

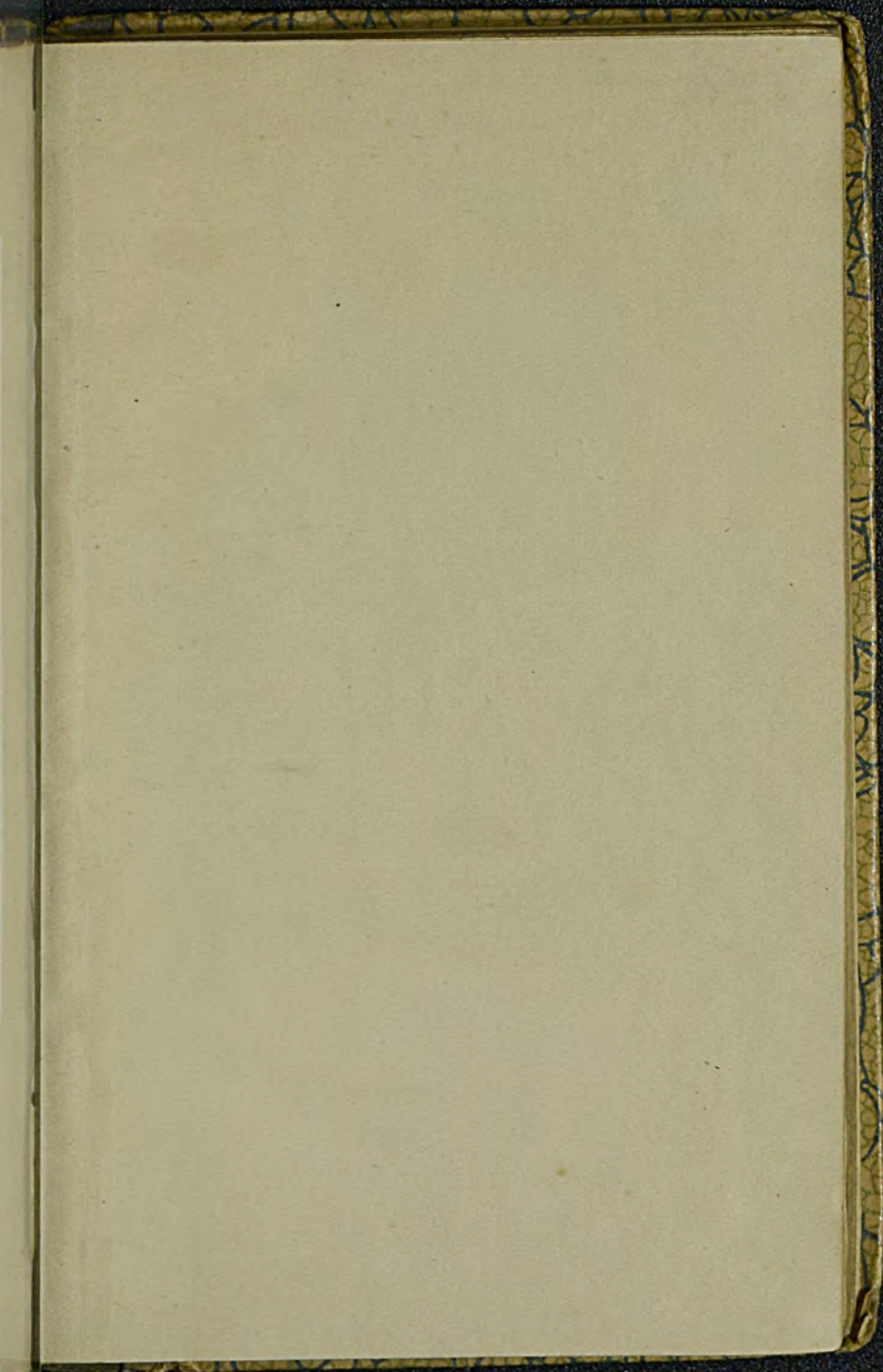


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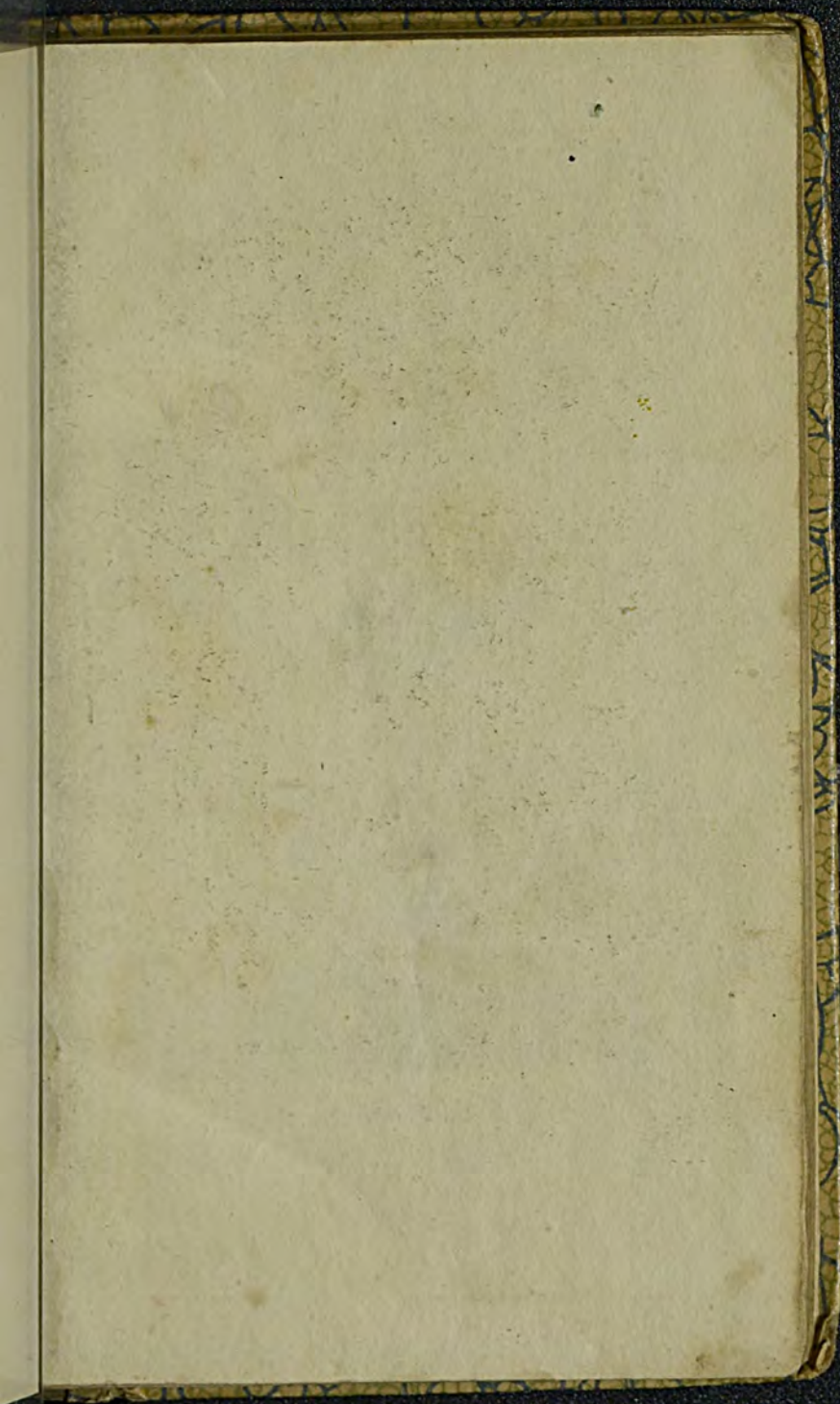
Arthur Jones.

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W. B.

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GEORGE FREELAND. Page 35

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THE HISTORY  
OF  
**Master George Freeland;**  
OR,  
HOW TO SPEND YOUR TIME.

~\*~  
INTENDED FOR  
THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF YOUTH.

—◆—  
BY  
WILLIAM FRANCIS SULLIVAN, A. M.  
*Teacher of Elocution and Belles Lettres.*



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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS,  
Juvenile Library,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1816.



THE HISTORY

OF THE

REVOLUTIONARY

PERIOD

OF THE



LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR WHITTINGHAM AND TOMES,  
STATIONERS' COURT, LONDON.

1816

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THE HISTORY  
OF  
MASTER GEORGE FREELAND.

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WELL, father, said George, Christmas is come, and the holidays, and I am so happy!

What makes you so happy, George?

I am happy to see you, and my mother, and my little brother again; and then I am so very, very happy I shall see grandpapa, for he gives me such nice presents.

So, you are only happy when you see us, but very, very happy when you see your grandfather, because he gives you presents; if he gave you



nothing, would you be so very, very happy?

Ah! but grandpapa never sees me but he gives me something; why dont you and my mamma give me like my good, my dear good grandpapa?

When you deserve it, sir, you shall not go unrewarded. Why are you glad that Christmas is come?

Because, father, there is such nice plum-pudding, and mince pies, and twelfth cake sugared all over; such jellies; and such geese, and fowls, and turkies; such fine feasting; such warm fires; then such merry doings, blind man's buff, and —

Hold, hold, boy! you have feasted so daintily, you will not be able to run about and play. Do you think the holidays were intended only for gluttony and idleness? George was silent.—I am sorry to see you grown so selfish, continued Mr. Freeland; I have a son, who



values his family and Christmas for the sake of presents and dainties only, and not from the natural wish of beholding and conversing with his parents and friends, for which the Christmas holidays affords so many opportunities, and which, to another boy, would prove his principal delight. However, there is one thing I approve—you have told the truth; you are above disguise; and we are all very, very much obliged to you.

George looked foolish, and hung his head. Come, come, said his father, dont be ashamed that you have told the truth: I now see your disposition, and shall proceed accordingly. To-morrow will be Christmas-day.

Oh, yes, father, said George, cheering up; and I know we always have something good.

Hold, hold, sir, neither your mother nor I shall dine at home to-morrow, nor the next day: we shall probably spend a



week or more with our friends in the country.

Won't you take me with you, father? said George; do pray.

I cannot, boy, you were not invited; it is a fortnight since we were asked, and you were then at school; besides, what should I say if questioned about you? I must speak the truth; I must tell the gentleman and lady you were anxious to come only because you expected a plentiful and elegant dinner, and not to congratulate them, whom you never saw, though they are your father and mother's particular friends. No, no, I cannot take you.

I will go to my grandpapa's then, cried George.

No, you must not, sir, said Mr. Free-land, your poor grandfather is laid up with the gout, and you know he is very cross then, and sees nobody; so you must stay at home in the nursery with



your little brother Sam; you can attend to him, while the maid prepares his victuals. I shall order you bread and milk for breakfast, and some cheese for dinner; and if you are a good boy, and I hear no complaints of you while we are from home, you shall have a yeast dumpling, or a Yorkshire pudding baked under a piece of meat, such as you have at school.

Oh dear! cried George.

What, sir, do you grumble? if you do, I shall order you to be locked up, and fed like a prisoner on bread and water: many a poor boy would be thankful for a shelter and a dry crust this cold season.

I dont like dumpling nor Yorkshire pudding; I am sick of them at school.

Tell your master so when you go back, I dare say he will lay before you a bill of fare, that you may choose for yourself; but here, sir, you must do as I please;



eat what is set before you, or go without ; take your choice.

I wish ! — I wish !

What do you wish ?

I wish the holidays were over !

What ! already ? and scarcely yet begun ; I wish they were with all my heart ; I should be rid for some time at least of a little good for nothing, selfish greedy-guts ; an idle dunce, who thinks of nothing but pampering himself, and wasting his time away : go, go, you are a bad boy ! Saying this, his father left the room, and George remained alone.

The truth is, there could not be a fonder, more indulgent father than Mr. Freeland had been ; his mother was so to a fault : every thing his wayward fancy or appetite longed for was immediately obtained for him : at school he could not be so indulged : it was this hope of receiving favours and presents as formerly that made him so happy to come home,



so anxious for the holidays, and so glad to see his parents.

His father now thought it high time that this disposition should be curbed, and punished as it deserved: he was young, it is true, very young, not quite eight years old, but he was not devoid of sense; he was very intelligent for one of his age; but he was idle, and fond of his belly; two things his father observed with pain, lest, as he grew up, those propensities should become serious evils, as they most certainly would, if not checked in time.

The remedy may appear harsh to many, but Mr. Freeland was a man of unalterable determination.

Mrs. Freeland, on entering the parlour, found George in tears: she questioned him the reason; he informed her, that his father would not take him with them to spend the holidays.

Then you must stay at home,



child, since it is your father's pleasure.

But, cried George in a pet, I don't like to stay at home when you are all abroad.

If I thought, said his mother, it was the love of our company that made home agreeable, or made it irksome to you when we are absent, I should have some hopes of you; but tell me why you don't wish to stay at home; you have been long absent.

Home, said George, will seem so dull when you are all away, keeping up Christmas so merrily.

And can't you find some way to divert yourself during our absence? can't you play with your little brother, take a book, and read a story?

Sammy is too little to play with, and my school books are not unpacked.

Oh, that we can soon do.

Oh, no; I could not read nor play,



moped up by myself, no playmates near me, and nothing but nasty bread and cheese for my dinner ; I shan't be able to eat any, for thinking what nice things other boys will have these holidays.

I fear, very much fear, George, you will be glad to eat nasty bread and cheese before you can get any thing better. Can you think of no way how to spend the holidays ?

No, I can't, cried he fretfully.

I'll tell you how to spend them : rise early, pray to God to alter your disposition for the better ; eat your meals in thankfulness, and no repining for what you cannot obtain ; read a chapter in the Bible, such as I shall point out, read one every day to Betty ; she can correct you, if wrong ; get one of Watts' hymns by heart, and be able to repeat it when called upon ; do this, and I shall order the maid to make you a large mince pie, and to give you a part whenever you



repeat your task well ; then walk about the garden, and exercise yourself ; laugh and chat with the girl, she is very good natured, she will tell you a pleasant story, and you can tell her some about your school and playfellows ; be cheerful and good-tempered ; go soon to bed, and pray to God to protect you through the night, and that you may rise a better boy every morning : do this, and I warrant you will perceive the good effects.

What good effects, mamma ?

Your health, your looks will be changed for the better ; you are now pale, your fat is unwholesome ; you will become fresh coloured, lively, and active ; you will lose that great belly, and that greedy fondness for dainties and sweet things ; and by dividing your time properly, your mind, as well as person, will be improved : will you promise to do this ?

George paused awhile, then looked up and smiled, Yes, mamma, I will.



Then kiss me, my dear, I know you will keep your word; for I will say, I never knew you to tell an untruth. Your father will be quite rejoiced. So, good bye for the present; we shall see you before we go in the morning.

George being left to himself, put on his considering cap.

Methinks I hear some of my young readers enquire, what a considering cap is?

To gratify Master Query, Miss Curious, Master Inquisitive, Miss Anxious, and a number of other little masters and misses, for whose information and instruction we write, we shall only say, he sat down seriously to think on what had passed, and how to behave in future. I wish every little boy had such a cap; but by purchasing this little book, they will be presented with one into the bargain, free of expense.

George considered he had offended



his father; for which offence he was thus cruelly punished. How had he offended? What crime had he committed? Was it a crime, an offence, to tell the truth—to say he was happy that Christmas was come? No; that was not it. Was it because he owned he loved plum-pudding, mince pies, and twelfth cake? No; that was not it: other little boys loved them too, and their fathers were not angry: nor was my father angry with me last year; what makes him so now?

George kept puzzling himself a long time, till a thought struck him, and a little gentleman, called Conscience, flew in his face and gave him a slap: his cheeks instantly became as red as scarlet; and after a sigh or two he burst into tears. Alas! said he, my father thinks I love pudding and pies better than I love him or my mother; but I am sure I dont: I am more grieved



that my father should be angry with me, than if I never was to taste another tart or cake as long as I live:—much and as dearly as I liked them, I don't care about them now. O dear! my heart is very heavy; I believe I am a very bad boy.

Thus George's considering cap was for a time very uneasy to him: at length he wiped his eyes, and said, Now there is nobody near, I'll kneel down and pray to God to mend me, and make me a good boy; to mind my book, and hate cakes, pies, and tarts, and every thing that makes father and mother angry. So George knelt down, held up his little hands, and said his prayers very devoutly. When he had done he rose up quite cheerful: he had no weight on his heart, nor no nasty headach, but was quite brisk and lively.

The servant then came into the room, and asked him what he would have



for his supper. George said, Any thing, he did not care what: a crust of bread, if his father pleased. The servant stared. Here is a strange alteration, indeed! said she; I think the sky will fall. I'm glad to find you so easily pleased, Master George. So saying, away she posted to inform her master and mistress.

Mrs. Freeland and her husband was much gratified with this intelligence. Now, Mrs. Freeland, said her husband, you must own that restraint is with some dispositions of more effect than indulgence. There are many who expect to be rewarded every time they do their bare duty. Now they could never think of this, but from the mistaken and over-fond blindness of a parent, who cannot see the mischief likely to arise. I knew a foolish woman who had so humoured her son, by giving him presents and other rewards,



that at length he absolutely refused to eat his victuals, unless she bribed or paid him before hand. I have a sister, who nearly spoiled her daughters in the same manner. I lived a few miles from her, and used to pay her a visit every Saturday: her window looked up the road, so that she could see any object at a distance. Perceiving my approach, she would say, Run, children, there's your uncle; I dare say he has brought you something. Away the three girls would run to me. Now, as I was always partial to children, I generally carried some little toy, or cakes, or new halfpence for them; consequently they watched my coming, and before I was in sight of the house they met me with smiles and open arms. But having once or twice forgot to put any thing for them in my pocket, I began to perceive their ardour to abate, and I might knock twice at the door



before any of them would open it. This determined me to withhold my hand; and on my asking the cause why the girls did not meet me as usual, their mother replied, I suppose it is because you dont bring them presents as usual. Then they may keep their smiles and caresses, I replied; I dont think them worth the purchase.

Mrs. Freeland confessed that she had acted improperly with regard to her son George, and was happy his father had taken him in hand himself; from which she foresaw the most salutary effects.

It is not only, continued Mr. Freeland, to check his immoderate fondness for feasting and pastime, but, by rendering his home less attractive to him, he will return to school with greater pleasure. You must remember how difficult it was to get him from home the last vacation; and your fondness mistook his tears for affection and grief at part-



ing. No; it was sorrow for leaving a place where he was so humoured and indulged, to return to school, as he would then have to resume his studies, which if he neglected, he knew he would be punished. Now if you will persist in sending him presents, let them not consist of sweetmeats, cakes, or any such trash; let them be books, fit to amuse while they instruct; and them only when his master reports a satisfactory account of his progress,—which, I am sorry to say, he has not this last half year. I like rewards or premiums for diligence and good conduct, as much as I approve of correction for idleness and ill behaviour.

A tap at the door, with a low voice crying, may I come in? told that George begged to be admitted. His father and mother looked at each other and smiled, when Mrs. Freeland said, Come in.

Well, sir, said his father, what brings you, I thought you were in bed?



I could not go to bed and sleep, unless you and my mamma first kissed me, and said, God bless you George, good night, as you used to do; then I always slept so sound.

What had you for supper, sir, said Mr. Freeland?

A nice crust of bread, father.

Nothing besides?

Nothing else. I was very hungry; and it went down so sweet you can't think.

I am glad you relish it; it will be your chief food for some time to come.

I dont care for how long, father.

Dont you like pudding or pies better than dry bread, sir?

I did, father; but I declare I never eat the nicest custard or plum-cake with half so much relish as I did the crust to-night.

How came that about?

I dont know; but so it was. I eat it without fear, and that made it go



down well; I was very hungry, and that made it go down better; and by choosing it I thought I pleased you, and that made it go down best of all. Now, whenever I eat cakes, or fruit, or sugar plums, I used to get in a corner, and gobble them up by stealth, afraid the boys would be teasing me for some. I was in such a hurry, the bits used to stick in my throat and pain me; and then I was so dry after, I did nothing but drink water, till I got the stomach ache:—now I feel quite well.

The father and mother of little George were quite delighted to hear him talk thus. They kissed him, begged God to bless him, and bade him good night; while George softly told his mother he would not forget what he had promised.

What are you two whispering about? cried Mr. Freeland.

Pray, sir, answered the mother, may



not my son and I have our secrets, without letting the world know them?

O, mighty fine! said his father; if it be of such importance, indeed, I have done.

It is indeed, cried George; you shall soon see; so good night, father, good night, mother, God bless you; and away George skipped as merry as a cricket.

Before day break George was awake; recollecting his promise, he got out of bed, knelt down, and said his prayers; after which he washed and dressed himself, combed his hair, and tripped down stairs, blithe as a lark, just as the servant had made the fire and cleaned out the parlour.

Good morning, John.

Good morning, Master George; a merry Christmas to you, sir.

The same to you, John.

George now said, What fine jacket



and trowsers are these? all scarlet, and rich gilt buttons! whom are they for?

For you, master; you know you have a new suit every Christmas.

Ah! no, John; said George, sighing; they are not for me.

I'm sure, said John, they're for nobody else, then; the tailor brought them home after you went to bed last night; wont you try them on?

No, John, I must not do so till my father gives me leave.

Well, replied John, I'm glad to see this; how you are altered! last year you did nothing but fret: Where are my new clothes? why dont the man bring them? and when you got them you were so fidgety, there was no peace till you were dressed.

Take them out of my sight, do John.

No, Master George, I must not, your papa bade me leave them there: so saying, he left the room.



George now walked up and down; then went and looked at them. They are handsome, indeed, he said; I never had so fine a suit. I should look like a soldier, an officer, in them, if I had a nice cap and feathers, and a sword! but no, they can't be for me; father says I am an idle dunce, and a bad boy; but I wont be a dunce, nor a bad boy neither, let them say what they will. I wont be like Master Drone, Master Heavysides, Master Lounge, and Master Lumberhead; great blockheads! they make game of the school: no, that's what I wont.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeland now appeared, and the usual gratulations were exchanged. Breakfast was now brought in: tea, coffee, and chocolate; hot rolls well buttered; toast; ham; cold tongue; bread and fresh butter for sandwiches; honey and comb; raspberry jam; and currant jelly. George could scarcely



believe his eyes : his father sat down :  
wont you take a seat George ?

George seated himself.

Wont you help yourself, my dear ?  
said Mrs. Freeland to her husband. Mr.  
Freeland poured out some coffee, and  
took a hot roll.

Which do you choose, my love ? said  
he to his wife. Mrs. Freeland took a  
cup of chocolate and a dry toast.

Let me recommend the rolls, said her  
husband ; they are excellent.

No, my dear.

Some honey on your toast, then ;  
some jam or currant jelly ; or a sandwich ?

Presently, she replied.

George, what are you waiting for ?  
said his father : are you at a loss to  
choose ? there is a variety before you.

I am waiting, sir, said George, for my  
bread and milk.

Odso, I forgot ; ring the bell. George  
rang the bell. His father pointed, and



the servant withdrew; and presently returned with his young master's breakfast.

Nice Christmas fare, George, is it not? said the father, taking up and spreading some honey and comb on the toast: this honey is delicious. And the chocolate, said his mother, is the best I have drank for some time.

George proceeded with his bread and milk in silence, which he soon finished; when he rose up to retire.

Stay in the room, sir, said his father. Now, my dear, we will retire, and prepare for setting off.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeland having finished their breakfast, left the parlour. The things remained on the table. George lifted up his eyes, and feasted on them in imagination. Now, if I dared, thought he, there is nobody here now, and my father said there was variety before me, and so there is, indeed: but, then, he



never offered me any. There can be no harm in tasting,—nobody sees me. Ah! but God sees me, and he will tell my father and mother. No, I wont; I wont touch any thing.

The servant entered. Wont you take a cup of chocolate, Master George, or some honey, or jam, on a slice of toast?

No, John.

Do now, I'm sure your father wont be angry.

No, John, I thank you, I have breakfasted very heartily. I am glad you are come to take them away.

Do now, let me persuade you, master.

You shall not persuade me; I wont be persuaded to do what is wrong; so take them away, I say, or I will leave the room:—no, I must not, father bid me stay. John took away the things.

His father and mother soon after entered. And now, said Mr. Freeland, the carriage is at the door, and we are



ready for departure. Good bye, George. Good bye, father. I wish you a merry Christmas, George, said his father. I wish you the same, sir. And a happy new year, added his mother. The same to you, mamma. Odso! cried Mr. Freeland, I was going without giving you a Christmas present. George cast his eyes towards the jacket and trowsers. Here is a three-shilling piece, sir. And another from me, said Mrs. Freeland. Let me see how you will spend them. I wont spend them, sir; I'll keep them in my purse till you come back. I will not have it so; you are given the money to spend, but not to throw away: let me see how you will lay it out,—I hope properly; with advantage to yourself or others. George ventured a look at the jacket and trowsers:—his father took no notice. Well, God bless you, boy, take care of yourself till we come back;—good bye. They both kissed him. He saw



his parents to their carriage, which they entered; and after nodding farewell, drove off with speed.

George re-entered the parlour: his little heart was full; but he bore up—he disdained to cry. I'll try a race in the garden, it is a very nice morning: so saying, he took his hat, and away he went. He ran about until he put himself into a fine warm glow. Ah! said he, this is much better than roasting myself at the fire, thinking of the nice breakfast and fine jacket: nobody will see me now, and these clothes are well enough to run about in. So George returned quite cheerful and contented.

Now what did my papa mean by wishing me to spend my money? What did he mean by properly? So George again put on his considering cap.

While he was pondering what to do with the two nice silver pieces in his hand, Betty, the nursery-maid, entered.



Master George, wont you walk up stairs, and see your brother, Master Sammy; he is grown so, he will be able to chat a bit, and play a little with you: besides, I want to speak with you; my mistress has left something for you with me.

George, delighted, ran up stairs with Betty. As he entered, he saw a Bible spread open, with a chapter marked for him to read;—it was that wherein Abraham offers up his son Isaac. Now, sir, you will be so good to read that over to yourself first, and then read it aloud to me.

George, though he felt disappointed, recollected the promise he had given his mother, and replied, Aye, that I will, Betty, with all my heart. So he sat cheerfully down, and looked it over. Well, Betty, cried George, I am now ready. He then began, and went through it without making any considerable blunder; he only now and then paused,



when a long, hard word occurred, which he carefully divided into syllables before he ventured to pronounce it. Betty was highly pleased, and called him a very good boy: she told him when dinner was ready he should have a nice large piece of plum-pudding, because he had performed his task so well. You may now go and divert yourself, my dear, till I call you; and you may eat it without dread or anxiety, for your mother has ordered me to make you an apple pie or pudding, when you behave yourself as you promised to do.

So George returned to the parlour, and took his battledore and shuttlecock, and began to toss it manfully about. One of the servants seeing him, said, Had you not better play in the garden, where there is plenty of room? you may break something here, if you dont take great care. Oh, never fear, never fear, was his reply. So he played on;



until running in haste to catch the shuttlecock in its descent, he unfortunately struck his battledore against the window, and broke a pane of glass. O dear! exclaimed he, I wish I had minded what John said: but nobody saw it, and I'll play in the garden.

When the dinner bell rang, Betty came down to call him. In passing through the parlour, Hey-day! cried she, fine doings! what mischief is here? how came this about? was it you, Master George, that broke this pane?

John, willing to excuse him, said, Oh no, Mrs. Betty; I dare say not: I told him to play in the garden, and you see he has just come from it. I think it was broken or cracked before Master George returned from school.

George, who had continued silent, now spoke. Indeed, Betty, John is mistaken; it was I who broke it; but it was by accident I declare;—I wish



I had followed John's advice. Here, take this money, and get a new pane, then papa nor mamma will not know it.

Well, said Betty, I am glad you have told me the truth; I would not for twenty panes have you tell me a falsehood: ever while you live, my dear, speak the truth; and because you did so, put up your money; I'll send for the glazier, and my master and mistress shall not be the wiser.

On returning to the nursery, our young gentleman perceived a small table set apart, on which were placed a piece of bread and some cheese, with a small tumbler of table beer; while on the other appeared a roasted chicken, and the much talked of plum-pudding. Come, Master George, sit down, and let us be comfortable: shall I help you to a leg and a wing and a piece of the breast? or what say you to the merry-thought?



Now it happened that George's thoughts were not over merry at this time; he thought it very hard, that the maid should have a nice roasted chicken and hot plum-pudding, and he only cold bread and cheese; perhaps they were for little brother Sammy; but should not he, being the eldest, have it in preference? this thought was very mortifying, and his looks accorded.

You look grave, Master George; you should be merry these Christmas times; come, let me help you.

No, thank you, I can help myself; and down sat George to his bread and cheese. He was very hungry, and eat heartily: having finished, and drank his beer, he got up to go away.

Won't you take a slice of pudding, sir? I warrant you have a small corner left.

Not any at present; by and by, perhaps; and away he trotted.



He took another race in the grounds, till he was quite warm ; and while he was standing at the garden gate, a poor man, in a tattered sailor's dress, stopped and asked his charity.

Do pray, young gentleman : God keep you from feeling distress such as I have suffered ; I am but just come from a French prison, where I was seven years confined, with scarcely enough to keep soul and life together ; the damp has struck through my limbs, and I am now quite a cripple. I had two brothers, one a soldier, the other a seaman like myself ; but both were killed fighting for their king and country ; and I am left a miserable object behind : and though in my native land, nobody now knows me, or cares about me, nor have I broke my fast this blessed Christmas-day.

The poor creature's looks told the truth, for he was the picture of famine.

George's eyes began to fill ; stay here,



said he, and away he scampered up stairs to Betty as fast as he could. Oh, Betty, Betty, where is the plum-pudding? I am so hungry.

What, already! and she cut him a slice.

Oh, a larger piece, a very large piece! Thank you, thank you, Betty.

Bless me, child, you'll burst yourself.

Never fear; and away he ran down stairs as fast as his legs could carry him. The girl now judging this haste and impatience did not concern himself, resolved to watch him: when he got to the gate, Here, poor man, take and eat it, 'tis very nice.

For me, master? Ah, my dear young gentleman, much too good, but heaven bless thee! a dry crust and a morsel of hard cheese is fitter for a poor man like me.

Well, make haste, eat that, and I'll get you some bread and cheese and a drink



of beer; and away he ran a second time.

Betty had seen enough, and was returned. What now? cried Betty, all gone already!

Yes; and I want some bread and cheese, a big lump, and some table-beer to wash it down.

Why, sure, the deuce is in the boy!—you'll breed a famine. However, she gave it him! but in his hurry his foot slipped, and down stairs he tumbled, china mug and all. Here was a sad misfortune; but he was not much hurt, nor did he cut himself; so he gathered up the bread and cheese, and called John.

What do you want, Master George? I'm busy.

Draw me a mug of beer directly; strong beer: do you hear?

Yes, sir, I do: strong beer! mighty fine; so you want to get merry this Christmas-day! you'll be quite tipsey if



you drink all this, said John, as he handed it to him.

Now, John, one favour, change me this three-shilling piece.

I can't, master.

Oh, dear! what shall I do?

But I'll lend you what halfpence I've got: and he gave him sixpence worth. Now tell me, sir, what you want all this for?

Ask no questions, and I'll tell you no lies, John.

John smiled, and said, Aye, aye, nice goings on; when the cat's away, the mice will play. Now John had as much curiosity as Betty.

Here, hold your hat, said George, when he got to the poor man, and drink this up: plum-pudding always makes me dry.

May you never be dry nor hungry, my little dear; God forbid you ever should.

Ah, but I have though, both very dry



and very hungry : I like to be dry and hungry too sometimes, for then you can eat any thing ; but 'tis a sad thing to be dry and hungry, and have nothing to eat.

It is indeed, master.

Where did you sleep last night ? asked little George.

I lay in an out-house ; but sleep I could not, for the cold and pains in my limbs. I have but four days landed in England. A bed or hammock has been a stranger to me for years. I am now bound for London : if I can reach it, I have a good lump of prize money due these many years ; mayhap they think me dead.

Well, take these halfpence, and get a night's lodging.

The poor man would have knelt down, but George prevented him, saying, Dont, dont, poor man, you'll tumble down.

What is your name, my little angel ? asked the sailor.

George, George Freeland.



Freeland, Freeland, repeated the sailor; I knew a Colonel Freeland of the Marines, and George was his name; he was a prisoner, like myself, but on parole: he died of a fever a fortnight before I left France, leaving a will, wherein he bequeathed to his nephew, George I think he called him, his whole fortune, three thousand pounds. I was a witness to his will, as I could read and write: he gave me a pair of green spectacles, with silver rims, in a shagreen case, that if I ever returned to England, I should find out his brother Benjamin, and give them to him, and tell him of his bequest.

My father's name is Benjamin, but he is not at home, nor mamma neither, they are gone for holidays.

Your father's name is Benjamin, and your name George: what is the name of this town, young gentleman? I've forgot, 'tis so long since.

This is Horsham, in Sussex.



The same, the same!—God be praised; the colonel said his brother lived in Horsham. Here, my dear, take these spectacles; they are as I received them: I would not sell them, much as I wanted victuals: take them, my dear, and show them to your papa when he comes back, perhaps he may know them.

I will: I never saw my uncle, but my father has, and grandpapa.—Call here to-morrow, and you shall have more bread and cheese.

I will, my little dear, my worthy, kind young friend! Heaven reward you! and the poor sailor limped away, praying for his little benefactor.

George now retired from the gate, and took a turn once more in the garden before it grew dark. Well, thought he, how have I spent my money!—profitably? I have bought myself nothing; that poor man has got his supper and a bed; that is some advantage to him. I



must pay back the halfpence I borrowed : so I will to-morrow. I could eat a piece of plum-pudding now, but Betty would think me such a greedy guts to stuff myself so : she thinks I have eat it all, so I'll go to bed to-night without taking my bread and milk, and that will make her think so the more. I'll keep these spectacles for father. On seeing Betty and John approaching, he put them in his pocket.

Come, Master George, it is getting dark ; you have been long enough out ; and pretty destruction you have made, sir, cried the maid ; there is my nice china mug, that cost I dont know how much, broke all to shivers. George laughed. So you laugh, sir, do you, you brazen young dog ? a fine story I have for your father ; no sooner is his back turned, but smack goes a pane of glass and a china mug.

Ah ! but, Betty, you promised not to tell of the pane of glass.



But I promised nothing about the broken mug, did I?

No, said George, gravely, but you won't be so ill-natured?

I dont know that, cried Betty; such glutting and stuffing all day long, I am quite ashamed of you; you'll want no supper this night, however.

No, Betty, I shan't eat any.

I thought so: mercy upon me! a whole cheese won't last you a week if you go on so.

What have you done with the strong beer and the halfpence I let you have, Master George? asked John.

George laughed, and said, Gone, John.

What! exclaimed Betty, drink strong beer and borrow money too! why this is worse and worse! Oh, if I have not a fine story for your papa.

I dont care if you do tell, said George.

There! there, John, do you hear that? I believe the boy's bewitch'd; he is certainly tipsey; the beer has got in his



noddle: ah, you'll have a fine head-ach for this in the morning.

I dont care if I have, replied he, still laughing.

Well, I never saw the like: you are a sad boy, a sad boy indeed, said Betty.

I know I am, but I dont mind that neither, cried George, for all you say!

I am struck all of a heap! I am mortal foundered! Oh! Oh! roared Betty, pretending to cry, what will poor master and mistress say: I would not be in your coat for the world.

Well; but, Master George, joking apart, said John, it was not right in you to give your victuals, and beer, and money, to any idle vagabond that crawls about and begs, because he's too lazy to work; and to keep chatting with such low vagrants, with their budget of made up lies! I didn't think you would so degrade yourself.

What! exclaimed the maid in a seeming



passion, to come to me and pretend you were hungry, when you had just dined, to throw away good victuals and nice pudding upon such vermin! here's extravagance! here's waste! we shall have the house beset with beggars; we shall be robbed and murdered in our beds, and all along with you, Master George; and then to talk with such, and listen to their trumped up lies—of a cock and bull, and a roasted soldier: I've no patience!

But this was a poor lame sailor.

Ah! Master George, you must not trust to appearance; this is a wicked, lying world, said John, and for one real object, you'll meet twenty impostors.

But the poor man is no impostor, nor liar neither: he told me my father's name was Benjamin.

Aye, aye, cried John; he learned that in the neighbourhood, before he begged of you.

Aye; but how could he know my



uncle, that he was a colonel, that he died in France he said ? and see, he gave me these spectacles, to give to father : so saying, he handed them to John.

John examined them, and then turning to Betty, whispered her, As I live, the very green spectacles Colonel Freeland, my master's brother, wore : I remember his wearing them very well, though so many years since. What a work he made when he thought he had lost them one day ; they so suited his eyes ; I found them in the garden in the grass ; it was a mercy I did not tread on them ; he made me a present of five shillings : if these are the same, his name, George Freeland, Portsmouth Division, Marines, is engraved in full length ; see, Betty, there it is, the very same ! this is lucky. So the man gave them to you ; did you not buy them of him, did you not give him all your silver ?

Not a shilling ; look here, John : and he



told me my uncle left me a great fortune ;  
I dont know how much.

I remember master saying his brother,  
the colonel, had a good lump of money in  
the funds. I wish I could see this man.

When I desired him, John, to call  
to-morrow for some more bread and  
cheese, he said he would.

And if he comes, he shall have a  
welcome, a warm fire, and the best the  
kitchen affords. I am glad, Master  
George, you have told me this ; for if I  
had caught him hankering about this  
house any more, I would have set dogs  
at him.

Ah ! but you won't now, John ?

No, mercy forbid ! if all be true what  
he says, master will do something for him.  
After I have seen him, I'll ride off to your  
father with the spectacles.

No, John, I will keep them for father  
myself.

Next day the poor sailor was at the



gate; and the servant man, who was on the watch for him, no sooner saw him, than with a smile he beckoned him to walk down to the kitchen; when he drew a chair for him near a good fire, and placed before him cold roast beef, hot potatoes, and a large jug of strong beer. The poor man, who seeing the servant instead of Master George, thought he came to drive him away, could now scarcely believe his senses, his reception was so different from the unfeeling frowns and illtreatment he had so long experienced. John having enquired his adventures, now questioned him more minutely with respect to the colonel: and finding him accurate in his account and description of his person, began to entertain a better opinion of the poor man;—for John was a worthy fellow, and had a good heart. He told the sailor to make himself easy for a day or two, to remain in Horsham until he



informed his master, who would doubtless repay him for the care of the spectacles, and the intelligence he had given.

This day passed nearly as the preceding, only George committed no damage. His diet was strictly confined to plain bread and milk, cheese, and small beer; nor could Betty entreat him. How she would persuade him to infringe his father's orders, or break his own determination. He got by rote a short hymn of Dr. Watts', and read his chapter without the smallest mistake. He now changed one of his three-shilling pieces: with part he purchased a couple of pretty toys for his little brother, and slipped a shilling, slyly as he thought, into the sailor's hand as he left the house.

Next morning John took a horse, and rode off to his master, to inform him of the present occurrence. Mr. Freeland deemed the intelligence of sufficient im-



portance to make a strict enquiry. Much affected at the account of his brother's death, for he knew he was a prisoner of war, he begged to be excused from prolonging his visit, as the news he had received of the loss of a beloved and only brother rendered him at present unfit for gay society. His apology was politely accepted, with many expressions of condolance on the occasion; and Mr. and Mrs. Freeland returned the same day with John to Horsham.

George was quite pleased to see his father and mother's arrival: he ran to the door when the carriage stopped, his eyes dancing with joy. This good father witnessed with secret satisfaction the contented and cheerful looks of his son.

After the usual salutations, Mr. Freeland, turning to George, gravely said, How have you employed your time? I trust I shall hear no complaints of you: to expect or hear a good account would



be a surprize indeed,—an agreeable one I must own; but that —

If George, said his mother, has only kept his promise to me, father, I have no doubt but you will hear a very good account of him.

I hope it may be so, replied Mr. Freeland.

I have kept my promise to you, mamma, I would not break it for the world, returned George.

There now, cried Mrs. Freeland, I hope father you are satisfied.

I must have other assurances of his conduct than his own: little boys are very apt to gloss over their neglect, and to conceal their pranks and the mischief they have committed.

George now began to sob: I-I dont w-wish, father, to-to conceal any thing.

Then, said his father, you have done no mischief since we were away?

I only broke a pane of glass and a china pint mug; that's all.



Is that all? Is not that mischief enough in three days, sir?

Ah! but Betty promised me not to tell you, papa, because I told the truth, and I dare say she won't; nor John neither of the strong beer I asked him for, and the sixpen'worth of halfpence which he lent me.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeland concealed their smiles at the boy's simplicity. So, sir, you hope to conceal your faults, because you think they will not inform against you. What have you done with your money? all gone? given it to them, to bribe them to silence, is it not so?

No, indeed, indeed, father, I have one left still; and he showed it.

Well, well, continued Mr. Freeland, I dare say I shall hear strange things of you: to-morrow, sir, I shall call you to a strict account.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeland now retired; he to make further enquiries, by sending



for the sailor, and the mother to the nursery, to see little Sam.

As she entered, Sammy was drawing a little cart about the room. See, see, mamma, brody, brody Georgy gave Sammy dis, and dis, and dis, showing her some little toys. Very pretty, I declare, said the mother. So, after caressing the little one, she questioned Betty how George behaved, and received the whole news, which highly delighted this affectionate parent.

With what joy, Betty, returned her mistress, shall I acquaint his father of this wonderful and sudden reformation! he will now be a comfort to us both, whereas his disposition was, for many months past, the cause of much anxiety and grief. We can now look forward with the most flattering expectation.

Indeed, madam, replied Betty, all I could say or do, and I confess I did tempt him to transgress, I never could



prevail on him to disobey orders : he has not applied one farthing to his own use ; and I could not help laughing to see his anxiety and wish to conceal his charity for the poor sailor.

My sweet boy ! exclaimed the happy mother, as she descended to the parlour. She there met her husband, and related the conversation that passed between her and the maid relative to George. The father was no less rejoiced than his amiable wife ; but still resolved to keep secret the intelligence, and hear, as he meant to cross-examine him, the boy's own account, and justification of his conduct.

So, sir, said Mr. Freeland, as George entered, you have been making acquaintance during our absence ; I cannot compliment you on the choice you have made, for you picked up one of the most shabby looking wretches the streets or road could present ; then to borrow



money of my servant for the fellow! had you nothing better than plum-pudding to treat him with?

Well, now, cried George, if I dont be even with Betty and John for this!

My servants did no more than their duty in reporting your conduct, pursuant to my orders, said his father.

They are nasty tell-tales, said George.

They are honest, sir, for they have told the truth: are you not ashamed of yourself?

No, sir, I am not.

No! to receive presents from such a low, dirty vagrant! something he had stolen; and to clear himself he will inform against you; as a receiver of stolen goods you will be taken up, sent to prison, and hanged perhaps: this comes through keeping bad company. Oh, George! George!

Poor George looked up quite frightened, and burst into tears.



Well, well, as he is so young, the judge may have some mercy, and only transport him.

George sobbed aloud.

His mother now interposed. Come, come, father, you are too severe; you are accuser, judge, and jury yourself; this is not fair; you dont give him an opportunity to clear himself. Where are those spectacles there is such talk about?

Here, mamma, answered George.

Mrs. Freeland, on examining them, exclaimed, Why, these are your brother, the colonel's, glasses, and here's his name in full length! look, Mr. Freeland.

His father took and examined them, and was satisfied they were the same. Now, young culprit, not content with giving away my victuals these hard times, and money besides, you must ask him to come a second time, and a third perhaps, in a week; I shall expect you



will invite him into the parlour, to dine with your father and mother.

Poor George was quite confounded; he knew not what to answer: all he could say was, Indeed, I thought no harm; he said he was hungry, and he looked very sick and sad, so I gave him —

And so you were mean enough to take these nice silver spectacles, as a present from such a poor sick man, and not make him a return?

He said he brought them from France; my uncle gave them to him, to give to me, for me to give to you, papa.

Aye, aye! fine giving and bestowing! but I shall send for the fellow, and hear what he has to say, and how far you are guilty or not.

Accordingly Mr. Freeland sent for the sailor, who remained in Horsham for the purpose. From him he learned every particular of his brother's decease; that the



will, which he had signed as a witness, was lodged in the hands of Monsieur Verneuil, of Arles, an eminent notary, who likewise had possession of his gold watch and silver snuff-box, which he, the notary, as the sailor supposed, kept as a security for the expences of his interment, which was conducted in a more respectable manner than falls to the lot of many officers who are prisoners; that the property he died possessed of amounted to £3500, in the funds, besides a handsome house, garden, and ten acres of land, he had purchased some years ago before his capture, and which lay in the little town of Havant, near Portsmouth.

This was all the intelligence he could receive from the poor man, who was very clear and succinct in his account, having read the will himself as it was drawn up by the colonel: it was translated into French by the interpreter,



which, with the original, was lodged with the notary, while the physician who attended took another translated copy, for fear of accidents; both of which were compared with the English original. The man also informed him, that his brother had left him sole executor and guardian to the young gentleman, his nephew.

Having handsomely remunerated the poor sailor, provided him with decent clothing, and paid for an outside place on the coach, he told him, as he could read and write, to drop him a line, if, on his arrival, he found any delay or difficulty in obtaining his prize money, which, he said, amounted to upwards of ninety pounds, besides his pay running on while on the ship's books: and as the sum was a great object in his present distress and state of health, Mr. Freeland promised to use his influence for the speedy adjustment of the poor fellow's affairs, who left his benefactor with tears of gratitude,



praying that a thousand blessings might attend him, and the dear little gentleman his son; George, who was present, whispered his father, and asked leave to shake the sailor by the hand at parting, to which his father, with a smile, consented, but observed that George had slipped something into the man's hand. On questioning him, found it was his last and only three-shilling piece.

Indeed, George, said Mr. Freeland, though I approve of your behaviour to that poor sailor, your giving away your last piece of money was a useless kind of extravagance, if not of ostentation; you must have noticed the man's appearance, how different he now looks to what he did, all in tatters; I had sufficiently rewarded him already.

Ah! but, father, I had not; what was a shilling and a few halfpence?

I remember, said his father, a little boy, one George, who used to be very glad of



a shilling to buy cakes, and thought it a deal of money.

Aye, father, I know whom you mean, but I am sure a shilling nor two would not buy cakes enough for the poor sailor; he said they were too nice for him, and he would have bread and cheese rather than all the pudding I could give him; so I got such a great lunch: Betty thought it was for myself; she called me I dont know what, and did so scold; and, oh, father! if you had seen how he did eat! my stars! how he devoured it all up! and how sick and pale he looked!

Poor man! but just escaped from prison! no wonder.

Now, father, if the man had stolen the spectacles, and I was taken to prison, how sick and pale I should look!

You would be glad of bread and cheese then, I believe, George.

Indeed I should; I should be so hungry: I like bread and cheese very



well; it is so good, after a race in the garden; I eat such a large piece: I would rather have it than all the sweet things, they make me so dry.

How long have you thought so?

Oh! ever since you were away; I never touched them, though Betty asked me twenty times, and said I might.

Indeed!

Yes, indeed, papa, I dont care about them now; I dont think I'll ever buy another tart or cheese-cake, if I had a handful of money.

Then, how would you lay out your money?

I would buy skipping cord, or tops, or marbles—no, I will not buy marbles, I should lose them, and the boys so quarrel and fight about them; I would buy pictures and pretty little books with cuts; and if I saw a poor——

Hold, George! returned his father; though your kindness to the poor sailor



happened not to be misplaced, you are too young to judge who is in distress, or who is not; all who beg are not; most of them are too lazy to work, and would rather thief, rob, and murder, than earn an honest morsel, procured by hard labour; such deserve to starve: but the real and aged cripple, and the blind, deserve our compassion, and I shall never be against your relieving them.

But how can I know them, father?

Ask the opinion of some person older than yourself.

Ah, but I don't like any body to see me give; it looks so.

Then wait till you grow up, and are old enough to judge.

O dear! that will be a long time first.

Soon enough to throw away your money.

But I won't throw it away when I grow a man, and get my uncle's fortune; I'll build a large house for poor cripples and



blind people, to fill their bellies with nice bread and cheese, and milk, such as I have, that's what I will.

Aye, so you can, George. Mr. Freeland derived an heartfelt satisfaction in discovering these little traits in his son's character: had he not evident proof, he could not have credited a report so flattering, that so short a space of time could have worked so great a change in his temper and disposition, which, from strong symptoms of a selfish impatience and negligence, had now become attentive, disinterested, and generous; he could not suspect him of artifice, his childish simplicity was so apparent; and he rejoiced that he had adopted the method he had used, though undoubtedly it was a harsh one, towards a child of such tender years. But this provident reflected, that the longer he postponed his plan, the more difficult he would find the execution; and this had determined him.



New year's day now approached, and George's content and assiduity, instead of relaxing, continued to increase. Mr. Freeland observing this, resolved to forego the restrictions he had laid upon his son, and by degrees restore him to his full confidence and favour. This he communicated to the mother, with a caution not to let her indulgence appear too sudden and apparent; as young as George was, the little rogue had discernment sufficient, and might take undue advantage, rendering a repetition doubly irksome, and perhaps unavailing in the end.

The new year was now ushered in with the ringing of bells, and the usual hilarity: and it was no sooner light, than Mr. Freeland entered his son's room. George had just risen, and was putting on his clean shirt, having said his prayers, washed and combed himself.

I am glad, sir, to find you up; you



begin the new year well; and as you have turned over a new leaf, I shall obliterate the past, and trust the pages now before you will never more be soiled or defaced by your neglect or misconduct: and as encouragement for so promising a beginning, I now present you with a new suit; put them on, and come down presently, you shall this morning breakfast with your mother and me: his father then kissed him. George was delighted, and he thanked his father with tears of joy.

He was presently dressed, and now he descended with a look so cheerful and contented, and such happiness diffused over his gloomy cheeks, that made his countenance naturally handsome, particularly striking and attractive; his voice partook of the internal pleasure of his mind. When his parents entered, he knelt down before them, to beg forgiveness for his past misconduct, to entreat



their blessing and their prayers to God, to strengthen his resolution and perseverance in amendment. This voluntary act of his so charmed his good parents, that they instantly raised and embraced him, while his enraptured mother strained him with transport to her bosom.

His father now spoke. You see, mother, now before you a boy, who, for the first time in his life, has earned the suit he now wears: every suit he formerly put on was a present, in the hope of seeing an alteration for the better; it was a fruitless expectation; I therefore resolved he should first earn his clothes before he wore them. And so he has, mother, by his self-denial and perseverance in dutiful obedience. Well, sir, how do you like them?

Better, sir, than any I ever had, said George.

I suppose the scarlet hits your fancy?

No, father, it is not that.

What then?



They fit me so well; I feel so easy in them; I think they become me: I shall be so fond of them.

Take care George, let me see no airs nor conceit: fine feathers, they say, make fine birds; but fine clothes dont make a little boy a bit better, or more respected and beloved; especially if they make him proud.

Ah! but I am proud of these, I know, exclaimed George, strutting about.

Why are you proud of them, sir?

Because, because, they are my first earnings, father.

In that respect you may well be proud of them; such a pride is laudable.

And they shan't be the last neither, that I know too; I'll never rest 'till I earn another.

That's right, my lad, go on and prosper; how long will it be first, think you? Now his father thought his impatience would name a week.

George paused, and repeated, How



long? next summer, father, when I come back from school: that will be a nice time.

And will you have patience to wait till then?

Oh! the time will soon skip over; I shall read so, and study my lessons so.

Aye, indeed! cried Mr. Freeland, you promise this well.

Yes, father, and I will perform, that's what I will; and I know you will too, if you promise I shall have them.

I do promise you, George, the handsomest that can be made, of whatever colour you choose.

Then I'll have blue, father.

Why so?

John says, when he puts on his livery, true blue will never fade.

And wou'd you put a livery on?

Oh no, papa; I wou'd have no yellow cuffs or collar, nor yellow waistcoat, but all blue, with nice gilt buttons.



Well, sir, it shall be according to your will and pleasure; an emblem, I hope, that your endeavours will not fade.

They now sat down to breakfast, and his mother poured him out a cup of chocolate, while his father helped him to a hot buttered roll. George received them with a modest thankfulness.

Well, George, said his mother, is not this nicer than mere bread and milk?

It is very nice, indeed, mamma, but bread and milk is very nice too, what I get at home.

Not what you get elsewhere?

George remained silent.

How is it at your school, sir? asked his father.

George still continued in silence.

Not quite so good, I presume?

I wont tell tales, mamma, should I? I wont be like Master Blabb, who told his mamma it was blue milk he got at school for breakfast.



And was it George? enquired his mother.

No, mamma; it was very good milk, but not quite so white as ours: but our master was in a great passion; he flogged Master Blabb, and turned away the servant maid: but mind now I said I liked it, but not so well as what I drink here, hot from the cow.

It cannot be expected, said Mr. Freeland. Would you grieve much to leave your present academy for another? How would you like to be near us here in Horsham?

O dear! of all things, sir! said George.

There is a very excellent academy in this town, many years established, kept by Messrs. Thornton: I highly approve of their treatment of the pupils, their rules and regulations. I never heard the slightest complaint; on the contrary, the highest commendation, and all the boys respect and love them.



Ah! let me go there, father! you shall see what a good boy I'll be. I could not be so at Mr. Hanwell's.

Why not? asked his father.

There was such a set; Master Drone, Master Gorge, Master Churl, Master Tatler, Master Donkey, Master Blabb, Master Heavysides, and they so idled me: they are so stupid and so ill-natured! they would never let me alone.

Why not inform me of this before?

I did not think of it.

I shall remove you from such society. Evil communication is contagious. I shall send you to Messrs. Thornton's.

Thank you, papa; then I shall see Master Reader, Master Conwell, Master Wise, Master Goodlad, and Master Cleverley, all our neighbours, father; I shall be quite at home!

Not quite, George; you must sleep and board at the academy, and you shall come home every Saturday and stay 'till Monday.



Oh! that will be so snug! cried George, rubbing his hands.

I shan't be angry with your associating with these last young gentlemen; they are of a different description. I now don't wonder at the slow progress you had made, and the bad habits you contracted.

Breakfast being now ended, Mrs. Freeland said, I think, my dear, as George has begun the new year so well, he will be glad to go to church with us this morning.

O yes, mamma! take me with you and my papa!

On their return, George joined Master Wise and Master Goodlad, who were at church with their parents: they were very happy to meet, but doubly so when he told them his father would send him to Mr. Thornton's when school recommenced:—if they were acquainted before, they were now quite intimate; and on they walked, hand in hand together,



Mr. and Mrs. Freeland now entered into conversation with Mr. Thornton, who was likewise leaving church; they told him their intention in respect to their son. Mr. Thornton politely thanked them, and assured them of his unremitting care of his education and morals. Of that, sir, said the father, I have not the smallest doubt; the reputation of your establishment is well known, and it is deservedly encouraged. I have only to apologize for sending my son so far away, when one of such superior advantages offered so near at hand: but by removing the boy to a distance, I thought there was less opportunities of his being spoiled by an indulgent mother's fondness (you must pardon me, Mrs. Freeland). Owing to a sudden and happy change in his disposition, the cause of so wide a separation is now removed; and I shall joyfully entrust him to your care.

Mrs. Goodlad and Mrs. Wise now overtook them. So, Mrs. Freeland, said these



ladies, our sons, you see, have commenced playmates already. Yes, returned Mrs. Freeland, and I hope their intimacy will increase, as there will now be a better and more frequent opportunity by their becoming schoolfellows. This intelligence was highly pleasing and satisfactory to these ladies, who were women of great respectability.

George and his young companions now ran back, arm in arm, and Master Goodlad, who was the eldest, requested permission to take a walk with them before dinner. This was no sooner asked, than granted: and Mrs. Freeland added, I think, George, you might ask these young gentlemen to drink tea and eat a mince pie with you; and if these ladies will honour us with their company, at the same time, we shall deem it a particular favour and obligation. The invitation was cordially accepted, and away ran the boys to enjoy their morning's walk.



The parties now dispersed to their respective homes; and the evening passed away in innocent and rational amusement, by the young gentry, to the entertainment and gratification of their indulgent and worthy parents.

The holidays soon glided over; George's time being properly divided between study and exercise, and preparing himself for his new situation.

The important morning now arrived; George was early dressed in his best, his box corded, and every thing in readiness. Now, George, I am ready, said his father, to conduct you to the academy; but before you go I will make you a present; you will, with this little watch, which I now commit to your care, be enabled to parcel out your time to advantage: it is a very good one; and by cautiously winding it up, and not throwing it about, or using it as a plaything, you will be able to judge of its value. You see how the





GEORGE FREELAND.

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day is portioned out: first into hours; those hours into minutes; so that it will remind you, not only that you must not waste an hour, but you must be accountable for every minute you mispend. It is an important trust I now commit to your keeping; very few youths of your age are thought capable of so great and valuable a charge, but I have great expectations from you; let me entreat you not to disappoint my hopes. I shall expect you to produce it every week: if it goes regularly, I shall judge of your regularity; if, on the contrary, it gets out of order, I shall know where the fault lies, not in the watch, but in the wearer, and that your conduct has been neglectful and disorderly. Take it, my boy, and prize it, as you do my favour, the value of your precious time, and the important advantages arising from the proper management of so great a charge.

George received his father's gift in



thoughtful, silent gratitude: the lesson he had received wholly engrossed his little mind, and he could find no words to express his feelings: with the most timid and serious caution, he placed it in his fob.

Having now brought the hero of this little history under the immediate eye of an intelligent and observing parent, and under the tuition of a most able and attentive preceptor, we shall leave him for the present; entertaining not the smallest doubt of his proving a comfort to his parents, and an ornament to whatever profession he may hereafter embrace: and we heartily wish our young readers may have the same good fortune as little **GEORGE FREELAND.**

**END OF MASTER GEORGE FREELAND.**



## THE PHILANTHROPIST.

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IN a visit made by the late Mr. Howard, the Philanthropist, to one of our provincial places of confinement, he found full employment for his vast and unconfined abilities. Already had this glorious Philanthropist, by his judicious operations, given an air of neatness and comfort, not only to the gloomy abodes of sorrow, but even to those of infamy; yet he forgot not a certain distinction in the pecuniary advantages attending his researches and amendments. The white-washed wall, the health-restoring ventilator, and wholesome food, were granted indiscriminately; but it was only to the claims of unhappy debtors that those exclusive privileges were allowed; and even the magnitude



of his donations were suited to the nature of those misfortunes which gave the respective sufferers their rights to a benevolence so unrestrained, yet so properly apportioned; and in such instances the noble dispenser, while they lightened his purse, felt how much they increased even his temporal felicity.

Among the latter class of miserales, Mr. Howard had one day found the plea of compassion most powerfully enforced by the decent manners and silent dress of a female, in whose cadaverous complexion, sunken eyes, and fragile figure, he traced the effects of accumulated misfortunes, and fancied the ravages he beheld were imputable to a mind too delicate to bear the repeated storms of undeserved calamity. Her apartment, since the late alterations, was kept in a style peculiarly neat; and while, in some, the initials of their careless inhabitants (marked by a smoaky light) had sullied their



new-cleaned ceilings, her's preserved its cheerful hue.

In answer to Mr. Howard's enquiries respecting this interesting object, he was informed, that she went thither to assist her husband and father, who had been confined for several months in a situation which soon proved fatal to the old man. At this part of the gaoler's harangue he was interrupted by the subject of it, who, immediately understanding the drift of his discourse, modestly entreated, that if her worthy patron would honour her so far as to listen to a few simple incidents, she might be permitted to tell her own story.

Our generous countryman, fully understanding the delicacy which chose not to trust the ignorant and unfeeling with a recapitulation by which it might be materially injured in the eye of a discerning auditor, readily agreed to the proposition; and, an opportunity soon occurring, he



listened, with a patience that did him honour, to a tale of domestic affliction.

It is certain, said Mrs. Melsom, that I have no cause to blush at the consequences of events which no human foresight could oppose with success; yet, as in several of the transactions I have now to relate, Prudence, that secondary virtue, was too often supplied by an irresistible affection, it is to be feared —

Fear nothing, madam, he cried; but remember that you are talking to a fellow-creature, who, and he sighed, is not more indebted to Prudence than yourself, in those incidents which are guided by the impulse of the heart.

You encourage me, sir, replied the almost delighted narrator, to unfold the early propensities of youth, which originated, as I have reason to think, in the unbounded indulgence of my father, whose profits as a wealthy citizen enabled him to supply all the purposes of female



extravagance; and he took abundant care to replenish a purse which ought to have been inexhaustible to answer the demands I was continually in the habit of making. To this error, and I think it was the most culpable I can recollect, an opposition was made from a quarter whence it was totally unexpected. Ah! sir, need I say it came from a husband, who, incited by what he saw of a person, a disposition, and a fortune not despicable, became a successful candidate for my hand? and soon after our marriage he began, by the most delicate and tender remonstrances, to attack the foible I have mentioned. It was impossible to take exceptions at a conduct which had our domestic felicity and worldly advantage for its object; but my dear, mistaken parent, who proportioned his calculations of my happiness to the envy my appearance excited, found little consolation in the idea that our trade was increasing



with our comforts, or that our shop (which was that of a goldsmith) glittered with every brilliant and valuable article that affluence needed, or luxury could fancy. Nor could he properly appreciate the satisfaction which arose from the idea, that, while our Christmas festivities were supported with moderation and a decent hilarity, we owed none of their delights to the unpaid-for rarities of the necessitous tradesman, whose bills my husband punctually discharged before the commencement of a season when the value of money advances in proportion to its scarcity. However, the course of several years' experience not only staggered my father's faith in the efficacy of worldly pomp and parade, but he began by degrees to adopt his son-in-law's ideas respecting a moderate enjoyment of earthly gratifications; and then it was I encouraged no wish but for the perpetuation of our domestic enjoyments, to which the



sweet employment of rearing two promising infants were added.

Here, indeed, had we rested, all might have been well; but, induced by a hope of securing to his beloved grandchildren a source of affluence superior to our present possessions, their paternal friend was tempted to venture a great part of his property upon speculation, and in the course of three months found himself accountable to a merciless creditor for the full sum of thirteen thousand pounds; nor could he exonerate himself from the dreadful burden without unobjectionable security. To the offer my husband immediately brought forward for that generous purpose, I could only oppose, though with an agonizing heart, the injury our children might sustain, should he become answerable for the debt.

And for whom, Mary, said that affectionate being, has this danger been incurred?



I understood him, and greatly acquiesced in the deed. I will not detain your attention on this part of our history any longer, my good sir, than to say, that the security was but a prelude to greater losses; and my father, by the capture of several vessels, which contained the remainder of his fortune, became reduced to accept a residence with the children he had nearly ruined. Still, however, we were not unhappy: my husband's strict economy, his resignation, and constant cheerfulness, in some measure reconciled us to our lot; and I believe the dear parent, whose mistaken kindness had proved so unfortunate, suffered more than we did, when he saw us deprived of our shop and goods, in consequence of a demand upon Mr. Melsom for the payment of the important bond.

However, if our sustenance was coarse, hunger and exercise gave it unusual sweetness; if scanty, we were consoled



with the certainty that it was paid for; and it was our joint resolution to support our poor father under the calamity which threatened even his existence.

For some months succeeding these events, our expectations respecting a future support were various and indeterminate, and every day brought fresh perplexities; till one fatal evening decided the fate of a devoted family, the remembrance of which, even now, fills my heart with recollected anguish; for, oh! sir, my beloved, my patient husband was torn from his sorrowing relations, and lodged, without hope of relief, within these dreary walls.

It was impossible to keep this terrible circumstance from our father, whose agonies were inexpressible, from the painful consideration that he had eventually destroyed the fame, the peace, and fortunes of those he best loved; for Mr. Melsom was arrested by a creditor who



would not join in the composition to which the rest of them had readily agreed. You will of course understand that the bond has been fully discharged; but, unable to weather the shock of such a demand, my husband's trade was irreparably injured by it; and, to add to our calamity, the dear parent, who never heard the smallest reproach from either of us, gave himself up to utter despair, and we lost him, I fear, by means too horrible to dwell upon.

It was a period to me so big with wretchedness, that not all Mr. Melsom's well-intended consolations, his pious remonstrances, and affectionate references to the dear children, who wept, unconscious of the real cause, could, for a long season, overcome the violent agitation of my spirits; but necessity, co-operating with his energetic representations, at last induced me to collect some portion of that fortitude which had enabled me to



Temperance being gone, the other now became more disorderly than before, and although Friendship and Harmony endeavoured by the most amiable good temper, and in the mildest language, to bring him to discretion, he nevertheless continued to increase in his folly, at the same time mocking and despising all they said.

Hospitality, for a considerable time, witnessed his behaviour in silent regret, till at length, justly offended at seeing the pleasure of her guests disturbed, she called him to order. But the ungovernable wretch, instead of obeying her, loaded her with abuse; and, presently, to fill up the measure of his ingratitude, took an opportunity of conveying some poison into her glass, of which she had no sooner drank, than she fell dead upon the floor. Friendship and Harmony, perceiving the fate of their beloved hostess, rose from their seats, in grief mingled with abhorrence, and left the company.



94 TEMPERANCE AND INTEMPERANCE.

They had no sooner departed than Intemperance, elated at his success, reeled into the vacant chair of Harmony, and giving a signal, on which he had previously agreed, there instantly rushed into the room a lawless band of his own composing, the chief of whom were Riot and Indecency. And now all was noise, discord, and confusion.

But Intemperance did not long enjoy his triumph; for his wild associates, despising every controul, treacherously seized him, dragged him from his chair, and beating him most unmercifully, cast him into the street, where he lay, covered with wounds and dirt, till the following morning.

In the morning Justice passed by, accompanied by Pity. The latter no sooner beheld the deplorable object than she wept spontaneously, and proposed that they should take him home and nurse him till he recovered. But Justice,



with her usual caution, learning the particulars of the case from the bystanders, turned to the culprit, and, with a severe look, and awful voice, Wretch, said she, thy own wantonness hath brought thee to this plight; thy insatiable appetite hath despised controul; thou hast poisoned the fairest virtue of the sons of man, and Friendship and Harmony have fled thy hated presence. Take then thy merited reward, and live, a reproach to thyself and example to others. I consign thee as a perpetual slave to Shame and Disease! The mandate of Justice was instantly executed, and the degenerate Intemperance was sold to those inexorable tyrants, with whom he lingered out a miserable existence.

FINIS.



with her usual candour, learning the  
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