

Surgeon Royal 1822

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P A T E R N O S T E R R O W

1822

CHARLES WOOD, Printer,
Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, London.

FRANK:

SEQUEL

TO

EARLY LESSONS.

“MIDSUMMER!—Oh, how long it will be before Midsummer!” were, if we remember rightly, Frank’s last words when we parted from him at Christmas; but Spring did return, and bestowed fresh pleasures; and Summer returned; yes, even *Mid-summer*, and Lewis’s holidays and Lewis himself arrived. The two friends met with all the delight they had expected,—very uncommon with those who had expected so much. They compared all they had done, and seen, and heard, and read in the inter-

val, and they talked, and Mary listened, for two hours. She, indeed, affirms it was three, without intermission, and were not tired at the end of that time, nor had they come to the end of their store of sense and nonsense.

Lewis inquired whether the time for Frank's going to school was fixed.

"Yes, after Midsummer," papa says it must be.

"He goes abroad in Autumn," said Mary, "so it *must* be."

"And is it fixed to what school he is to go?" said Lewis.

"Not yet," said Frank, "but it is to be determined to-day, and I will tell you, Lewis, to-morrow. I am going this minute to ask papa something—I will not tell either of you what it is."

He left them, and after some little

time, returned with raised colour and sparkling eyes.

“What do you think I have done, Mary?” said Frank.

“Tell me,” said Mary.

“I have asked papa to let me go to the same school as Lewis, and papa had been thinking of it before, and he and mamma, and the engineer, went into the study, and studied about it, and it is all settled. Papa is writing a letter to the head-master about it this minute. Mamma said she was very glad, that I should have so good a friend as Lewis.”

Lewis was exceedingly glad to hear this.

“Oh, so am I,” said Mary, “he will be your friend at school, and I will be your friend at home.”

“Yes, always,” said Frank, “and all is well and happy.”

“But when are you to go, Frank?” said Mary.

“At the end of Lewis’s holidays, you know, we shall both go together.”

“Both together,” said Mary, “what shall I do when you are gone, Frank?”

“But it will not be for a great while yet,” said Frank. “There are a month and three days of Lewis’s holidays to come.”

“A month and three days! then we need not think of it yet, indeed,” said Mary.

“And though I told you it was all settled, I recollect now,” said Frank, “that it is not quite certain, because they are not sure that there is a place or a bed for me at the school; and

you know, if there is not room for me, I cannot go."

"Then I hope," cried Mary; but she checked herself. "No, I do not hope; for since you must go to school, as papa says, it is better that you should go with Lewis. When will the answer to the letter come?"

"Not till Thursday, at soonest, three days, perhaps four, to wait, before we know how it will be. What a long time!" said Frank.

The first morning was, indeed, rather long; for Frank could not settle to any thing, but continually repeated,

"Mary, when do you think the answer will come, on Thursday or Friday? What do you think the answer will be, Lewis?"

Lewis was inclined to think there would be no place for Frank. It de-

pended upon, whether a new boy, whose name he did not know, for whom the place had been engaged, would come to school or not—this was a point which Lewis could not decide—therefore it was better to do something in the interval to lessen the impatience and pain of suspense. Lewis had, during these holidays, a theme to write. The subject: “Which of all the Roman and Grecian heroes in Plutarch’s Lives do you prefer?” Here was ample room for thought and debate. Lewis consulted Frank, and Frank felt his own ignorance, and Plutarch’s Lives were now looked over with great eagerness; each took a volume, and each read aloud whatever struck him at the moment with admiration. Mary listening while she worked, or rather while she sat with her work in her hand.

And now she inclined in favor of this hero, and now of that.

Lewis could not decide quickly, because it was a matter of great consequence to him. He had many competitors who were very clever boys, and who would examine the merits of the hero of each theme; and he must look over Plutarch's lives again and again more carefully another day. Frank desired to help his friend in examining the lives that were to be compared, and Lewis kindly accepted his assistance; they read, and gave their reasons in favor, or against each action and character, and having an immediate object, their interest was kept constantly alive. Thus, Frank's attention turned from childish objects, to those that were more manly; and he was now as much interested in the

real history of illustrious men, as he used to be in mere amusing tales. His admiration was excited by the great and good actions of which he read; and as he was pressed at the same time to determine which were truly good and great, many questions about right and wrong, honor and honesty, resolution and obstinacy, courage and rashness, occurred, which were debated between him and his friend Lewis; and though they were only boyish arguments, argued but imperfectly, yet Frank's understanding strengthened by this exercise, as his body strengthened by the wrestling, running, and climbing, which they had out of doors.

Colonel Birch, who was always ready to contribute to their amusement, took them to see some of his men firing at a mark; he taught them how to prime,

load, and fire a pistol themselves. Another day, he took them to an archery meeting; he gave Frank a bow and three good arrows. These were a great delight, more especially because Mary could join in this amusement. The bow, though rather large, was not too strong for her to draw, and her dexterity supplied her want of strength.

The weather was cool enough to permit of riding; and, at Frank and Lewis's age, it must be difficult to find the weather that can prevent a good gallop—Felix had now quite recovered, and Frank's father had sufficient confidence in Lewis to trust him to ride his own favorite horse—confidence of which neither he nor the horse had ever reason to repent.

During the very hot weather, Frank took great pleasure in swimming, and

now he could swim well enough to try the experiment of the kite, which he had so long desired to try. He found the passage in Franklin's essays, and Lewis and he read it together, with the eagerness with which people read that which they want immediately to put in practice.

“ The ordinary method of swimming is reduced to the act of rowing with the arms and legs, and is consequently a laborious and fatiguing operation, when the space of water to be crossed is considerable; there is a method in which the swimmer may pass to great distances with much facility, by means of a sail.

“ This discovery I fortunately made by accident, and in the following manner :

“ When I was a boy, I amused my-

self one day flying a paper kite; and approaching the bank of a pond, which was near a mile broad, I tied the string to a stake, and the kite ascended to a very considerable height above the pond, while I was swimming. In a little time, being desirous of amusing myself with my kite, and enjoying at the same time the pleasure of swimming, I returned; and loosing from the stake the string, with the little stick which was fastened to it, went again into the water, where I found, that, lying on my back and holding the stick in my hands, I was drawn along the surface of the water in a very agreeable manner. Having then engaged another boy to carry my clothes round the pond, to a place which I pointed out to him on the other side, I began to cross the pond with my kite,

which carried me quite over without the least fatigue, and with the greatest pleasure imaginable. I was only obliged occasionally to halt a little in my course, and resist its progress, when it appeared, that, by following too quick, I lowered the kite too much; by doing which occasionally I made it rise again. I have never since that time practised this singular mode of swimming, though I think it not impossible to cross in this manner from Dover to Calais. The packet-boat, however, is still preferable."

In this last sentiment, Frank's mother most heartily agreed. She now, however, consented that Frank should try his experiment from which he had so long refrained in obedience to her, and to fulfil his promise.

His father, for further security, was

present at the trial. It should be observed, that the part of the pond across which Frank made this first trial, was not of greater width than he could have easily crossed by swimming in his usual manner. On this, his father insisted. Frank, kite in hand, went into the water, and exactly as Franklin directed, lying on his back and holding the little stick to which the string of the kite was fastened, was drawn along by his flying-sail, and carried quite over, "without the least fatigue, and with the greatest pleasure imaginable."

How far this mode of sailing-swimming could be applied to use, was a question which was warmly discussed, and very differently judged, according to the age and experience of those who hoped or feared.

All this time no answer came from

the master of Lewis's school! The delay was surprising! The suspense would have been intolerable, but for the constant employments which filled every hour. Colonel Birch was almost as anxious as they could be, for the answer to the letter: he was very desirous that Frank should now go to school.

"Well, boys, have you had a letter?" said he, coming in one morning, about the hour when the post usually arrived.

"No, Sir," said Frank, "the post has not come in yet, and we are going out with our bows and arrows, to prevent us from being impatient. This was Mary's invention. Mamma will send for us, if there is a letter."

And this morning they were sent for. They found their father, mother, and Colonel Birch, holding consultation

over a letter which lay on the table. The letter began with an apology for the delay of the master's answer. This had been occasioned, he said, by his having been kept in uncertainty by the friends of a boy, to whom the vacant place had been promised. They had, however, now decided to send him, and there was no place for Frank this year.

All stood round the table in silence, each reading the letter again by turns. But it could not be changed; and after having read it, each laid it down again. Colonel Birch first broke silence.

“ My good friends, I see what the end of this will be,” said he, “ and I am very sorry for it; you will keep Frank at home another year, and if you do, it will spoil him. You cannot help it, my dear Madam, you

cannot help it—I know you would do every thing for him that the best of mothers can do, for the best of boys; but that is not sufficient, I mean that is too much. He is made a great deal too happy—every thing goes too smoothly and easily with him at home, to make a man of him. If you have given him good *principles*, as I know you have, trust to them. He must see good and bad at every school, and wherever he goes in the world, and the sooner he learns to choose between them, and make his own way, the better.

“Very true, my dear Madam. Yes, my dear Sir,” continued Colonel Birch, half listening to something Frank’s father and mother attempted to say, to assure him that they agreed perfectly in these sentiments. “I know you

agree with me in theory, but in practice, when it comes to the point, I doubt your resolution: you will make fine excuses to yourselves—you will say, that you must find the best school possible, and the best friend possible for your boy, and so forth. I am sorry he cannot find a place at this best of schools," added he, looking at Lewis, "for I know the value of a good friend early in life, a friend a year or two older and wiser than oneself; I had one in your father, Frank. But still, my boy, you have your friend here, safe by the heart-strings; and whether you go to the same school for this year, with him, or not, matters little: your father and I, when we were boys, were separated for three long years—what did that signify? We met again, and found our hearts

and heads the same, or rather better, if I remember right, for my own share, and we were as good friends as if we had never parted. Come, come, my boys, think no more about it."

Frank and Lewis tried to think that it was all for the best. Frank said, that he was ready to go to any school his father and mother pleased, and as soon as they pleased: he was sure he should never find such another friend as Lewis: "but," added he, "I shall always I hope——"

What it was that he hoped, was lost in a choking in his throat; but though the words were inaudible, they were understood it seems; for Colonel Birch immediately answered—

"That I am sure you will, my boy. So now to what school will you send him, and when?"

"I have two in view, under con-

sideration," said his father, smiling, as he spoke, at Colonel Birch's look of impatience.

"Under consideration!—Toss up and decide. Any school, is better for him than keeping him longer at home, especially as you are obliged to go abroad. Any, the worst public school, is better for a boy of his age, than the best home."

This was going too far, this could not be allowed; and to do the good Colonel justice, this was more than he meant; the assertion was made in the warmth of argument, in his zeal for what he thought Frank's advantage. As he cooled, he found there had been no occasion for his heat. Frank's father was not only willing but prepared, to do all that he wished.

It may be remembered that in the

preceding summer Frank's father took him to a beautiful park in the neighbourhood, called Bellombre. Lord and Lady Chepstow, the possessors of this place, who had been for some time abroad, were now at home, and so was their son Horace Granville, who had been at one of the principal English schools, and who had a party of his young companions with him to spend the holidays at Bellombre. Frank's father and mother had delayed a long-promised visit to Lord and Lady Chepstow, till this time, on purpose that they might give Frank an opportunity of seeing these young people, and now there was an additional motive, that they might judge by what these boys were, and by what they heard of their master, which school they should like best for Frank.

The party was quickly arranged. There were Miss Granvilles, and Mary

was included in the invitation. They all went to spend a fortnight at Bellombre. The drive there, though neither by the wood nor glen, which Frank had formerly described to Mary, was thought delightful, and the superb park was equal even to what Frank's imagination had expected, from his first peep between the paling. The house was magnificent. They were shewn to a splendid library, where they found Lord and Lady Chepstow, and, among several other people, a boy of about fifteen or sixteen, whom Frank imagined to be young Granville, and was surprised to see that he was rather mean-looking; but Frank found his mistake, when Lord Chepstow turned and said to the boy—"Spellman, where is Horace?"

Spellman said, that Mr. Granville

had been out fishing; he was very wet—very late—very sorry—but he was sure he would soon be down.

In the meantime, Spellman came forward to the young people; he shewed Mary where to put her bonnet: he took them to the window, and pointed out the best view of the park; told how many miles the park was round, and told them the names of all the portraits in the room, and which was the first Lord Chepstow, and which the last, and which the present lord, and which was Horace. “Wonderfully like,” said he, “only not near so handsome. Is not it?” Frank had never yet seen him, therefore he could not decide.

“Never seen Horace Granville!—but then you’ve a great pleasure to come. Only you must not be sur-

prised to find him a little shy at first. It is a great pity : Lady Chepstow is always complaining of his being so silent—but it goes off ; you'll like him amazingly when you know him—that is, if he likes you, which I am sure he will, for he told me his mother desired him to take you under his protection. People think he is terribly proud, but it is all bashfulness. Surprisingly bashful he is, considering how clever he is, and it is *so* odd, after his being at a great school, and every thing, but he goes back to it always at home, which is very provoking to his father—but I am a prodigious favourite, and must always be here in the holidays to talk for him, especially when *there's* strangers, as Lady Chepstow says, so we get on famously. Horace could never do without me !”

Spellman had not time to say more, for the door burst open, and in came, laughing at some jest unknown, a party of well-dressed men-boys, as Mary called them, who, except a bob of the head each to Lady Chepstow as they passed, seemed regardless of every body but themselves. They herded together in a window; their merriment ceased, and they stood eyeing the company, the door still left open, till another followed, very gentleman-like, cold, and quiet: he was a boy of about sixteen, but he looked quite like a man, and a very serious man.

“Horace Granville *himself*,” whispered Spellman—Frank and Lewis were presented to him, and he to them, by Lord Chepstow, who said that he was sure his son Horace would always be particularly glad to see Frank, but

Horace did not look particularly glad to see him now. At once bashful and proud, he stood greatly distressed and said nothing, but after a reconnoitring glance down upon Frank, he held out his hand graciously to him, bowed his head coldly to Lewis, but still said nothing. Lady Chepstow asked if there was not some hope that Frank would go to the same school with her son. This suggested an easy subject of conversation to Horace, but he did not take it. After standing a few minutes in this agony of silence, he turned short about, walked abruptly away, and joined the herd in the window, leaving Frank and Lewis again to Spellman's care. About this time Mary was carried off by one of the higher powers to some distant region, where, with the

governess and the Miss Granvilles, she was to be invisible.

Spellman resumed his office of Granville's talker and flatterer. He whispered to Frank, "Though Mr. Granville said nothing, I know he liked your first look amazingly. I know his eye, if anybody does."

"Can you tell me," said Frank, "who *those people* are, who are standing at the window?" He was at a loss whether to call them boys or men, he therefore called them *people*.

"People! indeed," said Spellman, smiling. "One of them is Cressingham, son of Lord Cressingham, of Cressingham, or his hand would not be on Granville's shoulder. The other, with the broad back, is Power, son of the member—Oh! you don't know him. There is Power, the fa-

ther, the old man, with the great seals to his watch, and young Power is expected to be very rich,—we are very fond of him. Then, the other, the thin little fellow in the window, with his hand on his hip, is Shaw; he is expected to be very clever. His father is here often, because he is known now to be the author of '*The Conflagration of Moscow*,' and he is supposed to be the author of the '*Chit-Chat-Club*,' and '*Bath Buns*' and '*Bath Idols*' are given to him too, but he denies them.'

"I should like to see '*The Conflagration of Moscow*,'" said Lewis.

"Its on the little table there," said Spellman, "and its very fine certainly, but, my own share, I like the '*Chit-Chat-Club*' better, its so amazingly entertaining, for every body in the world

is in it. But you would not understand a word of it without the key."

"But what are 'Bath idols and Bath buns,' sir?" said Frank.

"Oh, bless you! the bitterest thing, and the sweetest!" replied Spellman. "But you would not taste it at all. Its nothing unless you know the people; and," added he, with a smile of superiority, "you are not come quite to the age for satire—yet I beg your pardon."

"Are all those in the window school-fellows of Mr. Granville?" said Frank.

"No: only one, Cressingham; the two others are from some other school, I forget which."

"And are you a school-fellow of Mr. Granville's?" said Frank.

"No: I am his home-fellow," said Spellman, some slight embarrassment

appearing in his voice and laugh though not in his unblushing face. He added, "I am home-bred, like yourself. But, dinner ! dinner !"

At dinner Frank was desired to sit by Mr. Granville, who was at the head of the side-table, at which were all his companions, and some other persons. Granville was very attentive to Frank, more so than to any body else, silently taking care that he had all he wanted. Officious Spellman seeing this, offered him continually this and that, and the other, and every thing he did not want : so that Frank had no peace till Granville said,—

"Leave him to me, Spellman."

Frank hoped, that he should now hear what other people were talking about.

Much was said about soups and fish,

and sauce ; he was much surprised that boys or young men, could know so much about different dishes. None of these school-boys, however, gobbled like Tom. They all eat like gentlemen, but they talked more like cooks. Frank was not sure whether they were in reality, or only pretended to be, epicures. Certainly, they were not ashamed, but proud of their love of eating, and their taste for wines.

When hunger abated and plates stood still, there was much said by Power, and Shaw, and Spellman, of fish that had been caught by them, and of fishing and boating-parties which they had had, or were to have. Frank liked this, but each spoke of his own feats, and Frank thought they did not seem much to care for each other, or to expect to be cared for ; they were com-

panions, but not friends. Frank observed, that Shaw and Power, though they were school-fellows as Spellman had told him, appeared to take pleasure in taunting each other—their characters were plain enough to him. Shaw was clever, anxious to shew his wit, and make diversion of every body. Power was tyrannical, rather stupid, and fond of his father's fortune.

Frank wished that they would not talk so much, that he might hear Granville, about whose character he felt more curiosity. But, though Granville had by this time got over his bashfulness, so far as to have regained the power of speech, yet he used that power but sparingly. Frank could not tell whether he was silent from timidity, or from pride.

Of Cressingham he did not at first

think much. Cressingham had a headache, and appeared cross, to Spellman in particular, who tried to please him in vain. Even when he spoke of the Cressinghams of Cressingham, he would not be pleased. Whenever Spellman praised Granville, or any thing at Bellombre, Cressingham always made some sarcastic answer. It almost seemed as if he disliked Granville, though he was said to be his friend. Spellman was a little too fond of flattering, perhaps, but Cressingham appeared unjust to him, and much too severe, almost rude. But of these things, and of the character of Granville especially, Frank changed his mind several times during the course of dinner.

In the silence between the first and second courses, Spellman, feeling him-

self called upon to say something, asked Frank if he knew what was meant by a fag? Frank said that he did; Lewis had explained it to him.

“It is very lucky for somebody,” said Spellman, “that little Drake died last month of the measles, for I have a notion that somebody will get into his shoes.”

Frank looked puzzled, till it was explained to him, that Drake had been Mr. Granville’s fag at school, and that *getting into his shoes* meant succeeding to him, or standing in his place.

After Shaw had laughed more than sufficiently at the little *greenhorn*’s ignorance of this expression, and then laughed again, till the back of his chair shook, at Frank’s not knowing what was meant even by a *greenhorn*, Spellman went on.

"You will go to school under famous good protection," said he to Frank; "many a boy will envy you; a cousin of my own in particular, I know, would like to be Granville's fag of all things, if he had been lucky enough."

"That cousin of yours must be very particular, in truth, if he likes, of all things, to be a fag. It is the best subject of congratulation I ever heard; I will write a pindaric ode upon it," said Shaw.

"Would you rather be Granville's fag or Granville's flatterer?" said Cressingham.

"Not a fair question," said Shaw, "for one of the places is not vacant, you know, and you would not have him disoblige any of the present company by shewing he wants to step into his shoes before his time."

Frank was a little confused, but he answered—

“I will never be a flatterer, if that is what you mean—I know I must be a fag.”

“Must !” pursued Shaw. “But, you lucky little dog, do not you rejoice at being Mr. Granville’s fag ?—”

“No,” said Frank, “I do not rejoice at it, I would rather not be any body’s fag.”

Granville’s face clouded over, but the cloud passed off.

“Who would be any body’s fag, if they could help it ?” cried Power; “but you will find you cannot help yourself, my little fellow. There is fagging at all schools, my lad.”

“Not at all schools, not at mine,” said Lewis.

“No fagging at your school ?” cried

Shaw, "and pray, where is it situate, *lying* or being?—Somewhere in the county of Utopia, I guess, or the parish of Lubberland.—Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Frank felt vexed at his loud laugh, but Lewis was not vexed, he waited till the laugh was over, which he knew could not last for ever, though it seemed unextinguishable, like the laughter of Homer's rude gods. When Lewis had quietly established his fact, Power took up the cause against him, and said—

"If there is no fagging at your school, I would not go to it."

"No, because you are a great boy," said Lewis; "if you were a little boy, you would be very glad to go to it."

"I am sure, I should," said Frank, sighing.

Granville's face clouded over again.

"Comfort yourself," said Cressing-

ham, "for though you must be a fag, you need not be a flatterer."

"But, why must there be fags?" persisted Frank.

"Because there must," said Power.

"The law of the lion, and good law," said Shaw. "Hey, Granville?"

"For lions," answered Granville.

"What, are you against fagging, and you one of the great boys?" said Power.

"It is a fine thing to be a great boy," said Shaw, "but Granville looks as if he would have been more obliged to you, if you had called him a great man."

"Which he will be," said Spellman, in a low voice, quite distinct enough to be heard.

"And, if you were a great man,"

said Power, "would you put down fagging?"

"Stay till he is, and then he will tell you," said Shaw.

Power stuck to his question with little variation, repeating, "Granville, are you for, or against fagging? do tell us."

Granville was against tyrannical fagging, he said, but in moderate bounds, he thought it a good custom. It taught boys to bear and to obey; he had been a fag himself, and he thought it had done him good, it had made a man of him.

Some conversation followed as to what was tyrannical fagging. Upon the whole, Granville acknowledged it was difficult to prevent tyranny where there was power.

“ A good pun against you, Power,” interrupted Shaw.

Granville looked above a pun, and concluded, as Power bending forward would have his sentence, “ It never can be abolished, and therefore there is no use in talking more about it.”

Upon this last point Lewis differed from him, because, as he re-urged, fagging had been abolished at his school, and in others which he named.

Now, Granville could not bear contradiction, at least he could not bear it at home ; he had been forced to bear it at school. But, when Spellman was by, and ready to assent to, and support all he said, and to wonder that any body could be of another opinion, his first fault of temper returned. The moment Lewis differed from him, he

looked down, proudly displeased that a little boy, or at least a boy who was not of his age, or of the first *forms*, should venture to contradict him, to reason, and to reason better than he did. This was too provoking; Granville reasoned no longer, but repeated drily, that fagging never would be abolished.

Lewis observed, that if people had thought so about the slave-trade, probably that never would have been abolished.

"We must keep clear of politics," said Spellman. There was a pause, and then Frank, with some hesitation, said, "I don't quite understand Mr. Granville."

Granville did not explain.

"You will quite understand when

you go to school," said Shaw, "mean-time, take some sauce to your pudding."

"While you can get it," added Spellman, laughing.

"I thought you had been on the other side of the question," said Frank, looking up in Granville's face.

"You thought wrong then, my little gentleman," said Granville.

Frank said he was sorry for it, and he wished to say more; but not used to speak before so many boys, was over-awed: however, he ventured to say, that he did not see why fagging should not be abolished; he did not see why great boys should trample on little boys.

"You may not see why," said Power, "but they will always do it."

“Not always, not with us,” said Lewis; “they are not allowed.”

“Who can hinder them, I want to know?” asked Power.

“The master, the laws, and ourselves,” answered Lewis; “fagging is abolished with us, and I hope it will be so every where soon.”

“You may hope, but it will not,” said Cressingham, “though I am not sure but it ought.”

“I am sure it ought not,” said Power, “that would be too hard upon me, too bad, just come up last year to be master, after being fag so many years.”

Frank looked at him, and felt that he should be sorry to be his fag. Shaw quickly interpreting the look, nodded to him, and said,

“ You are right there, my little lad.”

“ What do you mean ?” said Power.

“ You know very well what I mean, the hot poker and the eyebrows. Remember your fag Simpson.”

“ Oh, tell us, will you ?” said Spellman.

“ Oh ! we must not tell tales out of school.”

“ Tell what you will,” said Power, “ but do not forget what you did to Hamilton when he did not clean your shoes to please you, or rather what you could not do ; for the little spirit got the better of you, I think.”

“ I beg your pardon,” said Shaw, “ I made him lick the shoe at last, I bent the proud Hamilton back to it, or I would have seen why, and a good joke it was, and horrible faces he made ; and he said it was poison. If the shoe was

not clean it was his own fault, you know. But the hot poker was too bad, and the flogging you gave him, for not lying still under it."

"It was his own fault—if he had lain still as I bid him, he would not have been burned nor beat either," said Power.

"For shame! gentlemen," exclaimed Granville, in a tone so much louder than usual, that some of the heads of the large table turned to see what was the matter.

"Was that Horace's voice?" said Lady Chepstow.

"It was, Ma'am," replied Horace.

"I hope Horace is taking care of the gentlemen at that table," said Lord Chepstow.

"Excellent care, my Lord," answered Spellman.

In the same instant Granville held up his glass to Shaw, who answered by a nod, and holding up his glass, it was filled, swallowed, returned to its place, quick as *ready, present, fire*.

Frank, who had very much liked Granville's loud 'for shame,' and who thought he was now sure of his opinion, looked up to him again, the moment he put down his glass, and smiling, said, "Now you are convinced Lewis was right."

Granville was silent, and colored, but, whether from shame or anger, Frank could not be certain.

Granville exerted himself afterwards, and talked more than usual and very well on various subjects, but he never addressed one word to Lewis, to whom he seemed to have taken a dislike, Frank could not conceive why. He

could hardly imagine that he was offended, merely by Lewis's differing from him in opinion, and by his having dared to contradict and conquer him in argument.

After dinner, when the ladies left the room, Frank and Lewis rose to go with them.

"You are going, I see," said Granville, coldly and ceremoniously to Lewis, "you will always do as you please in this house, I hope." He nodded more graciously to Frank, adding, "*Spellman will follow you soon, and shew you the lions.*"

Spellman, though he would rather have staid with the gentlemen, followed Frank directly, for which Frank was very sorry, as he wanted to walk in the park alone with Lewis.

Frank was taken by Spellman to the

stable, and the kennel, and the pheasantry, and the armoury ; and he would have been entertained, but that fagging lay heavy at his heart. The walk in the park, however, was refreshing after the hot dinner ; but Spellman kept on talking and flattering, and he was such a flatterer, that Frank grew sick of him. Spellman was probably equally tired of Frank, for when they had finished their walk, when he had lodged them in the drawing-room, and furnished them with coffee, he left them ; and as the window was open, Lewis heard him calling out, “ I’m off duty now, stay for me—hard duty it was—it’s fair I should have some fun.”

Frank was glad to have got rid of him at any rate. Lewis was called by some one to play at chess. Frank stood by, wishing he could play at any

thing, listening first to what one lady said, and then another, and heard a great deal of talking, but nothing interested him. His mother was at a distance with Lady Chepstow, who spoke in a whisper. Nobody knew that Frank was standing there, till Granville and his party came into the room. Shaw, as he passed, laughed at Frank's doleful face, and said, "there's a fish out of water—no, a tame bird dying of the pip."

Before Frank could guess what sort of death this was, Mr. Power followed. Power neither heard the wit, nor saw the object; but stumbling over Frank's feet, wondered how his feet came there, begged his pardon, if he had hurt him, but took coffee without hearing Frank's reply.

Cressingham was saying something

about Spellman, and could not attend to any thing else. Granville, however, stopped, and said to Frank, "Have you seen Egypt?" Frank bewildered, was uncommonly stupid, and looked in his face without answering. Lewis interrupted his game of chess, and answered for him, "No, Frank, you have not seen the Travels in Egypt, that great book on the table."

What a blessing it is to have a friend who has some sense, when we have none left of our own! a friend who will even lose a game at chess to serve us. Lewis lost his game and went with Frank to Egypt. Frank thought he should now be comfortable, and he only wanted Mary to join them, but Mary seemed as if she could not stir; she looked uncommonly stupid too. The Miss Granvilles, who saw Frank

beckoning, were so obliging to go to the table with her, but they had seen Egypt several times before, that is to say, had turned it over. They were very polite about the pyramids, and every thing; but their standing by and talking, as he thought a little affectedly, disturbed Frank. He looked at the pyramids almost without seeing them, or knowing what they were, and the young ladies, he was conscious, must think him nearly a fool. He whispered, "Go back to your seat, will you, Mary." The Miss Granvilles went with her; but Spellman came in, and seeing him alone, would help him to turn over the leaves; though Frank thanked him, and said he could turn them over for himself. But Spellman began to tell him the book was very valuable, that it cost so much; Frank

gave it up, and longed to go to bed, but dared not, because he was afraid Spellman would go with him to show him the way to his room. At last he saw his mother get up, and leave the room, and he darted after her. He had a great deal to say, but he could say little, he was so excessively sleepy. While his mother was taking his goods for him out of the chaise box, he stretched and yawned, and said,

“ Poor Mary, I hope she has been asleep this hour.”

But she answered from a little room within his mother’s—

“ Oh no, I am not asleep. I cannot get to sleep. Do not you wish we were at home again, Frank ?”

“ That I do,” said Frank.

The next morning, Frank came into

his mother's room. "Good morning to you, dear mother," said he, "I am sure Colonel Birch was right, and that you have made me too happy at home."

"I am sorry for it, my dear child," said his mother, "if you are to suffer for it."

"No, mother, I will not suffer, nor shall you. Frank is himself again this morning," said he, smiling.

Mary hearing Frank's voice, came out of her little room ready dressed, but looking mournfully, she said,

"I am very sorry we are to stay here a whole fortnight."

"Do not be sorry, Mary," said Frank, "for though it is disagreeable, I am sure it will do me a great deal of good."

After a night's refreshing sleep, he

had recovered his sense and his spirit. He had been up above an hour with Lewis, who had settled his mind, he said, on those points, which had disturbed him most, *Fags* and *fagging*. He was exceedingly sorry that he could not go with Lewis to that school of his, where neither fags nor fagging were allowed; but since he could not abolish the vile custom, by any thing he could say or do, all that remained was to do his duty, if he was ever called upon to be a fag. Frank was determined he would bear every thing well, unless, said he, it should come to red hot pokers, or any such tyranny as ought not to be borne.

“But what would you do then if it did?” said Mary.

“I would,” said Frank, “boldly before my tyrant’s face, and before all

his school-fellows, come forward, and ask *his* school-fellows, and *my* school-fellows, and *his* master, and *my* master, whether this ought to be borne or not."

Frank acted the coming forward as he spoke, with great spirit, and looked as he felt, like a little hero.

"Bravo, Frank!" said his father, looking at him from his dressing-room door; "you would do quite right; but I promise you that I will inquire into the facts, and you shall not be sent to any school where I know that such tyranny is practised. I do not say permitted, for were it known, I am sure it would not be suffered."

"Thank you, father," said Frank; "then if I have a tolerable master, I will be as good a fag as ever was seen; you shall find, and Colonel Birch shall

find, that I am not spoiled, though I have been so happy, my dear mother, at home ; I will not be lazy, nor cross, nor a tell-tale ; but one thing I am resolved upon, if it comes to the trial, I will tell no lie for any body, I will speak the truth always ; and I am able, I hope, to bear the consequences."

His father came out from the inner room, while Frank was saying this, and he laid his hand upon Frank's head, and said,

"God bless you, my dear son ; and if you keep to this resolution, and hold to such principles, you will be a blessing to your mother, and to me."

Frank, when he heard these words, thought he was able to bear any thing, and to do any thing. He saw his mother's eyes fixed fondly upon him, and Mary again looking bright and happy.

In high spirits, he ran down stairs to see whether breakfast was ready. In the hall which he was to cross, to go to the breakfast-room, Granville, the whole schoolboy party, and some others were standing, and as Frank passed, Shaw tried to catch hold of him: "Ah, tame bird, are you alive this morning?"

"Not a tame bird," said Frank, escaping from him, "not to be caught by you."

"He will be tamed soon, though," cried Power, seizing hold of Frank's arm.

"May be so, but not by you, Mr. Power," said Frank, standing still, but steadily, under his grasp.

"Let the boy go, if you please, Power," said Granville calmly.

And Power let him go, saying disdainfully, "Who wants to hold him?"

“ One moment, I beg your pardon,” said Spellman, setting himself with his spread arms, before Frank, to stop him as he was springing forward: “ May I ask you one question ?”

“ Any you please,” said Frank; “ but,” added he, in a playful tone, “ I’m to choose whether I’ll answer it or not.”

“ Then tell me,” said he, winking over Frank’s head at the bystanders; “ Tell me, my little man, if you were to choose, of these four gentlemen, whose fag would you be.”

Frank paused, considered, and answered, “ I shall say the name you wish me to say, but not because you expect it, nor to flatter any body: I should choose Mr. Granville.”

Granville smiled.

“ Well said,” cried Cressingham;

“but tell us why—why did not you choose me?”

“I don’t know enough of you, Sir,” said Frank.

“As much as of Granville,” said Cressingham.

“Not *quite* so much,” said Frank.

“Why! What do you know of him?” said Cressingham.

“Something,” answered Frank, “something that he said.”

“*Said!*” repeated Shaw, “When?”

“Yesterday at dinner, Mr. Granville said, ‘For shame, gentlemen.’”

They all laughed. “He has caught Granville’s indignant tone too,” said Shaw; “I like the voice particularly.”

“I like the feeling better,” said Cressingham.

“I like the boy,” said Granville, drawing Frank closer to him; “for the

future, my dear little fellow, you may call me Granville or Horace, and I will call you Frank."

"Thank you, Sir, but I would rather call you Mr. Granville, if you please," said Frank.

"Why? you call your friend Lewis, Lewis, don't you?"

"I do; because he is my friend, Sir."

"Well, *Sir*, and I intend to be your friend, *Sir*," said Granville, in a tone of familiarity unusual to him.

"Thank you, Sir," said Frank, still without changing his manner.

"He does not understand," said Spellman.

"He does," said Granville, "and I understand him."

A servant came to say that breakfast was ready. Mr. Granville again

placed Frank beside him, telling him this was always to be his place.

This day Frank was much happier than he had been yesterday. In the first place, his father this day, in consequence of all he saw and heard of Messieurs Shaw and Power, and of the abuses of the fagging system that prevailed at their school, determined that Frank should never go there. Relieved from this dread, Frank felt happier, because he became more accustomed to the new things and people by which and by whom he was surrounded. He considered that he was to be at Bellombre only a fortnight, and that what was to happen afterwards at school was the point of most consequence to him; therefore Mr. Granville, whom he began to look upon as his future master and protector, was the only

person whom he need be anxious to please. Frank attended to all he said and did, and talked much of him and of his character to Lewis, and to his mother and Mary, whenever he could speak to them, but that was seldom. Some things he could not understand nor like. He could not understand why Mr. Granville was sometimes so bashful and at other times so haughty; and he could not bear his letting Spellman go on flattering him. He found that Spellman was the son of some vulgar person, and was vulgar in his manners, mean in his habits, and without information, or any quality to recommend him except good-nature.

The fact was, that he had been Granville's first companion before he went to school, and he had then early acquired the habit of liking his flattery,

which he mistook for affection, and he was glad to have Spellman to speak for him, which relieved his natural bashfulness. At school, and when he mixed with other boys, his shyness was conquered : competition and emulation called out his abilities ; his pride of rank and wealth were obliged to give way to a better sort of pride, he exerted himself, and excelled in talents ; he kept company with his equals and superiors, and formed a friendship with Cressingham, who was a boy of honour. Whenever he returned home, however, the habits he had formed before he went to school recurred, and Spellman was as necessary at Bellombre as a fag was at school. He now considered Frank as completely under his protection, believing that it was settled that he should take him back

with him to school, and have him for his future fag. For some days Frank found him very kind, and eager to secure for him his full share, and, in truth, more than his share, of every pleasure or diversion. In the mornings, there was fishing, boating, riding, driving. Granville mounted Frank well, and was, as he said, surprised to find "how admirably the little fellow rode." Spellman was not only surprised, but pretended to be perfectly astonished; Frank was ashamed, and disliked this coarse flattery, but he was not insensible to the general admiration which he thought he saw, that his horsemanship and his cleverness excited; especially Granville's silent nod in reply to the praises was gratifying. However, his mother and Lewis had put him upon his guard against vanity; he

knew his own foible, and he behaved with great propriety. Cressingham liked his modesty. Shaw and Power did not care about him, when they had not an opportunity of laughing at him as a tame boy or a green-horn. Frank became quite at his ease, and sometimes rose into high spirits, though still he was not so happy as at home. It was quite a different thing. Mary was never with him; he was scarcely ever with his father and mother, and he had none of his own employments. It was diversion or idleness all day long; and every night, when he went to bed, he was either tired of doing nothing, or his head was in a sort of puzzle from the variety of things he had seen. His father and mother had left him as much as possible to himself; they never watched him.

At the end of every day, when he came to wish his mother good-night in her dressing-room, it was his delight to tell her all that he could recollect of what had happened to him; and he sometimes staid for half an hour after he had begun by saying he was so tired he could scarcely speak. Mary went to bed early, and was generally asleep when he came, but sometimes he awakened her by his late talkings, and of this she was always very glad, when she could hear from her little room what was said: she used to leave her door open on purpose, but she generally found it shut in the morning. Frank's mother, at length, limited his chattering time to ten minutes, after which she was inexorable; and he was obliged to march off.

One advantage which she hoped from his visit to Bellombre, was, as she told him, that it would wean him from the habit of expecting sympathy such as he had enjoyed at home. She thought it was good for him to be separated from the friends with whom he had been used to live, especially from Mary, of whose kind and constant sympathy he would much feel the loss at school. Besides, the having been accustomed to too much sympathy, he had, perhaps, been too much nurtured by the fostering dew of praise; he had been led even by his affection for his father and mother, and by his respect and admiration for them, to make their praise and their approbation the object and motive of all his actions. His parents now spoke to him very seri-

ously upon the danger of this to his future character.

They told him, that when he should be separated from them, as he soon would be, he must depend entirely upon his own principles, and upon the consciousness of doing what is right, when, perhaps, nobody in this world knows it, and when he would have neither sympathy nor praise.

Frank had some slight trials of this kind while he was at Bellombre.

Several little boys, the sons of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and some the sons of officers, who were quartered in the adjacent county-town, were frequently invited during his visit there, chiefly for his amusement. One day, Frank proposed to play at *follow the leader*, which he had long desired, and

there were now boys enough. Their spirits rose as they went on. One leader vied with another—no one would be left behind. Till at last, when Frank was leader, he, eager to distinguish himself by noble daring, vaulted over certain net-work fences of the pheasantry, and, as he thought, cleared them without doing any damage, and pursued his way straight across the pheasant-yard; others followed, pushing headlong through the net-work, which they kicked down level with the ground. The birds alarmed at this sudden invasion, ran from side to side of their territory, and at last found and flew out of the gap in the net-work. Much alarmed, the boys now pursued the birds, but pursued in vain. Some of them could not be recovered. Lady Chepstow, who was

particularly fond of her pheasantry, was much displeased when she heard what had happened. And who did the mischief? was the question. Some thought Frank had given the first kick. He was quite sure that he had not, and that the damage had been done by his followers; but then he was leader, and had brought them into the scrape. He took the whole blame upon himself, and a great deal he had to bear. But what vexed him most was, that some of the boys, who did most mischief, behaved shabbily, and did not give him any thanks or credit for his truth and generosity. Lewis was not of the party. Frank could not even tell Mary how well he had behaved, but he knew it himself, that was his only comfort.

Many slighter, and some larger in-

stances of a similar kind occurred, where Frank, more strict in truth than some of his companions, suffered by it at the time. But this strengthened his mind, and he felt proud of being able to do without praise, or even the dear reward of his father and mother's and Mary's sympathy and approbation.

One evening, the little party had been amusing themselves, by playing at cards. Frank, who did not know how to play, was only a stander by, and he had been rather mortified in not being able to take any part in the diversion. When the elder boys had finished their game, and were gone to billiards, he took up the cards, and began to show off to the little boys some of the tricks which he had seen played by the juggler, which, for the moment, made him in their opinion, a man of consequence.

General surprise and admiration were excited, when he declared, that he could undertake to tell what card in the pack any person in company might choose. This could not be believed; they defied him. Frank presented the cards to one of the little boys, and bid him choose one, and take it from the pack; he did so: then Frank desired him to replace it, and then to whisper to his neighbour the name of the card he had chosen. This was done accordingly; Frank then examining the cards with great gravity, threw one after another upon the table, saying, "It was not this, it was not that, nor that, nor this; but it was this," said he, putting his finger on the king of clubs.

How wonderful! it was the very

card the boy had thought of. Frank was looked upon with astonishment by all the little spectators. "Well, you are indeed a conjurer!" cried they.

Frank enjoyed their surprise, and was not a little elated by the superiority which his being able to perform this feat, gave him over those who had lately looked down upon him with pity, if not with contempt, for his ignorance of all games at cards, even of "*beggar-my-neighbour*." One of the spectators, however, more incredulous, would not believe what he had seen, and though the others asked if he would not believe his own eyes, he persisted in thinking, that what had appeared to have been done, had not been done fairly. Frank asked, what he meant by fairly? The boy answered, "I

mean that I think you overheard the whisper, and so knew the name of the card fixed upon."

"I assure you that I did not," said Frank; "that indeed would not have been fair."

"Well then, somebody made a sign to you, which told you when you came to the right."

"No: I have no friend here but Lewis; and, Lewis, will you go out of the room, while I do it over again?"

His friend Lewis went out of the room to oblige him, while a new card was to be fixed upon. Frank retired to the farthest end of the apartment, while the name of the new card was whispered, that he might this time be free from all suspicion. The doubter, and all the judges, acknowledged that it was impossible he should this time

have overheard. And yet this time, as before, the moment it appeared, he told the card which had been pitched upon. It was the knave of diamonds. All were in admiration, except the obstinate doubter, who now looked not only incredulous, but vexed in the midst of his delighted companions. "What do you think of him now, *General*?" said they. They called him *General*, or the little *General*, because he was the son of an officer, and had often said, he would be a general when he should be a man; he was an honest, generous boy, but he was too fond of laying wagers, and betting upon all occasions in favor of his own opinion.

"I will lay you any wager, I know how you do it: if it is not by the ear, it must be by the eye. You guess by the countenance, I saw you look at your

sister, or your cousin, is she? and I dare say she made some sign to you, the moment she came near the table."

Mary, who had joined the circle of spectators, now blushing, declared, that she had made no sign to Frank: she would go away, she said, and they might try it over again. She withdrew. Frank assured the little General, that he was mistaken in his suspicions, but he exclaimed,

"You must have some way of doing it—I know there's some trick in it."

"I do not deny that," said Frank; "I have some way of doing it, certainly, but you have not found out my secret."

"Well, I will lay you any wager you please," said he to Frank, "that if your friend and this young lady, are both out of the room, and if you stand

so that you cannot see our faces, you will never be able to tell the card I choose."

Frank said, he would lay any wager that he could tell it.

"Come then, I'll lay you this silver pencil-case of mine, to that ivory rule you shewed me, that you cannot."

"Done!" said Frank, hastily. "Done," said the other; but Frank recollecting himself, drew back, and said, "No, I will not lay any wager about it."

Upon which all, and the little General the loudest, exclaimed, that he could not draw back, that this was not fair. "I draw back, because I think it would not be fair to go on," said Frank; "I am quite certain that I can do it."

The little General laughed rather

sneeringly, and said, "This a fine way of getting off;" but Frank persisted that he would not lay any wager about it; but he would prove to them that he could do it. He stood with his back to the spectators. Lewis and Mary were out of the room. The knave of hearts was the card which the little General chose; and to secure himself from that wonderful quickness of hearing, which he suspected Frank to possess, he would not even whisper it; he wrote it down on a slip of paper, and put it into the hand of a friend, which closed upon it instantly, so that it could not have been seen. Frank, however, without hesitation, named the card which had been thought of, and the moment it appeared, said, "That is it, the knave of hearts."

"I give up," said the officer's son,

“ I am quite convinced, that you do it fairly.” He ran to call in Mary and Lewis, and repeated the same to them ; adding, that he begged Frank’s pardon, and their’s, for having doubted them.

“ But what a fool you were, begging your pardon, Master Frank,” said Spellman, “ not to stick to your bet, you would have fairly won his silver pencil-case.”

“ He has shewn that he can both play tricks, and be honest too, I think,” said Cressingham.

Several of the little boys expressed a great desire, to know how the trick was played, and Frank said, he would explain it to them. He shewed, that the person who was to play the trick, began by first fixing upon a card, suppose the three of hearts, then he lets you choose what card you please, and in the mean time he keeps his three of

hearts, at the bottom of the pack ; makes you put yours under it, keeps the three of hearts, and the card chosen, close together in shuffling, and then he is sure that they must be found together. Afterwards, in looking over the pack, he knows that the card next the three of hearts, must be that which was chosen. " That is all, you see," concluded Frank, " the trick is very simple."

" Very simple, indeed," said the little General, " now that we know it."

" And very simple of you, Frank, to shew it to them," said Power ; " you might always have made yourself a man of some consequence in the world, with this juggler trick, if you had kept it to yourself."

Power walked away as he spoke, and Cressingham looking at Granville, said,

“Who knows but Frank may make himself of some consequence in the world, without the assistance of any juggler’s trick?”

Granville gave his approving nod with unusual energy, which pleased both Lewis and Mary very much.

Granville and Cressingham then walked away together, and Spellman following, looked back and said,

“For all that, I would have kept my secret to myself, if I were you, master Frank.”

“So would I, if I were you, Mr. Spellman,” answered Frank.

The little General, and Lewis, and Mary, all smiled and thought of the same thing. “Alexander’s answer to Parmenio, was not that what made you smile?” said the little General. “It was,” said Lewis. The rest of the

young people looked as if they wished to understand, but did not. Since they came to Bellombre, scarcely any allusions had ever been made by Lewis, Mary, or Frank, to any thing they had been reading at home. Not that the young people there did not read ; they read history more than Frank and Mary ever read for lessons ; but either they thought it pedantic, to talk of such things, or they had no pleasure in thinking of them. They never listened with interest to any of the conversation of grown up people upon literary subjects, so that they had little opportunity of feeling the advantage or pleasure of what they had read.

This officer's son, whom we shall call James, was very sprightly and entertaining ; his mother was fond of

reading, and from her he had learned to like it. He began to give Frank and Lewis a very entertaining account of what had happened to his father in Spain, and the different countries where he had been with his regiment. But Lord Chepstow was heard to say something about franking letters, and Lewis was obliged to go away, to finish a letter for home—the old story. Frank said he would remember to tell him all that he might hear while he should be away. Frank found that this little general's father was one of those officers whom he had met with at Col. Birch's the morning of the review, and the boy knew and loved Col. Birch, so that there was another subject of agreeable conversation, and reason for liking one another. But while they were talking very happily, all the little party

came to ask them to play at some game at cards. The officer's son answered that he could not play with them to-night.

"Oh I am glad of it!—thank you," said Frank, "do stay and tell me entertaining things, and do not go to those stupid cards."

"Stupid!" exclaimed one of the boys, who, as Frank observed, had a bad countenance. "You say stupid, because you cannot play any game, and *that* is very stupid indeed."

Again he pulled the little general's elbow, saying, "You are not stupid, and you must come to us. Look, we are all waiting for you, general."

"Well, only one game," answered James, following, but as if he was led away against his will. "Only one game, for I want to talk to my friend

here," said he, drawing Frank along with him.

"And why cannot your friend there play with us, like other people?" said another of the party.

"I do not know how," repeated Frank, feeling ashamed he could not tell why, for there really was nothing to be ashamed of in not knowing how to play at cards.

"If that is all, we will soon teach you how," said one of the boys. "Commerce is the easiest game in the world—anybody can play at commerce. Sit down with us, and I will sit beside you and teach you. Come now, sit down, you have no excuse." Frank thought that he had no other excuse, and he forgot that no excuse was necessary; he need only have said that he did not choose to play. He sat down, but he

said he would not play for money. The officer's son said "Certainly not, till you know how." Frank repeated to himself, "I will not play for money when I do know how." The boy who undertook to teach him, now showed him what cards to play every time when it came to his turn, and, in short, taught him the game, in which no skill, or very little, seemed necessary: it was all, or almost all, chance. Frank at first wondered how every body could be so eager about it; for, thought he, "it is no merit of theirs whether they have or have not what they call *good luck* or *good cards* dealt to them." This was very true; but Frank soon felt that he began to grow eager like the rest, and was pleased and proud when he had good luck, and vexed and

mortified when he had ill fortune; though there was nothing to be lost or gained by it, since they were playing for nothing. Frank had *good cards* dealt to him two or three deals running, and he was delighted; his colour and his spirits rose, and now he was extremely eager to go on.

“Now you know the game, Frank, and play as well as any of us, let us play for something; it is so stupid playing for nothing.”

“As little as you please; a penny, if you will,” said the boy, whom Frank had before observed had a bad countenance.

Frank was not quite sure that it was right to play for money; he had a mind to go to ask his mother, but he was ashamed. He half got up, but

the little general whispered, "Have not you a penny? if you have not I'll lend you one."

"Oh yes I have a penny; I have plenty of money," replied Frank.

"Then sit still, can't you? what signifies a penny—are you afraid to run your chance of losing a penny?" said one of the little boys laughing.

"Not a bit afraid of that," said Frank.

"What, then, must you go to ask your mamma about every penny?"

Frank blushed, drew his penny from his pocket, and laid it in the middle of the table along with the other pennies, in what was called the pool. They played, and Frank played very ill, for his mind was disturbed by the doubt of whether he was doing right or wrong, and he knew but little of what he was

about, and scarcely knew one card from another, as his adviser pulled it out of his hand. He did not know how it happened, certainly not by any care of his own—perhaps by the skill of him by whom he was directed, or perhaps by chance, but he won frequently ; and at last, all the rest of the party having lost, except himself and his new friend, they two were to play for the whole pool, that is, for all the halfpence which had been staked, and which were now in the middle of the table. Frank did not care for the money, but he wished to be winner, or, as he called it, to be victorious. He won, exulted in his victory, and consented to play again for one other penny, as he thought ; but after he had dealt, an operation which, as it was new to him, took up all his attention, he saw that

there was silver instead of pence in the middle of the table; and he was told that they were now playing for silver, for that it was too vulgar, too stupid, and too miserly to play for halfpence. Frank would have liked to have stopped, but he fancied that he could not now that the game was begun; besides, he was afraid of being thought "too vulgar," "too stupid," "too miserly," particularly as the boy with the bad countenance remarked, that Frank had won halfpence enough already from them all, to pay his stake now, if he lost, "and therefore," said he, "you need not look so anxious about your pence."

Frank said he did not care at all about the pence, and went on playing; and still, though he was really not in the least anxious about either the pence

or the silver, he became, as before, excessively eager to win. He was also proud to be able to play entirely for himself. The little general was the most eager of the whole party, and his temper seemed quite altered, as Frank observed, and he became not only anxious, but quite ill-humoured and agitated as the game ran towards the close, which was to decide who was to win or lose. Some disputes occurred, many cross looks, and some cross words. Frank did not like this at all; and he wished it was finished, and once he had a mind to throw down his cards, and give it up and go away. The same thought passed in his mind while his neighbour was dealing, but Frank happened to have such good cards, this time, that he saw he should win the game,

if he did not give it up, and he staid and played, and to his surprise and joy again won, and won the whole.

“And is all this mine?” cried Frank.

“Aye, pocket it,” said the boy with the bad countenance, in a surly tone, pushing it towards him. No one took pleasure in Frank’s pleasure, no one rejoiced in his success, that was impossible, because all lost by what he gained. The two youngest boys looked disconsolate, but the little general was the most vexed; he bit his nails, and stamped about, quite in a passion, declaring, that he had always the worst luck of any body in the whole world; and yet he wanted to play one other game. But there was not time; the little boys had not been invited to stay to supper this

night. The carriage, which was to carry them home, was at the door waiting, as Spellman had twice told them; and Granville himself now came from the billiard-room, to say, that they must not keep the horses waiting; off they must go, all but the officer's son, James; he was to go home with his father, who was at billiards, and not yet ready. The boy with the bad countenance, said to Frank, as he passed to go away, "remember, you must give us our revenge to-morrow night."

"Revenge!" said Frank.

"Aye, you must play again, to be sure, to give us, losers, a chance of winning back our own." Before Frank had time to reply, the boy turned away, to claim from James the money he had lent him for his last stake. James answered, "we can settle that another

time," and he put his silver pencil-case into the other boy's hand, adding, "take that for the present."——Frank did not hear this, nor did he see the disturbed countenance of James, for he was intent upon far other thoughts of his own. He had spread his treasure on the green table, and counting it, and portioning it out, was settling what he would do with it. "With this," said he to himself, "I can buy for Mary the magnet which she wished for, and with this a knife, such as Lewis wanted, and I can buy a pencil-case for myself."

He looked up, and asked the little general the price of his pencil-case. James answered hastily, "I do not know—I did not buy it, it was given to me." Then he begun to spin a tetotum which lay on the table; and a

sudden thought seeming to come into his head, he took out his watch. A small one indeed, but it was a real watch.

Frank looked at it, and observed, that it was very pretty.

“Frank,” said James, “did you ever play at tetotum?”

“Often,” said Frank, “with Mary, when she was a very little girl.”

“Oh! but I do not mean child’s play—I mean men’s play, betting. Look at this T on the tetotum, that T stands for ‘take up all.’ If it comes up first to you, you win—if first to me, I win. Now, we will play for this watch, if you please, I will stake this against all the money you have won there on the table.”

Frank, in much amazement, looked at him, and said, “Would you run the

chance of losing your watch, that nice watch?"

"I would," said James, "because I think I shall win this time. Come, shall I spin the tetotum?"

"Stay," said Frank, stopping his hand, "I do not think it is right."

"Right! I have a right to do what I please with my own, the watch is mine. But, you are afraid to hazard your treasure there."

"No," said Frank, "I am not—I would rather have the watch than all this, or twice as much. So, if you think it is not wrong—"

The other spun the tetotum without waiting to say or to hear more. He spun the tetotum; but the T, for "take up all," did not come up to him.—Frank won.

The watch was put into his hands.

He was glad—he was sorry—he was amazed. His feelings were like those of one in a dream. He felt some one touch his shoulder, and looking up, he saw not the boy with whom he had been playing; he was gone, but Lewis stood before him.

“How comes this here?” said Lewis, taking up the watch. “Is it yours? How came you by it? What have you been doing?”

He pronounced these questions rapidly, and the anxiety of his manner so alarmed Frank, that he had only power to answer,

“It is mine, I’ve won it—I’m afraid I’ve done wrong—what shall I do?”

“Won it! Have you been gambling?—Return it—return it as fast as you can,” cried Lewis.

“That I will,” exclaimed Frank, starting up, “but he is gone!”

“Who do you mean? James?—I met him going out as I came in.”

“Oh, stop him, find him for me,” said Frank.

“Come with me then, and bring the watch.”

They both went in search of James. But they could not find him any where, yet his father's carriage was at the door. What could have become of him, unless he had gone away on foot. Frank became very much frightened. Lewis asked all the servants in the outer hall, but they knew nothing of him. One, however, thought he had seen him pass by a few minutes before. Lewis ran out, guessing that he might have got into his father's carriage. One

of the servants would have followed to open the carriage-door, but Lewis forbade him, saying, they would rather open the door for themselves. Frank followed; the blinds were up. Lewis went round to the side that was farthest from the hall-door, and opened the carriage without making any noise. James, with his face downwards, and stretched on the floor of the carriage, was sobbing violently; he started up, and cried, "who is there?" — "A friend," answered Lewis; "go into the carriage, Frank, and I'll wait for you."

Frank jumped in, and without speaking, put the watch into his hands.

"What do you mean?" said James.

"I mean to give it back to you again," said Frank.

“Are you in earnest?”

“Yes, yes, take the watch out of my hands,” said Frank.

James took it, and thanked Frank vehemently again and again, and shook his hands, repeating, “you have saved me, you have saved me—you can’t conceive how miserable I was.” He was in such agitation he hardly knew what he said or did. The carriage-door was open, and by the moonlight Frank saw his face plainly. It was quite pale, and smeared with tears. James kissed the watch several times, exclaiming, “My dear watch! my dear, dear mother. My mother gave it to me, and I promised her never to part with it.—Oh, Frank! I broke my promise; and to have gone home to her without the watch—Oh, think what shame it would have been. How

lucky I was to lose to you instead of to any of the others, they would never have given it back to me.—Oh, thank you!—thank you, generous Frank. Now I am resolved I will never get myself into such a scrape again. I will never play for money again.”

“Nor I neither,” said Frank, “I wish you would take back all this which I won. I cannot bear to keep it.” Frank emptied his pocket of all that he had won. “Pray do give it back to them, you will see them again, perhaps I shall not. I shall never be happy till they have it all again—I had not the least idea how miserable you were. How very unhappy you must have been when you lost it, and when you recollected that you had broken your promise. How could you do that?”

James looked exceedingly ashamed, "Oh Frank," said he, "this is the first time you ever gambled, you don't know what it is; but I do — you cannot think how it leads one on to forget every thing.——What noise is that in the hall?—Is my father coming?"

"No, only the servants passing backwards and forwards."

"See," said James, "see to what it brings me, to be afraid and ashamed to meet my own father and mother. But, good night, good night, Frank," continued he, "do not say a word to any body about the watch; for *they* would be very angry if they knew about it. Keep my secret, and I shall be obliged to you as long as I live. Go, now, my dear Frank, do not let my father find

you here, or he will wonder. Only, don't tell—promise me that."

Frank would not make this promise, though it was difficult and painful to refuse James in his distress ; he stopped on the step of the carriage, and said steadily,

" I cannot promise you not to tell what has passed to any body ; my friend, Lewis, knows it already : and I tell my father and mother every thing about myself, whenever I think I have done wrong, therefore I must tell them what I have done now, for I think I did very wrong ; but I will not mention your name. Will this do ?"

James, looking again very much ashamed, paused, and said, " I do not know what I shall do."

" Take my advice," said Frank,

“ Tell the whole to your father and mother.”

“ I would,” said James, “ but that I am afraid.”

“ Afraid?” said Frank: “ You a general, and afraid?”

The general changed countenance, and after a moment, exclaimed,

“ I am determined I *will* have the courage to tell them the whole truth. Go in, Frank, and tell my father, when you hear them ask for me, that I am sitting in the carriage, waiting for him, and that I have something to say to him. Good bye, I wish I had always had such a friend.”

This night, when Frank went into his mother's room, he shut Mary's door, for all this, he thought, was not proper for her to hear; and he then told his mother all that had pass-

ed. His father came in, and listened to him while he was speaking; and when he ended by saying, "I hope you will not ask me the name of the boy, whose watch I won," his father and mother assured him they would not ask him that, or any question which he felt bound in honor not to answer, and his mother rejoiced to see that he had entire confidence in them.

"Now, Frank," said his father, "young as you are, you have seen something by which you can guess at the meanness and misery, to which a gambler may be reduced. Those who acquire the habit of gambling, when they are boys, continue it when they grow to be men; and to this terrible passion for gaming, they sacrifice every

thing they have in the world—their friends, their family, their honor; just as you saw that boy break his word, and pledge the watch which he had promised to keep for ever. I am glad you have had this lesson early in life, it will make an impression upon you; and now you have another opportunity of trying your own resolution: which do you think best, you are a boy of sense, and I leave it to you to choose. I will either take you home to-morrow morning, or stay with you here to the end of the time I had proposed to remain. Will you go home, or stay here?"

Frank answered, that he would certainly much rather go home; but yet he chose to stay, that he might try his own power of withstanding persuasion and ridicule.

And his resolution, upon this subject, did not fail. The next night, when the young party returned, the boy with the bad countenance, tried to persuade him to play again, but he steadily refused; and this was the more easy, because James, having returned to each of the boys, the money which Frank had won, they could not suppose that he refused to play, from the mere fear of losing what he had gained.

He kept the little general's secret faithfully, as he had promised; all that he heard about him, was, that his father had been ordered away with a detachment of the regiment. When he had repaid the boys their money, he had charged them to give his love to Frank, and to tell him he had taken his advice, and that he hoped and be-

lieved, that he should be the better for it all his life.

Mr. Berkeley, the curate of Bellom-bre, was an excellent amiable man ; he usually came every morning to read an hour with Horace Granville, who loved him, and always treated him with the greatest respect. But Messieurs Power and Shaw did not follow this good example. When Granville was not by, Power sometimes showed his vulgar insolence of wealth, and Shaw played off his impertinent wit against this reverend gentleman. Power viewed with scorn the rusty black coat which was worn by him, who gave all he denied himself to the poor. Shaw, in speaking of him, sometimes called

him Parson Adams, and Mr. Primitive, and was very angry with Frank because he would not understand who he meant, except when he called Mr. Berkeley by his proper name, nor would he ever join in their odious merriment.

One Sunday Lord Chepstow's seat at church was so crowded, that some of the people were sent to a pew underneath. Power, Shaw, Lewis, and Frank, were of the number. Power and Shaw thinking, perhaps, that they were screened from observation, talked and behaved in a very unbecoming manner during the service; and during the sermon they amused themselves with doing all they could to distract the attention of Frank and Lewis, but in vain. Frank and his friend had behaved with the most steady propriety.

After church Shaw ridiculed them, and remarked Frank's face of attention, and called him an hypocritical little quiz, and Power added as much wit or abuse of the same kind as he could muster ; but Frank was sure he was right, and he bore it quite unmoved.

After church Frank's mother was going to walk to the parsonage with Mrs. Berkeley, and Mr. Berkeley asked Frank and Lewis if they would accompany them ; he said he would show them his garden, as they were fond of gardening, and Mary should see what she had long wished to see—a yellow rose in flower.

Power and Shaw whispered to each other, and determined that they, though uninvited, would be of the party, for Shaw was in hopes that he should find

something to laugh at in the parsonage and its inhabitants; but they could find nothing to ridicule in its neat content and cheerfulness; besides, they were kept in awe by Granville, who came in soon after them, and before whom they dared not venture to quiz Mr. Berkeley, or to laugh at any thing belonging to him.

One of the prints in Mrs. Berkeley's sitting-room caught Frank's attention particularly; it was from a picture of Wright—under it were written these words:

“Miravan—*A young nobleman of Ingria breaking open the tomb of his ancestors in search of wealth (incited by this equivocal inscription—‘In this tomb is a treasure greater than Cræsus ever possessed,’)* found, on entering it, the following:—‘*Here dwells repose.—Sacrile-*

gious wretch ! searchest thou for gold among the dead ? Go, son of avarice, thou canst not enjoy repose ! ”

Frank called Lewis to look at this print, and to read what was written beneath it.

Lewis wondered that the story was told of a young nobleman in Ingria, because he recollected, in the first volume of Herodotus, which he had just read at school, a similar story told of Darius, and of a princess who had been buried over one of the gates of Babylon.

Mrs. Berkeley took down the Greek Herodotus and gave Frank the translation, that he might look for the story. Frank found it, and eagerly read it aloud, happy to do honour to his friend Lewis. Mr. Berkeley asked his daughter to copy the print for Frank, which

she kindly promised ; of which Frank was very glad, but he still more enjoyed the praises of his friend, whose excellent memory pleased all present—all, except Shaw, who could not bear the praise of any talents but his own. He had first asserted that he was sure there was no such thing in Herodotus ; looked mortified when Frank found it, and tried to comfort himself by disparaging Herodotus, who, as he said, was known to be the father of lies. He attacked his translator too, and endeavoured to fix the attention of the company by his own superior knowledge of Greek, in detecting some small error ; but this failing, he looked excessively mortified. Frank observed, that Power seemed more interested than he had ever known him before in any subject of literature. He

seemed really to admire Lewis, and Spellman continued to question him in various parts of the book, keeping Mr. Berkeley in admiration of his memory, till Shaw, at last, took up his hat and walked off. Then Power laughed, and said to Granville, "We have fairly driven Shaw off the field; he could not stand our praises of Lewis with all his wit; he is the most envious creature alive. Think of his envying a boy so much younger than himself!"

Granville made no answer but a look of high disdain. Frank, who did not know the feelings of envy, was really surprised, and could scarcely believe it possible. He had observed, indeed, that Shaw always found fault with whatever was praised, especially with an excellent prize poem of one of Lewis's school-fellows, but this Frank had at-

tributed to party spirit, of the nature of which, he had lately acquired some knowledge. He had wondered that he had never admired any of the periodical papers written by his own school-fellows, which he had always criticised with great severity. But still Frank, in his simplicity, had thought that this must arise from Shaw's superior cleverness, which made it so difficult to please his taste and judgment. At first he could not suspect envy, but his eyes were now open to the truth. Power, with brutal mirth, told several anecdotes in confirmation of the truth, and said he would lay any wager he could make Shaw envious of a child of four years old. Frank, instead of joining in his mirth, looked grave and astonished.

“Is it possible,” said he, “that so

clever a boy as Shaw can be envious, and that you, who are his friend, can laugh at him?"

"Why not," said Power, "does not he laugh at me and at every body? He is fair game, if any body is, and one is glad to have a shot at him."

So saying, he took Spellman by the arm, who, with his acquiescing "very true," walked off.

"Lewis, you are a different sort of friend," thought Frank. Mr. Berkeley, as if he had read his thoughts, said,

"What a happiness it is to you two, to be such good friends. This will last not only through your school days, but through life."

"Certainly," said Frank, "only do you know, Sir, there is one great misfortune, we cannot go to the same school?"

“That is a misfortune; for which I pity you,” said Mr. Berkeley, “but, to whatever school you go, your friendship will continue, and wherever you are, you will make friends, if you preserve this kind, generous temper, untainted with envy.”

“*If!*” repeated Frank, and he stood silent. “Surely,” thought he, “it is impossible that I could ever become envious.”

The rest of the company now began to talk on different subjects. Some gathered round a table to look at Miss Berkeley’s beautiful drawings. Many went to a hortus siccus, a collection of dried plants. Lewis to a mineralogical cabinet; but Frank, more interested in what his father and Mr. Berkeley were saying, than in flowers or stones, followed them to a window, where they were talking apart.

He asked if he might listen to what they were saying; his father nodded assent, and went on, eagerly speaking of the difference between emulation and envy. Emulation being a generous desire to raise ourselves in excellence. Envy, a base wish to lower others.

Mr. Berkeley admitted the possibility of keeping these distinct. "Certainly in careful private education," he said, "this could be done effectually." He opened a volume of Cowper's Poems, and pointed to some lines, which Frank read along with his father.

These describe emulation as a compound

"Of envy, hatred, jealousy, and pride."
and give a terrible picture of the spirit of competition among school boys.

“ Each vainly magnifies his own success,
Resents his fellow's, wishes it were less ;
Exults in his miscarriage if he fail,
Deems his reward too great if he prevail ;
And labors to surpass him day and night,
Less for improvement than to tickle spite.
The spur is powerful, and I grant its force ;
It pricks the genius forward in its course,
Allows short time for play, and none for sloth ;
And felt alike by each, advances both ;
But judge, where so much evil intervenes,
The end, though plausible, not worth the means.
Weigh for a moment classical desert,
Against a heart depraved, and temper hurt ;
Hurt too, perhaps for life ; for early wrong
Done to the nobler part, affects it long.”

As he finished these lines, Frank sighed.

“ Do not be afraid, my dear,” said Mr. Berkeley, smiling ; and, laying his hand on Frank's head, added, “ I am

sure that you will never become envious."

"How can you be sure of that?—or how can I be sure of it?" said Frank; "for, if it happens to others when they go to school, why should it not happen to me?"

His father answered, "that he had been at a public school himself—that he had felt emulation strongly; and that he could answer for it, that envy is not the necessary consequence of school competitions; he had been excelled by many, but he never recollected having felt envious of his successful rivals, nor," added he, "did my winning many a prize from my friend Birch, ever diminish his friendship for me."

Granville and Cressingham were passing by at this moment, and Frank's

father appealed to them, and asked their opinion. They supported his evidence with their own; said, that they thought they had seen more envy and jealousy between boys bred at home, than among those at school; because at home, the applause and affection of the father and mother become part of the reward, and the boy who does not succeed in scholarship is then more mortified than he could be by losing any school-prize; but, they agreed, that much in either case depended upon the impartiality of the parents, and the justice of the school-master.

Frank was of opinion, that parents could not be partial—as to school-masters, he did not know, but he was willing to believe, that they could be sometimes unjust, and perhaps often mistaken. But the general argument,

however, did not interest him so much as his own particular case; he hoped that he might feel like his father, or like Colonel Birch, or like any of those generous boys, who had been free from envy; but he wanted to know how he could make sure of this.

Granville walked off, saying, that a boy who was not naturally base, he supposed, was not likely to become envious.

Frank blushed at his own doubts of himself, but his father and Mr. Berkeley told him, that he need not be ashamed of them, that these doubts would probably prove his best security, as they would make him watchful over his own mind. "But," added Mr. Berkeley, "there can be little dependence upon good feelings, unless sup-

ported both by good habits and good principles."

"Principles!" said Power, as he came up behind Frank, and heard the last words.

"They are at principles, and such fudge still," whispered he to Spellman.

"Remember, it is Sunday," said Spellman, with a sort of double face and tone, which was meant to appear respectful to Mr. Berkeley, and which Power was to understand as mockery: "you forget it is Sunday."

"Sunday or not, I hope there is no harm in going to the stables, so come off—with Mr. Berkeley's leave we will go and take a peep at his stud."

"I have no stud, young gentlemen," replied Mr. Berkeley, mildly. I have

only one horse, and he is not at all worth your seeing."

"We shall see that," said Power, and with an insolent nod. he left the room, followed by Spellman, with a mock-respectful bow, which it was very well for him that Granville did not see.

Mr. Berkeley, quite unmoved, resumed what he had been saying.

"My dear young friend, if you will allow me to call you so."

"I will, Sir," said Frank, eagerly, "thank you."

"A boy accustomed as you have been to appeal to his own conscience, without looking always to the praise of others, or to the opinion of by-standers, will be well enough satisfied with himself when he is sure that he is right in essential things. Mere learning, or any attainment, or any talent, as you know,

are far inferior in value to honorable, generous feelings, and conduct. Even if you should meet with an unjust school-master, or should fail in school competitions, the consciousness in your own mind of being free from all envy will support you under that mortification; besides, I am sure, that you would have too much spirit to give up, and you would know, that if you did not succeed in one instance, you might do so some time or other; and this hope will secure you from envy. It has been well observed by those who know human nature best, that people of strong minds are never envious; weak minds only are subject to that unhappy infirmity."

Frank thanked Mr. Berkeley, and felt particularly gratified by his manner of speaking to him.

In support of the truth of what Frank's father had asserted, "That under judicious guidance, strong emulation may be excited in young minds without any mixture of envy, Mr. Berkeley related an anecdote which had fallen under his own observation, in a school in his neighbourhood. At this school, the sons of several wealthy farmers, and of the poorer class of peasants, received instruction together.

It happened that the son of a rich farmer, and of a poor widow, came in competition for the monitorship of their class; they were so nearly equal, that the master could scarcely decide between them: some days one, some days the other, gained the head of the class. It was to be determined, by seeing who should be at the head of the class for

the greater number of days in the week.

The widow's son, by the last day's answer, gained the victory and maintained his place the ensuing week, till the school was dismissed for the holidays.

When they met again, however, he did not appear, and the farmer's son being next in excellence, might now have been at the head of his class; but instead of seizing that vacant place, which had devolved to him by the non-appearance of his rival, he went to the widow's house to inquire what could be the cause of her son's absence. Poverty was the cause: she found that she was not able, with her utmost endeavours, to continue to pay for his schooling, and for the necessary

books, and the poor boy had returned to day labor, as it was his duty, for her support. The farmer's son, out of the allowance of pocket-money which his father gave him, and without letting any body, but the widow and her son, know what he did, bought all the necessary books, and paid for the schooling of his rival, and brought him back again to the head of his class, where he continued to be monitor for a considerable time, at the expense of his generous rival.

Frank clapped his hands, at hearing this story. Mary came up to ask what pleased him so much, and he repeated it to her with delight.

On taking leave of Mr. Berkeley, they were sorry to hear that he was going away for several days, to visit some distant parts of his parish, and

he was not sure that he was to return before they were to leave Bellombre.

“So, master!” said Shaw, stopping opposite to Frank one evening, and setting his hand on his hip, contemplating him as he was standing alone, while the other little boys were playing at cards.—“So, master Frank, you seem to be left out of every thing that is going on there.”

“I was not *left* out, I *took* myself out,” said Frank.

“Took yourself out—very good—but you look mighty like a person *sent to Coventry*,” said Shaw. “Do you, in your simplicity, know what is meant by being *sent to Coventry*, pray?”

“Yes,” said Frank, “you see I do.”

“ And how do you like it, my lad ? ”
said Shaw.

“ I do not like it, but I can bear it,” said Frank ; “ one must bear many disagreeable things, and disagreeable people too.”

Shaw passed on, took his hand off his hip, and rubbed it over his mouth, as was his custom when he had no pun ready, or when he was discomfited.

Frank had observed, that at the same time every evening, Lewis always disappeared, and re-appeared about an hour afterwards. Frank had often thought of going to see what he was about, but something or other had always put it out of his head. But now that his declining popularity left him leisure to think more of his friend, he went in search of Lewis,

whom he found in his room, quietly writing.

“What letters! letters for ever!” cried Frank. • “Not at letter-writing, but at letters, *Belles-lettres*,” said Lewis; “I must learn to pun from Shaw. I am getting on with my theme, you know I have no time to lose.”

“I see you lose no time,” said Frank: “What! you have chosen Epaminondas. My dear Lewis, how can you go on, here, just as if you were at home?”

“Why not,” said Lewis, “nothing disturbs me here, in my own room, you know.”

“And yesterday, I saw you reading in the room with us all, when there was such a noise, I did not know that two and two made four,” said Frank.

“ I do not think, I could have said my alphabet, I could not have attended to the most entertaining book in the world, in that buzz of voices, and din of billiards.”

“ Oh, we are used at school, to read and write, and get our lessons in a much greater din,” said Lewis; “ so it is easy to me to do the same anywhere, that is one great advantage in having been at school.”

“ Shall I ever be able to do so?” said Frank.

“ Oh, yes, you will ; necessity is a hard master, but you are sure to learn from him, as my master said, who by the bye, is not an hard master.”

“ I wish he was to be mine,” said Frank.

“ He would tell you to say, ‘ *I wish he were to be mine,*’ ” said Lewis, laugh-

ing, "for he is very exact about the subjunctive mood, and I am sure would not let a fault pass even in a compliment to himself."

"So exact! and yet you seem to love him."

"I do; some people say, that no boy ever loved the man who taught him Latin, but that I deny," said Lewis.

"So do I," said Frank, "for I love my father, and yet he taught me Latin. But how Shaw would quiz and laugh at us, if he heard what we are saying, this minute," said Frank, looking as if he was a little afraid that the walls should hear.

"The walls have not ears," said Lewis, "and if they had, and if Shaw were to laugh at us, what matter?"

"I should not mind it *much*," said Frank, "but," continued he, return-

ing to what Lewis was writing, "is it possible that you have done all this? how could you do it in so little time? I scarcely ever missed you out of the room. How long were you at it every day?"

"Just one hour every day," said Lewis, "and at a time when nobody wanted me, nobody missed me, you see; perhaps I lost some of the diversion below stairs; but without doing this, I could not have finished my theme; so I am content."

"Shall I ever do as much, do you think?" said Frank.

"That you will. Consider how much older I am than you, Frank: I am growing quite an old man."

"So you are, really," said Frank.

"Now I am come to the delightful word, *finis*," said Lewis, "and very

glad I am, I worked hard, that I might have the few days afterwards, for you and Mary, when we go home."

"How very well thought of, and how kind," said Frank; "but you know how to be kind, and you think of every thing, though one would not guess it, because you never look solemn."

He now seized upon Epaminondas, sat down, and said he would read it before he stirred; but Lewis, though he was very anxious to know what he would think of it, would not let him stay; he took the MS. out of his hand, and went down stairs with him.

If any young or old author should ever chance to read this, he will feel, perhaps, that there was some difficulty in the sacrifice, and will pronounce Lewis to be a good friend.

They went to the billiard-room,

where the young people were assembled. Granville, Cressingham, Shaw, and Power, were at the table, which they had to themselves, all the elders being at this time, happily or unhappily, engaged in talking politics.

Frank liked very much to see billiards played. This is more a game of skill and address, than of chance; and his father, whose advice he had asked, had no objection to billiards; on the contrary, he liked them much as excellent exercise, good trial of the eye and hand, and pleasant amusement, *provided that they be not played for money, or turned to gambling by betting on the players.* Shaw and Power had desired to play for money, but to this, Granville would not consent; he had refused to play, if they betted on his head. This was the

more extraordinary, Shaw observed, because Granville played better than any bôdy.

“The môre honorable, you mean, not the more extraordinary, I hope,” said Cressingham; “he does not want to win all Power’s money, which he could easily do, you know, if he let himself be provoked to bet.”

Power said something about his not valuing money, and not valuing those who were so mighty careful of their own or other people’s.

Granville said, that Mr. Power might do what he pleased anywhere else, he did not pretend to have any right to control him, but that for his own part, he would not let his father’s billiard-table be turned into a gaming-table.

This, which was pronounced not

only proudly, but steadily, put a stop to all further discussion; and to Frank's great satisfaction, it was settled that there should be no bets. They went on playing for *nothing*, a phrase perhaps invented by those who think money every thing, and who forget, that playing for health and amusement, may be considered as playing for something. Frank now stood beside Granville, whose address he watched with great eagerness, observing the care with which he aimed, and the skill with which he struck the ball, to make it go to whatever point he desired. Frank's eye followed his ball constantly, and he wished that it should always succeed. This sympathy, and wish for his success, were evidently agreeable to Granville, who twice said, "Thank you, Frank!" and once stop-

ped to let him have a stroke at the ball himself, putting the cue into Frank's hand, and guiding him in his first aim.

"I never saw Mr. Granville half so fond of any body, I mean of any boy of his age, before," observed Spellman, in a tone intended to be flattering, but which, at the same time betrayed, that he was, for his own part, a little mortified. Well might he be mortified, for all the exaggerated praise that he continually bestowed on Granville's "wonderful-fine play!" never made Granville turn his head, or move a muscle of his countenance; "and yet he certainly must hear what Spellman is saying," thought Frank: "I wonder he lets him flatter in this way." Granville, though ashamed before others to appear to accept this adulation, yet from a mixture of habit and belief in

Spellman's being attached to him, and from weakness, suffered him to go on. Frank could not endure it; he went as far from him as he could, to the opposite side of the table, and forgot to *mark*, and was so absent, that at last, Granville called to him to mind his business, and reached across and gave him a little tap on the head with his cue. Frank started, and drew his head from under the stick; he did not like it, because he had seen the same thing done to Spellman. However, he obeyed directly, marked twice for Granville, and begged pardon for his carelessness.

“What could you be thinking of?” said Spellman, “pray do tell us, what were you thinking of?”

“I would rather not tell you,” said Frank.

“ Oh, you must tell us,” cried Power, seizing hold of him in his rough manner.

Frank repeated, “ that he would rather not, that he would not tell him ;” and at last added, “ that Mr. Power had no right to force his thoughts from him.”

“ True,” said Granville, in his deciding voice ; “ Let the boy alone, if you please, Mr. Power ; he is under my protection.”

“ Happy for him,” said Spellman.

“ Very likely,” said Shaw, “ yet he does not look remarkably happy, at this moment. Did you see how he rubbed his head, when Granville gave him that little rap just now. A delicate fag he will make.”

“ He must be delicate, indeed, and more delicate than I have any idea of,

if he did not like *that*," said Spellman. "Is it possible, Frank, that you did not like *that*?"

Frank acknowledged he did not. Spellman repeated his astonishment, and Granville coolly looked at Frank for explanation.

Frank did not attempt to give any, and Granville went on playing without noticing him more. "You will never do at school, little gentleman, I can tell you, if you are not good humored," said Cressingham.

"Never," said Granville.

"Good humored," cried Lewis, "you will find Frank one of the best humored boys you ever saw."

Granville looked at him, as much as to say, "Who asked your opinion?" and still went on playing. He lost the game, and Spellman was again very

much surprised, and questioned whether Lewis, who was the marker on the opposite side, had marked rightly. Frank was quite sure that Lewis had marked rightly, for he said he had seen him.

“How is this, Frank? I thought you were on my side,” said Granville.

“So I was, and so I am,” said Frank.

“Then why do you speak on the other side?” said Spellman.

“I speak the truth,” said Frank, “without considering about sides.”

“Very right, my little fellow,” said Cressingham.

“But that will never do in this world, or at school,” said Shaw.

Frank said he was sorry for it.

“Do not believe it,” said Cressingham; “the truth will do at school and

every where else, if you speak it properly."

"Pray see if I have cast this up right," said Spellman, turning to Frank. "Look, I noted down here the number of games at billiards which every body won this week past, and see what a prodigious number Mr. Granville won. It is quite surprising, is not it? Am not I right?"

No, there was an error in the casting up, which Frank corrected. "There should be a nine in place of this nought," said he.

"Frank is right," said Granville, going over the sum. "Thank you, Spellman. But Frank, you should not call it *nought*, you should say *ought*."

This Cressingham doubted. It was said, with what truth we know not, that all Cambridge scholars call the cipher *ought*, and all Oxford scho-

lars call it *nought*. Shaw was intended for Oxford, Granville for Cambridge, and a dispute concerning aughts and noughts arose between them. They neither of them produced any decisive arguments, and both began to grow warm. Frank ran for Johnson's great dictionary, and looked for the two words in dispute, and he found that *aught* is there explained to mean *any thing*, and *nought* nothing; so that he was inclined to think he should call the cipher which means nothing, nought. But he did not this time speak till he was asked; when Granville turned to him and asked what Johnson decided? Frank read it, and Granville looked vexed, and said people were not obliged to submit to Johnson always.

Spellman had been going on the

whole time, saying, "Granville's for aughts, I am for aughts—who is for aughts? What, Frank! you against Granville?"

"Yes," Frank acknowledged, and this time he spoke very modestly though steadily, that as far as he had heard, and as far as he could judge, he was for noughts.

"You, Sir, are for noughts too, I think, are not you?" said Granville, looking haughtily towards Lewis; Lewis said he was.

Shaw and Power were impatient to go on playing at billiards, and there the matter dropped for the present; but this slight difference about *aughts* and *noughts* had put Granville out of temper.

Spellman now perceiving that Granville was not pleased with Lewis, took

every little opportunity he could find of saying something taunting against him, his school, and his schoolmaster. As there was no other boy present who was of the same school, Lewis had to defend himself alone, which he did with great spirit and good humour, till Spellman, vanquished, told him that one of the Miss Granvilles was waiting for him to play at chess, and Lewis left the billiard-table. As soon as he was gone Spellman confessed he did not like him much; it might be his fault, but he *could* not like him. "Why?" asked Frank. To this he answered, that he could not tell what it was he did not like, but really he could not like him. If that was all, Frank did not care. Spellman, however, proceeded to attack him for being too good, rather *quizzish*—not like other

people. Frank defended his friend with all his might. Shaw and Power, partly to provoke him, and partly for diversion, joined Spellman in ridiculing Lewis; and Frank, far from giving way, became more zealous and eloquent. So eager was he in this cause, that he forgot every now and then his duty of marker for Granville; Cressingham, however, noted whatever he omitted, and Granville never called upon Frank, or seemed to notice his omissions, but proudly continued playing and naming his own hits, without taking any part either in attack or defence.

When the game ended, Frank left half finished some sentence in praise of Lewis, and ran to his post to tell *how much* Granville had won.

“ Pray go back and finish your sen-

tence," said Granville, putting him aside; "we can do without you."

"I beg your pardon," said Frank, but I was fighting for Lewis. "Lewis is obliged to you," said Granville.

"And I am sure you will not be angry with him," said Cressingham, "for defending his friend behind his back."

"Angry! who is angry?" said Granville. He laid down his cue, and began to twirl a billiard-ball round and round in silence. Shaw and Power now fell into a conversation about blacking for boots.

"But," said Spellman, pursuing Frank, and speaking, so that he was sure Granville heard what he was saying. "Do tell me, would you really rather go to Lewis's school, than with Mr. Granville?"

“To be sure, I would,” cried Frank.

“That *to be sure*, and the emphasis upon it, is not over and above civil,” said Spellman, “in my humble opinion; nor after all, over and above grateful.”

“If it is uncivil, I am sorry for it, I did not mean to be uncivil,” said Frank, looking towards Granville, whose face he could not see, but he saw the deep crimson color of his ears. “Mr. Granville has been very kind to me ever since I came here, and I am sure I am very much obliged to him.”

“Spellman, do let the boy alone, I cannot bear to have thanks forced from people,” said Granville, looking up for a moment, and then spinning his billiard-ball with increased energy.

“He did *not* force my thanks from me. I hope, sir,” said Frank, laying

his hand upon Granville's arm, "that you don't think me ungrateful?"

"I do not think about it," said Granville, slightly shaking off his hand.

"Surely, you believe me to be sincere?" said Frank, in a very melancholy tone.

"Only a little too sincere," said Cressingham.

"Too sincere, that's impossible, surely," said Spellman.

"How could I do otherwise," said Frank, appealing alternately to Cressingham and to Mr. Granville. "When Mr. Spellman asked me the direct question, of which I would rather go with, I could not answer him any thing but the plain truth."

"Who blames you?" said Granville, "not I, I am sure."

"No: but I was afraid you were

angry with me, and you have been very kind to me, and I should be exceedingly sorry to displease you," said Frank, again putting his hand upon Granville's arm; and this time, Granville did not shake it off.

"Ah, I do not wonder," said Spellman, "that you are anxious not to displease him. When you go to school, you would be in a fine way indeed, without his protection!"

"I am not thinking of his protection—I do not want that," said Frank, indignantly, with an emphasis expressive of the contempt which he felt for Spellman's meanness. "I do not want his protection," repeated he.

"Then, you shall not have it," said Granville, thinking in the confusion of his anger, that the contempt was thrown upon his protection. "Hence-

forward you shall not have it;" and he walked away, followed officiously by Spëllman. Frank stood looking after him, at a loss what to do next; and he laid his head down upon his hands on the billiard-table, to try to think.

"Never mind," said Cressingham, who stood beside him.

"But I must mind," said Frank; "for he has been very kind to me."

"And he will be so again, never mind; he will come to himself again. In the mean time, take my advice, whatever happens to you, never complain."

"That I should scorn to do," said Frank.

"You have a great deal of spirit, and I like you the better for it. But mind you keep your temper, my little lad, it may be tried, but do not give

any hasty answers. Do not fly off from Granville."

"I fly off! I have no intention of flying off, I am sure," said Frank.

"Well, well, but what I mean, is, you must bear a little injustice now and then."

"Must I," said Frank, "that's very hard, I have never been used to it."

"Hard or soft, it must be in this world, as you will find. Pray, is it quite settled, that you go to school with us?"

"Quite, quite settled," said Frank.

"Then I like you the better for defending your friend Lewis as you did."

Spellman here returned to say, that Mr. Granville was asking for Cressingham to settle about to-morrow's ride. Cressingham went away with Spell-

man, but turned back to say, in a low voice, to Frank,

“Take care you do not go and repeat to Lewis any of the things that were said against him.”

“I will not—indeed I should never have thought of it,” said Frank. “But thank you, I will follow all your good advice.”

The next day, from Granville's morning face, Frank could not guess whether he was pleased or displeased; but he certainly was not familiar or kind to him as formerly. Spellman was more flattering even than usual, and seemingly in high favor. He asked permission for some of his relations, an aunt and a cousin of his, to see Bel-lombre this morning. It was permitted to strangers to walk in the

grounds two days in the week, but this was not one of them ; however, Granville obtained permission for Spellman's friends, and Spellman would not be of the riding party ; he would stay at home to shew the beauties of Bel-lombre to his relations, this was such a delight to him, as he said. In all this there was one, and but one thing that interested Frank ; he was glad that the flatterer was not to be of their riding party. A very pleasant morning, and a delightful ride it was expected to be through the glen to the race-ground, where there were to be races, which Frank was particularly curious to see. But when the saddle-horses were brought to the door, and when the boys and gentlemen all began to mount Frank was panic struck ; he saw and

said, "he feared there were not horses enough for all."

"Enough for you, as usual," said Granville, beckoning to his father's groom to bring forward the poney which Frank had usually ridden; but there was no horse for Lewis.

Now, thought Frank, as Spellman stays at home, there is his horse surely for Lewis.

"Well, up with you, what are you fumbling about?" said Shaw.

Lewis who knew what passed in his mind, came behind him and whispered, "do not say any thing, go without me, pray."

The groom fancying from the earnestness with which Frank had fixed his eyes on the horse, that there was something in his opinion wrong about stir-

rup or girths, altered them, and Granville dryly said,

“Come, all’s right now, up with you, Frank, if you please.”

But Frank did not please. “Thank you, sir,” said he, “but I would rather not go.”

“Please yourself,” said Granville, “only be sure you do so.”

Frank repeated in a very gentle voice, but quite steadily, that he would rather stay at home.

“Take this horse back to the stable,” was all that Granville said; and mounting his own horse, he coolly gave some directions to Spellman, about sending one of his dogs after him, and rode off, without looking again at Frank. When they were thus left, Lewis was beginning to say, that he was very sorry, but Frank put his hand before Lewis’s

mouth, and stopped the word. "Do not say sorry, for I am glad; we shall be very happy together, and if Granville's angry for nothing, I can't help it. Come up with me to your room now, and give me your Epaminondas."

The manuscript was produced, and Frank rolled a large huge arm-chair to the table, and established himself in it, leaning on his elbows, frowning and looking, as he said, he fancied great critics always look, when they are reviewing. He made the author read his theme. His young brow unbending as he listened, he forgot to play the critic's part, and satisfied the author with what alone it is said, can satisfy an author, "large draughts of unqualified praise."

"Now, was not I right, Lewis," said Frank, "to stop the word *sorry*

from coming out of your mouth? I am sure I have been happier this morning, than any morning since I came to Bellombre."

Between sense and nonsense, talking and laughing, the hours passed so quickly, that they could hardly believe that it was luncheon time, when a servant came to summon them down stairs.

Frank and Lewis had made themselves general favorites, by their attentive, polite manners, and by their being always able to employ themselves, so that they were never burthensome to others, especially to the mistress of the house, as idle school-boys, in the holidays, always are. The ladies invited

them to accompany them in a walk, which they were going to take in the park, and Frank was delighted to have the pleasure of a walk, in company with his mother, and Mary, too. But as Mary was walking in form, with a Miss Granville on each side of her, and as his mother was listening, or talking to Lady Chepstow, there appeared little hope of her ever listening or talking to him. Frank soon grew tired of keeping in a line with them, or of marching in file, through narrow passes of the shrubberies.

“Come, Lewis, let us go on before,” said Frank.

They went on, but in the midst of a lively conversation, Frank stopped short.

“What is the matter? What stops

you?" said Lewis. "Don't you see those people, who are going round the Temple of Fame?" said Frank.

"Only Spellman's party, to whom he was to shew the lions," said Lewis. "You know what shewing the lions means now?"

Frank made no answer, but kept his eyes fixed, till the people, who were on the farthest side of the Temple, again became visible.

"It is Tom! Tom and his mother!" exclaimed Frank: "I thought I could not be mistaken, but I am very sorry I am right."

Lady Chepstow, and the sober walkers, having by this time reached the top of the hill, saw Spellman's party, and her Ladyship turned into another path to avoid them.

"We must give up the Temple of

Fame, for this morning," said she, "and take the lower walk. It is a terrible thing to have a *show-place*, where one is always exposed to meeting people."

They took the lower walk, and Frank hoped that they should never meet Tom and his foolish mother again.

That hope was vain. It was not Lady Chepstow's fault, she left them free course, and time to depart, but after pursuing the lower walk, and leaving the upper to Spellman and his party, and after making the grand tour of the park, she was compelled to meet them again at the lower gate, where, at the joining of the paths, full they stood before her. How they had managed to walk so slow was inconceivable, but so it was. Mrs. J. came forward, and was surprised and delight-

ed, and delighted and surprised, to see Frank and his mother, and her Tom was so charmed too, she was sure, to see his friend, Frank; he could not speak of course, but tucking his whip under his arm, he gave Frank such a shake of the hands, that Mary shrunk for him.

Why he is so overjoyed to see me, I do not know, thought Frank, withdrawing his squeezed hand, but I am sorry to see him, I am afraid this is ill-natured. I wonder he never asks for Felix. "You will be glad to hear, Tom, that Felix is quite well again," said he.

"Lord! so I suppose he is, *by this*, he has had time plenty. How long do you *stop* here?"

"I do not know," said Frank, "I suppose till your mother has done talking."

“ But I ask you *how long* you are to be at Bellombre ?”

“ Some days, I believe.”

“ And do you go to school ? And when, and where ?” And a number of other questions, Tom abruptly asked, for now he seemed determined to talk to Frank, and he would have seized upon his arm, but that Frank retreated between the two Miss Granvilles, whom Tom dared not approach. Lady Chepstow had been obliged, as Frank heard her say, in a low voice, to the governess, to ask them in to rest, and take some refreshments, as they seemed friends of —————

There her ladyship's voice was lost. “ Of ours, perhaps,” said Frank to himself. “ What a mistake !”

Spellman kept up the mistake, however, by rejoicing as he did, to find

that his aunt, (for Mrs. J. was his aunt,) and Tom, (for Tom was his cousin,) were so well acquainted with Frank and his mother; and it was so lucky, that they had the pleasure of meeting at Bellombre.

With Mrs. J. and her Tom, was her sister, a travelled lady, fresh from Italy, but who, by her travels, had only added new affectation to old vulgarity. In the course of half an hour, while they rested themselves, and took some refreshments, Lady Chepstow perceived her mistake, saw that Tom was no friend of Frank's, and that Mrs. J. was no favorite of his mother's.

Notwithstanding Mrs. J.'s admiration of every thing she saw at Bellombre, and her travelled sister's desire to see the cascade again, which had so much put her in mind of the *Acqua*

pendente, that fine fall of water in Italy, on which she had doated; and though Mrs. J. declared, that she had actually bought a place in the neighbourhood of Bellombre, and was quite determined to settle there, Lady Chepstow shewed no further disposition to cultivate their acquaintance. When their stay had been protracted to its utmost decent length, Spellman was quietly suffered to ring the bell for their carriage; but as they were departing, he asked, and obtained permission for them to see the Italian pictures in the great drawing-room, and he extended that permission to shewing them the whole house. As soon as they had left the room, Lady Chepstow observed, that Spellman was an excellent creature, but that really he had a sad horde of vulgar relations, with whom they must not be overrun.

One of the Miss Granvilles sat with Mary near the window, and from time to time looked out at the carriage, which waited long at the door. "Here's Horace, and the gentlemen, come back from their ride," said Miss Granville.

"Now, Mrs. J. is getting into her carriage," said Mary. A minute afterwards, Miss Granville came to her mother, and said, in French,

"Mamma, my brother is bringing back that boy."

"Oh, my dear, impossible! he would not be so barbarous, either to me, or the boy."

"But I assure you, ma'am, I saw Spellman say something to Horace, and he touched the boy on the back with his whip, as he was getting up into the barouche seat, and took him

down; there, the carriage has driven off, and without him!"

"So Frank and Mary saw to their sorrow.

Horace came in, and whispered to his mother, something ending with, "Spellman did so wish it," to which she replied,

"You can refuse Spellman nothing, that is the truth, my dear Horace, and really I do not wonder at it, for Spellman is the most attached creature, has been ever so from his cradle."

"Tom will sleep in Spellman's room, ma'am, and shall be no trouble to you," said Granville.

"The boy will be miserable here, I am sure, but that is his affair, and yours, my dear Horace."

Miserable, and miserably awkward Tom looked, when he re-appeared in

the drawing-room, during the trying five minutes, before dinner. He stuck close to his cousin Spellman's pocket, but Spellman forcibly took the beloved whip from his hands, and, bereft of that, Tom did not know what to do with his hands, and first one clenched, as if he was going to box with it, stopped his mouth needlessly; and when that hand was pulled down by fidgetty Spellman, Tom took to buttoning and unbuttoning, one and the same button of his waistcoat continually. Frank recollected his own trick of buttoning and unbuttoning the sleeve of his coat, when he was a child, and was glad he had cured himself of it. Now, good-naturedly pitying Tom, he once thought of speaking to him, but he guessed from what he had seen, that this would only increase his em-

barrassment, or expose him to the danger of giving some gruff brutal answer.

°Lady Chepstow, who, as she said afterwards, 'was really curious to hear the sound of Tom's voice, asked if he had been amused with the pictures, to which he answered "I don't know."

Spellman, very judiciously, hauled him off into the antichamber to look at some picture which he had not seen, and which he was sure Tom must like.

When they were going to dinner, Lady Chepstow said to her son, as her eye glanced at Tom, "That young gentleman is under your protection?"

"And he shall have it," said Horace, taking Tom by the hand, and as he passed by Frank, he added, "unless he disdains it."

At dinner Tom was placed on one side of Mr. Granville, and Frank took

his usual seat on the other side. All dinner-time the conversation, unhappily for Frank, turned upon the joys of the races which he had not seen. Tom could take some part in what was said; for though he had not been at the race to-day, he had seen races in his life often. Squire Rogers had taken him to the races last week; and with this superiority over Frank, and with the assistance of some, we dare not say how many, glasses of wine, he got over his bashfulness famously. He talked of horses, he thought, almost as well as any body.

Frank did not hear all that was said; he only heard now and then, at the beginning and end of every sentence, the word *horse*—"Your horse," "my horse," "his horse."

Fond as Frank was of horses, he

might have been a little tired during this dinner by hearing of nothing else.

But, in fact, Frank was thinking chiefly of Granville's altered manner towards him. Frank had been in hopes that his displeasure, of which he did not clearly know the cause, would have worn off, but it seemed to be coldly fixed. Frank, who was quite unused to a capricious or a jealous temper, who had never before seen the eye of kindness alter towards him, except in consequence of some fault of his own, now not only felt unhappy, but feared that he must have been to blame. This was what he was considering, when Tom, much elevated by the notice which had been taken of him, turned to him at the time of the dessert, and said, in an insulting tone,

“ You do not eat, man—you don't

drink, man—you don't speak; man; you seem to be *quite down at the mouth.*"

"Come, we must get up your spirits again," said Spellman, immediately offering to fill his glass; Frank drew it back, thanked him, but refused; adding that his spirits could do without wine.

"The English of which is, I suppose," said Shaw, "that he is not allowed to drink wine."

"True," whispered Spellman, loud enough for Frank to hear; "Tom tells me he is kept as tight as a drum at home."

"Not true!" cried Frank indignantly, "as you know, Tom."——Cressingham gave him a look that reminded him of his resolution to keep his temper, whatever happened, and

Frank, restraining his indignation, stopped short.

“It is not very honourable to listen to whispers in company,” said Spellman.

“I did not listen, Mr. Spellman,” replied Frank, in a carefully calm voice, “but you whispered so loudly that I could not help hearing you.”

“Little pitchers, as mamma always says, have long ears,” said Tom, laughing at this great effort of wit.

“Little pitcher,” said Shaw, addressing Frank, “you look, methinks, as if you were too hot to hold.”

“He only wants to be seasoned,” said Cressingham, “and if I am not mistaken, he will stand the seasoning.”

“That is to be proved,” said Power. “Here is to you, cool Captain Drink-water !”

“ Captain Drinkwater’s, cool Captain Drinkwater’s good health !” Power, and Shaw, and Spellman, Tom, and all, insultingly drank.

Frank took this with the utmost good humour, but he was sorry that Granville did not, as formerly, say to Spellman, “ Let the boy do as he pleases ;” or to Shaw and Power, “ Let him alone, if you please.”

Tom, feeling himself backed and encouraged by others, and having an old envy of Frank, pursued his polite mode of questioning. “ After all, pray why, Frank, were not you at the races this morning with the others ?”

Before Frank could answer, Shaw answered for him—

“ Because, as I understand, he quarrelled with his bread and butter.”

“No,” said Spellman, “only because he did not know on which side his bread was buttered.”

“You have not hit it yet,” said Cressingham, “and no wonder: it was a cause you would never think of, Spellman.”

Spellman looked curious.

“Simply because he would not desert a friend when out of favour,” said Cressingham.

Granville coloured, and casting his eyes down upon Frank, who was looking up anxiously in his face, moved a dish of cherries towards him.

“Do you wish for cherries?”

“No, thank you, sir.”

There was a tremulous sound in Frank's voice, which touched Granville, but turning abruptly to the other

side, he heaped Tom's plate with cherries, which Tom began to devour, saying, "More fool you!"

Granville, disgusted with Tom, turned back to Frank, but felt a bashful difficulty in recovering from his fit of ill-humour. On one side, he was ashamed that his friend should see his injustice; on the other, that his flatterer should think he gave up his dignity. He had said to Spellman in private, that he would make Frank feel the difference between having and not having his protection. From this resolution he fancied that he could not recede. His countenance, which had relaxed, again grew rigid; he turned away from Frank, and sunk into haughty silence.

Frank sighed once, but sighed no

more. The ladies at last rose to leave the room, and Tom rising with a cherry in his hand, and another in his mouth, swallowed hastily and exclaimed, "I swallowed a stone! I don't know what other folk think, but I think cherries should have no stones."

When Frank followed the ladies into the drawing-room, he saw Mary and the Miss Granvilles in a recess at the farthest end of the room, with *Made-moiselle de Cambrai*, their governess.

Coffee came, and Frank and Lewis stood with the ladies, who were drinking coffee, but Frank's eyes turned anxiously towards the young party.

"They are capping verses, I believe," said Lady Chepstow.—"Young gentlemen, would you like to join them?"

“Like it! oh yes.” Frank and Lewis thanked her ladyship, and joined them instantly.

“Quick as the needle to the magnet!” said Lady Chepstow—“not of the repellent class of school-boy savages.” Her ladyship walked to the recess, stood for some minutes listening to what was going on, and observed that Miss Mary was quite expert, and seemed to know a great deal of poetry. No, Mary knew very few verses, the Miss Granvilles knew a great many more.

Mademoiselle de Cambrai remarked, that it was not always those who know the greatest number, but those who could recollect most quickly, who in this trial of skill would be likely to conquer. Lady Chepstow taking a rose from her bosom, put it into Made-

moiselle de Cambrai's hand, to be given to the conqueror, whoever she or he might be. The contest went on briskly for one quarter of an hour, but in due time letters grew scarce. Some people were put to their *p*'s and *q*'s, some were in straights for *r*'s, some for *c*'s; but, at last, unexpectedly, all were non-plus'd for a *D*. Such an easy letter!—Every body thought they had hundreds, yet could produce none to save their lives, till Frank, at the last gasp, cried—

“ Die of a rose in aromatic pain.”

All the Miss Granvilles exclaimed, that they were angry with themselves for not having recollected this common easy line. It was like Columbus's egg, and a hundred other things, provokingly easy when found out. When the victor

rose was presented to Frank, he doubted whether he fairly deserved it ; for he acknowledged, that he had never read the line, and did not even know where it came from ; he had only picked it up that morning, from having heard Mademoiselle de Cambrai repeat it ; he added, that he believed it had been fixed in his memory by his surprise, on hearing a French lady pronounce English so well.

The gentlemen came into the drawing-room soon afterwards ; Lady Chepstow said something to Frank's father, with which he seemed pleased, and Mary thought it was about Frank. Her ladyship beckoned to her son, and seemed to repeat the same thing, ending with the words, " so intelligent, and so well mannered." Mary observing, that Mr. Granville turned coldly

away, then thought, that his mother could not have been speaking of Frank.

She next saw Spellman and Tom come in after the gentlemen. Tom regularly grew sulky the moment he came amongst *girls* or *women*. Mademoiselle de Cambrai not knowing this particularity, and seeing a young stranger looking forlorn, thought it civil to speak to him. But unluckily she took it for granted, that he had heard what every body was talking of; she, therefore, asked Tom, if he ever capped verses. Tom first looked angry at being spoken to, then upon the question being repeated, replied—

“ I don't know.”

Mademoiselle took the trouble to explain what she now imagined he had never heard of before; and Tom at last said,

“As if I didn’t know all that!—But I cap Latin—only girls cap English.”

Mademoiselle thus repulsed, retreated.

Lady Chepstow’s eye fell upon Tom’s vulgar figure, as he stood moving from leg to leg; and Spellman carried him off to a distance. Lady Chepstow then turning to her son, who stood by her, said, “I wish people would teach their children to speak and to stand, before one is expected to bear them.”

“It is only for a day or two, madam,” said her son, “and for me.”

“For Spellman, you mean, my dear Horace, any thing for you; but Spellman must not ask this again. Really your sisters are not used to see at Bel-lombre, such an uncommonly vulgar object.”

“Half of it is bashfulness, ma'am, for which you make no allowance.”

“And for which, no wonder, you make too much, my dear Horace; but, thank heaven, there is some difference between plebeian and aristocratic *mauvaise honte*.”

With this thanksgiving, Lady Chepstow walked away. Her excessive severity against faults of manner, in Tom; and her exaggerated encomium on what deserved but slight praise in Frank, confirmed her son in his obstinate wish to see the one abased, and to raise the other by his protection. He knew that Shaw was prepared to quiz Frank, and in the noble art of quizzing, Shaw was, for his age, a distinguished proficient. There was one point on which Frank, in common

with most boys, who have been bred at home, and happy at home, are uncommonly tender, and apt to lay themselves open to ridicule. He was disposed to think, that what he had seen or done in his own family was better than what could be seen or done any where else. Lewis had warned him not to talk of home at Bellombre, and Frank thought he had been particularly guarded on this subject, but it was a topic to which he involuntarily resorted. He was at this instant talking away to Mademoiselle de Cambrai, who had won his confidence, and who was questioning him, with sincere interest, concerning all he did at home. Shaw posted himself beside her, and listened with a mock interest, by which Frank, unused to irony, or what is

called *persiflage*, was deceived. — When Mademoiselle de Cambrai rose to retire with the young ladies ; the eldest Miss Granville was permitted to stay, to play at chess with Lewis—a favor which excited no small envy. Frank and his friend were one in the opinion of this little public, and he shared the stroke of envy. Shaw carried him off to the billiard-room ; but there was to be no billiards this night, for Power had cut his thumb. Granville took up a book, Cressingham did the same ; and Shaw, apparently, in a most good-natured manner, went on talking to Frank, whom he said he had never known really well till now.

“ So I find,” continued he, “ that this Tom was quite wrong in telling us you were kept as tight as a drum at

home—what were you saying to Mademoiselle de Cambrai? Do tell me more of your ways of going on in your own family.”

This was to Frank an irresistible temptation. Shaw led him on from one thing to another, while Power and Tom joined them to listen. Frank believed that Shaw was really as much interested as he pretended to be; and he went on for some time without suspicion, till at last, when he stopped to take breath, Shaw, in a voice which he now perceived to be the tone of mockery, began to sum up all he had heard for the derision of the by-standers.

“So,” said he, “let me count how many trades you are to have;” he counted them upon his fingers: “you are to be a cobbler, and a carpenter, and

a turner, and a tanner, a basket-maker, and a bricklayer, a surveyor, an astronomer royal, AND a tallow-chandler."

"Jack of all trades, and master of none," said Power.

"You are to learn Virgil from your gardener, and spinning from darling Mrs. Wheeler; and what are you to learn from the other charming old woman, dear Mrs. Catherine?"

"Boxing, I suppose," said Tom, bursting into a horse laugh.

"The most useful of all," said Power, "the only useful thing he has learnt for school."

"How can you say so?" cried Shaw, in his ironical tone. "Don't you know, that Frank, the incomparable, has been preparing for school for this last year, and that best of friends, Lewis, and his papa, and his engineer, and his

colonel, have all been helping; strange indeed if he were not preciously prepared."

"Aye, Aye, prepared for Lewis's model-school may be," said Power, "but he will soon see the difference."

"Beg your pardon, Power," said Shaw, "depend upon it, we shall see the difference between him and all other boys, that ever were bred or born," and Shaw sung from Midas.

"Cock of the school,
He bears despotic rule!"

In this style they went on for some time. Frank took the jest all unprepared as he was, very well, and stood being their laughing-stock steadily enough, for some time, even to Cressingham's satisfaction, and to Granville's surprise. Cressingham looked up often from his book, to mark how it was

going on with Frank; and frequently and hastily turned over a new leaf. Granville did not move his eyes from his book, but never turned over the page.

The jest was carried on too far and too long; and presently Power audaciously asserted, that all Frank had ever learned was stuff and nonsense, that all that had been done for him had been ill done; and that it was a shame his father and mother had not more sense than to make such a fool of a boy.

Power pronounced, that Frank would be the butt of the whole school, to whatever school he went; and with Power, Shaw, Spellman, and delighted Tom, loudly joined in full cry.

Imagine Frank's astonishment; the confusion into which all his ideas and feelings were thrown, when thus, for the first time in his existence, he heard

every thing questioned, which he thought unquestionable, every thing he had been taught to respect, every person he held dear, turned into ridicule. If it had not been for the surprise into which he was thrown by these questions, he knew he could easily have answered them. The attacks he did not know how to parry, because he was assailed on subjects which seemed to him to require no defence, or which he had deemed invulnerable. He was attacked on so many points at once, that he ran backwards and forwards, and to opposite sides, and before he knew where he was, or which was feint, or which was real war, he heard the shout of victory, and found himself trampled upon by the meanest of the enemy, even by Tom.

“ I may go to bed now,” said Tom, “ Frank has not a word to say for himself. I believe he is going to cry for papa and mamma, as he did for the horse.”

“ You meanest of creatures !” exclaimed Frank, his eyes flashing indignation.

“ Hey day !” cried Granville in a loud voice, putting down his book.

Frank saw his enemies encompassing him. Shaw with hand on hip, and with his provoking air and insolent tone. Spellman, with his mean smile and perfidious pity. Tom making his vulgar grimaces behind backs, and Power full in front, Colossus like, stood bullying.

Thoughts of vengeance rose in Frank’s soul as he looked upon them—thoughts of oversetting Power, boxing Shaw,

kicking Spellman, and turning Tom out of the room. But, as his hand rose, and his foot stepped forward, he saw Cressingham's eye upon him; his promise to keep his temper smote him.

He rushed between Tom and Spellman, made his way through the crowd, ran out, gained his own room, and bolted the door. His agitation was great. He threw himself face-downwards on the bed; he struggled; he swallowed; he conquered. He shed not a tear. In a few minutes some one knocked at the door. "Who is there?" said Frank.

He was answered, "a friend." But it was Spellman's voice, and Frank replied, "that he could not let him in."

"I've brought you a candle," said Spellman.

"I do not want one," said Frank.

"He is crying," said another voice, which he knew to be Tom's. Frank flung open the door directly, wide as the brazen hinges could fly.

"I thought you were crying," said Tom.

"You thought wrong," answered Frank.

"I went to your mother's room first, I thought you were there, complaining of us," said Spellman.

"You see you were mistaken," said Frank, holding the door against them.

"But I have something to say to you," said Spellman, in a fawning tone.

"I have nothing to say to you," said Frank, closing the door.

They lingered for some minutes, till they heard his mother coming along the gallery, and then quickly retreated. Frank went out to meet her, and said,

"Mother, I cannot come, do not ask me any questions, good night."

"Good night, my dear Frank," said she, "I ask no questions; I have the most perfect confidence in you."

Spellman stayed to listen, he must have been vexed to have heard only these words. From a few remarks he had caught in going through the billiard-room, Lewis had a general guess at what had been passing, and hearing Frank give his mother this answer, he retired to his own room, without going near him.

Frank lay awake, nearly two hours, which, at his age, seems a prodigious length of time, really the whole night. He thought over all that had passed, perceived the answers he should have given, wondered they had never occurred to him at the right moment,

and in the midst of an eloquent reply, such as he was determined to make next time to Shaw and Power, he at last fell asleep.

After some hours sound sleep, Frank awakened in the morning, and stretching himself, recollected that something painful had happened the preceding evening. As he put back the curtain, he saw Lewis sitting in the room reading, waiting till he awakened. Lewis told him, that though he did not know the particulars of what had passed yesterday evening, he had learned, in general, that Frank had been talking a great deal of his own home, and that Shaw had been laughing at him, and quizzing him.

“ I remember,” said Lewis, “ the first time I left my own family, I was quite surprised, just as you are, at finding things different from what I had been used to, I thought that nothing could be so well done as at home, and I said so upon every occasion ; I was laughed at for this, and then I learned to keep my thoughts to myself.”

“ So will I next time,” said Frank.

“ And when I found,” continued Lewis, “ that nobody cared what I did at home, I left off talking about it.”

“ But,” said Frank, “ Shaw made me believe he did care about it, and that led me on last night, and made me forget your advice ; he deceived me—he cheated me, only to laugh at me afterwards.”

“ That kind of cheating is called quiz-

zing, by men and schoolboys," said Lewis, "and is thought a good joke, and very witty."

"I see no wit in it," said Frank, his anger again rising, at the recollection of his having been laughed at; "but the joke cannot do again, because now I know that people mean to deceive me, I shall not be taken in another time. 'Once to deceive, be his, but twice, were mine.'"

"Cressingham told me," said Lewis, "that you got through it very well, considering it was the first time of quizzing."

"The first time! I hope it will be the last," said Frank.

"Oh, do not flatter yourself with that hope, my dear Frank," said Lewis.

"What! Is this to go on for ever?" said Frank. "If they laugh at me

continually in this way, at school, I am afraid I shall be very unhappy."

"That you will, indeed, my dear Frank, if you mind such things," said Lewis. "If once the boys find that they can vex you, by laughing, you will have no peace, they will only laugh the more. I remember hearing a story of a boy, who was afterwards a very celebrated man, whose hair had been shaved off in some illness, and who was forced to wear a wig when he first went to school; and his school-fellows plagued him perpetually pulling it off, till he began to laugh at it himself, and snatching it off his head one day, he threw it up to the ceiling, and was the first to kick it about; from that time they never laughed at him. I recollected this for my own benefit,

when first I went to school; I don't mean that I had a wig, but I happened to have a brown hat, when all the other boys had black hats, and they ridiculed me for my brown hat, till I laughed at it myself, and then, when they found they could not vex me, they let me and my hat alone."

"That was well done of you," said Frank, "and I will remember the hat and wig, if I can, the next time I am laughed at. But, Lewis, though this will do for trifles, it will not do when we come to be serious."

"But you must not be serious, you take the matter too gravely," said Lewis.

"Indeed, I think it grew serious," said Frank, "when they said, that all that had ever been taught me, was quite wrong."

“Pooh! what signifies what they say,” cried Lewis, “Can their saying it is wrong, make it so?”

“Certainly not!” said Frank, “if they had given me any reasons, I could have answered them, but they only said the same thing over and over again. And when it came to laughing at me for loving my mother so much—my dear Lewis, I could not get out a word, I had so much to say, and I felt——”

“Oh, you felt too much, a great deal, about it. You are not used to quizzing school-boys,” said Lewis.

“What I felt most of all, was Mr. Granville’s unkindness, in not saying a word to help me,” said Frank.

“I think he was very ill-natured,” said Lewis.

“Oh, my dear Lewis,” continued

Frank, "the more I see and feel, the more I am sorry that I am not to go to school with you, for with you I should have a good friend, who would advise me in every difficulty."

Lewis was exceedingly sorry too, that he could not have Frank; but since it could not be, it was in vain to regret it.

"I see Granville is so capricious, I cannot understand him," said Frank. "He will never be satisfied unless I flatter him, and I never will flatter him. He wants to shew me, I believe, that I cannot do without his protection."

"Just so," said Lewis, "and do you shew him that you can. He will respect you, and like you the better for it; at all events, I am sure Cressingham will be a good friend to you; and I say to you, as he did, 'keep your

temper, and I will stand by you.' And as to school, do not be afraid of the quizzing, either for trifles or serious things, remember you may always have fair laugh for laugh, or fair reason for reason, or fair boxing for boxing."

"Fair boxing! oh, that is what I want to come to," said Frank. "I must learn how to box. You must teach me."

"You will learn it easily, that is, when you have been beat half a dozen times," said Lewis, laughing, "but you cannot begin to learn it this minute. Finish dressing yourself, for the breakfast-bell has rung. All you have to do here, is to go on as you have begun. Do not let them put you out of humour."

"I will not, if I can possibly help it," said Frank, "but Power is so

rough, and Shaw is so teasing, and Spellman is so mean, and Tom, now he has jumped out of his bashfulness, is so impudent."

"True, but never mind all that," said Lewis. "You have only a few days more to spend with them, and it signifies little what they think of you, or your education, or your father and mother. And as to Granville, if he does not behave well to you, depend upon it, your father is attending to all that goes on, and he will see it without your complaining."

Fortified in this manner by his good friend Lewis's advice, Frank did keep up his spirits, did not mind their foolish laughing at him, and was steady in his own right way. In vain Shaw and Power teased and *quizzed* him; he took it all in good part, and with great good

humour. One trial he had, which it was indeed hard to stand, particularly as it was on a point the right and wrong of which he had not determined to his own satisfaction. By what he had accidentally heard from Shaw and Power, he was afraid he should not know how to make honour and good-nature to his school-fellows always agree with his obedience to his masters and with truth.

One day, he chanced to come into the room, when Messrs. Shaw and Power, and some of the young people, were talking together very eagerly, but all the voices ceased the moment he entered; he heard only from Shaw the words, "the boat!" and "Hush! here's Frank coming."

"And what harm shall I do you?" said Frank.

“ I don’t know,” said Tom, “ but I know I would not trust you.”

“ Not trust me ?” said Frank, “ that is very unjust.”

“ That’s like him,” cried Power, “ always talking of injustice, as if any body cared what he thinks unjust—a little hop-o’-my-thumb like him.”

“ My being little has nothing to do with the business,” said Frank ; “ but since you don’t like to go on with what you were saying before me, I will go away.”

“ O let him stay,” said one of Shaw’s sisters, a pretty young lady, who was present ; “ he will do no harm.”

“ Only he tells his mamma every thing he sees and hears,” said Shaw ; “ you know he acknowledges he does not rightly understand *our* points of honour ; and I will engage that he cannot keep a secret.”

“ I understand what I think honourable,” said Frank, “ and I can keep a secret as well as any body, when I choose it ; but I don’t want to know your’s, so I shall go away.”

“ Ho, ho ! grandissimo !” cried Shaw, setting his back against the door to prevent Frank from going out. “ Stay, now : pray now, you, who know every thing, do you know how to make good excuses for a friend in need ? for I assure you that’s part of the business of a fag at school ; else how could he keep his master’s secrets ? Come, try your skill, let us see what sort of an excuse you can make. Suppose now thus : I have gone down to the boat, and nobody is to know it, you understand, and you are asked where I am gone” —

"I cannot tell a lie, if that's what you mean," said Frank.

"Ah you see," said Tom, "didn't I tell you, didn't I know him?"

"If my fag were to give me such an answer at school," said Power, "I'd soon settle him, that's certain."

"One comfort is I am never to be your fag," said Frank.

"You cannot conceive, then, that there may be a difference," said Shaw, "between telling a fib to save your friend when he asks you, and a lie to save yourself?"

"I know there is some difference," said Frank.

"But," said Shaw, "you would not save your friend—is that it? You would not stick to him, you would betray him."

“That I am sure I never should,” cried Frank: “I never shall betray any body.”

“But if you always tell the truth you must.”

“I do not understand you, Mr. Shaw; you only want to puzzle me. I will never betray any body, but I will always tell the truth, and that is all I have to say, so let me go.”

“Here is our boatman,” said Power. “We shall have better sport now than plaguing this foolish boy;” and Shaw opening the door, Frank ran off, seized his hat, and darted out, hoping to have a pleasant walk with Lewis; but as he ran down the sloping lawn, Shaw called to him, and, on his turning back, said,

“Remember, my little man, you

said you could keep a secret; don't say any thing to any body, if you guess what we are going to do."

"Not unless I am asked," answered Frank.

"And if you are asked, cannot you say you don't know?"

"No, I cannot, because I heard some of you say the word *boat*, and I guess what you are going to do."

Shaw muttered something like an oath; Frank did not stay to hear it, but ran down the sloping lawn to the river side, where he expected to find Lewis. As he went on in search of him he met two boatmen, who, talking to each other, said, "There is coming on a squall; if these young chaps go out without us they will repent it."

“ True ; I shall go in and smoke my pipe with you at the Lodge,” answered the other.

Frank could not find Lewis, but he pursued his walk alone through a grove to a high bank, from which, between the trees, he could see the river, and presently he saw a little pleasure-boat coming along with several people in it, Shaw, and Power, and Tom rowing. Two ladies were in the boat, two Miss Shaws, who were very fond of being in every adventure and party of pleasure, or, as Shaw said, were up to any thing. Lady Chepstow had forbid the using of this boat, which even her lord said was a dangerous little cockle-shell. The boatman’s prophecy was not accomplished ; no squall arose, but by their own awkwardness, by Power’s obstinacy, as Shaw said—or by Shaw’s

conceit, as Power would have it, they ran the boat too near the shore; then shoving her off again, they tilted her so much, that the ladies, terrified, caught at some branches of trees which hung over the spot; and to these they clung screaming, while the boat went from under their feet. The branches to which they hung stretched to a great distance from land. The boat overset; Power and Shaw were plunged into the water. Tom, at the first symptom of danger, jumped on shore. Frank ran down the bank; his first thought was to call the boatmen, but he saw the imminent danger of one of the ladies, who, clinging as she was to a weak bough, seemed weighed down by her cloak, the hood of which had filled with water. Frank threw off his coat, and knowing well how to swim,

swam round till he got opposite to her, untied the cloak, and the moment she was freed from its weight she rose again. By this time Shaw and Power had swam and scrambled to the bank, from which Power would not again stir, but he held out an oar, which was of some service. Shaw, seeing his sisters' peril, swam to their assistance, while Frank, regaining the bank, ran to the porter's lodge for the boatmen. Tom, to whom he had repeatedly called, begging him to go for them, stood quite disabled or obstinate. The boatmen came, the two ladies were released from their perilous situation, and brought safely to land. All drenched and fatigued as they were, they had to walk home a mile by a back way to avoid being seen from the windows of the house. No sooner did the ladies

recover from one danger than, in the midst of their gratitude to Frank, fears of another nature rose, and Shaw whispered, "He will never be able to refrain from boasting how finely he has saved you." Frank took no notice of these whispers, but went home, took off his wet clothes, gave them to Shaw to have them dried with his own, re-appeared in the drawing-room, and never said one word of their adventure. No questions were asked him: he left the rest of the party to say what they pleased for themselves, and despised them for the false excuses they made. One of the Miss Shaws, who had been too much drenched to re-appear this evening, sent word that she had gone to bed ill with a headache, and her sister, who, as most people said, had great sensibility, stayed to nurse her.

Stupid Power, half asleep, when called to billiards, let out something of his arms being too much tired with rowing. The word *rowing* caught Lady Chepstow's ear, and, turning, she immediately asked who talked of rowing.

"Power talked of it, ma'am, in his sleep," said Shaw; "I suppose he was dreaming of rowing." "But," added Spellman, in his courtly tone, "he never would dream of disobeying your ladyship's orders, I am sure."

"Frank looks very guilty," said Lady Chepstow.

"Perhaps I look guilty, but I am innocent," said Frank.

"Have you been out in the boat, Frank?" said Lady Chepstow eagerly.

"I have not, I assure you, ma'am," said Frank, and he quietly went on with his game of draughts.

But Lady Chepstow, following the hint which Mr. Power had let out, rang for her own man, and sent him with such instructions and such silver tokens to the boatmen, as soon put her in possession of the principal fact, that a party had been out in the boat; this, indeed, could not be denied, from the place in which it was found by the servant, at a considerable distance from its natural home in the boat-house.

Lady Chepstow now said that she had a beautiful new boat, which she had intended the young gentlemen should have had the pleasure of launching the next day; but she declared she never would permit this boat to be launched by them, till the mystery was cleared up by some one of the company, concerning the boating-party of this morning. "And," added her ladyship,

“ whoever clears it up shall have the launching of the boat. Frank, what say you ?”

“ I say nothing, madam,” said Frank.

Power and Shaw, as soon as Lady Chepstow was out of hearing, observed that they did not care, as they should go away so soon, and they had had boating enough for this season.

Frank was exceedingly sorry to give up boating in the new boat: it would have been a pleasure, and the launching it would have been glorious; but he was steady. Never by word, or look, or sigh, did he betray them; and without departing in the slightest degree from the truth, he kept their secret. He refrained from claiming the honour of having saved the ladies, and

never told what he had done to his father, mother, or Mary.

The ladies were satisfied and surprised by his secrecy. Power acknowledged that the little fellow had shown he was no tell-tale. But Shaw, in his depreciating tone, said only "It was lucky I warned him well before-hand of the danger of blabbing."

Frank thought this the unkindest cut of all. But his own conscience was satisfied, and that was enough. The steadiness with which he stood this trial, made them all respect him, and the good-humour which he shewed when they laughed at or plagued him, conquered all but Shaw. Power said he would let him alone now he found that he was a noun substantive and could stand by himself. And Shaw,

the day he left Bellombre, was heard to observe that Frank was sharp enough; so that really it began, he said, to be diamond cut diamond between them.

“How glad you must be that I am going away!” said Shaw, as he stepped into the carriage after his father.

“Glad! no,” said Frank, “you never did me any harm; you have done me a great deal of good—you have cured me of minding your wit.”

The more Granville perceived that his little protégé could do without his protection, the more his attention was fixed upon him; and several circumstances soon contributed to raise Frank still higher in his esteem.

The day on which Mr. Shaw and his son left Bellombre, there came in their

place a naval officer, a well-informed gentleman, who had seen many different parts of the world; in China, in India, in Russia, and in the north seas, he related in an entertaining manner, what he had seen or heard; and Frank, eager for knowledge, listened to him with the greatest attention.

Parts of various books of voyages and travels which Frank had read, supplied him with such general information on these subjects, that he was able to comprehend, and take a lively interest in all that he now heard.

The conversation turned on an expedition to the North Pole, which was at this time setting out.

Our captain spoke of the former voyage of Commodore Phipps, of the wonderful exertions which he and his

men had made to save themselves from being destroyed by the drifting masses of ice. Of the dock which he scooped out in the solid rock for his vessels. Of the manner in which, with their poles, they pushed away the masses of ice. Of the joy with which they effected their deliverance, and saw land again from the mast-head. Of the pleasure with which, when they felt themselves out of danger, they looked upon the various forms of the broken ice, they had sailed through. In particular, one magnificent arch through which a sloop might have sailed without lowering her mast.

Frank longed to hear him speak of the people who first discovered Spitzbergen—of the three ships and the sailors who were frozen up, and who were

found long afterwards by the wandering Laplanders; but our captain did not go back to those old times, and as he was a stranger, Frank did not venture to ask him any questions. He listened in silence. He had now learned discretion enough never to attempt to display his little knowledge. His pleasure was now in adding to his stock. But the captain, whose eye was caught by Frank's intelligent countenance, and who observed the extreme attention, with which he continued to listen, sometimes turned to him, and told him such anecdotes, as he thought suited to his age. In particular, he mentioned, that in the Expedition, which was now fitting out for the North Pole, "some kind-hearted person, a stranger to Captain

Parry, sent to offer him fifty pounds, for the purchase of any thing which might amuse the crews of his ships during the ensuing winter.—A magic lantern was the thing chosen, whose scenes might entertain them with views of different countries, or remind them of their own, and thus furnish them with a sort of home, while they were lingering on the shores of the Polar sea.”

Frank very much liked this idea; and the company began to entertain themselves, with considering what pictures they would have put on the different slides of the magic lantern. One said, London-Bridge, with carriages and passengers. Another, the London cries. Another, a rowing-match on the Thames. Great variety was suggested; at last, Frank was called upon by the officer to furnish a slide. He

recollected a scene which he thought would divert the sailors; but he was not sure whether it would do, whether it would be possible to represent it.

“Tell it to us, my little fellow, and we will try and help you out.”

“You were speaking of Phipps’s voyage, Sir; do you remember the Captain, who was too fat to run, but who was such a coward, that he did one day run away fast enough, and too fast, from the bears; he dropped his gun, and stumbled against the nest of a goose, who was sitting on her eggs; then was attacked by the enraged gander, who flew about his head, and pecked at his nose; and was at last saved from gander and bears by his sailors firing for him just in time.”

Some of the company laughed at this story, and applauded Frank’s proposal;

others thought it impracticable; others wished to see exactly what was said about it in the book, and Power was pretty sure it could not be true, and that Frank had either mistaken about the goose, or that he had *embroidered*, a cant expression, meaning that he had exaggerated. Frank did not know what was meant by his *embroidering* a goose: which ignorance of his exposed him to much derision from Tom, who laughed as much as he dared to laugh in company, with both hands stopping his mouth, and slipping down to hide his head under the table. Lewis went to look for Phipps's voyage in the library; and Granville — yes, Granville himself — rose to shew him where it was. But, before Granville, to whom Lewis resigned the book, could find the pas-

sage in the quarto volume, Miss Granville, with Mary's assistance, found, in a little book of hers, "Winter Evenings, or Tales of Travellers," 3rd volume, in the "Adventures in the Arctic Ocean," the anecdote to which Frank alluded; and it was read aloud by Cressingham.

"The captain endeavoured to follow his men, but, unfortunately, he was very fat, and, consequently, running did not suit him, and he was soon quite out of breath. He saw, that the bear, which came in the water, had just reached the shore, and now he thought of nothing but of becoming the prey of this formidable animal. His hair stood on end. He looked behind him, and saw the bear but a little way off, advancing with his nose in the air, as if he was snuffing the scent."

“ But not a word about the goose or her nest,” said Power.

“ Read on,” said Granville.

“ Just at this moment, the captain unfortunately dropped his gun; and stooping to pick it up again, he stumbled against the nest of a goose, who was sitting on her eggs, and down he fell flat. He had hardly time to get up again, before the enraged gander flew to the assistance of the half-smothered goose; he darted at the eyes of the officer, but luckily missed his aim, and only injured the poor man’s nose. The gander prepared for a second attack, which might have had worse consequences, if the sailors, seeing their commander so beset, had not come to his relief.”

Lady Chepstow observed, that Frank had remembered and stated the facts quite accurately. This time Granville

did not listen with his former coldness to his mother's approbation, but smiled, when she added, in a whisper, "I always told you, Horace, that *this* protégé of yours would do you credit."

Frank's mother observed, with pleasure, that upon this occasion he said no more than just the thing he ought, and that he was not thinking of attracting notice, but quite intent upon acquiring fresh knowledge from the naval officer, who was now so kind as to talk to him.

Tom, from the beginning of this conversation, had become uneasy in his chair, and in the progress of it had fidgetted continually, and fiddled with every thing within his reach, and made such teasing noises with every thing he touched, that Lady Chepstow looked as if she could not endure it any longer.

He now relieved her ladyship, by darting out of the room. He fled, seized with a panic fear that *his turn would come next*, that the officer might put to him some posing question, or perhaps might ask him for a slide in the lantern. His fears were groundless, that gentleman never once thought of him, but Tom fled as if he had been pursued by the bears, nor stopped till he found himself safe in Spellman's room.

Power next withdrew himself, and having stretched and yawned long and loud, pronounced, that in his humble opinion, though that navy fellow was a relation of Lord Chepstow's, he talked too much, and for his part he declared he could not pretend to follow him. Indeed, it would have been a vain

VOL. III. X

effort, for he was so ignorant, that if report say true, he was found at a map searching for Spitzbergen somewhere near Spithead, and afterward at Bergen-op-zoom. When Lewis endeavoured to set him right without exposing his almost incredible ignorance, he, with a foolish taunt, said he was obliged to him, he did not set up for understanding geography, and such things, as well as surveyors and engineers, and professional people must. If he had been the son of a surveyor or an engineer, he should, he supposed, know better; but his father would buy for him a fine set of maps the first opportunity, and then he would sit down some morning and *take to* geography, that is to say, as much as was necessary for a gentleman; but he never intended to make a pedant of himself. It was quite pedantic, as he *voted*, to be

too accurate about names of places, and so forth. There were some things, of which he owned he was ignorant, and he thanked heaven for it!

“What,” said Lewis, “do you thank heaven for your ignorance?”

“And if I do, sir,” said Power, fiercely, “what have you to say to that, pray?”

“Nothing,” answered Lewis, “but that you have certainly a great deal to thank heaven for.”

“Very fair!” said Granville.

Mr. Power’s ignorance of every thing but Latin, had often been complained of by his father, who attributed it to some fault in his school; but perhaps it had been also the fault of his home, where he had acquired the notion, that wealth will supply all deficiencies, and that a gentleman of fortune must com-

mand respect, and can purchase all the information he needs.

Frank was glad to hear the strong tone in which Granville pronounced the words, "Very fair!" and he was still more glad, when Granville repeated,

"Very good, Lewis."

Granville's frozen manner towards Frank was thawing, but it had not quite got rid of its stiffness. Spellman watched him, saw this change, and returned to his former appearance of good nature; but Frank kept at a distance from him, and retired as much as he could from his civilities.

He saw Tom and Spellman conferring together one day, and by what they said to each other, they seemed desirous to attract his attention.

"I told you," said Spellman, "that

you were very rude that first night, and you ought to say you were very sorry, as I am sure you are."

No answer from Tom.

"Tom, how can you expect that any one will do you a favour, if you are not commonly civil?" pursued Spellman. "Remember, I tell you, you have missed your best time for asking."

"My mother should have asked, when I desired her;" was all Tom's reply.

"But he is so good natured," said Spellman, "you had better ask him now, or let me ask him, do; or get his friend, Lewis, to ask him. I am sure he would do it. But if you put it off, Tom, I give you up."

"I'll ask when I please," said Tom, "or not at all."

Frank, perceiving that he was the person from whom something was to be asked, was tempted to inquire what it was, but he did not like Spellman's mean, indirect way of proceeding, and he determined first to consult Lewis, who advised him to say nothing, but to let Tom take his own way, and either plainly make his request, whatever it might be, or let it alone.

THERE was at Bellombre a walk, which they called the Midsummer walk; it was shaded with lime trees, which arched over head, so as to be impenetrable to the rays of the sun; it was straight, and very long: at one end of it was a pleasant summer-house, at the other, it opened to a smooth shaven lawn, which had in former

times been called the bowling-green, and which was used by the young people at this day for nine-pins and other sports.

One hot day, Frank, Power, Tom, Spellman, with some others, were playing at nine-pins there, when Frank saw his mother pass with a book in her hand, towards the Midsummer walk. He had a great mind to follow her, but it was his turn to play next. He was called upon, and he went on with his game, saying to himself, that as soon as this game was finished, he would follow his mother, and cool himself in the shade, for he had heated himself, running to set up the nine-pins for every body; but before this game was ended, a servant came running to them out of breath.

“Gentlemen! there is a mad dog in

the grounds, my lady desires you will run in directly." Instantly they all ran towards the garden door, which was opposite to them, and which was the nearest place of safety; the dog appeared, pursued by men with pitchforks, the boys reached the garden-door, and were safe, all but Frank, who recollecting his mother, instead of following his companions, ran down the Midsummer walk to call her. He saw her at a distance, he ran as fast as possible; he called as loud as ever he could call, but she did not hear him; her back was towards him. As he ran, he heard the shouts of the men coming nearer and nearer. Once he looked back—he saw the dog making straight for the walk on which he was running. All power went out of his knees, but remembering his mo-

ther, he struggled on; he could hardly drag his heavy legs after him, and though he ran fast, he felt as if he could not get on.

“Mother, mother—Oh, Mother!” he called loud and louder, but in vain; his voice was gone, but he heard the men calling, “a mad dog—a mad dog—out of the way—out of the way.” Frank made a last effort, his mother heard, and turned; he reached, seized, dragged her on to the summer-house, flung back the door, and, quite exhausted, fell senseless on the ground.

When he came to himself, he did not know where he was, or what had happened. His head was lying on his mother’s shoulder, and he heard her tender voice, saying, “He is coming to himself.”

“What is the matter?” Frank ask-

ed, as he raised himself up, and looked round. He saw that he was in the hall at Bellombre, and that his mother and Mr. Granville were there.

"You feel better now, my dear Frank," said his mother.

"Very well, thank you, mamma.— Only some odd prickly feeling."

He saw that Granville had a glass of water in his hand, and he felt drops of water on his face.

"How comes this?" said he.

"You fainted, my dear," said his mother.

"Did I," said Frank, "how came that?"

"You ran too fast, my dear, for me. Are you better now?"

"I am quite well, mamma," repeated Frank, fixing his eyes on Granville. "But how very kind you look!"

“Drink what your mother is giving you, my dear boy,” said Granville.

“*Dear boy!*” repeated Frank to himself; putting away the glass of hartshorn and water, he said, “Thank you, mamma, why should I drink that horrible stuff; I do not want it. I am really quite well now. What became of the dog? did he bite any body?”

“No; every body is safe, you saved your mother, the dog is shot,” said Granville, “and you are a noble little fellow.”

“Now go to your own room, and rest yourself,” said his mother.

Frank went, and Granville followed him.

In a few minutes Spellman came to inquire how Frank did, but the door was not opened to him; when Lewis came, Granville admitted him, and retired saying,

“ He is an older friend, I acknowledge, perhaps a better, but, Frank,” added he, as he left the room, “ if ever again you are surprised at my being kind to you, it shall be your fault, not mine.”

Granville, in spite of his outward cold manner, had a warm heart, and Frank had quite won it, quite conquered him, by the proof of affection he had given to his mother, not in words but deeds. He was particularly pleased by Frank's perfect simplicity.

“ It was plain he did not think he had done any thing extraordinary ; he did not want to have it talked of,” said Granville, in giving an account of what had passed to Cressingham. “ No fal-lal sentimental nonsense about it. The mother did not say a word too much, and the boy thought nothing of

it. I like her, and I love Frank, a noble little fellow. I am glad I am to have him at school. Any one might be proud of him."

This was a vast deal for Granville to say, and to say at once. Cressingham, turning to Spellman, who was standing listening; "You look wonderfully surprised, Mr. Spellman; remember, I told you that I knew Granville better than you did. I was sure that this boy's honest independent character would please him at last."

"Oh, certainly; who ever doubted it?" said Spellman. But, thought he, you do not know yet how matters will end.

Meantime, Frank and Lewis were, on their part, talking to each other of what had happened, and when Frank described to his friend the strange feel-

ing of difficulty he had in running, and said, his limbs felt heavy, and that it was all like a dream, this reminded Lewis of some lines in Virgil, of which he repeated the translation.

“ And as when heavy sleep has closed the sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night ;
We seem to run, and, destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course :
In vain we heave for breath, in vain we cry,
The nerves unbraced, their usual strength }
deny, }
And on the tongue, the fault’ring accents die.”

Frank was surprised to find that Virgil had thought and felt as he did, so many hundred years ago ; and then descending suddenly from this grand reflection, was very curious to know what had happened to the mad dog, and where Lewis was standing when he first heard the cry.

And when all this had been explained, Lewis left Frank alone to rest himself, but he was not long allowed to remain in peace. Spellman came softly into the room, followed by Tom, whom he exhorted not to make any noise. Frank told them that he was not asleep, and that they might talk as loud as they pleased. They both said they came to see how he did, and were very sorry he had been ill ; but they looked as if that was not exactly the thing they came to say, and as if something more important was to follow. While Spellman was considering how he should preface with some nice bit of flattery, Tom blurted out these words : “ After all, if you have a mind to go to school with *that* Lewis you may, for any thing I care.”

“What do you mean?” cried Frank, starting up.

“He means,” said Spellman, “that if we could manage so as to please all parties it would be a very good thing in this world; but that cannot be, so, perhaps, it will not do, because I could not speak to Granville so well, and I am afraid you will be afraid to speak.”

“Oh,” interrupted Frank, “do tell me plainly; I am not afraid to speak to any body.”

“If that’s the case, then, you are the properest person to speak about it to every body, and don’t mention my name.”

“I do not want to mention your name, indeed,” said Frank; “but do tell me plainly what you mean.”

“Why, then, the short and the long

of it is," said Tom, "that if you have a mind to stand in my shoes you may."

"I have no mind to stand in your shoes," said Frank.

"But you have a mind to go to school with Lewis, have not you?" said Spellman.

"You know I have," said Frank, impatiently; "I told you so, why should you ask me again?"

"Because if you are quite sure of that, I can shew you how it can be done," said Spellman.

"Can you? Oh, shew me!" cried Frank.

Spellman said that he had found out that it had been just decided that Tom was going to the same school with Lewis; that it was his place that Frank might have filled; but that

though Tom's uncle had settled this, it could be easily changed, as Tom's mother would do any thing to please her son; and besides, now that she had been at Bellombre and had seen Mr. Granville, she would like particularly that Tom should go to Mr. Granville's school.—In short, it could be done if Frank pleased.

If Frank pleased!—Frank was overjoyed. He could hardly stay to hear how it was to be done, he was in such a hurry to run three different ways, to his father, mother, Lewis, to tell the delightful news. Spellman held him, to express fears, that his father and mother would be afraid to offend Mr. Granville; and again begged that his own name might not be mentioned. “Cannot you say that it came into your own head?—Stay one mi-

nute, and we can settle how to manage it properly."

Frank said, the properest way was to go straight to his father and mother, and he would say nothing but the plain truth; he would have no underhand doings; he did not know what Spellman was about, but he would have nothing to do with it, if he might not do it openly.

Spellman let him go, and put the letter which Mrs. J. had written into his hands, with which Frank ran off directly to his mother.

As he ran full speed along the gallery, he met Lewis and Granville, for the first time, walking together.

"How now!" said Granville, "I thought you were resting yourself, Frank."

"I want no rest," said Frank, "I

can have none till I have settled this. Oh, come with me, both of you, I want you both, my dear friends. May I call you friend?" said he, looking up at Granville.

"You may," said Granville, "now and for life."

"But perhaps I may offend you, and I should be sorry to offend you again," said Frank, pausing.

Granville colored, but struggling with himself, said—

"I shall not be offended without cause again."

"Then, come with me," said Frank, "this moment to my father and mother, and you shall hear all I have to say."

They accompanied him, curious to know what it was that he had to say. In Frank's straight forward way the

case was stated in a few words; and to the honor of Granville be it recorded, that he was not offended; on the contrary, the courageous truth which Frank shewed, fixed his esteem, and roused the best parts of his own character; he stood in silence while the explanations were making, and till the business was completely settled; then holding out his hand to Frank in a friendly, not a protecting manner, he said, "Frank, I am sorry not to have you at school; but, promise me, both of you," said he, looking at Lewis, "that you will come to Bellombre in the holidays, and you will always find in me a friend."

Frank jumped up, threw his arms round his neck, and thanked him with all his might.

Mrs. J.'s letter to the master of the school was much too full of compliments, apologies, and parentheses, for Frank to comprehend; he gave it up, saying, it was his mother's business to make it out; and while she was doing so, he ran in search of Mary, made his way into a part of the house which he had never before entered, even to the sacred apartment of the governess, where full in the midst he stood, and seizing upon Mary, carried her off, begging Mademoiselle de Cambrai's pardon, and declaring, that he had something of the greatest importance to tell her.

"Now guess," said he, when he had her in the passage, "guess whether it is bad or good."

"Good to be sure," said Mary,

“ you need not pretend to look grave. What is it, something about the engineer ?”

“ Better,” said Frank.

“ Better, what can that be ?” cried Mary.

“ I cannot stay for you to guess any more,” said Frank, “ I am to go with Lewis.”

Mary could hardly believe it, her joy was as great as Frank's. He sent her down to his mother's room, where he told her, she would be made to understand how it was all brought about, and in the fulness and benevolence of his own joy taking every creature in of every kind, he went in search of Spellman, to tell him, that the whole business was settled, and that Granville was not offended. This last part of the intelligence Spellman could hardly

believe, nor did it seem to give him complete satisfaction, even when at last he was convinced of it by seeing and speaking to Granville himself: it was in vain for Frank to attempt to understand Spellman, he gave that up along with Mrs. J.'s letter. A straight and a crooked mind can never agree.

“What is it you are dissatisfied with still?” said Frank. “Now you see that Granville is not displeased with you, or with me, or with any body, and that Tom is to go to the school you wished, and with Granville — is not this all you want?—I am sure it is all I want.”

Spellman said, “Oh! yes, he was perfectly satisfied.”——But, in fact, he was far from being satisfied; he had expected that Granville would have been very angry with Frank, and he had

hoped to have turned this anger to his own purposes. Tom's going to the same school with Granville would be nothing gained, unless he had the honor of being fag to Granville, and under his protection. This was the point at which Spellman was aiming for his cousin, and of which Mrs. J. was ambitious. Mr. Granville was known to be very generous to his hangers-on; he always used to invite little Drake to Bellombre in the holidays; he would certainly, it was supposed, do as much for Tom. And Mrs. J. fancied that this must in time lead to an intimacy between herself and Lady Chepstow; and besides, the Chepstow family would, she was confident, provide in future for Tom, by their powerful patronage, if once they should take him under their protec-

tion. One thing, however, appeared quite clear, that Lady Chepstow's dislike to Tom's vulgar manners had not diminished since she had seen more of him ; his habits of idleness, and the impossibility of amusing him long with any thing : in short, all the faults of a spoiled child, and of an ill-bred school-boy combined, had increased her aversion. Yet, still from day to day, he was at Bellombre, "upon sufferance, for poor Spellman's sake," as her ladyship said. And Spellman was meanly satisfied to see his cousin in this manner just endured. He had done imprudently to bring him into any degree of comparison with Frank ; he felt it too late. Notwithstanding this mistake, however, and the unexpected turn which things had last taken, Spellman trusted much to his powers of flat-

tery, and to that habitual influence, which, mixed as he was content that it should be, with contempt, he knew he possessed over Granville's mind. Granville had penetration enough to see now plainly what had been the cause of Spellman's great anxiety to bring and keep this boy at Bellombre, yet there was something gratifying to pride in the pains which had been taken to gain this object. It is now settled, said Granville to himself, that this cousin Tom of Spellman's is to go to the same school with me; and as there is a place in the carriage between me and Cressingham, why should not I gratify poor Spellman, and take him with me?—If he does not do me credit at school afterwards, I am not bound to take any more notice of him, or ever to ask him again to Bellombre.

But I cannot refuse poor Spellman to take his cousin, though Tom is such a vulgar boy.

Spellman saw the waverings of his young patron's mind, and had now good hopes of gaining his point. Never in his life did he take more pains to study Granville's humor, or to make himself agreeable to all parties.

In order to obtain Frank's good word for his cousin, he tutored Tom, to make him civil, but he tutored in vain; he worshipped Frank, but he worshipped in vain.

THE day for the departure of Frank's father and mother from Bellombre had now arrived. Every body in the house was sorry that they were going. Every body, except Spellman and Tom. Tom did not trouble himself even to pretend

to be sorry, but Spellman pulled down the corners of his mouth, and endeavoured to look sad. Superfluous hypocrisy ! for Frank did not see or care how he looked. Spellman followed him about the room, and at last, finding a moment when nobody could hear him, said he had one great favor to beg of Frank.

“ What favor can you have to beg of me ? ” said Frank.

“ I will tell you, ” said Spellman.

“ Quick then, for I am in a hurry. ”

“ Directly, ” said Spellman ; but he never could tell any thing, much less ask a favor *directly* : so he went back several steps. “ You know, Frank, ” said he, “ at least I know, if your modesty does not allow you to believe it, that you are such a favorite now with

Mr. Granville, that he would not refuse any thing you ask. Now, you would do me the greatest favor in the world, which I should never forget to my dying-day, and I'd do as much for you, if you would ask him one thing."

"What?" said Frank.

"You know he would rather have had you for his fag a thousand times, than poor Tom."

"I know," said Frank.

"But, as he cannot have you, will you ask him now to take Tom in his carriage, to school with him, properly under his protection?"

No: Frank said he could not ask any such thing, that Mr. Granville must judge for himself, and do as he pleased.

“Then you are not the good-natured boy I took you for?” said Spellman.

Perhaps I am not the weak boy, you took me for, thought Frank.

“Then you will see, I shall get it done without your assistance,” said Spellman.

“I have nothing to do with it,” said Frank, “and I shall not meddle with it, one way or the other—my friend Lewis advised me not.”

“I am much obliged to your friend Lewis, indeed,” said Spellman. “I knew it was not your own thought—I knew you were too good-natured—you will do it at last, I am sure.”

“No, I cannot,” repeated Frank.

“But, why not?—Why won’t you speak for Tom?—If he has ever of-

fended. you, I'll make him beg your pardon."

"He has not offended me; he has never offended me, and I do not want him to beg my pardon."

"But why don't you like him?" said Spellman.

"Because—I cannot tell you, he is your cousin, and it would not be civil to tell you: let me go," said he, turning away, disgusted by Spellman's meanness, "there is our carriage come to the door, and I must go, and call Mary." The whole family had collected in the library; and some were expressing regrets, and others were hoping they should meet again, and some were returning books they had borrowed; some were searching for books that were to be lent to the part-

ing guests ; some were looking in portfolios, and others were sending to the gardener for cuttings and layers, which (well packed,) must be put into the carriage.

“ Oh ! my yellow rose, that Mr. Berkeley promised me,” cried Mary. “ I am afraid my yellow rose-tree has not come.”

“ Never mind,” said Frank, “ for mamma said, that if it was taken up at this time of year, it never would live ; and if it did live, it is ten to one that it never would blow.”

“ But it blows beautifully in Mr. Berkeley’s garden, and why should not it blow in mine ? Pray, mamma, inquire, will you, whether it is come ?”

Inquiries were made, no rose-tree had come for Miss Mary, but every body

said, that if Mr. Berkeley had promised it, it would certainly arrive, for he never forgot any thing he promised.

Some thought that Mr. Berkeley had not yet returned home; but one of the servants had seen him coming home late last night. Frank then was eager to run to bid him farewel, but Mary begged that they might wait, she was sure that Mr. Berkeley would come to take leave of them.

“And here he is,” said Frank, who was at the window, “he is coming up the shrubbery-walk, that leads from the vicarage—I saw him, and you will see him just now. Here he is, but without the rose-tree in his hand, yet he has something else that you will like, I think,” added Frank, significantly.

Tom now jumped up, exclaiming, “I’ll bet a crown it’s a hare, our

parson brings a hare often; but," looking out of the window, he added, "no such good thing, it's only a stupid portfolio."

As Mr. Berkeley drew nearer, Tom saw his face, and said to Spellman,

"That man is very like somebody, I am sure, I have seen before somewhere."

"Did not you see him at church, last Sunday?" said Spellman.

"How could I, when I was not there?" said Tom, keeping his eyes fixed upon Mr. Berkeley, who was coming up the steps. The moment he entered the room, Tom hid himself behind a pillar; there he watched an opportunity to get out of the room, but Lady Chepstow was in the way, and he dared not cross her path. Nobody observed him, all were happily intent

upon Mr. Berkeley, and the portfolio. In the portfolio was a drawing, which one of his obliging daughters had made, of the print which Frank and Lewis had so much admired, and which Mr. Berkeley begged Frank to accept. Lady Chepstow desired to have the pleasure of seeing the drawing, and every body gathered round, to look at it. Every body except Tom, who thinking this a good time for escaping out of the room, made an effort to get to the door, pushing by Mr. Granville so rudely, that Spellman caught his arm, saying,

“How can you push so, Tom? and why cannot you come and look at this beautiful drawing, like Frank and every body else?”

“I don’t want to see it,” said Tom,
“I want to see the horses at the door.”

Tom struggled and kicked Spellman's shins, who let him go, fearing Lady Chepstow would see this outrage.

"Tom will be quite another creature, I expect," said Spellman, "when he has been at a good school, and under your protection for a year."

"You expect wonders," said Granville, half smiling.

Granville left Spellman, and stood behind Frank, looking over his head at the drawing.

Lady Chepstow made some observations at this instant, which could not be distinctly heard, because the horses, which were at the door, and which, till now, had stood perfectly still, were growing very restless. Looking out, to see what was the matter, her Ladyship descried Tom, who had scrambled

up upon the coach-box, and was kicking his feet, in despite of the coachman, against the foot-board.

“Do, somebody — yes, Spellman, that’s a good creature, do take that boy down, will you,” said Lady Chepstow; “or,” added she, as Spellman left the room, “we shall have that boy’s neck broken at Bellombre, and he had better break it somewhere else.”

Mr. Berkeley now looked out of the window, as others did, at the taking down of Tom, who called out, that he would not come down, and that he would do as he liked. “I recollect that voice,” said Mr. Berkeley.

“It is not, indeed, a voice to be forgotten,” said Lady Chepstow.

Tom, who was now standing near the window, looked up, and seeing Mr. Berkeley, who bowed to him, and

was beginning to speak to him, he straight turned his back, pretending not to hear.

Granville called to him, and said, in a stern voice, "don't you hear Mr. Berkeley speaking to you?"

Spellman turned Tom's face again to the window, and held him by the shoulders, telling him, he must not be so bashful, he must not run away, he must behave civilly, and answer when he was spoken to.

"He can't be speaking to me," said Tom. "Let me go, cousin Spellman, I don't know him."

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Berkeley mildly, "that the young gentleman does not recollect me, for the only time that I ever saw him, was nearly a year ago; and then he was stunned by a terrible fall from his

horse. "You do not then remember my taking you up from the bank, do you, young gentleman?" said he, again speaking to him from the open window.

"Not I," said Tom, still struggling to get away, "I don't remember any thing about it."

"Do not detain him," said Mr. Berkeley, "he seems to be terribly afraid of me, I don't know why; I was merely going to ask whether his horse had recovered from his sprain."

"I don't know," said Tom, bursting away from Spellman, and making off towards the stables.

"It is only bashfulness," said Spellman, pursuing him.

"Brutal bashfulness!" said Lady Chepstow.

"Depend upon it, this is not pure bashfulness," said Granville.

“ Frank, what were you going to say, you look very eager, and yet very doubtful?” said Cressingham.

“ Because I believe, but I am not sure, sir,” said Frank, turning to Mr. Berkeley, “ that the horse, of which you were speaking, is mine. Was it pretty, was it black? Was its name Felix?”

“ Whether it was pretty, I can’t say,” replied Mr. Berkeley. “ It was black, I recollect, but I cannot tell whether its name was Felix; its shoulder was sadly sprained.”

“ Sprained its shoulder! Oh, then, it was poor Felix,” cried Frank and Mary.

“ Thank you, for recollecting and asking for him, sir,” said Frank, “ he is quite well. Did you see him fall, sir?”

"I did," said Mr. Berkeley.

"How extraordinary, mamma, that Mr. Berkeley should see it," said Mary.

"Not very extraordinary," said Mr. Berkeley. "I happened to be at the door of a cottage, where I had been visiting one of my poor parishioners in a remote place."

"In a lane near a pool of water, with flat stepping stones, was it not?" said Frank.

"Just so," said Mr. Berkeley.

"Now, I know the reason, papa, why Felix was so frightened at the sight of those stones the day we led him home; but sir," continued Frank, returning to Mr. Berkeley, "will you tell me, for I never heard exactly how it was."

"I was at the cottage of a poor

woman, who lives in a lane near the common, and I saw this young gentleman and his servant galloping across the common."

"Galloping!" repeated Frank with astonishment, looking at Mary, and his father and mother, by turns.

"Do not interrupt, my dear," said his mother.

"He was certainly galloping, when I saw him," continued Mr. Berkeley, "and as violently as he could go. He, and the man with him, seemed to be running races; he got foremost, and leaped his horse through a gap in the hedge, into the lane; the horse came on the stepping stones, slipped and fell, and threw his rider on the opposite bank; the horse sprained his shoulder terribly, providentially the young gentleman was unhurt. I took

him up, and gave him what assistance I could, but he says he does not recollect me."

Frank and Mary looked at one another again, and stood silent, quite shocked by this discovery of Tom's falsehood.

"But, papa, he certainly said he was trotting the horse, and trotting very gently, did not he?" said Frank, at last breaking silence.

"Yes, and his mother's note said so, and the groom said so, if I recollect," said Mary, "and you know he promised upon his word, that he would go gently."

"I believe we had better say no more about it," said Frank.

"But I must beg you will say more, and make me understand all this," said Granville. "Before I have any thing

to do with this boy, I must know distinctly what he is."

"Do not you see what he is; is not his manner enough?" said Lady Chepstow.

"No, mother, I would not condemn a boy, or give him up merely for his manner. There is a great difference, I hope, between bad manners and bad principles."

Frank's father strongly agreed in this, and thinking that the whole truth ought to be known to Mr. Granville, he related the circumstances.

"What! did he break his promise, and tell a lie? I will have nothing to do with him," said Granville.

"That is right—send him home directly, pray, Horace," said Lady Chepstow, "before we part with our friends, else I shall have him when we

are alone, coming begging and praying to me, and crying, no doubt. Send him off this minute, Horace."

Granville left the room, and went to obey his mother's orders.

He found Tom and Spellman at the stable-door, Spellman still arguing with him, and he struggling and kicking against the door, and crying that he would go home to his mother.

"Yes, Spellman, send him home this minute," said Granville—"it must be so."

Spellman stood astonished, while Granville ordered a servant to bring out Master Tom's horse, and to call his groom to go with him directly.

Tom stood still, and looked much alarmed.

"Surely, my dear Horace, you would not send my cousin off in this

way !" Spellman began, as he led Granville out of the hearing of the servants.

" I am very sorry for you, my dear Spellman," said Granville, " but it must be so. You shall hear the facts, and judge."

Spellman heard the whole, but endeavoured to excuse Tom, which displeased Granville exceedingly.

" You cannot excuse such falsehood, Spellman, I hope?"

" He is my cousin, consider," said Spellman, " and so young and so spoiled as he has been."

" I am sorry for it, but that is not my fault."

" Oh, my dear Horace, for my sake consider my cousin, my own cousin !" said Spellman.

" If he were forty times your cousin

"I can have nothing to do with him," said Granville steadily, "besides my mother desires that he should go."

"But if he must go now," said Spellman, "say nothing about it, will you? or the poor boy is ruined for ever."

"I will never say a word about him. I am sorry for you, Spellman," repeated Granville, "but I wonder you could defend such conduct."

"I! I don't defend it; I think it's horrible. Only I know how he has been spoiled at home, and at that detestable school; and I am sure that when he is at another school, and if he was under your eye, he would become quite another creature."

As Granville was silent, Spellman continued in his most supplicating and flattering tone—"I know he would become so fond of you, he would be so

attached to you; though nobody else could manage him, I know ^{the Count} to do any thing you pleased with ^{an} 's a word. I know by myself what power you have. I know"——

"Do not flatter me any more, Spellman," said Granville.

Spellman stopped short, and looked at Granville, as if he was not sure he had heard rightly.

"I flatter! and flatter you!"

"Yes, you flatter me."

Spellman, protesting he never flattered, took Mr. Granville's arm, and, walking on, began to reurge his suit in favour of his cousin. "If you would say a word to Lady Chepstow, you are all powerful, you would save my cousin from this disgrace."

Don't urge farther ; I cannot, Spellman.

Spellman, however, observing what reluctance Granville felt to disoblige him, thought that if he pushed the matter boldly to the utmost, that he should succeed. He withdrew his arm suddenly from Granville's, exclaiming, in a high tone, that he felt himself ill-used ; that he had feelings as well as Mr. Granville, and pride of his own too : that he could not bear to see his near relation so treated ; disgracefully packed off : he could not justify it to his conscience to stand by and see it done : that, well as he loved Mr. Granville, if Mr. Granville persisted in sending his cousin away, without saying a word to save him, he could not longer look upon him as his friend.

He confessed this was not his idea of a friend. In short, if his cousin was so far away from Bellombre, he would not go along with him he was determined.

Granville stood silent, and Spellman, seeing signs of strong emotion in his countenance, fancied he would yield if he pushed the matter to extremity; so, turning abruptly, and imitating, as well as he could, Granville's own decided tone and manner, he called to one of the servants in the yard, and ordered that his horse should be saddled as well as Mr. Tom's.

"Spellman, you are in a passion; I will give you time to cool. You had better not go," said Granville, leaving him. Spellman was not in a passion, he only pretended to be indignant, to work upon his friend's real feelings. With all his art, as Cressingham told

He did not know that friend well: he knew all the weaknesses but none the strength of his character. He fancied that Granville could not live without him and flattery. He thought that his quitting Bellombre would produce a great effect, and that he and his cousin would be recalled in a few days. He mounted his horse in a finely acted passion, bowing to Granville as he passed the windows; observed that he looked astonished, and saw, or thought he saw, that Granville beckoned to him, augured well of his weakness from this, galloped on, passed the gate, and never, we hope, was recalled to Bellombre.

ALL this while the carriage was at the door, the horses who had been

standing still against their will, an
conscionable time, now pricked
their ears on hearing the step of
carriage let down. But they were y
to wait, while, after every body els
had got into the carriage, Frank was
detained on the steps by each indivi-
dual of the house of Bellombre, to wish
him a fresh good-bye, and who held
him back while they repeated their de-
to see him again whenever his fa-
ther and mother could bring him.

“He has promised me, and that is
enough,” said Granville. “I am sure
of him, and I hope he is sure of me.

“Quite, thank you,” said Frank.

“And, Frank, stay one minute—
one thing more I will promise you,”
said Granville, “that the next time
you come to Bellombre, you shall not,

can prevent it, meet any tormen-

Nor any flatterers either, if I can prevent it," said Cressingham. "Pray tell me, Frank," said he, laying his hand on the carriage-door, "if you were forced to choose between them which would you rather have, the tormentors or the flatterer?"

"The tormentors, to be sure," said Frank; "they did me a great deal of good, and I grew used to their teasing at last, but the flatterer never did me any good."

"Right," said Cressingham.

Granville gave his last approving nod, and they departed.

The weather was fine, and the drive home was delightful, even though it was not a new way. Mary, especially,

enjoyed it; for it had seemed to her very long since they had been altogether. Now she could hear Frank's thoughts and feelings about every thing and every person they had seen at Bel-lombre; but chiefly she was interested in hearing that his father and mother were quite satisfied with him, that they thought he had borne all his little trials better than they could have expected, and that he had been improved by them in the strength of mind which would be necessary for him at school.

Boys, even at Frank's early age, as his father observed, begin to lay the foundation of a character for themselves; and Frank had now begun well; he had raised in the minds of some of those who were to be his future companions in life, good expectations of his temper, truth, and honorable prin-

ciples, he had won the regard of two new friends, and had increased the esteem and affection of his friend Lewis, to whom he had proved that he was sincerely and steadily attached; his mother had been particularly pleased, by observing, that Frank had not betrayed much of that foolish vanity which she had dreaded as the foible of his mind. Mary was silent, and pensive in silence, as long as these remarks on Frank's conduct and character lasted, but from the moment his praises ceased, she began to talk, and the conversation was kept up between the young people with that unceasing flow of spirits which the prospect of returning home and to their usual happy ways naturally excited.

The first creature they ran to see was their good Mrs. Catherine.

After she had kissed Mary, she held out her arms to Frank.

“What! and you too!—Do you come back to me,” said she, “just such as you went?—I had expected you would have been a fine young gentleman after your visit to Bellombre, and too grand to come to my room to see your old nurse.”

“You expected very wrong then,” said Frank, “but I do not believe you are in earnest: else I know how I could punish you. Look, here are your spectacles mended for you; you thought I should forget them, but you see you were mistaken in that too; and to save yourself the trouble of stooping again, you may give me another kiss for the prettiest tortoise-shell kitten you ever saw in your life, which you are to have on Monday.”

The expectation of the new tortoise-

shell favorite kept Mrs. Catherine from being quite overpowered by the news that Frank was certainly to go to school on the Monday following.

Frank's next care was so to arrange their affairs during this last week, that they should be as much with Mary as possible. Lewis and he agreed that they would take only short rides, so that they might always return by the time that she had finished her lessons. They were the more anxious to be kind to her because she was so careful not to be any trouble or restraint to them; she even begged that they would do what they liked best about riding, and that they would not return on purpose to walk with her.

“For,” said she, “you know I must soon learn to be quite alone when Frank goes to school, and it's better for

FRANK.

me to learn by degrees : this is what I often used to try to think in the long fortnight at Bellombre. It will be much easier at home," added she, " because here I have many pleasant things that I like to do, and I have always mamma to talk to when she has done being busy. So pray ride as much as you please."

One day of this week was spent with their excellent friend, Colonel Birch. He rejoiced to hear that the two young friends were to go to the same school, though he was still inclined to believe that some delay would occur.

Two evenings were happily spent in revisiting, certainly for the last time this season, old Mrs. Wheeler, and the *gardener-of-the-green-gate*. Frank was proud to feel, that his having been

FRANK.

What about them, had made no impression upon his mind. He left Mrs. Wheeler a legacy which she much prized, a dog, the son of Colonel Birch's great dog, which the Colonel had trained for him, and which was the most diverting as well as the most obedient of dogs, and Mrs. Wheeler had no doubt would prove the most faithful of his kind. "I was just wishing for a dog," said she, "for you must know, sir, our Jowler died last winter."

"Do you think I did not know that?" said Frank, "that is the very reason I thought of bringing you a young dog to comfort you for the loss of the old one."

"Oh, think of his remembering about my old dog and my old self," exclaimed Mrs. Wheeler, "after he has

been away too, and is going off to school. God bless him, wherever he goes he will never forget his friends."

This last was heard only by Mary, after Frank had left the house. His farewell visit to the gardener and his son, was still more satisfactory; for Lewis had received a letter from his father, desiring to have the gardener's son sent to him, and requesting that Frank might be the bearer of this good news. There was also a smaller service which Frank did for the gardener, which pleased him particularly. While he was at Bellombre, he had heard of many curious practical experiments on the means of improving fruit-trees, and especially on the possibility of making our pears and peaches as large, as

fine, and as abundant as any which are to be found in foreign countries, Frank thought of his friend, the gardener, when he had heard these observations, and repeated as much as he could remember of them, lending the gardener the Review* in which the books containing them are mentioned.

With some of these he was already acquainted; others were new to him, and they were, as he said, the very things he most wished to see; he added, that he took it particularly kindly of Frank that he thought of him and his garden in the midst of all his diversions and fine people at Bel-lombre: this was what he called having a good memory in every sense of the word; "and here is a garden in which you and your friends will always find

* Edinburgh Review, No. LXVIII.

yourselves as welcome, as if it were your own, and Miss Mary the same."

The gardener inquired, when Frank was to be at home again. And when he was told, it was to be at Christmas, he picked out for Mary, some Christmas-rose and wall-flower, which he told her, would make a good figure in their garden, at that season, and would be in blow, to welcome him. Mary thanked him more for this thought, than for all he had ever given her before, of

"Purple grape, green fig, or apricock."

She found the days of this last week, passed away terribly quickly, and when it was Saturday, she could not believe it, she thought it was Friday, she had hoped it was Friday, till the appearance of a little new trunk, in which Frank's clothes were to be pack-

ed, convinced her of the melancholy certainty. Frank, who felt that it was the part of a man to keep up her spirits and his own, did whatever he could to comfort her; but, even with him, it came to whistling sometimes, and sometimes to the wise observation, of, "It's all for my good, Mary;" and sometimes to the unanswerable assertion, that, "Christmas will come, you know, Mary."

Every thing he could think of that he possessed, and that she could like, he set apart for her in their last visit to his garden; and when he was sorting his goods for packing up, she thanked him, and thought he was very good-natured, and wondered how he could think of so many things for her in all his hurry: but what comforted her best, was, the employing her to do some-

thing for him ; and he and Mrs. Catherine, together, found out a variety of jobs, that Mary could do better than any body else. There were handkerchiefs to be marked, and lists to be written of his clothes and of his books, for she was a practised and expert hand at writing lists.

The books which he was allowed to carry with him, were few indeed compared with the numbers which he had intended should go at the bottom of the trunk, but which would have filled, as Mrs. Catherine declared, bottom, middle, and top. In the selection which Frank and Mary, together, made, there were a few very valuable books. Among these, the principal were a bible, which had long been his mother's, and the Homer's Iliad, which his

father had won as a prize, at school, and which he had given to Frank, expressing a hope that he would some day bring home premium-books of his own. Of this Homer unfortunately, however, the first volume was not to be found; high and low, above, about, and underneath, it was searched for in vain. One faint hope remained, that it might not have been returned by Colonel Birch. Frank's mother, at his earnest request, sent an express messenger to the Colonel, late in the evening, with a note from Frank, beseeching him to look over all his books, and if he could find the lost volume, to be sure to send it this night, or very, *very* early in the morning, as they were to set off at seven. The trunk was at last closed, and locked, and corded, and nothing remained for Mary to do, but

to look at the letters marked in brass nails on the lid, and bright as those nails were, she could scarcely see them through the tears which dimmed her eyes, therefore she stooped down, and began to brighten the F, by rubbing it with great care; but tears falling fast while she rubbed, it may be doubted whether she did not do more harm than good. Kind Mrs. Catherine called her to help to pack the carpet-bag, and Mary sprung up, and ran for the various odd things, which were to go in that last and best resource.

Night came—and morning, and early breakfast, at which all who were going, and all who were to stay, assembled. Mary eat little, but put everything near Frank and Lewis, which it was possible that they could eat. She said not a word, but she listened to

every word that was said to Frank, especially the last words of advice, which his father and mother gave him, and which Mary seemed to think she was also to remember for him.

No answer yet from Colonel Birch; but, just as they had given up all hopes of the return of their messenger, the Colonel himself appeared.

“Is it possible,” said he, as he entered the room, “that Frank is really going? It is well you missed your book, and sent your messenger; I own I had depended so much on mamma’s keeping him one day longer, that I had not intended coming to take leave of him, till to-morrow. I am glad, that I am in time to say, good bye, and God bless you, my dear boy.”

Frank looked, as if he said, “Thank you.”

The Colonel excused the want of the words, and continued,

“Here’s your book for you, I found it for you at past twelve o’clock last night. Now, Frank, I have no advice to give you: you can want none with such a father and mother as heaven has blessed you with. But I must tell you, that I expect you will distinguish yourself;—do you hear, my boy?”

“I do; and I will if I can,” said Frank.

“And you can, if you will,” said his father.

“I expect you will distinguish yourself, as your father did before you,” continued Colonel Birch, “and as your friend Lewis is doing as fast as he can.”

“Some celebrated man says, that

Alexander, at the head of the world, never enjoyed so much true pleasure as is felt by a school-boy at the head of his school. I know nothing about Alexander's feelings, but I remember as well as if it were yesterday, the joy your father felt, and I for him, the day he got to the head of our school. So fare you well, my dear little fellow, follow his example."

Frank returned the squeeze of the hand, which Colonel Birch gave him, but his heart was so full, that he could not utter a single word.

"I will never disgrace them!" was the sense of what he thought, as he turned away from his father and mother, and Mary, and got into the carriage. Mary put the volume of the Iliad in after him. His mother had written in the first page, the fol-

lowing lines, which Frank never saw till the next day.

“ Go on, dear boy, ’tis Virtue leads ;
He that determines, half succeeds ;
No obstacles can move.

Seek useful knowledge, honest fame,
Do honour to an honoured name ;
And well thy race approve.

Oh, think what joy my heart shall know,
How bright th’ expiring lamp shall glow,
When quivering o’er the tomb ;

If, in the evening of my days,
I live to hear thy well-earned praise,
And see thy honours bloom.”

FINIS.

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