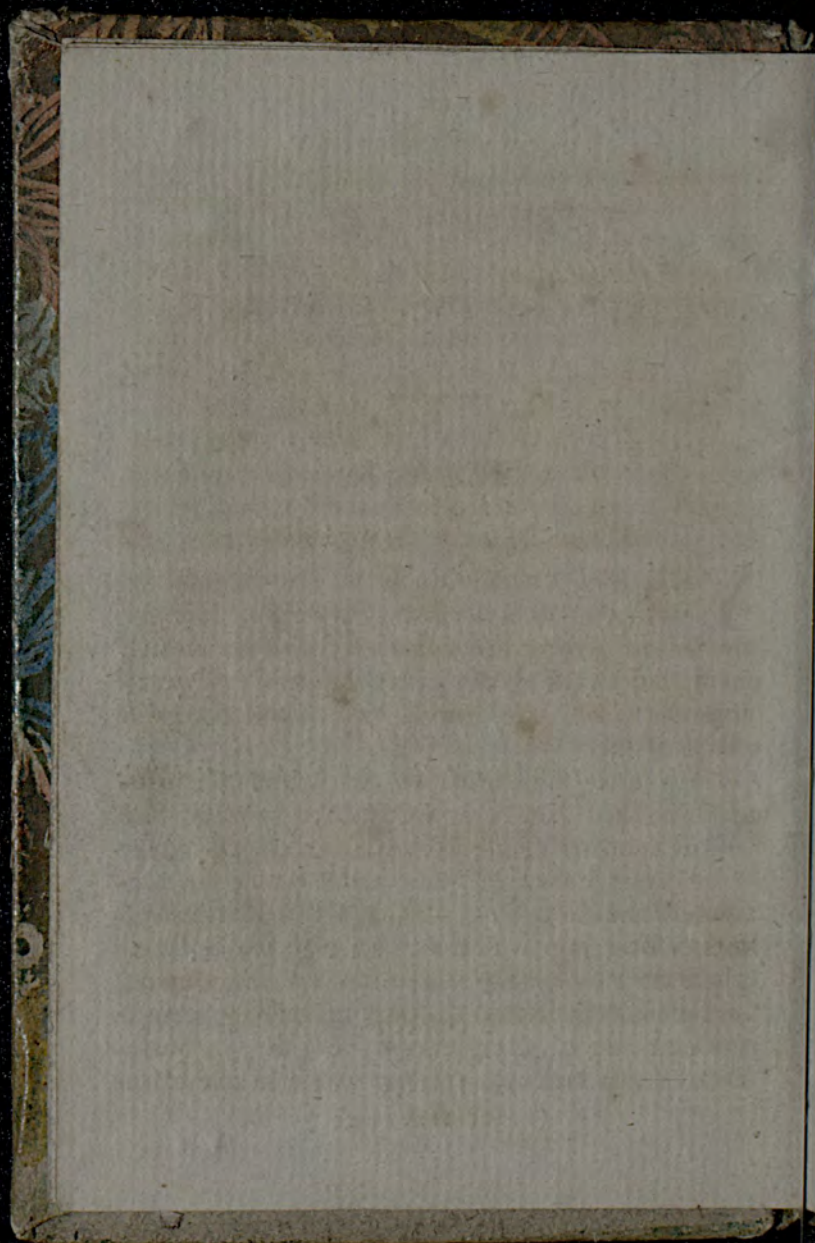
Who by learning their Books and obliging Mankind,
Would to Beauty of Body add Beauty of Mind,

ADORNED WITH CUTS BY BEWICK.

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The Renowned History of
PRIMROSE PRETTYFACE.

CHAP. I.

Which begins at the beginning.

YES, Sir, I shall begin at the beginning, whatever the world or carping critics are pleased to say on the contrary; and let me tell them, had many of our great men and tradesmen done the same, they would have found the good effects of it!

Sir Walter Wiseacre, an old friend of mine, used to say, "Every thing has two handles, and "it is a matter of the greatest importance to take "hold of the right." Too many err in this particular, and though they charge Providence with their miscarriage, yet there are very few but may place their own folly at the foot of the account, and ascribe their ruin to some mismanagement in the entrance of their affairs. So, Sir, in pursuance of this maxim, and agreeable to one of the

ancients, no matter who, " I shall begin at the
 " beginning, that I may the sooner make an end."
 It cannot, therefore, be thought amiss to give
 some account of Primrose Prettyface's parents, and
 other great and important matters, necessary to
 be known, and worth attending to, for the better
 understanding of this renowned history.

It is agreed on by all hands, that Prettyface
 was not her real name, by no means: for though
 she was really handsome, that name was chiefly
 given her on account of her sweetness of temper
 and pretty behaviour. It has been well observed
 by a great writer, " that ill-nature and affectation
 " are greater enemies to a fine face, than the
 " small-pox." Now we all know, at least we
 should know, the best thing to illustrate beauty,
 is virtue; and when it happens that any one is
 both internally and externally beautiful, it makes
 virtue shine, and vice blush.

Beauty may fade and empires fall,
 But virtue triumphs over all.

Her father's name was Thompson, an humble,
 honest man, who kept a cow, a pig, and a few
 fowls, which with the money he got by working
 in the fields, enabled him to live tolerably com-
 fortable. As soon as the cock by his crowing
 proclaimed the day, up he got, and flinging his
 bag and bottle over his shoulder, trudged away

to the fields, whistling and singing as merry as a grig. The want of affluence was the least of his



thoughts. He used to say, "There was no real
 "use in great riches, except in the distribution;
 "the rest was but conceit. And that a man
 "should seek such riches as he might get justly,
 "use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live con-
 "tentedly." Ambition had no charms for him,
 yet he always paid the respect due to his superiors,
 or those employed in high places by his sovereign.
 His prayer for such was, "That God would be
 "pleased to make all great men, good men, and
 "truly good."

Her mother united to all his good qualities,
 those of a virtuous, discreet woman. "The vir-

"tuous wife is a crown to her husband," says the wife King Solomon. She was not one of those who run babbling from house to house, and telling gossips' tales of an hour long. She too well knew the truth of that old proverb, which says,

They who would live at peace and rest,
Must hear, and see, and say the best.

From a mutual desire of pleasing, their love was increased every day; sensible of their mutual failings, they strove to help each other by all the admonitions which duty could prompt them to, or tenderness suggest. How much the following circumstance contributed to a right understanding between them, I leave my readers to judge.

The first morning after their marriage, as soon as they got up, Goodman Thompson went into the little garden behind their cottage, and putting a rope through the hedge, let one end lay in the garden, and the other in the yard next the house. This being done, he called his wife; Patty, said he, go into the garden, you will find a rope there, try if you can pull it out of the hedge. She instantly, with great pleasure and good nature, obeyed.

Whilst his wife was going round into the garden, he took hold of that end next him, but which she had not seen, and as soon as she began to pull, he pulled against her, so that he being the strongest of the two, she could not get it a foot



farther. After tugging at it some time, she called out, I cannot get it to stir: Pull harder, said he, harder yet. Indeed, my dear, cried Gammer Thompson, I have pulled with all the strength I have, but it will not come out. Won't it, said he, well, I will come round to you, and let us try what we can do together. Accordingly both taking hold, they began to pull, and the rope came through very easily. Bless me, my dear, what was the reason I could not pull it through by myself? said Gammer Thompson. I will tell you, replied he, when you pulled by yourself on this side, I pulled against you on the other, and you could not get it through; but when we both pulled together, it came through with all the ease imaginable. From hence, my

dear, I would have you know, that we are man and wife, if one pulls one way and the other another, we shall never make good work of it; but if we draw together, every thing will go on smoothly, and we may live as happy, and pass our time as merry as the days are long. He then gave her a kiss, and they went to breakfast.

To show you how much they were respected by all their neighbours, rich as well as poor, I have inserted the following well-known verses, made on them, under feigned names, by a gentleman of fortune in the village where they resided. My readers will perceive, from several incidents, that they were wrote when they became old.



(II)

Old Darby and Joan by his side,
We've oftentimes regarded with wonder;
He's dropfical, ſhe is dim ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy afunder;
Together they totter about,
Or fit in the fun at the door,
And at night when old Darby's pipe's out,
His Joan will not ſmoke one whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral failings to ſmother;
Then what are the charms, can you gueſs,
Which makes them ſo fond of each other?
'Tis the pleaſing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that youth did beſtow,
The thoughts of paſt pleaſure and truth,
The beſt of all bleſſings below.

Thoſe traces for ever will laſt,
No ſickneſs nor time can remove,
For when youth and beauty are paſt,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe;
The current of fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

CHAP. II.

How and about Primrose Prettyface; of her meeting with Lady Worthy; what happened thereupon; of Lady Worthy's great premises, which if the reader should be impatient to know whether they were fulfilled, contrary to custom among the great, he must skip to the next chapter.

GAFFER THOMPSON never had more than two children, the first was a boy, and of so sweet a disposition, that the loss of him had nearly cost Gammer Thompson her life. He died in the small-pox, after a painful illness. I cannot give my readers a better character of him, than what is contained in the following epitaph, made by a young lady, who was very fond of him. For all the village, as well as his father and mother, lamented the loss of him, he was so good a child.



THE EPITAPH.

HENCEFORTH be every tender tear suppress'd,
 Or let us weep for joy that he is bless'd;
 From grief to bliss, from earth to heaven remov'd,
 His memory honour'd, as his life belov'd;
 That heart, o'er which no evil e'er had pow'r!
 That disposition, sickness could not sour!
 That sense, so oft to riper years deny'd!
 That patience, heroes might have own'd with pride!
 His painful race undauntedly he ran,
 And on th' eleventh winter dy'd, a MAN!

Some years passed between the death of their first child, and the birth of Primrose Prettyface, (the subject of our present history) in whom they found ample consolation for their affliction. It

might truly be said, she was born to be the comfort of her father and mother in their old age. She was so dutiful and obliging to her parents, and so well-behaved to every body, that all who saw or heard of her, if they had children, wished theirs to be like her, and those who had none, secretly desired them, in hopes of experiencing the happiness her parents enjoyed in the possession of their dear Primrose.

Her parents, though poor, took much pains in instructing their daughter, and that very early; for by the time she was six years old, she could read and work like a little woman. Whenever the neighbours came to see them, she always sat still, and never said a word, unless first spoke to; for her father had often told her,

“ Little folks should be seen, and not heard,”

and, indeed, if many great folks would let their tongues wag less than they do, it would be better for them. The poet says,

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is seldom found.

One day as she was going to the well for water, she met Lady Worthy. Whose pretty little girl, are you? said the Lady—Goodman Thompson's, Ma'am, answered Primrose, with a curtsy. What trade is your daddy? continued the lady. A thresher, Ma'am, and works for bread and



cheese for Prim, and so does mammy too. Aye, aye, do they so, said the lady, where do they live? In yonder little house below the mill, said Primrose Prettyface, pointing at the same time her little white finger. Run and draw your water, said the lady, I will stay here the while, and then go with you to see your daddy and mammy.

You may be sure she made haste to draw the water, and returned in a trice to the lady, who took her by the hand, and they both walked together, side by side, to her father's.

When they came to the cottage, Goody Thompson was sitting at the door, winding off some cotton her daughter had been spinning. Good morning to you, Goody, said Lady Worthy;

I have picked up a pretty little girl, I suppose she is your's? Yes, an't please your Ladyship, replied Goody Thompson. How old is she, can she read? said the Lady. O yes, Madam, very prettily, returned Goody Thompson; go, Prim, fetch your book, and read the lessons you read to your father last night. She ran directly, and returning with the book, read as follows:



LESSON I.

Pitch upon that course of life which is most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful,

LESSON II.

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action.

LESSON III.

Be not diverted from your duty by any reflections the silly or profane part of the world may make upon you; for their censures are not in your power, and, consequently, should be no part of your concern.

LESSON IV.

Never defer that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day; never do that by proxy, which you can do yourself.

LESSON V.

Forget others' faults, and remember your own.

LESSON VI.

Rise from table with an appetite, and you will never sit down without one.

LESSON VII.

Avoid, as much as you can, the company of all vicious persons.

LESSON VIII.

There are but few who know how to be idle and innocent; by doing nothing we learn to do ill.

LESSON IX.

Of all prodigality, that of time is the worst.

The Lady, quite charmed with Primrose's reading, took her up in her arms, and kissed her an hundred times, and moreover, gave her half-a-crown to buy some books with; adding, at the

same time, she would look over her books at home, and pick out some to send her next day by the footman, and was then going away; but, recollecting, she turned back, saying, Pray does Primrose Prettyface go to church every Sunday, and say her prayers every night and morning? Yes, your Ladyship, replied Goody Thompson. Primrose, say the prayer 'Squire Goodwill's housekeeper taught you last week. She instantly obeyed, and repeated as follows:

Father of light and life, thou Good Supreme:
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself.
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious-peace, and virtue pure!
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss:

Then she concluded with the Lord's Prayer and the Belief: which she learned out of the Church Catechism. Now, Primrose, said her mother, sing the hymn too; nay, do not blush, her Ladyship will like to hear it. Primrose, after a little hesitation, (which I would not have my readers mistake for obstinacy, because I can assure them it was occasioned by her modesty,) began the following hymn:

Hail! hail! Jehovah, heav'nly King,
Thy mercy and thy grace we sing;
Who, thro' thy Son's redeeming love,
Hast thus secur'd our bliss above.

Tho' sunk beneath the weight of sin,
 Tho' strangers, thou didst take us in;
 With grace beneficent, divine,
 And mercy, thou didst on us shine.

Thus renascent thy praise we sing,
 The spacious firmament shall ring,
 While myriads of thy hosts above
 Repeat thy mercy and thy love.

Her Ladyship was now more delighted than ever with little Primrose, and told her if she continued to be a good girl, God Almighty would bless her, and every body would love her dearly; and after giving her a kiss, and promising to send the books the next day, she left them, very well pleased at the entertainment she had met with.

About an hour after Lady Worthy was gone, Goodman Thompson came home, Little Primrose told him all that had passed, and that the Lady promised to give her some books too, and showed him the half-crown, desiring him to keep it for her till she was a woman, and then jumped and capered about the room like a wild thing, being hardly able to contain herself for joy.

CHAP. III.

Lady Worthy performs her promise,—the packet opened,—the story of Leontine and Eudæxus, as contained in the packet.

ABOUT noon the next day, a servant arrived with a parcel and a letter. Goodman Thompson opened the parcel for little Primrose, and out tumbled above a dozen large books, together with several of the books mentioned at the end of this History, for children, which last were all bound in gilt covers. The next thing to be looked into was the letter.



DEAR CHILD

“ AS I am convinced you do your best endeavours to fulfil your duty to your Maker, and love learning, I have herewith sent you several books, in which you will find some very pretty and instructive stories; my desire is, that as you know so much yourself, you will begin, as soon as possible, to teach others, and to this end, I would have you (by leave of your father and mother,) learn the little boys and girls, who are your neighbours, to read and spell, I have sent some of the Publishers' Reading Made Easy and Battledores, for those who cannot read as yet; as for them who already know something, you may let them read in turns out of the great books.

Yours,

MATILDA WORTHY.”

As soon as the servant was gone, Primrose Prettyface set about cleaning her milk-pails, swept out the room, did the task her mother had set her at spinning, and fetched up the cow as fast as she could, that she might get time to read some of the books. Her work being all finished, she went into the garden, and sitting under the cherry-tree, read the following story out of one of the great books.



Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at the first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where, by his natural endowments, and acquired abilities, he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interest of its Princes, with the customs

and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of the age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the men about the court, by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty, they determined, pursuant to a resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers at the same time; Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his wife (in whom his happiness was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had he not been comforted by the daily visits and conversation of his agreeable friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leon-

tine, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house,



and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering also at the same time, that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore

took Leonilla (for that was the name of the girl) and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, tho' he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect in him, that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of every thing which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great ap-

plause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of the Court, where there are very few who make themselves considerable proficient in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case: he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.



I should have told my readers, that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Lec-

nilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue, became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than have attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty, joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence, that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country; but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous heart, when he received a summons from Leontine to repair to him into the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him: upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his

neighbourhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: I have no other way of acknowledging my gratitude to Leone, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too, shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary, that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost all relish of, had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room, her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself. Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing, in dumb show, those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude, that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half



of Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received, in the dutiful affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla, the just recompense, as well as the natural effects of that care, which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

Primrose finished this story when her mother called her to go to bed: So shutting up the book, she went in directly, as all good girls and boys should do. How she fulfilled the Lady's command, in teaching the neighbouring children, you may soon learn, gentle reader, if you will give yourself the trouble of perusing the next chapter.

CHAP. IV.

How Primrose Prettyface became a School Mistress, and her manner of teaching ; which we shall not say too much about, lest some morose pedagogues should take pet at our discovering the arcana of their business

THE next morning Primrose Prettyface called the children about her to show them what fine books she had got : When they saw the



pictures, they were ready to run wild : I will have a book, cried Dick Bowker ; O ! give me one, said Tom Dawson ; and me too, cried a little one ; and so they all cried, and began to be a little unruly, till Goody Thompson ran out to see

what was the matter, with a heigh derry down ! heigh derry down ! what's here to be done ? I will have a book, and give me one ? No, no, it must not be so ; no rude girls or boys shall ever have any books by my good will. If you will all promise to be good, and learn what Primrose will teach you, you shall every one have a book, but not till then. We will be good, cried Tom Dawson. We will all be good, said Dick Bowker. Well, well, then said Goody Thompson, let me see you make a beginning. Go, sit down on the bench under the tree, and Primrose shall hear you read. Overjoyed at the proposal, they all began to seat themselves in order, and had a book a-piece delivered to them to learn their lessons out of. So Goody Thompson having told her daughter how to proceed, she returned to her work. Primrose then sat down to her spinning, and Dick Bowker being the eldest boy, stood by her, and read the following story out of one of the great books.

As the passage-boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in ; which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent Merchant, being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly



touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could talk readily in three or four languages, and learned, upon farther examination, that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gipsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the Merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after long search for him, gave him up for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for

grief of it. Upon laying together all the particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missed : the boy proved to be the son of the Merchant, whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very glad to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate ; the father, on the other hand, was not a little delighted to see a son return to him whom he had given up for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages.

Dick Bowker had scarcely finished the story, when Primrose discovered one of the youngsters torturing a fly, by first transfixing it with pins, and then dangling it by a bit of thread.



She was vexed exceedingly at seeing such cruelty, as well she might; but recovering herself, she called the boy to her, and reprimanded him with, O fie, Bobby! I am ashamed to see your wicked disposition; have you not heard, "That he who can wantonly destroy an inoffensive insect, or innocent animal, will in time be able, with less reluctance, to kill a man;" lest these cruelties, by frequent repetitions, should become habitual, I will show you them in such a light as shall chill you with horror.

Do you imagine that little insect you have been tormenting with so much cruelty, out of wantonness, has no sensation of pain? Suppose now some great giant was to run a sword through your body, I dare say you are sensible it would give you unspeakable torment: And is a common sword in your body any more than a small pin in one of those little flies? no, the smaller an animal is, the quicker and more acute is its sensibility: because its parts are so much more delicate and tender. Here the little one burst out a crying. I am pleased, continued Primrose, to see you sorry for the crime you have committed; go, sit down, and never be so naughty again. Then addressing all of them, I hope, my dears, you do not suppose the Divine Being created these poor creatures merely to please the whim and caprice of mankind? He has breathed the same life into

thousands of animals, as that by which you exist ; and though he has made man master of all, yet it is only in a limited sense. He has appointed certain creatures for the support and sustenance of many : yet when we take the lives even of these, it ought to be with the greatest decency, and even with compunction. All noxious animals also, that is to say, such as we have a natural antipathy to, and shudder at the sight of, as snakes, toads, and serpents, may be destroyed by the laws of nature ; but shall we for the same reason kill a fly, a worm, or such inoffensive insects as cannot do us any mischief. It is not in our power to give life to any thing, and therefore what right have we to destroy an existence which we cannot restore. The man who without remorse can do these things, ought to be banished to the deserts of Arabia, there to live among lions and tigers ; for he is not fit for human society ; nay, even those beasts, savage as they are, generally submit to their keepers, or those who have used them kindly. Nancy Dawes, go to my mother, and ask her for the great book with the marble cover. She brought it. Let me see,—there is a story about a lion in it—O ! here it is. Read it Nancy.

About sixty years ago, when the plague raged at Naples, Sir George Davis, Consul there for the English nation, retired to Florence. It happened one day he went out of curiosity to see the

Great Duke's lions. At the farther end, on one of the dens, lay a lion, which the keeper in three years time could not tame, with all the art and



gentle usage imaginable. Sir George no sooner appeared at the gates of the den, but the lion ran to him with all the joy and transport he was capable of expressing. He reared himself up and licked his hand, which this gentleman put in through the grates. The keeper, affrighted, took him by the arm, and pulled him away, begging him not to hazard his life, by going so near the fiercest creature of that kind that ever entered those dens. However, nothing would satisfy Sir George, notwithstanding all that could be said to dissuade him, but he must go into the den to him.

The very instant he entered, the lion threw his paws upon his shoulders, and licked his face, and ran to and fro in the den, fawning and full of joy like a dog at the sight of his master. After several embraces and salutations exchanged on both sides, they parted very good friends. The rumour of this interview between the lion and the stranger ran immediately through the whole city, and Sir George was very near passing for a saint among the people. The Great Duke, when he heard of it, sent for Sir George, who waited upon his Highness to the den, and to satisfy his curiosity gave him the following account of what seemed so strange to the Duke and his followers.

A Captain of a ship from Barbary gave me this lion when he was a young whelp. I brought him up tame: but when I thought him too large to be suffered to run about the house, I built a den for him in my court-yard. From that time he was never permitted to go loose, except when I brought him within doors, to show him to my friends. When he was five years old, in his gamesome tricks, he did some mischief by pawing and playing with people; having griped a man a little too hard, I ordered him to be shot, for fear of incurring the guilt of what might happen: upon this a friend, who was

then at dinner with me, begged him: how he came here I know not. Here Sir George Davis ended, and thereupon the Duke of Tuscany assured him that he had the lion from that very friend of his.

Nancy Dawes having finished this story, the next in turn was little Philip Jones, but as he was not old enough to read poetry, Primrose herself read to them the following Elegy :

ELEGY ON A BLACKBIRD,
Shot on Valentine's Day.



The sun had chas'd the winter snow,
And kindly loos'd the frost-bound soil,
The melting streams began to flow,
And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil :

'Twas then amid the vernal throng,
Whom Nature wakes to mirth and love,
A Blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd thro' the grove

O fairest of the feather'd train,
For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my strain,
And grant my love a kind return.

See, see, the winter's storms are flown,
And Zephyrs gentle fan the air ;
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal pastime share.

I'll lead thee to the clearest rill,
Whose streams among the pebbles play ;
There will we sit and sip our fill,
Or on the flow'ry border play.

I'll guide thee to the thickest brake,
Impervious to the school-boy's eye ;
For thee the plaister'd nest I'll make,
And on thy downy pinions lie.

To get thee food I'll range the fields,
And cull the best of every kind,
Whatever Nature's bounty yields,
Or Love's assiduous care can find.

And when my lovely mate would stray,
To taste the summer's sweets at large ;
At home I'll wait the live long day,
And tend our little infant charge.

When prompted by a mother's care,
Thy warmth shall form the imprison'd young,
With thee the task I'll fondly share,
Or cheer thy labours with a song.

He ceas'd his song -- the melting dame,
 With tender pity hear'd his strain;
 She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,
 And hasten'd to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
 And nestled closely by her side:
 The happiest bridegroom in that hour,
 And she the most enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song,
 Arise, behold the new-born day!
 The lark his matin peal has rung,
 Arise, my love, and come away.

Together to the fields they stray'd,
 And to the verdant riv'let's side,
 Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
 With honest joy and decent pride.



But, O! my Muse with pain relates,
 The mournful sequel of my tale:
 Sent by an order of the Fates,
 A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, my dear,
 Haste, haste, away; from danger fly!
 Here, gunner, take thy vengeance here!
 O spare my love, and let me die.

At him the gunner took his aim,
 The aim he took was much too true—
 O! had he chose some other game,
 Or miss'd as he was us'd to do.

Divided pair, forgive the wrong,
 While I with tears your fate rehearse,
 I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
 And save the lover in my verse.

This piece being read, Prim heard the little
 ones tell their letters, and so forth, and then
 broke up her school for that day.

CHAP. V.

*Primrose Prettyface, by a melancholy accident,
 loses one of her scholars.*

HOW sad a thing it is not to do as we are
 bid by our parents. 'Tom Dawes was

a very pretty boy, and his father and mother loved him dearly; yet, though this was the case, he often behaved extremely naughty to them, and one time in particular, when his mother was washing and combing him, instead of standing still like a good boy, he cried, and went so far at last, as to scratch his mother's face, for which his father, when he came home, whipped him soundly. After this he seemed inclined to behave better, and, perhaps, might have been a good boy, and made his parents happy, had not an unfortunate accident happened, which deprived Primrose of a scholar, and his parents of a child, in whom all their hopes were placed.

One morning his mother gave him a basket of fruit, and bid him carry it to his uncle, who lived in the next village, and make haste back as fast as he could. He accordingly set out as if he intended to do so; but not returning as soon as was expected, his mother began to be angry. After waiting some time, she went down the village to Primrose, to see if he was with the other little boys and girls; but Primrose had not seen any thing of him that day. Well, ten o'clock came, eleven o'clock came, but no Tom. Surely, thought she, he will find his way back to dinner. If he is ever so idle, hunger may bring him home. At last dinner time came, but

yet no appearance of Tom. She now became very uneasy, fearing some accident had happened. Whilst she was terrifying herself with a thousand apprehensions, and standing at the door with longing eyes, she saw a number of people gathered together, and coming up the village. She asked a neighbour who was passing by, what was the matter? He replied, with a sigh, you will soon know. An hundred ideas rushed upon her mind in an instant, and she had scarce time to fear the worst before it was presented to her eyes; a melancholy scene indeed! her dear Tommy drowned, and carried between two persons, and the poor father, almost mad with grief, walking after him, supported by one of his neighbours! At this sight, she shrieked out, and fell into a swoon; nor could she be recovered from it for some time, so violent was the shock. My readers, no doubt, are desirous of being informed how this melancholy affair happened; thus it was:

As his father and a neighbour were fishing that morning in the river, and dragging the net to shore, they inclosed, to their thinking, a large fish, which they hoped would pay them well for their morning's work. But guess, O reader! the wretched father's grief, when he beheld in the net, not a large fish as he expected, but the body of his own son, drowned beyond

hope of recovery ! Like one distracted, he wrung his hands, and calling on the name of



his dear Tommy, would have flung himself into the river, had not his companion prevented him.

Three days after, Tommy was carried to the grave by six of his school-fellows. Primrose and her whole school attended the funeral.

I hope this sad accident will be a sufficient warning to all little girls and boys not to be too venturesome. My readers may remember too, it was but in the last chapter Primrose said so much on cruelty to animals : If Tommy Dawes had gone on his errand without stopping to take the poor innocent bird's nest, he might have lived till now, and his parents would have been happy.

CHAP. VI.

In which may be found a bottle without blood, a horse without a tail, and a naughty boy without his breakfast.

ALTHOUGH Primrose Prettyface took great pains to prevent any disturbances in her school, by the children quarrelling with each other, she was not quite so successful this way as might be wished. One afternoon, while she went into the house to carry some work she had just finished to her mother, one of the youngsters produced a small bladder full of liquor, which he had squeezed from some mulberries, calling out at the same time, Who will buy my mulberry wine? Who will buy my mulberry wine? Sam Harding, who stood by, made a sudden snatch at the bladder as the other held it up, and getting hold of it, would certainly have wrested it away, had not Tom Dawson got up, and put in his claim also. Upon this, Sam Harding's sister, who was equally fond of mischief with her brother, started up, and to it they all went, some pulling the bladder and others the string. At length the bladder being so stoutly assailed, burst and emptied its full contents in the faces of the four combatants, from whence it trickled plentifully downwards; nor did some escape who stood

by as spectators of the fray; a very proper punishment for those who can see mischief without endeavouring to prevent it. And now the two seconds declining any farther contest, left the two first to fight it out by themselves, who by this time were struggling on the ground: The object of the quarrel to be sure was gone, but the skin of that object remained, and was thought by these little children, as it is sometimes by great children, sufficient pretence for a continuation of the contest. It was difficult to determine which party would be victorious, when Primrose about this time made her appearance. At the sight of so much blood (as she supposed it) she shrieked out for help. This soon brought her father and mother, together with many of the neighbours, to see what was the matter, and Sam Harding's father among the rest. Each of the women ran to her own child to search for wounds; but none were to be found. The heroes still kept struggling on the ground, till Sam's father dragged him away by main force, at which, not being the most dutiful child we have heard of, he struck at his father several times. His father was far from being pleased when he first saw him; but when he experienced such behaviour towards himself, he was much vexed, and resolved to punish him for it. Not above a hundred yards distant stood a large tub



of water, into which his father plunged him, as this was likely to answer the double purpose of cooling his courage, and washing off the stain of blood, otherwise mulberry liquor.

When Mr. Dawson and company had wiped their stained clothes, and washed their faces, the women returned to their work. And Sam's father to deter them from such quarrels in future, sat down by Primrose, and told them the following story:

Mr. Wilkins had three little boys, the youngest was about four years old, the other two, who were twins, about five years older; he was very fond of them, and did every thing in his power to make them happy, and engage them to love each

other. One fair day he bought a little wooden horse, and gave it to his youngest boy.



Now the reader must be acquainted, that the year before, when he bought some playthings for the other two, they quarrelled and fought about them, each wanting the other's, and yet not caring to part with his own. Mr. Wilkins, who, as we have observed before, always embraced every opportunity of making his children love each other, after convincing them how wrong it was to quarrel and fight, and obliging them to make it up again, bought two of the collection of Hymns and Moral Songs, and gave one to each of them, with a leaf doubled down at the following song, part of which I will repeat to you.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
 There should be peace at home ;
 Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
 Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree ;
 And 'tis a shameful sight,
 When children of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
 That are but noisy breath,
 May grow to clubs and naked swords,
 To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
 To rage against another :
 So wicked Cain was hurried on
 Till he had killed his brother.

The wife will make their anger cool,
 At least before 'tis night ;
 But in the bosom of a fool
 It burns till morning light.

On the same day he gave his youngest the little horse, he gave a nice ball, and gilt shuttlecock with green feathers, to the other two.

You may remember about sixteen moments since, I told you of Mr. Wilkins' giving his little boy a horse. You are to remember then, about sixteen hours after, his brother Jem re-

solved it should be his no longer; and having heard some persons on other occasions mention an old proverb, that " Might overcomes right," he very wisely (wisely did I say! I mean wickedly) applied it to this occasion; having, therefore, watched an opportunity, as the little one was drawing his horse round the hall, before breakfast the next morning, he made a snatch at it, but only got the tail. The little one, young as he was, had already sense enough to know that a horse without a tail was better than no horse at all. Possessed of this knowledge, he caught up the horse and ran away with it: The other was not long in following, and soon got it. Mr. Wilkins, who was reading by himself in the par-



lour, hearing a noise, called the maid to know the reason of it. The maid was scarce gone to



know what occasioned the noise, before the little one came roaring into the parlour, that Jemmy had first pulled his horse's tail off, and afterwards taken the horse itself from him. Mr. Wilkins, being in a great passion, sallied out immediately, with a birch in his hand, in quest of him. Jemmy, who foresaw the effects of his father's anger, made the best of his way up to the foot-boy's garret, and away went man and horse up the chimney together. He had scarce concealed himself, before his father popped into the room after him; however, he had no thoughts of

looking up the chimney, so that after searching a long time he returned into the parlour. Jem kept very quietly in the chimney, till the foot-boy came up into the room, and went to a hole in that very chimney, to take some money out of a little hoard he had there, upon which Jem, calling softly to him to inquire how matters went below, not a little startled the foot-boy, who ran, or rather tumbled down stairs, calling out, "There was a ghost in the chimney! there was a ghost in the chimney!"

I suppose you have all heard about the wild man of the woods, commonly called Peter the Wild Youth? or of the ghosts and phantoms which silly maids and nurses talk of, and which exist no where but in their own crazy imaginations? However, you may fancy what you please, and rack your imagination to the utmost, and yet not raise a much more terrible figure than the foot-boy appeared on his entrance into the kitchen, with his hair erect, his mouth wide open, and his eyes, though not quite so big as saucers, yet stretched to their utmost pitch of magnitude.

Mr. Wilkins hearing this second uproar, again rung the bell to know the cause. On learning it, he went up instantly to the garret, and obliged Jem, otherwise the ghost, not unlike a chimney-sweeper in complexion, to come down from his

hiding-place. Mr. Wilkins, whose anger had subsided, carried the young Gentleman down into the study, took away the little one's horse, his



own shuttlecock, and made him stand in the corner till his belly cried cupboard twenty times in a minute, and forbade him to appear before him for a week after, nor would he forgive him till his brother interceded for him. The servants too were forbid to speak to him. And though out of their great respect to his father they did not call him Thief, he went by the nick-name of the ghost ever after. This, added Harding's father, brings to my mind one of the songs in that book I mentioned before, it is called

The THIEF.

Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour;
Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute?
'To what dismal state they brought us,
When they stole forbidden fruit.

Oft we see a young beginner
Practice little pilf'ring ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner,
Then the gallows ends his days.

Guard my heart, O God of heav'n!
Lest I covet what's not mine:
Lest I steal what is not giv'n,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Tho' we fancy none can spy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

As for the other twin, he became so good after the first misdemeanor, that his father let him sit



with him every evening, at which times he would tell him many entertaining stories.

This narration being finished, and the school hours elapsed, Primrose made an end of teaching for that day; and here also the author chooses to make an end of the chapter.

CHAP. VII.

In which Primrose Prettyface appears in a new situation. Some Folks better fed than taught. Some mischief, some mirth, some moral.



WHEN Primrose Prettyface became old enough to go to service, she left off her school, and was taken into the family of Squire Homestead in the next village. It was her business there to sweep and dust the rooms, and do such other matters as came within her sphere, which were often much increased by the carelessness or wantonness of their son Jemmy. This young Gentleman being the darling of his papa and mamma, was so humoured in every thing,

that according to the old proverb, he was one of those who are better fed than taught. If they had company at dinner, he would be pawing the dishes that stood next him, and licking his fingers. Then call out for such and such particular bits of a fowl; and when it was given him, truly it was not so nice and white as that papa had on his plate. Well then, to be sure, the dear boy must have papa's, and papa take his. Presently, whilst the servant was attending some of the company, he would call for beer, and when it was brought, begin scolding, because the servant forgot to give it him in the painted cup. So that with his throwing down the wine, pulling the victuals about, greasing people's clothes, and other such disagreeable actions, many persons left off visiting at their house. He was very unlucky, and would tell fibs, and sometimes swear and call names shockingly. In these things he was not a little forwarded by keeping company with the son of one of his father's tenants. This lad had taught him almost every thing that was bad. Evil communications corrupt good manners, says my copy-book, and this indeed is often verified to the cost of many who will not take advice in time. Jemmy was continually in mischief, and when he had done any, to screen himself, would tell fibs and lay it on other people.

Squire Homestead had frequently observed to his lady, that the best apple-tree was often robbed, but by whom he could never discover. Little Jem, who stood by, said he believed Primrose Prettyface did it, for he often saw her in the garden, near that tree. Upon this she was called into the room, and interrogated concerning it.—Prim, who had been little used to accusations of that kind, cried very much when she was asked how she dared to do it? However, drying up her pretty eyes, she declared, She had never taken an apple off any tree in the garden without the knowledge of her fellow-servants; but in parti-



cular she had never touched that tree; because she had heard her master say, he liked the apples,

and would have them saved for his friends and himself. Jemmy still insisted on the truth of his accusations, and Squire Homestead bid her go out of the room for an impudent baggage, as she was. Primrose Prettyface knowing herself innocent, cried sadly, whilst Jemmy triumphed in his wicked contrivances. But this triumph was of very short duration, he being found out, and when he least thought of it too.

One day when Squire Homestead had a great deal of company, Jemmy came running into the room, without taking the least notice of the Gentlemen and Ladies present. His uncle, who had just then been looking out of the window, but turned round at hearing Jemmy make a great stamping in coming up stairs, observed his rude manner of entering the room, and asked, somewhat sharply, Where was his bow? Jemmy looked much confused; but neither spoke nor moved. I say, Sir, said his uncle, where is your bow? After some hesitation, he replied, in the barn, and roared like a town bull. The company not knowing what he meant, burst into a loud laugh. However, Jemmy continued crying, and said, Jack Dobbins was as much in fault as he; and added, indeed he would never do so any more. His uncle, suspecting something at the bottom, seized hold of him; (see how silly he looks!) and asked him how he dared to do so? Come, continued

he, tell the truth, and you shall be forgiven; but if you say a word that is not so, you shall be sent for a drummer as sure as you are alive. After much sobbing and crying, out came the truth at last. Jemmy, with his hopeful companion, Jack Dobbins, had been in the garden, and not content with pulling the fruit, had broke a bough off the very tree Squire Homestead so much valued, and which, but a few days before, Primrose Prettyface had been falsely accused by Jemmy of robbing. The bough they had hid in the barn; but the apples Jack Dobbins carried home for his own use.



At this discovery Squire Homestead was very angry, and would have thrashed him soundly had

not the company interposed and begged him off. His uncle too reprimanded him severely, and the more so, because of the fibs he had told of Primrose; nor would he be satisfied till she was called into the room, and he had begged her pardon before the whole company. When Primrose was gone, he told Jemmy how wicked it was to keep such company as he did, who had taught him to rob, even his own father's garden, and then added to the crime, by telling a lie and laying the blame on an innocent person: Besides, his stripping the tree in that manner was a proof of a greedy disposition. He finished his advice with the homely, but good counsel, which he said his old grandmother gave him when he was a boy,

Of a little, take a little,
 You're kindly welcome too:
 Of a little, leave a little,
 'Tis manners so to do.

CHAP. VIII.

A melancholy accident happens at Squire Homestead's, which occasions Primrose Prettyface to change her situation.

WILL people never take advice! Will they never be warned by the sufferings of

others! One would think some persons had no feeling, no sense of danger, or they would certainly be more careful of their fire and candle than they are. Poor Squire Homestead and his Lady will have sufficient cause to lament such carelessness. A dreadful fire broke out one morning about two o'clock, at their house, when all the family were asleep. Primrose, the first who discovered any thing of the matter, waked almost suffocated with smoke. She roused her fellow-servant, and jumping out of bed, they ran to open their room door, when the flames burst in upon them. They had, however, presence of mind enough to shut the door, and pulling the sheets off the bed, tied them together, then made fast one end to the bedstead, and flinging the other end out of the window, slid down within a yard of the ground. Primrose escaped unhurt, but her fellow-servant being in too much hurry, sprained her ankle. By this time the whole village was alarmed, and came running from all quarters to their assistance. The flames now began to rage with incredible fury. All the family, except Jammy and the footman, had, by the help of ropes and ladders, escaped. The whole scene now exhibited a shocking spectacle, heightened by the shrieks of the women, and the cries of those who remained in the house. On a sudden, the bow-window, which reached from the bottom

of the house to the top, fell in, and discovered a dreadful sight indeed ! The footman and Jemmy in one corner of the great room, unable to escape from the flames. In less than three minutes the whole floor gave way, and poor Jemmy, in the sight of his distracted parents, sunk into the flames. The footman, just as the floor fell in, jumped upon the girder, being all that was left ; but this was only to reserve him for greater torture ; he ran backward and forward on it, then stood up against the wall, wringing his hands, and imploring help ; but all in vain ; the girder gave way, and he fell in also, amidst the cries of a great concourse of people, unable to assist him.

My readers can better imagine the distraction of the parents, with the horror and lamentation of the neighbours, than I can describe them, or indeed, am willing to do if I could. Neither would the author of this history have related so shocking an event to his readers, had not the cause of it made the thing absolutely necessary.

In short, the butler was fond of reading, and indulged his inclination that way so much, as to read in bed ; he did so that night, fell asleep, the curtains and bed-clothes took fire, and the horrid consequences followed, which have been already related. Though he escaped himself, he never could eradicate from his thoughts the fate

of the unhappy and innocent sufferers. This troubled him so much, that he at last lost his senses. The right use of which, those never can be said to have, who act in the same imprudent manner.

CHAP. IX.

Pray read it.

ON account of the accident at Squire Homestead's, he discharged many of his servants, and went to reside with his brother in the next village, until his house was rebuilt, Primrose lost her place, among others, and being now wholly unemployed, spent her time in reading stories out of such books as might improve her. As one of them was a very good one, and shows the ill effects of being too familiar with some strangers, and rude to others, I shall lay it before my readers. It was wrote by the young gentleman who is the subject of it.

“While I was in France with a travelling tutor, I received a letter, which acquainted me that my father, who had been long declining, was dead, and that it was necessary I should immediately return to England to take possession of his estate, which was not inconsiderable, though there were mortgages upon it to near half its value.



“ When I arrived, I found a letter which the old gentleman had written, and directed to me with his own hand. It contained some general rules for my conduct, and some animadversions upon his own : He took notice of the incumbrance under which he left the paternal inheritance, which had descended through many generations, and expressed the most earnest desire that it might be transmitted entire to posterity : With this view, he said that he had negotiated a marriage between the daughter of his old friend, Sir George Steady, of the north, an amiable young lady, whose alliance would be an honour to my family, and whose fortune would much more than redeem my estate.

“He had given the Knight a faithful account of his affairs, who, after having taken some time to consider of the proposal, and consult his friends, had consented to the match upon condition, that his daughter and I should be agreeable to each other, and my behaviour should confirm the character that had been given of me. My father added, that he hoped to have lived till this alliance had taken place, but as Providence had otherwise determined, he intreated, as his last request, that as soon as my affairs should be settled, and decency would permit, I would make Sir George a visit, and neglect nothing to accomplish his purpose.

“I was touched with the zeal and tenderness of paternal affection, which was then directing me to happiness, after the heart had ceased to beat, and the hand that expressed it was mouldering into dust. I had also seen the lady, not indeed since we were children; I remembered her person was agreeable and her temper sweet; I did not, therefore, hesitate a moment, whether my father’s injunctions should be obeyed. I proceeded to settle his affairs; I took an account of his debts and credit, visited the tenants, recovered my usual gaiety, and, at about the end of nine months, set out for Sir George’s seat in the north, having before opened an epistolary correspondence, and expressed my impatience to possess the happiness my father had so kindly secured.

"I was better pleased to be well mounted, than to loll in a chariot, or be jumbled in a post-chaise : and knew that Sir George was an old sportsman, a plain hearty blade, who would like me better in a plain pair of buck-skin breeches, on the back of a good hunter, than in a trimmed suit, and a gaudy equipage ; I therefore set out on horse-back, with only one servant, and reached Stilton the first night.



"In the morning, as I was mounting, a gentleman, who had just got on horseback before me, ordered his servant to make some inquiries about the road, which I happened to overhear, and told him, with great familiarity, that I was going the same way, and, if he pleased, we would

travel together: To this he consented, with as much frankness and as little ceremony, and I set forward greatly delighted that chance had afforded me a companion.

“We immediately entered into conversation, and I soon found that he, as well as myself, had been abroad: We extolled the roads and policy of France, the cities, the palaces, and the villas; entered into a critical examination of the most celebrated seats in England, the peculiarities of the building and situation, cross-ways, market towns, the imposition of innkeepers, and the sports of the field; topics by which we mutually recommended ourselves to each other, as we had both opportunities to discover equal knowledge, and to display truth, with such evidence as prevented diversity of opinion.

“After we had rode about two hours we overtook another gentleman, whom we accosted with the same familiarity that we had used to each other; we asked him how far he was going, and which way, at what rate he travelled, where he put up, and many other questions of the same kind. The gentleman, who appeared to be near fifty, received our address with great coolness, returned short and indirect answers to our inquiries, and often looking with attention on us both, sometimes put forward that he might get before us, and sometimes checked his horse that he might



remain behind ; but we were resolved to disappoint him : and finding that his reserve increased, and he was visibly displeased, we winked at each other, and determined the old *Put* should afford us some sport. After we had rode together upon very ill terms more than half an hour, my companion, with an air of ceremonious gravity, asked him if he knew any house upon the road where he could be accommodated with a wench. The Gentleman, who was, I believe, afraid of giving us a pretence to quarrel, did not resent this insult any otherwise than by giving no reply. I then began to talk to my companion as if we had been old acquaintances, reminding him that the gentleman extremely resembled a person from whom he

had taken a girl that he was carrying to a bagnio, and indeed, that his present reserve made me suspect him to be the same; but that, as we were willing to ask his pardon, we hoped it would be forgot, and we should still have the pleasure of dining together at the next inn. The gentleman was still silent; but, as his perplexity and resentment visibly increased, he proportionably increased our entertainment, which did not, however, last long, for he suddenly turned down a lane, upon which we set up a horse laugh, that continued till he was out of hearing; and then pursuing our journey, we talked of the adventure, which afforded us conversation and merriment for the rest of the day.

“The next morning we parted, and in the evening I arrived at Homestead-Hall. The old Knight received me with great affection, and immediately introduced me to his daughter, whom I now thought the finest woman I had ever seen. I could easily discover, that I was not welcome to her merely on her father’s recommendation, and I enjoyed by anticipation, the felicity which I considered as within my grasp. But the pleasing scene in which I had suffered my imagination to wander, suddenly disappeared, as by the power of enchantment; without any visible motive the behaviour of the whole family was changed; my assiduities to the lady were repressed; she was never to be found alone; the Knight treated me with

cold civility; I was no longer a party in their visits, nor was I willingly attended by the servants. I made many attempts to discover the cause of the misfortune, but without success; and one morning, when I had drawn Sir George into the garden by himself, and was about to urge him upon the subject, he prevented me by saying, that his promise to my father, for whom he had the highest regard, as I well knew, was conditional; that he had always resolved to leave his daughter a free choice, and that she had requested him to acquaint me, that her affections were otherwise engaged, and to entreat that I would therefore discontinue my addresses. My surprise and con-



cern at this declaration was such as left me no reply, and I saw Sir George turn from me, and

go into the house without making any attempt to stop him, or to obtain any further explanation. Afterwards, indeed, I frequently expostulated, entreated, and complained; but perceiving that all was ineffectual, I took my leave, and determined that I would still solicit by letter; for the lady had taken such possession of my heart, that I would joyfully have married her, though I had been sure that her father would immediately have left all his fortune to a stranger.

I meditated on my epistolary project all the way to London, and before I had been three days in town I wrote a long letter to Sir George, in which I conjured him in the strongest terms, to account for the change in his behaviour; and insisted that on this occasion to conceal the truth, was, in the highest degree, dishonourable to himself, and injurious to me.

“To this letter, after about ten days, I received the following answer:

“SIR,

“**I**T is with great reluctance that I reveal the motives of my conduct; because they are much to your disadvantage. The inclosed is a letter which I received from a worthy Gentleman in this county, and contains a full answer to your inquiries, which I had rather you should receive in any hand than in mine.

I am your humble servant,

GEO. STEADY.”

" I immediately opened the paper inclosed, in which, with the utmost impatience, I read as follows :

" SIR,

" I Saw a person with your family yesterday at the races, to whom, as I was soon after informed, you intend to give your daughter. Upon this occasion, it is my indispensable duty to acquaint you, that if his character is to be determined by his company, he will inevitably entail diseases and beggary upon his posterity, whatever be the merit of his wife or the affluence of his fortune. He overtook me on the road from London a few weeks ago, in company with a wretch, who, by their discourse, appeared to be his old and familiar acquaintance, and whom I well remember to have been brought before my friend Justice Worthy, when I was accidentally at his house, as a keeper of a brothel in Covent Garden. He has since won a considerable sum with false dice at the Masquerade, for which he was obliged to leave the kingdom, and is still liable to a prosecution. Be assured that I have a perfect knowledge of both ; for some incidents, which are not necessary to mention, kept me near them so long on the road that it is impossible I should be mistaken.

I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

JAMES TRUEMAN."

" The moment I had read this letter, the riddle was solved ; I knew Mr. Trueman to be the gentleman whom I had concurred with a stranger, picked up by accident, to insult without provocation on the road. I was in a moment covered with confusion ; and though I was alone, could

not help hiding my face with my hands. I abhorred my folly, which appeared yet more enormous every time it was reviewed.

CHAP. X.

In which the Reader becomes more particularly acquainted with Lady Worthy.

ABOUT this time a vacancy happened in Lady Worthy's family, by the marriage of her waiting woman to farmer Glebe. Her Ladyship, knowing the disagreeable situation Primrose Prettyface was in at Squire Homestead's, had long sought an opportunity of having Primrose herself; but all the servants loved her Ladyship so well, that a change in the family scarce happened once in five years. Lady Worthy sent a servant to Primrose's parents to inform them of the event, and that if they chose to let their daughter come and live with her, she should (on her behaving well) want for no encouragement that was in her power to bestow.

My readers may be sure this proved very agreeable, and was readily consented to by all parties.

Lady Worthy was about fifty, and had been a widow ever since the ninth year of her marriage with Sir William Worthy, by whom she had a



son, a fine young Gentleman, who just at this time she had with much reluctance sent to the University, and whom we shall have occasion to speak more of hereafter.

During the time Sir William lived, they never had the least shadow of a quarrel. If ever they had any dispute, it was not who should, but who should not have the sway; and I shall never forget an expression Sir William made use of, when she insisted on relieving a family out of her own private purse. My dear, said he, how can you be so unfair as to monopolize good-nature, and be such a covetous person, that you will insist on doing all the generous actions yourself; Her cha-

racter as a parent was equally excellent. As to her domestics, the aspect of every one in the family carried so much satisfaction, that it appeared all knew the happy lot that had befallen them, in being a member of it. There was one particular that I have seldom heard of but at Lady Worthy's: It is usual in all places, that servants fly from those parts of the house through which the master or mistress is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously placed themselves in the way, and it was on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit when the servants appeared without calling. Thus respect and love went together, and when a servant was called, it was not to be scolded or rated at, but often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order. Whether he passed by such a ground? if the old man who rented it was in good health? or whether he gave her Ladyship's love to him? or the like. In the author's opinion, those persons who preserve respect founded on their benevolence to their dependents, live rather like Princes than the heads of their families; their orders are received as favours, rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching them, is part of the reward for what is executed by them. In short, Lady Worthy was a woman of the most excellent disposition, she was religious without enthusiasm, grave without

formality, frugal without covetousness, and generous without ostentation.



Such was the character of this amiable Lady into whose service and protection Primrose now entered. Her employment here was to wait on my Lady, or to work with her needle. How well Primrose acted on her part, will be seen in a few pages.

CHAP. XI.

Which sets off Primrose to great advantage.

IT was the custom of the parish in which Primrose Prettyface resided, that once in five years,

the three maid-servants who staid longest in their places and brought the best character from the master or mistress they served, should be presented by the churchwardens with curious purses, containing ten, five, and two guineas each. But that my readers may have a better idea of this custom, I have subjoined the form, together with the particular characters of some of the claimants.

On the Whit-Monday, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, when the Church bell rung for prayers, the several claimants dressed in their best bibs and tuckers, repaired to Eaton-Hall; where, being marshalled by the churchwardens, they proceeded in form to the church, and heard divine service, and a sermon on the duty of servants. As soon as this was finished, they all walked into



the Churchyard, and being formed into a circle, the Churchwardens received their characters from the servants, written by their masters and mistresses, and sealed up. Silence being three times commanded, the head Churchwarden proceeded to read the characters aloud. The first was that of

DOROTHY DOLITTLE.

My maid Dorothy Dolittle, having been ever and anon plaguing me to write a character for her, because she, like many others, has too good an opinion of herself, I was resolved to give her such a character as she deserves. You must know then, she has been with me these four years, during which period, every winter has been taken up in telling her to shut the door, and every summer in learning her to leave it open. She takes more pains to dress her head, than to mend the holes in her stockings. To make up in some measure for these faults, she is very honest, and when I scold her, never mutters or answers again. I keep her, hoping that as she grows older, she will be less flatteringly and more attentive; besides, I would rather keep the evil I do know, than exchange it perhaps for a worse.

SARAH DOWNRIGHT.

My readers may be sure this character was not very likely to gain a purse; however the reproof contained in it, had such an effect upon the girl, that she ever after behaved very well; and as I have heard, has since, at another trial, gained the first purse.

The next character was that of the subject of our history, who, though grown up, still went by the name of

PRIMROSE PRETTYFACE.

I am happy in the opportunity of doing justice to the character of Primrose Prettyface; she has lived with me eight years, during which time I have never had occasion to repent taking her into my service. When I relate her qualifications, I believe I am setting her forth as a pattern for all other servants. She is religious, obedient, humble, faithful, quiet, careful, diligent, sober, modest, cheerful, keeps at home, speaks the truth, and so honest, that I could trust her with untold gold.

MATILDA WORTHY.

SARAH MEANWELL.

The bearer has lived in my house five years; she is a very honest, good girl, rises early, performs her work with cheerfulness, and has but one failing; she runs too much after fortune-tellers.

THOMAS TRUEMAN.

I cannot help thinking with honest Tom Trueman, that this mischief of running after fortune-tellers is too much the case with many servants. I knew a Gentleman who told me one evening while we were smoking our pipes together, that his butler had been silly enough to be seduced by



them; and though he was sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune was told him, yet he generally shuts himself up in the pantry for about half an hour with an old gypsy once in twelve months.

When the head Churchwarden had read all the characters, he retired with his brother Churchwarden, the Minister, and four of the oldest parishioners into the vestry. After staying some little time they returned, and the Churchwardens distributed the purses as follows:

To Primrose Prettyface they presented ten guineas in a green silk purse, embroidered with flowers of gold. To Jane Welldone, five guineas in a blue silk purse, embroidered with flowers of silver. To Sarah Meanwell two guineas in a scarlet silk purse. Then all the claimants were

treated with cakes and ale, after which they retired home, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the multitude, who were gathered together to see the ceremony.

Primrose Prettyface, we may be sure, neglected not to return her thanks to Lady Worthy, for the character she had given her, who every day grew so much more pleased with her, that at last she became her companion.

CHAP. XII.

The Winding up of the History.

IT is now high time, the reader will say, that we fulfilled our promise made in the tenth chapter, which, if the reader has forgot, he will do well to turn over the leaves, and refresh his memory. Well, now I suppose you have done as we directed, and found that we promised to say something more on the Lady Worthy's son, now Sir William Worthy.

This young Gentleman returned from the University, where he had made that proficiency in his studies, and improved himself so much, that every one loved and admired him. At his first sight of Primrose Prettyface, who was now arrived to the age of womanhood, he was struck with her beauty, which, added to her good temper and engaging behaviour, had such an effect on the young Gentleman as to occasion the most violent emotion. This was not unobserved by the old Lady, who, notwithstanding her great riches, had not any dislike to her son's passion, and on that account gave it every encouragement.

It so happened that one day Primrose was walking by herself in the garden, and being rather fatigued with the



heat, retired into the summer-house to avoid the sultry rays of the sun. It was not till she had almost seated herself, that she saw Sir William sitting on a chair at the farther end reading. On seeing him, she offered to retire, but he would by no means permit it. Primrose, said he, I have long wanted to consult you on an affair that concerns my happiness. I have already asked her Ladyship's opinion, and she thinks as I do. Yet I should like to know your's, which will determine mine.

You must know, continued Sir William, I have seen a beautiful and discreet young woman, and every way but one qualified to be my wife, she has no fortune; but as I have more than a sufficiency myself, that will make no difference. Here Primrose turned pale (for we must acquaint the reader, she was no less struck with the young Gentleman at their first interview than he was with her; and though her hopes were very faint, she gave all up for lost). However, Sir William being very earnest, did not take any notice of her confusion, and

went on. I consulted her Ladyship on the subject, and she encourages me to prosecute my addresses.

I have got her picture in my pocket, which I will shew you; and as I know you are well acquainted with her, if you approve of her for my wife, I have the greatest hopes of being successful in my addresses to her. He then pulled out a pocket case, and openly presented it to her for her inspection. But Primrose's confusion was great indeed, when, instead of a picture which she expected to see, she beheld her own picture in a small looking glass.—Now, said Sir William, do you approve of my choice? If you do, give me your hand as a mark of it, and I am happy. Primrose was unable to speak or move; which the young Gentleman construing as a favourable indication, seized her hand, and kissed it with the utmost ardour. He then led her into the house to his mother, and told her what had happened; she therefore got up and joined their hands, blessed them, and prayed for their happiness; and kissing her dear Primrose, cried for joy. Her parents were then sent for, and Sir William settled a very handsome annuity on them. The wedding was kept with the greatest rejoicings for many days.—Sir William and his beauteous bride now live an example to the great, a comfort to the poor, and the admiration of all.

END OF PRIMROSE PRETTYFACE.

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