#### FRONTISPIECE



The School for Stepmothers

Serfoye THE 183

#### CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MR. BERQUIN,

BY LUCAS WILLIAMS, Esq.

A NEW CORRECTED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS,

AND

EMBELLISHED WITH FORTY-FOUR COPPER-PLATES.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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# C O N T E N T S

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## SIXTH VOLUME.

| HE School for Step-Mothers           | -      | Page I |
|--------------------------------------|--------|--------|
| The Watch                            | -      | 33     |
| A trifling Pleafure exchanged for on | e much |        |
| greater                              | 4 -    | 46     |
| Caroline                             | -      | 62     |
| The Wild Geefe                       | -1     | 63     |
| Matilda                              | -      | 66     |
| Backgammon                           | -      | 68     |
| Tom and his Dog -                    | -      | 79     |
| Sequel to the Military Academy       | -      | 94     |
| The First Trial of Courage           | -      | 126    |
| The Wig, the Shoulder of Mutton,     | &c.    | 134    |
| Innocence made manifest -            | -      | 154    |
| The Affectionate Mother -            | •      | 166    |
| Old Lawrence                         | -      | 207    |
| Elfpy Campbell                       | •      | 211    |
| Dormer's Journey, &c                 |        | 227    |
|                                      |        |        |

## DIRECTIONS

#### FOR PLACING THE PLATES IN

#### VOL. VI.

Plate I. FRONTISPIECE. THE

| School for Step-Mothers,  For a Description see Page is |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| Plate II. A TRIFLING PLEASURE EX-                       |  |  |
| CHANGED FOR ONE MUCH                                    |  |  |
| GREATER, to face page 46.                               |  |  |
| Plate III. Tom and his Dog - 79                         |  |  |
| Plate IV. THE FIRST TRIAL OF COURAGE 126.               |  |  |
| Plate V. DORMER'S JOURNEY - 227                         |  |  |
|   |  |  |



### CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

## THE SCHOOL FOR STEP-MOTHERS. A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. and Mrs. FLOYD.

Francis,
Priscilla,

Mr. Floyd's Children.

Anne, Charles, Percival, Daniel,

Mrs. Floyd's Children.

The Scene, is in Mr. Floyd's garden.

#### SCENE I.

Francis, (alone.)

ONCE more then I am in my garden, where I have not been these six months! What a pleasure every object gives me! Here is the little summer-house, - Vol. VI.

B where

where I was used so frequently to breakfast with my dear mama. If the were living still, what happiness for both of us! She would receive me now with open arms; she would embrace me: and, on my fide, I should have many little things to tell her. But, alas! (beginning to cry,) I have for ever lost her; and if we are still to love each other, we can only do fo in another world. My dear mama! could you only hear me, it would be some comfort, since you cannot come back to fee your Frank. Instead of you, I have indeed a mother; but a mother, as they call it, in law: and that, as I am told, is just as much as if one were to fay, a cruel mother. What then am I now to do? I never shall dare look upon her. Oh! if I might at least have lived with grandmama! But it cannot be; papa will have me here, though poor mama is dead. Alas! I never shall be able to live here: I know it. I will therefore only fee my dear papa and fifters, and go back. Yes, yes; I will go back, and must.

#### SCENE II.

#### Francis, Daniel.

Daniel. What, master Francis! is it you come back again? How goes it with you?

Francis. In health, not much amis, dear Daniel. And how, pray, are you?

Daniel. Quite well; and not a penny for the apothecary out of me! My draughts are made up for me at the George. But what is the matter? I can fee, you have been crying.

Francis, (wiping bis eyes.) Crying?

Daniel. Yes, yes, crying! Oh, you cannot conceal it. Have you met with any accident?

Francis. None, Daniel, fince I left my grandmama's.

Daniel. Oh, oh! I understand: you weep for your mama; but then you have another.

Francis. A step-mother you mean? If I could only shun her! But how fare my poor dear sifters?

Daniel. How? ah! bad enough. At fix they must be up. I would not advise them

to lie a minute after. They would pay dear for their drowfiness.

Francis. But what have they to do up fo early?

Daniel. Oh! their new mother knows how to find them work! She rules us all like flaves! and I myfelf must get up with the rest! I rose at seven this morning; and, as early as it was, I saw both your sisters hard at work in the parlour.

Francis. But I ask you, at what?

Daniel. Why working for their young orothers in law.

Francis. Yes, I am told that fecond mothers never fpare their hufband's children, while they love their own: and I imagine, I must go to work too. But what is become of all my pinks and tulips?

Daniel. Oh! they are all taken away.

Francis. By whom?

Daniel. By Charles and his brother.

Francis. So then, I have lost my pretty flowers; and those two wicked little fellows have destroyed them. They have nothing now to do but take the garden from me likewise. Look ye, here they come.

#### SCENE III.

Francis, Daniel, Charles, Percival:

Charles, (whispering Percival.) Percival, who is that young gentleman with Daniel? If it were but Master Francis?

Percival, (whispening Daniel.) Is it he?
Daniel, (answering drily.) Yes, gentlemen.

Charles. O my dear, dear brother, welcome! We have wished to see you!

Francis, (Shrinking back.) Have we been acquainted with each other long enough, that you should thus embrace me?

Charles. We are not acquainted with you, I acknowledge, but are all three brothers.

Francis. Yes, half brothers, fir.

Charles. Why half? If your papa loves our mama, and she loves him, why should not we love one another? They are man and wife, and we are therefore brothers.

Francis. If we are brothers, have you a greater right than I have here?

Percival, (aside.) How quarrelsome he is!

Charles. Why your papa has let us work these three weeks in it.

Francis: I was in it first! and furely you will not drive me out!

Percival. Come, Charles; let us be gone, and leave him in his peevish humour.

Charles. No, no, Percival: we must stay and be good friends with one another.

Percival. Do you like the fulky fellow, then, fo much?

Francis. The fulky fellow! Do you call me fulky?

Percival. Yes, and envious, and-

Francis. You dare infult me then? and even in my garden here?

Percival. You began: but I am your match; mind that!

Charles. Hear me, Percival! Would you ftrike your brother? Come along, and for Heaven's fake let us not vex our new papa; and more particularly fo, the very day that he is to fee his fon, (he draws him away.)

Percival. Well, I will go and tell mama. (He and Charles both go out.)

#### SCENE IV.

#### Francis, Daniel.

Francis. See now if my anxieties are not beginning. They will tell their mother that I have infulted them, and she will get me anger from papa. Unhappy as I am, do not you think, Daniel, that I am to be pitied?

Daniel. Indeed you are so; however, take heart. I will be your friend; and we shall then, I think, be able to make head against them.

Francis. Yes; but my papa?

Daniel. Let me alone with him. I know a thousand tricks of these new comers, which I will tell him. They have spoilt your garden, killed your slowers, and called you names. I warrant you they will be but badly off.

Francis. So then, my good Daniel, you will stand up for me?

Daniel. Ay, as fure as my name is Daniel.

Francis. Thank you! thank you! I am not without a friend, I fee then, though I have lost mama. But did you notice their

B 4 fine

fine clothes? What handsome waistcoats they had on! Who worked them? can you tell?

Daniel. Their mother.

Francis. Yes, yes, I was thinking fo. She will always be employed upon her favourites; but pray who will work me such a waistcoat?

Daniel. Why indeed, if you should want one, you must work it yourself.

Francis. And had not they new coats on likewife?

Daniel. Yes: they had them, as a present from your papa, on the day of his marriage.

Francis. Oh! he did not make me fuch a present. I was sent with these bad clothes into the country. It is too much! I cannot support the thought! My poor mama is dead, and my papa forgets me! I have only you now left to befriend me!

Daniel. Be of comfort! matters may turn out much better than you think: but in the first place, you must see your new mama. So follow me, and think of putting on a chearful face, as if you were rejoiced to see her.

Francis. I can never do so.

Daniel. But you must, however it may go against you. I do so, though I detest her. Would you think it? she begins totell me that I must be less frequent in my visits at the ale-house; I that was accustomed to spend half the day there, in the life-time of my last dear mistress! She indeed was quite a lady. Things are marvellously altered now, and we must alter with them. Patience! when we are once alone, I will tell you what more is to be done. At present, therefore, follow me.

Francis. But will she see by my eyes that

I have been crying?

Daniel. Why you are crying still.

Francis. Then I will not go now: she would ask the reason of my tears. What answer should I give her?

Daniel. You might fay, that coming home, you had been thinking of your dear.

mama, and therefore fell a crying.

Francis. But, provided the should speak

about my quarrel with her children?

Daniel. Tell her that they began it; and call me to witness what you say. But here she comes. Go and salute her boldly.

#### SCENE V.

#### Mrs. Floyd, Francis.

Mrs. Floyd. Where, where is he? (Perceiving bim.) Is it you my dearest Francis? Then I have all my family together at last. (She embraces bim with tenderness.) How sweet a countenance! and how happy am I, that I can call so amiable a child my fon!

Francis. I should be happy too; could I but rejoice; and yet—(fighing.)

Mrs. Floyd. What is the matter then, my dearest? You seem quite sad, my charming little man! (Francis cries afresh, and cannot speak a word.) You turn away and cry. What causes you these tears? Won't you inform me what afflicts you?

Francis. Nothing, nothing.

Mrs. Floyd. It is enough, however, to distress me. Say, what gives you all this forrow, and I will comfort you, if possible. If your papa or fisters were to see you, they might fancy that you had met with some missortune coming home; and they are pleased in thinking that they are so soon

to fee you. Would it grieve you to embrace them?

Francis. Believe me, I can have no greater pleasure! But shall I embrace mama? It is for her I cry.

Mrs. Floyd. She died fix months ago, and do you still cry for her?

Francis. Yes, yes; all my life! Oh, my mama! my dear mama!

Mrs. Fløyd. Be calm, my little dear! Endeavour to divert your thoughts, and let us fpeak of her no longer, fince it gives you so much forrow.

Francis. No, no: on the contrary, let me be always fpeaking of her, if you mean that I should feel any comfort. Would you have your children willing to forget you after you were dead, fo soon?

Mrs. Floyd. Dear little fellow! (embracing him.) You loved her then very much?

Francis. I find fo; much more now than when she lived. She was fo good!

Mrs. Floyd. I wish I were but able to reflore her to you; which I cannot do, and therefore I will take her place, poor little fellow, in your bosom. I will love you as she did; and will be a mother to you.

Francis. But it never can be you that bore me, fed me with your milk, and brought me up. She was my real mother, and you only my step-mother.

Mrs. Floyd. But why give me fuch a name? I have not called you my step-son.

Francis. Pray pardon me! I did not fay fo to displease you. I begin to think you very kind; at least you seem so. But then you have children of your own, and must, of course, love them much more than me.

Mrs. Floyd. You shall not find it so. Some few days hence we shall be more acquainted with each other than we can be now, and you shall see if my affection will not make you think yourself my son.

Francis. If that indeed could be, without forgetting my mama?

Mrs. Floyd. I would not wish you to forget her: on the contrary, we will speak often of her, and your tenderness shall be a pattern for my children. Come, I long to introduce you to them.

Francis. Oh! I have feen them already. Have they not complained of my behaviour?

Mrs. Floyd. No, my little man. Have you had any quarrel then? I should be very forry for that, as all my wish is to behold you tenderly united to each other, like real brothers.

Francis. I wish nothing more than that. But where is my papa and sifters? Let me fee them.

Mrs. Floyd. Your papa will very foon be home. He went this morning to dispatch fome business out of doors, that he might have the afternoon entirely to himself; but, in the mean time, I can take you to your fisters, who will tell you what you are to think of me.

Francis. I wish them to speak of you, but not first. I have a deal to say of my mama. (as they go out, Charles and Percival enter at the opposite side.)

#### SCENE VI.

Charles, Percival.

Percival. Why did you keep me from complaining to mama? I keep company with that little fnarler! No, never. When his father once comes home, I will tell him

what a waspish son he has, that he may teach him to behave a little better.

Charles. Do you think, then, that our papa will not be vexed, when told of this difference between you? and would it please you to afflict him?

Percival. Certainly I should be forry for it. And yet, what can I do? since, if this little gentleman is not corrected for his rudeness the first day of coming home, there will be nothing but disputes hereafter. He will be always affronting us. I am not very deliberate in such cases; I shall certainly be warm, and tell him what he ought to know; and if hereafter he should think of taking airs on him, as just now—

Charles. I hope then, Percival, you do not mean to beat him!

Percival. But you do not suppose that I will let myself be beat by him!

Charles. No, certainly.

Percival. Then what ought I to do?

Charles. To-morrow, very likely, we shall see; but now it would be improper to disturb his father's fatisfaction in seeing him,

Percival. Be it now, to-morrow, or the following day, it is all the fame to Percival; but the fooner, in my thoughts, the better.

Charles. Brother, I befeech you, wait a little longer. Francis cannot be fo fulky as you think.

Percival. And yet, fure, I know him as well as you?

Charles. His father and his fifters fay, he is very condescending and good-natured.

Percival. Yes, indeed, he shewed his condescension and good-nature, when he turned his back upon me in reply to my civility.

Charles. That was not well; but then he does not know us yet.

Percival. He might have tried to know us.

Charles. How you talk! perhaps fomething grieved him.

Percival. And are we to fuffer for it?

Charles. No; but brothers must pass over many things which others have a right to take amis.

Percival. It appears to me that he fcorns to look upon us as brothers.

Charles. No: I cannot persuade myself of that.

Percival. Well, let him look a little to himself: I shall not put up with any insult from him. But he's coming with his sisters: I will withdraw. I cannot bear the thoughts of such a snappish gentleman.

Charles. For heaven's fake, brother, let

us stay and share in their amusement.

Percival. No, no: I might possibly difturb them, and will go.

Charles. If you are refolved, I will follow you.—(Aside, going out.) I must do every thing in my power to soften him.

#### SCENE VII.

Francis, Priscilla, Anne.

Priscilla, (holding Francis by the hand.)
But why afflict yourself, dear brother, any
longer? Our afflictions cannot bring mama
to life again.

Francis. But will you promise me, at least, that we shall think a little of her every time we meet?

Prifcilla. Yes, brother, I shall always think I see her with us, just as when slie was alive.

Francis, (affectionately looking at them.) My dearest sisters! this idea doubles the delight that I have in seeing you.

Priscilla. I and Anne, have been wishing, this long while, to see you likewise.

Anne. And so have I brother; for now we can play all together as we used to do. Charles and his brother can play with us too. Oh! how fine that will be! (jumping for joy.)

Francis. Pshaw! no more about your Charles and his brother, if you love me.

Priscilla. How?

Francis. They would but interrupt our pastime: they are good for nothing but to go complaining of us to their mother, and convey away our things.

Priscilla. They, brother? Can you think

fo badly of them?

Anne. Look ye, Frank; (shewing an etui.) Francis. And who gave you that?

Anne. Why Percival: he went out and bought it for me, with a crown that his mother gave him.

Priscilla, See, too, this Morocco pocketbook. It was a present made to Charles; and he gave it me.

Fran-

Francis. Ay, ay! I fee you understand each other's meaning, and will all four be against me.

Priscilla and Anne. Be against you!

Francis. Certainly. I know they hate me, having taken all my flowers away, and fpoiled my garden.

Prifcilla. Who has taken all your flowers away, and spoiled your garden?

Francis. Those two little fellows that you feem to admire so much.

Priscilla. We do not understand you. Have you seen your garden?

Francis. Have I feen it? What a queftion! Only look yourfelf. Where are my pinks and tulips?

Prifcilla. Where? you have not then been at the terrace, under my mama's bow window?

Francis. Is there any garden there?

Anne. Ay, furely; and a very pretty one.

Prifeilla. Your garden here was far too little; fo mama had one marked out for all of us, behind the terrace, fix times larger.

Francis. And who owns it? Doubtless your two favourites!

Priscilla. No, no; it belongs to all of us, we have each a portion.

Anne. I, as well as the rest.

Francis. And is there one for me?

Priscilla. Undoubtedly: and you are luckier by a deal than we. You have not taken any labour in the cultivation of your part, which, notwithstanding, you will find quite full of flowers.

Anne. Red, yellow, blue and white in plenty, as you will fee.

Francis. Who fet them for me?

Anne. Why, your brothers. They have been a month employing all their play hours upon the work. They have felected all the prettiest flowers that their beds supplied, and put them into yours, that at the time of your return, you might be more surprised.

Francis. And have they done all this for me? Daniel told me that they had taken all my flowers away, but did not tell me why.

Priscilla. If you give ear to Daniel, you will be worse off for it, I can tell you. Why he wished to make us quarrel with our brothers likewise. How ungrateful! Their mama consents to have him for no other reason

reason than because ours begged papa, upon her death-bed, not to turn him off; and all his study is to make her children as unhappy as he can.

Anne. And all because mama will have him work, instead of spending half the day with idle fellows at the alehouse.

Francis. Is it so? Then I begin to see that he wanted to deceive me, when he promised to be my friend.

Prifeilla. However, we must not tell any thing about it to papa; he would dismiss him: we must therefore carefully keep silence, and not ruin Daniel.

Francis. Oh! no, no, indeed; fince poor mama had such a value for him.

Priscilla. You will soon see whether he told you truth.

Anne. But come now, and pay a visit to your garden, brother.

Francis. Yes, with all my heart: I long to fee it, (Anne and Priscilla take him by the hand, and go out on one side, without perceiving Charles, who comes in with Percival on another side.)

#### SCENE VIII.

Charles, Percival.

(They enter with two plates of cake and fruit, which they put down upon a table in the Summer-house.)

Charles. But where is he?

Percival, (looking every way.) Look ye, there he is.—There brother, with his fifters, going to our garden.

Charles. I am glad of that; for only think what pleasure he will have, when he differens how bufy we have been to ornament his portion of it!

Percival. Do you think fo? I, for my part, would lay any wager that he will find fault with every thing about him, he is fo queer! The flowers, he will fay, are badly chosen, or the box not planted as it should be, or the ground too moift, or too dry, and twenty other circumstances.

Charles. Yes; but do you know that I am beginning to confider you as touchy as you fancy him? I never faw you so before.

Percival. It is he that caused it. Have

his fifters ever had occasion to complain of my behaviour? and I only wish to live upon good terms with him. You know with what impatience I expected his arrival here, and how I ran with open arms to meet him.

Charles. True indeed; but, as I faid before, it is very likely fomething grieves him. He is afraid, perhaps, that his father will no longer love him, or our mother shew him less affection than he fancies she does us. If so, then surely it is our duty to make much of him in his uneasiness, and win him to be friends with us, by every gentle method in our power.

Percival. You are in the right; I did

not rightly think of that.

Charles. If he is as good as every body fays, think, brother, how a little kindness on our part will, in the end, affect him; how his father will be fonder of us for it; and what pleasure we shall give mama!

Percival. I was in the wrong, I own. let him but come, and I will be fo attentive to him, he must unavoidably forget the past.

Charles. What hinders us from running to him where he is? The flowers that

we planted for him, will make peace between us.

Percival. That is well faid; we will go immediately.—But here he comes himself. Charles. And see how pleased he seems!

#### SCENE IX.

Charles, Percival, Francis, Priscilla, Anne.

Francis, (running to embrace bis brothers.) My dear good friends, my brothers, you must certainly be very much displeased with my behaviour.

Charles. We! why fo?

Percival. It is over, my dear Frank, and I love you.

Francis! What a pretty garden you have made me! You have given me all your finest flowers, without my having done any thing to give you pleasure.

Charles. It is enough for us, if you are pleased with our endeavours.

Francis. If I am! Forgive me, pray, dear brothers. I infulted you: I turned away, when you came running to embrace me. I will never do so for the future. We will always

always be good friends; and every thing that I have shall be yours as well as mine.

Charles. Yes, yes, and every thing shall be in common to us; not our pleasures only, but our forrows also.

Percival. Let us then embrace each other, and begin this friendship. (They embrace.)

Charles. This is as it should be; and now, Frank, we must go and have a little banquet that has been prepared for us by mama: we have brought it, and put it in the summer-house, as you may see. Let us enter. Enter you too, sisters, with us, and sit down.

Percival. It is your privilege, dear brother, now to do the honours of the feaft. Mama will have it fo; as you, she says, by your arrival, are the founder of it.

Francis. Oh! I am fure, I never shall have eaten any where with so much appetite as at this feast of friendship. (He prefents them with the cake and fruit, and they begin to eat.)

Percival. Well; and is not this much better than to quarrel with each other?

Anne. I believe fo, truly! for what quarrel can be worth these pears? Charles. How glad mama will be to find us fuch friends with one another!

Prifeilla. She deferves that we should afford her all the joy possible. When once you come to know her—But I remember you have seen her.

Francis. Yes, yes, Prifcilla; the received me with the greatest kindness, and has so agreeable a countenance that she cannot be ill tempered. I perceived even by her tone of voice that I should be easily induced to love her.

Priscilla. And how good she is to us!

Anne. We need but please ourselves, togive her pleasure.

Priscilla. We were greatly to be pitied at the death of our mama. Papa, who is employed all day in business, could not look to us. There was for ever something wrong in our cloaths, and our education was much more neglected.

Anne. We should very probably have fallen into a habit of indolence.

Prifcilla. But fince our new mama is come, we are both fet to rights. She gives us every entertainment fuited to our age, and is a party with us in our little pleasures.

Vol. VI. C Que

One would think her much more interested in the preservation of our health, than of her own. I have not yet had time sufficient to remark that I stand in need of any thing; she makes beforehand such provision for our wants!

Anne. But lately I was ill; oh, very ill indeed; and it was herfelf that waited on me. She was always by my bed, and doing every thing in her power to comfort me. She made up all manner of nice things; and I believe, I should have died, but for her great attention to me.

Francis. O my dear, dear fisters! is it

possible?

Priscilla. You know too, brother, that before you left us, we had not been any ways accustomed to employ our needle. Well; mama was kind enough to teach us. So that now we know—not only plain, but every fort of fine work.

Charles, (to Francis.) See here, the neck and wriftbands of this shirt. Mama extols the work very much. Well, Priscilla did it all herself, and it was a present from her to me. Priscilla. Which you deserved beforehand; for who made me such a garden, or presented me with such sine nosegays? Brother Francis, you must know, mama will not have us oblige our brothers, unless they likewise oblige us, and they do more to please us, than we could have thought to ask.

Anne. Yes, indeed; and as a proof, I will shew you the cork boat of Percival's making with his penknife. You shall see its nice silk rigging, sattin sails, and ribband streamers. It swims charmingly, in the fish-pond.

Percival. Since you made me fuch a handsome pair of garters—

Anne. Garters! I can make much better things than garters now. Ah, Frank, were you but to fee a certain green and lilac striped filk purse! The green at least is all of my own fancying; ask Priscilla else. Oh, I am fure you will be delighted when you have it.

Francis. How! and have you made me, then, a purse? (Priscilla makes a sign that Anne should hold her peace.)

Anne, (embarrassed.) No, Frank; not for you:—(in a whisper,) yes it is; but you must know, mama enjoined me not to tell you. And besides, she means to surprise you herself with nothing less than such a nice worked waistcoat as my brothers now have on—Oh you will soon see!

Priscilla. This little giddy creature can keep no fecret.

Anne. No, because there was such pleafure in revealing it. We have been always thinking of you, brother.

Francis. Oh, I thank you: but pray tell me, are you happy?

Priscilla. Are we happy? What is wanting in our fituation? Our mama is really so good! I do not know how it is, but she has found the secret of converting every thing into a fort of pleasure. I have no amusement half so great as chattering with her: Even while she is joking, she instructs us.

Anne. You should see us, Francis, when we are reading certain little tales, which a friend of ours composes for us. He knows what every little boy and girl does in the world; and it would be comical if he were to put us in his book.

Priscilla. I wish he would put us in it, on account of our mama; that all the world might know the goodness of her heart, and how we love her.

Charles. Yes, and I, too, for the fake of our papa, who treats us just as if we were even his real children.

#### SCENE X.

Mr. Floyd, Francis, Priscilla, Anne, Charles, Percival.

Mr. Floyd, (who had flood by the fide of the fummer-house during the whole preceding scene, shews himself suddenly amongst them, crying,) Yes, and so you are within my heart. I make it all my happiness to think that I am your father. But where is Frank?

Francis, (embracing Mr. Floyd.) Here, papa. Oh how rejoiced I am to fee you, dear papa.

Mr. Floyd. Kifs me once more my dear child.—And now let me inquire if you are pleafed with your new brothers?

Francis. Oh! I never could have chosen better. I will love them, and do every thing in my power that they may love me likewise.

Charles. There will be no difficulty in that matter, fince we are determined to do just the same.

Percival. We shall but need to recollect the pleasure that we have had this day.

Priscilla. That you may keep your promise, I will be fure to put you frequently in mind of it.

Anne. Oh, fister! as to that, I am fure, I shall remember it without a monitor.

Mr. Floyd. I verily believe, you will do fo, from what I have heard you fay; for you must know, dear children, I was planted here hard by in secret, during all your conversation; and I am sure, I never shall forget it: nor I only, but another; for another has heard every thing as well as I. Come then, dear wife, approach, and enjoy a pleasure so adapted to your goodness.

#### SCENE XI.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, Francis, Priscilla, Anne, Charles, Percival.

Mr. Floyd. Here she is, my little ones; the partner that I have chosen to promote your happiness; and not yours only, but The fortune which it might have my own. been in my power to leave to you, would be nothing, in comparison of that more valuable gift, a good and proper education. We have therefore made thefe fecond nuptials to procure you every possible advantage. Three among you very much wanted a mother, who might take upon her the care of your childhood: and the other two, a father to advance you in the world. Your interests were the fame, in these second nuptials; and it is for the benefit of all of us that they have been framed. Do you then promife me, dear wife, as I on my fide do, that you will never think of treating either of these children with the least degree of partiality, except indeed what his fupcrior good behaviour may appear to merit?

Mrs. Floyd. My reply to you, dear hufband, is these tears; I cannot possibly repress them; and to you, my children, these embraces (she holds out her arms, and all the children strive with one another to come closest to her.)

Mr. Floyd. And do you, dear little ones, on your part, promise to keep up a constant union with each other, to avoid all jealousy and quarrels, and like children of one parent, love each other. (They take each other by the hand, and kneeling, answer,)

Yes, papa; we do, we do.

Mr. Floyd, (raising them.) Continue then to live in such a state of friendship. You will find its charms conflantly increase, and the tie between you grow closer every day. You will be as happy from the fervices that you do each other, as from those little facrifices that may frequently be needful for the fake of peace among you. Every one enjoying his own happiness, will not the less enjoy his brother's; which, in fact, he may attribute to himself. There will not be an individual round about you, but will interest himfelf in your prosperity, if his folicitude be worth the acquisition; and your future children will reward you by their tenderness, for having fo well merited the affection of your parents.

#### THE WATCH.

OUNG Clara, at her return from a visit which she had just before been paying to an intimate acquaintance, appeared quite penfive and fad. She found her fifters entertaining one another with that innocent and lively joy which heaven feems delighted to infuse into the sports of infancy. Instead of making one among them with her usual playfulness, she moved to a corner of the room, fat there as if it vexed her to behold their gaiety, and when the little ones began to prattle, in hopes that she would join in their diversion, replied previshly to what they asked her. When the father, who loved Clara exceedingly, beheld her thus dejected, which was but very feldom the cafe, he began to be uneasy, put her on his knee, and taking her affectionately by the hand, enquired what ailed his little child, that she appeared fomelancholy? "Nothing, nothing," answered Clara at first, to all his questions; but at length, on being pressed more earneftly to tell him every thing, the replied, that all the little ladies whom the had feen that

that evening at her friend's, where she had been a visiting, had each received a very pretty prefent from their parents, or else friends, by way of fairing; though not one among them was so far advanced in learning as herself. She mentioned more particularly one Miss Richmond, whose uncle had, that very morning, purchased her a very sine gold watch. "Oh! what pleasure," added she, "Miss Richmond must feel, in having such a handsome watch beside her!"

"This then is the cause of your uneasines, I find?" faid Mr. Ford with a smile. "Thank heaven, it is not so bad as I imagined! I supposed that you might have met with some unhappy accident. And what would you do then, my dear sweet Clara, with a watch?

Clara. What others do, papa. I would have it fastened to my girdle, and look at it every moment of the day, that I might know what time it was.

Mr. Ford. What! every moment, Clara? Your moments then are very precious; or perhaps your hours of needle-work and fludy hang too heavy on you?

Clara. No, papa; for you have often told me that I am at present in the happiest seafon of my life.

Mr. Ford. Well then, my child, if you have no occasion for a watch, but to know the hour, we have a clock here, at the staircase foot, and that will always tell you.

Clara. Yes, papa; but then I need not mention, that up stairs I cannot always hear it strike, and Bridget is very seldom there, to go down for me, and see what o'clock it is. Now, when I want to know, if I go myself, that takes up much time; whereas a watch at hand would let me know the time at once: nor should I then need trouble any one, or lose a moment of the day myself.

Mr. Ford. It is true, a watch must be exceedingly convenient, though it were but to inform one's writing-master that he has staid his time out, if through friendship or politeness he should wish to sit a little longer with one.

Clara. Dear papa! how pleafed you are to vex me upon all occasions with your banter!

Mr. Ford. Well then, Clara, if you defire C 6 more

more ferious conversation, tell me frankly, why you so much wish to have a watch?

Clara. I have, papa, already.

Mr. Ford. But I wish to know your real motive. You are fensible, that words alone never fatisfy me.—You are afraid, perhaps, to tell me. Well then, I will for you; and you will fay yourfelf, that I deal more frankly with you, than you with me. reason why you want a watch is this: that when folks pass you, they may say, "Oh! fee what a charming watch that little lady has! She must be vastly rich indeed!"-Now tell me, do not you think it very pitiful to boast of being richer than other people, and to display fine things about you for the multitude to admire? Do you fancy that any reasonable person will esteem a little lady more, because her father has a great deal of money? You yourfelf, do you ofteem those more who may be richer than you are? When you behold a handsome watch, and are not in the leaft acquainted with the wearer of it, far from faying, "There is a worthy little lady with a pretty watch before her!" do not you rather fay, "What a charming watch that little lady wears!"-It is plain, that if a watch does honour to any body, it is to the workman; but the wearer of it, if the claims any merit from the poffession of such a bauble, I should despife for her vanity.

Clara. You speak, papa, as if you were persuaded that I desire a watch from such a motive.

Mr. Ford. I must confess, I grievously suspect as much; but you will not allow it. Well then, I think, I shall compel you very soon to such a confession.

Clara. Oh! do not tell me fo papa! for you must own, a watch is very useful, since you always have one—you that talk so much against my vanity.

Mr. Ford. It is true; but then, you know, I cannot do without one. What I have to do at home is often interrupted by my public avocations or employment; fo that I must be exact and punctual in allowing each the necessary time.

Clara. And must not I attend, papa, to a dozen different studies in the day? What would any of my masters say, if when they came, I had prepared to sit down with another, knowing nothing of the hour?

Mr. Ford. You are right. You fee, by this, I am not obstinate. Whenever I hear reason, I can say, I love to be persuaded: and so, Clara, you may depend upon a watch. I will give you one.

Clara. Ah! now you joke, papa.

Mr. Ford. No, certainly; for you shall have one: but on this proviso, that you do not forget to take it with you when you go abroad.

Clara. Can you suppose that I shall forget it? Oh! how glad I should have been of one this afternoon, when I was visiting at Miss Mills's!

Mr. Ford. You may go there again to-morrow morning.

Clara. So I may; and very probably Miss Richmond will still be there, so let me have it early in the morning.

Mr. Ford. You shall have it now. You know my little room up stairs? Beside my bed, you will find a watch: that shall be yours, Clara.

Clara. What! that great kettle of a watch, papa! as old, for aught I know, as King Harry the Eighth. The case of it would ferve

ferve to hold my little Pompey's breakfast of bread and milk.

Mr. Ford. It is a very good one, I affure you; and was all the fashion at the time it was made, for so my father told me. When he died, I found it with the rest of his effects, and was resolved to keep it for myself. But since I put it into your possession, I consider that it will not leave the family; and, as I shall often see it at your side, it will still serve to remind me of my father.

Clara. Yes; but what will people fay, who are but ten years younger than my grand-

papa would be at prefent.

Mr. Ford. Just the thing I expected! You perceive, the motive of utility which you insisted on just now with such importance, was merely a pretext to hide your vanity; for this same watch would do you all the service that you could possibly derive from one enriched with diamonds. Why take up your thoughts with what the world may say concerning you? However, in this case they will applaud your judgment, which could chuse a watch for real service, not for empty appearance.

Clara. But, papa, why hinder me from having fuch a watch, as will at once be frong, and make a handsome appearance?

Mr. Ford. You suppose, then, that would make you happy?

Clara. Yes; quite happy.

Mr. Ford. I could wish that my fortune were sufficient to convince you, by experience, how fallacious is the happiness proceeding from such trisles. Look you; I would lay whatever wager you thought proper, that before a fortnight were well over, you would hardly cast a look upon your watch; that in a month you would forget to wind it up, and very quickly after cease to keep it in a better state of order than your own ideas.

Clara. Do not talk of wagers, papa! You would be fure to lofe!

Mr. Ford. No, I will not lay; not that I apprehend I should come off the loser, but because a trial would be necessary, which might cost you dear as long as you live.

Clara. So then you think, papa, that a handsome watch would only make me miserable?

Mr. Ford. Think fo, Clara? I am fure it would have that effect; for all our happiness on earth consists in being satisfied with fuch a fituation as the will of Providence has meant us. There is no condition in the world fo humble, or fo elevated, but a vain ambition in it may induce us to imagine ourselves in want of every thing that our neighbour possesses. It is ambition that torments the husbandman, however easy in his circumstances, and inclines him to behold his neighbour's field with envy, while it stimulates the master of a mighty empire, and perfuades him that fome province bordering on his realm is wanting to complete the figure of its boundary. Thence fpring those cruel wars which princes carry on to desolate their people; and those law-suits in which individuals are engaged, or those quarrels that difgrace man's nature. What were your ideas with regard to that Miss Richmond that you mentioned just now, when you were looking at the handsome watch that she displayed at her side? Did you feel within your bosom that alacrity of friendship, still subsisting in her favour, which you once cherished? Think, would you

you have done her, at that moment, any fervice, or at least with equal joy as yesterday? That secret enmity with which her watch inspired you against her, would not such a watch inspire your friend, or very possibly your sisters, with the same against you also? Think then, for how despicable an enjoyment you would break the dearest ties of friendship and alliance, and the affection which nature plants within us! Who would think herself happy upon such conditions?

Clara. O papa, you make me shudder!

Mr. Ford. Then, my fweet Clara, entertain no more of these unreasonable wishes; they cannot but destroy your happiness. What is there wanting, that you can find really useful, in the situation which Providence allots you? Have you not good food in plenty? and convenient raiment for the various seasons of the year? Does not my love provide you masters to improve your understanding, while I form your heart, and do my utmost to endue you with those several accomplishments that will in suture make you welcome to all decent company? You want, it seems, at present, a gold watch

enriched with diamonds! Should I get you fuch a watch, how would you look to-morrow upon your false pearl ear-rings? Would you leave off teazing me, till I had bought vou real pearls? Nor would this be all; for you would then want foreign lace, fine filks, and waiting-women to attend you. People cannot go on foot, like others, through the ffreets, when they are pompoufly fet out from head to foot; but must have footmen, fashionable carriages, and high-bred horses. You would want all thefe, and having once obtained them, would be fit indeed to go to operas and affemblies, or pay vifits at the houses of our first-rate quality; but to receive them in your turn, you must possess a splendid habitation, and give sumptuous entertainments. Confider then, if I should fatisfy your first caprice, how many wants would follow! They would every day go on increasing, till in consequence of having wished to rise above your station in one article of luxury, you would, perhaps, come to want the necessary things of life. Look round about you, and observe how many fuffer real indigence at prefent, who fo lately, as I may say, as yesterday, were wasting

ing an estate sufficient for their happiness. Reflect what very probably would be your case, and that too of your fisters, if my great affection for you did not, as it does at present, turn these sad examples into matters of instruction! I have frequently been tired while I was walking through the streets upon my bufinefs. A good carriage would have eafed my fatigue, as much as it would have flattered my vanity. By allotting to the purchase of a coach the money that I lay out on your education, maintenance and amusements; I might possibly be rolling in it for a time; but in the end, what would my fortune be, and yours? I should behold you every day fink deeper than the day before into stupidity, and have no reason to expect from you, in my old age, those cares which I had refused your childhood. For a few short years, confumed in all the infolence of luxury, I should be doomed to languish out the remnant of my life in that well merited contempt which a guilty poverty draws after it. With what affurance could I think to answer at the judgment-feat of God, for the omission of those duties towards you, which the will of Providence imimposes upon every father; when I should have nothing to leave you for your inheritance but the sad example of my guilty conduct? I should then finish my life in the convulsions of remorfe, despair, and terror; and your curses might even execrate my ashes.

O! papa, cried Clara, embracing him, how foolifhly have I been wishing! But no watch fet with diamonds now! On the contrary, if I had one, I would instantly return it.

Mr. Ford was rejoiced to fee his daughter fo open to reason and persuasion, and embraced her with the greatest heart-felt satisfaction.

From that happy moment, Clara refumed her former gaiety; and whenever afterwards the faw any of her little friends make boaft of precious stones, or other ornaments about them, was inclined much rather to take pity on their vanity, than to look on them with the slightest envy.

# A TRIFLING PLEASURE EXCHANGED FOR ONE MUCH GREATER.

Mrs. Darley, and her daughters Celia, Harriet, and Louisa.

Louisa. DO you fee, mama, we are ready?

I could wish the boat were come.

Mrs. Darley. A little patience! It is not fix yet. And till the watermen appear, I think we had best walk up and down the garden.

Harriet. Yes, yes; up and down the path that leads directly to the water. When the boat comes, we may then step in, sit down, and off directly. (They force their mother towards the walk.)

Celia. Dear mama! how fine a morning! one can hardly fee a cloud. And look how bright the fun makes the water; just as if it were full of diamonds. We shall have a great deal of pleasure, and be very happy to see our good nurse.

Mrs. Darley. And she will be as happy, I am sure, to see you likewise.



Harriet. Pray mama, how far does Maria live from this place?

Mrs. Darley. We shall be at least an hour upon the water; and then we shall have almost another hour's walk; for Maria's house is at a good distance from the water.

Harriet. Charming! charming! we shall have a better appetite for breakfast. And when breakfast is over, tell us how shall we divert ourselves, mama?

Mrs. Darley. We will take a turn or two, if you think proper, in a grove that is near the house. And there you may amuse yourselves, and not be interrupted; run about, catch butterflies, and let them go again.

Celia. Let me conduct you, fifters. I have been there before with my mama; and I will take you to a little pond, fo clear that any one may fee the gravel at the bottom.

Mrs. Darley. Right. I wonder that I forgot the pond. We will fit befide it in the shade, and read a little book that I have taken care to put into my pocket.

Harriet. What! a story-book, mama? And will it make us laugh?

Mrs. Darley. You shall see.

Celia. But pray, mama, do not let us come from nurse's till the moon is up; and then you will sing us that sweet song, you know, that makes one cry so much. To be by moon-light on the water, and hear such a song, must be delightful, sure!

Harriet, (who has run a little forward during this last speech.) The boat! the boat! I see it coming. Where is Louisa? At the bottom of the garden, when the boat stays for us!—Louisa, (running towards ber) the boat! the boat!

Louisa, (coming up.) The boat? that is charming!—However, give me each of you a fix-pence: there is a woman and a poor old man, with four finall children, at the gardengate, to whom I will take the money, with a fix-pence of my own. I shall not detain you long.

Mrs. Darley. Where did you meet with these poor people?

Louisa. At the gate below: the gardener opened it to throw out some weeds that he had been raking up just before. I put my head out, to observe if any one was going by, and two poor children came up to me. O mama, how tattered! and how hungry they

they both feemed! there were two other children, not far off, as little as my brother Paul.

Mrs. Darley. Come, we will go and fee them.

Louisa. Yes, yes, that we will. I bade them wait till I returned with fomething for them. (They all go together towards the garden door, and enter into conversation with them. The old man is feated on a stone; the woman leans against the pallifadoes, with a sucking infant in her arms. A girl about ten years old has one a little older than the infant; and a boy is picking up the pebbles for amusement.)

Mrs. Darley, (afide.) What a piteous fight! (Aloud) Poor woman! you can hardly fland. Sit down upon this stone. Whence

come you, pray?

The Poor Woman. From Portsmouth, my good lady. I was married to a fisherman. One night they pressed him, and he served two years on board a man of war. He came home almost dying with the scurvy. He had lost his strength, and could not work. I was obliged to fell his nets, that I might buy him physic; but his illness lasted very long. Our creditors laid hold of every thing that VOL. VI.

that we had; and as we could not pay our debts, our landlord turned us out of doors. A neighbour, very nearly as distressed as we were, took us in, and robbed his children of a part of what they had to eat, that we might not be left to perish. Being brought to such a distressed situation, I fell ill with gries; and shortly after, my poor husband died. As soon as I was a little better, I resolved to be no further burthensome to my good benefactor, but set out to seek assistance from a worthy lady with whom I once lived as servant, at Epsom. We are still a great way from it; and I do not know how we shall be able to reach it. I am not able to go any further.

Mrs. Darley. And who may that poor

The Poor Woman. He is my father, madam. He has lived a great while with us; and I thought I should have been in circumstances to have still provided for him, but I am disappointed in my hopes. Alas! his situation adds to my affliction. Having neither shoes nor stockings, he was walking yesterday across a common, and unfortunately a thorn run into his foot. I took it out; but his fatigue has grievously inflamed the

the wound: his leg is now quite fwelled, and he can hardly touch the ground, it gives him fo much pain; for heaven's fake, my good lady, have the charity to give me two or three old rags to wrap the wound up when I have washed it, and a bit of bread for these

poor children.

Mrs. Darley. You shall have whatever you want. I will go up into the house, and see what I have that I can give you. In the mean time come into the garden, and sit down on these four chairs. (She takes her daughters, who had all the while been listening to the woman's conversation, and goes up the garden with them. Celia had expressed her pity at the tale, by shedding tears: Louisa, by dividing into equal parts among the little ones, a bit of cake that she had provided for her journey, as refreshment by the way: and Harriet, by relieving her that had the infant, of her burthen, as she seemed quite exhausted.)

Mrs. Darley, (in conversation with her daughters, while they are walking towards the house.) Well, children, what think you of these six poor people? Run you, Celia, with your fister, to the cook, and help her to prepare them something for their breakfast. I

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will

will pay a visit to your father's wardrobe, and get linen, shoes, and stockings for the poor old man. I am forry that I can be of no great service to them.

Celia. Indeed, it will be no great matter for them in their fituation. Do not you recollect, they are still to walk as far as Epfom? They must go very slowly, as the old man is lame. If then they should be taken ill upon the road?—Mama, you are very charitable to the poor; suppose you were to let them have a little money that they may go by some waggon, and have a trisle over, to supply them when they come to Epsom, until they find the lady that they mention?

Mrs. Darley. Do you know me then fo little, my dear Celia, as to think that I should not have this notion of myself, if I were able? But alas! it is no way in my power; for you are fensible we are not rich. I cannot possibly afford them as much as would be necessary for their relief in that way.

Celia. If what we have were fufficient?

Harriet. We would give it to them with all our hearts.

Mrs. Darley. And how much have you? Celia. I have—let me see—one, two, three, four, and fix-pence, and these half-pence, four and ten-pence.

Harriet. I have half-a-crown.

Mrs. Darley. And you, Louisa?

Louisd. I have nothing left me; I had fixpence just this moment, but I slipt it into the poor man's hand.

Mrs. Darley. You have then, you two, but feven and fix-pence nearly; which is half enough to pay their carriage. I can think of but one way to complete the money.

Celia. And what is that, mama?

Mrs. Darley. I do not know how to men-

Harriet. Why not?

Louisa. Fear nothing; let us know it.

Mrs. Darley. The excursion that we intend to make to-day, I have promised you a long time: it is to recompense your good behaviour; and believe me, I have denied myself, this month past, many things, that I might save as much as it will cost us; for you know we must not only pay for the boat, but when we reach a town, we must

lay out a little to give Maria, as a present, for the expence that we put her to in treating us. This money is in my purse; but I consider it belongs to you, and leave you to employ it at your pleasure. Should we add it to your pocket-money, there would be then a sufficiency to have a cart for these poor people, and to procure them victuals until they reach Epsom: but the sacrifice, I must acknowledge, is too great. I dare not recommend it. Our long wished for day's excursion would be lost this year.

Louisa. Dear me!

Mrs. Darley. To fay the truth, I shall myself be forry it were lost. So run, Louisa, and tell the waterman that we are coming.

Louisa. Prefently, mama. (She stops, and views her sisters with concern.)

Harriet. What shall we do?

Celia. For my part, I know what I would do.

Harriet. And I, too, were it not for poor Louisa.

Louisa. Oh! do not pity me! I am only grieved upon Maria's account: but I will write to her by the coach that goes at nine.

Celia, (joyfully.) Well then, mama, we are all of us agreed. So take our money, and let these poor people have it.

Mrs. Darley. But perhaps you have not thought enough. Reflect how fine a day it is; and what pleasure you would have.

Celia. But I shall have no pleasure when I think that I am sailing at my ease, while six poor people drag along the road, just ready to drop down with weariness, because I had no pity on them.

Harriet. Are they not the same as we are? They will certainly have enough to suffer before they die, and we should not grudge them the small assistance that we can give them.

Mrs. Darley. Do you fay nothing, Louisa?

Louisa. I was thinking all the while, mama, that our pleasure is not lost; for we shall follow them a mile or two, while they are riding in the cart, which will be still a walk for us, and very pleasant.

Mrs. Darley, (embracing them.) O my lovely children! How rejoiced I am to find that you have fuch feeling and compassion! You will never want enjoyments in the D 4 world,

world, fince you can turn your disappointments into pleasures. Come then, we will not lose a moment's time in having this enjoyment.

(Mrs. Darley now goes in, and fends a fervant out to pay the watermen. The three young children go and come between the house and garden, with assistance for the man, the woman, and her children; Celia helps the woman, while she tends the old man's wound, and Harriet and Louisa give the children victuals; after which they all return to their mama.)

Harriet. Ah, my dear mama! you should have seen with how much eagerness and joy the children looked at both Louisa and myself, when we were come with milk and bread to feed them! They all crouded about their mother, looked up in her face, and were so glad that they did not know what to do!

Louisa. For my part, I began to be afraid they would have eat me up, so famished were they, and desirous to be eating!

Celia. Sure, mama, the elder girl must be a charming child. She would not touch a bit till she had made her little brother eat, who is too young as yet to feed himself.

Mrs.

Mrs. Darley. Poor thing! she is greatly to be pitied. If the care of looking to the little ones be always laid upon her, she will have no opportunity of getting any thing like knowledge, and be very miserable all her life-time; whereas, had she the means of learning some business, she might prove of service to her mother, and affish her in bringing up the others.

Louisa. Well, mama, do one thing for her. Let her flay with us. I will teach her whatever I know myself. She will be able very soon to knit and sew, when she may sell her her work, and send the money to her mother

Harriet. No bad thought, mama, I take it.

Celia. Yes; do us this pleasure, pray mama; for what a pity that the poor girl should come to want, merely for not knowing how to work at any business, like the poor old woman that we all know. She would then turn beggar, and receive no benefit from what we are now doing for her.

Mrs. Darley. But do you know, my dear, what you would undertake? Reflect a little.

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Celia.

Celia. Why, mama?

Mrs. Darley. I will tell you why. If we should take this girl into the house, we must give her clothes. I cannot go to the expence, unless you are willing that I shall take a little from your dress, and make up by that means what it will cost. And so, instead of those filk slips that I meant to give you very shortly, you must be content with linen gowns, or perhaps stuff, and have no seathers or Italian slowers upon your head; nothing but a ribband round your hat.

Celia. And yet, mama, I told Miss Raby and her fister Kitty that I should very shortly have a fine filk slip as good as theirs.

Harriet. A linen gown will never look fo well as one of filk, will it, pray?

Mrs. Darley. Certainly it will not.

Harriet, (having thought a little.) But if that will not become me fo well as filk would, the poor girl will make a much worse figure in her rags.

Celia. And then, if the continues thus half uncovered much longer, the may run the rifque of being taken ill, besides the inconveniences that want of clean clothing may bring upon her; for you know, mama,

you have often told me how unwholesome dirty clothes are.

Mrs. Darley. Yes, indeed, I have; but you, Louisa, what say you to my proposal? Should you like to put a stuff gown on?

Louisa. Oh! very much, mama. One jumps the better for it. I remember what the Children's Friend said lately in the story of poor Matilda, whose sine clothes occafioned her so much anxiety, when she was out a walking with her little friends, and sought to mortify them with the sight of her silk slip, embroidered shoes, and frizzled head of hair.

Mrs. Darley. Well then, we are likely, I perceive, to fix on fomething; and yet this is not the whole. Louisa, it was you that first offered to instruct the little girl in sewing; and of course I ought to give the preference to you in such a charge; but then you must confess yourself a deal too giddy for it, and besides not qualified entirely. Neither I or Celia can pretend to undertake it, as the business of the house already takes up our attention. Well then, Harriet, I give that employment to you.

Harriet. Thank you, dear mama.

Mrs. Darley. Wait fome few days, however, till you thank me. You can hardly guess what patience you will need to go through the employ. I know you, Harriet; you are sometimes very hasty; and at first you must expect that the little girl will hardly comprehend your meaning. You will beat her perhaps; if you do so, I shall then be forced, against my will, to punish you. Well, dare you promise me that you will never let your peevish disposition get the better of you?

Harriet. I must say the truth, mama, that is what I cannot promise: I suppose, you recollect the other day when you reproved me. I could then have laid my life that I should never do the same again; but you had hardly left the room, when poor Louisa went to put her stockings on, and broke a stitch that ran from top to bottom. I had so much work to take it up again, I fell into a passion, and even beat her. I was quite ashamed a moment after; but it was done, and could not be mended then.

Mrs. Darley. It is fingular, indeed, that children who have need themselves of such indul-

indulgence, should have none for others! Truly, you would make a pretty figure in so-ciety if I were never to correct you for this fault.

Harriet. I wish for nothing half so much as to be cured of it.

Celia. For my part, dear mama, I think no method can be half fo good for fuch a purpose, as to trust her with this office.

Harriet. I may quarrel with my fifter, fince she is not my debtor: but depend upon it, I will be much more patient and good-natured with my scholar, otherwise she might imagine that I was grieved for having been of service to her.

Mrs. Darley. And, dear Celia, you must have an eye to see that they do things properly.

Celia. Yes, yes, mama, I will be the in-

spector general.

Mrs. Darley. Come, then, let us make haste, and carry our poor people this good news. I hope their joy will both encourage and reward your kindness.

### CAROLINE.

THE amiable little Caroline, of whom I have spoken once or twice before, went out to Hampstead for a few weeks with her mama. She had taken fome new shoes for wear during her stay there; but by dint of running about in the garden, which was the usual scene of her play, they were all very foon out at the toes. Her mama bought her a pair for the present in the village, and having occasion for some herself, fent orders to her shoe-maker in town to make her a few pair, and to bring them up to Hampstead himself. The man came in a few days, and when Caroline's mother had tried hers, she sent for the little girl to have her measure taken; but she was not to be found. The fervants went to feek for her in the garden, the pleafure-ground, and all the rooms in the house: but no Caroline. The shoe-maker, after waiting a considerable time, went away; and he had not been gone many minutes, before, all of a fudden, Miss Caroline made her appearance.

Where

Where have you been my dear? faid her mother. Behind the curtain, mama, in your bed-chamber, answered she.

But why did you hide yourfelf child? Because the shoe-maker was here.

Well, are you frightened at the fight of your shoe-maker? No, mama, but he would have feen, by my shoes, that they were not of his making. All that I could fay would have been of no fervice. He would have thought that I had taken away my custom from him. Poor Mr. Vamp, how grieved he would have been!

## THE WILD GEESE.

I ITTLE Richard Delaval one morning faw a great number of wild geefe flying through the air; and was aftonished at the height and order of their progress.

Look, papa, faid Richard, you take care to feed your geefe, but pray who feeds thefe

wild geefe?

Mr. Delaval. Nobody, my dear. Richard. Then how do they live?

Mr. Delaval. By feeking food themselves; you fee they have wings.

Richard. So have our geefe that walk about the poultry-yard. Why do not they fly?

Mr. Delaval. Because all creatures that are once made tame, degenerate, as we say, or lose a great deal of their strength and instinct.

Richard. Luckily they are not very badly off; for Martha gives them as much food as they want.

Mr. Delaval. It is true, she feeds them regularly: but I need tell you why;—that we may eat them, when they are fat: but the wild geesc have no danger of this fort hanging over them. As they get food without affishance, they enjoy the privileges of their freedom: and thus it is too among mankind. He that should without a blush rely entirely on the care and forethought of another for his maintenance, would lose his birth-right, and be forced to sell himself for bread; while he, who on the other hand

provides for what he wants, acquires new faculties, and is abundantly supported. Not that we should live apart from one another, or be wholly occupied upon ourfelves: for on the contrary, these birds, by whose behaviour I would have you regulate your conduct, form among themselves a regular fociety. They fit upon the eggs, and nurse the young ones of fuch mothers as have loft their lives by any accident. They likewise aid each other in their long and painful flights. They take their station in the front, by turns, to guide the flock, and regulate their flight. Now, Richard, you must know, these forts of geese originally formed but one. Such difference will a different way of life effect in every creature!

Richard. O papa! no creeping in a poultry-yard for me! Give me those that enjoy their liberty, and fly wherever they please.

### MATILDA.

You remember, my dear little friends, the raging heat that made last summer so remarkable. I recollect it, I affure you, to my forrow; since by having an effect upon my health, it hindered me, for many weeks, from satisfying your impatience to hear from me. To indemnify you, therefore, for so tedious, though unwilling a delay, I shall relate an interesting circumstance which happened when that heat was at the

greatest.

I went down to Windfor on a visit to a lady, who instils such excellent principles into her children as justify the choice that was made of her mother to superintend the education of a certain august family. We were all engaged in innocent amusement, when a surious storm began to rise: the thunder rolled above us with a dreadful noise, and shook the house to its very soundation, while the lightning seemed as if it would consume the dwelling every moment. One young lady of the company could not help being frightened. There were heard cries

cries and shrieks proceeding from a chamber-maid in one of the apartments. In the midst of this consustion, little Matilda disappeared. Her noble mother, who was passing from one chamber to another, saw her kneeling in a corner.

The Mother. What are you about there,

my dear child?

Matilda. Oh, nothing, nothing.

The Mother. Are you frightened at the florm?

Matilda. Oh, no, mama. You have inflructed me yourfelf, if you remember, not to fear the thunder; and you faw just now I was not in the least afraid.

The Mother. And why then were you

kneeling?

Matilda. I observed Eliza tremble; I heard Kitty cry; and that made me unhappy. I was praying therefore for them, and for every one that is afraid of thunder.

#### BACKGAMMON.

R. PARKER had been buying, for his children, Anthony and Sylvia, what they call a draft-board, and backgammon table at the back, with thirty men, two red Morocco boxes, and a pair of dice.

The children did not know, as yet, both games; they were a little skilled in drafts; but then backgammon was all Greek or Hebrew to them; so they begged their dear papa to give them some instruction in it. Mr. Parker, who was always ready to make one in their diversions, undertook the task with pleasure; and by turns, sat down with both, while he that was not in the game, looked on for improvement.

I shall not detain you with describing how they reckoned up the pips upon the dice when they had thrown them, by the assistance of their singers; or the blunders that they were every minute making. I chuse rather to inform you, that in little better than a month, they understood backgammon tolerably well; and could sit down and play with one another. Sylvia bent her study to secure the hit; but Anthony, much

much more ambitious, would be fatisfied with nothing but the gammon.

Their papa, one day, stood by, while they were playing.—After some bad throws, Anthony lost all temper, and his moves, of course, were very injudicious; but his sister, who was calm and steady, carried every thing before her.

Anthony, like other players, while he shook the dice-box, did not fail to name the points that he wanted, either to fill up his table, or defeat his adversary. Cinq and quatre, cried he! Size and tray! but in vain: they would not come; and it was always deuce, ace, or cinq deuce, or something to the full as bad, that turned up in their stead. He stamped upon the ground, or when he threw the dice, was so outrageous, as to sling the dice-box after, crying out, Was ever any thing so cross-grained and unlucky? one would think the matter were contrived to spite me!

Sylvia, on the other hand, when she, in throwing, called for such a number as she wanted, and was disappointed, far from giving way to useless lamentation, thought within herself what move would be the most

judicious, after her bad throw; and frequently her father was furprifed to fee how the would make amends for want of luck, and in an inflant, as it were, recover, when he thought her on the point of being worsted.

And whenever victory declared for her with all the honours of a triumph, the would conftantly and modeftly avoid the glory of her conquest; while poor Anthony, ashamed of being beaten, durst not lift his eyes up. Upon one of these occasions, when his father had been standing by, and noticed his bad playing, he addressed him to the following purport: Anthony, you have richly merited to lose this game.

Anthony. And not this only, but the others, I acknowledge, for my fault in playing with a person that is constantly so lucky.

Mr. Parker. It would feem then, to hear you talk, that luck is every thing, at fuch a game as this?

Anthony. No, papa; but when one has

fuch throws as-

Mr. Parker. It was fearcely possible that your throws should benefit you, when you played

played your men so injudiciously, and Sylvia with so much attention: but you talk of having had such throws, and there your fault lies; for you paid attention to your sister's dice, instead of noticing her men, that you might learn to move as she did. What would be your notions of a gardener, who without consulting the variety of seafons, should conduct himself by chance in his plantation, and complain that in the end, his fruit was not so good or plentiful as his neighbour's, who had been attentive to all circumstances in the prosecution of his labour.

Anthony. O papa, that is very different.

Mr. Parker. And in what, pray? let me know.

Anthony. I cannot well answer you in that. I think it so, however.

Mr. Parker. I am ashamed, on your account, to see you have recourse to such poor shifts as little minds employ, when they resolve before hand to support their cause; for tell me, have you really discerned in my comparison any thing that hinders it from having a relation to the subject of which we are speaking?

Anthony.

Anthony. To fay the truth then, no. I did not once think of it. I was only anxious to avoid the appearances of being worsted in the argument.

Mr. Parker. You may fee, then, what you get by fuch evafions. You were only to be blamed for wanting judgment; and you added inflantly thereto what is much more to be condemned, a want of juffice. By using such a pitiful subterfuge against an adversary of common sense, do you think that he will become its dupe, and yield you up the conquest? Never. He will see the folly of it first, and afterwards the meanness. You will find, you might have been entitled to his pity, but will meet with his contempt; and not bis only, but your own.

Anthony. I hope, papa, I have not made

you angry, that you fpeak fo to me?

Mr. Parker. You are fenfible that I never fpare reproof, when I fee any thing that leads, however round-about, to meanness or injuffice. Such a leffon you will get from no one but your father; and I give it you from motives of affection, that another may not have occasion to bestow it on you from moroseness. The confession which you first

first made me, of not having once considered what you spoke, and which only could proceed from an ingenuous turn of mind, persuades me that you will never want another lesson of the kind.—Embrace me, my dear, fellow.

Anthony. Oh with all my heart! I know, papa, you fave me many mortifying minutes.

Mr. Parker. I can hit upon no other way of doing fo, than this of giving you inflruction; but at prefent, let us come to the comparison that I instanced; and I hope we shall be no less able to derive improvement from it, than to illustrate what we were speaking of before.

Anthony. Let us fee then, papa: I promise I will not feek to contradict you: but, provided I observe it vary in the least from what you meant it to explain, you give me leave in that case—

Mr. Parker. I defire no gentler treatment. I shall be rejoiced to have you give me juster notions; for believe me, when I tell you, that a rational self-love finds satisfaction, even in confessing its mistakes. Self-love, if rational, has always an unseigned respect for truth, a veneration for reciprocal

Vol. VI. E or

or mutual justice; and that reason, which can fpring thus nobly from its fall, is in the way of never stumbling.

Anthony. Ah, papa! I see, I must this long

while keep a tight rein on mine.

Mr. Parker. You must; but loosen that at least of your imagination, so that you may follow while I shew the way. I told you, that a player at backgammon should purfue the conduct of a skilful gardener in his garden. If the one endeavours to procure his tree a handsome looking trunk, and make fuch disposition of the branches, as may get him the most fruit, the other is employed in bringing up his men in fuch a manner, that whatever points he throws, he may be able to fill up his tables, more or less. Those points depend no more upon the one, than the variety of feafons on the other; but what equally depends on both, is this: that they should be upon their guard, in consequence of these uncertainties, and not expose the object for which they are labouring, without precaution on their part. The order of a game has many favourable and unfavourable turns, as has the order of the feafons many beneficial and malignant influences. Now the lucky chances, I may fay, have a refemblance to those kindly heats which introduce fertility; and the unlucky to those nipping winds in summer, that are obstacles to vegetation. The great point is to foresee these changes. He that plays, is with discretion to run some few risques, when nothing need be feared from his adversary, but to stand upon his guard whenever he is in sorce; and he that plants is to expose his tree, that it may have the beneficial influence of the sun, when all the elements are mixed in kindly union; but to defend it when the weather happens to grow stormy.

Anthony. Very well, papa; things hitherto fquare marvellously well: but at backgammon, a good player, you are sensible, not only profits by his own dexterity, but is the better for his adversary's want of judgment, and the faults that he makes; whereas the gardener, if he plays a game, must play it by himself in your comparison.

Mr. Parker. True, Anthony; but you must not expect that a comparison will take in every object and relation: mine is limited to those I have mentioned.

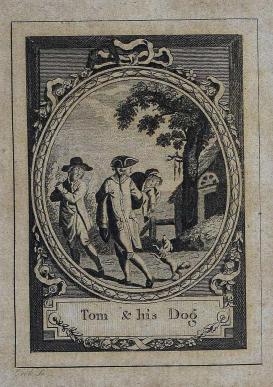
An-

Anthony. Do you think so? Well then, I will proceed a little further with it, if you please, papa. I look on all the gardeners of the village, as if playing with each other, to determine which shall bring the best and greatest quantity of fruit to market. He that plays most skilfully, will do so; and of course dispose of it at higher prices, if the rest, through ignorance and inattention, shall have less or worse to sell; and consequently he will win the game.

Mr. Parker. Well argued, Anthony! You now fee, I hope, what advantages one may derive from entering into rational debate, where neither party feeks to lay a fnare to catch the other, and to fatisfy his miserable vanity, but where both wish to give reciprocal instruction, by an interchange of what they know respectively. I only faw one face belonging to the object which I exhibited to your confideration; but exciting your attention towards it, I have furnished you with the occasion of discovering one that had escaped me, and which very likely may enableme, in my turn, to difcern some other that it may still posfels.

fefs. Men have obtained no fort of knowledge otherwise than by affembling and comparing those ideas with which meditation has supplied them, in cultivating any branch of fcience. I compare them to as many lamps, that should be placed to burn before reflectors of a thousand different surfaces, but every one reverberating to a common center. It is the bundle of these rays, some far more brilliant than the rest indeed, but strengthened all by one another, that makes up that glar of light collected in the focus of their union. I shall really be glad, if you inure yourfelf betimes, Anthony, to consider all: the objects of which you would judge, by comparing them with others that already are familiar to your understanding; by contrafting them with one another, and remarking, in this contrast, every circumstance by which they may resemble, or be foreign to each other. This fame method is most natural and fure. It is a method which they have followed, who, by exercifing their imagination, have attained to the fublimity and pathos of a Homer, a Voltaire, a Milton; who, by studying the affections of the hu-E-3 man

man heart, have made themselves a Sophocles, a Moliere, or Shakespeare; who, by rising to the origin of our ideas, have become a Condillac, or Locke; who, by investigating nature, have acquired the praises of an Aristotle, a Buffon, an Edwards; who, by meditating on the title to give law, and form societies, have been a Montesquieu, a Mably, a Rouffeau, a Blackstone; and in fhort, who by pervading the mysterious order of the planetary system, have transmitted to us, together with the benefit of their researches, the illustrious names of a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Bernouilli, and a Franklin; but particularly, of a Newton: men all famous in the different sciences to which their genius led them, and whose names I intimate thus early to you, that in time you may be animated with a wish of studying the immortal labours they have left behind them.



## TOM AND HIS DOG.

ToM was the fon of an unfortunate day—labourer, a very honest man, but so poor,—so very poor, that he had nothing in the world, but the tools with which he gained his miserable subsistence. A long sickness of his wise, by which she had at length died, had just completed his ruin. He would have sunk under so many missortunes, had he not selt it necessary to support himself for the sake of his child, whom he loved extremely; as he was good, teachable, and of the happiest disposition.

Little Tom was going one day by the door of a great house, when a servant spied him, and calling him into the court, asked if he should like to earn fix-pence? Very gladly, said the poor boy, but what

must I do for it?

Servant. Take one of our dogs, tie a stone to his neck, and throw him into the river.

Tom. Why do you want to kill him? Has he bit any body?

Ser

Servant. No; that is not the reason. Come with me, and I will shew you what it is. So saying, he took him into the coach-houses where in a corner, on some straw, he saw a little dog, that seemed to have hardly a spark of life lest in him: he had lost his hair, and his whole body was eaten up by the mange.

Tom. Oh, poor fellow! he is in a very miferable way.

Servant. That is the reason why my mistress wishes to get rid of him. There are other dogs about the house, and she is asraid they may catch his distemper. So if you have a mind to get your fix-pence, you have nothing to do but to take and drown him. For my own part, I would not touch him for a crown.

Tom. But must I certainly throw him in the river? Perhaps he may recover.

Servant. There feems very little chance of that. My lady's phyfician has given him over.

Tom. Never mind that. It is always worth while to try,

Servant. As you like for that. Do what you will with him, only let us get rid of him.

Tom. Shall I have the fix-pence, all the fame?

Servant. Oh, you are mercenary.

Tom. I do not want it for myself, but for him. If I was rich, I could do without it; but I am poor; I cannot always get bread for myself; and he ought not to go without, now he is sick.

Servant. Come then; the bargain is made. There is your fix-pence.

Tom faw an old baffeet hanging in an out-house, and begged to have it; into that he put the dog with some straw under him, and hastened to his father, who was at work in a place at some distance. As he went, he now and then turned his eyes towards the basket, and the disgusting sight of his little patient made him shudder; but at the same time it moved his pity. Poor little fellow, said he, you must suffer very much! How forry I am for you! What would I give could I be lucky enough to save your life! I promise you they would never have got me to throw you into the water.

As he passed through the village, his sirst care was to buy a little soft loaf; and the baker kindly gave him leave to soak it in his porridge-pot, to make it the more savoury. All that the poor dog was able to do was to lick it with the end of his tongue, but even that a little supported the strength of the patient, and the hopes of the little physician.

Tom's father was ready to fcold him for returning later than usual, but, when he learnt what had detained him, so far from being angry, he was delighted to see him shew so tender a disposition, and rewarded

him with kind careffes.

Near the field where he worked was a green meadow, and there Tom took the poor shivering dog, and laid him at the foot of a tree, to bask and warm himself in the sun. His disorder had been occasioned merely by over feeding; and as soon as the sun had a little revived him, he crawled along the meadow, searching with his nose for such plants as instinct taught him to employ for his cure, He eat some of these, and immediately sound himself much better. Tom soon after left his work a moment, to see

fee how he went on, and was surprised to find him gone from the place where he had left him. Still more pleased was he to see him on his legs. For a whole week after he took care to carry him every day into the meadow, and at the end of that time the poor animal was persectly recovered. His appetite was better than it had ever been before.

Tom had already laid out his fix-pence to fupport him in his illness, and recovery; but when he found him quite in health, he very willingly shared his own bread with him. He had given him the name of Trueman, and Trueman grew every day more and more handsome. His eyes recovered their lost lustre, and his limbs their suppleness. In a little time his hair came again as smooth as silk, and of a dazzling white, like snow when the sun shines sull upon it.

The fame of his beauty foon reached the lady at the great house, to whom he had formerly belonged, and she sent her servant to offer little Tom two guineas for him, if he chose to give him up. Oh, no, no, said Tom to the messenger, my lady would contend to the messenger of the sent had been to be demn

demn him to the river again, if he happened to fall fick; but for my part, I shall never defert him. What are your two guineas, compared to the pleasures I receive from his affection to me? We love each other too much ever to be separated. Tom was in the right: he would not have parted with his dog for a kingdom; but, in return, the dog would not have left him for the fervice of the greatest prince on earth. He faithfully attended his steps, fometimes running before him, and playing a thousand pretty gambols for his amufement. When Tom had been at work with his father, if he quitted his spade for a moment, and sat down in the shade to take a little refreshment, at the least fign, Trueman forgot his own pursuits, jumped upon him, and standing on his hinder legs, with his tail wagging rapidly to express his delight, took from his very lips a part of every mouthful of bread. Tom had many hardships to go through, but they did not in the least affect him, fo delighted was he with his little friend, and every day more than the former.

Alas! a great misfortune now hung over them. At the end of autumn the little boy boy fell dangerously ill. His father used the little money he had faved from his daily labour, to obtain the common remedies for his child; but these poor savings were very soon exhausted. He then recollected the considerable price which the lady of the great house had offered, to repurchase her dog. Two guineas, in the present circumstances, were all the money in the world to him. He resolved therefore to repeat the proposal to his son, but Tom no sooner heard it than he cried out, never, never! and the agitation occasioned by so melancholy an idea, greatly increased his sever.

His diforder grew daily worse and worse. To increase his torments, a violent cholic was added to the sever, and the poor lader rosted and twisted himself on his little crib, crying out in the most piercing manner. His little dog would then come crouching up to him, and give him so pitiful a look, as if he would have said, my dear master, how I grieve for you. Tom, on his part, looked tenderly upon his dog, and, when he was sufficiently at ease to speak, would say, poor Trueman! must I then quit you very soon? Alas, I saved your life, and now you are unable

unable to give me any help. So faying, he fhed a flood of tears, which Trueman licked off as they trickled down his burning cheeks.

There was in the neighbourhood a Mr. Wilmot, a wealthy and compassionate man, who heard at length of the illness of the boy, and the extreme indigence of the father. He therefore came immediately in person, to ascertain the truth with his own eyes, and to discover some means of giving aid to this afflicted family.

When this good man arrived at the cottage, poor little Tom was attacked by the most violent criss of the fever. His father was by his fide, but had given himfelf up to the most extreme affliction. Though he had for feveral days taken only the very flightest nourishment that could support nature, the hunger that tormented him was far from being the severest of his sufferings. The fight of what his child went through, destroyed the sense of what he felt himself. He endeavoured to confole him by careffes, and was supporting his languid head, while the little dog, with his fore paws on the bed, fometimes howled lamentably, and fometimes

times tried by little playful tricks to make his master give a look or two towards him.

Mr. Wilmot had stood for some time fixed by this affecting picture of distress, before he could proceed into the cottage. He forced himself at length to advance, and was at the foot of the bed before he was observed, and even before the dog had turned round to bark on his approach: and when Tom and his father turned up their eyes towards him in assonishment, they saw that his were already full of tears.—

Oh, my dear friends, faid Mr. Wilmot, in how fad a fituation do I find you! I am told, Thomas, that you are unable to fupply the expences of your fon's illness. That has been only for these two last days, replied Thomas; my means held out till then, but now I have nothing to give up for him, unless I fell this miserable bed on which he lies. At these words, little Tom stretched out his trembling hand to touch his dog, and gave a deep sigh.

Poor child, faid Mr. Wilmot, be comforted, I will undertake the care of you. Thomas, added he, addressing himself to the father, your cottage is damp, and your son can have no comfort from it in his fickness; will you trust him to me? I will take him to my house, and have him cured. Will I trust him! cried Thomas, throwing himfelf at his feet, yes, my good sir, your charity will bring us both to life again.

Mr. Wilmot raifed him from the ground, gave the little boy his hand, and immediately went out to give orders for the necesfary preparations. Half an hour after came a stout fellow of a fervant, who wrapped up little Tom in a warm blanket, and carried him in his arms to Mr. Wilmot's house. His father walked befide him with a countenance, in which hope and joy feemed by degrees to efface the marks of long-continued melancholy. As for the faithful Trueman, his behaviour had nothing equivocal in it: he proceeded by jumps, his nose lifted up to the wind, and his eyes constantly fixed upon his young master, who from time to time peeped out of his covering to take a look at him.

Thanks to the generofity of Mr. Wilmot, and the attention of a skilful physician, little Tom's disorder was soon checked. As long as he continued ill, Trueman was his faithful

and

and conftant companion. It was in vain to tempt him out of his master's room, to take the air a little in the fields; all the ceremony he would shew, even to Tom's father, was to attend him to the first stair when he went away; then he turned himself briskly round, and ran back hastily into the room, making a thousand capers round the bed.

In about a fortnight, little Tom was well enough recovered to return home to his father. Mr. Wilmot had new clothed him from head to foot: any other perfon would have had fome difficulty to make him out in his new apparel, but Trueman's eyes were not fo eafily deceived. You may eafily imagine what was his joy when he faw his mafter walk abroad again, and was able to frifk about him as much as he thought proper.

When Thomas received his fon again in his cottage, the first word that came from his lips was the name of Mr. Wilmot. O, my dear child, faid he to his fon, but for that worthy man, I had lost you for ever. You see how happy he has made us. What can we do to express to him our gratitude? Oh, father, faid Tom, I have been thinking

of that already, but I cannot tell you today, and so faying, he turned aside his head, to conceal the tears which started on a fudden from his eyes. He went very early to bed; but sleep never visited his eye-lids; he did nothing all night, but turn, and toss, and sigh.

The next day his father asked him what method he had devised for re-paying his obligation to Mr. Wilmot. The poor little fellow was unable to make any answer, and could only point with his finger at Trueman. Immediately after, he put on his new clothes, and went out, with fo violent an effort, that it was eafy to fee he had exerted all his courage. Trueman followed: never had he been so gamesome before. He skipped and gamboll'd in a manner which attracted the attention of all paffengers. Every body envied Tom the happiness of possessing so delightful a little creature; but the happier Trueman was, the more melancholy was Tom. Alas, faid he to him, you would not be fo rejoiced, if you knew that we are going to part for ever. I chose rather to fuffer for want of medicines, than to part with you; I would have lost my life rather.

rather. But now I must give you up to another, or pass for an ungrateful wretch. Oh my poor Trueman! my poor Trueman!

Full of these melancholy reflections, he arrived at Mr. Wilmot's house. He croffed the court, and went up stairs, but when he faw the door of the apartment, his heart beat fo violently, that he was obliged to flop fome moments to revive his refolution. At last he took Trueman in his arms, and gently knocked at the door. Mr. Wilmot had fcarcely opened it to receive him, when Tom threw himself at his feet. O, my good fir, faid he, fobbing, to you I owe my life. To discharge the debt, I have nothing but my little dog, which I here prefent. Pray, accept him. Alas! it is not without pain that I give him: but you will make me still more unhappy if you refuse him.

Mr. Wilmot had fuch a heart as men ought all to have for their own happiness, and for that of others. The honest simplicity of the little boy made him smile, but he was not the less affected with the greatness of the facrifice, as he well knew the strength of the attachment. He took him therefore in his arms, and said, no, my dear Tom, I will

will not reject your kindness. I accept you present very cordially, and at this price confider myself as fully paid for all that I have done. But since we are thus quits for what is past, I now give you Trueman again, in return for the pleasure given me by your gratitude.

What, fir!—cried the little boy;—and could fay no more.

Yes, my child, returned Mr. Wilmot: I ask but one thing of you, which is to press the matter no further. Go: I am more pleased than you can be, in having found one method more to make you happy.

Tom, who a few minutes before was ready to fink under the weight of his affliction, was now no lefs overwhelmed by the excefs of joy. He looked, with an eye of aftonishment, at his benefactor. By turns he pressed the hand of Mr. Wilmot, and his little favourite, to his heart, and to his lips. He cried, but his tears were delightful: they were tears of tenderness and pleasure.

Mr. Wilmot did not content himself with these first benefits. An employment in his family becoming vacant, he bestowed it on the good old Thomas. As for the boy, he had him educated with care, and put to a good trade. Trueman lived in the family very happy, and Tom, fometimes careffing him, would fay, poor fellow! to you perhaps it is that I owe all my happiness. He daily loved him more and more: and in the village where they lived, whenever the people wished to speak of any remarkable friends, they were at no great loss to find them: the names came of course into their mouths; they were those of Tom and Trueman.

# SEQUEL TO THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN BARTON.
Mrs. BARTON.
EDWARD,
PAUL,
THEODORE,
CLAUDIA,
ISABEL,
The MASTER of the Military Academy.
EUGENIUS, - - his Son.
PIPES, - - an old Serjeant.

Scene, An apartment in Mr. Barton's House.

# SCENE I.

Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Ifabel, Pipes.
(Claudia and Ifabel are both employed; the one in reading, and the other at her tambour frame. Theodore has a pencil, and is drawing. Paul shoulders Pipes's crutch.)

# Pipes, (to Paul,)

M A K E ready !—Present !—Fire !—
Come; very well !—Another lesson
will compleat you.—Give me back my
crutch.

crutch. (To Claudia and Ifabel.) You will never let me teach you then?

Claudia. Teach us?

Ifabel. Young ladies?

Pipes. And why not? A foldier's children should all learn their exercise. One never looks so well as with a firelock.

Claudia. Particularly when a crutch must represent it.

Pipes. True! but I mistake it frequently myself, Miss Claudia; and incline to put it rather on than underneath my shoulder. It is, in truth, a fort of instinct in me, my first motion. Ah, poor Pipes! to have a crutch, instead of musquet in my hand. These ten years I have carried it about, and am not yet accustomed to its use.

Paul. But recollect, Pipes; at your age you would certainly have been otherwife difmiffed.

Pipes. Difmiffed? what mean you, mafter Paul? Had it not been for my wooden leg, I should have died a soldier. Curfed leg! Ten hundred times a-day I find myself disposed to make a bonfire of it! Instead of a fine white spatterdash, when I see nothing but a wooden stump! I hardly know myself, and fall into a passion.

Theodore. Would you wish to have it otherwise? Why, man, it is nothing but the fortune of war.

Ifabel. And is it thus that Theodore comforts you! Do not be afflicted, Pipes.

Pipes. You are in the right, my dear Miss Isabel; for after all, it bears me witness that I have seen hot service. If my leg had not been in the fire, it would hardly be so dry now. In fact, I know some legs, that are, at present, in their place, because they carried the wearers of them out of danger; and I would not change my wooden leg for twenty such. Young gentlemen, it is happy for you both that you are to serve: but take my counsel, and lose arms as well as legs, much rather than receive the least degree of spot in your honour, for want of courage.

Theodore. Yes, I promise you I will.

Paul. And so will I: when I am fighting, I will have you always in my thoughts.

Pipes. Do, master Paul. Your brave father and myself. Barton and Pipes shall be your charging words. With these two names between your lips, you will always be first to do your duty.

### SCENE II.

Theodore, Paul, Claudia, Isabel, Pipes, Capatain Barton, (who has entered towards the close of the preceding scene.)

The Children, (seeing Capt. Barton, run together towards him, and cry all at once.) Here is papa!

Capt. Barton, (embracing them.) Goodmorrow to you all, my dears! Good-morrow to you, Pipes, (bolding out his band,) and thank you heartily for your instructions to my children.

Pipes. Ah, fir, my instructions I bestow upon them with a great deal of pleasure, when you are not by; but seeing you, I am almost forry.

Capt. Barton. And why fo, my friend?

Pipes. Because I see, by your example, what the fruits of it are. If I am wise then, shall I study to make soldiers of your children, that they may be dismissed, after they have worn themselves out in the service?

Capt. Barton. But why call my fortune back thus to remembrance, fince I myself Vol. VI. F have

have laboured to forget it, and complain no longer of what you suppose hard usage.

Pipes. Please your honour, then, I will complain for both. Bombs and cannons! is it not a shame! What, turn me off for having one leg less? A foldier is always sit for duty, if his heart and his head are lest him. If they think that we cripples make no shew at a review, why, let them keep us for a battle: we will be put into a corps apart; we won't even condescend to mix with others. No affront to your Grenadiers or your Highlanders, we will be first of all, I warrant you, dear master.

Capt. Barton, (fmiling.) Good old friend! how much I am pleafed to fee this fire of youth and courage burning still within you!

Pipes. I am quite vexed to see you smile, when you should florm much more than I do. I am a vulgar dog; I am nobody; and they may think that they ought to overlook me, having lost a limb: but you, a Captain, who have had so many wounds in twenty battles, and have such a family of children, to put such a one as you on what they call half-pay, and send him off without a pension!

fion! who can think of fuch a treatment, and be patient!

Capt. Barton. I find fault with no one. There are others more unhappy. (He turns to Paul and the reft, who feem uneasy.) My good little ones, you have done enough this morning to require some recreation. Go, then; but first visit your mama: she is in her chamber.

The Children. Yes, papa; and afterwards we will come back to study.

### SCENE III.

Captain Barton, Pipes.

Capt. Barton. My old friend, I am pleafed with your affection; but still I do not like that you should speak before my children as you do. I would not have them think themfelves authorized to hate their fellow-creatures: such a notion would discourage them in their pursuit of fortune; and besides, they are destined to acquire themselves a reputation by their actions. Is it likely that they should take pains for such a purpose, if

they are told before hand that men merit only their contempt?

Pipes, (ironically.) Yes, yes; your honour has great reason to defend mankind, they have respected you so much!

Capt. Barton. There are more good than wicked men about us; and if there were only you, that thought would reconcile me to humanity.

Pipes, (bowing.) Oh, Captain!

Capt. Barton. You have been fo willing to attach yourfelf to my ill fortune! and befides, you know, I am indebted to your friendship for the preservation of my life.

Pipes. And if I faved it, I was under obligation to do nothing lefs, my worthy Captain, for your having fent me to the drill fo often. Had it not been for your honour, Pipes would have turned out a vagabond and drunkard, like many others. It was your attention that made a man of me; I should have been my whole life long a common foldier, had you let me grovel on. From rank to rank I have been promoted, and at last made serjeant; and that is something, every one will grant me! and no inconsiderable lift towards colonel. But a plague

plague upon the mulquet-ball, fay I, that to my heart of oak has added this deal leg!

Capt. Barton. Come, Pipes, you have now repose, and that is as good as honour always.

Pipes. I shall never have repose as long as I observe your honour ill at ease. The produce of your farm, this year, has failed, and I am now become a burthen to you.

Capt. Barton. Can a child become a burthen to his father? And pray, are you not as one among my children? Thanks to heaven! I shall be always fure of a subsistence. If our ration is a little less, there shall be still an equal share for you, Pipes.

Pipes. And I take it; but have hopes that I shall be able to acknowledge all your favours handsomely, as I have met with an employment.

Capt. Barton. So much the better, Pipes! I am charmed to hear that you have fo, for

your fake. What is it?

Pipes. Could you have supposed what I am now going to tell you? But it is true, fir, that a hosier offered me, the other day, employment in his shop, if I would knit him stockings.

Capt.

Capt. Barton. Very good: at least, you will not be idle, by accepting it.

Pipes. How, fir, very good? I could have knocked the fellow down, but that my crutch had tumbled on the ground.

Capt. Barton. I hope this knocking people down is not the employment that you mean?

Pipes. It would be better far than what the hofier meant to give me. A fine fight, indeed! Pipes knitting like a woman! I would fee his flock of knitting-needles at Jericho first; and yet, this circumstance made me think a little. I can work, it is true, faid I to myself; so I went to Mr. Wilkinson's, and told him that I would furbish up his old sword blades, if he would but employ an ancient soldier. He consented: so that I shall have the handling still of warlike weapons, and, beside, receive a shilling a day. Let me beg, captain, that you will accept it for my maintenance.

Capt. Barton. No, no, my friend: keep what you earn yourfelf. A drop of liquor, now and then, is necessary to a person of your age.

Pipes.

Pipes. A drop of liquor! Oh! I will take care how I play at fuch a game as that again. I know myfelf too well. I should drink a fingle drop to-day; a pint would hardly be enough to-morrow; and fo on.

Capt. Barton. But you have other calls for money; and for my part, I want nothing.

Pipes. Nothing! when you almost live on bread and water? Nay, now captain, you are far too proud, believe me; and refuse my shilling, for no other reason than because I am not your equal!-A vengeance on this wooden leg of mine, that has prevented me from being now a colonel, for what any one can tell!

Capt. Barton. You do not know me yet, I can fee, my friend; for were I to accept a gift from any one, it should be only from the king and you.

Pipes. What, both of us together thus! and in a breath?

Capt. Barton. My king is but my master. In my friend, I fee a fort of God: and you, Pipes, are the only friend that is left me.

Pipes, (throwing himself into the captain's arms.) Well then, my friend-Captain, take my shilling!

Capt. Barton. I have already told you, I could put it to no use, and did not misinform you; but, on second thoughts, a time may come, when I shall need a great deal more. Lay by as much as you can fave out of this daily shilling, that whenever I may want your favings, you may then affift me.

Pipes. Oh! I understand you. It is for my fake, rather than your own, that you counsel me to act thus favingly. No matter: I will purfue your counfel literally; and my money shall be facred. It shall go in nothing but tobacco; and I will take care how I fall into a passion, that I may not break my pipe.

Capt. Barton. I praise your resolution; but at prefent go and fmoke one to the honour of our friendship. Mrs. Barton, I observe, is coming; and I wish to have a little conversation with her, by myself.

Pipes. Yes, yes, I will leave you; and besides, a little air will be of service to me. Your discourse has had I do not know what effect upon my spirits. I shall quickly be composed again.

## SCENE IV.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton.

Mrs. Barton. What circumstance has happened, my dear life? You fent the children to me; and I thought I saw upon their countenances something not quite natural to them. I conceived it not so proper to ask them the reason, but would come and know the whole from you. Hide nothing from me, I beseech you! Has any new missortune happened, that it is in my power to lighten by giving you comfort?

Capt. Barton. No, my dear! With your affiftance, I can bear all forrows; and if unforeseen affliction were to come upon me, would not hefitate to tell you of it, after the experience I have had of your philosophy and fortitude. But be of comfort! Thank Heaven, nothing fatal or unfortunate has happened!

Mrs. Barton. What then could occasion the uneafiness that I noticed in their countenances?

Capt. Barton. Our old foldier caused it, whose excess of zeal and friendship for me carried him so far, while they were present, as to vent complaints concerning the injustice of my lot. I observed that they were affected by the strength of his expressions; and because I apprehended such invectives might inspire discouragement, I directed them to go into your chamber; so that Pipes's murmurs might not make a bad impression on them, being followed instantly by your caresses.

Mrs. Barton. Poor unhappy little things! Alas, they know not what a fad condition

they are to experience upon earth!

Capt. Barton. I hope their fortune will not be so lamentable, as your motherly affection seems to fear; for hitherto, at least, they have no great occasion to complain of their condition.

Mrs. Barton. What! my dear, when they are utterly deprived of all the advantages that they might reasonably have expected in life?

Capt. Barton. They never knew them; therefore, never can the want of those advantages afflict them. Possibly they might

have only ferved to foften and unnerve their strength, as well as understanding. The hard life to which they have been used, has given them a robust and found constitution, and an energy of mind. Instead of purfuing frivolous or puerile amusements, they know already how to convert their labour into pleasure. If God's providence should grant them any of the gifts of fortune, they will therefore yield the more enjoyment: but, supposing they are all decreed to pass away their days in the privation of this life's conveniences, they will have learnt to undergo their fortune without murmurs or complainings. Shall I tell you what I think, my dear? I do not look on the condition to which we are destined, as so very lamentable; for, furrounded by the pleasures of the world, should we have known those tender fentiments for each other, which we certainly have learnt, in what men call the school of advertity? Hurried on by pleafure, we should each have gone in quest of friends who would have left us in adverfity, and perhaps aggravated our afflictions by their treachery; while now, afflicted as we are, we are convinced that we have it in our power to make each other happy, by our mutual love and friendship. There are many miferable individuals in the world, who are even destitute of bread to eat: we have never experienced fuch a want, though we have not stooped to procure our bread by dishonour. If, as is the case, we are necessitated to put up with what may certainly be called a very common diet, that our children may not want for education,we enjoy, on the other hand, their gratitude, and their improvement in knowledge. We are confcious to ourfelves that we have neglected no one tittle of our duty to them. Every generous notion that they possess is our work: it is our lessons and example that have enabled them to possess it. They will do no laudable or virtuous action in their future lives but what an honest pride will permit us to attribute to ourfelves; and granting that any one among them should be raifed into distinction by his merit, I am confident, he will not leave us in old age, when we may more particularly want his fuccour.

Mrs. Barton. O my dear, my worthy husband! how does your fortitude sustain me!

Capt. Barton. On the contrary, dear partner, it is your conflancy that upholds my fortitude. Without support, I should have long since sunk beneath the burthen of my forrows; but seeing you renounce the delicacies, and subdue the weaknesses inseparable from your sex, that you might properly discharge your duty, how could I have seemed less firm than you were, and not have blushed at being called a man?

Mrs. Barton. Afcribe not fo much honour to me, for the facrifices that I have
made. They must be nothing to a mother's sensibility: and I would make still
greater, if, on such conditions, I might
have the prospect of a happier fortune to befal my children. But, my dear, have you
renounced all thoughts of soliciting your
friends? Are you without a hope, that such
solicitations would be attended with success?

Capt. Barton. You know the iffue of my former applications. If then I experienced nothing but denials, when more recent fervices spoke for me, shall I hope a better fortune now? and if the hollow-hearted friend, who then deceived me, would not second my just expectations with his influence, who

will now espouse the application of a man so many years forgotten? My very silence since that period would be urged as a pretext for new resusals, and fresh disappointments but re-open wounds as yet not quite healed up. I have thrown away almost my whole dependence to procure me nothing but vexation; I shall therefore hardly be so rash, as to consume what is left me in such steps, as, if they sailed, would end in desperation.

Mrs. Barton. Desperation?

Capt. Barton. Yes; though they should cost me nothing but the time that I must purloin from the instruction of my children. If I durst have any hopes, and should again be disappointed, I am convinced, I could not possibly survive; or should, at least, drag on the wretched remnant of my life in forrow. No, dear wife; let us not imitate those parents, who imagine that they have done enough, in yielding fome fmall portion of their superfluities, and that too with reluctance, that their children may obtain an education. Let us prove our love, by dedicating even our necessaries to their wants. Let us confent to live on bread, if fuch a facrifice be needful, that in future they may shew

thew themselves to have been educated in a manner worthy of us.

Mrs. Barton. And I trust in the Almighty, that they will do so; for sure, we have not

given life to monsters.

Capt. Barton. I have already fuch a hope concerning Edward. Child although he is, yet I have frequently remarked his depth of understanding, openness of temper, and ingenuous way of thinking; qualities that I would defire to find in my friend. He will have two motives for feeking advancement, and those such as operate very forcibly on noble minds: he will have obstacles to overcome, and thereby fo much the more glory to acquire. With what ardour have I obferved him, and particularly thefe two years last past, to resign himself entirely up to fludy, and digest the greatest difficulties! With what enthusiasm has he been seized at the recital of some glorious action! I have often noted him retiring, as it were in thought, that he might narrowly examine the transactions both of Rome and Sparta, and observe the infancy of their most celebrated heroes. In a fearch like this, no wonder that the atchievements of a Cyrus should

should inflame his nature to resemble him in temperance, fortitude, and reputation. On the whole, I verily believe that nothing but some happy circumstance is wanting, to proclaim him such already, as he may one day shew himself to be.

Mrs. Barton. But, my dear, in fuch a fituation as he is doomed to at prefent, when, alas! can we have hope that this happy circumflance will happen?

Capt. Barton. To the weak man it can hardly ever happen: a great heart will frequently create it. Yes, my Edward, there is hardly any thing that I have not room to hope from you.

#### SCENE V.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton, Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Ifabel.

Paul. You were fpeaking, I believe, papa, about my brother?

Capt. Barton. True; I was fo, Paul. You are fensible, there is fearce a momental eye the day, in which I do not think of one other of you.

. Isabel. Have you had any letter from him?

Capt. Barton. Not to-day; but then I know him, my dear child, so well, that I can tell, at any time, what he is about, without his writing to me. For example; I am sure that, at this very moment, he is thinking to afford me a proof his affection, by a diligent attention to his studies. Paul, I am sure his good behaviour will be ferviceable to your introduction, when the time comes round that you must go to school, and have the same instructor.

Paul. And for my part, as, you know, papa, I am to go before Theodore, I will do every thing in my power to introduce bim likewife, with the same degree of credit.

Capt. Barton. I was fure within myself that you would have made me such a promise. In your present situation, my dear little fellows, destitute, as you are sensible you are, of wealth and patrons, your advancement in the world must be at first entirely owing to yourselves, since it depends the efforts you will make, at all times,

the elevation of all three may be the happy

confequence of good behaviour in one only; as the bad behaviour of one only may involve the other two, and be a bar to their good fortune. So that you may fee, on one hand, what difference, and, on the other hand, what honour, may be expected from the turn of your conduct.

Paul. But papa, you know, we heard Pipes fay just now, that you had not been recompensed for your fervice?

Theodore. I am fure, however, you were never found deficient in your duty.

Ifabel. So pray tell us why the king has for fo many years forgot you?

Capt. Barton. Poffibly, because there have been many to reward, much worthier than myself; or else, because the expences of his government prevent his generosity: besides, I have neglected, for a long, long time indeed, all applications to his justice, that the time which they would have taken up might be better employed upon your education. But when once you enter into public life, you will be able, by a proper conduct on your part, to turn his roy, upon your father; and if so, I shall enjoy his benefits twice over.

Paul. Oh! if it depends upon my con-

Theodore. What! and shall we then be able to repay you every thing that you have done on our account?

Capt. Barton. Yes; and to the full. I will not raise the value of those facrifices which your good mother and myself have made to your instruction. We have constantly fubmitted to them unrepiningly, and even with the greatest pleasure. Providence already recompenses us, by planting in your hearts the promife of those virtues that will gratify our hopes. But if you were in future to deceive us, and conduct yourselves in fuch a manner that the fruit of all our facrifices would be loft, what then would be the difmal consequences?—your poor fisters. brought to poverty! your mother in despair! and my grey hairs descending to the grave with forrow!

Paul. No; it never shall be fo.

Theodore. And therefore, if you love us, be affured, we shall do every thing in our power to make you happy.

Capt. Barton. My existence totally depends

pends upon you; and through you I am to live or die.

Paul. In that case, you will live while we have one single drop of blood within us.

Theodore. We will rather die a thousand times, than willingly dishonour you.

Capt. Barton. Well, I receive, my children, this affurance in the fight of Heaven, and can have nothing elfe to with. I shall be indebted to you for the greatest happiness that is to be enjoyed in this world.

Claudia. O papa, how badly off are we, who cannot by our conduct make you happy!

Capt. Barton. You may make my happiness still greater, by so acting as, in this retirement, to occasion me the permanent and tranquil joys peculiar to a father. What will there be wanting to my happiness, if, while your brothers honour my old age by their laudable actions, you, together with your sister, comfort it with your attention, and adorn it with your virtues? What additional felicity can I intreat of Heaven, if I but live to see you merit the distinction gained you by the same and glory of your brothers? (He takes Mrs.

Barten

Barton by the hand, whom an excefs of fensibility had rendered speechless, during all the scene.) Dearest wife! can you imagine what would be our transports at so fair a prospect, when both joy and honour, caused by each of those to whom we have given birth, should fill up our dwelling!

Paul. You fay nothing, dear mama!
Claudia. You weep!

Mrs. Barton. It is for joy, my children. I was indulging myfelf before-hand, in the happiness which your father has just defcribed.

Paul. Oh! we promife that we will do our utmost not to disappoint you. Yes, upon our knees we promise you. And as for Edward, I will answer for him just as he himself would, were he present. (They fall upon their knees before her: she affectionately raises, and embraces them; as does likewise their father.)

#### SCENE VI.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton, Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Ifabel, Pipes.

Pipes, (rushing all at once into the room.)
O my worthy captain!

Capt. Barton. What is the matter!

Pipes. I have feen him! He is returned!

Capt. Barton. Returned?—who, Pipes?

Pipes. He, fir; my best friend! the only friend I have! except, indeed, your honour!

Capt. Barton. Edward, do you mean?

Mrs. Barton. My fon?

Faul. My brother?

Claudia and Ifabel. Where—where is he? Theodore. Omy dearest Pipes, is Edward

coming?

Pipes. Do you ask me, when I have told you? Why, he almost beat me backward, throwing, as he did, his arms about my neck. The excellent young man! still, still the same! He is coming after me. I hear him on the stairs.

Mrs. Barton. But why does he return? Oh, heaven! he has been only ten days abfent! Is it possible, that—

Capt.

Capt. Barton, (interrupting her.) What! fuspect my Edward? This is the first reason for displeasure that you he ever caused me!

Mrs. Barton. Pardon my uneafiness! And yet, what are we to suppose on this oct casion?

Capt. Barton. Any thing, or every thing, much rather than imagine that he has done amifs.

## SCENE VII.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton, Edward, Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Ifabel, Pipes.

Edward, (entering to his father, who springs forward and embraces him.) My dear, dear father! how rejoiced I am to see you!

Capt. Barton. My dear Edward! is it you?—Kifs me, my dear child! and again!—What can be the reason of your coming back so unexpectedly?

Edward. It is mentioned in this paper. Read, read, read! (He gives a paper; and then running up to his mother, falls into her arms) My dear mama! you will be very happy! (He returns to his brothers and fifters,

and falutes ibem.) And how are you, dearest Isabel and Claudia?—and you, Paul and Theodore? You were far from expecting to see me so soon, were you not? However, you will be glad of my return, when you know the reason of it.

Ifabel. Oh! we are glad already, with-

out knowing it.

Edward. I had drawn up a letter yesterday for my papa, with good news in it, and the promise of much better: but my master being then upon the point of setting out for London, on the subject of that better news, thought proper to detain the letter; and succeeding in the object of his journey, it was instantly determined that I should come myself this morning; which was full as well, I fancy: was it not?

Claudia. Oh! certainly.

Capt. Barton. What is this! A pension of three hundred pounds a year, the king allows me!

Mrs. Barton. Is it possible?

Pipes. Bombs and cannons! if it were but true!

All the Children. How, how, papa?

Capt. Barton. There, read the whole yourself, dear wise!—And who is the generous man that has thus condescended to enumerate my services in presence of the king, when every one besides him had abandoned me? The king then knows that I have not served him without some degree of honour! O my prince! I could certainly have been happy, though deprived of your muniscence, but not of your esteem. Dear Edward! who has been my benefactor?

### SCENE the last.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton, Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Ifabel, Pipes, Edward, the Master of the Military School, Eugenius.

(Edward runs out hastily, and very soon returns, bringing in his master by the hand.)

Edward. Here is our friend, and fecond father. See here too, my brother Eugenius. A new son, for you and my mama.

The Master. Pardon me, fir, that I have been so free as to intrude upon you without leave: I was not willing, I confess, to lose Vol. VI. G the

the affecting scene, to which I am witness at present.

Capt. Barton. You may well expect the liberty of being witness to it, fince it is all of your creation.

Mrs. Barton. And has wherewithal, no doubt, to gratify your benevolent heart.

The Master. I am indeed most happy, madam, to perform a character therein, though not the hero. It is to Edward, to your son, that the honour of that character appertains.

Mrs. Barton. To Edward! Capt. Barton. To my fon?

The Master. You had deprived yourself of every comfort in this life, that you might form his heart and understanding; and on his part, he deprived himself of his enjoyments, to evince the gratitude that he owed you. Pardon me, good sir, if I appear acquainted with the secrets of your family. Your son has not betrayed them. It was I who read them in his bosom. Ever since his first commencement with us, he would take no sustenance but bread and water. All our menaces were not sufficient to procure an explanation of his motives for such abstinence

stinence; and by infinuation only did I I come to know it. He resolved to be no happier than his father, who denied himself fo many things on his account. We spoke about you, and I learned your fituation. I have had no other merit than the trifling one of causing intimation of it to be made to our good fovereign; but your name, it feems, was in his recollection; and he faid, as I was told, that he thought himself quite happy, in the means of recompenfing, as he did, your ancient services, as well as the care that you took in bestowing such an education on your children, as must render them the most valuable of his subjects. The worthy nobleman who mentioned your affair to his majesty, even told me, that in faying these words, he shed tears.

Capt. Barton. O, fir! forgive the weaknesses of nature. I had strength sufficient to endure misfortunes; but not half enough to bear such joy! My son! my dearest Edward! are you capable of such generous affection to your father?

Edward. Pardon me: I have but for a moment done in your behalf, what you have been doing for fo many years, on my ac-

count. (He turns towards his mother, who is just upon the point of fainting.) My dear mama! do not die, I beseech you, now that you are rich.

(Mrs. Barton is revived in consequence of his folicitude, and almost overwhelms him with embraces.)

The Master. What an affecting picture! Edward, you remember that I also mean to

be your father?

Edward. Oh, yes; always, always! So, papa, embraçe Eugenius my new brother; we have vowed for ever to love one another.

Eugenius. Yes; and I, on my fide, never shall forget my promife. (They embrace each other ardently; as do Captain Barton and the Master.)

The Master. I have been so free, sir, as to bring him with me to your house, that he might contemplate the virtues that flourish in it. He had read the heart of Edward many days before myself; and he it was who first of all desired his friendship.

Captain Barton. If you give him thus a friend, in the person of my son, I ought to find another for him in the person of his father.

The Master. I can wish for nothing with fuch ardour, as I do such a title; and, on my part, offer you my pledge of friendship. (Holding out his hand.)

Pipes. I can be longer an indifferent looker on! (he lets fall his crutch, and rushes in between them.) Excuse me, sir; but where my Captain gives his heart, mine also must go with it. You are a generous man! were you not, Pipes would never flatter you, by calling you so.

Capt. Barton. You will pardon, fir, the bluntness of a soldier: he is full of honour, and this mark of his affection for me, cannot be a matter of indifference to you. It has been my consolation under many for-

The Master. Say you so? then I take his affection in good part. Your hand com-

rade; for foldiers are all brothers.

rows.

Pipes. O my other good supporter, where are you now? But I will dance without you at the thought of such a happy day.

Tool work for

# THE FIRST TRIAL OF COURAGE.

Mrs. Raymond. I WISH very much to know which of my two children will shew most courage to day, when Mr. Spence arrives.

Augustus. What, mama! is he coming to-

day?

Mrs. Raymond. I expect him.

Laura. What, the person who drew out a tooth the other day for my papa?

Mrs. Raymond. Yes, my dear, he is a very skilful dentist. I have begged that he would call here this morning, to look at your teeth.

Augustus. That must be for my fister, I suppose. For my part, I hope he will pull out no teeth of mine.

Laura. I am fure, I hope the fame.

Mrs. Raymond. Yet I fancy, my little friends, he will be obliged to pull out one for each of you. You, Laura, have one that is very loofe; and you, Augustus, have two that grow too close together, the forwardest of which must be removed.

Augustus.



Augustus. What do you fay, mama? I have not one too many, I affure you.

Mrs. Raymond. Mr. Spence must decide that.

Laura. But it will hurt me.

Mrs. Raymond. I fear it will, my dear girl. However, you must not be afraid, the operation is soon over; and if it was ever so painful, it is absolutely necessary to be done.

Laura. I do not fee what necessity there is to give me pain, mama. I do not with it to be done at all.

Mrs. Raymond. I believe you. Nobody in the world wishes for such a thing. But when a great advantage is to be gained by submitting to a temporary pain, it would be very ridiculous not to consent to it quietly.

Augustus. Oh, I will keep my mouth so close that, that Mr. Spence will be very cunning if he looks into it.

Mrs. Raymond. I advise you, good fir, to speak in a style less earnest, and more fensible. You will keep your mouth shut! A very great effort of good sense, to be sure. Would you have me look upon you as a

coward, unable to support the slightest pain? If I were you, I should be very much ashamed to have a stranger take up such an opinion of me.

Augustus. So should I too, mama, but-

Mrs. Raymond. My dear boy, hear me. Do you not think that it hurts me very much to see you suffer? When you were so very fick, did you not take notice that I lost my rest and my appetite, and that I was vet more uneafy than yourfelf? You may imagine then, that if I have determined for you to undergo a painful operation, I must have some very pressing reason for it. My reason is this. I should be very much afflicted that my children should have irregular teeth when they grow up, and be obliged to pull them out then, when they can have no new ones in their places. This is a confideration very touching to a mother who loves you; but to you, I should think, it must be still more powerful, as you are more concerned in it. The question to you is nothing less than whether you will have a disfigured mouth, for the rest of your life, or one well furnished with teeth. Do you,

Laura,

Laura, understand what I have just faid to your brother?

Laura. Yes, mama. But how much will it hurt me?

Mrs. Raymond. I cannot possibly tell the exact quantity of pain that you will feel; but this I know, that it depends entirely upon yourself to make it much more supportable. Shall I tell you how?

Laura. O dear, yes, mama. Pray do.

Mrs. Raymond. It is, to make no useless resistance, but with a good grace allow Mr. Spence to perform his operation. Your brother talked of shutting his mouth. If you were to undertake to do fo too, do you. suppose he would not find some means to open it? You may be fure beforehand, that the more you twift about, the more he willbe obliged to hurt you. If complaints and tears, instead of being mere marks of weakness, could in the least assuage pain, there; would be some excuse. But since they anfwer no end whatever, and only make you more sensible of what you suffer, it seems to me a great difgrace, as well as a great folly, to give way to fuch cowardly inclinations.

Augustus. Well, mama, we will fee. Tell us how we ought to behave.

Mrs. Raymond. Nothing is more eafy. I only ask you to be quite still for one minute, and all will be over. You were in the room next to your papa the other day, when he had a tooth pulled out. I took you in immediately after: did you hear him make any complaints?

Laura. That is because my papa has a hundred times as much strength as we have.

Mrs. Raymond. Very true. But then his tooth was a hundred times more firmly fixed than yours. It is much harder to pull up a large oak, than a young fapling.

Augustus. What pleasure is it that this Mr. Spence takes in tearing people's jaws to pieces.

Mrs. Raymond. He does not do it for his pleasure, but for his support; and a very useful employment it is; which saves us many cruel torments.

Augustus. But, as he is paid for pulling out teeth, the more he takes out the more he gets. Suppose he was to pull out all I have, one after another.

Mrs. Raymond. It would be much more profitable to him to leave them all in, even the bad ones: for then you would be obliged to fend to him very often to clean them, or put them into order; whereas, with a little attention to them every day, you will have no further occasion to employ him. See how well I have kept mine by a little of that care.

Laura. Is that because you had some drawn when you were no bigger than me?

Mrs. Raymond. Without doubt. I had a mother who watched tenderly over every thing that was of consequence to me. She spoke to me as I am now speaking to you.

Laura. Do you remember it then? Did you cry very much?

Mrs. Raymond. No, my dear. I can do myfelf the justice to fay that I did not.

Laura. And what did you do to avoid it?

Mrs. Raymond. I comprehended immediately that my out-cries could answer no end, but that of making my mother miserable, exposing me in the eyes of the dentist, as a little girl without any resolution, and thus rendering me contemptible to myself.

Augustus. Well, mama, I hope I shall not cry at all.

Mrs. Raymond. I have no doubt, that if you take that refolution you will be able to keep it; especially if you recollect that, one day or other, you will be a man.

Laura. But what am I to do, who shall be only a woman?

Mrs. Raymond. Women have no less occafion than men for refolution to support pain. Perhaps the very weakness of their frame requires a still higher degree of courage and patience. In order to have this fortitude ready for the great evils of life, it must first be exercised in the smallest. I have taken care betimes to strengthen your minds fo as to despise the little accidents common to your age, fuch as falls, sprains, and bruises: it is time to fortify you in the same manner against sufferings more acute. However, in this case, I do not think you will have much to fuffer. Your teeth are not yet fufficiently rooted to require much effort in removing. They are like tender blades of grafs, held to the earth by very flender roots, which may be pulled up eafily without injury. I have · thought it necessary to prepare you for the pain

pain of this operation, whatever it may be, for fear that if you had found it more acute than you expected, you might have had a right to accuse me of deceiving you.

Laura. You know, mama, that I always

trust you entirely.

Augustus. Oh, mama, I know you. I am not at all afraid, now.

Mrs. Raymond. I am delighted at having inspired you with this confidence in me, and at finding you so reasonable. I will not, therefore, treat you like those foolish children that have biscuits or play things promised them for consenting to lose a use-less tooth. I reserve for you a reward more worthy of you and of me. Whoever is most courageous, and most firm, shall have the most tender kifs.

Augustus. You shall fee, mama, that I will deserve two.

Laura. And I, brother, will take care to have as many as you.

Augustus. Very well, we shall see. Mr. Spence may come now as soon as he thinks proper.

THE WIG, THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON, THE LANTERNS, THE SACK OF CORN, AND THE STILTS.

R. FRIENDLY was one afternoon at home, and in the drawing-room with his four children, Lambert, Charlotte, Dorothy and Felix, when three gentlemen, whose names were Vernon, Fairfield, and Fitzwilliam, came to fee him. They were Mr. Friendly's oldest friends; the children likewise loved them greatly, and were very much rejoiced to fee them. They would always listen to their conversation with a greedy ear, as being not only instructive, but amusing; and on this particular occasion fat with fuch attention, that they let the night come on without once thinking that they wanted candles. Mr. Vernon was, by this time, relating a very curious circumstance that happened to him in his travels, when a dreadful noise was heard from the fecond pair of stairs. The children crowded together in a fright, behind their father's el-. bow chair, instead of going out and seeing what what was the matter, as Mr. Friendly thought they would have done. He had bid Lambert, his eldeft fon, step out; but Lambert passed the order to his sister Charlotte; Charlotte to her younger sister Dorothy; and Dorothy, to Felix.

During these negociations, which indeed were all transacted in a minute's time, the noise continued, and came nearer; but not one among them lest his station.

Mr. Friendly eyed them, with a look which feemed to ask if he, or his friends, should take the trouble to rise, and see what accident had happened?

Upon this the four began their march together, towards the door, but in the figure of a fquare battalion, each supported by the other. They were now come near the door, when Lambert, with a fearful step, advanced his foot and opened it; but instantly fell back into his former place. The little ones, however, were not in the least delivered from their terror, when they saw an apparition clothed in white, and crawling on all fours. In short, our Sosias, at the sight, turned tail, and setting up a shriek, retreated towards their father, who rose from his seat,

and going towards the landing-place, cried out, who is there?

I, fir, replied a voice, that feemed to iffue from the flooring.

I, faid Mr. Friendly? And pray who are you?

The barber's boy, fir, looking for your wig.

Think, little friends, what burfts of laughter now fucceeded their preceding filence. Mr. Friendly rang the bell for light, and when it came, perceived the wig-box broken to pieces, and the unfortunate wig entangled about the boy's right foot.

The tumult of this laughable adventure fcarce was over, when the father ridiculed the folly of his children, asking what they had been thus asraid of? They could hardly tell themselves, as having been accustomed from the cradle not to be asraid at night; and as the several servants in the samily were expressly forbidden to tell them any foolish stories about ghosts or gol lins.

Their preceding conversation being thus deranged, it came at last to turn upon this subject, and they wished to know what could

occasion those surprising fears, so common to all children in darkness.

It is the natural effects of darkness, and that only, answered Mr. Vernon. As children cannot properly distinguish objects round them in the dark, their imagination, which is always smitten with the marvellous, shapes them out extraordinary figures, by enlarging or contracting what they look at, just as circumstances govern. Upon this, the notion of their weakness easily persuades them they are utterly unable to resist those monsters which they think armed to hurt them. Terror thus obtains possession of them, and too frequently impresses fears which have the worst of consequences.

They would be ashamed, said Mr. Friendly, if they saw, in open day, what often gives them so much fright by night.

It was for all the world, faid Lambert, just as if I saw it; but I needed only touch it, and then I knew very well what it was.

Oh, yes, faid Charlotte, you have given us indeed an admirable token of your courage. Needed only to touch it! And therefore, I suppose, you would have let me touch the door, but that I pushed you forward.

It becomes you well, to talk about my fear, faid Lambert; you that got behind poor Felix.

And poor little Dorothy behind me,

added the fly Felix.

Come, faid Mr. Friendly, I can fee, you have nothing to reproach each other with. But Lambert's notion is not, upon that account, lefs rational; for as in all the monftrous shapes that we image out continually to ourselves, we have but natural accidents to fear; we may ward off all danger by the sense of seeling, which distinguishes what frequently deceives the sight. It is the neglect of this precaution in our infancy, that makes so many of us fancy ghosts in every object round about us, I remember, on this head, a story, comical enough, which I will tell you.

The four children now came round their father, crying out, a story! oh, a story! and their father thus began it.

In my father's house, there lived a maidfervant, who one night was sent for beer into the cellar. We were all seated at the table, but could not set eyes upon the servant or beer. My mother, who was rather of a hasty hasty temper, rose from table, and went out to call her. As it chanced, the cellar-door was open, but she could not make the fervant hear. My mother ordered me to bring a candle, and go down into the cellar with her. I went first to light the way: but as I looked ftraight forward, did not mind my steps, and all at once fell over fomething rather fost. My light went out, and getting up, I put my hand upon another hand, quite motionless and cold. Upon the cry that I uttered, down came the cook maid, with a candle. She drew near, and we discovered the poor girl firetched all along upon the ground, face downward, in a fwoon. raised her up, and let her have a smelling bottle. She recovered her spirits; but had hardly lifted up her eyes, when she cried out: There! there she is! there still! Who is there? replied my mother. That tall white woman, answered she, there hanging in the corner. See! fee! fee! We looked the way that she poinied; and in fact did fee, as the described it, something white and of a tolerable length fuspended in a corner. Is it only that? replied the cookmaid, bursting out a laughing. Why that is nothing but a shoulder of mutton which I bought last night. I hung it there, that it might be quite fresh, and cool; and put a napkin round it, to keep off the flies. She ran immediately, took off the napkin, and exhibited the shoulder of mutton to her fellowfervant, who flood trembling with fear. It was above a quarter of an hour before she was convinced of her ridiculous mistake. She would at first infift upon it, that the phantom stared her in the face with faucer eyes; that she had turned to run away but that the ghost had followed her, fastened on her petticoat, and seized upon the candle in her hand. What happened after this she could not tell.

It is very eafy to explain all this, faid Mr. Vernon; and affign the reason, why your servant fancied thus extravagantly. When the fright first seized her and she swooned, the circulation of the blood was stopped, and she could not run away; she thought she had been held. Her limbs were deprived of strength, so that she could not hold the candle, and therefore supposed that the spectre took it from her.

We are happy, added he, that the underflanding and good sense of people has begun to distipate these foolish notions concerning ghosts and goblins. There was once a time of so much ignorance, that these ideas mixed with superstitious notions, and deprived the boldest of their courage; but thank heaven, they are at length completely done away in towns; though they subsist, as strong as ever, in the country, which is still supposed to be inhabited by witches, and a train of evil spirits. What I am going now to tell you, is a laughable example of it.

Tom Stubbs, a labouring man, one evening was returning from a fair, with Edmund and Sufan, his two children. It was towards the end of autumn, when the day fluts in betimes.

Tom going by an ale-house, told the children that he would enter and refresh himself a little, ordering them, as they were well acquainted with the road before them, to go onward, and in half a dozen minutes he would overtake them. Edmund and Susan therefore went on slowly, talking of the drollery of a puppet-show that they had

been feeing, and, as well as they were able, talking like the wooden figures in it. All at once, about the middle of a path, which passing round the corner of a little wood, came, where they flood, into the public road, their eye was caught by fomething very bright that feemed to dance upon the ground, or rife and fall by turns. The father having formerly been a foldier, had frequently told them that they must never be afraid of what by night, and at a distance might assume a frightful figure, but go boldly up to it, when they would find it nothing. Edmund had forgot all this instruction. He could hardly speak, he shook all over, and perspired abundantly; whereas his fifter laughed to fee him frightened, faying that the would go and fee the apparition nearer. Edmund, all in vain, affured her that it was a ghost, who certainly would twist her neck off. She was not discouraged by these foolish notions, but went onward towards the light, without once stopping.

She was come within a dozen yards of it, when, behold ye, she discerned the very puppet-show-man who had entertained her

at the fair, and who was feeking fomething with his lantern.

For in drawing out his handkerchief, his purse had followed; and for upwards of ten minutes, he had looked about to find it on the ground, near the spot. Susan, who had always her wits about her, went and searched the hedges, and sound it hanging on a sprig. The show-man gave her, as a recompence, the punchinello which had made her laugh so much; and as they went along, instructed her how to twitch the strings, and to make it play in that diverting manner that she had lately seen.

They were hardly at home, when Tom came in. The puppet-man informed him of what had happened, and extolled Sufan's courage. It was now extremely dark, however, and little Edmund was not to be feen. Tom began to fear fome accident; and therefore took a link, and with Sufan, ran to fee if he could find him.

They went very fast, and hallooed, as they ran, by turns. At last they heard, a great way off, the voice of some one in distress. They made up to it, and found Edmund in a ditch.

a ditch, unable to get out. He was quite covered with a cake of mud from head to foot, and had his face and hands torn fadly with the brambles.

How the deuce came you here? faid his

father, as he helped him out.

Ah, father, I was running with my head turned towards a jack-a-lantern that ran after me, and, as I could not fee my way before me, I tumbled in here. I wanted to get out, but could find only brambles to lay hold of. See how they have feratched my face and hands; and thereupon he began his cries and lamentations afresh.

Tom reproved him roughly for his cowardice; but Edmund was a deal more vexed when told his fifter's luck. He could not be confoled for having lost his share in the diverting punchinello which she knew, by this time, how to play off with great dexterity.

The lantern, in your tale, faid Mr. Fair-field, makes me recollect a fingular adventure with a lantern in it, that performed its part fo well, as to affright, not merely such a little peasant as your Edmund, but a

whole village.

I was coming home one night on horfeback, from a visit that I had just before been making to a number of the neighbouring villages, where I had quartered my recruits. There had fallen a great deal of rain that day, fince noon, and during all the evening, which had broken up the road, and it was raining still with equal violence; but being forced to join my company the next morning, I fet out, provided with a lantern, having to pass a narrow defile between two mountains. I had cleared it, when a gust of wind took off my hat, and carried it so far that I despaired of recovering it again, and therefore gave the matter up. By great good fortune I had on me a large scarlet cloak. I covered up my head and shoulders with it, leaving nothing but a little hole to fee my way and breathe through; and for fear the wind should take a fancy to my cloak, as well as hat, I passed my right arm round my body to fecure it, fo that riding on in this position, you may eafily conceive that my lantern, which I held in my right hand, was under my left shoulder. At the entrance of a village, on a hill, I met three travel-Vol. VI. H. lers,

lers, who no fooner faw me, than they ran away, as if they were possest. For my part, I went on upon the gallop, and when come into the town, alighted at an inn, where I defigned to rest myself a little; but soon after who should enter but my three poltroons, as pale as death itself. They told the landlord and his people, trembling as they spoke, that on the road they had encountered a great figure of a man all over blood, whose head was like a flame of fire, and to increase the wonder, placed beneath his shoulder. He was mounted on a dreadful horse, said they, quite black before, and grey behind, which, notwithstanding it was lame, he fpurred and whipped right up the mountain with extraordinary fwiftnefs. Here they ended their relation. They had taken care to spread the alarm as they were flying from this wondrous apparition, and the people had come with them to the inn in fuch a drove, that upwards of a hundred were all fqueezed together, opening their mouths and ears at this tremendous story. To make up in some fort for my difinal journey, I resolved to laugh a little and be merry at their coft, intending

at the same time to cure them of such frights, by showing them their folly in the present instance. With this view I mounted my horse again behind the inn, went round about till I had rode the distance of half a mile; when turning I disposed of my accoutrements, that is to fav, my cloak and lantern, as before, and on I came upon a gallop towards the inn. You should have feen the frighted mob of peafants, how they hid their faces at the fight, and crowded into the passage. There was no one but the host that had courage to remain and keep his eye upon me. I was now before the door, on which I shifted the position of my lantern, let my cloak drop down upon my shoulders, and appeared the same figure as he had feen me by his kitchen fire. It was not without real difficulty that we could bring the simple people, who had crowded in for fafety, from their terror: the three travellers in particular, as the first impresfion was still strong within them, could not credit what they faw. We finished by a hearty laugh at their expence, and drinking to the man whose head was like a flame of fire and placed beneath his shoulder. This

H 2

was what I meant to tell you, and perhaps if fuch conviction of their groundless apprehensions had not been afforded them, the story of my strange appearance would have passed from one old woman to another, and for centuries occasioned mortal fears through all the country.

It depended only on me too, in the fame manner, faid Mr. Fitzwilliam, to afford the fubject of a fine flory to the gossips of my county, in an adventure that befel me one night, about the time of my leaving school.

I was come home at Midsummer, and had received an invitation from my uncle, to be with him for a month or thereabouts. While I was there, I had occasion to get up one night, or rather morning. I was obliged to pass along a gallery, and had nothing but the moon to guide my steps, and she was very much obscured by clouds. In going by a window which opened to the garden, I saw a monstrous sigure, moving at a little distance from the gallery where I was. The moon, which cast a faint light on the monster, gave it an appearance rather frightful. It was like a great Colossus, with the upper part inclining forwards.

As it went away I faw it by degrees diminish. All at once, however, it appeared to come in two. One half feemed motionless and dead, the other greatly agitated; but as neither of the two approached me, in the fear that feized me I had strength enough to bawl out help! help! I had but time to utter these three words, before the living half of the phantom ran up to the gallery where I was, and in a fuppliant accent, faid to me, Ah master Charles, do not cry out for heaven's fake. I remembered, as I thought, the voice; and therefore taking courage, went up boldly to it, crying out who are you? Some housebreaker doubtless.-No, no, master, I am Sam the coachman. Sam the coachman! answered I; and what are you about at fuch an hour as this? I followed him, for he was now gone from me, and perceived a fack of fomething placed against the wall. I now faw clearly what had given him fo monstrous an appearance; and why he feemed to come in two, when he had thrown the fack off his shoulders. I demanded what the fack had in it. I am going, answered he, betimes to town. Last night, H 3

night I quite forgot to bring my horses. their fupply of oats, and they must eat before they leave the stable. So I rose to get it; but pray do not speak a word about it in the house, I beg you: they might think me very careless, and perhaps a thief. It came into my head, upon the fpot, that he might in fact be what he feemed afraid of being thought. I had myself the night before, I remembered, met him with a fack of oats upon his back. Besides, it was not towards the stable that he was going; he was very near a little door which opened at the bottom of the garden towards a lane; and befides, I thought two facks of oats were more a great deal than three horses, (for my uncle had but three) could want. At breakfast I informed my uncle of this business. After some examination, it was found that the coachman had a false key in his possession, by means of which he had at different times purloined the corn intended for the horses.

Now, if when the phantom had approached, and called me by my name, I had not overcome my first fright, but run away to shun him, with what terrible ideas should

should I have been possessed all night? The idea of this monster might, perhaps, have accompanied me my whole life, and rendered me a coward, if it had not touched my brain, and robbed me of my understanding.

In effect, this apprehension of Mr. Fitzwilliams' was by no means groundlefs. I have myself been very lately told of an unhappy incident, which shows how terrible the effects of fear may be on children. I will tell it you at length, my little friends, and I hope, the story will not fail to cure you of a wish to frighten one another when it is dark, if ever you give way to fuch a practice.

Charles Pomeroy, a child of great vivacity and understanding, had adopted such a turn towards music, that besides his daily lesson on the organ, which his master came to give him every morning, he would go at night upon a vifit to his mafter, who refided in the neighbourhood, and there repeat it.

Charles's brother Augustus was a good boy likewise, but had something of a turn towards drollery; and spent the time, when Charles

Charles was at his book, in scheming how he might play off some trick or other, no ways minding who became the object of his waggery. He took notice that his brother frequently came home alone, and fometimes when it was dark, and turned his thoughts upon a contrivance to frighten him a little. He could walk in stilts. One evening, therefore, at the time that his brother was expected home, he put himfelf into a pair of very high ones, wrapped a great white sheet about him, which trailed far behind upon the ground; and took a broad brimmed hat, which first of all he flapped, and having covered it with crape, of a fufficient length to hang a great way down on every fide, but most of all before him, put it on his head. Thus frightfully equipped, he placed himfelf upright, and at a little distance from the house, close by the-garden-gate, through which his brother always entered coming home. This last was now returning in the innocent delight peculiar to a child, and humming to himfelf the tune that he had been playing. He was scarce come within a dozen paces of the gate, when he perceived the vast Colossus, which

which held out its arms, advancing to attack him. Agitated with a mortal fright, at fuch an apparition, he fell down upon the ground, deprived of understanding. Poor Augustus; who had not foreseen the confequences of his fatal frolic, threw away his mask immediately, and fell upon his brother's almost breathless body; and did every thing in his power to reanimate him: but alas! the unhappy little fellow, as he found, was every thing but absolutely dead. His parents instantly came running to the fpot, and with a great deal of difficulty brought him back to life. He opened his eyes, and viewed them with a vacant stupid look. They called him by every tender name; but he appeared as if he did not comprehend them. He endeavoured, but in vain, to speak: his tongue essayed to do fo, but without articulation. He is now deaf, dumb, and foolish, and will very probably remain fo all his life-time. Six or feven months have passed since this deplorable occurrence, and the doctors who attend him have, as yet, done nothing towards his cure. Imagine little friends, if you are able, the diffress and forrow of his HS

his parents. It would certainly have been better, both for them and him too, had he died upon the fpot. They would not then have every day before them fuch a piteous object of affliction and despair. But their distress is nothing in comparison to Augustus's. Since the unhappy accident, he has been like a skeleton, much more than a human creature. He can neither eat nor fleep. His tears exhauft him. Twenty times a day he walks about the room, and fuddenly stops short: he wrings his hands, pulls up his hair, and curfes even his birth. He calls and embraces his dear brother, who no longer knows him. I have feen them both, and cannot tell which of the two is most unhappy.

### INNOCENCE MADE MANIFEST.

PART I.

EAVE we the degenerate crew Who at female virtue rail: Husbands, to your wives be true, And your peace can never fail.

For falfe rumours, should your wrath Arm itself against their life? Those who urge their breach of troth, With their virtue are at strife.

Ancient story proves this truth, Now the fubject of my fong : Sweet it is, by fpeaking footh, To acquit the fex of wrong. Yet what pleasure can this give, If my heart no other feel? Wives, if you but happy live, I'm rewarded for my zeal.

Beauteous in her prime of days, Brabant's daughter, meek and mild, Blanch attracted gen'ral praise, Gentle as a new-born child. Twenty batons for her strove; Siffroi only gain'd the prize: Hymen quickly crown'd his love With indiffoluble ties.

But the' wedded, still they feem'd Nymph and lover as before; In their countenances beam'd Smiles of love, a countless store! Tender H 6

Tender cares! the speaking eye!—
Ev'n the faithful turtle dove,
Had she flown their dwelling nigh,
Might have learnt from them to love.

But fad tidings foon he hears;
Farewel all his love's delight!
Saladin in arms appears;
Siffroi must go join the fight.
Many a wound within his heart
Love and Fame contending make:
Fame is fweet—but then to part!—
Robb'dof Blanch, his heart must break.

Up at early dawn he hies;
Grief his manly cheek o'erflows,
While he views her, as the lies
Wrapt in undiffurb'd repose.
But the more his wish inclin'd
With her charms to feast his view,
Ev'n the more he dreads to find
Danger in the soft adieu.

Going, he returns; but (Fame Loudly chiding from afar)
Mounts his steed, and urg'd by shame,
Rushes to the field of war.

Blanch

Blanch awakes; what pain to prove! Widow'd when so newly wed!
Oh! what anguish wounds her love,
When she finds her Siffroi sled!

Siffroi's feneschal, who burn'd

Long a captive to her charms,

Hasting ere his lord return'd,

Basely tempts her to his arms.

Blanch his daring hope reprov'd

Less severely than she ought:

Wherefore he, by fury mov'd,

Thus his impious vengeance wrought:

Lefs at length, a prey to care,
Blanch this news to Siffroi fent:
In my fwelling womb I bear
What will both our loves content.
No, writes he, my injur'd lord,
Blanch deludes your ardent vows:
Read thefe letters, they afford
Proofs how the can treat her fpouse.

No one pang had Siffroi known,
'Reft of all his rich domain;
Blanch's cheerless state alone
Would have cost his bosom pain.

But that thus the perjur'd fair
Should his love and name difgrace,
'Tis too much, he cries, to bear!
Vengeance must of love take place!

In his mind's first wrathful plight
No calm reasoning he'll allow:
Death should, as he thinks, requite
Those who break the marriage vow.
He resolves: but ah! his heart
Shock'd at Blanch's dreadful sate,
Countermands the murdering part:
Wretched Siffroi, 'tis too late!

### PART II.

Soon as the first mandate came,
On dire thoughts of blood intent,
Moves th' affassin to his aim,
Fearing Siffroi may relent:
Blanch had with a son, it seems,
After nine long months been blest;
Weak desence against the schemes
Cherish'd in a villain's breast!

To two thieves, a heliish pair,
This vile murder is assigned:
To the forest Blanch they bear,
Wife nor child must pity find.

Would

Would you, friends, the faid and knelt, Prove more cruel than needs must? If compassion e'er you felt, Spare my child, or kill me first!

Innocence, how strong thy charm!

Of this murderous pair, so sierce,
One, though listed is his arm,

Wants a heart the wife to pierce.

Piteous breast and slowing eyes,

Wherefore do ye thus relent?

I can't strike! the villain cries;

Here then let your life be soent.

Blanch, with fear and fright half dead,
Haftens to take up her child;
And, all trembling as the fled,
Traverfes the pathlefs wild.
In the transports of her joy,
How the class him to her heart!
Tracing in th' unhappy boy,
Siffroi, still her foul's best part.

Soon comes sharp inquietude,
These vain transports to ensue!
In a place so wild and rude,
Hapless pair! what will you do?

Day descends: Blanch wanders long,
Nothing knowing where to go;
While, oh grief! her pangs so strong,
Stop her milk's late plenteous flow.

How shall I describe her fears,
Her unutterable smart?
While she feeds the babe with tears,
Warm'd by pressure to her heart.
If he cries, she feels his pain
Pierce her tender bosom through:
If he ceases to complain,
Thinks him dead, and mourns anew.

Night comes on;—to grief refign'd,
She awaits returning day;
Then she wanders forth to find
Fruit her hunger to allay:
Hasting back, she sees with joy,
Wond'rous sight! a gentle doe,
Kindly, to the famish'd boy
Nourishment and milk bestow.

God, who all we need canst give, Mothers are thy work alone!— Hoping now the child may live, Grief she feels not of her own. To a cave not far from thence,

Now the doe her guest precedes,

Points her future residence,

And with care the infant seeds:

Thus thought Blanch 'twould be her fate,
Life's whole course to pass away,
In a solitary state,
Known by none but beasts of prey.
Unripe fruits her only food:

Nothing but dry leaves her bed; Winds that fweep the folitude Pierce her wild and dreary shed.

Dreams of fost ring hope, at least
Grant the succour you can give s
Famine, God can turn to feast;
Therefore, Blanch, in patience live!
If he smites us, he's our fire,
And his children he holds dear:
Comfort then! his darting fire
Wickedness alone needs fear.

#### PART III.

Than the fenefchal not lefs,
Thinking Blanch among the dead,
Siffroi feels the keen diffrefs
By a troubled confeience bred:

If he drives her from his mind,
Thither she returns again;
Often too his heart's inclin'd
To suppose her free from stain.

Torn with anguish, tir'd of breath,

He would gladly die in fight;

But stern Fate will not by death

Terminate his wretched plight.

Spent with weariness, one day

By the soe was Siffroi ta'en;

Sev'n long years in bonds he lay,

And, when free, repass'd the main.

He arrives, o'erwhelm'd with grief;
Ev'n his native plains, so gay,
Can afford him no relief,
Nor his bitter pangs allay.
Tasteless seems the festive bowl,
Dull the pomp of courtly show:
Siffroi, for thy tortur'd soul
Fate reserves another blow.

Verging now to life's last goal,
Does the seneschal repent,
And behind him leaves a scroll
Proving Blanch was innocent.

Oh! what horror Siffroi then Felt, when he beheld and read-Blanch through me, he cries, of men Guiltiest, has unjustly bled.

Thenceforth does a haggard fiend Stalk where'er he turns his fight; On his path by day attend, And disturb his sleep by night. Blanch he fees in fun'ral shroud With her babe go glaring by: Fierce they frown, and yelling loud, Cruel spouse and father cry.

Wine and pleasure both in vain Minister their foothing balm: Respite he finds none from pain, Toss'd by tempest without calm, Most however he's inclin'd To purfue the stag's swift pace; Least distracted, when his mind Meets the turmoil of the chace.

One day, as it chanc'd, his dart Pierc'd a deer,—the creature fled: He pursues her steps, in part Suided by the blood she shed.

But while traverfing the wild,
What strange objects soon appear!
Lo a semale and a child,
Comforting the wounded deer!

On this female form, half bare,
Scarcely had he turn'd his view,
Than the redden'd, and her hair
Inflantly before her threw.
From the world, cry'd Siffroi, torn
With this child what do you here?
Sev'n long years, faid Blanch, I mourn
One though cruel, still most dear.

Cruel, Siffroi cried, and why?

By a villain's arts, faid she,

Was his ear deceiv'd, and I

An adult'rest thought to be.

What then are you?—but proceed.

Blanch I was, when fortune smil'd.

Siffroi springing off his steed

Cries aloud, My wife and child!

Yes, 'tis you, with joy intense! He repeats, and many a kiss, Oh I know your innocence. But believ'd you dead ere this.

Cruel as I was, dear wife,
To reduce you to this state!
No, said Blanch, you give me life,
If you own my truth, though late.

But, by this time, round about,
Crowding his companions throng:
See your mistres? he cries out,
She for whom we griev'd so long:
See my son too; of his face
Ev'ry feature calls him so.
Come, and from this dreary place,
To my palace let us go.

On the train proceeds, and near
Follow the now happy pair,
Close to them the gentle deer,
Proud the playful child to bear.
Family, thrice fortunate!
All your sufferings now are o'er,
Now at length you prove a fate
Happier than you knew before.

# THE AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. Torrington.

MADAM,

THIS address, perhaps, will cause you fome surprise; or possibly you may have looked for such a greeting.—I, for my part, find it necessary; and of course, without another line of preface, pass over to the subject which extorts this letter from me.

You may well remember, there was once a time when I fincerely loved you, and when you yourfelf appeared to merit my affection. Now that time is past. You have found out an object worthier of your love than I am. Since you act from the idea of promoting your selicity by such a preference, I do not wish to thwart you.—We are free.—Do you retire where you think sit, while I live where I please; and that is here. I grant you a week's time to make your choice. I go away to-morrow morning, and shall stay from home till Monnay next, that you may not be incommoded with my pre-

presence, or endure that trouble, of which it does not fuit me in the least to be a witness. Respecting our three children, you may be at peace on their account. Their mother, after her behaviour, must no longer have the least communication with them: and whenever I think fit to make enquiry, I shall find some governess who will not be wholly unqualified to bring them up according to their birth. Receive for ever my adieu. Enjoy in peace your new condition, and endeavour, as much as you can, to blot out the remembrance of that man, who formerly was proud to subscribe himself your loving husband, but is now no more than, &c.

ARTHUR TORRINGTON.

### LETTER II.

To Mr. Torrington.

SIR.

I SHOULD in vain endeavour to describe the different emotions raifed within my foul, by the perusal of your letter. You refolve that a separation shall take place between

tween us. Since you judge an open rupture needful, I submit to your good pleafure. If when we were first united, any one had told me that all our mutual vows would come to this, I should certainly not have been perfuaded that fuch an event was possible. Nevertheless it has taken place. In my misfortunes, however, I have still one consolation left me; namely, that in heaven there is a God, who has the means of manifesting innocence. My conscience clears me of reproach. My heart has no idea of an object worthier of me, as you fay, than you are. It has always been devoted to you only. I protest all this, not making use of oaths, but by a simple affirmation which my heart pronounces with affurance. I will make no effort to convince you of my innocence, and your injustice. I shall patiently pursue the path which God's providence points out for me. God's providence, I fay, which hitherto has heaped its bleffings on me; and, I hope, will still continue so to do. It is a cruel step, fir, to take all my children from me. I may think, the mother who first gave them life in anguish, has a greater title to them than

than a father; and the laws would grant me the fociety of one, at least: but do not imagine that I have fuch a doubt of your paternal tenderness and wish to make them happy, as to have recourse to legal aid against you. I will figure to myfelf with refignation, that God's will by death, has torn them from me, or that I myself am dead. and shall be very quickly followed by them. Farewel, and be at all times happy, most unjust, yet dearest husband. Every night and morning I will pray to God that, for your own repose, he may remove the mist of error from before your eyes, convincing you how faithful and affectionate a spouse you are at present wronging, in the person of your desolate

AMELIA TORRINGTON.

## SCENE I.

Mrs. Torrington, Harriet, Sophia, Caroline.

Harriet. Here we are, mama.

Mrs. Torrington. Come hither, my dear children. Sit down by me; I have fomething to tell you.

VOL. VI.

Caroline. Take me on your knee, do, pray, mama. (Mrs. Torrington takes up Caroline, kiffes ber, and weeps.)

Harriet. What is the matter, dear mama? why do you cry?

Sophia. I have done nothing, at least, that I know of, to displease you.

Caroline. Nor I either, dear mama.

The Children, (while the mother cannot fpeak for tears.) Mama! dear, dear mama!

Mrs. Torrington, (restraining her tears.) Do not be uneasy, my sweet children, I beseech you. Do not cry thus, or you will certainly distract me.

Harriet. Then why did you cry yourself, first of all? Why did you weep so yesterday? the day before? and every day since you received my papa's last letter?

Mrs. Torrington. Do not ask me, my poor girl! You will know all time enough. All that I can tell you at present, my dear children, is, that I am forced to leave you tomorrow morning early.

Sophia. And do not you intend then to take me this time, as I was promifed? Harriet, you remember, went with you last year.

Mrs. Torrington. I wish I could, my life; and not you only, but your fisters likewise; but it is not in my power.

Harriet. At least, mama, I hope you mean to return very foon.

Sopbia. And won't you bring me fomething pretty?

Caroline. And me too?

Harriet. What, fifters! can you fee how fad mama is, and yet think of asking her for play-things?—If I durst—

Mrs. Torrington. Well? what, my dearest Harriet?

Hrrriet, (bursting into tears.) You will never come back to us. I know it. You are always forrowful when you quit us; but yet you never wept so much as now, when you were going on a little journey.

Mrs. Torrington. Do not alarm yourself, Harriet. In about fix weeks I shall come back and see you.

Sophia. In about fix weeks! and what are we to do, fo long, without you?

Caroline. I can never play fo well, you know, mama, as when you are with me?

Mrs. Torrington. Your papa will come back next Monday.

Harriet. And not find you here then, to receive him!

Sophia. He will be very forry, when he comes, to find you abfent.

Caroline. So pray flay at least till he comes back.

Mrs. Torrington. It will but give him greater pleasure, at the time of my return, to see me; and six weeks will soon be past.

Harriet. You won't inform us; but I know very well that papa—

Mrs. Torrington. Dear child, you wound my heart; and I have grieved enough already, at the thought of parting with you. Pray be comforted. We shall see one another again very soon. Receive this kiss as an affurance.

Harriet, (clinging round ber neck.) Oh, if it were true!

Mrs. Torrington. When fix weeks are once past, you will see. I promise you, and you know I never yet deceived you. Take care of you health, dear babes, and study to amuse yourselves till I return. (She embraces them one after the other.) Harriet and Sophia, you that are the eldest, take what care you can that nothing happens to

poor

poor little Caroline. Think frequently of me, and I, on my part, will do fo of you.

—Farewel, farewel; (She forces herfelf from them, and goes out; while they fland motionless with grief, and cry bitterly.)

## LETTER III.

To Mrs. Villars.

Dear and worthy FRIEND,

I send you my three girls, and earnestly conjure you to bestow your tenderest care upon them, fo that they may find a fecond mother in you. After the deplorable event that has deprived them of the mother who first gave them life, I look upon it as a special bleffing that you fo generoutly condefeend to superintend their education. I am fenfible how great a burthen I wish you to undertake, and how utterly unable I shall ever be to shew my gratitude for such a favour. But then what will not a father dare to do for his children? Condescend, therefore my dearest Madam, upon that account, to pardon any paternal indifcretion, and dispose for ever both of me and every

thing belonging to me. There is one particular that I cannot fufficiently recommend to your attention; namely, the felection of a proper governess. Endeavour to secure them one according to your principles and mine. There are fo few, Madam, fit for any thing but dreffing and undreffing dolls! and rather than deliver up my children to fuch creatures, I would leave them in a wilderness, to vegetate, without receiving any education. But as fouls that afterwards prove worthy of each other, have a fort of reciprocal attraction, by a fecret fympathy subsisting in them, I am not without the hope that in so elegant a place as Bath, you will at least be able to procure some woman of a fuitable behaviour, with fense fufficient, and knowledge to bring up my children as I wish. I beg that you would suppose yourself at liberty to enter into any terms with fuch a one as you yourfelf think proper, fince I mean to spare no cost upon a point of fuch importance. I am quite impatient for a letter from you. It would highly please me, if you would charge my eldest daughter Harriet with some part of the correspondence that will be between us; as by fuch means, the will come herfelf to write correctly betimes, and to express herfelf with some degree of ease. It is in your power to render more supportable the great misfortune that I have undergone, and to give me in my children all the joy of which their mother has deprived me. In reality, I cherish such a hope within me, to drive out the uneafiness that otherwise would overwhelm me; and fubscribe myfelf, with every fentiment of gratitude, efteem and friendship,

Yours, &cc.

ARTHUR TORRINGTON.

#### SCENE II.

Mrs. Torrington, Jenny, (the maid) and Crape, (ber footman.)

Crape, (entering.) Here is my lady Harbord's answer, madam, to your letter, with her compliments.

Mrs. Torrington. That is well! Is Benjamin in the house? Bid him come up: and come you with him likewife.

Mrs. Torrington, (baving read the letter.). Thank

Thank Heaven!—I have fucceeded.—(To ber maid,) Hold, Jenny: it is meant for you.

fenny, (reading.) "I am quite happy, madam, to receive the chambermaid that you recommend me. One, of whom you fpeak fo very handfomely, must be a valuable fervant; and I thank you for the preference that you have afforded me on this occasion. She may come whenever she thinks sit." (giving back the letter with a trembling hand.) Alas, my dearest mistres! what have I done then, that you are fending me away? In what have I deserved dismission?

Mrs. Torrington. You have not deferved it, my poor Jenny. You have, at all times, been a dutiful girl, and if, hereafter, Providence should otherwise dispose my lot, I will have none but you to wait upon me. But at present, it is impossible that you should continue with me any longer. We must absolutely part. Be comforted; it will not, I persuade myself, be long before I have you back. I would, till then, have given you wherewithal to live, but that I fear the danger that might threaten

threaten your youth and inexperience. You will be, with Lady Harbord, no lefs happy than you were with me, as I have recommended you to her protection in a very earnest manner. Take this little present as a token of remembrance; there is likewise in the bottom drawer of my bureau, a quantity of clothes and linen which I give you. Go, my poor dear Jenny, and do not cry before me thus. My eyes are full enough of tears already. Go; and, when you have put all your things together, I will see you once more.

Jenny, (wringing her hands.) And must I quit you then, my dearest lady? No; I cannot live without you; I will follow you

wherever you are going.

Mrs. Torrington. (with firmness.) Let me beg, dear Jenny, if you love me, not to hurt my mind at present with your lamentations: leave me to myself. I want to be alone. Go, go, my poor dear friend. I have already mentioned that I would see you once again before we part.

Jenny, (going out.) My worthiest mis-

Mrs. Torrington, Benjamin, (her coachman,) Crape, (the footman.)

Benjamin. Do you want me, madam? Are

you going out this morning?

Mrs. Torrington. Wait a little, Benjamin. (to Crape.) Crape, how much may be owing to you?

Crape. Only for a quarter, madam.

Mrs. Torrington. There it is, besides a balf year more; that you may have a trifle for your subsistence till you find another place, as my affairs oblige me to leave home. I have been pleased with your behaviour in my service, and drawn up this character, which you may shew, wherever you apply for employment. You are young, and know your business. You will easily procure a place. Farewel, and God be with you. (The footman leaves the room with forrow in his countenance.)

Benjamin. Ah! my good dear lady! I would fain believe that my turn is not coming.

Mrs. Torrington. It is with great reluctance I inform you that we must part.

. Benjamin. What I leave you, madam! I,

that faw you almost as soon as you were born, and followed you, when you were married, from your father's! I, whom you considered as a part of your dowry, and declared that you did so; will you send me off, when I have been so many years your fervant? Do you think me less attached to you at present on account of my age, than I was formerly! Alas! I have no wife or child. I have no friend but you, my dearest mistress! what will become of me then, if I must now be parted from you?

Mrs. Torrington. Benjamin, you may eafily believe me, when I tell you that this parting cannot but afflict me. But you fee, I have dismissed my maid and footman, and you may judge, I cannot have occasion for a coachman.

Benjamin. Cannot have occasion! Are my master's affairs in consusion then? I have wherewithal to feed your horses many years to come, your bounty gave it me. Pray, then, let me die in my seat, and still continue with you.

Mrs. Torrington. Such a proof of your attachment cannot but affect me, and I feel it at my heart; but be you comforted. Your

master manages his fortune as a man of prudence should do; and his wife is not in want of any thing: in proof of which, I give you my three horses, and a trifle every year for your support.

Benjamin. What me, fo much, my dear mistres? What use can I make of your bounty? I should but die the sooner, after I had it, out of grief for having lost the worthy giver of it. Never, therefore, never—

Mrs. Torrington. I infift on your acceptance of it, for my own, though not your fatisfaction. I would willingly be happy in the thought of having given you peace and comfort for the rest of your old age. Go then, my friend: you will distress me, should you stay a minute longer.

Benjamin. Let me wish you then, at least, a thousand blessings. I am old; yet were I younger, should not have sufficient time to weep for having lost you.

Mrs. Villars, Mrs. Torrington; (under the feigned name of Lambert, and in difguife.)

Mrs. Torrington. Pardon me, madam, the liberty, of this intrusion. I have been informed

formed that you want a governess for three voung ladies. Though I am far from thinking that I have all the necessary qualifications for fuch an arduous undertaking, yet my fituation induces me to beg that you would have fo much goodness as to make a trial of me.

Mrs. Villars. May I ask you, madam, who you are, and what your name is?

Mrs. Torrington. Lambert, madam; I am the unhappy widow of a man whom I loved, and still love better than myself. In the affliction that befets me, I should look upon it as a confolation, could I fill my time up with the education of your little ladies; I conjure you, madam, to bestow this favour on me, if you have not yet engaged with any one. I date perfuade myfelf, you will be fatisfied with my folicitude to pleafe you. I defire no falary, I am above the possibility of want. It is only an employment that I request, to drive away the thought of my misfortunes.

Mrs. Villars. So affecting is your motive, that it interests me in your favour. You have then no children, madam ?

Mrs. Torrington, (with emotion.) I had three three, that constituted all my hope and satisfaction; but, alas! my cruel fortune has deprived me of them.

Mrs. Villars. I fincerely pity you with all my heart! You feem a very tender mother; and deferve that they should have lived to recompense your feeling and affection.

Mrs. Torrington, (with a figh.) Ah, maidam! they are still, still living. But, on that account (however strange my story) not selfs lost to me. (She weeps.)

Mrs. Villars. I cannot comprehend you, madam; either your affliction has impaired your understanding, or you stifle in your heart some very great missfortune. Would you sear to trust me with it? Possibly, I might be able to afford you some degree of consolation.

Mrs. Torrington. Yes, madam; you only can afford me confolation.

Mrs. Villars. What! I only? Let me know then what I can do for you? There is nothing that I would not with chearfulness perform to comfort you.

Mrs. Torrington. Then make me governels of your young ladies.

Mrs.

Mrs. Villars. Is that all?

Mrs. Torrington. I can have nothing else to ask; but what I ask will make me happy, if you grant it.

Mrs. Villars. I cannot express my astonishment at what you say. All this conversation is in some fort like a vision. Though you do not think me worthy of your confidence, I feel within me a desire to give you mine. I will bring you in the three young ladies. Will you undergo a slight examination of your abilities to discharge the employment that you solicit? if, as I have not a doubt, you justify the idea that I have formed concerning them, I promise to entrust you with their education.

Mrs. Torrington, (in transport.) O my noble benefactives! I cannot contain my joy! then I have your promise?

Mrs. Villars. Yes, madam; but on fuch conditions as I mentioned.

Mrs. Torrington. Madam, I desire no better; and thank Heaven and you I have again recovered my three children?

Mrs. Villars. Your three children, maidam! What three children?

Mrs. Torrington. Those that you have undertaken to protect, the three Mifs Torringtons. You fee before you their unhappy, but yet guiltless mother, whom her hutband has parted from them. I have left my property behind me, and difguifed my name and circumstances, to procure an introduction to my children. I was fearful of discovering who I was, till I had obtained your promise. I am sensible, my husband has written to you about something which he imagines I have done amiss; but yet, I dare perfuade myfelf, my prefent conduct has already proved how innocent I must be of his accusation. A good mother connot furely be a wicked wife!

Mrs. Villars, (embracing her.) O most affectionate, but yet courageous woman! I want words to shew my joy and admiration. Could it possibly have come into my head, that Mrs. Torrington was hid beneath this sorrowful disguise?

Mrs. Torrington. The metamorphofis has not been painful to me; and, in future, I am feriously determined to support it. No one in the world, madam, except you, shall ever be acquainted who I am. Conside upon.

upon my promife. By whatever you your-felf conceive most facred, will I swear, that not a word shall ever escape me, to reveal the secret.

Mrs. Villars. And on my part too, I promise you the same discretion. But your daughters?

Mrs. Torrington. I shall find it a hard task, indeed, to keep myself a stranger, as it were, to them, and so suppress the workings of my motherly affection: But no other way is left me. Only aid me while I personate my part. As soon as the deception is established once, it will support itself. I should be quite without anxiety on that head, if it were not for my eldest daughter, Harriet. She, I am asraid, will know me. I must persevere, however, in the pious imposition.

Mrs. Villars. I can bear no longer this affecting scene, but will be gone, and bring you in the children. (She goes out, and almost instantly returns, with Harriet and ber sisters; who all make a curify to Mrs. Torrington, considering her from head to foot, with great attention and embarrassment.)

Mrs.

Mrs. Villars. My dear little ladies, it is to let you fee this gentlewoman whom I have chofen to be with you, as your governess. I dare engage you will be happy under her. I think, I may affure you of her care and friendship; and expect that you, on your part, will obey and love her, just as if you thought her your mama.

Harriet, (falling into her arms.) It is our mama! it is the herfelf!

Sophia and Caroline. Mama! mama! You are returned then? (They all cling to ber, with repeated kiffes; but she keeps up a referved and serious countenance.)

Mrs. Villars. Truly, I was thinking that you would all be much deceived. I had myfelf the fame ideasof the lady; I fancied, I know not for what reason, that she was your mama.

Harriet. And so she is; my heart informs me so, as truly as my eyes.

Sophia. And have you brought me any thing?

Carolina. Ay, where is the doll that you promifed me, mama? Pray let me have it.

Mrs. Torrington. My dear little ladies, I am forry to fee you all in fuch an error. I

am not your mother. You know, she is a great way off.

Harriet. No, no: you are our dear mama. We cannot be deceived. You have not such a charming dress on as she wears, but then you have her face, and her shape, and her sweet voice.

Mrs. Torrington. Is it possible that I should resemble your mama so much? If so, I am very glad, on your account, as well as my own: it will make us so much better friends to one another: will it not, young ladies? I dare say you begin to love me a little already, don't you?

Sopbia. O! much, much, mama.

Caroline. And I too? If you did but

Harriet, (weeping.) What have we done, mama, that you should grieve us thus? that you should tell us you are not our mother? but, however, we are all of us your children.

Mrs. Villars. Come, good madam, you must be what they would have you; and since they resolve to call you mother, take that name upon you: it will give them pleasure. And, young ladies, if you like it, you may call me mother likewise.

Harriet.

Harriet. We do not wish to affront you, but though you love us, you will never be our mother.

Mrs. Torrington. Well, my dear young ladies, if you wish to make me your mama, I wish it likewise; and will have as much affection for you, as if really I were so. My dear Harriet, and my dear Sophia, and my dear, sweet, little Caroline. (She embraces them with transport.)

Harriet. How happy we all are, in having our mama again! We thought continually of you, in your absence; and did hardly any thing but cry since you first left us.

Mrs. Torrington, (whispering Mrs. Villars.)
I foresaw that Harriet would discover me; and therefore I must make her of my party, by discovering my intention to her. Then take away her sisters for a moment, if you can.

Mrs. Villars, (whispering Mrs. Torringion.)
Yes, I understand you.—(To Sophia and Caroline.) Come, my little angels, I will let you have the play-things that your mama, as you would have her called, has brought you. (She goes out with Sophia and Caroline.)

### Mrs. Torrington, Harriet.

Mrs. Torrington. We are now alone, my dear Harriet; I may indulge the happiness that I feel in pressing you to my heart.

Harriet, (falling into ber arms.) Ah, now you are my good mama, indeed. But pray, never for the future, tell us that you are not.

Mrs. Torrington. Be it fo, my dearest Harriet: but there is one thing that I insist on, in my turn.

Harriet. Ch! any thing in the world,

Mrs. Torrington. Then, if you love me, Harriet, do not tell any one that I am your mother. Call me only Mrs. Lambert; you understand. It is of the greatest consequence to my affairs; and for a reason, which I have not time to tell you now, it is necessary that I should be unknown.

Harriet. How, would you have me cease to call you my mama? you that I love so much?

Mrs. Torrington. And do you think that my love confiders it less painful, to deny myself the only name, which can at all times make me happy?

Harriet. Well then, I obey; but every time that it comes not from my lips, when I am fpeaking to you, suppose me to pronounce it in my heart.

# LETTER IV.

To Mr. Torrington.

DEAR PAPA,

I HAVE so many things to write to you, that I cannot tell with which I should begin my letter. We are now no longer at Mrs. Villars's, but have removed to Mrs. Lambert, our governess's house; it is in the Circus, and a very pleafant fituation. You cannot possibly conceive how happy we are all of us in being with her. She is fuch a charming woman! quite as kind as our mama! She loves us just as if we were her children, and we love her also just as if she were our mother! There is no need of laying out your money to have masters come and teach us; she herself knows every thing that we ought to learn. You would imagine fhe confidered it her happiness to teach us; and

and she does it in so kind a way, that we are all delighted with instruction at her hands. Sophia and little Caroline already read quite charmingly, fo much attention Mrs. Lambert has paid them! As for me, I have begun a course of geography and history with her: this, together with a little cyphering, and a few choice pieces both in verse and profe, which I take care to learn by heart, employs our morning. In the afternoon, for recreation fake, I go to drawing, dancing, and the harpficord; and when the evening comes, fit down and take my needle, at the use of which you cannot imagine how clever Mrs. Lambert is: and lastly, to complete myself in cyphering, and acquire a little knowledge of the expences of a house, the gives me all the bills to overlook, and makes me set down every little sum of money that she lays out. By these means I begin to know the price of many things, and, as she tells me, may become your little stewardess when I return. With so much on my hands to do all day, you will perhaps imagine that I am tired at night; not at all, papa. I am happy, on the contrary,

to think that I have fo well filled up my time, and should have reason to complain, if any one deprived me of such charming occupations.

I have put a little trick on Mrs. Lambert, and mean to tell you what it is. She went the other day with Caroline to visit Mrs. Villars, and left me at home to keep Sophia company. I thought it would divert her if I read a little; fo I took a book that we have, called the Theatre of Education, from the French, and read the Poor Blind Woman. I could not refrain from crying very much; but, to my great furprife, Sophia did not. This quite vexed me, as you may easily imagine; upon which I pinched her, that fhe might cry and keep me company. She cried indeed, and more a great deal than I wanted her to do. At last, however, I appeafed her, after many killes and careffes, but was angry with myfelf for having hurt her. I suppose, some object took off her attention while I read, and naturally thought that the would be really affected, could the read the piece herfelf: with this idea in my head, I formed a plan of putting her to con this

this charming piece in private, till the could read it perfectly; and Mrs. Lambert could not refrain last night from wondering at the progress that she had made. We did not let her know our secret, but propose to catch her so again with Caroline. I am quite rejoiced that we can have these opportunities of pleasing her, for all the trouble that she is every moment taking upon our account.

These, dear papa, are our amusements and our studies here; to which, if you add our walks about the place, our visits to a few poor people near us, whom we now and then affift with old clothes and money, and our labours in a little garden, where we tend our flowers, you will have the history of our at large. We never were fo well in health as now, and never in our lives fo happy; we want nothing but the pleafure of your company. If you would only take a little journey down to Bath, I would give every thing in the world that you might fee this Mrs. Lambert. I am fure, no woman breathing would prove worthier of your friendship. Oh! come, come papa!

But you must know, I have Caroline at present at my elbow, and the asks the 11 1

194

am writing to you. She is fo proud of having scrawled these few days past what she calls letters, in a copy-book that Mrs. Lambert has made her, that she says she too will scribble you a line or two. It will be a charming hodge-podge, I foresee, of great and little letters, and fine spelling, if she sets about it; but no matter, I must please her. She has got a pen in hand already, and is groping in the standish for ink. She is tugging me this very moment by the apron to leave off, and give her up my seat. Adieu then, dear papa. My governess desires me to present you her respects. Sophia's duty to you, and mine also. I am, &c.

Harriet Torrington.

### LETTER V.

To Mr. Torrington.

SIR,

YOU certainly remember what you have often faid you would fubmit to, if a woman could be found completely fit to undertake the education of a child, except it were her mother.

mother. I have met with one, whosequalities are even greater than your wishes, for the education of your children; and with justice I might claim the full performance of your. promife, and expect that you should fet out for Bath upon your head. However, lay aside your fears; I will not abuse my power, but shew you no lefs mercy than the considence that you have reposed in me. I claim one fole condition of you, or request rather, as a friend, and that is, to come down as foon as possibly you can. Do not ask what reason I can have for this abrupt request, as you shall know it when you are here. You have only to fet out, and that immediately, unless you wish me to repent that I have taken such concern in your affairs. Yours, faithfully,

### HORTENSIA VILLARS.

P. S. Harriet begs me to inclose my note within her letter, so that you may read hers first,

# LETTER VI.

To Mrs. Villars.

## My DEAR AND VALUABLE FRIEND,

I PAY obedience to your letter, and leave town immediately, as you enjoin me; fo that this reply will not have reached you. half a dozen hours before you fee me. In reality, I wish to have it go before-hand, and in some fort spare my tongue the shame and trouble of revealing what it is to tell you. Shall I even have fufficient courage thus to let you know my fituation? but the case is urgent; and besides, I merit my miliation. Well then, know, madam, I have shewn myself the most unjust and cruel of all husbands! I have dared to disparage the unspotted virtue of my Amelia with my feandalous fuspicions; of my Amelia, I repeat, whose very looks I am unworthy now to meet. It was when I most infulted her that the was most studious to preferve my name from ignominy. One of my relations, a young man whom I patronized,

nized, was on the point of being utterly difgraced among his brother officers, for certain youthful levities which he durst not communicate to me, acquainted as he was with my impatient temper. It was she who, with the fruits of her æconomy, delivered him from the dishonour that he was going to bring both upon himself and me. She had fufficient strength of mind to bear with my unworthy treatment and afperfions, rather than expose him to my indignation by revealing his delinquency. I have difcovered very recently this motive for those fecret interviews that so disturbed my mind, and cannot keep from curfing my detelled jealousy. But how shall I endure her prefence? At her feet, and without daring to look up, I will implore her pardon. I am posting to that quarter where she has fixed her retirement: fortunately I must pass through Bath to reach it. I shall see you by the way, and kifs my almost orphan little ones. Farewel! I dare not fign a name which my jealoufy has made fo criminal.

Mrs. Villars, Mr. Torrington, Harriet, Sophia, Caroline.

Harriet. Well, papa, fo you are pleafed with what we have told you?

Sophia. And think us very much improved?

Mr. Torrington. Yes, my children, I am charmed with every thing I have feen!

Caroline. As well as with the little letter of my writing? Was not it quite pretty?

Mr. Torrington. Admirable, like yourfelf, my little Caroline! But where is your worthy governess? I wish to see and thank her.

Mrs. Villars. I fee her coming this way. We will leave you with her. Come, my little dears, come along with me. (She goes out with Harriet, Sophia and Caroline.)

### Mr. Torrington, Mrs. Torrington.

(Mrs. Torrington comes in, but with a trembling step; and Mr. Torrington advances towards ber.) Madam, let me ask your pardon!—But—whose features do I see?—Who is this?

Mrs. Torrington. Well, fir, what causes this confusion! Are you forry that I have the care and education of your children?

Mr. Torrington. Sorry! Nothing in you ever should have made me wonder, had I but deferved the happiness of knowing you. -My Amelia!

Mrs. Torrington. Why bestow that name upon me? I have put it off.

Mr. Torrington. You have, indeed; and therefore, kneeling at your feet, I shall implore you to resume it. (He falls upon his knees before ber.)

Mrs. Torrington. What, would you do, fir?

Mr. Torrington. If you would not behold me die. - one word! - one fingle word! one of those sweetly founding accents that were wont to make me happy!

Mrs. Torrington. Well, then, dearest husband, rise, and come to the embrace of your Amelia, who still loves you.

Mr. Torrington. It is too much!-Too much!-I ask not such a bleffing!-Tell me only that you have ceased to hate me.

Mrs. Torrington. It should be my punishment to ask your pardon, could such hatred ever come into my heart. Speak only of my happines: I think of nothing in the world but yours. Come, then, and let us both be happy in the conversation of our children.

## LETTER VII.

To Mrs. Villars.

DEAR MADAM,

I LEAVE Bath with every fense of gratitude that the services which I have experienced from your friendship cannot but inspire, and sly towards London, where I mean to furnish a new house for my Amelia. She designs to follow me some sew days hence, and to bring the children with her. I hope you, madam, will also come and take your portion in the happiness that you have restored to, &cc.

Arthur Torrington.

### LETTER VIII.

My DEAR HUSBAND,

INSTEAD of feeing me, or any of the children, you will have a letter full of tears and

and lamentation. On the day after your departure, Harriet and Sophia all at once complained of being feverish, and were attacked with fuch a head-ache that they could not possibly keep up. We put them, therefore, inflantly to bed. Towards evening, Caroline made just the same complaint. All three are now covered quite over with a very thick fmall-pox of fuch a fort as I am told is very virulent. I must forget that I never had this dreadful malady myself. All night, as well as day, I keep my fituation by their bed, and every moment fear they will be fuffocated. I have felt already, in myfelf, a laffitude and heat in every limb; but my affection makes me stronger Lan I should be otherwise. Their love and tenderness sustain my courage. I perceive that, in the height of all their fufferings, they refrain, as much as they are able, from complaint, for fear of giving me uneafinels. In the delirium of their fever, they do nothing but pronounce your name and mine with tones of voice fo moving, that one cannot possibly express them; and no earlier than this very morning, Caroline delired to fee you. I replied that I could not read to

London for you, lest you should catch her illness. "Oh, no, no, mama, faid she, do not be afraid; I'll keep it all myself!' " My child, replied I upon this, you might communicate the infection to him, without lofing it yourfelf."-" So much the worfe," faid Caroline, and fwooned away with weakness; but soon after, coming to herself, she called me, faying, "Dear mama, you have the picture of papa about your neck; pray let me kiss it! There is no fear, I suppose, that it will catch the fmall-pox from me." -- Dearest children! should I lose you! Should myself, perhaps-I fee about me the prefages of a dreadful feparation!-Arm yourself therefore with resolution, my dear husband! our life in this world is but as it were a moment, Harriet is afraid lest my letter should afflict you, and requests, with tears, that I would permit her writing fomething to confole you. I am fearful fuch an effort may exhauft her, but more fearful to afflict her by my refusal; I am, therefore, giving her my letter, and her trembling hand writes this:

### " MY DEAR PAPA,

"We are extremely ill all three; but yet that is nothing, so do not grieve yourself.

" I hope-"

She cannot write another word. I find my strength forfake me too. I am seized all over with a mortal pain. I hear Sophia groan, and must go to her succour. Farewel, dearest friend! Take hope; or arm yourself with fortitude of mind in this distress, as possibly it may be needful. But particularly, whether life or death ensue, love always, yours,

AMELIA TORRINGTON.

#### LETTER IX.

To Mr. Torrington.

DEAR FRIEND,

HOW shall I express the melancholy news of which you must be, notwithstanding its unwelcomeness, acquainted! Try, if you are able, to divine the matter; for my tremblind hand demurs to write it. Caroline

204

still lives; but, as for Harriet and Sophiathey, alas! are in the land of spirits. Your unhappy wife, as you may eafily suppose, was overwhelmed beneath this two-fold lofs; for grief and watching fo depressed her, that the infection which she received foon brought her to the last extremity. Believe me, my dear friend, when I protest that I would have bought her life, could I have done fo, with the half of mine! But what avail these empty wishes? I can keep the fatal fecret hid no longer. At this moment they are ringing for her funeral. She was not able to furvive her children many hours. Though you had flown to fee her once again, you would certainly not have known her, fo much had the violence of the diforder changed her features! I was with her constantly. I did not leave her bed a moment. I received her parting fighs, and closed her eye-lids. It was altogether fuch a feene as will for ever live in my ideas. I shall find it difficult to represent her fortitude and refignation to God's will. It was not for herself that she forrowed: her last words were a fervent supplication in behalf of Caro-

Caroline and you. What consolation could I give you for her lofs, of which my heart has not as great a need as yours has? Herself alone can soften your affliction. Read the inclosed of which she wrote herself the first eight lines, and with a faultering accent dictated the rest. I join my voice to hers; and in the ardour of my friendship, turn your recollection on the child that is still left you; and to whom you owe now, more than ever, all the love and tenderness that a father can shew. I will fend her to you, when she is perfectly recovered. Her endearing manner will confole your bosom, and her education occupy your mind, which otherwise might yield to painful recollections. God be with you! I regret that I have nothing to offer you but the melancholy language of condolence.

Yours,

HORTENSIA VILLARS.

### LETTER X.

To Mr. Torrington.

DEAREST HUSBAND,

I FIND myself expiring. I am going to my children, who, I imagine to myfelf, are holding out their arms that I should follow them; and we shall rest together in one tomb. Your life is mine. I give it my furviving infant. Caroline is left to reprefent me. Shew her all your tenderness. Be her support; and may she prove your consolation! Life is short, and you will both ere long rejoin us, when we shall not fear a further feparation. Think not of my loss fo much, as of the happy place where I fhall wait your coming. What I was in this life, I will still continue in another, namely, your

AMELIA.

### OLD LAWRENCE.

### LETTER I.

From George Wallace to Catharine.

DEAR CATHARINE,

THAVE difmal news to tell you! Our good old friend Lawrence is no more. You recollect, he had been out of order ever fince last autumn. For a fortnight past he had not left his room. Last Monday evening, when I came from school, they told me that he had died that afternoon. I could not, I affure you, refrain from crying bitterly. His long indisposition had beforehand rendered him much dearer to me. I employed the time that I had to spare from school, in doing him whatever service I was able. After all, alas! I owed him more than I had time and means to pay. He was our friend, and, I may add too, our benefactor from the cradle. In our earliest childhood, we lived more a great deal in his arms, than on our feet. He was never out of temper, but always kind and chearful. How delighted was he, when he had it in his power to afford us any new pleasure, or to difguife an old one fo that we might think it new! I verily believe, that all his pain in dying was, that death prevented him from being any longer useful to us. He had been of older franding in the family than our papa; and though he was no better than a common fervant, every body looked upon him with a fort of veneration. During his last illness, no one paid a visit here without. enquiring; " and how fares the good Old Lawrence?" I could fee that the question was agreeable to my papa, who always looked on Lawrence as a very faithful friend. If fo, no wonder then that he supported him in his old age, and gave him every fort of comfort that he could require. A gentleman could not have been more comfortably fituated, or more attentively treated. Last night, when he was buried, I defired papa's permission to be present at the ceremony. He could not, without fome difficulty, grant me fuch a favour, lest it might have a bad effect upon me: but he faw that I should have suffered more from being absent.

fent. I accompanied the body therefore, holding up a corner of the pall. I thought that by this office we were still attached to one another, and that really in some fort I possessed him still. When I was forced to quit my hold, my hand was just as if it had been numbed, and did not open without difficulty; but if this was mournful, it was much more melancholy when they let him down into the grave, and especially when they filled it up. I could not take my eyes off from the spot. Till then I could not be perfuaded that death had wholly feparated us. As long as I could fee his coffin, there remained still something of him; but when this remainder disappeared, then I felt that I had for ever lost him. All night long I faw him in my dreams: his ghost by no means frightened me: it feemed to fmile upon me, and I rushed into its arms. I passed this morning in my chamber all alone, and was employed in writing you this letter. I defigned to fend you but a line or two, whereas my subject has extended while I spoke of Lawrence.—Our good friend is come to fee me; Mr. Hutton, that venerable worthy man, who takes fo much delight, in giving people pleafure when he cannot do them good; and he has left me an exceedingly pathetic flory of a fervant woman who worked hard to support her mistress after the was fallen into poverty. Indeed I found it so exceedingly pathetic, that I fet immediately about transcribing it, and fend you a fair copy, fince the reading of it may be a folace to you, as it was to me. At every act of friendship that Elspy performed, I cried out, This Lawrence would have done for us, had we been in the situation of the lady. Ah, poor Lawrence! Ah, my good friend Lawrence!-Fare you well, dear fister! I must here conclude my letter being fent for down by my papa to entertain him, gloomy as I am myfelf. Affure my aunt and uncle of my best respects, and let each have two fweet kiffes, which they will place to my account. We have had a loss in Lawrence, which we cannot possibly make up but by loving one another more fincerely. Farewel then, once more! from him who, with a renewed heart of friend and brother, figns himself yours,

GEORGE WALLACE.

### ELSPY CAMPBELL.

# (This piece was inclosed in the preceding letter.)

MRS. Macdowell, a widow lady, of an ancient and respectable samily in Scotland, after having enjoyed the advantages of fortune till the age of fifty years, saw herself all at once suddenly deprived of them, and reduced to the most helpless indigence. She never had been blessed with any children, who might now support her by the labour of their industry; and every other individual of the samily was equally involved in her missfortunes. Wandering in the Highlands, she was all day long soliciting a shelter for the night, and a morfel of bread for her subsistence.

Elfpy Campbell, who had been her faithful fervant many years, and was always treated very kindly by her miftrefs, learnt these dismal tidings in her humble cottage, whither she was now retired to pass the remnant of her days, far distant from her former service. She immediately set out in

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fearch of her respectable mistress. There was a line marked out by her misfortunes, and the grateful Elipy had but to walk in it. After much laborious travel, she at last found the mournful object of her journey, and falling down on the ground before her, began thus: "Oh, my dear good mistress! though I am hardly younger than yourfelf, I am, notwithstanding that, much stronger and more capable of working. You, on the contrary, are far too feeble to go through with any thing like labour, on account of your former way of life, your troubles, and the feveral infirmities that are come all at once upon you. Come and take up your abode with me. I have a little cottage: it is well fituated, and keeps out the weather. In addition to my cottage, I have a garden alfo, which produces me more potatoes than both of us can confume. have tried all methods to support you if I can, or rather when God's providence has done whatever he thinks proper to support us both, you shall be free to quit me, if you find an inn with better entertainment; or stay with me, if you should not find one. Be of courage, my dear mistress! I was always

ways flout and hearty in your service, and thank God I am still the same. I will find you food, if any will but shew itself, when I have sown my little bit of ground; and if it will not shew itself, in that case I will dig down till I find it."

"O my generous Elfpy!" faid the afflicted widow, "I refign myself entirely to your friendship. I will live and die with one of fo much gratitude; for I am fure, God's bleffing will be always with you."-They let out immediately for Elspy's dwelling. The cottage was indeed extremely little, but was in a healthful fituation: cleanliness and order were the only decorations that it could boast. There was a hole on one fide in the wall, through which a little light proceeded, when the wind was not that way: but when it would have incommoded her, the hole was stopped completely by a fod, and poor Elspy was obliged to be contented with the little light that reached her down the chimney. Elspv's bed, which was invisible when people entered, was defended from the cold that would have reached it through the door-way, by a bank of earth. It had a mattral's fluft with straw, good good sheets, a pair of blankets, and coarse woollen rug. It had no curtains; but when Elfpy found that she was in future to be honoured with the friendship and society of so respectable a guest, she bethought herself to hang the walls about it with a bulrush lining, which was warmer than the filkiest damask. In this bed flept Mrs. Macdowell, with her feet both placed against poor Elspy's bofom, who was used to bend herself almost double, round the widow's legs, that she might keep them warm. She never would consent to lie beside her mistress; but the more she saw her fallen from her former fplendour, still the more obedience and respect she showed her, to wipe out by that means all idea of the change she had experienced in her fortune. An old Bible, Robinson Crusoe, and a few odd volumes of devotion and morality, which once had covers, furnished ample matter for their evening's conversations. With respect to their repasts, they frequently had eggs, at all times milk, and were never without potatoes. The best baked potatoes, fresliest eggs, and largest bowl of milk, were constantly placed before Mrs. Macdowell. It

It will doubtless be a matter of some curiofity to know how Elfpy could keep up the honours of her cot in fuch a flate of ceconomical abundance. To do this, she had her fpinning-wheel in winter, and her labours of the field in harvest. It must notwithstanding be acknowledged that she posfessed a manifest advantage over every younger woman, not so much for any natural activity, as for an obtufe angle in her line of bodily direction, fo that both her her hands and eyes were nearer by a great deal to the ground than otherwise they would have been, and readier for her spinningwheel. Befides, when things were raifed in price above her means to purchase them, she had but to go out and beg affistance in the neighbouring towns and villages. For this she had contrived a tolerable efficacious method. She would go among the richest farmers only, and when got before their door, stand still, and lifting up her hands to heaven, cry out, "I come to ask your charity, by no means for myfelf, for I can live on any thing, but for my mistress, a lady of noble blood, daughter of Lord James, and grand-child of Lord Archibald."-If the farmers

her reasonable expectations, she would add, "May the Almighty's blessing, with my mistress's, and Elspy Campbell's, come upon this house and its inhabitants!"—It is easy to imagine what success this blessing, and the expectation of a different salutation from the lips of Elspy, had she been refused, produced from people naturally hospitable, and exceedingly attached to their nobility. She obtained by this method, victuals, cloaths, and very often money, which she carefully put up to buy her mistress shoes and stockings; and these, when half worn out, served afterwards for herself.

Thus they lived, both happy; one in her exertions, and the other in her gratitude. The generous Elfpy was extremely rigorous on the fubject of her duty. Mrs. Macdowell was a gentlewoman, and though fupported by Elfpy, was not to forego the privileges of nobility; that is to fay, fhe was not to do any thing like work, no not fo much as wash her feet herself. One day, as Elspy was employed in carrying out a basket full of dung to lay on her potatoe beds, her mistress had come out to get a pitcher sul

of water, and was now returning with it to the cottage. Elfpy faw her, put the bafket down, and running to her, took away the pitcher, emptied it, and fetched her other water. When she brought it in, she said with much respect, "Pardon me, madam! but you that are daughter of Lord James, and grand-child to Lord Archibald, never shall difgrace yourself by carrying water while I live, and have my limbs to do it for you."

The report of fo much generofity in one so indigent, at last reached me who am the writer of this story, and I fent her, every quarter, fuch affistance as my fortune would allow. As long as Elfpy lived, which was upwards of fix years from the time of my first learning these particulars, whenever I fat down to dine or fup in company, and was required to give my toast, it was always Elfpy Campbell. My attachment to this name generally made the company eager to know fomething of the lady who engroffed so great a share of my affection. They would confequently ask me, begging paidon for their freedom; when I told them, Elspy Camp-Vol. VI.

Campbell was an ancient beggar woman.—
"What!" they would cry out, "a beggar!"
—"Yes, but hear the rest;" and then would follow the whole story, such in substance as I have already told it. Hardly ever could I sinish, but half-crowns and half-guineas rained into my hat for Elspy. These small sums, which I was sure to send her pretty often, once occasioned her to ask my servant, "Who is it that sends you? Doubtless, he is a friend of God. He does me good as God does, though I never see him."

Mrs. Macdowell died, and Elfpy very quickly after, through affliction for the loss of her good mistress. She remembered nothing but the bounty of her former benefactress; what her gratitude had done in consequence of that remembrance she forgot.

The generous, the heroic fervility of Elfpy was not, as it might have been, a fpark of gratitude that crackled for a moment, and went out: it was an ardent flame that blazed for twenty years, till death suppressed it for a feason in the grave where the was laid to rest; for it is not utterly

put out, fince from her ashes it will certainly burst forth again, with renovated brightness, on the morning of that day that never is to finish.

# LETTER II.

From Catharine Wallace to George ber brother.

DEAREST BROTHER,

WHAT forrowful tidings your letter brings me! Am I never more to fee my dear friend Lawrence? Poor good man! he feemed to apprehend as much himfelf, the day that I left you to come here. " It is very likely, dear Miss Kitty," faid he, "you will never fee me more, and therefore think of me at least." Alas! I have been thinking of him, and concluded how it would please him when he found that I had, on my return. I thought to knit him a flout pair of flockings for next winter's wear, and was at work upon them at the very moment that I received your letter, with intelligence that he was dead. The work fell from me. After I had picked it up, I shed a flood of tears. "They are not then then for him," I cried. "Oh! yes, they shall be; for I will finish both, and put them in my drawers, that they may daily be a token of remembrance for him."-You do not tell me in your letter if he often spoke about me. I am sure he did, but that you feared to aggravate my grief by faying fo. I am greatly grieved that I was not present to attend upon him in his fickness, as I verily believe that the pleasure of our fervices would have prolonged his days. I think, you acted very properly in going to his burial. I acknowledge, had I been at home, I should not have possessed a heart to do fo; but am therefore more affected at your strength of mind and friendship.

In the forrow caused me by your letter, it was impossible for me to read the history of Elspy Campbell without shedding tears. I thank you for it, and am thoroughly convinced, as you are, that our friend Lawrence would have done the same for us, had we been in the place of Mrs. Macdowell, I imagine it is the fault of masters, if the major part of servants are not Lawrences and Elspies. They address them frequently fo roughly, how can they suppose their fer-

vants should do any thing but fear them? Since by accidental circumstances they are placed in an inferior rank, is it humanity to tread them under foot? or rather, is it not our duty to afford fuch tokens of affection as may raise them in their own esteem, and gain us their attachment? People feek to make themselves respected by their countrymen and neighbours: why not then do more, and feek to be respected in their families, by those who are present with them every moment of the day? Why not look upon them as a fecond class of children? Are there even many masters who would do, to benefit the dearest friend they are posfessed of, what the generous Elspy did in favour of her mistress?-When my uncle had perused your letter, he informed me that a fociety of gentlemen in France had very lately recompensed a conduct just like Elfpy's. I am glad to hear that it meets with imitation. It must certainly shew mafters the necessity of being kind and courteous to their fervants, fince it shews them that, in spite of present fortune, they may come to want their fuccour one day or another; nor can fervants hear of fuch a

conduct, and not feel a species of encouragement to serve their masters with sidelity and diligence. I think, if ever we keep house, we shall be able, like papa, to fill it with such people as will serve us with their hearts no less than with their hands.

This week has been a very fad one for your poor fifter. Yesterday my uncle took me out a walking with him in the country, to divert my forrow. Suddenly we heard a drum strike up: we hastened to the spot. It was for feveral new recruits that had been levied and were going then to join their regiments. There were mixed among the foldiers many country-women who no doubt had children, if not husbands too, amongst the party; for they did nothing but 'embrace and kifs each other, and fhed tears. When we had looked a little at this multitude, a woman dreffed in mourning, of a very decent and respectable appearance, drew our observation. She was taking leave of a young man who bit his lips to keep from crying. She gave him a bottle, which my uncle faid was brandy, and a little piece of canvas that had fomething wrapped up in it. He accepted one, but would not take take the other, though the pressed him very earnestly. My uncle upon this drew near, and faid, Is that your fon there, my good woman? Yes, fays she, my only fon, sir, and the world has not a better. My poor husband died ten months ago, and left me with three little girls besides, the eldest not quite five years old. Our last bad harvest made him run five pounds in debt. When he was dead, the creditors came on me, and I thought would take away my little field, which is all that we have for our support. This recruiting party then were with us, and a wealthy farmer's fon had fomehow or another been drawn in to enlift. He made it known about the country, that if any one would take his place, he should receive four pounds. My fon applied, and faid, that for five guineas he would be his man, which was at last agreed to. Of this I did not know a word until every thing was fettled; otherwife I should have begged my fon to leave his fifters and myfelf to want a little for the prefent, rather than deprive me of his help, he being every thing imaginable to us, and the only friend that we have. I thought I should have swooned when L 4

when he prefented me the guineas which he had just received for enlisting. I applied to the recruiting ferjeant to break off the bargain, but he would not lend an ear to any thing that I faid. My fon endeavoured to console me every way in his power, by faying that my little field was now fet free, and therefore would preferve the children and myself from real want. Be comforted, said he; I shall be quartered in the neighbourhood a little longer, fo that every evening, when our exercise is over, I can come and work a little for you; and at worst my time of service is not longer than three years, and I shall then have my difcharge.—Alas! cried she, when every thing was going on fo well, I did not doubt of being able foon to pay my debts; and he must Icave me now! Perhaps the war will come again, and I shall never see him more.

My uncle asked her what it was that she would have given him in the piece of canvas. She replied, it was a guinea which had been paid her, not a week before, by a lady, for the weaning of her child. It was all the money, added she, that I have

on earth, and I defigned to keep it for some great emergency. I only wish that he would have taken it, but should have known him better. He would never rob me, as he faid, no, not accept of any thing, when he had all day long been labouring for me; on the contrary, he used to give me what he earned among the farmers for his work. My uncle took down her direction, promising to do whatever he was able for her. She appeared extremely fensible of fuch a kindnefs, and her fenfibility affected me as much, for twenty times I was in tears while the stood uttering her complaint; and yet I think, that I pitied the poor young man still much more. It was very eafy to difcern the violence that he did himself, to hide his forrow from his mother and companions, notwithstanding there was nothing in that forrow that he had any need to blush at. His poor mother wished to go a little further with him; but, as foon as ever the drum struck up, she fell into a swoon. We brought her home, and tried all methods to confole her: I, by gentle language, and my uncle by promifes of kindness.

Hear

Hear me, my good brother, while I tell you an idea that has just now struck me. From the loss of Lawrence, we can tell how wretched they must be who are divided from the object of their love. The mother fuffers furely more than we, as having loft much more than we who do but mourn a friend. We cannot bring poor Lawrence back to life, but may restore at least a son to his afflicted mother. I have done some needle-work to pleafe my uncle, which he means to recompense by giving me an elegant new gown. I will have the gown in ready money. And do you, on your fide, use the greatest expedition to complete the drawing that my papa has ordered. I am fure, he will pay you very generously for it. We will then unite our little flock, and purchase the young foldier his discharge, thus shewing our regard to the memory of old Lawrence: fo that, if mankind are to be recompensed in future, for the good that they do in this life, this kind action will be put to his account, who was the cause of it, and he will know that we love him still as much as ever. I shall fet out this day se'nnight to come home, when we will fettle the



the affair together, and defire papa to execute it. He will certainly be glad to ferve us, and this hope is much the fweetest that I can taste, till I have once again the joy of seeing you. Farewel! I am rejoiced that I can on my part contribute the renewed friendship of which you speak, and which will last as long as I have breath. Yours,

CATHARINE WALLACE.

# FIDELE.

#### LETTER I.

From Dormer Lennox to Jessica his sister.

#### DEAR SISTER,

THINK, I fee you put on an air of importance on receiving a letter from me already, when I have hardly got a mile beyond the threshold of the door. However, be not very proud of such an honour, since I write it, in the sirst place, by command; as my papa imagines that if I start a cor-

respondence and you second it, we shall acquire fome eafe in letter-writing, which he fays can only be attained by practice, just like other arts; and in the next place, fince I write not fo much for your fake, as that of my canary-bird. When I fet out, I quite forgot to recommend him to your friendship; and I know of some young ladies, who would have an object constantly before their eyes, and yet forget it if their memory should not be continually interested by a compliment bestowed, at seafonable intervals, upon their vanity. Know then, that in the fulness of my power, I make you governess of Fidele, and grant you the entire controul of his houshold in future. Take the greatest care not to forget the duties of your office, if you would not have me take it from you. It is extremely proper that I should make in this place one or two fagacious observations; namely, that the bird can no more live on nothing than yourself; that if he does not eat and drink, he cannot live; that he will be incapable of finging, if he dies; and last of all, that if he ceases singing, neither you nor I can hear him, which would be a pity. I con-

I conceive it needful also to remind you of his fervice the other day, when you were making fuch fad work as you remember of your minuet, by moving to his music while you difregarded Mr. Dupré's kit. The little creature set up such a pipe, that Mr. Dupré turned his anger all on him, forgetting what your giddy heels deferved. Thefe reasons are, I think, sufficient to engage your friendship in behalf of Fidele: but ftill, if gratitude and music have no manner of effect upon your marble heart, I have nothing but the thunder of my eloquence to move you.—Tremble therefore! Think him dead already. Yes, Jessica, dead! and then determine how you will be able to support so shocking an idea. Fancy that you behold him lying with his feet uppermost, his wings grown stiff, his eyes and little beak thut fast for ever. See him laid upon his back within the little box that you intend for his coffin, and furrounded on every fide with nightfhade, vervain, cypress-branches and the weeping-willow. Every body mourns him. They enquire what cruel hand has plunged him thus into eternal darkness. A lamenting voice makes. answer, It was I, unfeeling as I am! and infantly you throw yourfelf beside him. But I think you weep. If fo, let me cry, Victory! for I have nothing now to fear upon account of Fidele, or for the quiet of your shade. Besides his ordinary victuals, do not forget to let him have every day, a bit of biscuit or a lump of sugar. You will also do extremely well to shade his house with fomething green, as it would foften his affliction in my abfence. As I dare persuade myself that you will for my fake worthily perform the duties of your charge, I purpose fending you, as some encouragement for all your zeal and induftry, a faithful narrative of my extended travels. You will fee adventures and atchievements in it, fuch as should be handed down to late posterity. Farewel, my dearest fifter. I give up the playful stile, at least to tell you, as perfuafively as I am able, how I love you, and with what affection I shall always be,

Your gentle brother,

Dormer Lennox.

#### LETTER II.

From Jessica to Dormer.

#### DEAR BROTHER,

Truly one must have queer notions to suppose that a fifter should be proud of hearing from her brother! I imagine, all the boafting should be rather upon your fide in reflecting, that for once at least you have performed your duty, and not had your ears well pulled before-hand; though you lofe all merit in the matter, by infinuating that you have written to me by papa's command, and for the fake of little Noify. But indeed, you needed not have recommended Fidele fo strongly to my care, or lavished such a deal of rhetoric in his behalf. He is worthy of all my attention on his own account; so pray do not be uneasy lest I should not use him kindly. It is true, I shall not fill his trough till it runs over, after the example of fome little boys that I know, who would not care a farthing should he burst, as certainly he would, were he as fond as they are of his belly. Very

Very likely too they would make one think that they overload him thus with victuals purely through kindness, when they only do it, that they may not have fo troublefome a task again upon their hands for ten or fifteen days to come. No, no; I will fhow myfelf much more regular in my attention to him, as he certainly shall have fresh victuals every morning. Yesterday when I approached his cage to clean it, the first thing that I saw was feed sufficient to fubfish him for a month, without including what was fcattered on the bottom. To be fure, I must confess he is such a spendthrift, that he fcatters more about him in an hour, than would fuffice him for a day. But how shall I describe the floor of his apartment? Thanks to your attention or your slothful waste, it was exactly like a pond, occasioned by continual overflowings from the fountain, and poor Fidele could not descend for fear of being drowned. How rejoiced he was to fee the dry land! At first, he could not think of coming down, without precaution, as he tried it with one foot, while with the other he clung . closely to the wire-work. Thus without th:

the least expence have I enlarged his habitation; for he always kept upon the perches, fearing to dirt his feet and tail at least, if not, as I have faid just now, to be drowned. I have strewed a layer of fine fand upon the bottom of his mansion, and adorned the fides and top with groundfel, fo that now he may suppose himself within a shady grove. In future, brother, you may do as you think proper, but it is I that take upon me to provide for Fidele. I will have his palace ferve you as a model of propriety and taste in your apartment. I have written now enough, I think, to quiet the uneafiness that you intimated in your letter; and must tell you that I have also my inquietudes, which I proceed to mention. You are certainly a little giddy-headed, and we have here a fly black cat that comes a prowling daily. Take you care when you return. I have observed that he has conceived a love for Fidele, fufficient to alarm one. Yesterday betimes, when I came in to give him food, I forgot to shut the door, and puss had crept in slily after me. When I had waited on the bird, and given him what he wanted, I begun to thumb your books,

books, when fuddenly I heard a tender mewing behind me: I turned instantly about, and faw Grimalkin wriggling his whole body every way upon a fofa, opposite the cage. He was admiring Fidele, he played his tail about, and feemed to fay, "My dear, sweet pretty bird, come now and perch close by me; or else stay, I will jump upon your cage, for only fee what nice foft paws I have to hug you! (but remark, he carefully concealed his claws.) I will fondle you all day, and prefs you to my tender heart. Do not let my whiskers frighten you: they are long enough, I must acknowledge, but won't hurt you. I have a little mouth beneath them, Fidele, with which I will kifs your pretty beak." Now what do you imagine Fidele replied to these fine words?-Why nothing; but with eafe one might difcern that he was not likely to become Grimalkin's dupe; and I suppose in puffy's place he would have been as great a rogue. Have you been his instructor, brother, after all?-He stooped and raifed his head, he shook his feathers, and cast many a look of diffidence upon the orator, and of confidence on me, as if he would

would have faid, "I know you very well. Your fugared words, your nice foft paws, and little mouth concealed beneath your whilkers, are no less perfidious than your tender heart. You may deceive perhaps a poor mouse: but me-Oh! no: I laugh at all your cunning, and defy your malice. I have here a friend to fave me." Upon which he fet a crying queek, queek, queek, with all his might. I understood him perfectly well; and without pretending that I heard any thing, I ran instantly to that part of the chamber, where there stood a cistern full of water, and befprinkled our young gentleman fo finely, as to put out all at once the fervour of his friendship. For he needed but one jump to be upon the floor, and as he ran away, he shook his coat as if he had the ague. Recollect this observation, should he come incognito upon a visit, after you have returned.

This mealy-mouthed, good-natured animal, whom many in the world refemble, made me recollect an Ode our friend wrote, and which was lying in the paper-cafe. I fend it you, that if you know of any good composer in your neighbourhood, you may.

prevail upon him, for my fake, to fet it, as they fay, to music.

# O D E.

Or those folks with the fly hypocritical air,
With manners so nice,
And looks so precise,
The fight I was never yet able to bear.

When I fee them, I think of a cat on the watch:

Near fome high-feason'd dish, Whether flesh, fowl, or fish, Where the scent is so sweet, He would venture his feet, And longs to be making a snatch.

With an innocent look, quite gentle and
He'll jump on your knee, [free,
There waving his tail, he'll mew, and all
And fo fondly he'll pat, [that;
And appear fo demure,
That you'll think, to be fure
No mischief can lurk in the heart of our cat-

At the favoury bit which already in fancy He has eaten up quite,

You'll hardly perceive him to cast a sly
Yet look but askance, [glance;
And at once to your ti-bitd good night:
For taking a spring at the morsel so nice,
He makes sure of his prey, and then off
in a trice, [cromancy.
Heigh-presto! you'd swear it was all ne-

I wait with great impatience to receive the narrative that you promife of your travels, which must needs be very curious. I shall go and dine to-morrow in the country with mama. If any thing should happen of an interesting nature on the road, I pledge myself to give you a relation of it. Since you mean a visit to posterity, I shall be charmed to share with you in the praise of our descendants. In the interval, I wish to have it known, that you never will possess a truer friend in any one than in your sister,

Jestica Lennox.

## LETTER III.

From Dormer to Jestica.

DEAR SISTER,

I RETURN you my fincerest thanks for the delightful letter that you have sent me to dispel my sears. The scene between my Fidele and your black cat, with their imaginary conversation, could not but amuse me greatly. I allow Grimalkin's eloquent harangue to be very clever; but the other's queek, queek, queek, much more so, since it ended in the adversary's absolute defeat, through your incomparable courage; and for which you ought to have a cistern sull of water in your escutcheon, when the herald makes you out your arms.

I have been hard at work thefe three days on the journal of my travels, which I promifed to fend you, as a recompence for your care of Fidele. Papa approves the thought of our communicating our adventures thus to one another. His opinion, as I have already told you, is, that by this fort of correspondence we shall acquire a habit of inditing with facility, and properly restect-

reflecting on fuch objects as may strike our fight. As much as I have written, he informs me, feems to have been done with accuracy, and defires to read the account that you have promifed of your dinner in the country with mama. Frederic and Louisa certainly were of the party: Oh, how much impertinence must of necessity have passed between you! but indeed, though you should tell me only of your own, I know, you have a flock in hand fufficient to fupply a chapter, and that chapter not the shortest that was ever written. To encourage you in fending me this chapter with the greatest expedition, I shall be myfelf as quick as possible in the collation of the feveral parcels of my narrative, inscribed on more than twenty scraps of paper. You will have it in a week or thereabouts. Adieu: I clasp you in the mean time to my heart, and am, as long as I have life,

Your brother, and your friend,

DORMER LENNOX.

## LETTER IV.

From Jessica to Dormer.

DEAR BROTHER,

WHAT can you be thinking of, to let me wait so long before I fee the journal of your expedition? Are you gone, like Gulliver, to fome unknown strange island, for the fake of having fuch atchievements to record, as no one will be authorized to contradict? I cannot but admire the great exactitude and order on which you pride yourfelf fo much, in the mention of your twenty feraps of paper, scattered up and down, no doubt in every corner of your chamber. It will be fortunate, however, if the little cat belonging to your habitation does not please herself by playing with the best part of your narrative. I should not be astonished, were I to discover many chasms in it, or perceive that you had begun with the conclusion, and affixed the fag-end, as we fay, where the commencement should be, which would prove at least as entertaining as the chapter stuffed with

with my impertinencies. I cannot tell at present, if the ciftern-full of water would look well in my escutcheon; but suppose that your fibyll's leaves would make a fpecial coat of arms for you. Since my papa defires to fee my narrative, I shall make haste to fend it in a day or two; but hope that the intervening time will bring me yours; for I should really be forry to postpone my great adventures till the Grecian Calends, which, as I have fomewher eread, means just the fame as if I should omit relating them for ever. Pray embrace papa on my account, as tenderly us you are able, and defire him to return you as affectonately as he is able, all the kiffes that you have given him for

Your fister and friend,
JESSICA LENNOX.

P. S. Inclosed you have my Journal.

## JOURNAL OF MY TRAVELS.

ONE has no occasion to go over so much ground as you have travelled, to be able to supply the reader with adventures. We had hardly passed the second turnpike on the Clapham road, before we fell in with a Vol. VI. M drover,

drover, who was bringing up about a hundred sheep to London. As our coachman thought his honour concerned in not permitting fuch a fcrubby drove of cattle to usurp the road and make him quit his track, he drove the carriage through them. The poor sheep, who are accounted to have honest hearts, but weak intellects, not knowing whither they should run, in their confusion got between the horses legs; and some were even entangled in the spokes. The drover bid the coachman stop, as loud as he could roar; but the coachman, deaf to his vociferations, would not in the least relax his speed, and still continued on the trot. The wind was rather fresh, and therefore we had all the glasses up. My brother Frederic wished to know by what means the poor sheep would free themselves from their embarrassment. Unfortunately, he forgot that if he wished to look about him, it was necessary first of all to let the glass down, and of course he thrust his head quite through and through the brittle cryftal, which that moment broke into a thoufand pieces. You may judge with what alacrity he drew his head in once again; but

but in fo doing, he was flightly wounded in his forehead by a piece of the broken glass. He put his hand directly on the part, and fo contrived, as with the little blood proceeding from the scratch, to smear his face all over completely, and looked exactly like the Jolly Bacchus, at the alehouse opposite our door. Louisa, at this fight, was fure that her brother must have had his nofe cut off, and did not doubt but it had dropped among the sheep; on which the tender-hearted little thing began to cry, Frederic! ah my poor dear brother! till mama had, with a little fcented water which the poured upon her handkerchief, wiped his face clean, and given it once more that fly look which you know it possesses. Well, dear brother, what are your ideas? I, for my part, fancy that you do not engross all the giddiness belonging to our family, and already little Frederic gives full proof that he is not a jot less giddy than his elder brother.

Nothing worth mention happened after this event, till we arrived at Margaret's, our dear nurse, with whom we were to dine and stay till evening. After having all of us received her kind embraces, we went through the house, and into the fields, where we proposed to take a walk. By aceident, I was a little distant from the rest; and as I paffed along a hedge, observed three little birds that had been taken by the leg in a perfidious springe. The pretty creatures flapped their wings most lamentably, and implored me, or at least I thought fo, to fet them free. You may suppose, I did not shew myself insensible to their petition. Inflantly I broke their bonds, and had the pleafure to behold how grateful they appeared; for I could fancy gratitude in all their motions, as they flew away. This pity that I had shewn them did not please a little country boy who lived hard by, and had established very greedy hopes upon the fale of thefe three prisoners; fo that their deliverance, as I mean to let you fee, and shortly, but for accidental circumstances, might have cost us dear.

The fun towards noon had diffipated all the mifts. The day was fo delightful, that mama defired we might enjoy the pleasure of a rural meal, and therefore requested Mar-

Margaret to let us have our dinner in the garden. After dinner, we had strawberries and cream; and at the very moment when poor Frederic, with the freedom which country manners allow, happened to be lifting up the platter to his mouth, that he might fave himself the trouble of dispatching matters with the spoon, a stone (behold ye) struck it right upon the rim, and overfet its whole contents upon the table, not without first plentifully besprinkling several of us round about. You should have seen us in the height of our confusion, palpitating as we fat with fright, as if we had imagined that Jupiter was flinging down his thunderbolts among us. Margaret's husband, who is not a man to swoon away at every noise, that moment posted towards the garden door, to catch this thundering deity, who was certainly the little peafant that had fet the springes. But the deity, like those mentioned in Homer, who amused themselves at the expence of mortals, had already made himfelf invisible. It was all lost labour that our host stood fentry at the door. He only faved us from the danger of M 3

of another thunderbolt, which might have otherwife been pointed at us.

Dinner was now over, and I thought of paying one more vifit to the neighbouring hedges, and delivering, if I could, some other prisoners, when mama informed us that we must think of setting out on our return. We entered the coach once more with fome reluctance, after having made dear Margaret our little presents each. There never fure had been a finer evening. From a hill, upon the top of which our coachman stopped to give his horses breath, we had the pleasure to behold a spacious horizon adorned with clouds of every colour, and fet off with gold. The fun, that as I thought rejoiced in having access to us given him by Frederic, coloured, out of gratitude, Louisa's face and his with all the purple of his rays. Our coufin, who you know has been abroad, at fuch a fight turned round, and told mama that they looked exactly like the cherubims that Roman Catholics are used to place for ornament about the altars in their churches.

The poor sheep that we met in the morning, certainly must have alarmed their comrades, rades, and gone off, as we encountered none on our return. We met no fort of company but half a dozen affes who had certainly a very reverend figure, and a mule or two. Our horses, who, I fancy, thought they could difcern a family refemblance in these last, were giving up the right-hand fide of the road, and complimenting them with fifty gambols and curvets; but our proud coachman would preferve the honour of his feat, and feelingly convinced them with his whip, that they were creatures of much more importance; and that ranking as they did above them in all books of natural history, it was but just they should preserve it on the road. They were obliged to yield affent to arguments fo striking, and got home in perfect order, and without another misadventure.

## LETTER V.

IT is not in the least degree astonishing my dear fifter, that you should come off fo eafily in the recital of a journey, which has brought you into company with none but

but short horned, or long eared animals; a giddy boy that breaks window glasses; or a little raggamusin that pelts you with stones. If such affairs are what you call adventures, I can hardly guess what name you can find out magnificent enough for mine. And after having told you what has happened to me in the compass of fingle parish, you may easily imagine what surprising matters I should have to tell you in a longer journey. I begin to think that at the period of Knight Errantry, I should have made a pretty figure, and particularly if I myself sung the great atchievements that I should perform; which trust me I would do, left any one, who might be tempted to record them, should not do it to my liking.

Inclosed, therefore, I fend you a small specimen of my abilities as a journalist. I submit it to your censure, or to mend the expression, recommend you to peruse it with your greatest possible attention; otherwise 'tis not unlikely but you will miss of some among its singular and striking beauties. Yours,

## JOURNAL OF MY TRAVELS.

WE rolled along in filence for the space of twenty minutes in our carriage, with no less velocity than the clouds above our heads. I bleffed the memory of him who first of all invented this delightful way of travelling without pain or trouble; and shall always think it charming, till some other person brings the project to perfection of transporting us still more delightfully, by means of a balloon, with eagles to direct it.

I was meditating on this subject, when of a sudden I perceived the coachman violently exercised at something or another. His great coat had slipped from off his seat on one of the front wheels, which carried it about the center. After many revolutions, he had made shift to fasten on a a sleeve, which he was pulling to him, and ejaculating as he tugged, My coat! my coat! I thrust my head out hastily to see what ailed him, when my hat blew off; so I joined in concert with the coachman, and cried out as lustily, My hat! my hat! Poor M 5

Jeffry, from his station in the rear, stood witness to my lamentations, and leaned over towards me, when, behold ye! the furred cap that he wears, fell off. He did not imitate us, crying out, My cap! my cap! but aiming to recover it when falling, fomehow or another loft his footing, and came down the nearest way head-foremost. Happily for Jeffry we were going through a very fost quagmire, otherwise I cannot pretend to tell you what misfortune would have befallen his limbs; at least, I am sure, his nose and chin would have been both demolished, as he fell into the quagmire face downwards. All this happened in a minute. My papa, in this confusion, was the only person who retained his fenses. He let down the glass in front, and seizing on the coachman's reins, which now were fallen from him, stopped the horses. Upon this, the coachman getting down, made shift to free his coat. But what long faces did he make, when he faw in the middle of the back a monstrous rent, through, which a judge might eafily have thrust his head, and not difordered his huge wig-On his fide, Jeffry, as I faw, had got his mouth

mouth so filled with mud, that he could not for a time bring out a fingle syllable. Of fister! had you seen him thus beplaistered as he was, affect a grin, in order to shew papa that his fall had broken no bones, I am sure you would have laughed for a month to come, at recollecting his appearance. He did nothing in the world but sneeze, and sputter, shake himself, and rub his knees and elbows with both hands: his coat, which had been green, no longer now preserved that colour any where, except behind. In short, he looked as if he was drest for a masquerade.

He went a little back to feek his fox-skin cap. By great good luck, the maker had not taken off the creature's tail, but left it on to ferve by way of plume. By that it was discovered in the quagmire, and by that fished up. When he had got it out, he was obliged to wring it twenty times. before it was in a state for travelling, even under Jeffry's arm. He also picked up my hat, but not before the wind had made it cut a hundred capers this and that way in the air. It lost however nothing by so many somersets; on the contrary, it got a

comfortable coat, which, though all the brushes of the house have frequently been exercised upon it, nevertheless it still retains, and seems determined to retain, in spite of their beards.

After we were once again prepared for motion forward, and affairs about us in their former order, we proceeded to philofophize upon these accidents; but after having tried to do so in a very serious strain, we fancied the best method was to take the affair more gaily. My papa drew consolation from his purse to give the coachman; and on my side, as I observed Jeffry in pain about his fur-cap only, since the livery was his master's property, I tipped him such a wink as restored him to a better temper. After which, we all went forward, just as if no accident had happened.

We were now come near a village, when papa discerned an ancient soldier seated on a stone beside the road. One leg was under him, bent backward, and the other a wooden one, stuck out stiff before him, A long crutch lay quietly upon his left, and on his right-hand sat a great black dog. Papa, who loves a soldier, and particularly when that

that foldier is a cripple, courteously faluted him, and bade me fling a shilling to him, which he gave me. I fulfilled fo honourable a commission in a very dextrous manner, I may fay without the least degree of oftentation, as I did not miss the hat. The foldier's gratitude was uttered in fo high a pitch, that it fufficed to wake a poor beggar-woman, who lay sleeping not far off upon a little straw. She trotted after us, and reached the carriage just as we were ready to alight and put up at an inn. "Ah, fir!" faid she to my papa, "how you beflow your charity! and if you give it to an old drunken fellow, what affiftance will you afford an honest women, as I am, who have not swallowed these ten years a glass of any liquor stronger than small beer?"-Papa, whose mind was occupied on many fubjects at that instant, was not thinking of the invalid, and viewed her with a vifible astonishment. "Yes, yes, sir," continued she, "it is of that drunken foldier I am fpeaking. Oh! I heard how much he thanked you for the shilling which, it feems, you threw him by this little gentleman. I would lay a wager, that, before. night

night comes, he will have fpent it all in gin. And then, fir, did not you remark the great black dog beside him as he sat? A beggar keep a dog! What is that but robbing other people who deferve affiftance?"-" Hold your tongue!" faid my papa, and feemed quite angry. "Why abuse a man at this rate, who has no less need than you of my compassion? If he drinks a little gin, I can forgive an ancient foldier fuch a fault. While we are feated at our eafe before a good fire, and even you are not without fo great a comfort, foldiers must endure the wind, snow, rain, and every rigour of cold winter. Where can be the wonder then, if they should have recourse to what is fure to warm them, and in time become accustomed to it? And respecting his great dog, perhaps that animal may be the only friend that he has, his tried affociate, and the fingle creature who partakes of his bad days."-When he had faid these words, he held out two-pence, without looking at her. She received them with a kind of fcorn, and went off grumbling all the way, as long as we could hear her speak. The ill-natured wretch had made

made me angry. "I am very forry, fir," faid I, "that you gave her any thing. She must be sure a very horrid creature to abuse a poor old soldier, and be envious of the alms that you gave him."—"You are in the right," replied my father. "He who wishes to excite my pity, to another's detriment, deserves my indignation only. Yet I saw that she was in want, and only upon that account forgot her evil disposition. It is punishment enough that she is reduced to beg. Had she but kept her congue in bounds, I would have given her what the soldier had."

While we were thus discoursing with each other, our host had shewn us up into a room, of which one window opened towards the road that we had been travelling, and another towards a yard behind the house. While they were getting dinner ready, I stood looking out, to mark the carriages that were continually going by; and what can you imagine, sister, I beheld, when I had hardly been a minute there?—the beggar-woman, who was now come back, and had by this time set herself upon a block beside the gate-way. She pulled out a little slasket

full of brandy from her pocket, and began to give a hearty pull. I called out to papa, and bade him come and fee. He told me not to speak, lest we should be overheard. We both looked at her, and foon faw the foldier likewise coming down the road, supported by his crutch, and followed by the great black dog. As foon as the old woman faw him hasting towards her, she put up her flasket with the greatest haste into her pocket. We were both of us curious to overhear their conversation. " Mother," faid the foldier, who was now come pretty near her, "do you mean to take a lodging here, and have no dinner? You are not hungry, I fuppose."-" Heaven help me!" faid the hypocrite, and made as if she wept. "I affure you, my good friend, I do not want for an appetite: if I could but come at fomething good to eat, I should not much mind what it was." --- "If that be all," replied the generous foldier, "I have fufficient for us both." On this he fat down by her, flipped a knapfack from his shoulder, and took out a lump of coarse brown bread, together with a flice of cheefe wrapt up in paper, which he held out to the woman, faying faying, "There, good woman, help your-felf." She did, and pretty plentifully. He put up with what was left, though but a trifle; and of this, for every bit that he ate himfelf, the large black dog had likewise his share, who had assumed his place behind, and all the while was resting in a very friendly way his head upon his master's shoulder.

During their repast, the hypocritical old woman turned her conversation on the unfeelingness of travellers; adding, that the gentleman, who had but just before alighted from his carriage, and put up for dinner at the inn before them, gave her only a poor half-penny. " That cannot be true," replied the honest-hearted foldier. must be a noble gentleman; or certainly he had no money in his purfe but gold, which could not eafily be changed. See, what he threw me by the little gentleman his fon--a shilling! It is not always that pieces of this weight of metal tumble into my hat. But do not you fret yourfelf, for you shall be the better for my luck. I cannot be happy by myfelf. A good repast requires good liquor, and I have not had a drop within

within my lips to-day, although it is very late. The truth is, my poor money bag was fo confumptive, that I could easily have passed it through a needle's eye this morning; but thank heaven, at present it is quite plump and jolly, so that I can well afford to lay out fix-pence for us both. Come, good mother, let me have your hand."

Saying thus, he rose much in spirits, and quite jovial. The old woman took upon her the attendant's part, and officiously held him out his crutch, careffing now and then the dog. I could have found it in my heart to beat the wretch for this diffembled friendship. They walked up together to the house, and entered at the gate-way; while on our part, we above stairs shifted ground, and hastened towards the other window which looked out into the yard. We heard the foldier call for a gill of brandy with two little glaffes, one of which he filled and gave the woman, who made hafte and fwallowed it immediately. Papa could not restrain his indignation any longer. "Out on fuch a hateful creature!" cried he .- They both lifted up their heads. The woman recollecting us, that moment gave a shriek; but,

but, on the contrary, the foldier was not disconcerted. "See," said he, "good sir, how we are making merry through your bounty. Let me drink your health," continued he, and took his hat off, " with the gentleman your fon's. I never forget any one, however little, that is but generously disposed."-" Much good may the liquor do you, my worthy fellow," answered my papa. "I like your spirit. However poor you are, you can oblige; so here is a trifle more to strengthen your remembrance of us," throwing him a half-crown piece. "But as for all those wretches than can first abuse an honest fellow, and then drink his liquor just as if it were their own"-The wretch would hear no more, hung down her head, and in confusion sneaked away.

While we were both at dinner, the landlord informed us that the honest foldier, whose name was Trim, had been a long while in the service; that he had not quitted it before he lost his leg, and had the friendship and esteem of all his officers. "It is he,' continued the host, "who keeps up peace and order in the village, since his soldierfoldier-like appearance awes the vagabonds about us. Every body would be glad to give him victuals, if he would but take their bounty; but he never will accept of any thing that he has not earned by fome good fervice or another, as by going upon errands, which he does with no less expedition than fidelity. I should have put him in a passion, had I even refused to take his money for the gill of brandy. He afferts that I ought to live by what I get in trade, whoever are my customers; and fays that, if I gave him any thing, I should be then obliged to charge it elsewhere, which would be unjust. As regularly as the morning comes, he goes out loaded with a basket full of flints upon his shoulder, and fills up the holes that have been made the day before along the road. You must have noticed in what admirable order it appeared. He never asks for any thing; but there is scarce a traveller accustomed to the road who does not throw him fomething as he paffes by. He takes it without any hefitation, as he thinks that he has deferved it. This is his employ all fummer; and in winter, when the weather is at the coldest, he fills up his time

time in making children's wooden clogs, for which he takes up his feat in my kitchen chimney. He generously gives these clogs to those whose parents are so poor that they cannot pay his price, lest they should happen to catch cold. The only recompense that he asks of them for this trouble, is to see them dance before him."

Well, fister, what are your thoughts of this good-hearted Trim? This last particular in his story gave me so much pleasure, that I ordered a pair immediately for you, which I shall take when I return. As you are far too generous, and besides too distant to discharge the value of the clogs in capers, I have engaged myself, as you would do, to pay him for them in hard money. I design to give him half-a-crown, and then the clogs will be much worthier of you. They will not be useless, if you mean to run about at any time next winter in the garden.

If I did not apprehend that my journal had already tired your patience, I should have a great deal more to mention. I would tell you how, as we were going on, I terminated an important matter in a way which Don Quixote, celebrated as he was for bra-

very, would never have thought of. You will suppose, perhaps, that after such a preface, there was an inchanter, or at least a giant in the case, or some illustrious princefs to deliver, or fome great kingdom to be recovered by conquest. It was nothing of all this. It was no other than a little girl who was tending a cow, and a boy engaged in the same office with an ass, who were struggling with each other for an apple which the former had found. After having very gravely taken all the necessary information of their quarrel, I took up, as you may guess, the weaker party, and defended her, but not in more than words, fince fortunately for the stronger, I had neither lance nor shield; or rather, to confess a truth, because, even though I had, he was of a fize to thrash my knighthood foundly. I perceived immediately that the moderation of a Solomon or a Titus fuited much better with my inferiority of fize, and therefore I adjusted the affair in contest to the fatisfaction of both combatants, by sharing equally between them the remainder of that tart which you know the cook had made

made me, that I might not faint with hunger by the way.

I might go on, and tell you of the pitiable fortune of a hare that we faw running across the country, followed by a pack of hounds and huntsmen. The poor creature, after having often thrown them out, as is the phrase with sportsmen, by her doublings on the open plain, had climbed a pointed rock. A furious dog perceived her in this last retreat, and had the audacity to force her. I beheld them both roll down the precipice together, miferably mangled .-But this picture is much too cruel: is it not effica?—Let me therefore touch on themes more pleafing, and inform you of the joy that our unexpected coming here gave every one belonging to the house. If your dry jokes had not for ever undeceived me on the subject of my own exclusive merit, I should think myfelf a cleverer fellow, from the hearty welcome that we received. It is much more modest in me to suppose myself indebted or that welcome to the recollection of your wifit here, which they have cherished ever ince last year. I do suppose it, and place all my boast in thanking you for having laid

laid the ground-work of the entertainment that I am now experiencing.

And thus, dear fister, I have fent you a recital of my wonderful adventures, which perhaps you will think too tedious. The most perilous of every circumstance attending them was, when, to give you fome amusement, I engaged to put them down in black and white. I thought that I never should have come to the conclusion of my talk. I will not boast of any merit in the execution of my great undertaking, and yet I please myself with thinking that you will owe my kindness fomething, when you come to be acquainted that at prefent they have been ringing for me these ten minutes to come down and eat fome fritters which are growing cold, while I myself am hard at work in winding up my letter. I can hardly fancy that the heroism of fraternal love ever yet went much farther than I have pushed it in this single instance for your fake.

Adieu, dear sister! I will divert myself as much as possible for your sake rather than my own, that at the time of my return I may present myself before you so

much

much the more merry-hearted. I cannot tell what you may think of this; but I, for my part, think that you should look upon it as a proof of the tenderness of that attachment with which I am, dear sister, yours,

DORMER LENNOX.

## LETTER VI.

From Jessica to Dormer.

DEAR BROTHER,

I HAVE often heard that nothing forms the understanding so effectually as travelling; and your narrative supplies me with a proof of the affertion which I did not in the least expect; for who would ever think that fuch a little animal as you, should think of being a philosopher for having travelled eighteen miles? You told me, in your first epistle, that you defigned the Journal of your Travels for posterity. Whenever, therefore, you think fit to fend it as directed, I will take upon me to complete fuch sketches as are fit to bear it company, Vol. VI. N which. which I will get corrected by my drawingmaster. For example, our solemn coachman, who, without once changing place, gets hold of his great coat, and lugs it by the fleeve; poor Jeffry rifing folemnly and flowly from the quagmire; and my giddyheaded brother quite uncovered at the chariot-door, and with his eyes purfuing the poor hat in all its evolutions. Here are three droll figures; while papa, still faithful to his character for prudence, shall be represented as in contrast, feizing on the coachman's reins to stop his horses. You do not think that I shall forget the ancient foldier and old woman dining on the block. Oh! how I shall strive to set off to the best advantage honest Trim, together with his great black dog, that eat fo amicably, leaning on his shoulder. Finally, I will terminate my gallery with the scene betwixt your girl with the cow and your boy tending the als, not forgetting to describe you, as you reprefent yourself, considering gravely of their quarrel, and accommodating matters with the fragments of an apple-tart. It is true, I shall not write at the top the name of either Solomon or Titus, which your usual modesty, modesty, without the least demur, lays claim to. I have thought of one more proper, namely, Sancho Panca; as I hardly ever knew, in all my life, a person of more understanding.

I suppose, you will not wish to be behind-hand with me; therefore I give up the account of my adventures to you, in perusing which you will with ease suggest sufficient subjects to your own imagination for a set of pictures no less interesting, I believe, than those which, from perusing your atchievements, I have suggested, as you see, to mine.

I had nearly forgot to return you my thanks for ordering me the pair of clogs. My purse will not allow me to repay you the immense expence of so magnificent a present; therefore you will let me satisfy you for it as the little children pay Trim. I am learning a new caper for that purpose. —I am infinitely touched at your superior generosity, in letting pass no opportunities of recreation, for my sake; and beg you to believe that my sensibility will naturally bid me do the like.

Adieu, my dear Dormer! As I take it, we are a match for one another in joking. I only wish to go beyond you in the boat of tender friendship, as becomes

Your sister and your friend,

JESSICA LENNOX.