

A
STORE HOUSE
OF STORIES





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A
STOREHOUSE OF STORIES

EDITED BY
CHARLOTTE M YONGE

STOREHOUSE THE FIRST

CONTAINING

*THE HISTORY OF PHILIP
QUARLL*

GOODY TWOSHOOES

THE GOVERNESS

JEMIMA PLACID

*THE PERAMBULATIONS OF
A MOUSE*

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL

THE LITTLE QUEEN

HISTORY OF LITTLE JACK



London and New York
MACMILLAN AND CO.

1872

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PREFACE.

It has been felt to be a pity that the old children's classics of the last century or half century should be allowed entirely to die out; or only to exist in the dusty shelves of ancient bedrooms, preserved by tender recollections of those who themselves belong to a fast passing generation. Thus this little collection has been put together, not comprising all that have come within the compiler's pen, but those which have from any cause appeared to her specially worthy of preservation, either for curiosity or for inherent interest.

The fairy tale and cheap book variety have not been attempted, i.e. the regular fairy tale such as Cinderella, &c. They have already been thoroughly resuscitated; but the class of books which worthy mothers recommended to the exclusion of the fairy tale in the last decades of the eighteenth century has, it seems to us, met with somewhat unmerited contempt. Judging from our own childhood, we find that we preferred the inherited books of the former generation to any of our own, with a few rare exceptions, among which Maria Edgeworth's stand first.

Philip Quarll, the story that we have placed first in our list, came to us with the reputation of being by Daniel Defoe; but we have never found anything to warrant the supposition, and

from the company in which we found it and its general tone we rather suspect that it must have been written in the period preceding the First French Revolution by some ardent believer in the comforts and benefits of primeval simplicity. It must once have been very popular, for we remember to have seen it reduced to rhyme, in a little pictured nursery book; and it deserves it, for it has much of the charms of the true desert island story.

Goody Two Shoes has always enjoyed the fiction of being attributed to Oliver Goldsmith in those days when he was the hack of the booksellers, and writing books for children was considered beneath an author's dignity. There is a certain dry humour in some passages and a tenderness in others that incline us much to the belief that it could come from no one else but the writer of the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Deserted Village*. Indeed we could almost imagine that Dr. Primrose himself had described the panic at the supposed ghost in the church, in the same tone as the ride to church, the family portrait, or the gross of green spectacles. The story has gone through many editions, and is to be found in several collections of tales for little children, but usually with this part eliminated.

The next little book, 'the *Governess*,' is better known as 'Mrs. *Teach'em*,' a name that became a proverb, so that we have found people who imagine the appellation simply a slang word for a schoolmistress, and would hardly believe that there was such a book. We cannot help thinking that there is a good deal of amusement to be derived from the descriptions of the young ladies with their characteristic names; and though the fairy tales themselves are heavy, there is something exquisitely quaint in the moralisings upon them, and on the fragment of genteel comedy. This, it may be observed, is introduced for the purpose of showing the wrong way of telling a story, all rattled

out in haste and confusion, just as a girl would most likely do it. That there must be real ability in *Mrs. Teach'em*, and that she was not without her effect, we gather from the existence of a feeble little imitation—where, by the bye, *Goody Two Shoes* is spoken of with magnificent scorn—and likewise from this idea having evidently suggested that of '*Mrs. Leicester's School*,' by *Mary Lamb*—to say nothing of *Mrs. Sherwood's* adaptation to her own *Evangelical* style, in the course of which she has introduced one admirable fairy tale.

The next three stories, *Jemima Placid*, the *Preamble* of a *Mouse*, and the *Village School*, were the delight of our earlier days. We knew them in a renewed edition, but we have since been favoured with a sight of them in their native form, little thin duodecimos, in paper covers, gilt and flowered over. They are printed by *John Marshall*, but bear no date. They were however, with their companions, the *Adventures of a Peg-top*, the *History of a Pincushion*, and the *History of a Great Many Little Boys and Girls*, written between 1770 and 1790, just when *Mrs. Trimmer* was giving an impetus to children's literature. When any initials of the author are given they are *M.P.*, but these stood for the place of her residence, *Maryland Point*, near *Stratford*. Female authorship was so dreadful a matter in those days that the strictest incognito was preserved by the writer; and, when her publisher wished at least for a *nom de plume*, she adopted that of *Mary Pelham*. Though *Mrs. Trimmer* overlooked many of her works in *MS.*, it was long before she was allowed to know the true name of the writer, but afterwards the two ladies became intimate friends.

The real name was *Dorothy Kilner*; it was that of her whole life, for she never married; and from four years old to eighty-one lived at *Maryland Point*, where, as her brother's children grew up round her, she became an author on their behalf. She died on

the 5th of February, 1836. I am indebted for these particulars to one of her surviving nieces, who has kindly allowed me to make them known, in the belief that there are some few even of mothers and aunts who may be glad to learn the source of their early favourites.

The History of a Great Many Little Boys and Girls is so infantine that I durst not introduce it here, but it is in some respects the drollest of all. Miss Mary Anne Selfish is summarily cured of greediness by being made to sit in the pigstye, and Tommy Piper, when crying 'I won't be washed,' has his nursery invaded by Mr. Make Good, to have his ablutions completed in the waterbutt in the yard, where the illustration represents him, a miserable spectacle, Mr. Make Good standing over him in a cocked hat. This worthy, by the bye, we have found as Monsieur Réforme in the French translation in the Lectures graduées. These must have edified the nephews and nieces in their younger days; but there is much more individual character in some of the latter stories, especially in the Village School. There, be it observed, there is no separation of ranks, nor partiality in the treatment of the flocks, and the touches of manners are very amusing. 'With cuts,' these books were always advertised; cuts that did duty again and again, always of wainscoted rooms, and high-back chairs, and girls with long waists, sleeves down to the elbow, neat little aprons, round caps indoors, and shepherdess hats out of doors. Their mammas have high mob caps at home and hats abroad; the clergymen promenade in gown, bands, wigs, and shovel hats. The drollest bit of costume is in the History of a Pincushion, where one Sally Flaunt, being invited to a tenant's feast, disdains a 'garnet coloured stuff' given her by her good aunt, and repairs to a barn to array herself in a 'silk coat,' with a tall smart cap much the worse for wear, and a cushion, over which to roll her

hair. A triangular bit of lookingglass is her toilette apparatus, and her confidant her cousin Jack, who treacherously completes her headgear with some streamers of straw and a couple of dangling sheep's feet. The two illustrations of this scene are capital, and we learn, by the bye, that boarding-schools near London were even then pernicious to the good sense of farmers' daughters. Mrs. Dorothy Kilner wrote other books of a more advanced style, but we have only seen one, in which a squire expounds a gallery of paintings on sacred subjects every Sunday to a circle of friends, who appear to be about as well acquainted with scripture as the London fashionables who asked Sir Joshua Reynolds who Samuel was.

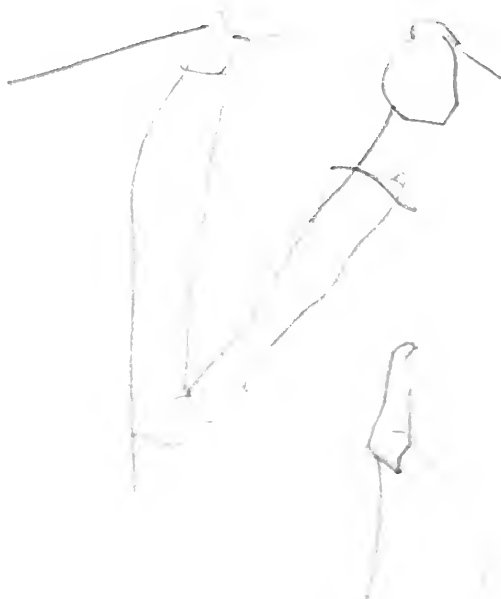
Of the story of the Little Queen we know nothing except that it was, together with Philip Quarll, Little Jack, Cowper's John Gilpin, Pope's Universal Prayer, and some others of minor account, in a book called the Children's Miscellany. It may have been a satire in its own time, for the Little Queen's political economy is not very unlike that of Louis XV. Any way, when I was innocent of any such suspicion, I thought it an amusing story.

Little Jack is by Thomas Day, the eccentric doctrinaire, who wrote Sandford and Merton, studied education with Richard Edgeworth, and failed so deliciously in the Lucinda and Sabrina he brought up, intending to have a choice of model wives. No doubt Jack is intended to show the superiority of natural to artificial breeding; but that does not prevent it from being a pleasant, lively story, with a good deal of the mark of talent about it. Would that we could present the modern reader with the picture of Jack, habited like a Chelsea pensioner, cooking his dinner under a rock. The pictorial art of story books was at a low ebb then, though, we believe, it inspired quite as much admiration in young people it was designed for, as do in their turn

the really beautiful illustrations that act as training to eye and taste. Unadorned, however, I send forth this Storehouse, curious to see whether the verdict of the present race of readers will discover interest in the tales that were charming to at least two past generations.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

March 1870.



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STOREHOUSE OF STORIES.

THE HISTORY OF PHILIP QUARLL.

INTRODUCTION.

THE resources of the human mind in struggling against misfortunes are never so well understood as in situations of distress and difficulty. Nothing is so feeble, nothing so helpless, as a being that has been accustomed to subsist by the labour of others, without the least exertion. This is one of the disadvantages attending a state of refinement and civilisation. Mankind forget the simple dictates of reason and nature, and make a thousand pernicious indulgences necessary to their ideas of happiness. One man imagines that it is impossible to transport himself from place to place without the assistance of other animals, who are to relieve him from the fatigue of using his own legs; another, that it is impossible to supply his hunger without a splendid table, covered with the productions of every climate; a third cannot sleep unless upon beds of down, and in a palace. Thus are a thousand things made necessary to our happiness, which have no natural connection with it, and our lives are consumed in the acquisition of superfluous trifles. Our vanity, ever ingenious to torment us, renders us incapable of repose, and prompts us to be continually making useless comparisons with all around.

Surely, in this respect, the uncultured savage that inhabits the woods, and asks no more than a skin to repel

the winds of winter, a hut to defend him from the storms, and a moderate quantity of the coarsest food, is happier far than we. He views the whole detail of European luxury with indifference and contempt, and prefers his native woods and plains to all the magnificence of our cities; nor would the most effeminate native of our capital be more mortified to inhabit the rudest forests, than he to exchange them for the endless restraints and ceremonies, which we submit to in civilised society. He sleeps as sound upon a bed of grass and leaves, and gratifies his hunger as satisfactorily with roasted corn, or millet, as a rich and indolent citizen can do with all the accumulated inventions of arts and manufactures. But in the entire possession of all his bodily faculties, how great is the superiority of the savage! The inhabitant of cities, pale, feeble, and bloated, drags on a tedious existence with difficulty, under the incumbrance of an hundred diseases, to which his intemperance has subjected him. Before half his life is run out, we frequently behold him incapable of using his limbs, and that idleness, which was at first voluntary, becomes inevitable, from the imbecility he has contracted. In vain would the beautiful revolution of the seasons attract his notice, or call him out to share the common blessings which nature dispenses to all her uncorrupted offspring. Neither the care of his own necessary affairs, the defence of his country, nor even fears for his own personal safety, can any longer animate him to the smallest exertion; and should he not be in a situation to buy the assistance of others, he must remain for ever attached to one spot, like a muscle or an oyster. How different from this is the life of an American or a Tartar! Accustomed from his infancy to contend with dangers and difficulties, he becomes hardened against all the vicissitudes of nature, against all the attacks of fortune. Wherever the earth extends her surface, he finds a bed; the forest affords him all the shelter he demands; and he can everywhere procure, by his own industry, sufficient food to supply his wants. In the use of his limbs, and the full enjoyment of all his natural powers, he is not exceeded by the very beasts that fly before him. Such are all the uncivilised nations

with which we were formerly acquainted; such are those which are lately added to our knowledge by modern discoveries.

But the most extraordinary instances of the exertions of human beings in difficult situations, are to be found in the lives of such men as have been compelled by shipwreck to remain for several years on uninhabited islands. Deprived in an instant of all the advantages and support which we derive from mutual assistance, they have been obliged to call forth all the latent resources of their own minds. From a contemplation of these we are enabled to form some ideas of the wonderful powers of the human constitution, when properly stimulated to action by necessity. The following narrative, whether real or fictitious, seems to be admirably adapted to the illustration of this subject, and therefore we shall make no apology for reprinting, in this collection,

THE HISTORY OF PHILIP QUARLL.

Philip Quarll was an English sailor, who assisted to navigate a ship in the southern seas of America. During his voyage they were assailed by such a violent tempest, which continued without intermission for two days and nights, that the captain and the most experienced mariners began to despair of the safety of the ship. In this exigency, Quarll, being bold and active, took a hatchet in his hand and ran up the shrouds, by the captain's order, to cut away the main-yard, which they could not lower; but by the time he had mounted, there came a sea which dashed the ship against a rock, and with the violence of the motion flung Quarll, who was astride upon the main-yard, on the top of the rock, where, having the good fortune to fall into a cleft, he was secured from being washed back again into the sea and drowned, as all the rest were that belonged to the ship.

Quarll, in a dismal condition, remained the succeeding night in the cleft, being continually beaten with the dashing back of the sea, and being both bruised and numbed, pulled off his clothes which were dripping wet, over fatigued, lays himself down on the smoothest place of the rock he could

find, being quite spent with the hardship he had undergone, and slept while his clothes were drying.

His sleep, though very profound, was not refreshing: the danger he had been lately in so ran in his mind, that death was ever before his eyes, and constantly disturbed his rest: but nature, which wanted repose, would be supplied. Having slept a few hours, he awakes almost as much fatigued as before, and faint for want of nourishment, having taken none for thirty-six hours before: so having looked upon his clothes, which he perceived were not quite dry, he turned the other side to the sun, and laid himself down to sleep again; but still nothing but horror entered his mind.

When he awoke, he was very much terrified with his dreams, and stared about him in a frightened manner, expecting every minute some creature to devour him; but, taking a little courage, put on his clothes, which by this time were quite dry. He then looks about him, but, alas! could see nothing but the dreadful effects of the late tempest, dead corpses, broken planks, and battered chests floating; and such sights as at once filled him with terror and grief.

Turning from those shocking objects, which presented to his eyes the dreadful death he so lately had escaped, he sees on the other side the prospect of one more terrible, hunger and thirst, attended with all the miseries that can make life burdensome. Being seized with the terror of the threatening evil, he turns again towards the sea, and looking on the dead corpses, which the sea now and then drove to the rock and back again, 'Oh! that I was like one of you,' said he, 'past all dangers! I have shared with you in the terrors of death: why did I not also partake with you in its relief? But why should I complain? and have so much reason to be thankful! Had I been cut off, when the cares of saving this worthless carcass intercepted me from seeking the salvation of my soul, I should not have had the present opportunity of taking care of it.' So, having returned thanks for his late deliverance, he resigns himself to Providence, on whom he fully relies; climbs up the rock, and being come to the top, sees land on the inside, bearing both trees and

grass: 'Heaven be praised!' said he, 'I shall not perish upon these barren rocks;' so made a shift to go down to it. the weather then being calm.

Being come to the other side of the rock, he finds at the bottom of it a narrow lake, which separated it from the land: therefore pulling off his clothes, the water being but shallow, he wades over with them in his arms; and dressing himself, walks up a considerable way in the island, without seeing any human creature, or perceiving any sign of its being inhabited, which struck a great damp to his spirits. He walks it over and over, cross-ways and long-ways; yet could see nothing but monkeys, strange beasts, birds, and fowls, such as he had never seen before.

Having ranged himself weary, he sat down under a cluster of trees, that made an agreeable arbour. The place being pleasant and cool, made, as it were, for repose, and he being still very much fatigued, prompted him to lie down and sleep, during which his mind is continually alarmed with the frightful aspect of grim death. Sometimes he fancies himself striving with the rolling waves, stretching out his arm to catch hold of a plank tossing by; which, just come at, is beaten back by the roaring billows, whose terrible noise pronounces his death: at other times he thinks himself astride upon a piece of a mast, labouring to keep himself on, and of a sudden washed away, and sunk down by a bulky wave; on every side of him men calling for help; others spent and past speaking; here some floating that are already perished, and there others expiring; thus in every object seeing his approaching fate.

Being awaked out of that irksome and uneasy sleep, he falls into as anxious and melancholy thoughts: 'I have,' said he, 'escaped being drowned, but how shall I avoid starving? Here is no food for man. But why should I despair? Cannot I eat grass for a few days? by which time Providence, which has hitherto protected me, may raise me some means to get from hence.' So, being entirely resigned, he walks about to see the island, which he found surrounded with rocks, at the bottom of which there was a small lake, which was fordable in most places, so that he

could with ease wade over to the rock; which he did at every side of the island, to see if he could perceive any ship, whereby he might get away: but seeing none, and it drawing towards night, he returns, and employs the remainder of the day in looking for the most convenient place for him to pass away the approaching night; and, having fixed upon one of the highest trees, he gets up as far as he well could, fearing some wild beast might devour him if he slept below; where, having returned thanks to Heaven for his late great deliverance, he commits himself to its care; then settles and falls to sleep, and slept till hunger waked him in the morning, having dreamt over night of abundance of victuals, which he would fain have come at, but was kept off by a cross cook, who bid him go and fish for some: to which he answered, that he was shipwrecked, and had nothing to fish withal. 'Well then,' said the cook to him again, 'go where thou wast like to lose thy life, and there thou shalt find wherewithal to support it.'

Being awaked, he makes reflections upon his dream, which he imagined might proceed from the emptiness of his stomach, it being customary for people to dream of victuals when they go to bed hungry. But driven by necessity, and led by curiosity, he went to the same side of the rock he had been cast upon; where, having stood several hours without seeing shipping, or aught that might answer his dream, the air coming from the sea being pretty sharp, and he faint, having taken no manner of food for near three days, he gave over all hopes of relief. Thus submitting himself to the will of Heaven, which he supposed decreed a lingering death to punish him for his past sins, he resolves to return where he lay the night before, and there wait for his doom; but being stopped by a sudden noise which issued from a creek in the rock, not far from where he stood, he had the curiosity to go and see what occasioned it.

Being come to the place he heard the noise proceed from, he sees a fine large cod-fish near six feet long, dabbling in a hole in the rock, where the late storm had cast it.

One under condemnation of death, and just arrived at the place of execution, could not be more rejoiced at the coming

of a reprieve, than he was at the sight of this fish, having felt several sick qualms, forerunners of the death he thought he was doomed to. 'Heaven be praised!' said he, 'here is subsistence for several days!'

So having taken off both his garters, he gets into the hole where the fish lay, and having run them through its gills, he hauls it out, and drags it after him, being heavy, and he very weak. Going along, he finds several oysters, muscles, and cockles, in his way, which the sea had cast up and down the rock; and having a knife about him, he sat down and eat a few; so refreshed himself, his spirits being exhausted for want of food. This small nutriment very much recruited his decayed strength, and the thoughts of his supply of provision having dispersed the dull ideas his late want had bred in his mind, he cheerfully takes his fish, which he drags with much more vigour than before; and filling his pockets with salt that was congealed by the sun, which he found in the concavities of the rock, away he goes to the place where he lay the night before, in order to dress some of the cod-fish; where being come, he picks up a parcel of dry leaves, and, with his knife and a flint, struck fire and kindled them; then getting together a few sticks, made a fire presently and broiled a slice of his fish, of which he eat so heartily that it overcame his stomach, being grown weak with fasting. Thus sick and out of order, he applies to the recourse of the feeble, which was lying down; and having much fatigued and harassed himself with hauling the heavy fish up and down the rock, he fell asleep until the next morning.

Having slept quietly the remainder of the night, he awoke in the morning pretty fresh and hearty, but anxious about his future destiny; for though he might for awhile subsist upon fish, wherewith he might be supplied by the sea, yet he could not imagine which way he could be furnished with clothes and bed against the winter, for want of which he must miserably perish with cold, unless supplied by some such dismal accident as exposed him to the want thereof, which he heartily wishes and prays may never happen.

Having made these considerations, he, on his knees, re-

turns kind Providence his hearty thanks for all its mercies that had been extended to him, begging the continuance of its assistance. Then, watching the opportunity of getting away from that melancholy place, he goes to the other side of the rock, to try if he could perceive any shipping in sight.

The wind being pretty high, fed his hopes that each succeeding hour would gratify his wishing look with that object the preceding could not bring forth, but he was disappointed. The night approaching, kept back all probability for that time; however, depending on better success the next day, he returns whence he came; and being hungry, makes a fire, and broils another slice of the fish, then lays the rest upon broad green leaves, and strews salt thereon to keep it from spoiling, and then goes to rest; and as he lay undisturbed the night before under the trees, and much more easy than at top, he ventured again, committing himself to the care of Providence.

He slept in safety that night, but with the returning morning all his anxieties were renewed, and he determined to lose no time in providing as well as he could for all his necessities. Accordingly, first he begins to think of making himself a house to preserve him from the injuries of the weather; but having nothing to make it of, nor any instrument but a knife, which could be of little service to him, he resolves to go to that part of the rock where he was shipwrecked to see if he could discover anything among the wreck that might be serviceable to him: and therefore takes a branch of a tree along with him, and, coming to the place, he strips himself, and goes into the water (the water being low, discovering the tops of several sharp-pointed rocks), and gropes along with his staff for sure footing, wading as high as his chin, diving to the bottom frequently, and feeling about with his hands. This he continued doing for almost two hours, but to no purpose, not daring to go out of his depth; for he well knew that he could do little good there, because he could discover no part of the ship, not so much as the mast, or any of the rigging, but fancied she lay in some deep hole, where it was impossible to get at her.

Thus despairing, and fretting and teasing himself, he calls to mind that he had a hatchet in his hand when he was cast away, and thought probably it might lie in that clift of the rock into which he was thrown; thither he went, and looking about perceived something like the handle of a hatchet just above the surface of the water, at the bottom of the rock; and going down to it, took it up; which, to his great joy, proved to be the very thing he wanted.

Having got his tool he dresses himself, and goes on to the island again, intending to cut down some trees to make himself a hut; looking about, therefore, for the properest plants, and taking notice of a sort of trees, whose branches, bending to the ground, took root and became a plant, he thought they might be the fittest for this purpose, and cut a sufficient parcel of them to make his barrack; which was full business for him that day.

The next morning, having paid his usual devotion, he walks out again to look for a pleasant and convenient place to make his hut or barrack upon. He walked several hours, and could find none more sheltered from the cold winds than that where he already lay, being in the middle of the island, well fenced on the north and east sides with trees, which stood very thick. The place being fixed upon, he hews down some trees that grew in his way, and clears a spot of ground about twelve feet square, leaving one tree standing at each corner; and, with the young plants he provided the day before, filled the distance between quite round, setting them about six inches asunder, leaving a larger vacancy for the door. His inclosure being made, he bends the branches at the top from both sides, and weaves them across one another, making a cover to it, which being something too thin he laid other branches over, till they were grown thicker. Having finished the top, he goes about closing the sides; for which purpose, taking large branches, he strips off their small twigs, and weaves them between the plants as they do for sheep pens, then made a door after the same manner.

His barrack being finished; which took him up fifteen days' hard work, 'Now,' said he, 'here is a house, but where

is the furniture? This, indeed, may keep the weather from me, but not the cold. The ground on which I do and must lie, is hard, and doubtless, in the winter, will grow damp, which, with want of covering, may occasion agues and fevers, the cholic and rheumatism, and twenty racking distempers, which may cause me to repent my having escaped a milder death.'

In this great consternation and perplexity, he goes to see if he could spy any shipping riding within sight of the island. As he was walking along, full of heavy and dull thoughts, which weighed his looks to the ground, he happened to find a sort of high grass that grows but here and there, round some particular sort of trees, of which he never took notice before. 'Heaven be praised!' said he, 'I have found wherewithal to keep my poor body from the ground, whilst I am, by Providence, doomed to remain here.' So passes on, intending at his return to cut down a sufficient quantity of it to make mats that might serve him instead of bed and bed-clothes.

Having looked himself almost blind without seeing the least prospect of what he desired, he concludes upon going to cut the grass which he stood in such want of, and spread it to dry, whilst the weather was yet warm. That piece of work kept him employed the remainder of the day, and best part of the succeeding, having nothing but a pocket-knife to cut withal. That work being done, wanting a tool to spread and turn his grass, he takes a branch off the next tree, which, having stript of all the small ones about it, all but part of that at the top, made a tolerable fork. Thus being equipped for haymaking, he went on with his work; and as he was at it he saw, at some distance, several monkeys as busy as himself, scratching something out of the ground, which they ate in part upon the spot, and carried the rest to their home.

His hopes that those roots might be for his use, those creatures being naturally dainty, eating nothing but what men may, made him hasten to the place he saw them scratching at, that by the herb they bear (which they tore off) he might find out the root.

Having, by the leaves which he picked off the ground, found some of the same, he digs them up, and carried them to his barrack, where he broiled a slice of fish, and in the ashes roasted them, which eat something like chesnuts done in the same manner.

This new found-out eatable much rejoiced him, he returned his hearty thanks to kind Providence that had put him in a way to provide himself with bread, and that of a most delicious kind. As soon, therefore, as he had dined, he went out on purpose to dig up a good quantity; but, as he was going to the place where he had taken notice they grew pretty thick, he sees a tortoise of about a foot over, crawling before him: 'Heaven be praised!' said he, 'here is what will supply me both with victuals and utensils to dress it in;' he ran therefore, and turned it on its back, to keep it from getting away, whilst he went for his hatchet, that he might cut the bottom shell from the top, in order to make a kettle of the deepest, and a dish of the flat part.

Being tired of cod-fish, he dresses the tortoise, an animal seldom eaten but upon extremity, the flesh thereof often giving the flux; nevertheless he ventured upon it, and liked it extremely, some part of it eating very much like veal; which at that time was a very great novelty to him, having eaten no fresh meat for a long time before.

Happening to eat of that part of the tortoise which is the most feeding, and less hurtful, he was in no wise discomposed; but, having boiled it all, he laid by the remainder to eat now and then between his fish.

Being provided with a boiling utensil, he often had change, by means of those admirable roots so luckily discovered; some of which he roasted for bread, others he boiled with salt cod. This, in a great measure, mitigated his misfortune, and softened the hardship he lay under; so that seeing but little prospect of changing his present condition, by getting away from thence yet awhile, he thinks on means to make it as easy as possible whilst he remained in it; for, having projected a bed, and taking the grass, which by that time was dry, he falls to work; and a mat being the thing concluded upon, he twists his hay into ropes, the big-

ness of his leg; then he cuts a pretty number of sticks, about two feet long, which he drives into the ground, ten in a row, and near four inches asunder, and opposite to them such another row at six or seven feet distance from the first, which made the length of his mat; then having fastened one end of his rope to one of the corner sticks, he brings it round the other corner stick, and so to the next at the other end, till he has laid his frame; then he weaves across shorter ropes of the same, in the manner they make pallions on board with old cable ends. When he had finished his mat, he beat it with a long stick, which made it swell up; and the grass being of a soft cottony nature, he had a warm and easy bed to lie on.

The comfort and pleasure he found on his soft mat (being grown sore with lying on the ground for a space of a month or more) so liberally gratified him for the time and labour he had bestowed in making it, that it gave him encouragement to go about another; a covering being the next necessary wanted; for though the weather was as yet pretty warm, and he in a great measure seasoned by the hardship he had gone through; yet the winter approaching, and the present season being still favourable for him to make provision against it, he goes and cuts more grass, which being made ready for use, he lengthens his loom, to allow for rolling up at one end, instead of a bolster, and makes it thicker than the first, which he intends, in cold weather, shall lie upon him instead of blankets.

Being provided with the most necessary furniture he wanted, he thinks on more conveniences, resolving to make himself a table to eat his victuals upon, and a chair to sit on. Thus, having cut several sticks about four feet long, he drives them in a row a little way in the ground, then takes smaller, which he interweaves between; having made the top, he sets it upon four other sticks, forky at the upper end, which he stuck in the ground at one side of his barrack, to the height of a table; this being done, he cuts four more branches, such as he judged would do best for the seat and back of a chair, which he also drove in the ground near his table; and having twisted the branches, which grew to them,

with each other, from back to front, and across again, he weaves smaller between, bottoming his seat; which completes the furniture of his habitation.

That care being over, another succeeds, of a far greater moment: 'Here is a dwelling,' said he, 'to shelter me from the weather, and a bed to rest this poor body of mine; but where is food to support it? Here I have subsisted near one month upon a fish, which the same dreadful storm that took away forty lives, sent me to maintain my own. Well, since kind Providence has been pleased to preserve my life preferably to so many, who fatally perished in that dismal accident, I am bound in gratitude to hold it precious; and since my fish is almost gone, and I am not certain of more, I must by degrees bring myself to live upon roots, which I hope will never be wanting, being the natural product of this island: so I must eat of the small remnant of my fish but now and then, to make it hold out longer. Dainties or plenty were not allotted for him that was doomed to slavery, but labour and hard living; and, if I meet here the latter, Heaven be praised, I have escaped the worse; I can take my rest, and stand in no dread of any severe inspector or taskmaster.'

Now being entirely reconciled to the state of life Providence, on whom he fully depended, had been pleased to call him to, he resolves to make provision of those excellent roots; and with his hatchet he cuts a piece of a tree, where-with he makes a shovel, in order to dig them up with more ease: with this instrument he went to the place where he had observed they grew thickest, which being near the monkeys' quarters, they came down from off their trees in great numbers, grinning as if they would have flown at him; which made him stop awhile. He might, indeed, with the instrument in his hand, have killed several, and perhaps dispersed the rest; but would not: 'Why,' said he, 'should I add barbarity to injustice? It is but natural and reasonable for all creatures to guard and defend their own: this was given them by nature for food, which I am come to rob them of: and since I am obliged to get of them for my subsistence, if I am decreed to be here another

season, I will set some in a place distant from theirs for my own use.'

Having stood still a considerable time, those animals, seeing he did not go forwards, each went and scratched up for itself, afterwards retiring; giving him the opportunity to dig up a few for himself: and as he was not come to the place where they grew thick, he laid them in small heaps as he dug them up; while those sly creatures would, whilst he was digging up more, come down from the trees where they stood hid among the leaves, and steal them away; which obliged him to be contented for that time with as many as his pockets would hold, resolving to bring something next time which would contain a larger quantity; and fearing those animals, which are naturally very cunning, should dig them up and hide them, he comes early the morning following to make his provision; and for want of a sack to put them in, he takes his jacket, which he buttons up, and ties at the sleeves; and as he had observed that every root had abundance of little off-sets hanging at it by small fibres, he pulled off his shirt also, of which he makes another sack to put them in.

Being naked, all but his breeches, and the day being pretty hot, he thought he had as good pull them off too, and fill them, his jacket being but short, and therefore holding but few: taking, therefore, his bundle in one arm, and having the shovel in the other hand, he goes to the place he intended to do the day before; and expecting to find the same opposition as he did then, he brought with him some of the roots he had dug up the preceding day, in order to throw them amongst those animals, and so quiet them; but to his great wonder, and as great satisfaction, those creatures, which the time before had opposed him with noise and offensive motions, let him now pass by quietly, without offering to meddle with any when dug up, though he had laid them up by heaps in their way, and stood at a considerable distance from them.

This surprising reverence from those creatures set him upon deep reflections on what could be the cause thereof; whether it might not proceed from the proximity of their

shape and his: 'But then,' said he, 'my stature and colour of skin is so different from theirs, that they cannot but distinguish I am not of their kind: no, it must be a remnant of that awe entailed by nature upon all animals, to that most noble and complete masterpiece of the creation, called Man, which, now appearing in the state he was first created in and undisguised by clothes, renews an image of that respect he has forfeited by his fatal transgression, which ever since obliged him to hide the beauty of his fabric under a gaudy disguise, which often renders him ridiculous to the rest of mankind, and generally obnoxious to all other creatures; making a pride of what he ought to be ashamed of. Well,' adds he, 'since my clothes bred the antipathy, I will remove that cause, which will suit both the nature of those animals and my own circumstances.' From that time he resolves to go naked, till the hardness of the weather obliged him to put something on.

Having picked up a sufficient quantity of off-sets to stock about two acres of land, he returns home, leaving behind him a considerable number of roots dug up for those poor animals which attended him all the time he was at work, without offering to touch one till he was gone.

Being come home, he fixes upon a spot of ground near his habitation, and digs it up as well as he could with his wooden instrument, in order to sow his seed; which having compassed in about twenty days, he implores a blessing upon his labour, and leaves it to time to bring it forth. Thus having finished the most necessary work about his barrack, he resolves to take a more particular view of the island, which till then he had not time to do; and taking a long staff in his hand, he walks to the lake, which parts the land from the rock, and goes along the side of it quite round the island, finding all the way new subjects of admiration: on the left hand stood a rampart made of one solid stone, adorned by nature with various forms and shapes, beyond the power of art to imitate; some parts challenging a likeness to a city, and clusters of houses, with here and there a high steeple standing above the other buildings; another place claiming a near resemblance to a

distant squadron of men-of-war in a line of battle: farther, it bears comparison with the dull remains of some sumptuous edifice, ruined by the often repeated shocks of time, inciting the beholders to condolence for the loss of its former beauty.

At some distance from thence the prospect of a demolished city is represented to the sight; in another place large stones, like small mountains, laid, as it were, a-top of one another, impress the mind with an idea of the tower of Babel; and on the right hand a most pleasant land covered with beautiful green grass, like chamomile, and here and there a cluster of trees, composing most agreeable groves, amongst a vast number of fine lofty trees of divers heights and shapes, which stood more distant, whose irregularity added to the delightfulness of the place.

As he was a walking on, admiring all these wonderful works of nature, having caught cold (not being used to go naked), he happened to sneeze opposite to a place in the rock which hollowed in after the manner of the inside of some cathedral, and was answered by a multitude of different voices issuing from that place. The agreeableness of the surprise induced him to rouse those echoes a second time, by giving a loud hem; which was, like his sneezing, repeated in different tones, but all very harmonious; again he hemmed, and was so delighted with the repetition, that he could have spent hours in the hearing of it. 'But why should I,' said he, 'waste those melodious sounds, so fit to relate the Almighty's wonderful works, and set forth his praise?' Immediately he sang several psalms and hymns with as much emulation and devotion as if he had been in company with numbers of skilful and celebrated choristers.

Having spent a considerable time there with much pleasure, he proceeds in his walk, being resolved to make that his place of worship for the future, and attend it twice a day constantly.

About three or four hundred paces farther, having turned on the other side of a jetting out part of the rock, he was stopped a second time by another surprising product of nature; a large stone, growing out of the rock, advancing quite over

the lake at the bottom of it, representing something of a human shape, out of the breast whereof issued a fountain of exceeding clear water, as sweet as milk ; and, when looked at fronting, was like an antique piece of architecture, which in old times they built over particular springs ; and on the other side appeared as if springing from the nostrils of a sea-horse. These three so very different and yet rightly compared likenesses being offered by one and the same unaltered object, made him curious to examine what parts of every resemblance helped to make the others ; and having spent a considerable time in the examination, he found everything, which the front had likeness of, was employed in making the side representation, by being in some places shortened, and others lengthened, according to the point of sight.

Being satisfied about that subject, he enters upon another as puzzling : the basin in which the fountain ran, which was about five yards distant from whence the water did spring, being but about nine feet over every way, without any visible place to evacuate its over complement, and yet keeping the same height, without dashing or running over, although the stream that fell into it ran as big as his wrist. Having a long time searched into the cause without any satisfaction, he conjectures it must make its way out somewhere underground ; so went on till he came to the place he had began his march at, which ended that day's work.

Having been round the island, which, to the best of his judgment, was about ten or eleven miles in circumference, of an oblong form, going in and out in several places, extending from north to south, the south end near twice as broad as the opposite, he resolves to employ the next day in viewing the inside.

So the next morning he walks along the land, which he found very level, covered with a delightful green grass, and adorned with trees of divers sorts, shapes, and height, inhabited with several sorts of curious singing-birds, of various colours and notes, which entertained him with their melodious harmony. In some places stood a cluster of trees, composing agreeable and delightful groves, proceeding from only one main body, whose lower branches, being come to

a certain length, applied to the earth for immediate nourishment, as it were, to ease the old stem that produced them; and so became a plant, and did the same.

Having for some time admired the agreeableness and curiosity of the plant, by which nature seemed to give human kind instructions, and looking about, if perchance he could find anything in his way for his own proper use, he took along with him a sample of every different herb he thought might be eatable. Crossing the island in several places, he came at a most delightful pond, about two hundred yards in length, and one hundred and fifty wide, with fine trees spreading their branchy limbs over its brink, which was surrounded with a beautiful bank, covered with divers kinds of flowers and herbs, so naturally intermixed, which completed it in ornament and conveniency, as though intended by nature for more than mortal's use.

Having walked several times round it with much pleasure, he sat down awhile upon its bank, to admire the clearness of the water, through which, to his great comfort, he saw many different sorts of fish, of various sizes, shapes, and colours. 'Heaven be praised!' said he, 'here is a stock of freshwater fish to supply me with food if the sea should fail me.'

Being sufficiently diverted with their chasing one another, which were of many beautiful and different colours, and a most delightful scene, he proceeds in his walk, and goes to the south of the island, where he finds another subject of admiration, a noble and spacious wood, whose shades seemed to be made for the abode of peace and pleasure. He walked round it with much delight, which made the time seem short; yet he could guess it to be no less than two miles about.

Having viewed the outside, whose extraordinary agreeableness incited in him an insurmountable desire to get into it, but where he was afraid to venture lest there might be destructive creatures; yet, having recommended himself to the care of Providence, he ventured into it, finding several pleasant walks, some straight, edged with lofty trees, as though planted for pleasure; others crooked and winding,

bordered with a thick hedge of pimentoes, which cast a most fragrant smell; here and there a large cluster of bushes and dwarf trees, wherein sheltered several different kinds of wild beasts and fowls: 'Sure,' said he, 'this island never was intended by nature to lie waste, but rather reserved to be the happy abode of some for whom Heaven had a peculiar blessing in store. Here is everything sufficient, not only for the support, but also for the pleasure of life: Heaven make me thankful, that I am the happy inhabitant of so blessed a land!'

Being hungry, and tired with walking, he goes home in order to get some victuals, and having made a fire, he boils a slice of his salt fish with some roots, and then the herbs he brought with him, which proved of divers tastes, and all excellent; some eating like artichokes, others like asparagus and spinach. 'Now,' said he, 'what can I wish for more! Here I possess a plentiful land, which produces both flesh and fish; bears excellent greens and roots, and affords the best of water, which by nature was ordained for man's drink. Pomp and greatness are but pageantry, which oftentimes prove more prejudicial to the actor than diverting to the beholder; ease and indulgence are apt to breed the gout and various distempers, which make the rich more wretched than the poor; now these evils, thanks to my Maker! I stand in no danger of, having but what is sufficient, which never can do any harm.'

Thus thoroughly easy in his mind, he proposes to spend the afternoon at the outside of the rock, in viewing the sea, and looking for oysters; so takes in his hand his long staff to grapple in holes; and his breeches, which he ties at the knees, to bring them in. Being come to a place of the rock he never had been at before, he sees at a distance something like linen hanging upon it, which, when he came at, he found to be the main-sail of a ship, with a piece of the yard fastened to it: 'Alas!' said he, 'a dismal token of insatiable ambition! which makes men often lose their lives in seeking what they seldom find; and, if they ever do, 'tis commonly attended with a world of care. Happy is he who limits his desires to his ability, aspiring not above

his reach, and is contented with what nature requires.' Then he falls a ripping the sheet from the yard, which he finds in one place tied with one of his garters (having himself made use of it for want of another string), 'Heaven be praised!' said he, 'this is no effect of another shipwreck, but a fragment of the unfortunate ship whose loss was my redemption;' which reflection made him shed tears.

Having ripped the sail in pieces, he rolls them in such bundles as he could conveniently carry, and lays them down till he had got a few oysters, proceeding to grope in holes with his stick as he went on.

About forty paces further, he finds a chest in the cleft of the rock, which had been washed up there by the violence of the late storm: 'Heaven!' said he, 'more fatal effects of fate's cruelty and man's temerity! Was the sea made for men to travel on? Is there not land enough for his rambling mind to rove? Must he hunt after dangers, and put death to defiance? What is the owner of this the better for it now? Or who can be the better in a place so remote, and the access to it so difficult? being not to be approached but on the wings of Providence, and over the back of death. Now, was this full of massy gold, or yet richer things, I thank my God, I am above the use of it; yet I'll take it home; it was sent hither by Providence, perhaps for the relief of some so necessitated and destitute.' Then going to lift it, he could not; therefore was obliged to fetch his hatchet to beat it open, that he might take away what was in it by degrees. Having taken as much of the sail-cloth as he could conveniently carry, with the few oysters he had got, he went home and fetched the tool, wherewith he wrenched the chest open, from which he took a suit of clothes and some wearing linen: 'These,' said he, 'neither the owner nor I want,' so laid them down; the next thing he took out was a roll of several sheets of parchment, being blank indentures and leases: 'These,' said he, 'are instruments of the law, and often applied to injustice; but I'll alter their mischievous properties, and make them records of Heaven's mercies, and Providence's wonderful libera' to me; so, instead of being the ruin of some, they may

chance to be the reclaiming of others.' At the bottom of the chest lay a runlet of brandy, a Cheshire cheese, a leather bottle full of ink, with a parcel of pens, and a penknife: 'As for these,' said he, 'they are of use; the pens, ink, and parchment have equipped me to keep a journal, which will divert and pass away a few anxious hours: as for the cheese and brandy, they will but cause me new cares: before I had them, I wanted them not; now, the benefit and comfort I shall find in them, when gone, will make me hanker after them more; I wish I had still been without them; but now they are here, it would be a sin to let them be lost. I'll take them home, and only use them at my need; which will both make them hold out the longer, and me grow less fond of them.'

So, by degrees, he takes home the chest and what was in it; and now having materials to begin his journal, he immediately fell to work, that for want of other books he might, at his leisure, peruse his past transactions, and the many mercies he had received from Heaven; and that, after his decease, whoever is directed thither by Providence, upon reading his wonderful escapes in the greatest of dangers; his miraculous living when remote from human assistance; in the extremity might not despair. Thus he begins from his being eight years old (as well as he can remember, he heard an old aunt of his say) to the day of his being cast away, being then twenty-eight years of age, resolving to continue it to his death.

He now resolves to make provision against winter, and the season being pretty far advanced, he gathers a good store of fuel and roots; begins to line the outside of his barrack with a wall of turf, and lays the same at top, to keep out the wet. And as he now and then found small shellfish and oysters upon the rock, he makes a bridge over the lake, which in warm weather he used to wade, that in the winter he might go over dry. So, having completed his bridge, which was made of two strong poles, which reached from the land to the rock, and several lesser branches laid across pretty close, he retires home, the day being far spent. The following night there arose a violent storm, attended

with dreadful claps of thunder, which the many echoes from the rock rendered more terrible; and lightnings flashing in a most frightful manner, succeeding each other, before the preceding was well out of the sky, which put poor lonesome Quarll in such a consternation, that, notwithstanding his reliance on Heaven's protection, he would have given the world (had it been in his possession) to have been within the reach of human assistance; or at least to have some company; solitude adding much to his terror and affliction.

The glorious rising of the next morning's sun having laid the mortifying rage of the blustering winds, Quarll, whose late alarm was hardly quelled, still suspecting its most reviving rays to be terrifying glances and flashes of lightning; but having lain awhile, and hearing no noise but that which still raged in his mind, was at last convinced the storm was over; and so gets up with a resolution to go and see if he could discern any effect of the late tempest.

Being come at the other side of the rock, he saw indeed surprising objects, but not afflicting; the mischief that was done being to the inhabitants of the sea only, a vast number of which had, by the wind, been diselemented; a quantity of stately whittings fine mackerel, large herrings, divers sizes of codlings, and several other sorts of fish, with a great number of shells, of different shapes and bignesses, lying up and down upon the rock. 'Heaven be praised!' said he, 'instead of damage to bewail, what thanks have I now to return for this mighty benefit! Here the powerful agent of mischief is, by kind Providence, made a minister of good to me: make me thankful! I am now provided for all the next winter; and yet longer; by which time I am certain to have a fresh supply.'

Thus having taken up as many fish as he could hold in his arms, he carries them home, and brings his shirt, which he used instead of a sack; so, at several times, he brought away all the fish, and as many of the shells as he had occasion for; of some of which he made boilers and stewpans, of others, dishes and plates: some he kept water in, and others fish in pickle; so that he was stocked with necessary vessels as well as provision.

Being very weary with often going backwards and forwards with his fish, which took up all that day to bring them home, he sits down to rest himself, and the runlet of brandy lying by, he was tempted to take a sup, which was at that time very much wanted, his spirits being very low; but was loath to taste it, lest he should grow fond of the liquor, and grieve after it when gone: some moments were spent before he could come to a resolution; at last, having considered the use of it, which suited the present occasion, he concludes to take a dram, and to use it like a cordial, which it was first intended for; but the vessel out of which he drank being at his mouth, the cordial turns to a nectar; one gulp decoys another down, so the intended dram became a hearty draught. The pleasantness of the liquor made him forget its nature; so that poor Quarll, who had, for the space of near three months before, drank nothing but water, was presently overcome with the strength of the brandy, and fell asleep in his chair, with the runlet on his bare lap, from whence it soon fell to the ground, and, being unstopt, ran all out.

Being awaked with hunger, having slept from evening till almost noon of another day, which he knew not whether the succeeding or the next to it; seeing what had happened, he was sorely vexed, and could have wept at the accident: but considering the liquor which occasioned it might perhaps in time have caused greater mischief, he was soon reconciled to the loss, but could not with that of the right order of the days, which having entirely forgot, hindered the going on of his journal; so was obliged to make only a memorial. That damage being repaired, another appears of a far greater consequence; the Sunday is lost, which he had so carefully observed to that time: how can that be made up? 'Now,' said he, 'shall I daily be in danger of breaking the sabbath, knowing not the day. O fatal liquor! that ever thou wert invented to cause so much mischief! But why should I lay the blame upon the use, when it is the abuse that does the hurt? and exclaim against a thing, which being taken in moderation is of so great a benefit, reviving a fainting heart, raising sinking spirits, warming cold and

decayed nature, and assuaging several pains.' So blames himself highly for gratifying his appetite with that wherewith he only ought to have refreshed nature; and since that often misguided faculty had prompted him to commit the fault, he dedicated that day, in which he became sensible of it, to prayers and fasting; and every seventh from that he sets apart for divine worship only, which he hoped would keep him from breaking the commandment for keeping holy the sabbath day: so went to the place where the echoes, in many different and melodious sounds, repeated his thanksgiving to the Almighty, which he had fixed upon to pay his devotion, and there spent the rest of the day in prayers and singing of psalms.

The next morning, having breakfasted with some of his usual bread, and a slice of the cheese he found in the chest, he goes about curing his fish, in order to salt them: having laid by as many, for the present use, as he thought he could eat whilst fresh, he improves the fair weather, to dry one part of the remainder, and keeps the rest in pickle.

The winter being near at hand, and the weather growing damp and cold, hinders him from taking his walks; so being confined within doors, he employs his idle hours in beautifying his utensils, which were not to be used on the fire; and bestowed some pains in scraping and polishing the rest of his shells, some as fine as though they had been makers of pearl; which made them not only more fit for their intended uses, but also a great ornament to his barrack, which he shelved round with plaited twigs after the manner of his table, and so set them upon it.

Thus he spent the best part of the winter, making no farther remarks but that it was very sharp, attended with high winds, abundance of hail and snow, which obliged him to make a broom to sweep it away from about his hut, which otherwise would have been damaged by it.

But shivering Winter having exhausted his frosty stores, and weary with vexing Nature, retired; Boreas also, grown faint with hard blowing, is forced to retreat into his cave; gentle Zephyrus (who till then kept up in his temperate cell) now comes forth to usher in the blooming Spring; so mildly

slips on to inform Nature of her favourite's approach, who at the joyful news puts on her gay enamelled garb, and out of her rich wardrobe supplies all vegetables with new vesture, to welcome the most lovely guest. The feathered choristers also receive new strength; their tender lungs are repaired from the injuries the foggy and misty air did occasion; and, thus revived, are placed on every budding tree, to grace her entrance with their harmonious notes.

Quarll also, whom bad weather had confined within doors a considerable time, which had in a great measure numbed his limbs and dulled his senses, now finds himself quite revived: he no longer can keep within, the fair weather invites him out; the singing-birds on every side call to him; Nature herself fetches him out to behold her treasures.

Having with unspeakable pleasure walked some time, diverted with the sweet melody of various singing-birds, and the sight of abundance of different sorts of blossomed trees and blooming flowers, all things within the island inspiring joy, he had the curiosity to go and view the sea, so goes over his bridge, and then, at the other side of the rock, where he finds more objects, requiring as much admiration, but affording a great deal less pleasure: vast mountains of ice, floating up and down, threatening all that came in their way.

These terrible effects of the winter, which to that time he was a stranger to, occasioned his making these reflections:

He who on billows roves, riches or wealth to gain,
Is ever in danger, and labours oft in vain;
If fortune on him smiles, giving his toil success,
Each day new cares arise, which mar his happiness.
The only treasure then worth laying up in store,
Is a contented mind, which never leaves one poor;
He is not truly rich who hankers after more.

So, having returned Heaven thanks for his happy state, he creeps to the north-east side of the rock, at the foot of which lay an extraordinary large whale, which the late high wind had cast there, and died for want of water. 'If this,' said he, 'is all the damage that has been done last winter, it may be borne;' so went down and measured the length

of it, which was above thirty yards, and proportionable in bigness: there were shoals of small fishes swimming about it in the shallow water wherein it lay, as rejoicing at its death. 'Thus,' said he, 'the oppressed rejoice at a tyrant's fall. What numbers of these have been destroyed to make this monstrous bulk of fat! Well, happy are they, who, like me, are under Heaven's government only.' So with his knife, which he always carried in his pocket, cuts several slices of the whale, and throws them to the small fishes, saying, 'It is but just ye should at last feed on that which so long fed on you;' as oil ran in abundance from the places he had cut the slices out of, it vexed him to see that wasted which might turn to good money: 'But why,' said he, 'should I be disturbed at it? What use have I for any? Providence takes none, it gives me all gratis.' So goes on feeling for oysters with his staff, which he always walked with.

Having at last found a hole, where, by their rattling at the bottom with his staff, he judged there might be a pretty many, he marks the place, and goes home to contrive some instrument to drag them up, being yet too cold for him to go in the water; and as he had no tool but his knife and hatchet, both improper to make a hole in a board, as requisite to make a rake, which was wanting for that purpose; he beats out the end of his chest, in which there was a knot; so having driven it out, he fastens the small end of a pole to it. Thus equipped, he went and raked up oysters, which added one dish to his ordinary, and sauce to others; yet at length his stomach growing qualmish with eating altogether fish, and drinking nothing but water withal, he wishes he could have a little flesh, which he might easily, there being animals enough in the wood apparently fit for food; but then he must deprive them of their lives, barely to make his own more easy.

Thus he debates with himself for some time, whether or no it would not be injustice for him (who only by a providential accident was brought thither to save his life) now to destroy those creatures, to whom nature has given a being, in a land out of man's reach to disturb: 'Yet nature requires

what seems to be against nature for me to grant: I am faint, and like to grow worse, the longer I abstain from flesh.'

Having paused a while; 'Why,' said he, 'should I be so scrupulous? Were not all things created for the use of man? Now, whether it is not worse to let a man perish, than to destroy any other creature for his relief? Nature craves it, and Providence gives it: now, not to use it in necessity, is undervaluing the gift.'

So, having concluded upon catching some of those animals he had seen in the wood, he considers by what means, having no dogs to hunt, nor guns to shoot. Having paused awhile, he resolves upon making gins, wherewith he had seen hares caught in Europe: thus, taking some of the cords which he had found with the sail at the outside of the rock, he goes to work, and makes several, which he fastens at divers gaps in the thickset within the wood, through which he judged that sort of beast he had a mind for, went.

Impatient to know the success of his snares, he gets up betimes the next morning, and goes to examine them; in one he found a certain animal something like a fawn, the colour of a deer, but feet and ears like a fox, and as big as a well-grown hare. He was much rejoiced at his game, whose mouth he immediately opened to see if he could find out whether it fed upon grass, or lived upon prey: the creature being caught by the neck, and strangled with struggling, before it died, had brought up in its throat some of the greens it had been eating, which very much pleased him; accounting those which lived on flesh as bad as carrion.

Having returned thanks for his good luck, he takes it home in order to dress part of it for his dinner; so cases and guts it: but it proving to be a female, mother to three young ones, grieved him to the heart, and made him repent making those killing nooses. 'What pity,' said, 'so many lives should be lost, and creatures wasted! One would have served me four days, and here are four killed at once. Well, henceforth, to prevent the like evil, I will take alive what I just want, and save all the females.' So, having stuck a long stick at both ends in the ground, making a half

circle, he hangs one quarter of the animal upon a string before a good fire, and so roasts it.

His dinner being ready, having said grace, he set to eating with an uncommon appetite; and, whether it was the novelty of the dish, or that the meat did really deserve the praise, he really thought he never eat anything of flesh, till then, comparable to it, either for taste or tenderness.

Having dined both plentifully and deliciously, he most zealously returns kind Providence thanks for the late and all favours received; then, pursuant to his resolution, he goes to making nets, in order to take his game alive for the future; and, as he had no small twine to make it with, he was obliged to unravel some of the sail which he luckily had by him; and with the thread, twisted some of the bigness he judged proper for that use.

Having made a sufficient quantity, he makes a couple of nets, about four feet square, which he fastens in the room of the killing snares; so retired, and resolved to come and examine them every morning.

Several days passed without taking anything, so that he wanted flesh for a whole week, which did begin to disorder his stomach, but not his temper; being entirely resigned to the will of Providence, and fully contented with whatever Heaven was pleased to send.

One afternoon, which was not his customary time of day to examine his nets, being too visible in the daytime for game to run in; he happened to walk in the wood, to take the full dimensions thereof, so chanced to go by his nets; in one of which were taken two animals, as big as a kid six weeks old, of a bright dun, their horns upright and straight, their shape like a stag, most curiously limbed, a small tuft of hair on each shoulder and hip. By their horns, which were but short, they appeared to be very young, which rejoiced him the more, being in hopes to tame those which he did not want for present use; so carried them home joyful of his game, depending upon a good dinner; but was sadly disappointed: the animals he found were antelopes (calling to mind he had seen them in his travels), which proving both females, he had made a resolution to preserve.

Though they were too young to be with kid, and he in great need of flesh, yet he would not kill them; so with cords fastens them to the outside of his lodge; and with constant feeding them, in two months' time made them so tame, that they followed him up and down, which added much to the pleasure he already took in his habitation, which by that time was covered with green leaves both top and sides; the stakes it was made of having struck root, and shot out young branches, whose strength increasing that summer; to fill up the vacancy between each plant, he pulled the turfs, wherewith he had covered the outside and top of the hut between them, to keep the cold out in the winter.

His former hut, being now become a pleasant harbour, gave him encouragement to bestow some pains about it towards the embellishment of it, which seemed to depend on being well attended. He resolved upon keeping it pruned and watered, the better to make it grow thick and fast, which answered his intent; for in three years time, the stems of every plant that composed the arbour, were grown quite close and made a solid wall of about six inches thick, covered with green leaves without, which lay most regular and even, and within had a most agreeable smooth bark, of a pleasant olive colour.

His late arbour being, by his care and time, and nature's assistance, become a matchless lodge, as intended by nature for something more than human guests, he now consults to make it as commodious as beautiful. 'Here is,' said he, 'a delightful dwelling, warm in the winter, and cool in the summer; delightful to the eye, and comfortable to the body; pity it should be employed to any use but repose and delight!' So resolved upon making a kitchen near it. Thus having fixed upon a place convenient at the side of his lodge about six feet from it, twelve in length, and eight in breadth, which he enclosed with the turfs that covered the outside of his arbour, before it was sufficiently thick to keep out the cold; then having laid sticks across the top of the walls, which were about eight feet high, he lays turf thereon, and so covers it, leaving an open place for the smoke to go out.

The outside being done, he goes about inside necessities, as fireplaces to roast and boil at; thus cuts a hole in the ground, at a small distance from the wall, after the manner of stew-stoves in noblemen's kitchens; then, at another place he sets two flat stones, about eight or nine inches broad, and one foot long, edgeways opposite to one another, near two feet asunder; then puts a third in the same manner at the end of the other two; so makes a fire-place fit to roast at: then, for other conveniences, he weaves twigs about sticks, stuck in the wall on one side of the kitchen, where he lays the shells fit for utensils, which both adorned and furnished it.

Having completed that piece of work, he goes and visits his plantations, which he finds in a thriving condition; the roots being, in six months time, grown from the bigness of a pea (as they were when first set) to that of an egg: his antelopes also were come to their full growth and complete beauty, which exceeded most four-footed beasts, having a majestic presence, body and limbs representing a stag, and the noble march of a horse: so everything concurred to his happiness. For which having returned his most liberal Benefactor his grateful acknowledgements, he thinks on means to prevent any obstructions that may intercept the continuation thereof; and as the want of clothes was the only cause he could think of to make him uneasy, having but the jacket and hose, which were given him on board to save his own clothes, which when worn out he could not recruit; therefore, to accustom himself to go without, he lessens those he had, and takes away the lining from the outside, in order to wear the thickest in the coldest weather, and so thins his dress by degrees, till at last he went quite naked.

Having thus concluded, as being the best shift necessity could raise him, he falls to ripping his jacket, in the lining whereof he finds seven peas and three beans, which were got in at a hole at the corner of the pocket.

Those few made him wish for more, which he had no room to hope for, they being raised by seed, which the island did not produce: 'These few,' said he, 'which at

present are hardly sufficient to satisfy a woman's longing, may, with time and industry, be improved to a quantity large enough to serve me for a meal;' then lays them up against a proper time to set them; so spent the remainder of that summer in walking about the island, watering his lodge, weeding his root-plantation, attending his nets, which now and then supplied him with an antelope or goat, to eat at intervals between fish he commonly found on the rock after high winds and storms; never failing to visit the sea three or four times a week, according as the weather did prove; thus diverting many anxious hours with variety of objects that element affords. Sometimes he had the pleasure of seeing great whales chasing one another, spouting large streams of water out of their gills and nostrils; at other times, numbers of beautiful dolphins rolling amongst the waves; now and then a quantity of strange monstrous fish playing on the surface of the sea, some whereof had heads (not common to fishes) like those of hogs; others not unlike those of dogs, calves, horses, lions, bulls, goats, and several other creatures: some chasing another sort; which, to avoid being taken, would quit their element, and seek refuge in the air, and fly some yards above the water, till their fins, being dry, obliged them to plunge in again.

These pastimes being generally succeeded with bad weather, and dreadful storms, checked the pleasure they gave, with a dread of the evil that threatened to follow. Thus commiserating the case of those whose misfortune is to be exposed to them; having spent some time in reflection, he goes to his usual devotion, and calling to mind, that in all that time he never saw a young fish in the pond, he conjectured that something might destroy the small ones; and as he imagined so it proved, for at his approach, a large fowl flew out of the pond with a fish in its bill, being too large for it to swallow.

At that distance, the bird being also upon the wing, he could neither discern colour nor make; but he had the satisfaction of discovering the cause why the fishes did not increase, they being devoured when young by that creature; which to prevent for the future, he studies means to kill the

destroyer, nets not being proper instruments; it being requisite, for that purpose, to have one all round, as also to cover the pond, which was impossible by reason of its largeness; and a less being of no use, the birds probably not coming to one certain place. He wished for a gun and ammunition fitting, as being the most probable things to succeed; but no such instrument being within his reach, he ponders again; during which time, a crossbow offers itself to his mind, but it is as distant from his reach as the gun. It is true, there was stuff enough in the island to make many, but no tools but a hatchet and pocket-knife, wherewith, if he made shift to cut and shape a bow, he could not make a latch and spring necessary to it; so he must not think on it: yet, a bow being the only thing he could apply to, he goes about one forthwith. Thus having picked a branch of a tree, which had the resemblance of yew, and as tough, of which they are sometimes made, he, with the tools he had, made a shift to make one about six feet long, and arrows of the same, which he hardens and straightens over the fire, then having slit them at one end, about two or three inches, he slips in a bit of parchment, cut sharp at one end, and about three inches at the other, then ties the end close to keep it in, which served for feathers; and, with the ravelling of some of the sail, he makes a string to it.

Thus equipped for an archer, wanting nothing but skill, which is only to be gained by practice, he daily exercises shooting at a mark for the space of a fortnight; in which time he made such an improvement, that at three shoots he would hit a mark of about three inches square, at near fifty paces distance.

Being sufficiently skilled, he goes and lies in wait for his desired game; so placed himself behind a tree, as near the pond as he could, whither the bird came in a few hours after.

The creature being pitched upon the bank, never stood still, but kept running round, watching for a sizeable fish fit to swallow, so that he had no opportunity to shoot; till having, at last, espied out one, it launched itself into the pond, but rose more slowly, which gave him time to take aim; nevertheless, he missed it, being in motion; but when

come to the top, he struck it through the body as it opened its wings, and laid it flat on the other side of the pond. He took it up, wonderfully pleased at his good success the first time of his practising his new acquired art; yet, having taken notice of the bird's beauty, he had a regret for its death, though he might in time have rued its living; the stock of fish weekly decreasing, by his own catching one now and then with a small net he made for that use, when short of other provisions, and their recruiting prevented by that bird's daily devouring their young.

The inexpressible beauty of the feathers, which were after the nature of a drake, every one distinguished from another by a rim round the edge thereof, about the breadth of a large thread, and of a changeable colour, from red to aurora and green; the ribs of a delightful blue, and the feathers pearl colour, speckled with a bright yellow; the breast and belly (if it might be said to be of any particular colour) was that of a dove's feather rimmed like the back, diversly changing; the head, which was like that of a swan for make, was purple also, changing as it moved; the bill like burnished gold; eyes like a ruby, with a rim of gold round it; the feet the same as the bill; the size of the bird was between a middling goose and a duck, and in shape resembling a swan.

Having bemoaned the death of that delightful creature, he carefully takes out its flesh, which, corrupting, would spoil the outside; then fills the skin with sweet herbs, which he dried for that use; and having sewed up the place he had cut open to take the flesh out, he set it up in his lodge.

His good success in archery made him love the exercise; so that what odd hours he had in the day (besides those he set apart for his divine worship, and those necessary occupations about his lodge, plantations, and making remarks) he bestowed in shooting at the mark, which in time made him so expert, that he hardly would miss a standing mark the bigness of a dove, at forty or fifty yards distance, once in ten times; and would shoot tolerably well flying, having once occasion to try it upon a monstrous eagle, which often flew round over the place where his antelopes and goats fed

near his lodge, which he shot at, fearing it would damage them, and killed it with the second arrow.

The summer being over, during which, having been much taken up about his habitation and plantations, he had neither time nor opportunity to make remarks, farther than it was some days very showery, and for the most part generally very hot; but now the weather being grown something cold, and the wind pretty sharp, he must be obliged to put on some clothes to keep it off, being as yet too tender to go any longer without; next to provide for his antelopes against the approaching winter; so makes a lodge for them, at the backside of his kitchen, with sticks, which he drove into the ground, about two feet from the wall, and then bends them about three feet from the ground, and sticks them in the said wall, and smaller branches he interwove between them: he shuts up the front, and covers the top, leaving both ends open for the antelopes to go in at; then lays grass (which he dried on purpose) in the said lodge, for them to lie on. Thus, having dug up a considerable quantity of roots, and being already stocked with salt fish, both dry and in pickle, he was pretty well provided for his cattle and himself, against the ensuing winter, which proved much like the preceding one, only not so stormy.

The succeeding spring having awaked slumbering nature, and revived what the preceding hard season had caused to droop, every vegetable puts on new clothing and recovers its wonted beauty; each animal assumes fresh vigour; the beasts in the wood leap and bound for joy, and each bird on the trees sings for gladness. The whole creation is, as it were, repaired, and every creature decked with new life. Love by Nature's direction, for the increase of every kind, warms their harmless breasts; each animal seeks a mate; our tame antelopes quit their abode, and range the woods for the relief ordained to quell their innocent passion; which being assuaged, they return home, pregnant with young, to their master's great satisfaction; who, having given them over, was doubly rejoiced to see them come again in an increasing condition. 'Heaven be praised!' said he, 'I shall have a stock of my own, and will not fear wanting.'

So, having made fitting preparations against their kidding, he goes and examines the improvement of his new plantation, where he found his roots grown full as large as any of those that grew wild. 'Make me thankful!' said he, 'I am now provided with all necessary food. I shall no more need to rob those poor creatures of that which Nature had provided for their own proper use.' Next he goes and views his small stock of peas and beans, which he found in a very promising case. So, whilst the weather was fair, he falls to clearing a spot of ground to set them in, as they increased.

Turning up the ground he found several sorts of roots that looked to be eatable, some whereof were as big as a large carrot, others less. He broke a bit of every one, some of which breaking short, and being not stringy, he judged they must be eatable; then he smells them, and finding the scent not disagreeable, he tastes them. Some were sweetish, others sharp and hot, like horseradish; and those he proposes to use instead of spice. 'Sure,' said he, 'these being of a pleasant scent and savour, cannot be offensive to nature.' So having manured his ground, he takes a sample of every root which he judged eatable, and boils them, as the surest way to experience their goodness.

Most of them proved not only passable good, but extraordinary; some eating like parsneps, others almost like carrots, but rather more agreeable; some like beets and turnips; every one in their several kinds, as good as ever he ate in England, but of different colours and make; some being bluish, others black, some red, and some yellow. These though not wanted, having sufficient to gratify a nicer taste than his, were, nevertheless, extremely welcome, being somewhat like his native country fare and product. So having returned thanks for this most agreeable addition to his ordinary, he sets a mark to every herb which those roots bore, in order to get some of the seed to sow in a ground he would prepare: so, being provided with flesh, fish, herbs, and several sorts of roots, he goes and examines what improvement his peas and beans have made, which he found increased to admiration; the seven peas having produced one thousand, and the three beans one hundred;

having returned thanks for that vast increase, he lays them by, in order to set them at a proper season, as he had done the year before.

By this time his antelopes had kidded, one of them having brought three young ones, and the second two. This vast addition to his provisions very much rejoiced him, being sure now not to want flesh at his need, which before he was in danger of, finding but seldom anything in his net; so makes account to live upon two of the young bucks whilst they lasted, killing one as soon as fit for meat, and so now and then another, saving only five to breed; one whereof should be a male to keep the females from the wood; lest at one time or other they should stay away for good and all.

The old ones being well fed, as he always took care to do, providing for them store of those greens he knew they loved, as also boiled roots for them now and then, of which they are very fond, the young ones thrived apace, and grew very fat; so that in three weeks time they were large and fit to eat. He killed one, which being roasted, proved to be more delicious than any house-lamb, sucking-pig, young fawn, or any other suckling whatever.

Having lived upon that, with now and then a little fish, about one month, which was as long as he could keep it eatable, having dressed it at two different times, five days interval, eating the cold remains in several manners; reserving one of the other two males for a time he should be scanted, and in want of flesh; but was unluckily disappointed by a parcel of large eagles, which flying one morning over the place where the young antelopes were playing, being of a gay, as well as active disposition, launched themselves with precipitation upon the male he reserved for time of need, and one of the females which he kept for breed: seeing his beloved diverters carrying away by those birds of prey, he runs in for his bow, but came too late with it, the eagles being gone.

Having lost his two dear antelopes, especially the female, having doomed the male for his own eating, he hardly could forbear weeping to think of their being cruelly torn to pieces by those ravenous creatures: thus having for some time

lamented the loss, and bewailed their hard fate, he thinks on means to prevent the like evil for the time to come; and as his bow was not always at hand, he resolves upon making a net, and fastens it between the trees he saw them come in at.

The succeeding winter proving very wet and windy, gave him but little invitation to take his usual walks; so having everything he had occasion for at hand, he kept close to his net-making; for which having twine to twist, and thread to ravel out, to make the said twine, kept him employed till the following spring, which came on apace.

Having finished his net, and everything which belonged to it, he goes and fastens it to the trees, as he had proposed; then takes a walk to his new plantations, which he found in a thriving condition; for which, and other benefits already received, he resolves, as in duty bound, to attend at his usual place of worship, and sing thanksgiving psalms, which the hardness of the weather had kept him from all the late winter; but it now coming into his mind, that whilst he was at his devotion, returning thanks for the fair prospect of a plentiful crop, his antelopes would break into the close, the hedge being as yet but thin, and devour the promising buds, which are the principal occasion of his devotion; this not altogether improper consideration puts a sad check to his religious intention, and though there was a vast obligation to prompt him to the performance of that part of his duty, yet he could not, with wisdom, run the hazard, out of mere devotion, to lose so promising a crop, which he should never be able to retrieve; all his stock of seed being then in grass.

As he was debating in his mind between religion and reason, whether the latter ought not to be a director to the former, he perceived his antelopes making towards the peas, to which they doubtless would have got in, had he not returned, and driven them another way, which accident convinced him he might find a more proper time to go about his devotion, no man being required to worship to his prejudice; so, having put off his religious duty till he had better secured his peas and beans, he cuts a parcel of branches,

wherewith he stops those gaps to prevent the creatures going in; and having completed his work, he goes to his devotion, adding to his usual thanksgiving a particular collect for his luckily being in the way to prevent his being frustrated of the blessing Heaven so fairly promised to bestow on his labours.

Having paid his devotion, he walks about the island, being all the way delighted with the birds celebrating their Maker's praise, in their different harmonious notes! 'Every thing in nature,' said he, 'answers the end of its creation, but ungrateful man! who, ambitious to be wise as his Creator, only learns to make himself wretched.' Thus he walks till evening, making several reflections on the different conditions of men, preferring his present state to that of Adam before his fall, who could not be sensible of happiness, having never known a reverse; which, otherwise, he would have been more careful to prevent. Being come home and near bed-time, he first ate his supper, and then, having performed his customary religious service, he goes to bed. The next morning, after paying his usual devotion, he takes a walk to his plantations, on which he implores a continuation of the prosperous condition they appear to be in; next, he goes to examine his nets, in which he finds a brace of fowls like ducks, but twice as large, and exceeding beautiful; the drake (which he knew by a coloured feather on his rump) was of a fine cinnamon colour upon his back, his breast of a mazarine blue, the belly of a deep orange, his neck green, head purple, his eyes, bill, and feet, red; every colour changing most agreeably as they moved. The duck was also very beautiful, but of quite different colours, and much paler than the drake's.

The disappointment in catching those delightful fowls, instead of ravenous eagles, as he had purposed, no ways displeased him, but he rather was rejoiced to have such beautiful fowls to look at: yet it went much against his mind to deprive those creatures of their liberty (the greatest comfort in life) which nature took such pains to adorn: 'But,' said he, 'they were created for the use of man: so, in keeping them for my pleasure, they will but answer the

end of their creation. Their confinement shall be no stricter than my own; they shall have the whole island to range in.' He then pinions them, puts them in the pond, and makes baskets for them to shelter in, which he places in the branches of those trees that hung closest to the water, taking particular care to feed them daily with roots roasted and boiled, and the guts of the fish, and other creatures he used for his own eating; which made them thrive mainly, and take to the place; so that they bred in their season.

The five antelopes had by this time kidded, and brought ten young ones; his peas and beans also were wonderfully improved, having that season enough to stock the ground the year following. Thus he returned kind Providence thanks for the vast increase, and concludes to live upon the young antelopes as long as they lasted, reserving only one for suck of the old ones, to keep them in milk, of which he had taken notice they had plenty, designing to draw it daily for his own use; so that in a little time he had enough to skim for cream, which he used for sauce instead of butter, and made small cheeses of the rest. Now having a pretty store of daily ware, he resolves to make a place to keep it in; the kitchen wherein he was obliged to lay his salt fish (which commonly smells strong), not being a proper place for cream and milk: for which end he makes a dairy-house at the other side of his dwelling, with branches of trees, after the manner of a close arbour, and thatches it over with grass; which answering the kitchen in form and situation, made uniform wings, that added as much to the beauty as conveniency of the habitation.

Having completed his dairy, he proceeds in his resolution of making cheese, having learned the way in Holland; and for want of rennet to turn his milk, he takes some of the horseradish seed, which, being of a hot nature, had the same effect: having curd to his mind, he seasons it to his palate; then with his hatchet, he cuts a notch round in the bark of a tree, about eighteen inches in circumference; and a second in the same manner, six inches below that, then slits the circle, and with his knife gently opens it, parting it from the tree; thus he makes as many hoops as

he judged would contain his paste, which, being girded round with cords to keep them from opening, he fills with the said paste, and lays them by, till fit to eat.

This being done, which completed his provisions, he returns thanks for those blessings which had been so liberally bestowed on him: 'Now,' said he, 'Heaven be praised! I exceed a prince in happiness: I have a habitation strong and lasting, a beautiful and convenient freehold, store of comforts, with all necessaries of life free cost, which I enjoy with peace and pleasure uncontrolled: yet I think there is still something wanting to complete my happiness: if a partner in grief lessen sorrow, certainly it must in delight augment pleasure. What objects of admiration are here concealed, and like a miser's treasure, hid from the world! If man who was created for bliss, could have been completely happy alone, he would not have had a companion given him;' thus he walks about thoughtful till bed-time.

In that disposition he goes to bed, and soon fell asleep: the night also, being windy, added to his disposition; but his mind finds no repose: it still runs heavy upon the subject that took it up the day before, and forms ideas suitable to his inclination; and as solitude was the motive of its being disturbed, he indulges it with the thoughts of company, dreaming that the fame of his station and happy state of life was spread about the world; that it prompted a vast number of people from all parts to come to it, which at last induced several princes to claim a right to it; which being decided by a bloody war, a governor was sent, who laid taxes, demanded duties, raised rents, and warns him to be gone, having fixed upon his habitation for himself to dwell in. Being sadly disturbed, he cries out in his sleep, 'This is a great punishment for my uneasiness: could I not be contented with being lord of this island, without provoking Heaven to bring me under the power of extorting governors?'

There happening a great noise, he starts out of his sleep, with the thoughts of hearing a proclamation, and cries out, 'Alas! it is too late to proclaim an evil which is already come:' but, being thoroughly awake, and the noise still continuing, he found he had been dreaming, which very

much rejoiced him, he therefore put on his clothes, and hastens to the place he heard the noise come from.

Being within forty or fifty yards thereof, he saw a number of monkeys of two different kinds; one sort squealing and fighting against the other without intermixing, but still rallying as they scattered in the scuffle. He stood some time admiring the order they kept in; and the battle still continuing as fierce as at first, he advanced to see what they fought about, for he took notice they strove very much to keep their ground.

At his approach the battle ceased; and the combatants, retiring at some distance, left the spot of ground on which they fought clear; whereon lay a considerable quantity of wild pomegranates, which the wind had shook off the trees the night before, and which were the occasion of their strife.

His coming having caused a truce, every one of those creatures keeping still and quiet during his stay, he resolves to use his endeavours to make a solid peace; and as that difference had arisen from the fruit there present, to which he could see no reason but that each kind had an equal right, he divides it into two equal parcels, which he lays opposite to each other towards both the parties, retiring a little way, to see whether this expedient would decide the quarrel: which answered his intent; those animals quietly coming to that share next to them and peaceably carrying it away, each to their quarters. This occasioned several reflections on the frivolous, and often unjust quarrels that arise among princes, which create such bloody wars, as prove the destruction of vast numbers of their subjects. 'If monarchs,' said he, 'always acted with as much reason as these creatures, how much blood and money would they save!' Thus he goes on to his usual place of worship, in order to return thanks, that he was free of that evil, the dream whereof had so tortured his mind; though he confessed he justly deserved the reality, for his uneasiness in the happiest of circumstances.

Having paid his devotion, he takes a walk to see how his peas and beans came on, which he found in a very improving disposition, each stem bearing a vast number of well

filled pods. 'Heaven be praised!' said he, 'I shall eat of this year's crop, and have sufficient to stock my ground the ensuing one.'

Thus being plentifully supplied with necessaries, and in a pleasant island, everything about him being come to perfection; his dwelling, which seems intended by nature for some immortal guest, being, by time, yearly repaired and improved, leaving no room for care; yet the unwise man, as if an enemy to his own ease, cannot be contented with the enjoyment of more than he could reasonably crave, but must disturb his mind with what concerns him not: 'What pity,' said he, 'so delightful a habitation, attended with such conveniences, and situated in so wholesome an air, and fruitful a land, should at my death lose all those wonderful properties, being become useless for want of somebody to enjoy them! What admiration will here be lost for want of beholders? But what kind of man could I settle it upon, worthy of so fine an inheritance? Were it my pleasure to choose myself an heir, such only appear virtuous whose weak nature confides to chastity: every constitution cannot bear excess: want of courage occasions mildness, and lack of strength, good temper; thus virtue is made a cloak to infirmity. But why do I thus willingly hamper myself with those cares Providence has been pleased to free me of?'

Thus he holds the island from Providence; freely he bequeaths it to whom Providence shall think fit to bestow it upon: and that his heir may the better know the worth of the gift, he draws a map of the whole estate; and made an inventory of every individual tenement, appurtenances, messuages, goods, and chattels, and also a draft of the terms and conditions he is to hold the here-mentioned possession upon; viz.:

Imprimis: A fair and most pleasant island, richly stocked with fine trees, and adorned with several delightful groves, planted and improved by nature, stored with choice and delicious roots, and plants for food, bearing peas and beans; likewise a noble fish-pond, well stocked with divers sorts of curious fish; and a spacious wood, harbouring several sorts of wild fowl and beasts, fit for a king's table.

Item : A dwelling commenced by art, improved by nature, and completed by time, which yearly keeps it in-repair ; and also its furniture.

Item : The offices and appurtenances thereof, with the utensils thereunto belonging ; which said island, dwelling, &c., are freehold, and clear from taxes ; in no temporal dominion, therefore screened from any impositions, duties, and exactions ; defended by nature from invasions or assaults ; guarded and supported by Providence : all which incomparable possessions are to be held upon the following terms, viz. :

That whosoever shall be by Providence settled in this blessed abode, shall, morning and evening, constantly (unless prevented by ill-weather or accident) attend at the east side of this island, and within the alcove nature prepared for the lodgement of several harmonious echoes, and there pay his devotion ; singing thanksgiving psalms to the great Origin and Director of all things, whose praises he will have the comfort to hear repeated by melodious voices.

Next, he shall religiously observe and keep a seventh day for worship only, from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof : therefore, he shall, the day before, make all necessary provision for that day.

That he shall, after any tempestuous wind or storm, visit the sea at the outside of the rock, at the east, south, west, and north ends, in order to assist any one in distress.

He shall not be wasteful of anything whatsoever, especially of any creature's life ; killing no more than what is necessary for his health : but shall every day examine his nets, setting at liberty the overplus of his necessity, lest they should perish in their confinement.

He must also keep everything in the same order and cleanness he shall find them in ; till and manure the ground yearly ; set and sow plants and seeds, fit for food, in their proper seasons.

Having written this at the bottom of the map he had drawn, being supper-time, he takes his meal ; then goes to his usual evening devotion ; and, after an hour's walk, to his bed, sleeping quietly all night, as being easy in his mind.

The next morning he takes his usual walks, and visits his nets. In that he had set for eagles, he found a fowl as big as a turkey, but the colour of a pheasant, only a tail like a partridge; this having no sign of being a bird of prey, he was loath to kill it, but having had no fresh meat for above a week, he yields to his appetite, and dresses it, eating part thereof for his dinner: it was very fat and plump, and eat much like a pheasant, but rather tenderer, and fuller of gravy.

Though he was very well pleased with the bird he had taken, yet he had rather it had been one of the eagles which kept his young antelopes in jeopardy: but as he could not destroy them with his net, which had hung a considerable time without the intended success, he projects the prevention of their increase, by destroying their eggs, leaving his nets wholly for the use they had been successful in; and searches the cliffs of the rock next the sea, where those birds commonly build; where having found several nests, he takes away the eggs that were in them, being then their breeding time, and carries them home, in order to empty the shells, and hang them up and down in his habitation, amongst the green leaves which covered the ceiling thereof; but having accidentally broke one, and the yolk and white thereof being like that of a turkey, he had the curiosity to boil one and taste it, which eat much after the manner of a swan's. The rest he saved to eat now and then for a change, reaping a double advantage by robbing those birds; lessening thereby the damage they might do him in time, and adding a dish to his present fare.

In this prosperous way he lived fifteen years, finding no alteration in the weather or seasons, nor meeting in all the time with any transactions worthy of record: still performing his usual exercises, and taking his walks with all the content and satisfaction his happy condition could procure; entirely forsaking all thoughts and desires of ever quitting the blessed station he then had in his possession.

Thus having walked the island over and over (which though delightful, yet the frequent repetition of the wonders it produces, renders them as it were, common, and less

admirable), he proceeds to view the sea, whose fluid element being ever in motion, daily affords new objects of admiration.

The day being fair, and the weather as calm, he sat down upon the rock, taking pleasure in seeing the waves roll, and, as it were, chase one another; the next pursuing the first, on which it rides, when come at; and being itself overtaken by a succeeding, is also mounted on thus, wave upon wave, till a bulky body is composed, too heavy for the undermost to bear, and then sinks all together: 'This,' said he, 'is a true emblem of ambition; men striving to outdo one another are often undone.'

As he was making reflections on the emptiness of vanity and pride, returning Heaven thanks that he was separated from the world, which abounds in nothing else, a ship appears at a great distance, a sight he had not seen since his shipwreck: 'Unlucky invention!' said he, 'that thou shouldst ever come into men's thoughts! The Ark, which gave the first notion of a floating habitation, was ordered for the preservation of man; but its fatal copies daily expose him to destruction.' Having therefore returned Heaven thanks for his being out of those dangers, he makes a solemn vow never to return into them again, though it were to gain the world: but his resolution proved as brittle as his nature was frail. The men on board had spied him out with their perspective glasses; and supposing him to be shipwrecked, and to want relief, sent their long-boat with two men to fetch him away.

At their approach his heart alters its motion; his blood stops from its common course; his sinews are all relaxed, which entirely unframes his reason, and makes him a stranger to his own inclination; which, struggling with his wavering resolution, occasions a debate between hope and fear; but the boat being come pretty nigh, gave hope the advantage, and his late resolution yields to his revived inclination, which being now encouraged by a probable opportunity of being answered, rushes on to execution. He now, quitting all his former reliance on Providence, depends altogether upon his getting away, blessing the lucky opportunity of

seeing his blessed country again, for which pleasure he freely quits and forsakes all the happiness he enjoyed; gladly abandoning his delightful habitation, and plentiful island. He thinks no more of Providence; his mind is entirely taken up with the voyage; but disappointment, which often attends the greatest probabilities, snatches success out of his hand before he could grasp it, and intercepts his supposed infallible retreat: the boat could not approach him, by reason of the rocks running a great way into the sea under water; nor could he come at the boat for sharp points, and deep holes, which made it unfordable, as well as unnavigable; so that after several hours striving in vain on both sides to come at one another; the men, after they had striven all they could, but to no purpose, said something to him in a rage, which he understood not, and went without him, more wretched now than when he was first cast away. His full dependence on a retreat made him abandon all further reliance on Providence, whom then he could implore, but now, having ungratefully despised Heaven's bounties, which had been so largely bestowed on him, he has forfeited all hopes of assistance from thence, and expects none from the world. Thus destitute, and in the greatest perplexity, he cries out, 'Whither shall I now fly for help? The world can give me none, and I dare not crave any more from Heaven. O cursed delusion! but rather cursed weakness! Why did I give way to it? Had I not enough of the world, or was I grown weary of being happy?' So saying, he falls a weeping: 'Could I shed a flood of tears sufficient to wash away my fault, or ease me of the remorse it does create!'

The pains and labour he had been at in the day, climbing up and down the rock, dragging himself to and fro, to come the boat, having very much bruised his limbs, and the disappointment of his full dependence on the late promising success, as also the tormenting remorse, and heavy grief, for his sinful reliance thereon, much fatiguing his mind, rendered sleep, which is ordained for the refreshment of nature, of small relief to him; his thoughts are continually disturbed with frightful visions; all his past dangers glare at him, as if threatening their return.

Being now awaked from his disagreeable sleep, he makes a firm resolution never to endeavour to go from hence, whatever opportunity offers, though attended with ever so great a probability of success and prospect of gain; fully settling his whole mind and affection on the state and condition Heaven has been pleased to place him in; resolving to let nothing enter into his thoughts, but his most grateful duty to so great a Benefactor, who has so often and miraculously rescued him from death.

Thus having entirely banished the world out of his mind, which before often disturbed it, he limits his thoughts within the bounds of his blessed possession, which affords him more than is sufficient to make his life happy; where plenty flows on him, and pleasure attends his desires: abounding in all things that can gratify his appetite, or delight his fancy: a herd of delightful antelopes, bounding and playing about his habitation, divert him at home; and in his walks he is entertained with the harmony of divers kinds of singing birds; every place he comes at offers him new objects for pleasure: thus all seems to concur in completing his happiness.

In this most blessed state he thinks himself as Adam before his fall, having no room for wishes, only that everything may continue in its present condition; but it cannot be expected that fair weather, which smiles on the earth's beauty, will not change. The sun must go its course, and the seasons take their turn; which considerations must, for the present, admit some small care: he is naked, and his tender constitution susceptible of the cold; therefore the clothes he was cast away in being worn out, he is obliged to think of providing something to defend his limbs from the hardness of the approaching winter, whilst it was yet warm. Having considered what to make a wrapper of, he concludes upon using of the grass he made mats of, on which he lay, being soft and warm, very fit for that purpose: of this he cuts down a sufficient quantity, which, when ready to work, he makes small twine with, and plaits it in narrow braids, which he sews together with some of the same, and shapes a long loose gown, that covered him to his heels, with a cap of the same.

By that time he had finished his winter-garb the weather was grown cold enough for him to put it on. The frosty season came on apace, in which there fell such a quantity of snow, that he was forced to make a broom, and sweep it away from about his habitation twice a day; as also the path he made to the places he had occasion to go to, tossing the snow on each side, which before the winter was over, met at top, and covered it all the way; which obliged him to keep within doors for a considerable time, and melt snow instead of water, lest, going for some, he might chance to be buried amongst the snow.

The winter being over, and the snow dissolved, the gay spring advances apace, offering nature its usual assistance, repairing the damages the last frost had done: which joyful tidings made everything smile. Quarll, also, finding himself revived, took his former walks, which the preceding bad weather had kept him from, though there had been no considerable storm the winter before.

He having a mind to view the sea, and being come to the outside of the north-west end of the rock, sees, at the foot thereof, something like part of the body of a large hollow tree, the ends whereof were stopped with its own pitch; and the middle, which was slit open from end to end, gaping by a stick laid across.

This put him in mind of canoes, with which Indians paddle up and down their lakes and rivers: and being on that side the rock next to the island of California,* he fancied some of them were come to visit this island, though not many in number, their canoes holding at most but two men; for the generality, one only: yet, as some of these people are accounted great thieves, daily robbing one another, he hastens home to secure what he had; but it was too late; they had been there already, and had taken away the clothes he found in the chest; which being by far too little for him, hung carelessly on a pin behind his door. Had they been contented with that, he would not have regarded it;

* The geography must be excused! California was discovered in 1534, and if in 1727 it was not known to be part of the continent, surely it need not have been placed in 'the southern seas of America.' —Ed.

but they carried away some of his curious shells, and, what grieved him most, the fine bird he had taken such pains to dress and stuff, and care to preserve; as also his bow and arrows.

Having missed these things, which he much valued, he hastens to the outside of the rock, with his long staff in his hand, in hopes to overtake them before they could get into their canoe; but happened to go too late, they being already got half a league from the rock. Yet they did not carry away their theft, for there arising some wind, it made the sea somewhat rough, and overset their canoe; so that what was in it was all lost but the two Indians, who most dexterously turned it on its bottom again, and with surprising activity leaped into it, one at the one side, and the other at the opposite; so that the canoe being trimmed at once, they paddled out of sight.

Having seen as much of them as he could, he walks to the north-east side, in order to discover the effect of the high wind, which happened the night before.

Being come to the outside of the rock, he perceives something at a distance like a large chest, but having no lid on it; taking that to be the product of some late shipwreck, he grieved at the fatal accident. 'How long,' reflected he, 'will covetousness decoy men to pursue wealth, at the cost of their precious lives? Has not nature provided every nation and country a sufficiency for its inhabitants? that they will rove on this most dangerous and boisterous sea, which may be titled death's dominions, many perishing therein, and not one on it being safe.'

As he was bewailing their fate who he imagined had been cast away, he sees two men come down the rock, with each a bundle in his arm, who went to that which he had taken to be a chest, and, having put their load in it, pushed it away till come to deep water; then, having got in it, with a long staff, shoved it off, till they could row to a long boat that lay at some distance behind a jetting part of the rock, which screened it from his sight, as also the ship it belonged to.

The sight of this much amazed him, and made him cease

condoling others' supposed loss, to run home and examine his own, well knowing those bundles he saw carried away must needs belong to him, there being no other moveables in the island but what were in his lodge.

Being come home, he finds indeed what he suspected; those villains had most sacrilegiously rifled and ransacked his habitation, not leaving him so much as one of the mats to keep his poor body from the ground; his winter garb also is gone, and what else they could find for their use.

The loss of those things, which he could not do without, filled him with sorrow. 'Now,' said he, 'I am in my first state of being; naked I came into the world, and naked I shall go out of it;' at which he fell a weeping.

Having grieved awhile, 'Why,' said he, 'should I thus cast myself down! Is not Providence, who gave me them, able to give me more?' Thus, having resolved before winter to replenish his loss, he rests himself contented, and gives the ruffians' evil action the best construction he could. 'Now I think on it,' said he, 'these surely are the men, who, about twelve months since, would charitably have carried me hence, but could not for want of necessary implements; and now being better provided, came to accomplish their hospitable design; but not finding me, supposing I was either dead or gone, took away what was here of no use; much good may what they have got do them, and may it be of as much use to them as it was to me.' Thus walks out, in order to cut grass to dry, and make himself new bedding, and a winter garb.

Having walked about half a mile, he perceives the same men coming towards the pond. 'Heaven be praised!' said he, 'here they be still. Now when they see I am not gone, nor willing to go, they will return my things, which they are sensible I cannot do without,' with which words he goes up to them.

By this time they had caught the two old ducks, which being pinioned, could not fly away as the rest did. He was much vexed to see the best of his stock thus taken away, yet, as he thought they were come to do him service, he could grudge them nothing, that would anywise gratify them

for so good an intent. But having returned them thanks for their good will, he told them he was very happy in the island, and had made a vow never to go out of it.

These being Frenchmen, and of an employment where politeness is of little use, being fishermen, and not understanding what he said, only laughed in his face, and went on to the purpose they came about: then having as many of the ducks as they could get, they proceeded towards the house where they had seen the antelopes, some of which not running away at their approach, they proposed to catch hold of them.

Being come to the place where they used to feed, which was near the dwelling, the young ones, not being used to see any men in clothes, nor anybody but their master, presently fled; but the two old ones, which he had bred up, were so tame that they stood still, only when the men came to them, they kept close to him, which gave the men opportunity to lay hold of them; when, notwithstanding Quarll's repeated entreaties, they tied a halter about their horns, and barbarously led them away.

Quarll was grieved to the heart to see his darlings, which he had taken such care to breed up, and which were become the principal part of his delight, following him up and down, and which, by their jumping and playing before him often dispersed melancholy thoughts, notwithstanding all these endearing qualifications, thus hauled away; he weeps, and on his knees begs they may be left; and though they understood not his words, his actions were so expressive and moving, that had they had the humanity of cannibals, who eat one another, they would have yielded to so melting an object as the poor broken-hearted Quarll was; but the inflexible boors went on, cruelly hauling and dragging the poor creatures, which, as if sensible of the barbarity of the act, looked back to their afflicted master, as craving his assistance; which, at last, so exasperated him, that he was several times tempted to lay on the ravishers with his long staff; as often was stopped by the following consideration: 'Shall I,' said he, 'be the destruction of my fellow-creatures, to rescue out of their hands animals of which I have an

improving store left, and deprive them of their healths, and perhaps of their lives, to recover what cost me nought? Let them go with what they have, and the merit of their deed be their reward.' Thus he walks about melancholy, bemoaning his poor antelopes' fate, and his own misfortune. 'They were used to liberty,' said he, 'which they now are deprived of, and for which they will pine and die, which, for their sake, I cannot but wish; for life without liberty is a continual death.'

As he was walking, thinking (as it is usual after the loss of anything one loves) of the pleasure he had during the enjoyment, the ruffians having secured the poor animals, came back with ropes in their hands. 'What do they want next?' said he; 'have they not all they desire? would they carry away my habitation also? Sure they have no design on my person; if so, they will not take it so easily as they did my dear antelopes.' Thus he resolved to exercise his quarter-staff, if they offered to lay hands on him. The villains, whose design was to bind him, and so carry him away, seeing him armed and resolute, did not judge it safe for them to advance within the reach of his weapon, but keep at some distance, divining how to seize him.

Quarll, who, by their consulting, guessed at their design, not thinking proper to let them come to a resolution, makes at the nearest, who immediately takes to his heels, and then to the next, who immediately does the same. Thus he follows them about for a considerable time: but they divided, in order to tire him with running, till the night approaching, and the wind rising, made them fear their retreat might be dangerous, if they deferred it; so that they went clear away: which being all he desired, he returned as soon as he saw them in the long boat, which they rowed to their ship, that lay at anchor some distance from the rocks.

These wretches being gone, he returns Heaven thanks for his deliverance; and as his bridge had favoured their coming, he pulls it off, and only laid it over when he had a mind to view the sea, and goes home to eat a bit, having not, as yet, broken his fast. Having, therefore, eaten some

of his roots and cheese, and being wearied with hunting these boors, he consults how to lie, his bed and bedding being gone, as also his winter gown, and the nights being as yet cold : however, after a small consideration, he concludes to lie in the lodge, which was left vacant by the stolen antelopes' absence ; whose litter being made of the same grass as his mats were, he lay both soft and warm.

Next morning, having paid his usual devotion, he goes into the kitchen, in order to breakfast, and afterwards to take his customary walk. Whilst he was eating, there arose a noise in the air, as proceeding from a quantity of rooks, jackdaws, crows, and such like birds, whose common notes he was acquainted with ; and as the noise approached, he had the curiosity to go and see what was the matter, but was prevented by the coming of a large fowl, which flew over his head, as he was going out ; he turned back to gaze at the bird, whose beauty seized him with admiration ; the pleasure of seeing so charming a creature quite put out of his mind the curiosity of looking from whence proceeded the disagreeable noise without ; which ceasing as soon as the bird was sheltered, made him imagine those carrion birds had been chasing that beautiful fowl, which, seeing itself out of danger, stood still, very calm and composed ; which gave him the opportunity of making a discussion of every individual beauty which composed so delightful an object ; it was about the bigness and form of a swan, almost headed like it, only the bill was not so long nor so broad, and red like coral ; his eyes like those of a hawk, his head of a mazarine blue, and on the top of it a tuft of shining gold-coloured feathers, which spread over it, hanging near three inches beyond, all around ; its breast, face, and part of its neck, milk white, curiously speckled with small black spots, a gold-coloured circle about it ; its back and neck behind of a fine crimson, speckled with purple ; its legs and feet the same colour as its bill ; its tail long and round, spreading like that of a peacock, composed of six rows of feathers, all of different colours, which made a most delightful mixture.

Having spent several minutes in admiring the bird, he lays peas and crumbled roots, both roasted and boiled,

before it, as also water in a shell, withdrawing, to give it liberty to eat and drink, and stood peeping to see what it would do : which, being alone, having looked about, picks a few peas, and drinks heartily ; then walks towards the door in a composed easy manner, much like that of a cock.

Quarll, being at the outside, was dubious whether he should detain him, or let him go ; his affection for that admirable creature equally prompts him to both : he cannot bear the thoughts of parting with so lovely an object, nor harbour that of depriving it of liberty, which it so implicitly entrusted him withal. Thus, after a small pause, generosity prevails over self-pleasure ; ‘Why should I,’ said he, ‘make the place of its refuge its prison?’ He therefore makes room for it to go, which, with a slow pace, walks out ; and having looked about a small time, mounts up a considerable height ; and then takes its course north-west.

There happening nothing the remainder of the year worthy of record, he employs it in his customary occupations ; as pruning and watering his lodge and dairy, making his mats to lie on, as also his winter garb ; every day milking his antelopes and goats ; making now and then butter and cheese, attending his nets, and such like necessary employments.

The mean time, the French mariners, who probably got money by what they had taken from him the year before, returned, it being much about the same season ; and being resolved to take him away, and all they could make anything of, out of the island, were provided with hands and implements to accomplish their design ; as ropes to bind what they could get alive, and guns to shoot what they could not come at, saws and hatchets to cut down log-wood and brazil, pick-axes and shovels to dig up orris roots, and others of worth, which they imagined the island produced ; likewise flat-bottomed boats to tow in shallow water, where others could not come ; and thus by degrees to load their ship with booty : but ever-watchful Providence blasted their evil projects, and confounded their devices, at the very instant they thought themselves sure of success : implements in a flat-bottomed boat were towed to the very foot

of the rock, by a young fellow, who being lighter than a man, was thought fittest to go with the tools, which pretty well loaded the boat.

Their materials being landed, to their great satisfaction, the men on board embarked in two more of the same sort of boats; but were no sooner in them, but a storm arose, which dashed their slender bottom to pieces, and washed them into the sea, in which they perished, oversetting also the flat-bottomed boat on shore, with the load, and the lad underneath it.

The storm being over, which lasted from about eight in the morning till almost twelve at noon, Quarll, according to his custom, went to see if he could perceive any damage done by the late tempest, and if any, distressed by it, stood in want of help.

Being at that side of the rock he used to visit, he could see nothing but a few fishes and shells the sea had left in the cliffs. 'If this,' said he, 'be all the damage that has been done, make me thankful; it will recruit me with fresh fish and utensils.' Going to the north-west part, where he sees a battered boat, floating with the keel upwards, 'This,' said he, 'bodes some mischief;' but thought it not to be of any consequence. Having gone about fifty yards further, he espies a small barrel at the foot of the rock, with several planks and fragments of a ship, floating with the tide: 'Alas!' said he, 'these are too evident proofs of a shipwreck, to hope otherwise.' As he was looking about, he hears a voice cry out, much like that of a man, at some distance, behind a part of the rock, being advanced a small matter beyond where he was. 'Heaven be praised!' said he, 'there is somebody, whom I am luckily come to save, and he is most fortunately come to be my companion: I cannot but rejoice at the event, though I heartily grieve for the accident.' Hastening to the place where he thought the cries came from, which, as he advanced, he could discern to be too shrill for a man's voice, 'Certainly,' said he, 'this must be some woman by the noise.'

He then, with his staff, endeavoured to break that which he took to be the lid of the chest, but proved the bottom;

and as he was striking, the boy underneath, calling to him to turn it up, thrust his hand under the side, which he perceiving, though he understood him not, stood still. Finding his mistake, 'This,' said he, 'is a flat-bottomed boat, such as the Frenchmen used the year before, when they came and plundered me. Now, am I safe if I turn it up? Doubtless they are come in great numbers.' Pausing awhile, and the lad (whom he took to be a woman) still continuing his moan, he was moved to compassion; and, having considered the boat could not hold any great number, he ventures: 'Let what will come on it, or who will be under, for the poor woman's sake I will relieve them; there cannot be many men. However I will let but one out at a time; if he be mischievous, I am able to deal with him.' At this, he puts the end of his staff where he had seen the hand, and lifts it up about a foot from the ground. Out of the opening immediately creeps the boy, who, on his knees, falls a begging and weeping, expecting death every moment, as being the merited punishment for the evil purpose he came about.

Being affected with his supplications, though the sight of the preparations made for his intended ruin had moved him to anger against that mercenary nation, he helps the young fellow up by the hand; and the night coming on apace, he takes one of the hatchets that lay by, and gave another to the boy, then falls a knocking the boat to pieces, and directed him to do the same, which he accordingly did.

The boat being demolished, they carried the boards up higher on the rock, as also the rest of the things; lest, in the night, some storm should rise, which might wash them back into the sea; it being then too late to bring them away. Having done, they each of them took up what they could carry, and so went home. The young Frenchman, finding a kinder treatment than either he deserved or expected, was extraordinarily submissive and tractable; which made Quarll the more kind and mild; and instead of condemning his evil attempt, he commiserated his misfortune, and in room of resentment showed him kindness. Thus having given him of what he had to eat, he puts him to bed

in his lodge wherein he lay, till he had got his mats made up; then went to bed himself.

The next morning he rose and walked about till he thought it time for the boy to rise; he then calls him up, and takes him to the place that he usually went to every morning and evening to sing psalms; where the youth being come, and hearing so many different voices, and seeing nobody, was scared out of his wits, and took to his heels, making towards the rock as fast as he could; but as he was not acquainted with the easiest and most practicable parts thereof, Quarll had made an end of his psalm, and overtook him before he could get to the sea side, into which he certainly would have cast himself at the fright; but Quarll, who, by the boy's staring, guessed his disorder, not having the benefit of the language, endeavoured to calm him by his pleasing countenance, and prevented his drowning himself; but could not keep off a violent fit the fright had occasioned, which held him several minutes.

The fit being over, he and the boy took away at divers times the remains of the boat, and what was in it, which they could not carry home the day before: then taking up two guns, 'Now,' said he, 'these unlucky instruments, which were intended for destruction, shall be employed for the preservation of that they were to destroy;' and taking them to his lodge, sets them at each side of the door; then being dinner-time, he strikes a light and sets the boy to make a fire, whilst he made some of the fish fit to fry, which he picked up upon the rock the evening before; then takes dripping he saved, when he roasted any flesh, to fry them with. The boy, who had lived some time in Holland, where they used much butter, seeing dripping employed in room thereof, thought to please his master in making some; and as he had seen milk and cream in the dairy arbour, wanting a churn only, there being a small rundlet lying empty, he takes out one of the ends of it, in which, the next day, he beat butter.

Quarll, seeing this youth industrious, begins to fancy him, notwithstanding the aversion he had conceived for his nation, ever since the ill-treatment he had received from his coun-

trymen ; and as speech is one of the most necessary faculties to breed and maintain fellowship, he took pains to teach him English.

The lad being acute and ingenious was soon made to understand it, and in six months capable to speak it sufficiently, so as to give his master a relation of his late coming, and to what intent. 'The men,' said he, 'who about one year since carried away from hence some antelopes, with extraordinary ducks, and several rarities, which they said belonged to a monstrous English Hermit, whose hair and beard covered his whole body, having got a great deal of money by showing them, encouraged others to come ; whereupon several, joining together, hired a ship to fetch away the Hermit, and what else they could find ; therefore brought with them tools, and guns to shoot what they could not take alive.' 'Barbarous wretches !' replied he, 'to kill my dear antelopes and ducks ! Pray, what did they intend to do with me ?' 'Why,' said the boy, 'to make a show of you.' 'To make a show of me ! Sordid wretches ! is a Christian then such a rarity amongst them ? Well, and what were the saws and hatchets for ?' 'To cut down your house, which they intended to make a drinking booth of.' 'Oh, monstrous ! what time and nature has been fifteen years a completing, they would have ruined in a moment : well, thanks to Providence, their evil design is averted. Pray, what is become of those sacrilegious persons ?' 'They are all drowned,' said the boy. 'Then,' replies he, 'the heavens are satisfied, and I avenged : but how camest thou to escape ? for thou wast with them.' 'No,' replied the youth, 'I was upon the rock when their boat was dashed against it, and was overset with the same sea, under the flat-bottomed boat, where you found me.' 'That was a happy overset for thee. Well, is there no gratitude due to Providence, for thy escape ?' 'Due to Providence !' said he, 'why, I thought you had saved me : I am sure you let me out.' 'Yes,' replied Quarll, 'but I was sent by Providence for that purpose.' 'That was kindly done too,' said the boy ; 'well, when I see him, I will thank him ; doth he live hereabout ?' 'Poor ignorant creature,' replied Quarll,

‘why Providence is everywhere. What! didst thou never hear of Providence? What religion art thou of?’ ‘Religion!’ answered the youth: ‘I don’t know what you mean: I am a fisherman by trade, which my father lived by.’ ‘Well,’ said Quarll, ‘did he teach thee nothing else? no prayers?’ ‘Prayers!’ replied the lad; ‘why fishermen have no time to pray; that is for them who have nothing else to do: poor folks must work and get money; that is the way of our town.’ ‘Covetous wretches! Well,’ said he, ‘I grudge them not what they possess, since it is all the happiness they aspire at; but thou shalt learn to pray, which will be of far more advantage to thee than work, both here and hereafter:’ from which time he begins to teach him the Lord’s Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; as also the principles of the Christian religion; all which instructions the youth taking readily, won his affection the more: he likewise taught him to sing psalms, which farther qualified him to be his companion in spiritual exercises, as well as in temporal occupations.

Now, having company, he is obliged to enlarge his bed, the lodge being wanted for his antelopes against breeding time: he adds, therefore, to his mats. His other provisions also wanting to be augmented, and he having both tools and boards, out of the flat boat which he had taken to pieces, he and the lad went about making large boxes to salt flesh and fish in; then, with the boards that were left, they made a table for his dwelling that he had before, and one for his kitchen; as also shelves in the room of those that were made of wicker: then, having recruited his shell utensils that were stolen the year before, he was completely furnished with all manner of conveniences; and Providence supplying him daily with other necessaries, there was no room left him for wishes, but for thanksgiving, which they daily most religiously paid.

In this most happy state they lived in peace and concord the space of ten years, unanimously doing what was to be done, as it lay in each of their ways, without relying on one another.

Quarll, who before, though alone and deprived of society

(the principal comfort of life), thought himself blessed, now cannot express his happiness, there being none in the world to be compared to it, heartily praying he might find no alteration until death: but the young man, not having met with so many disappointments in the world as he, had not quite withdrawn his affections from it; his mind sometimes will run upon his native country, where he has left his relations, and where he cannot help wishing to be himself: thus, an opportunity offering itself one day, as he went to get oysters, to make sauce for some fresh cod-fish which Quarll was dressing, he saw, at a distance, a ship; at which his heart fell a panting; his pulses double their motion; his blood grows warmer and warmer, till at last, inflamed with desire of getting at it, he lays down the bag he brought to put the oysters in, as also the instrument to dredge them up with, and takes to swimming. The men on board, having espied him out, sent their boat to take him up; so he went away without taking leave of him he had received so much good from; who, having waited a considerable time, fearing some accident would befall him, leaves his cooking, and goes to see for him; and, being come at the place where he was to get the oysters, he sees the bag and instrument lie, and nobody with them. Having called several times without being answered, various racking fears tortured his mind; sometimes he doubts he is fallen in some hole of the rock, there being many near that place where the oysters were: he therefore with his staff, which he always carried with him when he went abroad, at the other side of the rock grabbed in every one round the place; and, feeling nothing, he concludes some sea-monster had stolen him away, and, weeping, condemns himself as the cause of this fatal accident; resolving for the future, to punish himself by denying his appetite; and only eat to support nature, and not to please his palate.

Having given over hopes of getting him again, he returns home in the greatest affliction, resolving to fast till that time the next day; but, happening to look westward, in which point the wind stood, he perceives something like a boat at a great distance: wiping the tears off his eyes, and

looking stedfastly, he discovers a sail beyond it, which quite altered the motive of his former fear: 'No monster,' said he, 'hath devoured him; it is too plain a case, that he has villanously left me: but what could I expect of one who had projected such evil against me?' So saying he went home, and made an end of dressing his dinner; resting himself contented, being but as he was before, and rather better, since he had more conveniences, and tools to till his ground, and dig up his roots with. Having recommended himself to Providence, he resumes his usual works and recreations, resolving that no cares shall mar his happiness for the future, being out of the way of all those irresistible temptations with which the world abounds, to lay the best men's hopes in the dust.

Being again alone, the whole business of the house lies upon his hands; he must now prune and trim the habitation that daily harbours him, being made of fine growing plants, which yearly shoot out young branches: this makes them grow out of shape. He must also till the ground; set and gather his peas and beans in their season; milk and feed his antelopes daily; make butter and cheese at proper times; dig up his roots; fetch in fuel and water when wanted; attend his nets; go to destroy eagles' nests; and every day dress his own victuals: all which necessary occupations, beside the time dedicated for morning and evening devotions, kept him wholly employed; which made his renewed solitude less irksome. And, having walked all that afternoon to divert his thoughts, admiring all the way the wonderful works of nature, both in the surprising rocks which surrounded the island, and in the delightful creatures, and admirable plants that are in it; being weary with walking he returns home, thanking kind Providence for settling him in so blessed a place, and in his way calls at his invisible choir; where, having sung a thanksgiving psalm, and his usual evening hymn, he goes to supper, and then to bed, with a thoroughly contented mind; which occasions pleasant dreams to entertain his thoughts.

There happening a great noise of squealing, it waked him out of his dream; and his mind being impressed with

notions of war, it at first seized him with terror: but being somewhat settled, and the noise still continuing, he perceived it proceeded from the two different kinds of monkeys in the island, which were fighting for the wild pomegranates that the high wind had shaken off the trees the preceding night, which was very boisterous.

Having guessed the occasion of their debate, he rises, in order to go and quell their difference, by dividing amongst them the cause thereof. Getting up, he opens the door, at the outside of which, an old monkey of each sort were quietly waiting his levee, to entice him to come, as he once before did, and put an end to their bloody war.

He was not a little surprised to see two such inveterate enemies, who at other times never met without fighting, at that juncture agree so well.

That most surprising sign of reason in those brutes, which, knowing his decision would compose their comrades' difference, came to implore it, put him upon these reflections: 'Would princes,' said he, 'be but reasonable, as those which by nature are irrational, how much blood and money would be saved.' Having admired the uneasiness of those poor creatures, who still went a few steps forward, and then backward to him; he was in hopes to decoy one or both into his lodge, by throwing meat to them: but those exemplary animals, hearing their fellows in trouble, had no regard to their separate interest, taking no notice of what he gave them; but kept walking to and again with all the tokens of uneasiness they could express; which so moved him, that he hastened to the place; where his presence caused immediately a cessation of arms, and both parties retired a considerable distance from each other, waiting his sharing the windfalls; which being done, they quietly took that heap which lay next each kind, and went to their different quarters.

Fourteen years more being passed, everything keeping its natural course, there happened nothing extraordinary, each succeeding year renewing the pleasures the preceding had produced. Thunders and high winds being frequent, though not equally violent, he thought it not material to record

them, or their effects ; as blowing and throwing fishes, shells, empty vessels, battered chests, &c., upon the rock ; only transactions and events wonderful and uncommon : and there happened a most surprising one a few days after, which though of no great moment, is as worthy of record as any of far greater concern ; being a wonderful effect of Providence, manifested in a miraculous manner, though not to be said supernatural.

One morning, when he had roasted a parcel of those roots which he used to eat instead of bread, and this he commonly did once a week, they eating best when stale ; having spread them on his table and chest to cool, he went out to walk, leaving his door open to let the air in.

His walk, though graced with all the agreeables nature could adorn it with to make it delightful ; a grass carpet, embroidered with beautiful flowers of many different colours and smells, under his feet, to tread on ; before and on each side of him fine lofty trees, of various forms and heights, clothed with pleasant green leaves, trimmed with rich blossoms of many colours, to divert his eye ; a number of various sorts of melodious singing-birds perching in their most lovely shades, as though nature had studied to excel man's brightest imagination, and exquisiteness of art : yet all these profusenesses of nature's wonders are not sufficient to keep away or expel anxious thoughts from his mind. It runs upon his two dear antelopes, the darling heads of his present stock, which he took such care to bring up, and were so engaging, always attending him in those fine walks ; adding, by their swift races, active leapings, and other uncommon diversions, to the natural pleasantness of the place ; which now, by their most lamented absence, is become a dull memorandum of the barbarous manner in which they were ravished away from him.

In these melancholy thoughts, which his lonesomeness every now and then created, he returns home, where Providence had left a remedy for his grievance : a companion, far exceeding any he ever had, waits his return ; which was a beautiful monkey of the finest kind, and the most complete of the sort, as though made to manifest the unparalleled

skill of nature, and sent him by Providence to dissipate his melancholy.

Being come to his lodge, and beholding that wonderful creature, and in his own possession, at the farthest end of it, and him at the entrance thereof to oppose its flight, if offered, he is at once filled with joy and admiration: 'Long,' said he, 'I endeavoured in vain to get one, and would have been glad of any, though of the worst kind, and even of the meanest of the sort; and here kind Providence has sent me one of an unparalleled beauty.

Having a considerable time admired the beast, which all the while stood unconcerned, now and then eating of the roots that lay before him, he shuts the door, and goes in, with a resolution of staying within all day, in order to tame him, which he hoped would be no difficult matter, his disposition being already pretty familiar, little thinking that Providence, who sent him thither, had already qualified him for the commission he bore; which having found out by the creature's surprising docility, he returns his Benefactor his most hearty thanks for that miraculous gift.

This most wonderful animal having by its surprising tractability and good nature, joined to its matchless handsomeness, gained its master's love, beyond what is usual to place on any sort of beasts; he thought himself doubly recompensed for all his former losses, especially for that of his late ungrateful companion, who notwithstanding all the obligations he held from him, basely left him, at a time he might be most helpful: and as he fancied his dear Beau-fidelle (for so he called that admirable creature) had some sort of resemblance to the picture he framed of him, he takes it down, thinking it unjust to bear in his sight that vile object, which could not in anywise claim a likeness to so worthy a creature as his beloved monkey.

One day, as this lovely animal was officiating the charge it had of its own accord taken, being gone for wood, as wont to do when wanted, he finds in his way a wild pomegranate, whose extraordinary size and weight had caused it to fall off the tree: he takes it home, and then returns for his faggot; in which time Quarll, wishing the goodness of

the inside might answer its outward beauty, cuts it open; and, finding it of a dull lusciousness, too flat for eating, imagined it might be used with things of an acid and sharp taste; having therefore boiled some water, he puts it into a vessel, with a sort of an herb which is of taste and nature of cresses, and some of the pomegranate, letting them infuse some time, now and then stirring it; which the monkey having taken notice of, did the same: but one very hot day, happening to lay the vessel in the sun, made it turn sour.

Quarll, who very much wanted vinegar in his sauces, was well pleased with the accident, and so continued the souring of the liquor, which proving excellent, he made a five gallon vessel of it, having several which at times he found upon the rock.

Having now store of vinegar, and being a great lover of pickles, which he had learnt to make by seeing his wife, who was an extraordinary cook, and made of all sorts every year; calling to mind he had often in his walks seen something like mushrooms, he makes it his business to look for some: thus he picked up a few, of which *Beaufidelle* (who followed him up and down) having taken notice, immediately ranges about, and being nimbler footed than his master, and not obliged to stoop so low, picked double the quantity in the same space of time; so that he soon had enough to serve him till the next season.

His good success in making that sort of pickle encourages him to try another; and, having taken notice of a plant in the wood that bears a small green flower, which, before it is blown, looks like a caper, he gathers a few; and, their taste and flavour being no way disagreeable, judging that, when pickled, they would be pleasant, he tries them, which, according to his mind, were full as good as the real ones; and gathers a sufficient quantity, with the help of his attendant, stocking himself with two as pleasant pickles as different sorts. But there is another which he admires above all: none, to his mind, like the cucumber; and the island producing none, left him no room to hope for any; yet (as likeness is a vast help to imagination) if he could but find any thing, which ever so little resembles them in

make, nature, or taste, it will please his fancy: he therefore examines every kind of buds, blossoms, and seeds; having at last found that of a wild parsnip, which being long and narrow, almost the bigness and make of a pickling cucumber, green and crisp withal, full of a small flat seed, not unlike that of the thing he would have it to be, he pickles some of them; which being of a colour, and near upon the make, he fancies them quite of the taste.

His beans being at that time large enough for the first crop, he gathers some for his dinner: the shells being tender and of a delicate green, it came into his mind, they might be made to imitate French beans: 'they are,' said he, 'near the nature, I can make them quite of the shape, so be they have the same savour.' Accordingly he cuts them in long narrow slips, and pickles some; the other part he boils; and their being none to contradict their taste they passed current for as good French beans as any that ever grew.

The disappointment of having something more comfortable than water to drink being retrieved by producing, in the room thereof, wherewithal to make his eatables more delicious, he proceeds in his first project; and, taking necessary care to prevent that accident which intercepted success in his first undertaking, he accomplishes his design, and makes a liquor no wise inferior to the best cyder: so that now he has both to revive and keep up his spirits, as well as to please his palate and suit his appetite.

Having now nothing to crave or wish for, but rather all motives for content; he lies down with a peaceable mind, no care or fear disturbing his thoughts: his sleep is not interrupted with frightful fancies, but rather diverted with pleasant and diverting dreams; he is not startled at thunder or storms, though ever so terrible, his trust being on Providence, who at sundry times, and in various manners, has rescued him from death, though apparently unavoidable; being for above thirty years miraculously protected and maintained in a place so remote from all human help and assistance.*

* Here the narrative suddenly breaks off, as though the climax of contentment had been attained.—ED.

*THE RENOWNED HISTORY
OF
LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.*

INTRODUCTION.

ALL the world must allow that Two-Shoes was not her real name. No ; her father's name was Meanwell ; and he was for many years a considerable farmer in the parish where Margery was born ; but by the misfortunes which he met with in business, and the wicked persecutions of Sir Timothy Gripe, and an overgrown farmer called Graspall, he was effectually ruined.

The case was thus. The parish of Mouldwell, where they lived, had for many ages been let by the Lord of the Manor in twelve different farms, in which the tenants lived comfortably, brought up large families, and carefully supported the poor people who laboured for them, until the estate by marriage and by death came into the hands of Sir Timothy.

This gentleman, who loved himself better than all his neighbours, thought it was less trouble to write one receipt for his rent than twelve, and Farmer Graspall offering to take all the farms as the leases expired, Sir Timothy agreed with him, and in process of time he was possessed of every farm but that occupied by Little Margery's father, which he also wanted ; for as Mr. Meanwell was a charitable good man, he stood up for the poor at the parish meetings, and was unwilling to have them oppressed by Sir Timothy and this avaricious farmer.—Judge, O kind, humane, and courteous reader, what a terrible situation the poor must be in, when this covetous man was perpetual overseer, and every thing for their maintenance was drawn from his hard heart and cruel hand.

But he was not only perpetual overseer, but perpetual church-warden ; and judge, O ye Christians, what state the church must be in, when supported by a man without religion or virtue. He was also perpetual surveyor of the highways, and what sort of roads he kept up for the convenience of travellers, those best knew who have had the misfortune to pass through that parish. — Complaints indeed were made, but to what purpose are complaints, when brought against a man who can hunt, drink, and smoke without the Lord of the Manor, who is also the Justice of Peace ?

The opposition which little Margery's father made to this man's tyranny gave offence to Sir Timothy, who endeavoured to force him out of his farm ; and, to oblige him to throw up the lease, ordered both a brick kiln and a dog kennel to be erected in the farmer's orchard. This was contrary to law, and a suit was commenced, in which Margery's father got the better. The same offence was again committed three different times, and as many actions brought, in all of which the farmer had a verdict, and costs paid him ; but, notwithstanding these advantages, the law was so expensive, that he was ruined in the contest, and obliged to give up all he had to his creditors ; which effectually answered the purpose of Sir Timothy, who erected those nuisances in the farmer's orchard with that intention. Ah, my dear reader, we brag of liberty, and boast of our laws ; but the blessings of the one, and the protection of the other, seldom fall to the lot of the poor ; and especially when a rich man is their adversary. How, in the name of goodness, can a poor wretch obtain redress, when thirty pounds are insufficient to try his cause ? Where is he to find money to fee counsel, or how can he plead his cause himself (even if he was permitted) when our laws are so obscure and so multiplied, that an abridgement of them cannot be contained in fifty volumes folio.

As soon as Mr. Meanwell had called together his creditors, Sir Timothy seized for a year's rent, and turned the farmer, his wife, Little Margery, and her brother out of doors, without any of the necessaries of life to support them.

This elated the heart of Mr. Graspall, this crowned his hopes, and filled the measure of his iniquity; for, besides gratifying his revenge, this man's overthrow gave him the sole dominion over the poor, whom he depressed and abused in a manner too horrible to mention.

Margery's father flew into another parish for succour, and all those who were able to move left their dwellings and sought employment elsewhere, as they found it would be impossible to live under the tyranny of two such people. The very old, the very lame, and the blind, were obliged to stay behind, and whether they were starved, or what became of them, history does not say; but the character of the great Sir Timothy, and avaricious tenant, were so infamous, that nobody would work for them by the day, and servants were afraid to engage themselves by the year, lest any unforeseen accident should leave them parishioners in a place where they knew they must perish miserably; so that great part of the land lay untilled for some years; which was deemed a just reward for such diabolical proceedings.

But what, says the reader, can occasion all this? do you intend this for children? Permit me to inform you, that this is not the book, sir, mentioned in the title, but an introduction to that book; and it is intended, sir, not for those sort of children, but for children of six feet high, of which, as my friend has justly observed, there are many millions in the kingdom; and these reflections, sir, have been rendered necessary by the unaccountable and diabolical scheme which many gentlemen now give into, of laying a number of farms into one, and very often a whole parish into one farm: which in the end must reduce the common people to a stage of vassalage, worse than that under the barons of old, or of the clans in Scotland, and will in time depopulate the kingdom? * but as you are tired of the subject, I shall take myself away, and you may visit Little Margery.

* If the conjecture be true, which attributes this tale to Oliver Goldsmith, we have seen the same spirit that prompted his poem of the 'Deserted Village,' namely, indignation and dismay at the discouragement of small holdings in the early part of the eighteenth century.—ED.

CHAPTER I.

HOW AND ABOUT LITTLE MARGERY AND HER BROTHER.

CARE and discontent shortened the days of Little Margery's father.—He was forced from his family, and seized with a violent fever in a place where Dr. James's powder was not to be had, and where he died miserably. Margery's poor mother survived the loss of her husband but a few days, and died of a broken heart, leaving Margery and her little brother to the wide world ; but, poor woman, it would have melted your heart to have seen how frequently she heaved her head, while she lay speechless, to survey with languishing looks her little orphans, as much as to say, ' Do Tommy, do Margery, come with me.' They cried, poor things, and she sighed away her soul ; and I hope is happy.

It would both have excited your pity, and have done your heart good, to have seen how these two little ones were so fond of each other, and how hand in hand they trotted about.

They were both very ragged, and Tommy had no shoes, but Margery had but one. They had nothing, poor things, to support them (not being in their own parish) but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people, and they lay every night in a barn. Their relations took no notice of them ; no, they were rich, and ashamed to own such a poor little ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty little curly pated boy as Tommy. Our relations and friends seldom take notice of us when we are poor ; but as we grow rich they grow fond. And this will always be the case, while people love money better than they do God Almighty. But such wicked folks who love nothing but money and are proud and despise the poor, never come to any good in the end, as we shall see by and by.

CHAPTER II.

HOW AND ABOUT MR. SMITH.

MR. SMITH was a very worthy clergyman, who lived in the parish where little Margery and Tommy were born ; and having a relation come to see him, who was a charitable good man, he sent for these children to him. The gentleman ordered little Margery a new pair of shoes, gave Mr. Smith some money to buy her clothes ; and said he would take Tommy and make him a little sailor.

After some days the gentleman intended to go to London, and take little Tommy with him, of whom you will know more by and by, for we shall at a proper time present you with his history, his travels, and adventures.

The parting between these little children was very affecting. Tommy cried, and they kissed each other an hundred times: at last Tommy thus wiped off her tears with the end of his jacket, and bid her cry no more, for that he would come to her again when he returned from sea.

CHAPTER III.

HOW LITTLE MARGERY OBTAINED THE NAME OF GOODY TWO-SHOES, AND WHAT HAPPENED IN THE PARISH.

As soon as Little Margery got up in the morning, which was very early, she run all round the village, crying for her brother ; and after some time returned greatly distressed.

However, at this instant, the shoemaker very opportunely came in with the new shoes, for which she had been measured by the gentleman's order.

Nothing could have supported Little Margery under the affliction she was in for the loss of her brother, but the pleasure she took in her two shoes. She ran out to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and stroking down her ragged apron thus cried out, 'Two-Shoes, Ma'am, see two Shoes.' And so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means obtained the name of goody two-shoes.

Little Margery was very happy in being with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were very charitable and good to her, and had agreed to bring her up with their family ; but as soon as that tyrant of the parish, that Graspall, heard of her being there, he applied first to Mr. Smith, and threatened to reduce his tithes if he kept her ; and after that he spoke to Sir Timothy, who sent Mr. Smith a peremptory message by his servant, that he should send back Meanwell's girl to be kept by her relations, and not harbour her in the parish. This so distressed Mr. Smith, that he shed tears, and cried, ' Lord have mercy on the poor ! '

The prayers of the righteous fly upwards, and reach unto the throne of heaven, as will be seen by the sequel.

Mrs. Smith was also greatly concerned at being thus obliged to discard poor Little Margery. She kissed her, and cried, as did also Mr. Smith, but they were obliged to send her away, for the people who had ruined her father could at any time have ruined them.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW LITTLE MARGERLY LEARNED TO READ, AND BY DEGREES TAUGHT OTHERS.

LITTLE MARGERLY saw how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, and concluded that this was owing to his great learning, therefore she wanted of all things to learn to read. For this purpose she used to meet the little boys as they came from school, borrow their books, and sit down and read till they returned. By this means she got more learning than any of her play mates, and laid the following scheme for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only the following letters were required to spell all the words ; but as some of these letters are large, and some small, she with her knife cut out of several pieces of wood ten sets of each of these :

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

And having got an old spelling book, she made her companions set up all the words they wanted to spell, and

after that she taught them to compose sentences. 'You know what a sentence is, my dear; "I will be good," is a sentence; and is made up, as you see, of several words.'

I once went her rounds with her, and was highly diverted, as you may see, if you please to look into the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

HOW LITTLE TWO-SHOES BECAME A TROTTING TUTORESS,
AND HOW SHE TAUGHT HER YOUNG PUPILS.

IT was about seven o'clock in the morning when we set out on this important business, and the first house we came to was Farmer Wilson's. Here Margery stopped, and ran up to the door, tap, tap, tap. 'Who's there?' 'Only Little Goody Two-Shoes,' answered Margery, 'come to teach Billy.' 'O! Little Goody,' says Mrs. Wilson, with pleasure in her face, 'I am glad to see you. Billy wants you sadly, for he has learned his lesson.' Then out came the little boy. 'How do Doody Two-Shoes,' says he, not able to speak plain. Yet this little boy had learned all his letters; for she threw down this alphabet mixed together thus:

b d f h k m o q s u w y x f a c e g i l n p r t v z j,

and he picked them up, called them by their right names, and put them all in order thus:

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

The next place we came to was Farmer Simpson's.

'Bow, wow, wow,' says the dog at the door. 'Sirrah,' says his mistress, 'what do you bark at Little Two Shoes; come in Madge; here, Sally wants you sadly, she has learned all her lesson.' 'Yes, that's what I have,' replied the little one, in the country manner: and immediately taking the letters she set up these syllables:

ba	be	bi	bo	bu,	ca	ce	ci	co	cu
da	de	di	do	du,	fa	fe	fi	fo	fu

and gave them their exact sounds as she composed them.

After this, Little Two-Shoes taught her to spell words of

one syllable, and she soon set up pear, plumb, top, ball, pin, puss, dog, hog, fawn, buck, doe, lamb, sheep, ram, cow, bull, cock, hen, and many more.

The next place we came to was Gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children were met to learn, who all came round Little Margery at once, and having pulled out her letters, asked the little boy next her, what he had for dinner? Who answered, 'Bread' (the poor children in many places live very hard). 'Well then,' says she, 'set up the first letter.' He put up the B, to which the next added r, and the next e, the next a, the next d, and it stood thus, Bread.

And what had you Polly Comb, for your dinner? 'Apple Pie,' answered the little girl: upon which the next in turn set up a great A, the two next a p each, and so on, till the two words Apple and Pie were united and stood thus, Apple Pie.

The next had potatoes, the next beef and turnips, which were split, with many others, till the game of spelling was finished. She then set them another task, and we proceeded.

The next place we came to was Farmer Thomson's, where there was a great many little ones waiting for her.

'So, Little Mrs. Goody Two-Shoes,' says one of them, 'where have you been so long?' 'I have been teaching,' says she, 'longer than I intended, and am, I am afraid, come too soon for you now.' 'No, but indeed you are not,' replied the other: 'for I have got my lesson, and so has Sally Dawson, and so has Harry Wilson, and so have we all:' and they capered about as if they were overjoyed to see her. 'Why then,' says she, 'you are all very good, and God Almighty will love you; so let us begin our lessons.' They all huddled round her, and though at the other place they were employed about words and syllables, here we had people of much greater understanding who dealt only in sentences.

The letters being brought upon the table, one of the little ones set up the following sentence.

'The Lord have mercy upon me, and grant that I may be always good, and say my prayers, and love the Lord my God with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my

strength ; and honour the king and all good men in authority under him.'

Then the next took the letters, and composed this sentence.

'Lord have mercy upon me, and grant that I may love my neighbour as myself, and do unto all men as I would have them do unto me, and tell no lies ! but be honest and just in all my dealings.'

Lesson for the Conduct of Life.

He that would thrive,
Must rise by five.

He that hath thriv'n,
May lay till seven.

Truth may be blam'd,
But can't be sham'd.

Tell me with whom you go,
And I'll tell what you do.

A friend in your need,
Is a friend indeed.

They never can be wise,
Who good counsel despise.

As we were returning home, we saw a gentleman, who was very ill, sitting under a shady tree at the corner of the rookery. Though ill, he began to joke with Little Margery, and said, laughing, 'So, Goody Two-Shoes, they tell me you are a cunning little baggage ; pray can you tell me what I shall do to get well ?' 'Yes, sir,' says she, 'go to bed when your rooks do, and get up with them in the morning ; earn as they do, every day what you eat, and eat and drink no more than you earn : and you'll get health and keep it. What should induce the rooks to frequent gentleman's houses, only but to tell them how to lead a prudent life ? they never build under cottages or farm-houses, because they see that these people know how to live without their admonition.

Thus wealth and wit you may improve,
Taught by tenants of the grove.'

The gentleman laughing, gave Margery sixpence, and told her she was a sensible hussy.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE WHOLE PARISH WAS FRIGHTENED.

Who does not know Lady Ducklington, or who does not know that she was buried at this parish church? Well, I never saw a grander funeral in all my life: but the money they squandered away, would have been better laid out in little books for children, or in meat, drink, and clothes for the poor.

All the country round came to see the burying, and it was late before the corpse was interred. After which, in the night, or rather about two o'clock in the morning, the bells were heard to jingle in the steeple, which frightened the people prodigiously, who all thought it was Lady Ducklington's ghost dancing among the bell ropes. The people flocked to Will Dobbins, the clerk, and wanted him to go to see what it was; but William said he was sure it was a ghost, and that he would not offer to open the door. At length Mr. Long, the rector, hearing such an uproar in the village, went to the clerk, to know why he did not go into the church, and see who was there. 'I go, sir?' says William, 'why the ghost would frighten me out of my wits.' Mrs. Dobbins too cried, and laying hold of her husband, said, he should not be eat up by the ghost. 'A ghost, you blockhead,' says Mr. Long in a pet, 'did either of you ever see a ghost in a church, or know anybody that did?' 'Yes,' says the clerk, 'my father did once in the shape of a windmill, and it walked all around the church in a trice, with jack boots on, and had a gun by its side, instead of a sword.' 'A fine picture of a ghost, truly,' says Mr. Long; 'give me the key of the church, you monkey; for I tell you there is no such thing now, whatever may have been formerly.' Then taking the key, he went to the church, all the people following him. As soon as he had opened the door, what sort of a ghost do you think appeared? Why, little Two-Shoes, who being weary had fallen asleep in one of the pews during the funeral service, and was shut in all night. She immediately asked Mr.

Long's pardon for the trouble she had given him, told him she had been locked into the church, and said she should not have rung the bells, but that she was very cold, and hearing farmer Boulton's man go whistling by with his horses, she was in hopes he would have gone to the clerk for the key to let her out.

CHAPTER VII.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF ALL THE SPIRITS OR THINGS SHE SAW IN THE CHURCH.

THE people were ashamed to ask Little Madge any questions before Mr. Long, but as soon as he was gone, they all got round her to satisfy their curiosity, and desired she would give them a particular account of all that she had heard or seen.

Her Tale.

'I went to the church, said she, as most of you did last night, to see the burying, and, being very weary, I sat me down in Mr. Johns's pew, and fell fast asleep. At eleven of the clock I awoke; which I believe was in some measure occasioned by the clock's striking, for I heard it. I started up, and could not at first tell where I was; but after some time I recollected the funeral, and soon found that I was shut in the church. It was dismal dark, and I could see nothing; but while I was standing in the pew, something jumped up upon me behind, and laid, as I thought, its hands over my shoulders. I own I was a little afraid at first; however, I considered that I had always been constant at prayers, and at church, and that I had done nobody any harm, but had endeavoured to do what good I could; and then, thought I, what have I to fear? Yet I kneeled down to say my prayers. As soon as I was on my knees, something very cold, as cold as marble, aye, as cold as ice, touched my neck, which made me start; however, I continued my prayers, and having begged protection from Almighty God, I found my spirits come, and I was sensible I had nothing to fear; for God Almighty protects not only all those that are good, but also all those who endeavour to be good,—

nothing can withstand the power, and exceed the goodness of God Almighty. Armed with the confidence of His protection, I walked down the church aisle, when I heard something pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat, come after me, and something touched my hand, which seemed as cold as a marble monument. I could not think what this was, yet I knew that it could not hurt me, and therefore I made myself easy ; but being very cold, and the church being paved with stones, which were very damp, I felt my way, as well as I could, to the pulpit ; in doing which something rushed by me and almost threw me down. However, I was not frightened, for I knew that God Almighty would suffer nothing to hurt me.

‘At last I found out the pulpit, and having shut the door, I laid me down on the mat and cushion to sleep ; when something thrust and pulled the door, as I thought, for admittance, which prevented my going to sleep. At last it cries, “Bow, wow, wow ;” and I concluded it must be Mr. Saunderson’s dog, which had followed me from their house to church ; so I opened the door, and called Snip, Snip, and the dog jumped upon me immediately. After this, Snip and I lay down together, and had a comfortable nap ; for when I awoke again it was almost light. I then walked up and down all the aisles of the church to keep myself warm ; and though I went into the vaults, and trod on Lady Ducklington’s coffin, I saw nothing, and I believe it was owing to the reason Mr. Long has given you, namely, that there is no such thing to be seen. As to my part, I would as soon lie all night in a church as in any other place ; and I am sure that any little boy or girl, who is good and loves God Almighty, and keeps His commandments, may as safely lie in the church, or the churchyard, as anywhere else, if they take care not to get cold, for I am sure there are no things either to hurt or to frighten them ; though any one possessed of fear, might have taken neighbour Saunderson’s dog with his cold nose for a ghost ; and if they had not been undeceived, as I was, would never have thought otherwise.’ All the company acknowledged the justness of the observation, and thanked little Two-Shoes for her advice.

Reflection.

After this, my dear children, I hope you will not believe any foolish stories that ignorant, weak, or designing people may tell you about ghosts, for the tales of ghosts, witches, and fairies are the frolics of a distempered brain. No wise man ever saw either of them. Little Margery was not afraid; no, she had good sense, and a good conscience, which is a cure for all these imaginary evils.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF SOMETHING WHICH HAPPENED TO LITTLE MARGERY TWO-SHOES IN A BARN, MORE DREADFUL THAN THE GHOST IN THE CHURCH; AND HOW SHE RETURNED GOOD FOR EVIL TO HER ENEMY SIR TIMOTHY.

SOME days after this, a more dreadful accident befel little Madge. She happened to be coming late from teaching, when it rained, thundered, and lightened, and therefore she took shelter in a farmer's barn, at a distance from the village. Soon after, the tempest drove in four thieves, who, not seeing such a little creep-mouse girl as Two-Shoes, lay down on the hay next to her, and began to talk over their exploits, and to settle plans for future robberies. Little Margery, on hearing them, covered herself with straw. To be sure she was frightened, but her good sense taught her, that the only security she had was in keeping herself concealed; therefore she laid very still, and breathed very softly. About four o'clock these wicked people came to a resolution to break both Sir William Dove's house and Sir Timothy Gripe's, and by force of arms to carry off all their money, plate, and jewels; but as it was thought then too late, they all agreed to defer it till the next night. After laying this scheme, they all set out upon their pranks, which greatly rejoiced Margery, as it would any other little girl in her situation. Early in the morning she went to Sir William, and told him the whole of their conversation. Upon which he asked her name, then gave her something, and bid her

call at his house the day following. She also went to Sir Timothy, notwithstanding he had used her so ill, for she knew it was her duty to do good for evil. As soon as he was informed who she was, he took no notice of her ; upon which she desired to speak to Lady Gripe, and having informed her ladyship of the affair, she went her way. This lady had more sense than her husband, which indeed is not a singular case ; for instead of despising Little Margery and her information, she privately set people to guard the house. The robbers divided themselves, and went about the time mentioned to both houses, and were surprised by the guards and taken. Upon examining these wretches, (one of which turned evidence,) both Sir William and Sir Timothy found that they owed their lives to the discovery made by Little Margery ; and the first took great notice of her, and would no longer let her lie in a barn ; but Sir Timothy only said, that he was ashamed to owe his life to the daughter of one who was his enemy ; so true it is, ‘ That a proud man seldom forgives those he has injured.’

CHAPTER IX.

HOW LITTLE MARGERY WAS MADE PRINCIPAL OF A COUNTRY COLLEGE.

MRS. WILLIAMS, who kept a college for instructing little gentlemen and ladies in the science of A, B, C, was at this time very old and infirm, and wanted to decline this important trust. This being told to Sir William Dove, who lived in the parish, he sent for Mrs. Williams, and desired she would examine Little Two-Shoes, and see whether she was qualified for the office. This was done, and Mrs. Williams made the following report in her favour, namely, that Little Margery was the best scholar, and had the best head and the best heart of any one she had examined. All the country had a great opinion of Mrs. Williams, and this character gave them also a great opinion of Mrs. Margery, for so we must now call her.

This Mrs. Margery thought the happiest period of her

life ; but more happiness was in store for her. God Almighty heaps up blessings for all those who love him, and though for a time he may suffer them to be poor and distressed, and hide his good purposes from human sight, yet in the end they are generally crowned with happiness here, and no one can doubt their being so hereafter.

THE RENOWNED HISTORY
OF
MRS. MARGERY TWO-SHOES.

PART II.

IN the first part of this work the young student has read, and I hope with pleasure and improvement, the history of this Lady, while she was known and distinguished by the name of *LITTLE TWO-SHOES* ; we are now come to a period of her life when that name was discarded, and a more eminent one bestowed upon her, I mean that of *Mrs. MARGERY TWO-SHOES*: for as she was now president of the A, B, C college, it became necessary to exalt her in title as in place.

No sooner was she settled in this office, but she laid every possible scheme to promote the welfare and happiness of all her neighbours, and especially of her little ones, in whom she took great delight ; and all those whose parents could not afford to pay for their education, she taught for nothing but the pleasure she had in their company ; for you are to observe that they were very good, or were soon made so by her good management.

CHAPTER I.

OF HER SCHOOL, HER USHERS, OR ASSISTANTS, AND HER MANNER OF TEACHING.

WE have already informed the reader, that the school where she taught was that which was before kept by Mrs. Williams. The room was very large and spacious, and as she knew that nature intended children should be always in action, she placed her different letters, or alphabets, all round the school, so that every one was obliged to get up and fetch a letter, or to spell a word when it came to their turn ; which not only kept them in health, but fixed the letters and points firmly in their minds.

CHAPTER II.

A SCENE OF DISTRESS IN A SCHOOL.

It happened one day, when Mrs. Two-Shoes was diverting the children after dinner, as she usually did, with some innocent games, or entertaining and instructive stories, that a man arrived with the melancholy news of Sally Jones's father being thrown from his horse, and thought past all recovery ; nay, the messenger said, that he was seemingly dying when he came away. Poor Sally was greatly distressed, as indeed were all in the school, for she dearly loved her father and Mrs. Two-Shoes, and all her children dearly loved her.

At this instant something was heard to flap at the window, at which the children were surprised ; but Mrs. Margery knowing what it was, opened the casement, and drew in a pigeon with a letter.

As soon as he was placed upon the table, he walked up to little Sally, and dropping the letter, cried ' Co, co, coo ; ' as much as to say, ' There, read it.'

' My dear Sally,—God Almighty has been very merciful and restored your papa to us again, who is now so well as to be able to sit up. I hear you are a good girl, my dear, and

I hope you will never forget to praise the Lord for that his great goodness and mercy to us.—What a sad thing it would have been if your father had died, and left both you and me, and little Tommy in distress, and without a friend. Your father sends his blessing with mine.—Be good, my dear child, and God Almighty will also bless you, whose blessing is above all things.

‘ I am, my dear Sally,
‘ Your affectionate mother,
‘ MARTHA JONES.’

CHAPTER III.

OF THE AMAZING SAGACITY AND INSTINCT OF A LITTLE DOG.

SOON after this, a very dreadful accident happened in the school. It was on a Thursday morning, I very well remember, when the children having learned their lessons soon, she had given them leave to play, and they were all running about the school, and diverting themselves with the birds and the lamb; at this time the dog, all of a sudden, laid hold of his mistress's apron, and endeavoured to pull her out of the school. She was at first surprised; however, she followed him to see what he intended. No sooner had he led her back into the garden, but he ran back, and pulled out one of the children in the same manner; upon which she ordered them all to leave the school immediately, and they had not been out five minutes before the top of the house fell in. What a miraculous deliverance was here! How gracious! How good was God Almighty to save all these children from destruction, and to make use of such an instrument as a little sagacious animal to accomplish his divine will. I should have observed, that as soon as they were all in the garden, the dog came leaping round them to express his joy, and when the house was fallen, laid himself down quietly by his mistress.

Some of the neighbours who saw the school fall, and who were in great pain for Margery and her little ones, soon

spread the news through the village, and all the parents, terrified for their children, came crowding in abundance: they had, however, the satisfaction to find them all safe, and upon their knees with their mistress giving God thanks for their happy deliverance.

You are not to wonder, my dear reader, that this little dog should have more sense than you, or your father, or your grandfather.

Though God Almighty has made man the lord of the creation, and endowed him with reason, yet, in many respects, he has been altogether as bountiful to other creatures of his forming. Some of the senses of other animals are more acute than ours, as we find by daily experience.

The downfall of the school was a great misfortune to Mrs. Margery; for she not only lost all her books, but was destitute of a place to teach in; but Sir William Dove being informed of this, ordered it to be built at his own expense, and till that could be done, Farmer Grove was so kind as to let her have his large hall to teach in.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT HAPPENED AT FARMER GROVE'S, AND HOW SHE GRATIFIED HIM FOR THE USE OF HIS ROOM.

WHILE at Mr. Grove's, which was in the heart of the village, she not only taught the children in the daytime, but the farmer's servants and all the neighbours to read and write in the evening; and it was a constant practice, before they went away, to make them all go to prayers and sing psalms. By this means the people grew extremely regular, his servants were always at home instead of being at the alehouse, and he had more work done than ever. This gave not only Mr. Grove, but all the neighbours, an high opinion of her good sense and prudent behaviour; and she was so much esteemed, that the most of the differences in the parish were left to her decision; and if a man and wife quarrelled, (which sometimes happened in that part of the kingdom.) both parties certainly came to her for advice. Every body knows

that Martha Wilson was a passionate scolding jade, and that John her husband was a surly ill-tempered fellow. These were one day brought by the neighbours for Margery to talk to them, when they talked before her and were going to blows ; but she, stepping between them, thus addressed the husband : ‘ John,’ says she, ‘ you are a man, and ought to have more sense than to fly in a passion at every word that is said amiss by your wife : and Martha,’ says she, ‘ you ought to know your duty better than to say anything to aggravate your husband’s resentment. These frequent quarrels arise from the indulgence of your violent passions ; for I know you both love each other, notwithstanding what has passed between you. Now, pray tell me, John, and tell me, Martha, when you have had a quarrel over night, are you not both sorry for it the next day ?’ They both declared that they were. ‘ Why then,’ says she, ‘ I’ll tell you how to prevent this for the future, if you promise to take my advice.’ They both promised her. ‘ You know,’ says she, ‘ that a small spark will set fire to tinder, and that tinder properly placed will set fire to a house : an angry word is with you as that spark, for you are both as touchy as tinder, and very often make your own house too hot to hold you. To prevent this, therefore, and to live happily for the future, you must solemnly agree, that if one speaks an angry word, the other will not answer, till he or she has distinctly called over the alphabet, and the other not reply till he has told twenty ; by this means your passions will be stifled, and reason will have time to take the rule.’

This is the best recipe that was ever given for a married couple to live in peace. Though John and his wife frequently attempted to quarrel afterwards, they never could get their passions to a considerable height, for there was something so droll in thus carrying on the dispute, that, before they got to the end of the argument, they saw the absurdity of it, laughed, kissed, and were friends.

CHAPTER V.

THE CASE OF MRS. MARGERY.

MRS. MARGERY was always doing good, and thought she could never sufficiently gratify those who had done anything to serve her. These generous sentiments naturally led her to consult the interest of Mr. Grove, and the rest of her neighbours; and as most of their lands were meadow, and they depended much on their hay, which had been for many years greatly damaged by the wet weather, she contrived an instrument to direct them when to mow their grass with safety, and prevent their hay being spoiled. They all came to her for advice, and by that means got in their hay without damage, whilst most of that in the neighbouring village was spoiled.

This occasioned a very great noise in the country, and so greatly provoked were the people who resided in the other parishes, that they absolutely sent old Gaffer Goosecap (a busy fellow in other people's concerns) to find out evidence against her. The wisacre happened to come to her to school, when she was walking about with a raven on one shoulder, a pigeon on the other, a lark on her hand, and a lamb and a dog by her side; which indeed made a droll figure, and so surprised the man that he cried out, 'A witch! a witch! a witch!'

Upon this, she laughing, answered, 'A conjuror! a conjuror! a conjuror!' and so they parted; but it did not end thus, for a warrant was issued out against Mrs. Margery, and she was carried to a meeting of the justices.

At the meeting, one of the justices who knew little of life, and less of the law, behaved very idly; and though no body was able to prove anything against her, asked who she could bring to her character. 'Who can you bring against my character, sir.' says she. 'There are people enough who would appear in my defence, were it necessary: but I never supposed that anyone here could be so weak as to believe there was any such thing as a witch. If I am a witch, this is my charm, and (laying a barometer or weather glass on the table) it is with this, says she, that I have taught my

neighbours to know the state of the weather.' All the company laughed; and Sir William Dove, who was on the bench, asked her accusers, how they could be such fools as to think there was any such thing as a witch?

After this, Sir William inveighed against the absurd and foolish notions which the country people had imbibed concerning witches and witchcraft, and having proved that there was no such thing, but that all were the effects of folly and ignorance, he gave the court such an account of Mrs. Margery and her virtue, good sense, and prudent behaviour, that the gentlemen present were enamoured with her, and returned her public thanks for the great service she had done the country. One gentleman in particular, I mean Sir Charles Jones, had conceived such an high opinion of her that he offered her a considerable sum to take care of his family, and the education of his daughter, which, however, she refused; but this gentleman sending for her afterwards, when he had a dangerous fit of illness, she went, and behaved so prudently in the family, and so tenderly to him and his daughter, that he would not permit her to leave his house, but soon after made her proposals of marriage. She was truly sensible of the honour he intended her, but, though poor, she would not consent to be made a lady till he had effectually provided for his daughter; for she told him, that power was a dangerous thing to be trusted with, and that a good man or woman would never throw themselves into the road of temptation.

All things being settled, and the day fixed, the neighbours came in crowds to see the wedding; for they were all glad that one who had been such a good little girl, and was become such a virtuous and good woman, was going to be made a lady: but just as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman richly dressed ran into the church and cried, 'Stop! stop!' This greatly alarmed the congregation, particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, who he first accosted and desired to speak with them apart. After they had been talking some little time, the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles to stand motionless, and his bride cry and faint away in the stranger's arms. This

seeming grief, however, was only a prelude to a flood of joy which immediately succeeded; for you must know, gentle reader, that this gentleman, so richly dressed, was that identical little boy, whom you before saw in the sailor's habit; in short it was Mrs. Margery's brother, who was just come from sea, where he had, after a desperate engagement, taken a rich prize, and hearing, as soon as he landed, of his sister's intended wedding, had rode post to see that a proper settlement was made on her, which she was now entitled to, as he himself was both able and willing to give her an ample fortune. They soon returned to the communion table, and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRUE USE OF RICHES.

ABOUT this time she heard that Mr. Smith was oppressed by Sir Timothy Gripe and his friend Graspall; upon which she, in conjunction with her brother, defended him in Westminster Hall, where Mr. Smith gained a verdict. As a justice of the peace he was struck off the list, and no longer permitted to act in that capacity. A relation of his who had a right to the Mouldwell estate, finding that it was possible to get the better at law of a rich man, laid claim to it, brought his action, and recovered the whole manor of Mouldwell; and being afterwards inclined to sell it, he, in consideration of the aid Lady Margery had lent him during his distress, made her the first offer, and she purchased the whole. This mortified Sir Timothy and his friend Graspall, who experienced nothing but misfortunes, and was in a few years so dispossessed of his ill-gotten wealth, that his family were reduced to seek subsistence from the parish, at which those who had felt the weight of his iron-band rejoiced; but Lady Margery desired that his children might be treated with care and tenderness; 'for they (says she) are no ways accountable for the actions of their father.'

At her first coming into power, she took care to gratify her old friends, especially Mr. and Mrs. Smith, whose family she made happy.

THE GOVERNESS

OR

THE LITTLE FEMALE ACADEMY.

THERE lived in the northern parts of England a gentlewoman, who undertook the education of young ladies ; and this trust she endeavoured faithfully to discharge, by instructing those committed to her care in reading, writing, working, and in all proper forms of behaviour. And though her principal aim was to improve their minds in all useful knowledge ; to render them obedient to their superiors, and gentle, kind, and affectionate to each other ; yet did she not omit teaching them an exact neatness in their persons and dress, and a perfect gentility in their whole carriage.

This gentlewoman, whose name was Teachum, was the widow of a clergyman, with whom she had lived nine years in all the harmony and concord which form the only satisfactory happiness in the married state. Two little girls (the youngest of which was born before the second year of their marriage was expired) took up a great part of their thoughts ; and it was their mutual design to spare no pains or trouble in their education.

Mr. Teachum was a very sensible man, and took great delight in improving his wife ; as she also placed her chief pleasure in receiving his instructions. One of his constant subjects of discourse to her was concerning the education of children : so that, when in his last illness his physicians pronounced him beyond the power of their art to relieve him, he expressed great satisfaction in the thought of leaving his children to the care of so prudent a mother.

Mrs. Teachum, though exceedingly afflicted by such a loss, yet thought it her duty to call forth all her resolution

to conquer her grief, in order to apply herself to the care of these her dear husband's children. But her misfortunes were not here to end: for within a twelvemonth after the death of her husband, she was deprived of both her children by a violent fever that then raged in the country; and, about the same time, by the unforeseen breaking of a banker, in whose hands almost all her fortune was just then placed, she was bereft of the means of her future support.

The Christian fortitude with which (through her husband's instructions) she had armed her mind, had not left it in the power of any outward accident to bereave her of her understanding, or to make her incapable of doing what was proper on all occasions. Therefore, by the advice of all her friends, she undertook what she was so well qualified for; namely, the education of children. But as she was moderate in her desires, and did not seek to raise a great fortune, she was resolved to take no more scholars than she could have an eye to herself without the help of other teachers; and instead of making interest to fill her school, it was looked upon as a great favour when she would take any girl. And as her number was fixed to nine, which she on no account would be prevailed on to increase, great application was made, when any scholar went away, to have her place supplied; and happy were they who could get a promise for the next vacancy.

Mrs. Teachum was about forty years old, tall and genteel in her person, though somewhat inclined to fat. She had a lively and commanding eye, insomuch that she naturally created an awe in all her little scholars; except when she condescended to smile, and talk familiarly to them; and then she had something perfectly kind and tender in her manner. Her temper was so extremely calm and good, that though she never omitted reprehending, and that pretty severely, any girl that was guilty of the smallest fault proceeding from an evil disposition; yet for no cause whatsoever was she provoked to be in a passion; but she kept up such a dignity and authority, by her steady behaviour, that the girls greatly feared to incur her displeasure by disobeying her commands; and were equally pleased with her

approbation, when they had done anything worthy her commendation.

At the time of the ensuing history, the school (being full) consisted of the nine following young ladies :

Miss JENNY PEACE.

Miss SUKEY JENNETT.

Miss DOLLY FRIENDLY.

Miss LUCY SLY.

Miss PATTY LOCKIT.

Miss NANNY SPRUCE.

Miss BETTY FORD.

Miss HENNY FRET.

Miss POLLY SUCKLING.

The eldest of these was but fourteen years old, and none of the rest had yet attained their twelfth year.

AN ACCOUNT OF A FRAY, BEGUN AND CARRIED ON FOR THE SAKE OF AN APPLE : IN WHICH ARE SHOWN THE SAD EFFECTS OF RAGE AND ANGER.

It was on a fine summer's evening when the school-hours were at an end, and the young ladies were admitted to divert themselves for some time, as they thought proper, in a pleasant garden adjoining to the house, that their governess, who delighted in pleasing them, brought out a little basket of apples, which were intended to be divided equally amongst them ; but Mrs. Teachum being hastily called away (one of her poor neighbours having had an accident which wanted her assistance), she left the fruit in the hands of Miss Jenny Peace, the eldest of her scholars, with a strict charge to see that every one had an equal share of her gift.

But here a perverse accident turned good Mrs. Teachum's design of giving them pleasure into their sorrow, and raised in their little hearts nothing but strife and anger : for, alas ! there happened to be one apple something larger than the rest, on which the whole company immediately placed their desiring eyes, and all at once cried out, ' Pray, Miss Jenny, give me that apple.' Each gave her reasons why she had the best title to it : the youngest pleaded her youth, and the eldest her age ; one insisted on her goodness, another from her meekness claimed a title to preference ; and one, in confidence of her strength, said positively, she would have

it; but all speaking together, it was difficult to distinguish who said this, or who said that.

Miss Jenny begged them all to be quiet, but in vain; for she could not be heard: they had all set their hearts on that fine apple, looking upon those she had given them as nothing. She told them they had better be contented with what they had, than be thus seeking what it was impossible for her to give to them all. She offered to divide it into eight parts, or to do anything to satisfy them; but she might as well have been silent; for they were all talking and had no time to hear. At last as a means to quiet the disturbance, she threw this apple, the cause of their contention, with her utmost force over a hedge into another garden, where they could not come at it.

At first they were all silent, as if they were struck dumb with astonishment with the loss of this one poor apple, though at the same time they had plenty before them.

But this did not bring to pass Miss Jenny's design: for now they all began again to quarrel which had the most right to it, and which ought to have had it, with as much vehemence as they had before contended for the possession of it; and their anger by degrees became so high, that words could not vent half their rage; and they fell to pulling of caps, tearing of hair, and dragging the clothes off one another's backs: though they did not so much strike, as endeavour to scratch and pinch their enemies.

Miss Dolly Friendly as yet was not engaged in the battle; but on hearing her friend Miss Nanny Spruce scream out, that she was hurt by a sly pinch from one of the girls, she flew on this sly pincher, as she called her, like an enraged lion on its prey; and not content only to return the harm her friend had received, she struck with such force, as felled her enemy to the ground. And now they could not distinguish between friend and enemy; but fought, scratched, and tore, like so many cats, when they extend their claws to fix them in their rival's heart.

Miss Jenny was employed in endeavouring to part them.

In the midst of this confusion appeared Mrs. Teachum, who was returning in hopes to see them happy with the

fruit she had given them; but she was some time there before either her voice or presence could awaken them from their attention to the fight; when on a sudden they all faced her, and fear of punishment began now a little to abate their rage. Each of the misses held in her right hand, fast clenched, some marks of victory; for they beat and were beaten by turns. One of them held a little lock of hair torn from the head of her enemy; another grasped a piece of a cap, which, in aiming at her rival's hair, had deceived her hand, and was all the spoils she could gain; a third clenched a piece of an apron; a fourth, of a frock. In short, everyone unfortunately held in her hand a proof of having been engaged in the battle. And the ground was spread with rags and tatters, torn from the backs of the little inveterate combatants.

Mrs. Teachum stood for some time astonished at the sight; but at last she enquired of Miss Jenny Peace, who was the only person disengaged, to tell her the whole truth, and to inform her of the cause of all this confusion.

Miss Jenny was obliged to obey the commands of her governess; though she was so goodnatured that she did it in the mildest terms; and endeavoured all she could to lessen, rather than increase, Mrs. Teachum's anger. The guilty persons now began all to excuse themselves as fast as tears and sobs would permit them.

One said, 'Indeed, madam, it was none of my fault; for I did not begin; for Miss Sukey Jennett, without any cause in the world (for I did nothing to provoke her), hit me a great slap in the face, and made my tooth ache; the pain *did* make me angry; and then, indeed, I hit her a little tap; but it was on her back; and I am sure it was the smallest tap in the world; and could not possibly hurt her half so much as her great blow did me.'

'Law, miss!' replied Miss Jennett, 'how can you say so? when you know that you struck me first, and that yours was the great blow, and mine the little tap; for I only went to defend myself from your monstrous blows.'

Such like defences they would all have made for themselves, each insisting on not being in fault, and throwing the

blame on her companion ; but Mrs. Teachum silenced them by a positive command ; and told them, that she saw they were all equally guilty, and as such she would treat them.

Mrs. Teachum's method of punishing I never could find out. But this is certain, the most severe punishment she had ever inflicted on any misses, since she had kept a school, was now laid on these wicked girls, who had been thus fighting, and pulling one another to pieces for a sorry apple.

The first thing she did was to take away all the apples ; telling them, that before they had any more instances of such kindness from her, they should give her proofs of their deserving them better. And when she had punished them as much as she thought proper, she made them all embrace one another, and promise to be friends for the future ; which, in obedience to her commands, they were forced to comply with, though there remained a grudge and ill-will in their bosoms ; every one thinking she was punished most, although she would have it, that she deserved to be punished least ; and they contrived all the sly tricks they could think on to vex and tease each other.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MISS JENNY PEACE AND MISS SUKEY JENNETT ; WHEREIN THE LATTER IS AT LAST CONVINCED OF HER OWN FOLLY IN BEING SO QUARRELSOME ; AND, BY HER EXAMPLE, ALL HER COMPANIONS ARE BROUGHT TO SEE AND CONFESS THEIR FAULT.

The next morning Miss Jenny Peace used her utmost endeavours to bring her school-fellows to be heartily reconciled, but in vain : for each insisted on it, that she was not to blame ; but that the whole quarrel arose from the faults of others. At last ensued the following dialogue between Miss Jenny Peace and Miss Sukey Jennett, which brought about Miss Jenny's designs ; and which we recommend to the consideration of all our young readers.

Miss Jenny. 'Now pray, Miss Sukey, tell me, what did you get by your contention and quarrel about that foolish apple?'

Miss Sukey. 'Indeed, ma'am, I shall not answer you ; I know that you only want to prove, that you are wiser than I, because you are older. But I don't know but some

people may understand as much at eleven years old as others at thirteen: but because you are the oldest in the school, you always want to be tutoring and governing. I don't like to have more than one governess; and if I obey my mistress, I think that is enough.'

Miss Jenny. 'Indeed, my dear, I don't want to govern you, nor to prove myself wiser than you; I only want that instead of quarrelling, and making yourself miserable, you should live at peace and be happy. Therefore, pray do answer my question, whether you get anything by your quarrel?'

Miss Sukey. 'No! I cannot say I got anything by it: for my mistress was angry, and punished me; and my hair was pulled off, and my clothes torn in the scuffle; neither did I value the apple; but yet I have too much spirit to be imposed on. I am sure I had as good a right to it as any of the others; and I would not give up my right to anyone.'

Miss Jenny. 'But don't you know, Miss Sukey, it would have shown much more spirit to have yielded the apple to another, than to have fought about it? Then indeed you would have proved your sense; for you would have shown, that you had too much understanding to fight about a trifle. Then your clothes had been whole, your hair not torn from your head, your mistress had not been angry, nor had your fruit been taken away from you.'

Miss Sukey. 'And so, miss, you would fain prove, that it is wisest to submit to everybody that would impose upon one? But I will not believe it, say what you will.'

Miss Jenny. 'But is not what I say true? If you had not been in the battle, would not your clothes have been whole, your hair not torn, your mistress pleased with you, and the apples your own?'

Here Miss Sukey paused for some time: for as Miss Jenny was in the right and had truth on her side, it was difficult for Miss Sukey to know what to answer. For it is impossible, without being very silly, to contradict truth; and yet Miss Sukey was so foolish, that she did not care to own herself in the wrong; though nothing could have been so great a sign of her understanding.

When Miss Jenny saw her thus at a loss for an answer, she was in hopes of making her companion happy; for, as she had as much goodnature as understanding, that was her design. She therefore pursued her discourse in the following manner:

Miss Jenny. 'Pray, Miss Sukey, do answer me one question more. Don't you lie awake at nights, and fret and vex yourself, because you are angry with your school-fellows? Are not you restless and uneasy, because you cannot find a safe method to be revenged on them, without being punished yourself? Do tell me truly, is not this your case?'

Miss Sukey. 'Yes it is. For if I could but hurt my enemies, without being hurt myself, it would be the greatest pleasure I could have in the world.'

Miss Jenny. 'Oh fie, Miss Sukey! What you have now said is wicked. Don't you consider what you say every day in your prayers? And this way of thinking will make you lead a very uneasy life. If you would hearken to me, I could put you into a method of being very happy, and making all those misses you call your enemies, become your friends.'

Miss Sukey. 'You could tell me a method, miss? Do you think I don't know as well as you what is fit to be done? I believe I am as capable of finding the way to be happy, as you are of teaching me.'

Here Miss Sukey burst into tears, that anybody should presume to tell her the way to be happy.

Miss Jenny. 'Upon my word, my dear, I don't mean to vex you; but only, instead of tormenting yourself all night in laying plots to revenge yourself, I would have you employ this one night in thinking of what I have said. Nothing will show your sense so much, as to own that you have been in the wrong. Nor will anything prove a right spirit so much, as to confess your fault. All the misses will be your friends, and perhaps follow your example. Then you will have the pleasure of having caused the quiet of the whole school; your governess will love you; and you will be at peace in your mind, and never have any more foolish

quarrels, in which you all get nothing but blows and uneasiness.'

Miss Sukey began now to find, that Miss Jenny was in the right, and she herself in the wrong; but yet she was so proud she would not own it. Nothing could be so foolish as this pride; because it would have been both good and wise in her to confess the truth the moment she saw it. However, Miss Jenny was so discreet as not to press her any farther that night; but begged her to consider seriously on what she had said, and to let her know her thoughts the next morning, and then left her.

When Miss Sukey was alone she stood some time in great confusion. She could not help seeing how much hitherto she had been in the wrong; and that thought stung her to the heart. She cried, stamped, and was in as great an agony as if some sad misfortune had befallen her. At last, when she had somewhat vented her passion by tears, she burst forth into the following speech:

'It is very true what Miss Jenny Peace says; for I am always uneasy. I don't sleep in quiet; because I am always thinking, either that I have not my share of what is given us, or that I cannot be revenged on any of the girls that offend me. And when I quarrel with them, I am scratched and bruised; or reproached. And what do I get by all this? Why, I scratch, bruise, and reproach them in my turn. Is not that gain enough? I warrant I hurt them as much as they hurt me. But then indeed, as Miss Jenny says, if I could make these girls my friends, and did not wish to hurt them, I certainly might live a quieter, and perhaps a happier, life. But what then, have I been always in the wrong all my lifetime? for I always quarrelled and hated everyone who had offended me. Oh! I cannot bear that thought! It is enough to make me mad! when I imagined myself so wise and so sensible, to find out that I have been always a fool. If I think a moment longer about it, I shall die with grief and shame. I must think myself in the right; and I will too. But, as Miss Jenny says, I really am unhappy; for I hate all my school-fellows; and yet I

dare not do them any mischief; for my mistress will punish me severely if I do. I should not so much mind that neither; but then those I intend to hurt will triumph over me, to see me punished for their sakes. In short, the more I reflect, the more I am afraid Miss Jenny is in the right; and yet it breaks my heart to think so.'

Here the poor girl wept so bitterly, and was so heartily grieved, that she could not utter one word more; but sat herself down, reclining her head upon her hand, in the most melancholy posture that could be; nor could she close her eyes all night, but lay tossing and raving with the thought how she should act, and what she should say to Miss Jenny the next day.

When the morning came, Miss Sukey dreaded every moment, as the time drew nearer when she must meet Miss Jenny. She knew it would not be possible to resist her arguments; and yet shame for having been in fault overcame her.

As soon as Miss Jenny saw Miss Sukey with her eyes cast down, and confessing, by a look of sorrow, that she would take her advice, she embraced her kindly; and, without giving her the trouble to speak, took it for granted, that she would leave off quarrelling, be reconciled to her school-fellows, and make herself happy.

Miss Sukey did indeed stammer out some words, which implied a confession of her fault; but they were spoke so low they could hardly be heard; only Miss Jenny, who always chose to look at the fairest side of her companions' actions, by Miss Sukey's look and manner guessed her meaning.

In the same manner did this good girl, Jenny, persuade, one by one, all her school-fellows to be reconciled to each with sincerity and love.

Miss Dolly Friendly, who had too much sense to engage in the battle for the sake of an apple, and who was provoked to strike a blow only for friendship's sake, easily saw the truth of what Miss Jenny said; and was therefore presently convinced, that the best part she could have acted for her friend, would have been withdrawing her from the scuffle.

A SCENE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP, QUITE THE REVERSE OF THE BATTLE, WHEREIN ARE SHOWN THE DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF LOVE AND GOODNESS FROM THOSE ATTENDING ANGER, STRIFE, AND WICKEDNESS : WITH THE LIFE OF MISS JENNY PEACE.

After Miss Jenny had completed the good work of making all her companions friends, she drew them round her in a little arbour, in that very garden which had been the scene of their strife, and consequently of their misery ; and then spoke to them the following speech ; which she delivered in so mild a voice, that it was sufficient to charm her hearers into attention, and to persuade them to be led by her advice, and to follow her example in the paths of goodness.

‘My dear friends and school-fellows, you cannot imagine the happiness it gives me to see you thus all so heartily reconciled. You will find the joyful fruits of it. Nothing can show so much sense as thus to own yourselves in fault ; for could anything have been so foolish as to spend all your time in misery, rather than at once to make use of the power you have of making yourselves happy ? Now if you will use as many endeavours to love as you have hitherto done to hate each other, you will find that every one amongst you, whenever you have anything given you, will have double, nay, I may say eight times (as there are eight of you) the pleasure, in considering that your companions are happy. What is the end of quarrels, but that everyone is fretted and vexed, and no one gains anything ? Whereas by endeavouring to please and love each other, the end is happiness to ourselves, and joy to everyone around us. I am sure, if you will speak the truth, none of you have been so easy since you quarrelled, as you are now you are reconciled. Answer me honestly, if this is not truth.

Here Miss Jenny was silent, and waited for an answer. But the poor girls, who had in them the seeds of goodwill to each other, although those seeds were choked and overrun with the weeds of envy and pride ; as in a garden the finest strawberries will be spoiled by rank weeds, if care is not taken to root them out ; these poor girls, I say, now struck with the force of truth, and sorry for what they had

done, let drop some tears, which trickled down their cheeks, and were signs of meekness, and sorrow for their fault. Not like those tears which burst from their swollen eyes, when anger and hatred choked their words, and their proud hearts laboured with stubbornness and folly; when their skins reddened, and all their features were changed and distorted by the violence of passion, which made them frightful to the beholders, and miserable to themselves:—No! far other cause had they now for tears, and far different were the tears they shed; their eyes, melted with sorrow for their faults, let fall some drops, as tokens of their repentance; but, as soon as they could recover themselves to speak, they all with one voice cried out, ‘Indeed, Miss Jenny, we are sorry for our fault, and will follow your advice; which we now see is owing to your goodness.’

Miss Jenny now produced a basket of apples, which she had purchased out of the little pocket-money she was allowed, in order to prove, that the same things may be a pleasure or a pain, according as the persons, to whom they are given, are good or bad.

These she placed in the midst of her companions, and desired them to eat and enjoy themselves; and now they were so changed, that each helped her next neighbour before she would touch any for herself; and the moment they were grown thus goodnatured and friendly, they were as well-bred, and as polite, as it is possible to describe.

Miss Jenny’s joy was inexpressible, that she had caused this happy change; nor less was the joy of her companions, who now began to taste pleasures, from which their animosity to each other had hitherto debarred them. They all sat looking pleased on their companions; their faces borrowed beauty from the calmness and goodness of their minds; and all those ugly frowns, and all that ill-natured sourness, which when they were angry and cross were but too plain in their faces, were now entirely fled; jessamine and honey-suckles surrounded their seats, and played round their heads, of which they gathered nosegays to present each other with. They now enjoyed all the pleasure and happiness that attend those who are innocent and good.

Miss Jenny, with her heart overflowing with joy at this happy change, said, 'Now, my dear companions, that you may be convinced what I have said and done was not occasioned by any desire of proving myself wiser than you, as Miss Sukey hinted while she was yet in her anger, I will, if you please, relate to you the history of my past life; by which you will see in what manner I came by this way of thinking; and as you will perceive it was chiefly owing to the instructions of a kind mamma, you may all likewise reap the same advantage under good Mrs. Teachum, if you will obey her commands, and attend to her precepts. And after I have given you the particulars of my life, I must beg that every one of you will, some day or other, when you have reflected upon it, declare all that you can remember of your own; for, should you not be able to relate anything worth remembering as an example, yet there is nothing more likely to amend the future part of anyone's life, than the recollecting and confessing the faults of the past.'

All our little company highly approved of Miss Jenny's proposal, and promised, in their turns, to relate their own lives; and Miss Polly Suckling cried out, 'Yes indeed, Miss Jenny, I'll tell all when it comes to my turn; so pray begin, for I long to hear what you did, when you was no bigger than I am now.' Miss Jenny then kissed little Polly, and said she would instantly begin.

But as in the reading of any one's story, it is an additional pleasure to have some acquaintance with their persons; and as I delight in giving my little readers every pleasure that is in my power; I shall endeavour, as justly as I can, by description, to set before their eyes the picture of this good young creature: and the same of every one of our young company, as they begin their lives.

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS JENNY PEACE.

Miss Jenny Peace was just turned of fourteen, and could be called neither tall nor short of her age; but her whole person was the most agreeable that can be imagined. She had an exceeding fine complexion, with as much colour in her cheeks as is the natural effect of perfect health. Her

hair was light brown, and curled in so regular and yet easy a manner, as never to want any assistance from art. Her eyebrows (which were not of that correct turn as to look as if they were drawn with a pencil) and her eyelashes were both darker than her hair; and the latter being very long, gave such a shade to her eyes as made them often mistaken for black, though they were only a dark hazel. To give any description of her eyes beyond the colour and size, which was perfectly the medium, would be impossible; except by saying, they were expressive of every thing that is amiable and good; for through them might be read every single thought of the mind; from whence they had such a brightness and cheerfulness, as seemed to cast a lustre over her whole face. She had fine teeth, and a mouth answering to the most correct rules of beauty; and when she spoke (though you were at too great a distance to hear what she said) there appeared so much sweetness, mildness, modesty and goodnature, that you found yourself filled more with pleasure than admiration in beholding her. The delight which everyone took in looking on Miss Jenny was evident in this, that though Miss Sukey Jennet and Miss Patty Lockit were both what may be called handsomer girls; and if you asked any persons in company their opinion, they would tell you so; yet their eyes were a direct contradiction to their tongues, by being continually fixed on Miss Jenny; for, while she was in the room, it was impossible to fix them anywhere else. She had a natural ease and gentility in her shape; and all her motions were more pleasing, though less striking than what is commonly acquired by the instruction of dancing masters.

Such was the agreeable person of Miss Jenny Peace, who, in her usual obliging manner, and with an air pleasing beyond my power to express, at the request of her companions began to relate the history of her life, as follows:

THE LIFE OF MISS JENNY PEACE.

‘My father dying when I was but half a year old, I was left to the care of my mamma, who was the best woman in the world, and to whose memory I shall ever pay the most

grateful honour. From the time she had any children, she made it the whole study of her life to promote their welfare, and form their minds in the manner she thought would best answer her purpose of making them both good and happy; for it was her constant maxim, that goodness and happiness dwelt in the same bosoms, and were generally found to live so much together, that they could not easily be separated.

‘My mother had six children born alive; but could preserve none beyond the first year, except my brother, Harry Peace, and myself. She made it one of her chief cares to cultivate and preserve the most perfect love and harmony between us. My brother is but a twelvemonth older than I; so that, till I was six years old (for seven was the age in which he was sent to school) he remained at home with me; in which time we often had little childish quarrels; but my mother always took care to convince us of our error in wrangling and fighting about nothing, and to teach us how much more pleasure we enjoyed whilst we agreed. She showed no partiality to either, but endeavoured to make us equal in all things, any otherwise than that she taught me I owed a respect to my brother as the eldest.

‘Before my brother went to school, we had set hours appointed us, in which we regularly attended to learn whatever was thought necessary for our improvement; my mamma herself daily watching the opening of our minds, and taking great care to instruct us in what manner to make the best use of the knowledge we attained. Whatever we read she explained to us, and made us understand, that we might be the better for our lessons. When we were capable of thinking, we made it so much a rule to obey our parent, the moment she signified her pleasure, that by that means we avoided many accidents and misfortunes; for example: my brother was running one day giddily round the brink of a well; and if he had made the least false step, he must have fallen to the bottom, and been drowned; my mamma, by a sign with her finger that called him to her, preserved him from the imminent danger he was in of losing his life; and then she took care that we should both be the better for this little incident, by laying before us how much our

safety and happiness, as well as our duty, were concerned in being obedient.

‘My brother and I once had a quarrel about something as trifling as your apple of contention; and, though we both heartily wished to be reconciled to each other, yet did our little hearts swell so much with stubbornness and pride, that neither of us would speak first; by which means we were so silly as to be both uneasy, and yet would not use the remedy that was in our own power to remove that uneasiness. My mamma found it out, and sent for me into her closet, and said, “She was sorry to see her instructions had no better effect on me; for,” continued she, “indeed, Jenny, I am ashamed of your folly, as well as wickedness, in thus contending with your brother.” A tear, which I believe flowed from shame, started from my eyes at this reproof; and I fixed them on the ground, being too much overwhelmed with confusion to dare to lift them up on my mamma. On which she kindly said, “She hoped my confusion was a sign of my amendment. That she might indeed have used another method, by commanding me to seek a reconciliation with my brother; for she did not imagine I was already so far gone in perverseness, as not to hold her commands as inviolable; but she was willing, for my good, first to convince me of my folly.” As soon as my confusion would give me leave to speak, on my knees I gave her a thousand thanks for her goodness, and went immediately to seek my brother. He joyfully embraced the first opportunity of being reconciled to me; and this was one of the pleasantest hours of my life. This quarrel happened when my brother came home at a breaking-up, and I was nine years old.

‘My mamma’s principal care was to keep up a perfect amity between me and my brother. I remember once, when Harry and I were playing in the fields, there was a small rivulet stopped me in my way. My brother, being nimbler and better able to jump than myself, with one spring leaped over, and left me on the other side of it; but seeing me uneasy that I could not get over to him, his goodnature prompted him to come back and to assist me;

and, by the help of his hand, I easily passed over. On this my good mamma bid me remember how much my brother's superior strength might assist me in his being my protector; and that I ought in return to use my utmost endeavours to oblige him; and that then we should be mutual assistants to each other throughout life. Thus everything that passed was made use of to improve my understanding and amend my heart.

'I believe no child ever spent her time more agreeably than I did; for I not only enjoyed my own pleasures, but also those of others. And when my brother was carried abroad, and I was left at home, that *he* was pleased, made me full amends for the loss of any diversion. The contentions between us (where our parent's commands did not interfere) were always exerted in endeavours each to prefer the other's pleasures to our own. My mind was easy and free from anxiety; for as I always took care to speak truth, I had nothing to conceal from my mamma, and consequently had never any fears of being found in a lie. For one lie obliges us to tell a thousand others to conceal it; and I have no notion of any conditions being so miserable, as to live in a continual fear of detection. Most particularly, my mamma instructed me to beware of all sorts of deceit; so that I was accustomed, not only in words to speak truth, but also not to endeavour by any means to deceive.

'But though the friendship between my brother and me was so strongly cultivated, yet we were taught, that lying for each other, or praising each other when it was not deserved, was not only a fault, but a very great crime; for this, my mamma used to tell us, was not love, but hatred; as it was encouraging one another in folly and wickedness. And though my natural disposition inclined me to be very tender of everything in my power, yet was I not suffered to give way even to *this* in an unreasonable degree. One instance of which I remember.

'When I was about eleven years old, I had a cat that I had bred up from a little kitten, that used to play round me, till I had indulged for the poor animal a fondness that made me delight to have it continually with me wherever I went; and, in return for my indulgence, the cat seemed to

have changed its nature, and assumed the manner that more properly belongs to dogs than cats; for it would follow me about the house and gardens, mourn for my absence, and rejoice at my presence. And, what was very remarkable, the poor animal would, when fed by my hand, lose that caution which cats are known to be possessed of, and eat whatever I gave it, as if it could reflect that I meant only its good, and no harm could come from me.

‘I was at last so accustomed to see this little Frisk (for so I called it) playing round me, that I seemed to miss part of myself in its absence. But one day the poor little creature followed me to the door; when a parcel of schoolboys coming by, one of them caught her up in his arms, and ran away with her. All my cries were to no purpose; for he was out of sight with her in a moment, and there was no method to trace his steps. The cruel wretches, for sport, as they called it, hunted it the next day from one to the other, in the most barbarous manner; till at last it took shelter in that house that used to be its protection, and came and expired at my feet.

‘I was so struck with the sight of the little animal dying in that manner, that the great grief of my heart overflowed at my eyes, and I was for some time inconsolable.

‘My indulgent mamma comforted without blaming me, till she thought I had sufficient time to vent my grief; and then, sending for me into her chamber, spoke as follows:

‘“Jenny, I have watched you ever since the death of your little favourite cat; and have been in hopes daily, that your lamenting and melancholy on that account would be at an end. But I find you still persist in grieving, as if such a loss was irreparable. Now, though I have always encouraged you in all sentiments of goodnature and compassion; and am sensible, that where those sentiments are strongly implanted, they will extend their influence even to the least animal; yet you are to consider, my child, that you are not to give way to any passions that interfere with your duty; for whenever there is any contention between your duty and your inclinations, you must conquer the latter, or become wicked and contemptible. If, therefore,

you give way to this melancholy, how will you be able to perform your duty towards me, in cheerfully obeying my commands, and endeavouring, by your lively prattle and innocent gaiety of heart, to be my companion and delight ! Nor will you be fit to converse with your brother, whom (as you lost your good papa when you were too young to know that loss) I have endeavoured to educate in such a manner, that I hope he will be a father to you, if you deserve his love and protection. In short, if you do not keep command enough of yourself to prevent being ruffled by every accident, you will be unfit for all the social offices of life, and be despised by all those whose regard and love are worth your seeking. I treat you, my girl, as capable of considering what is for your own good ; for though you are but eleven years of age, yet I hope the pains I have taken in explaining all you read, and in answering all your questions in search of knowledge, has not been so much thrown away, but that you are more capable of judging, than those unhappy children are, whose parents have neglected to instruct them. And therefore, farther to enforce what I say, remember, that repining at any accident that happens to you, is an offence to that God to whom I have taught you daily to pray for all the blessings you can receive, and to whom you are to return humble thanks for every blessing.

“ I expect therefore, Jenny, that you now dry up your tears, and resume your usual cheerfulness. I do not doubt but your obedience to me will make you at least put on the appearance of cheerfulness in my sight. But you will deceive yourself, if you think that is performing your duty ; for if you would obey me as you ought, you must try heartily to root from your mind all sorrow and gloominess. You may depend upon it, this command is in your power to obey ; for you know I never require anything of you that is impossible ”

‘ After my mamma had made this speech, she went out to take a walk in the garden, and left me to consider of what she had said.

‘ The moment I came to reflect seriously, I found it was indeed in my power to root all melancholy from my heart,

when I considered it was necessary, in order to perform my duty to God, to obey the best of mothers, and to make myself a blessing and a cheerful companion to her, rather than a burden, and the cause of her uneasiness, by my foolish melancholy.

‘This little accident, as managed by my mamma, has been a lesson to me in governing my passions ever since.

‘It would be endless to repeat all the methods this good mother invented for my instruction, amendment, and improvement. It is sufficient to acquaint you, that she contrived that every new day should open to me some new scene of knowledge; and no girl could be happier than I was during her life. But, alas! when I was thirteen years of age, the scene changed. My dear mamma was taken ill of a scarlet fever. I attended her day and night whilst she lay ill, my eyes starting with tears to see her in that condition; and yet I did not dare to give my sorrows vent, for fear of increasing her pain.’

Here a trickling tear stole from Miss Jenny’s eyes. She suppressed some rising sobs that interrupted her speech, and was about to proceed in her story, when, casting her eyes on her companions, she saw her sorrow had such an effect upon them all, that there was not one of her hearers who could refrain from shedding a sympathising tear. She therefore thought it was more strictly following her mamma’s precepts to pass this part of her story in silence, rather than to grieve her friends; and having wiped away her tears, she hastened to conclude her story; which she did as follows:

‘After my mamma’s death, my Aunt Newman, my father’s sister, took the care of me; but being obliged to go to Jamaica, to settle some affairs relating to an estate she is possessed of there, she took with her my Cousin Harriet, her only daughter, and left me under the care of good Mrs. Teachum till her return. And since I have been here, you all know as much of my history as I do myself.’

As Miss Jenny spoke these words, the bell summoned them to supper, and to the presence of their governess, who

having narrowly watched their looks ever since the fray, had hitherto plainly perceived, that though they did not dare to break out again into an open quarrel, yet their hearts had still harboured unkind thoughts of one another. She was surprised *now*, as she stood at a window in the hall that overlooked the garden, to see all her scholars walk towards her hand in hand, with such cheerful countenances, as plainly showed their inward good humour. And as she thought proper to mention to them her pleasure in seeing them thus altered, Miss Jenny Peace related to her governess all that had passed in the arbour, with their general reconciliation. Mrs. Teachum gave Miss Jenny all the applause due to her goodness, saying, 'She herself had only waited a little while, to see if their anger would subside, and love take its place in their bosoms, without her interfering again; for *that* she certainly should otherwise have done, to have brought about what Miss Jenny had so happily effected.'

Miss Jenny thanked her governess for her kind approbation, and said, 'That if she would give them leave, she would spend what time she was pleased to allow them from school in this little arbour, in reading stories, and such things as she should think a proper and innocent amusement.'

Mrs. Teachum not only gave leave, but very much approved of this proposal; and desired Miss Jenny, as a reward for what she had already done, to preside over these diversions, and to give her an account in what manner they proceeded. Miss Jenny promised in all things to be guided by good Mrs. Teachum. And now, soon after supper, they retired to rest, free from those uneasy passions which used to prevent their quiet; and as they had passed the day in pleasure, at night they sunk in soft and sweet repose.

MONDAY.

THE FIRST DAY AFTER THEIR REPENTANCE; AND, CONSEQUENTLY,
THE FIRST DAY OF THE HAPPINESS OF MISS JENNY PEACE AND
HER COMPANIONS.

EARLY in the morning, as soon as Miss Jenny arose, all her companions flocked round her; for they now looked on

her as the best friend they had in the world; and they agreed, when they came out of school, to adjourn into their arbour, and divert themselves till dinner-time; which they accordingly did. When Miss Jenny proposed, if it was agreeable to them to hear it, to read them a story which she had put in her pocket for that purpose; and as they now began to look upon her as the most proper person to direct them in their amusements, they all replied, 'What was most agreeable to her would please them best.' She then began to read the following story, with which we shall open their first day's amusement.

THE STORY OF THE CRUEL GIANT BARBARICO, THE GOOD GIANT BENEFICO, AND THE LITTLE PRETTY DWARF MIGNON.

A great many hundred years ago, the mountains of Wales were inhabited by two giants; one of whom was the terror of all his neighbours and the plague of the whole country. He greatly exceeded the size of any giant recorded in history; and his eyes looked so fierce and terrible, that they frightened all who were so unhappy as to behold them.

The name of this *enormous wretch* was Barbarico. A name which filled all who heard it with fear and astonishment. The whole delight of this monster's life was in acts of inhumanity and mischief; and he was the most miserable as well as the most wicked creature that ever yet was born. He had no sooner committed one outrage, but he was in agonies till he could commit another; never satisfied, unless he could find an opportunity of either torturing or devouring some innocent creature. And whenever he happened to be disappointed in any of his malicious purposes, he would stretch his immense bulk on the top of some high mountain, and groan, and beat the earth, and bellow with such a hollow voice, that the whole country heard and trembled at the sound.

The other giant, whose name was Benefico, was not so tall and bulky as the *hideous* Barbarico. He was handsome, well proportioned, and of a very goodnatured turn of mind. His delight was no less in acts of goodness and benevolence than the other's was in cruelty and mischief. His constant care was to endeavour if possible to repair the injuries

committed by this horrid tyrant, which he had sometimes an opportunity of doing; for though Barbarico was much larger and stronger than Benefico, yet his coward mind was afraid to engage with him, and always shunned a meeting; leaving the pursuit of any prey, if he himself was pursued by Benefico: nor could the good Benefico trust farther to this coward spirit of his base adversary, than only to make the horrid creature fly; for he well knew that a close engagement might make him desperate; and fatal to himself might be the consequence of such a brutal desperation; therefore he prudently declined any attempt to destroy this cruel monster, till he should gain some sure advantage over him.

It happened on a certain day, that as the *inhuman* Barbarico was prowling along the side of a craggy mountain overgrown with brambles and briery thickets, taking most horrid strides, rolling his ghastly eyes around in quest of human blood, and having his breast tortured with inward rage and grief, that he had been so unhappy as to live one whole day without some act of violence, he beheld, in a pleasant valley at a distance, a little rivulet winding its gentle course through rows of willows mixed with flowery shrubs. Hither the giant hasted; and being arrived, he gazed about to see if in this sweet retirement any were so unhappy as to fall within his power; but finding none, the disappointment set him in a flame of rage, which, burning like an inward furnace, parched his throat. And now he laid him down on the bank, to try if in the cool stream, that murmured as it flowed, he could assuage or slack the fiery thirst that burnt within him.

He bent him down to drink; and at the same time casting his baleful eyes towards the opposite side, he discovered within a little natural arbour formed by the branches of a spreading tree, within the meadow's flowery lawn, the shepherd Fidus and his loved Amata.

The *gloomy tyrant* no sooner perceived this happy pair, than his heart exulted with joy; and, suddenly leaping up on the ground, he forgot his thirst, and left the stream untasted. He stood for a short space to view them in their sweet retirement; and was soon convinced that, in the

innocent enjoyment of reciprocal affection, their happiness was complete. His eyes, inflamed with envy to behold such bliss, darted a fearful glare; and his breast swelling with malice and envenomed rage, he with gigantic pace approached their peaceful seat.

The happy Fidus was at that time busy in entertaining his loved Amata with a song which he had that very morning composed in praise of constancy; and the giant was now within one stride of them, when Amata, perceiving him, cried out in a trembling voice, 'Fly, Fidus, fly, or we are lost for ever; we are pursued by the hateful Barbarico!' She had scarce uttered these words, when the savage tyrant seized them by the waist in either hand, and holding them up to his nearer view, thus said: 'Speak, miscreants; and, if you would avoid immediate death, tell me who you are, and whence arises that tranquillity of mind, which even at a distance was visible in your behaviour.'

Poor Fidus, with looks that would have melted the hardest heart, innocently replied, 'that they were wandering that way without designing offence to any creature on earth. That they were faithful lovers; and, with the consent of all their friends and relations, were soon to be married; therefore he entreated him not to part them.

The giant now no sooner perceived, from the last words of the affrighted youth, what was most likely to give them the greatest torment, than with a spiteful grin which made his horrible face yet more horrible, and in a hollow voice, as loud as thunder, he tauntingly cried out, 'Ho, hoh! You'd not be parted, would you? For once I'll gratify thy will, and thou shalt follow this thy whimpering fondling down my capacious maw.' So saying, he turned his ghastly visage on the trembling Amata who, being now no longer able to support herself under his cruel threats, fainted away, and remained in his hand but as a lifeless corpse. When lifting up his eyes towards the hill on the opposite side, he beheld Benefico coming hastily towards him. This good giant having been that morning informed that Barbarico was roaming in the mountains after prey, left his peaceful castle, in hopes of giving protection to whatever unfortunate

creature should fall into the clutches of this so cruel a monster.

Barbarico, at the sight of the friendly Benefico, started with fear ; for although in bulk and stature he was, as we have said, the superior : yet that cowardice, which ever accompanies wickedness, now wrought in him in such a manner that he could not bear to confront him, well knowing the courage and fortitude that always attend the good and virtuous ; and therefore instantly putting Fidus into the wallet that hung over his shoulder, he flung the fainting Amata, whom he took to be quite expired, into the stream that ran hard by, and fled to his cave, not daring once to cast his eyes behind him.

The good Benefico perceiving the monster's flight, and not doubting but he had been doing some horrid mischief, immediately hastened to the brook ; where he found the half expiring Amata floating down the stream, for her clothes had yet borne her up on the surface of the water. He speedily stepped in, and drew her out, and taking her in his arms, pressed her to his warm bosom ; and in a short space perceiving in her face the visible marks of returning life, his heart swelled with kind compassion, and he thus bespoke the tender maid : ' Unhappy damsel, lift up thy gentle eyes, and tell me by what hard fate thou hast fallen into the power of that barbarous monster, whose savage nature delights in nothing but ruin and desolation. Tremble not thus, but without fear or terror behold one who joys in the thought of having saved thee from destruction, and will bring thee every comfort his utmost power can procure.

The gentle Amata was now just enough recovered to open her eyes : but finding herself in a giant's arms, and still retaining in her mind the frightful image of the horrid Barbarico, she fetched a deep sigh, crying out in broken accents, ' Fly, Fidus, fly ; ' and again sunk down upon the friendly giant's breast. On hearing these words, and plainly seeing by the anguish of her mind that some settled grief was deeply rooted at her heart, and therefore despairing to bring her to herself immediately, the kind Benefico hastened with her to his hospitable castle ; where every imaginable

assistance was administered to her relief, in order to recover her lost senses, and reconcile her to her wretched fate.

The cruel Barbarico was no sooner arrived at his gloomy cave, than he called to him his little page ; who, trembling to hear the tyrant now again returned, quickly drew near to attend his stern commands : when drawing out of the wallet the poor Fidus, more dead than alive, the monster cried out, ‘ Here, caitiff, take in charge this smoothed-faced miscreant ; and, d’ye hear me ? see that his allowance be no more than one small ounce of mouldy bread and half-a-pint of standing water, for each day’s support, till his now blooming skin be withered, his flesh be wasted from his bones, and he dwindle to a meagre skeleton.’ So saying he left them, as he hoped, to bewail each other’s sad condition. But the unhappy Fidus, bereft of his Amata, was not to be appalled by any of the most horrid threats ; for now his only comfort was the hopes of a speedy end to his miserable life, and to find a refuge from his misfortunes in the peaceful grave. With this reflection the faithful Fidus was endeavouring to calm the inward troubles of his mind, when the little page, with looks of the most tender compassion, and in gentle words, bid him be comforted, and with patience endure his present affliction ; adding that he himself had long suffered the most rigorous fate, yet despaired not but that one day would give them an opportunity to free themselves from the wicked wretch, whose sole delight was in others’ torments. As to his inhuman commands, continued he, I will sooner die than obey them ; and in a mutual friendship perhaps we may find some consolation, even in this dismal cave.

This little page the cruel Barbarico had stolen from his parents at five years old ; ever since which time he had tortured and abused him, till he had now attained the age of one-and-twenty. His mother had given him the name of Mignon ; by which name the monster always called him, as it gratified his insolence to make use of that fond appellation whilst he was abusing him, only when he said Mignon he would in derision add the word Dwarf ; for, to say the truth, Mignon was one of the least men that was ever seen, though

at the same time one of the prettiest: his limbs, though small, were exactly proportioned; his countenance was at once sprightly and soft; and whatever his head thought, or his heart felt, his eyes by their looks expressed; and his temper was as sweet as his person was amiable. Such was the gentle creature Barbarico chose to torment. For wicked giants, no less than wicked men and women, are constantly tormented at the appearance of those perfections in another, to which they themselves have no pretensions.

The friendship and affection of Fidus and Mignon now every day increased; and the longer they were acquainted, the more delight they took in each other's company. The faithful Fidus related to his companion the story of his loved Amata, whilst the tender Mignon consoled his friend's inward sorrows, and supplied him with necessaries, notwithstanding the venture he run of the cruel tyrant's heavy displeasure. The giant ceased not every day to view the hapless Fidus, to see if the cruelty of his intentions had in any degree wrought its desired effect; but perceiving in him no alteration, he now began to be suspicious that the little Mignon had not punctually obeyed his savage command. In order therefore to satisfy his wicked curiosity, he resolved within himself narrowly to watch every occasion these poor unhappy captives had of conversing with each other. Mignon, well knowing the implacable and revengeful disposition of this barbarous tyrant, had taken all the precautions imaginable to avoid discovery; and therefore generally sought every opportunity of being alone with Fidus, and carrying him his daily provisions at those hours he knew the giant was most likely to be asleep.

It so befel that, on a certain day, the wicked giant had, as was his usual custom, been abroad for many hours in search of some unhappy creature on whom to glut his hateful inhumanity; when, tired with fruitless roaming, he returned to his gloomy cave, beguiled of all his horrid purposes; for he had not once that day espied so much as the track of man, or other harmless animal, to give him hopes even to gratify his rage or cruelty; but now raving with inward torment and despair, he laid him down upon his iron couch, to try if

he could close his eyes and quiet the tumultuous passions of his breast. He tossed and tumbled and could get no rest, starting with fearful dreams, and horrid visions of tormenting furies.

Meanwhile the gentle Mignon had prepared a little delicate repast, and having seen the monster lay himself at length, and thinking now that a fit occasion offered in which to comfort and refresh his long expecting friend, was hastening with it to the cell where the faithful Fidus was confined. At this fatal moment the giant, rearing himself up on his couch, perceived the little Mignon just at the entrance of the cell; when calling to him in a hollow voice, that dismally resounded through the cave, he so startled the poor unhappy page, that he dropped the cover from his trembling hand and stood fixed and motionless as a statue.

Come hither, Mignon, caitiff, dwarf, said then the taunting homicide: but the poor little creature was so thunderstruck he was quite unable to stir one foot. Whereat the giant, rousing himself from off his couch, with one huge stride reached out his brawny arm, and seized him by the waist; and, pointing to the scattered delicacies, cried out, 'Vile miscreant! is it thus thou hast obeyed my orders? Is this the mouldy bread and muddy water, with which alone it was my command thou shouldst sustain that puny mortal? But I'll'—here raising him aloft, he was about to dash him to the ground, when suddenly revolving in his wicked thoughts, that if at once he should destroy his patient slave, his cruelty to him must also have an end, he paused—and then recovering, he stretched out his arm, and bringing the little trembler near his glaring eyes, he thus subjoins: 'No; I'll not destroy thy wretched life; but thou shalt waste thy weary days in a dark dungeon, as far remote from the least dawn of light as from thy loved companion. And I myself will carefully supply you both so equally with mouldy bread and water, that each by his own sufferings shall daily know what his dear friend endures.' So saying, he hastened with him to his deepest dungeon; and having thrust him in, he doubly barred the iron door. And now again retiring to his couch, this new wrought mischief, which greatly gratified his

raging mind, soon sunk him down into a sound and heavy sleep. The reason this horrid monster had not long ago devoured his little captive (for he thought him a delicious morsel) was, that he might never want an object at hand to gratify his cruelty. For though extremely great was his voracious hunger, yet greater still was his desire of tormenting; and oftentimes when he had teased, beat, and tortured the poor gentle Mignon, so as to force from him tears, and sometimes a soft complaint, he would, with a malicious sneer, scornfully reproach him in the following words: 'Little does it avail to whine, to blubber, or complain; for, remember, abject wretch,

I am a giant, and I can eat thee:
Thou art a dwarf, and thou canst not eat me.'

When Mignon was thus alone, he threw himself on the cold ground bemoaning his unhappy fate. However, he soon recollected that patience and resignation were his only succour in this distressful condition; not doubting but that, as goodness cannot always suffer, he should in time meet with some unforeseen deliverance from the savage power of the inhuman Barbarico.

Whilst the gentle Mignon was endeavouring to comfort himself in his dungeon with these good reflections, he suddenly perceived, at a little distance from him, a small glimmering light. Immediately he rose from the ground, and going towards it, found that it shone through a little door that had been left ajar, which led him to a spacious hall, wherein the giant hoarded his immense treasures. Mignon was at first dazzled with the lustre of so much gold and silver, and sparkling jewels as were there heaped together. But casting his eyes on a statue that was placed in the middle of the room, he read on the pedestal, written in very small letters, the following verses:—

Wouldst thou from the rage be free
Of the tyrant's tyranny,
Loose the fillet which is bound
Twice three times my brows around;
Bolts and bars shall open fly,
By a magic sympathy.

Take him in his sleeping hour ;
Bind his neck and break his pow'r.
Patience bids make no delay :
Haste to bind him, haste away.

Mignon's little heart now leapt for joy, that he had found the means of such a speedy deliverance ; and eagerly climbing up the statue, he quickly unbound the magic fillet ; which was no sooner done, but suddenly the bolts and bars of the brazen gates through which the giant used to pass to this his treasury, were all unloosed, and the folding-doors of their own accord flew open, grating harsh thunder on their massy hinges. At the same instant, stretched on his iron couch in the room adjoining to the hall, the giant gave a deadly groan. Here again the little Mignon's trembling heart began to fail ; for he feared the monster was awakened by the noise, and that he should now suffer the cruellest torments his wicked malice could invent. Wherefore for a short space he remained clinging round the statue, till he perceived that all again was hushed and silent, when, getting down, he gently stole into the giant's chamber, where he found him still in a profound sleep.

But here, to the great mortification of Miss Jenny's attentive hearers, the hour of entertaining themselves being at an end, they were obliged to leave the poor little Mignon in the greatest distress and fright lest the giant should awake before he could fulfil the commands of the oracle, and to wait for the remainder of the story till another opportunity.

In the evening, as soon as school was over, the little company again met in their arbour, and nothing could be greater than their impatience to hear the event of Mignon's hazardous undertaking. Miss Dolly Friendly said that if the poor little creature was destroyed, she should not sleep that night. But they all joined in entreating Miss Jenny to proceed ; which she did in the following manner :

A CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF THE GIANTS.

Now, thought Mignon, is the lucky moment to fulfil the instructions of the oracle. And then cautiously getting up

the side of the couch, with trembling hands he put the fillet round the monster's neck, and tied it firmly in a three-fold knot ; and again softly creeping down, he retired into a corner of the room to wait the wished event. In a few minutes the giant waked ; and opening his enormous eyes, he glared their horrid orbs around (but without the least motion of his head or body) and spied the little Mignon where he lay, close shrinking to avoid his baleful sight.

The giant no sooner perceived his little page at liberty, but his heart sorely smote him, and he began to suspect the worst that could befall ; for, recollecting that he had carelessly left open the little door leading from the dungeon to the great hall, wherein was placed the fatal magic statue, he was now entirely convinced that Mignon had discovered the secret charm on which his power depended ; for he already found the magic of the fillet round his neck fully to operate, his sinews all relax, his joints all tremble ; and when he would by his own hand have tried to free himself, his shivering limbs he found refused obedience to their office. Thus bereft of all his strength, and well nigh motionless, in this extremity of impotence he cast about within himself by what sly fraud (for fraud and subtlety were now his only refuge) he best might work upon the gentle Mignon to lend his kind assistance to unloose him. Wherefore with guileful words and seeming courtesy, still striving to conceal his curst condition, he thus bespake his little captive :

‘Come hither Mignon ; my pretty gentle boy, come near me. This fillet thou hast bound around my neck, to keep me from the cold, gives me some pain. I know thy gentle nature will not let thee see thy tender master in the least uneasiness, without affording him thy cheerful aid and kind relief. Come hither, my dear child, I say, and loose the knot which in thy kind concern (I thank thee for thy care) thou hast tied so hard, it somewhat frets my neck.’

These words the insidious wretch uttered in such a low trembling tone of voice, and with such an affectation of tenderness, that the little page, who had never before experienced from him any such kind of dialect, and but too well knew his savage nature to believe that any thing but guile

or want of power could move him to the least friendly speech, or kind affection, began now strongly to be persuaded that all was as he wished, and that the power of the inhuman tyrant was at an end. He knew full well, that if the giant had not lost the ability of rising from the couch, he should ere now too sensibly have felt the sad effects of his malicious resentment, and therefore boldly adventured to approach him, and coming near the couch, and finding not the least effort in the monster to reach him, and from thence quite satisfied of the giant's total incapacity of doing farther mischief, he flew with raptures to the cell where Fidus lay confined.

Poor Fidus all this time was quite disconsolate; nor could he guess the cause why his little friend so long had kept away; one while he thought the giant's stern commands had streightened him of all subsistence; another while his heart misgave him for his gentle friend, lest unawares his kind beneficence towards him had caused him to fall a sacrifice to the tyrant's cruel resentment. With these and many other like reflections the unhappy youth was busied, when Mignon, suddenly unbarred the cell, flew to his friend, and eagerly embraced him, cried out, 'Come Fidus, haste, my dearest friend; for thou and all of us are from this moment free. Come and behold the cruel monster, where he lies, bereft of all his strength. I cannot stay to tell thee now the cause; but haste, and thou shall see the dreadful tyrant stretched on his iron couch, deprived of all his wicked power. But first let us unbar each cell, wherein is pent some wretched captive, that we may share a general transport for this our glad deliverance.'

The faithful Fidus, whose heart had known but little joy since he had lost his loved Amata, now felt a dawning hope that he might once more chance to find her, if she had survived their fatal separation; and, without one word of answer, he followed Mignon to the several cells, and soon released all the astonished captives.

Mignon first carried them to behold their former terror, now, to appearance, almost a lifeless corpse; who on seeing them all surround his couch, gave a most hideous roar,

which made them tremble, all but the gentle Mignon, who was convinced of the impotence of his rage, and begged them to give him their attendance in the hall; where they were no sooner assembled than he showed them the statue, read them the oracle, and told them every circumstance before related.

They now began to bethink themselves of what method was to be taken to procure their entire liberty; for the influence of the magic fillet extended only to the gates of the hall; and still they remained imprisoned within the dismal cave; and though they knew from the oracle, as well as from what appeared, that the monster's power was at an end, yet still were they to seek the means of their escape from this his horrid abode. At length Mignon again ascended the couch to find the massy key, and spying one end of it peep out from under the pillow, he called to Fidus, who first stepped up to his friend's assistance; the rest by his example quickly followed; and now, by their united force, they dragged the ponderous key from under the monster's head; and then descending they all went to the outer door of the cave, where, with some difficulty, they set wide open the folding iron gates.

They now determined to despatch a messenger to the good Benefico with the news, which they knew would be so welcome to him and all his guests, and with one voice agreed that Fidus should bear the joyful tidings; and then returned to observe the monster, and to wait the coming of Benefico. The nimble Fidus soon reached the giant's dwelling, where, at a little distance from the castle, he met the good Benefico with a train of happy friends enjoying the pleasures of the evening, and the instructive and cheerful conversation of their kind protector. Fidus briefly told his errand; and instantly Benefico, with all his train, joyfully hastened to behold the wonders he had related; for now many hearts leapt for joy, in hopes of meeting some friend of whom they had been bereft by the cruelty of the savage Barbarico.

They were not long before they arrived at the horrid cave, where Benefico, proceeding directly to the monster's cham-

ber, suddenly appeared to him at the side of his couch. Barbarico, on seeing him, gave a hideous yell, and rolled his glaring eyes in such a manner as expressed the height of rage and envious bitterness.

Benefico, turning to all the company present, thus spoke, 'How shall I enough praise and admire the gentle Mignon for having put in my power to do justice on this execrable wretch, and freeing you all from an insufferable slavery, and the whole country from their terror?' Then reaching the monster's own sword, which hung over his couch, his hand yet suspended over the impious tyrant, he thus said, 'Speak, wretch, if yet the power of speech is left thee; and with thy latest breath declare, what advantage hast thou found of all thy wicked life.'

Barbarico well knew that too bad had been that life, to leave the least room for hope of mercy; and therefore, instead of an answer, he gave another hideous yell, gnashing his horrid teeth, and again rolling his ghastly eyes on all around.

Benefico seeing him thus impenitent and sullen, lifted on high the mighty sword, and with one blow severed his odious head from his enormous body.

The whole assembly gave a shout for joy; and Benefico holding in his hand the monster's yet grinning head, thus addressed his half-astonished companions: 'See here, my friends, the proper conclusion of a rapacious cruel life. But let us hasten from this monster's gloomy cave; and on the top of one of our highest mountains, fixed on a pole, will I set up this joyful spectacle, that all the country round may know themselves at liberty to pursue their rural business or amusements, without the dread of any annoyance from a devouring vile tormentor. And when his treasures, which justly all belong to the good patient Mignon, are removed, we will shut up the mouth of this abominable dwelling; and, the casting on the door a heap of earth, we hope, that both place and the remembrance of this cruel savage may in time be lost.

The sweet little Mignon declared, that he should never think of accepting more than a part of that mighty wealth;

for it was his opinion, that every captive who had suffered by the tyrant's cruelty had an equal right to share in all the advantages of his death; but if they thought he had any just title to those treasures, he begged they might instantly be removed to Benefico's castle; 'for,' continued Mignon, 'he who has already shown how well he knows the true use of power and riches, by employing them for the happiness of others, 'tis he alone who has the just and true claim to them; and I doubt not but you all will willingly consent to this proposal.'

Every one readily cried out, 'that to Benefico, the good Benefico, alone belonged the tyrant's treasures; that Benefico should ever be, as heretofore, their governor, their father, and their kind protector.'

The beneficent heart of the good giant was quite melted with this their kind confidence and dependence upon him, and assured them he should ever regard them as his children. And now, exulting in the general joy that must attend the destruction of this savage monster, when the whole country should find themselves freed from the terror of his rapine and desolation, he sent before to his castle, to give intelligence to all within that happy place of the grim monster's fall, and little Mignon's triumph; giving in charge to the harbinger of these tidings, that it should be his first and chiefest care to glad the gentle bosom of a fair disconsolate (who kept herself retired and pent up within her own apartment) with the knowledge that the inhuman monster was no more; and that henceforth sweet peace and rural innocence might reign in all their woods and groves. The hearts of all within the castle bounded with joy on hearing the report of the inhuman monster's death, and the deliverance of all his captives; and with speedy steps they hastened to meet their kind protector; nor did the melancholy fair one, lest she should seem unthankful for the general blessing, refuse to join the train.

It was not long after the messenger that Benefico and those his joyful friends arrived; but the faithful Fidus alone, of all this happy company, was tortured with the inward pangs of a sad grief he could not conquer, and his fond

heart remained still captivated to a melting sorrow ; nor could even the tender friendship of the gentle Mignon quite remove, though it alleviated his sadness ; but the thoughts of his loved lost Amata embittered every joy, and overwhelmed his generous soul with sorrow.

When the company from the castle joined Benefico, he declared to them in what manner their deliverance was effected ; and as a general shout of joy resounded through the neighbouring mountains, Fidus, lifting up his eyes, beheld in the midst of the multitude, standing in a pensive posture, the fair disconsolate. Her tender heart was at that instant overflowing in soft tears, caused by a kind participation of their present transport, yet mixed with the deep sad impression of a grief her bosom was full fraught with. Her face, at first, was almost hid by her white handkerchief, with which she wiped away the trickling drops, which falling had bedewed her beauteous cheeks ; but as she turned her lovely face to view the joyful conquerors, and to speak a welcome to her kind protector, what words can speak the raptures, the astonishment, that swelled the bosom of the faithful youth, when in this fair disconsolate he saw his loved, his constant, his long lost Amata ! Their delighted eyes in the same instant beheld each other ; and, breaking on each side from their astonished friends, they flew like lightning into each other's arms.

After they had given a short account of what had passed in their separation, Fidus presented to his loved Amata the kind, the gentle Mignon, with lavish praises of his generous friendship and steady resolution, in hazarding his life by disobeying the injunctions of the cruel tyrant. No sooner had Amata heard the name of Mignon, but she cried out, ' Surely my happiness is now complete, and all my sorrows, by this joyful moment, are more than fully recompensed ; for, in the kind preserver of my Fidus, I have found my brother. My mother lost her little Mignon when he was five years old, and pining grief, after some years' vain search, ended her wretched life.'

The generous hearts of all who were present shared the raptures of the faithful Fidus, the lovely Amata, and gentle

Mignon, on this happy discovery; and in the warmest congratulations they expressed their joy.

Benefico now led all the delightful company into his castle, where freedom was publicly proclaimed, and every one was left at liberty either to remain there with Benefico, or, loaded with wealth, sufficient for their use, to go where their attachments or inclinations might invite them.

Fidus, Amata, and the little Mignon hesitated not one moment to declare their choice of staying with the generous Benefico.

The nuptials of the faithful Fidus and his loved Amata were solemnised in the presence of all their friends.

Benefico passed the remainder of his days in pleasing reflections on his well-spent life.

The treasures of the dead tyrant were turned into blessings by the use they were now made of. Little Mignon was loved and cherished by all his companions. Peace, harmony, and love reigned in every bosom; dissension, discord, and hatred were banished from this friendly dwelling; and that happiness, which is the natural consequence of goodness, appeared in every cheerful countenance throughout the castle of the good Benefico; and as heretofore affright and terror spread itself from the monster's hateful cave, so now from this peaceful castle were diffused tranquillity and joy through all the happy country round.

Thus ended the story of the two giants; and Miss Jenny being tired with reading, her little company left the arbour for that night, and agreed to meet there again the next day.

As soon as they had supped, Mrs. Teachum sent for Miss Jenny Peace into her closet, and desired an exact account from her of this their first day's amusement, that she might judge from thence how far they might be trusted with the liberty she had given them.

Miss Jenny showed her governess the story she had read; and said, 'I hope, Madam, you will not think it an improper one; for it was given me by my mamma; and she told me that she thought it contained a very excellent moral.'

Mrs. Teachum having looked it over thus spoke: 'I have

no objection, Miss Jenny, to your reading any stories to amuse you, provided you read them with a disposition of a mind not to be hurt by them. A very good moral may indeed be drawn from the whole, and likewise from almost every part of it; and as you had this story from your mamma, I doubt not but you are very well qualified to make the proper remarks yourself upon the moral of it to your companions. But here let me observe to you (which I would have you communicate to your little friends) that giants, magic, fairies, and all sorts of supernatural assistances in a story, are introduced only to amuse and divert; for a giant is called so only to express a man of great power; and the magic fillet round the statue was intended only to show you, that by patience you will overcome all difficulties. Therefore by no means let the notion of giants or magic dwell upon your minds. And you may further observe that there is a different style adapted to every sort of writing; and the various sounding epithets given to Barbarico are proper to express the raging cruelty of his wicked mind. But neither this high-sounding language, nor the supernatural contrivances in this story, do I so thoroughly approve as to recommend them much to your reading; except, as I said before, great care is taken to prevent your being carried away by these high-flown things, from that simplicity of taste and manners which it is my chief study to inculcate.'

Here Miss Jenny looked a little confounded; and, by her down-cast eye, showed a fear that she had incurred the disapprobation, if not the displeasure, of her governess; upon which Mrs. Teachum thus proceeded:

'I do not intend by this, my dear, to blame you for what you have done; but only to instruct you how to make the best use of even the most trifling things; and if you have any more stories of this kind, with an equally good moral, when you are not better employed, I shall not be against your reading them, always remembering the cautions I have this evening been giving you.'

Miss Jenny thanked her governess for her instructions and kind indulgence to her, and promised to give an exact account of their daily amusements; and taking leave retired to her rest.

TUESDAY.

THE SECOND DAY.

AT Miss Jenny's meeting with her companions in the morning after school, she asked them how they liked the history of the giants. They all declared they thought it a very pretty diverting story. Miss Jenny replied, 'though she was glad they were pleased, yet she would have them look farther than the present amusement; for, continued she, my mamma always taught me to understand what I read: otherwise, she said, it was to no manner of purpose to read ever so many books, which would only stuff my brain without being any improvement to my mind.'

The misses all agreed that certainly it was of no use to read without understanding what they read; and began to talk of the story of the giants to prove they could make just remarks on it.

Miss Sukey Jennet said, 'I am most pleased with that part of the story where the good Benefico cuts off the monster's head, and puts an end to his cruelty, especially as he was so sullen he would not confess his wickedness; because you know, Miss Jenny, if he had sense enough to have owned his error, and have followed the example of the good giant, he might have been happy.'

Miss Lucy Sly delivered the following opinion: 'My greatest joy was whilst Mignon was tying the magic fillet round the monster's neck, and conquering him.'

'Now I (said Miss Dolly Friendly) am most pleased with that part of the story, where Fidus and Amata meet the reward of their constancy and love, when they find each other after all their sufferings.'

Miss Polly Suckling said, with some eagerness, 'My greatest joy was in the description of Mignon; and to think that it should be in the power of that little creature to conquer such a great monster.'

Miss Patty Lockit, Miss Nanny Spruce, Miss Betty Ford, and Miss Henny Fret, advanced no new opinions; but agreed some to one, and some to another, of those that were

already advanced. And as every one was eager to maintain her own opinion, an argument followed, the particulars of which I could never learn; only thus much I know, that it was concluded by Miss Lucy Sly saying, with an air and tone of voice that implied more anger than had been heard since the reconciliation, 'that she was sure Miss Polly Suckling liked that part about Mignon only because she was the least in the school; and Mignon being such a little creature, put her in mind of herself.'

Miss Jenny Peace now began to be frightened lest this contention should raise another quarrel; and therefore begged to be heard before they went any further. They were not yet angry enough to refuse hearing what she had to say; and then Miss Jenny desired them to consider the moral of the story, and what use they might make of it, instead of contending which was the prettiest part; 'for otherwise,' continued she, 'I have lost my breath in reading to you, and you will be worse rather than better for what you have heard. Pray observe that Benefico's happiness arose entirely from his goodness; he had less strength, and less riches, than the cruel monster; and yet, by the good use he made of what he possessed, you see how he turned all things to his advantage. But particularly remember that the good Mignon, in the moment that he was patiently submitting to his sufferings, found a method of relieving himself from them, and of overcoming a barbarous monster who had so cruelly abused him.

'Our good governess last night not only instructed me in this moral I am now communicating to you, but likewise bid me warn you by no means to let the notion of giants or magic dwell upon your minds; for by a giant is meant no more than a man of great power; and the magic fillet round the head of the statue was only intended to teach you, that by the assistance of patience you may overcome all difficulties.

'In order, therefore, to make what you read of any use to you, you must not only think of it thus in general but make the application to yourselves. For when (as now) instead of improving yourselves by reading, you make what you read

a subject to quarrel about, what is this less than being like the monster Barbarico, who turned his very riches to a curse? I am sure it is not following the example of Benefico, who made everything a blessing to him. Remember, if you pinch and abuse a dog or cat, because it is in your power, you are like the cruel monster, when he abused the little Mignon and said,

I am a giant, and I can eat thee ;
Thou art a dwarf, and thou canst not eat me.

‘In short, if you will reap any benefit from this story towards rendering you happy, whenever you have any power, you must follow the example of the giant Benefico, and do good with it ; and when you are under any sufferings like Mignon, you must patiently endure them till you can find a remedy ; then, in one case, like Benefico, you will enjoy what you possess ; and, in the other, you will in time, like Mignon, overcome your sufferings ; for the natural consequence of indulging cruelty and revenge in the mind, even where there is the highest power to gratify it, is misery.’

‘Here Miss Sukey Jennett interrupted Miss Jenny, saying, ‘that she herself had experienced the truth of that observation in the former part of her life ; for she never had known either peace or pleasure till she had conquered in her mind the desire of hurting and being revenged on those who she thought did not, by their behaviour, show the same regard for her that her own good opinion of herself made her think she deserved.’ Miss Jenny then asked her, ‘If she was willing to lead the way to the rest of her companions by telling her past life?’ She answered, ‘she would do it with all her heart ; and, by having so many and great faults to confess, she hoped she should, by her true confessions, set them an example of honesty and ingenuousness.’

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS SUKEY JENNETT.

Miss Sukey Jennet, who was next in years to Miss Jenny Peace was not quite twelve years old ; but so very tall of

her age, that she was within a trifle as tall as Miss Jenny Peace ; and, by growing so fast, was much thinner ; and though she was not really so well made, yet, from an assured air in her manner of carrying herself, she was called much the genteelest girl. There was, on the first view, a great resemblance in their persons. Her face was very handsome, and her complexion extremely good ; but a little more inclined to pale than Miss Jenny's. Her eyes were a degree darker, and had a life and fire in them which was very beautiful ; but yet her impatience on the least contradiction often brought a fierceness into her eyes, and gave such a discomposure to her whole countenance, as immediately took off your admiration. But her eyes had now, since her hearty reconciliation with her companions, lost a great part of their fierceness ; and with great mildness and an obliging manner she told her story as follows :

THE LIFE OF MISS SUKEY JENNETT.

‘My mamma died when I was so young that I cannot remember her ; and, my papa marrying again within a half-a-year after her death, I was chiefly left to the care of an old servant that had lived many years in the family. I was a great favourite of hers, and in everything had my own way. When I was but four years old, if ever anything crossed me, I was taught to beat it, and be revenged of it even though it could not feel. If I fell down and hurt myself, the very ground was to be beat for hurting the sweet child ; so that, instead of fearing to fall, I did not dislike it ; for I was pleased to find that I was of such consequence, that every thing was to take care that I came by no harm.

‘I had a little playfellow in a child of one of my papa's servants, who was to be entirely under my command. This girl I used to abuse and beat whenever I was out of humour ; and when I had abused her, if she dared to grumble, or make the least complaint, I thought it the greatest impudence in the world ; and, instead of mending my behaviour to her, I grew very angry that she should dare to dispute my power ; for my governess always told her

that she was but a servant's girl, and I was a gentleman's daughter; and that therefore she ought to give way to me, for that I did her great honour in playing with her. Thus I thought the distance between us was so great, that I never considered that she could feel; but whilst I myself suffered nothing, I fancied everything was very right; and it never once came into my head that I could be in the wrong.

'This life I led till I came to school, when I was eleven years old. Here I had nobody in my power, for all my school-fellows thought themselves my equals; so that I could only quarrel, fight, and contend for everything; but being liable to be punished, when I was trying to be revenged on any of my enemies as I thought them, I never had a moment's ease or pleasure till Miss Jenny was so good to take the pains to convince me of my folly, and to make me be reconciled to you, my dear companions.'

Here Miss Sukey ceased; and Miss Jenny smiled with pleasure at the thought that she had been the cause of her happiness.

Mrs. Teachum being now come into the arbour, to see in what manner her little scholars passed their time, they all rose up to do her reverence. Miss Jenny gave her an account how they had been employed; and she was much pleased with their innocent and useful entertainment; but especially with the method they had found out of relating their past lives. She took little Polly Suckling by the hand, and bidding the rest follow, it being now dinner-time, she walked towards the house attended by the whole company.

Mrs. Teachum had a great inclination to hear the history of the lives of all her little scholars; but she thought that her presence at those relations might be a balk to the narration, as perhaps they might be ashamed freely to confess their past faults before her; and therefore that she might not be any bar in this case to the freedom of their speech, and yet might be acquainted with their stories (though this was not merely a vain curiosity but a desire, by this means, to know their different dispositions), she called Miss Jenny Peace into her parlour after dinner, and told her, 'she would have

her get the lives of her companions in writing, and bring them to her ;' and Miss Jenny readily promised to obey her commands.

In the evening our little company again met in their charming arbour ; where they were no sooner seated, with that calmness and content which now always attended them, than the cries and sobs of a child, at a little distance from the garden, disturbed their tranquillity.

Miss Jenny, ever ready to relieve the distressed, ran immediately to the place whence the sound seemed to come, and was followed by all her companions. When at a small distance from Mrs. Teachum's garden-wall, over which from the terrace our young company looked, they saw, under a large spreading tree, part of the branches of which shaded a seat at the end of that terrace, a middle-aged woman beating girl, who looked to be about eight years old, so severely that it was no wonder her cries had reached their arbour.

Miss Jenny could not forbear calling out to the woman and begging her to forbear. And little Polly Suckling cried as much as the girl, and desired she might not be beat any more. The woman, in respect to them, let the child go ; but said, ' Indeed, young ladies, you don't know what a naughty girl she is ; for though you now see me correct her in this manner, yet I am in all respects very kind to her, and never strike her but for lying. I have tried all means, good and bad, to break her of this vile fault ; but hitherto all I have done has been in vain ; nor can I ever get one word of truth out of her mouth. But I am resolved to break her of this horrid custom, or I cannot live with her ; for though I am but poor, yet I will breed up my child to be honest both in word and deed.'

Miss Jenny could not but approve of what the poor woman said. However, they all joined in begging forgiveness for the girl this time, provided she promised amendment for the future ; and then our little society returned to their arbour.

Miss Jenny could not help expressing her great detestation of all lying whatsoever ; when Miss Dolly Friendly, colouring, confessed she had often been guilty of this fault, though she never scarcely did it but for her friend.

Here Miss Jenny interrupting her said, 'that even that was no sort of excuse for lying ; besides that the habit of it on any occasion, even with the appearance of a good intention, would but too likely lead to the use of it on many others ; and as she did not doubt, by Miss Dolly's blushing, that she was now very sensible of the truth of what she had just been saying, she hoped she would take this opportunity of obliging them with the history of her past life ; which request she made no hesitation to grant, saying, 'The shame of her past faults should by no means induce her to conceal them.'

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS DOLLY FRIENDLY.

Miss Dolly Friendly was just turned of eleven years of age. Her person was neither plain nor handsome. And though she had not what is properly called one fine feature in her face, yet the disposition of her features was so regular, that her countenance was rather agreeable than otherwise. She had generally something very quiet, or rather indolent, in her look, except when she was moved by anger, which seldom happened but in defence of some favourite or friend ; and she had then a fierceness and eagerness which altered her whole countenance, for she could not bear the least reflection or insult on those she loved. This disposition made her always eager to comply with her friends' requests ; and she immediately began as follows :

THE LIFE OF MISS DOLLY FRIENDLY.

'I was bred up till I was nine years of age, with a sister who was one year younger than myself. The chief care of our parents was to make us love each other ; and, as I was naturally inclined to have very strong affections, I became so fond of my sister Molly, which was her name, that all my delight was to please her ; and this I carried to such an height, that I scrupled no lies to excuse her faults ; and whatever she did, I justified, and thought right, only because she did it.

'I was ready to fight her quarrels, whether right or wrong ; and hated everybody that offended her. My parents winked

at whatever I did in defence of my sister ; and I had no notion that anything done for her could be unreasonable. In short, I made it my study to oblige and please her, till I found at last it was out of my power, for she grew so very humoursome, that she could not find out what she had most mind to have ; and I found her always miserable, for she would cry only because she did not know her own mind.

‘She never minded what faults she committed, because she knew I would excuse her ; and she was forgiven in consideration of our friendship, which gave our parents great pleasure.

‘My poor little sister grew very sickly, and she died just before I came to school ; but the same disposition still continued ; and it was my friend’s outcries of being hurt that drew me into that odious quarrel that we have all now repented of.’

Here Miss Dolly Friendly ceased ; and Miss Jenny said, ‘She hoped Miss Dolly would remember, for the rest of her life, what *her* good mamma had always taught her, namely, that it was not the office of friendship to justify or excuse our friends when in the wrong, for that was the way to prevent their ever being in the right ; that it was rather hatred or contempt, than love, when the fear of other peoples’ anger made us forego their good, for the sake of our own present pleasure ; and that the friends who expected such flattery were not worth keeping.’

The bell again summoned our little company to supper ; but, before they went in, Miss Dolly Friendly said, ‘If Miss Jenny approved of it, she would the next morning read them a story given her by an uncle of hers, that, she said, she was sure would please her, as its subject was friendship.’ Miss Jenny replied, ‘That she was certain it would be a great pleasure to them all, to hear any story Miss Dolly thought proper to read them.’

WEDNESDAY.

THE THIRD DAY.

As soon as school was over in the morning, our little company were impatient to go into the arbour to hear Miss Dolly's story. But Mrs. Teachum told them they must be otherwise employed; for their writing master, who lived some miles off, and who was expected in the afternoon, was just then come in, and begged that they would give him their attendance, though out of school-time; because he was obliged to be at home again before the afternoon, to meet a person who would confer some favour on him, and would be highly disobliged should he not keep his appointment. 'And I know (said Mrs. Teachum), my little dears, you would rather lose your own amusement than let any one suffer a real inconvenience on your accounts.' They all readily complied, and cheerfully set to their writing; and in the afternoon Mrs. Teachum permitted them to leave off work an hour sooner than usual, as a reward for their readiness to lose their amusement in the morning; and being met in their arbour, Miss Dolly read to them as follows:

THE STORY OF CÆLIA AND CHLOE.

Cælia and Chloe were both left orphans at the tender age of six years. Amanda their aunt, who was very rich and a maiden, took them directly under her care, and bred them up as her own children. Cælia's mother was Amanda's sister, and Chloe's father was her brother; so that she was equally related to both.

They were left entirely unprovided for; were both born on the same day; and both lost their mothers on the day of their birth: their fathers were soldiers of fortune and were both killed in one day in the same engagement. But the fortunes of the girls were not more similar than their persons and dispositions. They were both extremely handsome: and in their childhood were so remarkable for liveliness of parts

and sweetness of temper, that they were the admiration of the whole country where they lived.

Their aunt loved them with a sincere and equal affection, and took the greatest pleasure imaginable in their education, and particularly in encouraging that love and friendship which she perceived between them. Amanda being (as was said) very rich, and having no other relations, it was supposed that these her nieces would be very great fortunes; and as soon as they became women, they were addressed by all the men of fortune and no fortune round the neighbourhood. But as the love of admiration, and a desire of a large train of admirers, had no place in their minds, they soon dismissed, in the most civil and obliging manner, one after another, all these lovers.

The refusing such numbers of men, and some such as by the world were called good offers, soon got them the name of jilts; and by that means they were freed from any farther importunity, and for some years enjoyed that peace and quiet they had long wished. Their aunt, from being their mother and their guardian, was now become their friend. For, as she endeavoured not in the least to force their inclinations, they never kept anything concealed from her; and every action of their lives was still guided by her advice and approbation.

They lived on in this way, perfectly happy in their own little community, till they were about two-and-twenty years old: when there happened to be a regiment quartered in the neighbouring town, to which their house was nearly situated; and the lieutenant-colonel, a man about four-and-thirty years old, hearing their names, had a great desire to see them. For when he was a boy of sixteen he was put into the army under the care of Chloe's father, who treated him with the greatest tenderness; and, in a certain famous engagement, received his death's wound by endeavouring to save him from being taken by the enemy. And gratitude to the memory of so good a friend was as great an inducement to make him desire to see his daughter, as the report he had heard both of her and her cousin's great beauty.

Sempronius (for so this colonel was called) was a very

sensible, well-bred, agreeable man ; and from the circumstances of his former acquaintance, and his present proper and polite behaviour, he soon became very intimate in the family. The old lady was particularly pleased with him ; and secretly wished, that, before she died, she might be so happy as to see one of her nieces married to Sempronius. She could not, from his behaviour, see the least particular liking to either, for he showed equally a very great esteem and regard for both.

He in reality liked them both extremely ; and the reason of making no declaration of love was, his being so undetermined in any preference that was due to either. He saw plainly that he was very agreeable to both ; and with pleasure he observed, that they made use of none of those arts which women generally do to get away a disputed lover ; and this sincere friendship which subsisted between them raised in him the highest degree of love and admiration. However he at last determined to make the following trial :

He went first to Chloe, and (finding her alone), told her, that he had the greatest liking in the world to her cousin, and had really a mind to propose himself to her ; but as he saw a very great friendship between them, he was willing to ask her advice in the matter ; and conjured her to tell him sincerely, whether there was anything in Cælia's temper (not discoverable by him) which as a wife would make him unhappy. He told her, 'that if she knew any such thing it would be no treachery, but rather kind in her to declare it, as it would prevent her friend's being unhappy ; which must be the consequence, in marriage, of her making him so.'

Chloe could not help seeing very plainly, that, if Cælia was removed, she stood the very next in Sempronius's favour. Her lover was present — her friend was absent — and the temptation was too strong and agreeable to be resisted. She then answered, 'that since he insisted upon the truth, and had convinced her that it was in reality acting justly and kindly by her friend, she must confess that Cælia was possessed (though in a very small degree) of what she had often heard him declare most against of anything in the world, and that was an artfulness of temper and some few sparks of envy.'

Chloe's confused manner of speaking, and frequent hesitation, as unwilling to pronounce her friend's condemnation (which, as she was unused to falsehood, was really unaffected), Sempronius imputed to tenderness and concern for Cælia, but he did not in the least doubt but, on his application to her, he should soon be convinced of the truth of what Chloe had said.

He then went directly to the arbour at the end of the garden, and there to his wish he found Cælia quite alone; and he addressed her exactly in the same manner concerning her cousin, as he had before spoken to Chloe concerning her. Cælia suddenly blushed (from motives I leave those to find out who can put themselves in her circumstances) and then fetched a soft sigh, from the thought that she was hearing the man she loved declare a passion of which she was not the object. But, after some little pause, she told him, 'that if Chloe had any faults, they were to her yet undiscovered; and she really and sincerely believed her cousin would make him extremely happy.' Sempronius then said, 'that of all other things, treachery and envy were what he had the greatest dislike to;' and he asked her, 'If she did not think her cousin was a little tainted with these?'

Here Cælia could not help interrupting, and assuring him that she believed her totally free from both. And, from his casting on her friend an aspersion which her very soul abhorred, forgetting all rivalship, she could not refrain from growing quite lavish in her praise. 'Suppose then,' said Sempronius, 'I was to say the same to your cousin concerning my intentions towards you as I have to you concerning her, do you think she would say as many fine things in your praise as you have done in hers?'

Cælia answered, 'that she verily believed her cousin would say as much for her as she really deserved; but whether that would be equal to what with justice she could say of Chloe, her modesty left her in some doubt of.'

Sempronius had too much penetration not to see the real and true difference in the behaviour of these two women, and could not help crying out, 'O Cælia! your honest truth and goodness in every word and look are too visible

to leave me one doubt of their reality. But, could you believe it? this friend of yours is false. I have already put her to the trial, by declaring to her my sincere and unalterable passion for you. When on my insisting, as I did to you, upon her speaking the truth, she accused you of what nothing should now convince me you are guilty of. I own that hitherto my regard, esteem, and love have been equal to both; but now I offer to the sincere, artless, and charming Cælia my whole heart, love, and affection, and the service of every minute of my future life; and from this moment I banish from my mind the false and ungrateful Chloe.'

Cælia's friendship for Chloe was so deeply rooted in her breast, that even a declaration of love from Sempronius could not blot it one moment from her heart; and on his speaking the words 'false Chloe,' she burst into tears and said, 'Is it possible that Chloe should act such a part towards her Cælia? You must forgive her, Sempronius: it was her violent passion for you, and fear of losing you, which made her do what hitherto her nature has ever appeared averse to.'

Sempronius answered, 'that he could not enough admire her great goodness to her friend Chloe; but such proofs of passion, he said, were to him at the same time proofs of its being such a passion as he had no regard for; since it was impossible for any one to gain or increase his love by an action which at the same time lessened his esteem.' This was so exactly Cælia's own way of thinking, that she could not but assent to what he said.

But just as they were coming out of the arbour, Chloe, unseen by them, passed by; and from seeing him kiss her hand, and the complacency of Cælia's look, it was easy for her to guess what had been the result of their private conference. She could not however help indulging her curiosity, so far as to walk on the other side of a thick yew hedge, to listen to their discourse; and as they walked on, she heard Sempronius entreat Cælia to be cheerful, and think no more of her treacherous friend, whose wickedness, he doubted not, would sufficiently punish itself. She then heard Cælia say,

‘I cannot bear, Sempronius, to hear you speak so hardly of my Chloe. Say that you forgive her, and I will indeed be cheerful.’

Nothing upon earth can be conceived so wretched as poor Chloe, for on the first moment that she suffered herself to reflect on what she had done, she thoroughly repented, and heartily detested herself for such baseness. She went directly into the garden in hopes of meeting Sempronius, in order to throw herself at his feet, confess her treachery, and to beg him never to mention it to Cælia; but now she was conscious her repentance would come too late; and he would despise her, if possible still more, for such a recantation after her knowledge of what had passed between him and Cælia.

She could indeed have gone to him, and not have owned what she had seen and heard; but now her abhorrence of even the appearance of treachery or cunning was so great, that she could not bear to add the smallest grain of falsehood or deceit to the weight of her guilt, which was already almost insupportable: and should she tell him of her repentance, with a confession of her knowledge of his engagement with Cælia, it would (as has been before observed) appear both servile and insincere.

Nothing could now appear so altered as the whole face of this once happy family. Sempronius as much as possible shunned the sight of Chloe; for, as she was the cause of all the confusion amongst them, he had almost an aversion to her. Though he was not of an implacable temper, yet, as the injury was intended to one he sincerely loved, he found it much harder to forgive it than if it had even succeeded against himself; and as he still looked upon Chloe as the cause of melancholy in his dear Cælia, he could hardly have any patience with her.

No words can describe the various passions which were expressed in the sad countenance of Chloe, when first she met her friend. They were both afraid of speaking. Shame, and the fear of being (and with too good reason) suspected of insincerity, withheld Chloe; and an unwillingness to accuse or hurt her friend withheld the gentle Cælia. She

sometimes indeed thought she saw repentance in Chloe's face, and wished for nothing more than to seal her pardon. But till it was asked, she was in doubt (from what had passed) whether such pardon and proffered reconciliation might not be rejected. She knew that her friend's passions were naturally stronger than hers; and she therefore trembled at the consequences of coming to an explanation.

But there was hardly a greater sufferer in this scene of confusion than the poor old lady Amanda. She saw a sort of horror and wildness in the face of Chloe; and in Cælia's a settled melancholy, and such an unusual reserve in both towards each other, as well as to herself, as quite astonished her.

Sempronius came indeed to the house as often as usual; but in his countenance she could perceive a sort of anger and concern which perfectly frightened her. But as they did not speak to her, she could not bring herself to ask the cause of this woful change, for fear of hearing something too bad to bear.

Cælia had absolutely refused granting to Sempronius leave to ask her aunt's consent, till she should come to some explanation with Chloe, which seemed every day farther off than ever.

The great perturbation of Chloe's mind threw her into a disorder not many degrees short of madness; and at last she was seized with a violent fever so as to keep her bed. She said she could not bear to look on Amanda; but begged Cælia to be with her as much as possible; which she did, in hopes of bringing herself to ease her mind by speaking to her what had given them all this torment.

Cælia watched with her night and day for three days, when the physician who attended her pronounced that there was no hope of her life. Cælia could not any longer bear to stay in the room, and went downstairs, expecting every moment to hear she was expired.

Chloe soon perceived by Cælia's abrupt leaving the room, and by the looks of those who were left in it, that her fate was pronounced; which, instead of sinking her spirits, and making her dejected, gave a tranquillity to her mind; for she

thought within herself, 'I shall now make my dear cousin happy, by removing out of her way an object that must embitter all her joy; and now likewise, as she is convinced I am on my death-bed, she will once more believe me capable of speaking truth; and will, in the manner I could wish, receive my sincere repentance.' Then sending for Cælia up to her bedside, she in a weak voice, with hardly strength for utterance, spoke in this manner: 'My dear Cælia, though you know me to be a worthless base wretch, yet do not think so hardly of me as to imagine I would deceive you with my last breath. Believe me then when I tell you, that I sincerely repent of my treachery towards you; and as sincerely rejoice that it has in reality been the cause of your happiness with Sempronius. Tell him this; and then, perhaps, he will not hate my memory.' Here she fainted away, and they forced Cælia out of the room, thinking Chloe's breath was for ever flown. But in some time she came again to herself, and cried out, 'What! would not my dear Cælia say that she forgave me? Methinks I would not die till I had obtained her pardon. She is too good to refuse her friend this last request.' Her attendants then told her that, seeing her faint away, they had forced Cælia out of the room; and they begged her to try to compose herself, for they were sure that seeing her friend again, at this time, would only disturb her mind and do her an injury.

Chloe, from the vent she had given her grief in speaking to Cælia, found herself something more easy and composed; and desired the room to be made perfectly quiet, she fell into a gentle sleep which lasted two hours: and when she awaked she found herself so much better, that those about her were convinced, from her composed manner of speaking, that she was now able to bear another interview.

They again called for Cælia, and told her of her cousin's amendment. She flew with all speed to her chamber; and the moment she entered, Chloe cried out, 'Can you forgive me, Cælia?' 'Yes, with the greatest joy and sincerity imaginable, my dearest Chloe,' answered Cælia, 'and never let it be again mentioned or remembered.'

The sudden recovery of Chloe was almost incredible;

for in less than a week she was able to quit both her bed and room, and go into her aunt's chamber. The good old lady shed tears of joy to see such a return of Chloe's health, and of cheerfulness in the family; and was perfectly contented, now she saw their melancholy removed, not to enquire into the late cause of it, for fear of renewing their trouble even one moment by the remembrance of it.

Sempronius, in the meantime, upon some affairs of his duty in the army, had been called away, and was absent the whole time of Chloe's illness, and was not yet returned. Cælia spent almost her whole time with Chloe; but three weeks passed on, and they were often alone; yet they had never once mentioned the name of Sempronius, which laid Cælia still under the greatest difficulty how to act, so as to avoid giving her friend any uneasiness, and yet not disoblige Sempronius; for she had promised him at his departure, that she would give him leave to ask her aunt's consent immediately upon his return. But, the very day he was expected, she was made quite easy by what passed between her and her friend.

Chloe in this time, by proper reflections, and a due sense of Cælia's great goodness and affection to her, had so entirely got the better of herself in this affair, that she found she could now, without any uneasiness, see them married; and calling Cælia to her she said with a smile, 'I have, my dear friend, been so long accustomed to read in that intelligible index, your countenance, all your most inmost thoughts, that I have not been unobserving of those kind fears you have had on my account; and the reason I have so long delayed speaking was, my resolution, if possible, never again to deceive you. I can with pleasure now assure you, that nothing can give me so much joy as to see your wedding with Sempronius. I make no doubt but if you ask it, you will have my aunt's consent; and if any intercession should be wanting towards obtaining it, I will (if you can trust me) use all my influence in your behalf. Be assured, my dear Cælia, I have now no farther regard left for Sempronius than as your husband; and that regard will increase in proportion as he is the cause of your happiness.'

They were interrupted in their discourse by news being brought of the arrival of Sempronius, and Chloe received him with such cheerfulness as convinced Cælia her professions were unfeigned.

Cælia related to Sempronius all that had passed between her and Chloe; and, by her continued cheerfulness of behaviour, the peace and tranquillity of the family were perfectly restored, and their joy greatly increased by Amanda's ready consent to the marriage of Sempronius and Cælia, having first settled all her fortune to be divided at her death equally between her nieces; and in her lifetime there was no occasion of settlements, or deeds of gift, for they lived all together, and separate property was not so much as mentioned or thought of in this family of harmony and peace.

Here Miss Dolly ceased reading; and all her hearers sat some little time silent, and then expressed their great joy that Cælia and Chloe were at last happy; for none of them had been able to refrain from tears whilst they were otherwise. On which Miss Jenny Peace begged them to observe from this story, the miserable effects that attend deceit and treachery: 'For,' continued she, 'you see you could not refrain from tears, only by imagining what Chloe must feel after her wickedness (by which indeed she lost the very happiness she intended treacherously to gain); nor could she enjoy one moment's peace till, by confessing her fault, and heartily repenting of it, her mind was restored to its former calm and tranquillity.' Miss Dolly thanked Miss Jenny for her remarks; but Miss Lucy Sly was most sensibly touched with this story, as cunning had formerly entirely possessed *her* mind; and said, that if her companions were not weary at present of their arbour, she would now recount to them the history of her life, as this story was a proper introduction to it.

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS LUCY SLY.

Miss Lucy Sly was of the same age as Miss Dolly Friendly; but shorter, at least, by half the head. She was generally

called a pretty girl, from having a pair of exceeding fine black eyes, only with the allay of something cunning in their look. She had a high forehead, and very good curling black hair. She had a sharp high nose, and a very small mouth. Her complexion was but indifferent, and the lower part of her face ill-turned, for her chin was too long for due proportion.

THE LIFE OF MISS LUCY SLY.

‘From the time I was two years old (said Miss Lucy) my mamma was so sickly that she was unable to take any great care of me herself, and I was left to the care of a governess, who made it her study to bring me to do what she had a mind to have done, without troubling her head what induced me so to do. And whenever I did anything wrong, she used to say it was the foot-boy, and not miss, that was naughty. Nay, she would say it was the dog, or the cat, or anything she could lay the blame upon, sooner than own it was I. I thought this pure, that I was never in fault; and soon got into a way of telling any lies, and of laying my own faults on others, since I found I should be believed. I remember once, when I had broken a fine china-cup, that I artfully got out of the scrape, and hid the broken cup in the foot-boy’s room. He was whipped for breaking it; and the next day, whilst I was at play about the room, I heard my governess say to a friend who was with her, “Yesterday Miss Lucy broke a china-cup; but the artful little hussy went and hid it in the foot-boy’s room, and the poor boy was whipped for it. I don’t believe there was ever a girl of her age that had half her cunning and contrivance.” I knew by her tone of voice and her manner of speaking, that she did not blame me in her heart, but rather commended my ingenuity. And I thought myself so wise, that I could thus get off the blame from myself, that I every day improved in new inventions to save myself, and have others punished in my place.

‘This life of endeavouring to deceive I led till I came to school. But here I found that I could not so well carry on

my little schemes ; for I was found out and punished for my own faults ; and this created in me a hatred to my companions. For whatever miss I had a mind to serve as I used to serve our foot-boy, in laying the blame falsely upon her, if she could justify herself, and prove me in the wrong, I was very angry with her for daring to contradict me, and not submitting as quietly to be punished wrongfully, as the foot-boy was forced to do.

‘ This is all I know of my life hitherto.’

Thus ended Miss Lucy Sly : and Miss Jenny Peace commended Miss Lucy for her free confession of her faults, and said, ‘ She doubted not but she would find the advantage of amending, and endeavouring to change a disposition so very pernicious to her own peace and quiet, as well as to that of all her friends ;’ but they now obeyed the summons of the supper-bell, and soon after retired to rest.

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THURSDAY.

THE FOURTH DAY.

OUR little company, as soon as the morning school-hours were over, hastened to their arbour, and were attentive to what Miss Jenny Peace should propose to them for their amusement till dinner-time ; when Miss Jenny, looking round upon them, said, ‘ that she had not at present any story to read ; but that she hoped, from Miss Dolly Friendly’s example yesterday, some of the rest might endeavour sometimes to furnish out the entertainment of the day.’ Upon which Miss Sukey Jennett said, ‘ that though she could not promise them such an agreeable story as Miss Dolly’s ; yet she would read them a letter she had received the evening before from her cousin Peggy Smith, who lived at York ; in which there was a story that she thought very strange and remarkable. They were all very desirous of it, when Miss Sukey read as follows :

‘ Dear cousin,—I promised, you know, to write to you when I had anything to tell you ; and as I think the fol-

lowing story very extraordinary, I was willing to keep my word.

‘Some time ago there came to settle in this city a lady, whose name was Dison. We all visited her: but she had so deep a melancholy, arising, as it appeared, from a settled state of ill-health, that nothing we could do could afford her the least relief, or make her cheerful. In this condition she languished amongst us five years, still continuing to grow worse and worse.

‘We all grieved at her fate. Her flesh was withered away; her appetite decayed by degrees, till all food became nauseous to her sight; her strength failed her; her feet could not support her tottering body, lean and worn away as it was; and we hourly expected her death. When, at last, she one day called her most intimate friends to her bedside, and, as well as she could, spoke to the following purpose: “I know you all pity me; but alas! I am not so much the object of your pity as your contempt; for all my misery is of my own seeking, and owing to the wickedness of my own mind. I had two sisters, with whom I was bred up; and I have all my lifetime been unhappy, for no other cause but for their success in the world. When we were young, I could neither eat nor sleep in peace, when they had either praise or pleasure. When we grew up to be women, they were both soon married much to their advantage and satisfaction. This galled me to the heart; and, though I had several good offers, yet as I did not think them in all respects equal to my sisters, I would not accept them; and yet was inwardly vexed to refuse them, for fear I should get no better. I generally deliberated so long that I lost my lovers, and then I pined for that loss. I never wanted for anything; and was in a situation in which I might have been happy, if I pleased. My sisters loved me very well; for I concealed as much as possible from them my odious envy; and yet never did any poor wretch lead so miserable a life as I have done; for every blessing they enjoyed was a dagger to my heart. ’Tis this envy that has caused all my ill-health, has preyed upon my very vitals, and will now bring me to my grave.”

‘In a few days after this confession she died; and her

words and death made such a strong impression on my mind, that I could not help sending you this relation; and begging you, my dear Sukey, to remember how careful we ought to be to curb in our minds the very first risings of a passion so detestable, and so fatal, as this proved to poor Mrs. Dison. I know I have no particular reason for giving you this caution, for I never saw anything in you but what deserved the love and esteem of

‘Your very affectionate cousin,

‘M. SMITH.’

As soon as Miss Sukey had finished her letter, Miss Patty Lockit rose up, and, flying to Miss Jenny Peace, embraced her and said, ‘What thanks can I give you, my dear friend, for having put me into a way of examining my heart, and reflecting on my own actions; by which you have saved me, perhaps, from a life as miserable as that of the poor woman in Miss Sukey’s letter!’ Miss Jenny did not thoroughly understand her meaning; but imagining it might be something relating to her past life, desired her to explain herself; which she said she would do, telling now, in her turn, all that had hitherto happened to her.

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS PATTY LOCKIT.

Miss Patty Lockit was but ten years old; tall, and inclined to fat. Her neck was short; and she was not in the least genteel. Her face was very handsome; for all her features were extremely good. She had large blue eyes; was exceeding fair; and had a great bloom on her cheeks. Her hair was the very first degree of light brown; was bright and shining; and hung in ringlets half way down her back. Her mouth was rather too large; but she had such fine teeth, and looked so agreeably when she smiled, that you was not sensible of any fault in it.

This was the person of Miss Patty Lockit, who was now to relate her past life; which she did in the following manner:

THE LIFE OF MISS PATTY LOCKIT.

‘I lived till I was six years old, in a very large family; for I had four sisters, all older than myself, and three brothers. We played together, and passed our time much in the common way: sometimes we quarrelled, and sometimes agreed, just as accident would have it. Our parents had no partiality to any of us; so we had no cause to envy one another on that account; and we lived tolerably well together.

‘When I was six years old, my grandmother by my father’s side (and who was also my godmother) offering to take me to live with her, and promising to look upon me as her own child, and entirely to provide for me, my father and mother, as they had a large family, very readily accepted her offer, and sent me directly to her house.

‘About half a year before this, she had taken another god-daughter, the only child of my Aunt Bradly, who was lately dead, and whose husband was gone to the West Indies. My cousin, Molly Bradly, was four years older than I; and her mother had taken such pains in her education, that she understood more than most girls of her age; and had so much liveliness, good-humour, and ingenuity, that everybody was fond of her; and wherever we went together, all the notice was taken of my cousin, and I was very little regarded.

‘Though I had all my life before lived in a family where every one in it was older, and knew more than myself, yet I was very easy; for we were generally together in the nursery, and nobody took much notice of us, whether we knew anything, or whether we did not. But now, as I lived in the house with only one companion, who was so much more admired than myself, the comparison began to vex me, and I found a strong hatred and aversion for my cousin arising in my mind; and yet I verily believe I should have got the better of it, and been willing to have learnt of my cousin, and should have loved her for teaching me, if any one had told me it was right; and if it had not been that Betty, the maid who took care of us, used to be for ever

teasing me about the preference that was shown to my cousin, and the neglect I always met with. She used to tell me, that she wondered how I could bear to see Miss Molly so caressed; and that it was want of spirit not to think myself as good as she was; and, if she was in my place, she would not submit to be taught by a child; for my Cousin Molly frequently offered to instruct me in anything she knew; but I used to say (as Betty had taught me) that I would not learn of her; for she was but a child, though she was a little older; and that I was not put under her care, but that of my grandmamma. But she, poor woman, was so old and unhealthy, that she never troubled her head much about us, but only to take care that we wanted for nothing. I lived in this manner three years, fretting and vexing myself that I did not know so much, nor was so much liked, as my Cousin Molly, and yet resolving not to learn anything she could teach me, when my grandmamma was advised to send me to school; but, as soon as I came here, the case was much worse; for, instead of one person to envy, I found many; for all my school-fellows had learned more than I; and instead of endeavouring to get knowledge, I began to hate all those who knew more than myself; and this, I am now convinced, was owing to that odious envy which, if not cured, would always have made me as miserable as Mrs. Dison was, and which constantly tormented me till we came to live in that general peace and good-humour we have lately enjoyed: and as I hope this wicked spirit was not natural to me, but only blown up by that vile Betty's instigation, I don't doubt but I shall now grow very happy, and learn something every day, and be pleased with being instructed, and that I shall always love those who are so good as to instruct me.

Here Miss Patty Lockit ceased; and the dinner-bell called them from their arbour.

Mrs. Teachum, as soon as they had dined, told them, that she thought it proper they should use some bodily exercise, that they might not, by sitting constantly still, impair their health. Not but that she was greatly pleased with

their innocent and instructive manner of employing their leisure hours; but this wise woman knew that the faculties of the mind grow languid and useless, when the health of the body is lost.

As soon as they understood their governess's pleasure, they readily resolved to obey her commands, and desired that, after school, they might take a walk as far as the dairy-house, to eat some curds and cream. Mrs. Teachum not only granted their request, but said she would dispense with their school-attendance that afternoon, in order to give them more time for their walk, which was between two and three miles; and she likewise added that she herself would go with them. They all flew like lightning to get their hats, and to equip themselves for their walk; and, with cheerful countenances, attended Mrs. Teachum in the schoolroom. This good gentlewoman, so far from laying them under a restraint by her presence, encouraged them to run in the fields and gather flowers; which they did, each miss trying to get the best to present to her governess. In this agreeable manner, with laughing, talking, and singing, they arrived at the dairy-house before they imagined they had walked a mile.

There lived at this dairy-house an old woman, near seventy years of age. She had a fresh colour in her face; but was troubled with the palsy, that made her head shake a little. She was bent forward with age, and her hair was quite grey: but she retained much good-humour, and received this little party with a hearty welcome.

Our little gentry flocked about this good woman, asking her a thousand questions. Miss Polly Suckling asked her, 'Why she shook her head so?' and Miss Patty Lockett said, 'She hoped her hair would never be of such a colour.'

Miss Jenny Peace was afraid they would say something that would offend the old woman, and advised them to turn their discourse. 'Oh! let the dear rogues alone,' says the old woman; 'I like their prattle;' and, taking Miss Polly by the hand, said, 'Come, my dear, we will go into the dairy, and skim the milkpans.' At which words they all ran into the dairy, and some of them dipped their fingers in the

cream; which, when Mrs. Nelly perceived (who was the eldest daughter of the old woman, and managed all the affairs), she desired they would walk out of the dairy, and she would bring them what was fit for them: upon which Miss Dolly Friendly said, 'she had rather be as old and good-natured as the mother, than as young and ill-natured as the daughter.'

The old woman desired her company to sit down at a long table, which she soon supplied with plenty of cream, strawberries, brown bread, and sugar. Mrs. Teachum took her place at the upper end, and the rest sat down in their usual order, and ate plentifully of these good things. After which Mrs. Teachum told them they might walk out and see the garden and orchard, and by that time it would be proper to return home.

The good old woman showed them the way into the garden; and gathered the finest roses and pinks she could pick, and gave them to Miss Polly, to whom she had taken a great fancy.

At their taking leave, Mrs. Teachum rewarded the good old woman for her trouble; who, on her part, expressed much pleasure in seeing so many well-behaved young ladies; and said, she hoped they would come often.

These little friends had not walked far in their way home, before they met a miserable ragged fellow, who begged their charity. Our young folks immediately gathered about this poor creature, and were hearkening very earnestly to his story, which he set forth in a terrible manner, of having been burnt out of his house, and, from one distress to another, reduced to that miserable state they saw him in, when Mrs. Teachum came up to them. She was not a little pleased to see all the misses' hands in their pockets, pulling out half-pence, and some sixpences. She told them she approved of their readiness to assist the poor fellow, as he appeared to them; but oftentimes those fellows made up dismal stories without much foundation, and because they were lazy, and would not work. Miss Dolly said, indeed she believed the poor man spoke truth; for he looked honest; and, besides, he seemed almost starved.

Mrs. Teachum told them it would be too late before they could get home ; so, after each of them had given what they thought proper, they pursued their walk, prattling all the way.

They got home about nine o'clock ; and, as they did not choose any supper, the bell rang for prayers ; after which our young travellers retired to their rest, where we doubt not but they had a good repose.

FRIDAY.

THE FIFTH DAY.

MRS. TEACHUM, in the morning, inquired how her scholars did after their walk, and was pleased to hear they were all very well. They then performed their several tasks with much cheerfulness ; and, after their school-hours, they were hastening, as usual, to their arbour, when Miss Jenny desired them all to go thither without her, and she would soon follow them ; which they readily consented to, but begged her not to deprive them long of the pleasure of her sweet company.

Miss Jenny then went directly into her governess's parlour, and told her that she had some thoughts of reading to her companions a fairy tale, which was also given her by her mamma ; and though it was not in such a pompous style, nor so full of wonderful images, as the giant-story ; yet she would not venture to read anything of that kind without her permission ; but, as she had not absolutely condemned all that sort of writing, she hoped she was not guilty of a fault in asking that permission. Mrs. Teachum, with a gracious smile, told her, that she seemed so thoroughly well to understand the whole force of her Monday night's discourse to her, that she might be trusted almost in anything ; and desired her to go and follow her own judgment and inclinations in the amusement of her happy friends. Miss Jenny, overjoyed with this kind condescension in her governess, thanked her, with a low courtesy, and said, she hoped she should never do anything unworthy of the confidence reposed in her ; and has-

tening to the arbour, she there found all her little company quite impatient of this short absence.

Miss Jenny told them that she had by her a fairy tale, which, if they liked it, she would read; and as it had pleased her, she did not doubt but it would give them equal pleasure.

It was the custom now so much amongst them to assent to any proposal that came from Miss Jenny, that they all with one voice desired her to read it, till Miss Polly Suckling said, 'that although she was very unwilling to contradict anything Miss Jenny liked, yet she could not help saying, she thought it would be better if they were to read some true history, from which they might learn something; for she thought fairy tales were only fit for little children.'

Miss Jenny could not help smiling at such an objection coming from the little dumpling, who was not much above seven years of age; and then said, 'I will tell you a story, my little Polly, of what happened to me whilst I was at home.'

'There came into our village, when I was six years old, a man who carried about a raree-show, which all the children of the parish were fond of seeing; but I had taken it into my head, that it was beneath my wisdom to see raree-shows, and therefore would not be persuaded to join my companions to see this sight; and although I had as great an inclination as any of them to see it, yet I avoided it, in order to boast of my own great sense in that I was above such trifles.'

'When my mamma asked me, "Why I would not see the show, when she had given me leave?" I drew up my head, and said, "Indeed I did not like raree-shows. That I had been reading; and I thought that much more worth my while than to lose my time at such foolish entertainments." My mamma, who saw the cause of my refusing this amusement was only a pretence of being wise, laughed, and said, "She herself had seen it, and it was really very comical and diverting." On hearing this, I was heartily sorry to think I had denied myself a pleasure which I fancied was beneath me, when I found even my mamma was

not above seeing it. This in a great measure cured me of the folly of thinking myself above any innocent amusement. And when I grew older, and more capable of hearing reason, my mamma told me, "She had taken this method of laughing at me, as laughing is the proper manner of treating affectation; which, of all things, she said, she would have me carefully avoid; otherwise, whenever I was found out, I should become contemptible."

Here Miss Jenny ceased speaking; and Miss Polly Suckling, blushing that she had made any objection to what Miss Jenny had proposed, begged her to begin the fairy tale; when, just at this instant, Mrs. Teachum, who had been taking a walk in the garden, turned into the arbour to delight herself with a view of her little school united in harmony and love, and Miss Jenny, with great good humour, told her mistress the small contest she had just had with Miss Polly about reading a fairy tale, and the occasion of it. Mrs. Teachum kindly chucking the little dumpling under the chin said, she had so good an opinion of Miss Jenny as to answer for her, that she would read nothing to them but what was proper; and added, that she herself would stay and hear this fairy tale which Miss Jenny, on her commands, immediately began.

THE PRINCESS HEBE.

A Fairy Tale.

Above two thousand years ago, there reigned over the kingdom of Tonga a king, whose name was Abdallah. He was married to a young princess, the daughter of a king of a neighbouring country, whose name was Rousignon. Her beauty and prudence engaged him so far in affection to her, that every hour he could possibly spare from attending the affairs of his kingdom he spent in her apartment. They had a little daughter, to whom they gave the name of Hebe, who was the darling and mutual care of both.

The king was quiet in his dominions, beloved by his subjects, happy in his family, and all his days rolled on

in calm content and joy. The king's brother Abdulham was also married to a young princess named Tropo, who in seven years had brought him no children ; and she conceived so mortal a hatred against the queen (for she envied her happiness in the little Princess Hebe) that she resolved to do her some mischief. It was impossible for her, during the king's lifetime, to vent her malice without being discovered ; and therefore she pretended the greatest respect and friendship imaginable for the unsuspecting queen.

Whilst things were in this situation the king fell into a violent fever, of which he died ; and during the time that the queen was in the height of her affliction for him, and could think of nothing but his loss, the Princess Tropo took the opportunity of putting in execution her malicious intentions. She inflamed her husband's passions by setting forth the meanness of his spirit in letting a crown be ravished from his head by a female infant, till ambition seized his mind, and he resolved to wield the Tongian sceptre himself. It was very easy to bring this about, for, by his brother's appointment, he was protector of the realm, and guardian to the young princess his niece ; and the queen taking him and the princess his wife for her best friends, suspected nothing of their designs, but in a manner gave herself up to their power.

The protector Abdulham, having the whole treasure of the kingdom at his command, was in possession of the means to make all his schemes successful ; and the Princess Tropo, by lavishly rewarding the instruments of her treachery, contrived to make it generally believed, that the queen had poisoned her husband, who was so much beloved by his subjects, that the very horror of the action, without any proof of her guilt, raised against the poor unhappy queen a universal clamour, and a general aversion throughout the whole kingdom. The princess had so well laid her scheme, that the guards were to seize the queen and convey her to a place of confinement, till she could prove her innocence ; which, that she might never be able to do, proper care was taken by procuring sufficient evidence to accuse her on

oath ; and the Princess Hebe, her daughter, was to be taken from her, and educated under the care of her uncle. But the night before this cruel design was to have been put in execution, a faithful attendant of the queen's, named Loretta, by the assistance of one of the Princess Tropo's confidants (who had long professed himself her lover) discovered the whole secret, of which she immediately informed her royal mistress.

The horrors which filled the queen's mind at the relation of the Princess Tropo's malicious intentions, were inexpressible, and her perturbation so great, that she could not form any scheme that appeared probable to execute for her own preservation. Loretta told her that the person who had given her this timely notice, had also provided a peasant who knew the country, and would meet her at the western gate of the city, and, carrying the young Princess Hebe in his arms, would conduct her to some place of safety ; but she must consent to put on a disguise, and escape that very night from the palace, or she would be lost for ever. Horses or mules, she said, it would be impossible to come at without suspicion ; therefore she must endeavour (though unused to such fatigue) to travel a-foot till she got herself concealed in some cottage from her pursuers, if her enemies should think of endeavouring to find her out. Loretta offered to attend her mistress, but she absolutely forbade her going any farther than to the western gate ; where delivering the little Princess Hebe into the arms of the peasant, who was there waiting for them, she reluctantly withdrew.

The good queen, who saw no remedy to this her terrible disgrace, could have borne this barbarous usage without much repining, had she herself been the only sufferer by it ; for the loss of the good king her husband so far exceeded all her other misfortunes, that everything else was trifling in comparison of so dreadful affliction. But the young Princess Hebe, whom she was accustomed to look on as her greatest blessing, now became to her an object of pity and concern ; for, from being heiress to a throne, the poor infant, not yet five years old, was, with her wretched mother, become a vagabond, and knew not whither to fly for protection.

Loretta had prevailed on her royal mistress to take with her a few little necessaries, besides a small picture of the king and some of her jewels, which the queen contrived to conceal under her night-clothes, in the midst of that hair they were used to adorn, when her beloved husband delighted to see it displayed in flowing ringlets round her snowy neck. This lady, during the life of her fond husband, was by his tender care kept from every inclemency of the air, and preserved from every inconvenience that it was possible for human nature to suffer. What then must be her condition now, when, through bypaths and thorny ways, she was obliged to fly with all possible speed, to escape the fury of her cruel pursuers: for she too well knew the merciless temper of her enemies, to hope that they would not pursue her with the utmost diligence, especially as she was accompanied by the young Princess Hebe; whose life was the principal cause of their disquiet, and whose destruction they chiefly aimed at.

The honest peasant, who carried the Princess Hebe in his arms, followed the queen's painful steps; and seeing the day begin to break, he begged her, if possible, to hasten on to a wood which was not far off, where it was likely she might find a place of safety. But the afflicted queen, at the sight of the opening morn (which once used to fill her mind with rising joy) burst into a flood of tears, and, quite overcome with grief and fatigue, cast herself on the ground, crying out in the most affecting manner, 'The end of my misfortunes is at hand. My weary limbs will no longer support me. My spirits fail me. In the grave alone must I seek for shelter.' The poor princess, seeing her mother in tears, cast her little arms about her neck, and wept also, though she knew not why.

Whilst she was in this deplorable condition, turning round her head, she saw behind her a little girl, no older in appearance than the Princess Hebe; who, with an amiable and tranquil countenance, begged her to rise and follow her, and she would lead her where she might refresh and repose herself.

The queen was surprised at the manner of speaking of this

little child, as she took her to be ; but soon thought it was some kind fairy sent to protect her, and was very ready to submit herself to her guidance and protection.

The little fairy (for such indeed was the seeming child who had thus accosted them) ordered the peasant to return back, and said that she would take care of the queen and her young daughter ; and he, knowing her to be the good fairy Sybella, very readily obeyed.

Sybella then striking the ground three times with a little wand, there suddenly rose up before them a neat plain car and a pair of milk-white horses ; and placing the queen with the Princess Hebe in her lap by her side, she drove with excessive swiftness full westward for eight hours ; when, (just as the sun began to have power enough to make the queen almost faint with the heat and her former fatigue,) they arrived at the side of a shady wood ; upon entering of which the fairy made her horses slacken their speed ; and, having travelled about a mile-and-a-half through rows of elms and beech trees, they came to a thick grove of firs, into which there seemed to be no entrance. For there was not any opening to a path, and the underwood, consisting chiefly of rose-bushes, white-thorn, eglantine, and other flowering shrubs, was so thick, that it appeared impossible to force her way through them. But alighting out of the car (which immediately disappeared) the fairy (bidding the queen follow her) pushed her way through a large bush of jessamine, whose tender branches gave way for their passage and then closed again, so as to leave no traces of an entrance into this charming grove.

Having gone a little way through an extreme narrow path, they came into an opening (quite surrounded by these firs and sweet underwood) not very large, but in which was contained everything that is necessary towards making life comfortable. At the end of a green meadow was a plain neat house, built more for convenience than beauty, fronting the rising sun ; and behind it was a small garden, stored only with fruits and useful herbs. Sybella conducted her guests into this her simple lodging ; and, as repose was the chief thing necessary for the poor fatigued queen, she prevailed

with her to lie down on a couch. Some hours' sound sleep, which her weariness induced, gave her a fresh supply of spirits ; the ease and safety from her pursuers, in which she then found herself, made her for a short time tolerably composed ; and she begged the favour of knowing to whom she was so greatly obliged for this her happy deliverance ; but the fairy, seeing her mind too unsettled to give any due attention to what she should say, told her that she would defer the relation of her own life (which was worth her observation) till she had obtained a respite from her sorrows ; and in the meantime, by all manner of obliging ways, she endeavoured to divert and amuse her.

The queen, after a short interval of calmness of mind, occasioned only by her so sudden escape from the terrors of pursuit, returned to her former dejection, and for some time incessantly wept at the dismal thought, that the princess seemed now, by this reverse of fate, to be for ever excluded all hopes of being seated on her father's throne ; and, by a strange perverse way of adding to her own grief, she afflicted herself the more, because the little princess was ignorant of her misfortune ; and whenever she saw her diverting herself with little childish plays, instead of being pleased with such her innocent amusement, it added to her sorrow, and made her tears gush forth in a larger stream than usual. She could not divert her thoughts from the palace from which she had been driven, to fix them on any other object ; nor would her grief suffer her to reflect that it was possible for the princess to be happy without a crown.

At length time, the great cure of all ills, in some measure abated her sorrows ; her grief began to subside ; and, in spite of herself, the reflection that her misery was only in her own fancy, would sometimes force itself on her mind. She could not avoid seeing, that her little hostess enjoyed as perfect a state of happiness as is possible to attain in this world : that she was free from anxious cares, undisturbed by restless passions, and mistress of all things that could be of any use to make life easy or agreeable. The oftener this reflection presented itself to her thoughts, the more strength it gained ; and, at last, she could even bear to think, that

her beloved child might be as happy in such a situation as was her amiable hostess. Her countenance now grew more cheerful ; she could take the Princess Hebe in her arms, and, thinking the jewels she had preserved would secure her from any fear of want, look on her with delight ; and began even to be convinced that her future life might be spent in calm content and pleasure.

As soon as the voice of reason had gained this power over the queen, Sybella told her, that now her bosom was so free from passion, she would relate the history of her life. The queen, overjoyed that her curiosity might now be gratified, begged her not to delay giving her that pleasure one moment ; on which our little fairy began in the following manner.

But there Mrs. Teachum told Miss Jenny that the bell rung for dinner ; on which she was obliged to break off. But meeting again in the same arbour in the evening, when their good mistress continued to them the favour of her presence, Miss Jenny pursued her story.

THE FAIRY TALE CONTINUED.

‘ My father,’ said the fairy, ‘ was a magician : he married a lady for love, whose beauty far outshone that of all her neighbours ; and by means of that beauty, she had so great an influence over her husband, that she could command the utmost power of his art. But better had it been for her, had that beauty been wanting ; for her power only served to make her wish for more, and the gratification of every desire begot a new one, which often it was impossible for her to gratify. My father, though he saw his error in thus indulging her, could not attain steadiness of mind enough to mend it, nor require resolution enough to suffer his beloved wife once to grieve or shed a tear to no purpose, though in order to cure her of that folly which made her miserable.

‘ My grandfather so plainly saw the temper and disposition of his son towards women, that he did not leave him at liberty to dispose of his magic art to any but his posterity, that it might not be in the power of a wife to tease him out

of it. But his caution was to very little purpose; for although my mother could not from herself exact any magic power, yet such was her unbounded influence over her husband, that she was sure of success in every attempt to persuade him to gratify her desires. For if every argument she could invent happened to fail, yet the shedding but one tear was a certain method to prevail with him to give up his reason, whatever might be the consequence.

‘When my father and mother had been married about a year, she had a daughter, to whom she gave the name of Brunetta. Her first request to my father was, that he would endow this infant with as much beauty as she herself was possessed of, and bestow on her as much of his art as should enable her to succeed in all her designs. My father foresaw the dreadful tendency of granting this request, but said he would give it with this restriction, that she should succeed in all her designs that were not wicked; for, said he, the success of wicked designs always turns out as a punishment to the persons so succeeding. In this resolution he held for three days, till my mother (being weak in body) worked herself with her violent passions to such a degree that the physicians told my father, they despaired of her life, unless some method could be found to make her mind more calm and easy. His fondness for his wife would not suffer him to bear the thoughts of losing her, and the horror with which that apprehension had but for a moment possessed his mind, prevailed with him to bestow on the little Brunetta (though foreseeing it would make her miserable) the fatal gift in its full extent. But one restriction it was out of his power to take off, namely, that all wicked designs ever could and should be rendered ineffectual by the virtue and perseverance of those against whom they were intended, if they in a proper manner exerted that virtue.

‘I was born about two years after Brunetta, and was called Sybella: but my mother was so taken up with her darling Brunetta, that she gave herself not the least concern about me; and I was left wholly to the care of my father. In order to make the gift she had extorted from her fond hus-

band as fatal as possible to her favourite child, she took care in her education (by endeavouring to cultivate in her the spirit of revenge and malice against those who had in the least degree offended her) to turn her mind to all manner of mischief; by which means she lived in a continual passion.

‘My father, as soon as I was old enough to hearken to reason, told me of the gift he had conferred on my sister; said he could not retract it; and therefore, if she had any mischievous designs against me, they must in some measure succeed; but he would endow me with a power superior to this gift of my sister’s, and likewise superior to any thing else that he was able to bestow, which was strength and constancy of mind enough to bear patiently any injuries I might receive; and this was a strength, he said, which would not decay, but rather increase, by every new exercise of it; and, to secure me in the possession of this gift, he also gave me a perfect knowledge of the true value of everything around me, by which means I might learn whatever outward accidents befel me, not to lose the greatest blessing in this world, namely, a calm and contented mind. He taught me so well my duty, that I cheerfully obeyed my mother in all things, though she seldom gave me a kind word, or even a kind look; for my spiteful sister was always telling some lies to make her angry with me. But my heart overflowed with gratitude to my father, that he should give me leave to love him, whilst he instructed me that it was my duty to pay him the most strict obedience.

‘Brunetta was daily encouraged by her mother to use me ill, and chiefly because my father loved me; and although she succeeded in all her designs of revenge on me, yet was she very uneasy, because she could not take away the cheerfulness of my mind; for I bore with patience whatever happened to me: and she would often say, must I with all my beauty, power, and wisdom (for so she called her low cunning) be suffering perpetual uneasiness? and shall you, who have neither beauty, power, nor wisdom, pretend to be happy and cheerful? Then would she cry and stamp, and rave like a mad creature, and set her invention at work to

make my mother beat me or lock me up, or take from me some of my best clothes to give to her ; yet still could not her power extend to vex my mind : and this used to throw her again into such passions as weakened her health, and greatly impaired her so much boasted beauty.

‘ In this manner we lived, till on a certain day, after Brunetta had been in one of her rages with me for nothing, my father came in and chid her for it ; which, when my mother heard, she threw herself into such a violent passion that her husband could not pacify her. And, being big with child, the convulsions, caused by her passions, brought her to her grave. Thus my father lost her, by the same uncontrollable excesses, the fatal effects of which he had before ruined his daughter to preserve her from. He did not long survive her ; but, before he died, gave me a little wand, which, by striking three times on the ground, he said, would at any time produce me any necessary or convenience of life, which I really wanted, either for myself or the assistance of others ; and this he gave me, because he was very sensible, he said, that, as soon as he was dead, my sister would never rest till she had got from me both his castle and everything that I had belonging to me in it. But, continued he, whenever you are driven from thence, bend your course directly into the pleasant wood Ardella ; there strike with your wand, and everything you want will be provided for you. But keep this wand a profound secret, or Brunetta will get it from you ; and then (though you can never, while you preserve your patience, be unhappy) you will not have it in your power to be of so much use as you would wish to be, to those who shall stand in need of your assistance. Saying these words he expired, as I kneeled by his bedside attending his last commands, and bewailing the loss of so good a father.

‘ In the midst of this our distress, we sent to my uncle Sochus, my father’s brother, to come to us, and to assist us in an equal division of my deceased father’s effects ; but my sister soon contrived to make him believe that I was the wickedest girl alive, and had always set my father against her by my art, which, she said, I pretended to call wisdom ; and by several handsome presents she soon per-

suaded him (for he did not care a farthing for either of us) to join with her in saying, that, as she was the eldest sister, she had a full right to the castle and everything in it ; but she told me I was very welcome to stay there, and live with her, if I pleased ; and while I behaved myself well, she should be very glad of my company.

‘As it was natural for me to love all people that would give me leave to love them, I was quite overjoyed at this kind offer of my sister’s, and never once thought on the treachery she had so lately been guilty of ; and I have since reflected, that happy was it for me that passion was so much uppermost with her, that she could not execute any plot that required a dissimulation of any long continuance ; for, had her good humour lasted but one four-and-twenty hours, it is very probable that I should have opened my whole heart to her ; should have endeavoured to have begun a friendship with her, and perhaps have betrayed the secret of my wand ; but just as it was sunset, she came into the room where I was, in the most violent passion in the world, accusing me to my uncle of ingratitude to her great generosity, in suffering me to live in her castle. She said, “that she had found me out, and that my crimes were of the blackest dye,” although she would not tell me either what they were, or who were my accusers. She would not give me leave to speak, either to ask what my offence was, or to justify my innocence ; and I plainly perceived, that her pretended kindness was designed only to make my disappointment the greater ; and that she was now determined to find me guilty, whether I pleaded or not. And after she had raved on for some time, she said to me with a sneer, ‘Since you have always boasted of your calm and contented mind, you may now try to be contented this night with the softness of the grass for your bed ; for here in my castle you shall not stay one moment longer.’ And so saying, she and my uncle led me to the outer court, and thrusting me with all their force from them, they shut up the gates, bolting and barring them as close as if to keep out a giant ; and left me, at that time of night, friendless, and, as they thought, destitute of any kind of support.

‘ I then remembered my dear father’s last words, and made what haste I could to this wood, which is not above a mile distant from the castle ; and being, as I thought, about the middle of it, I struck three times with my wand, and immediately up rose this grove of trees which you see, this house, and all the other conveniences which I now enjoy ; and getting that very night into this my plain and easy bed, I enjoyed as sweet a repose as ever I did in my life, only delayed, indeed, a short time, by a few sighs for the loss of so good a parent, and the unhappy state of a self-tormented sister, whose slumbers (I fear) on a bed of down were more restless and interrupted that night than mine would have been, even had not my father’s present of the wand prevented me from the necessity of using the bed of grass, which she, in her wrath, allotted me. In this grove, which I call Placid Grove, is contained all that I want ; and it is so well secured from any invaders, by the thick briars and thorns which surround it, having no entrance but through that tender jessamine, that I live in no apprehensions of any disturbance, though so near my sister’s castle. But once, indeed, she came with a large train, and, whilst I was asleep, set fire to the trees all round me ; and waking, I found myself almost suffocated with smoke, and the flames had reached one part of my house. I started from my bed, and striking on the ground three times with my wand, there came such a quantity of water from the heavens, as soon extinguished the fire ; and the next morning, by again having recourse to my wand, all things grew up into their convenient and proper order. When my sister Brunetta found that I had such a supernatural power at my command, though she knew not what it was, she desisted from ever attempting any more by force to disturb me ; and now only uses all such arts and contrivances to deceive me, or any persons whom I would wish to secure. One of my father’s daily lessons to me was, that I should never omit, any one day of my life, endeavouring to be as serviceable as I possibly could to any person in distress. And I daily wander as far as my feet will carry me in search of any such, and hither I invite them to peace and calm contentment. But my father

added also this command, that I should never endeavour doing any further good to those whom adversity had not taught to hearken to the voice of reason, enough to enable them so to conquer their passions as not to think themselves miserable in a safe retreat from noise and confusion. This was the reason I could not gratify you in relating the history of my life, whilst you gave way to raging passions, which only serve to blind your eyes, and shut your ears from truth. But now, great queen (for I know your state from what you vented in your grief), I am ready to endow this little princess with any gift in my power, that I know will tend really to her good; and I hope your experience of the world has made you too reasonable to require any other.'

The queen considered a little while, and then desired Sybella to endow the princess with that only wisdom which would enable her to see and follow what was her own true good, to know the value of everything around her, and to be sensible that, following the paths of goodness, and performing her duty, was the only road to content and happiness.

Sybella was overjoyed at the queen's request, and immediately granted it, only telling the Princess Hebe, that it was absolutely necessary towards the attainment of this great blessing, that she should entirely obey the queen her mother, without ever pretending to examine her commands; for 'true obedience (said she) consists in submission; and when we pretend to choose what commands are proper and fit for us we don't obey, but set up our own wisdom in opposition to our governors—this, my dear Hebe, you must be very careful of avoiding if you would be happy.' She then cautioned her against giving way to the persuasions of any of the young shepherdesses thereabouts, who would endeavour to allure her to disobedience by striving to raise in her mind a desire of thinking herself wise, whilst they were tearing from her what was indeed true wisdom. 'For (said Sybella) my sister Brunetta, who lives in the castle she drove me from (about a mile from this wood) endows young shepherdesses with great beauty, and everything that is in appearance amiable and likely to persuade, in order to allure away and make wretched those persons I would preserve: and

all the wisdom with which I have endowed the Princess Hebe will not prevent her falling into my sister's snares, if she gives the least way to temptation; for my father's gift to Brunetta in her infancy, enables her (as I told you) to succeed in all her designs, except they are resisted by the virtue of the person she is practising against. Many poor wretches has my sister already decoyed away from me, whom she now keeps in her castle; where they live in splendour and seeming joy, but in real misery, from perpetual jars and tumults, raised by envy, malice, and all the train of tumultuous and tormenting passions.'

The Princess Hebe said, she doubted not but she should be able to withstand any of Brunetta's temptations. Her mother interrupting her, cried out, 'Oh, my dear child, though you are endowed with wisdom enough to direct you in the way to virtue, yet if you grow conceited and proud of that wisdom, and fancy yourself above temptation, it will lead you into the worst of all evils.' Here the fairy interposed, and told the Princess Hebe, that if she would always carefully observe and obey her mother, who had learned wisdom in that best school adversity, she would then, indeed, be able to withstand and overcome every temptation; and would likewise be happy herself, and be able to dispense happiness all around her. Nothing was omitted by the fairy to make this retirement agreeable to her royal guests; and they had now passed near seven years in this delightful grove, in perfect peace and tranquillity; when one evening, as they were walking in the pleasant wood which surrounded their habitation, they espied under the shade, and leaning against the bark of a large oak, a poor old man, whose limbs were withered and decayed, and whose eyes were hollow and sunk with age and misery. They stopped as soon as they saw him, and heard him, in the anguish of his heart, with a loud groan, utter these words: 'When will my sorrows end? Where shall I find the good fairy Sybella?' The fairy immediately begged to know his business with her; and said, if his sorrows would end on finding Sybella, he might set his heart at ease; for she stood now before him, and ready to serve him, if his distresses were such as would admit of relief,

and he could prove himself worthy of her friendship. The old man appeared greatly overjoyed at having found the fairy, and began the following story :

‘I live from hence a thousand leagues. All this tiresome way have I come in search of you. My whole life has been spent in amassing wealth, to enrich one only son, whom I doated on to distraction. It is now five years since I have given to him all the riches I had laboured to get, only to make him happy. But, alas ! how am I disappointed ! His wealth enables him to command whatever this world produces ; and yet the poorest wretch that begs his bread cannot be more miserable. He spends his days in riot and luxury ; has more slaves and attendants than wait in the palace of a prince ; and still he sighs from morning till night, because, he says, there is nothing in this world worth living for. All his dainties only sate his palate and grow irksome to his sight. He daily changes his opinion of what is pleasure ; and, on the trial, finds none that he can call such ; and then falls to sighing again, for the emptiness of all that he has enjoyed. So that, instead of being my delight, and the comfort of my old age, sleepless nights, and anxious days, are all the rewards of my past labours for him. But I have had many visions and dreams to admonish me, that if I would venture with my old frame to travel hither a-foot in search of the fairy Sybella, she had a glass which, if she showed him, he would be cured of this dreadful melancholy, and I have borne the labour and fatigue of coming this long tiresome way, that I may not breathe my last with the agonising reflection, that all the labours of my life have been thrown away. But what shall I say to engage you to go with me ? Can riches tempt, or can pleasure allure you ?’

‘No (answered the fairy) neither of them has power to move me ; but I compassionate your age ; and if I thought I could succeed, would not refuse you. The glass which I shall bid him look in, will show him his inward self ; but if he will not open both his eyes and heart enough to truth, to let him understand, that the pleasures he pursues not only are not but cannot be satisfactory, I can be of no sort of

service to him. And know, old man, that the punishment you now feel is the natural result of your not having taught him this from his infancy; for, instead of heaping up wealth, to allure him to seek for happiness from such deceitful means, you should have taught him, that the only path to it was to be virtuous and good.'

The old man said, he heartily repented of his conduct; and then on his knees so fervently implored Sybella's assistance, that at last she consented to go with him. Then striking on the ground three times with her wand, the car and horses rose up; and placing the old man by her, after taking leave of the queen, and begging the Princess Hebe to be careful to guard against all temptations to disobedience, she set out on her journey.

It being now come to the latest hour that Mrs. Teachum thought proper for her little scholars to stay out in the air, she told Miss Jenny that she must defer reading the remaining part of her story till the next day. Miss Jenny always, with great cheerfulness, obeyed her governess, and immediately left off reading; and said she was ready to attend her; and the whole company rose up to follow her.

Mrs. Teachum had so much judgment, that perceiving such a ready obedience to all her commands, she now endeavoured, by all means she could think of, to make her scholars throw off that reserve before her which must ever make it uneasy to them for her to be present whilst they were following their innocent diversions; for such was the understanding of this good woman, that she could keep up the authority of the governess in her school, yet at times become the companion of her scholars. And as she now saw, by their good behaviour, they deserved that indulgence, she took the little dumpling by the hand, and, followed by the rest, walked towards the house, and discoursed familiarly with them the rest of the evening, concerning all their past amusements.

SATURDAY.

THE SIXTH DAY.

It was the custom on Saturdays to have no school in the afternoon, and it being also their writing day from morning-school till dinner, Mrs. Teachum, knowing how eager Miss Jenny's hearers were for the rest of the story, accompanied them into the arbour early in the afternoon, when Miss Jenny went on as follows :

THE FAIRY TALE CONTINUED.

The queen and the Princess Hebe remained, by the good fairy's desire, in her habitation during her absence. They spent their time in serenity and content ; the princess daily improving herself in wisdom and goodness, by hearkening to her mother's instructions, and obeying all her commands, and the queen in studying what would be of most use to her child. She had now forgot her throne and palace, and desired nothing farther, than her present peaceful retreat. One morning, as they were sitting in a little arbour at the corner of a pleasant meadow, on a sudden they heard a voice, much sweeter than they had ever heard, warble through the following song :

A SONG.

Virtue, soft balm of every woe,
Of ev'ry grief the cure,
'Tis thou alone that canst best bestow
Pleasures unmix'd and pure.
The shady wood, the verdant mead,
Are Virtue's flow'ry road ;
Nor painful are the steps which lead
To her divine abode.
'Tis not in palaces or halls,
She or her train appear ;
Far off she flies from pompous walls ;
Virtue and Peace dwell here.

The queen was all attention, and, at the end of the song, she gazed around her, in hopes of seeing the person whose enchanting voice she had been so eagerly listening to, when she espied a young shepherdess, not much older than the

Princess Hebe, but possessed of such uncommon and dazzling beauty, that it was some time before she could disengage her eyes from so agreeable an object. As soon as the young shepherdess found herself observed, she seemed modestly to offer to withdraw; but the queen begged her not to go till she had informed them who she was, that, with such a commanding aspect, had so much engaged them in her favour.

The shepherdess coming forward, with a bashful blush and profound obeisance, answered, that her name was Rozella, and she was the daughter of a neighbouring shepherd and shepherdess, who lived about a quarter-of-a-mile from thence; and, to confess the truth, she had wandered thither in hopes of seeing the young stranger, whose fame for beauty and wisdom had filled all that country round.

The Princess Hebe, well knowing of whom she spoke, conceived from that moment such an inclination for her acquaintance, that she begged her to stay and spend that whole day with them in Placid Grove. Here the queen frowned upon her; for she had, by the fairy's desire, charged her never to bring anyone, without her permission, into that peaceful grove.

The young Rozella answered, that nothing could be more agreeable to her inclination; but she must be at home by noon, for so in the morning had her father commanded her, and never yet in her life had she either disputed or disobeyed her parent's commands. Here the young princess looked on her mother with eyes expressive of her joy at finding a companion, which she, and even the fairy herself, could not disapprove.

When Rozella took her leave, she begged the favour that the little Hebe (for so she called her, not knowing her to be a princess) might come to her father's small cottage, and there partake such homely fare as it afforded; a welcome, she said, she could insure her; and though poor, yet, from the honesty of her parents, who would be proud to entertain so rare a beauty, she was certain no sort of harm would happen to the pretty Hebe from such a friendly visit; and she would be in the same place again to-morrow, to meet her, in hopes, as she said, to conduct her to her humble habitation.

When Rozella was gone, the queen, though highly possessed

in her favour, both by her beauty and modest behaviour, yet pondered some time on the thought, whether or no she was a fit companion for her daughter. She remembered what Sybella had told her concerning Brunetta's adorning young shepherdesses with beauty and other excellencies, only to enable them the better to allure and entice others into wickedness. Rozella's beginning her acquaintance too with the princess by flattery, had no good aspect; and the sudden effect it had upon her, so as to make her forget or wilfully disobey her commands, by inviting Rozella to Placid Grove, were circumstances which greatly alarmed her. But, by the repeated entreaties of the princess, she gave her consent that she should meet Rozella the next day, and walk with her in that meadow, and in the wood; but upon no account should she go home with her, or bring Rozella back with her. The queen then, in gentle terms, chid the princess for her invitation to the young shepherdess, which was contrary to an absolute command; and said, 'You must, my dear Hebe, be very careful to guard yourself extremely well against those temptations which wear the face of virtue. I know that your sudden affection to this apparent good girl, and your desire of her company, to partake with you the innocent pleasures of this happy place, arise from a good disposition; but where the indulgence of the most laudable passion, even benevolence and compassion itself, interferes with, or runs counter to, your duty, you must endeavour to suppress it, or it will fare with you as it did with that hen, who, thinking that she heard the voice of a little duckling in distress, flew from her young ones, to go and give it assistance, and, following the cry, came at last to an hedge, out of which jumped a subtle and wicked fox, who had made that noise to deceive her, and devoured her in an instant. A kite at the same time taking advantage of her absence, carried away, one by one, all her little innocent brood, robbed of that parent who should have been their protector. The princess promised her mother that she would punctually obey all her commands, and be very watchful and observant of everything Rozella said and did, till she had approved herself worthy of her confidence and friendship.

The queen the next morning renewed her injunctions to her daughter, that she should by no means go farther out of the wood than into the meadow, where she was to meet Rozella; and that she should give her a faithful account of all that should pass between them.

They met according to appointment, and the princess brought home so good an account of their conversation, which the queen imagined would help to improve rather than seduce her child, that she indulged her in the same pleasure as often as she asked it. They passed some hours every day in walking round that delightful wood, in which were many small green meadows, with little rivulets running through them, on the banks of which, covered with primroses and violets, Rozella, by the side of her sweet companion, used to sing the most enchanting songs in the world: the words were chiefly in praise of innocence and a country life.

The princess came home every day more and more charmed with her young shepherdess, and recounted, as near as she could remember, every word that had passed between them. The queen very highly approved of their manner of amusing themselves; but again enjoined her to omit nothing that passed in conversation, especially if it had the least tendency towards alluring her from her duty.

One day, as the Princess Hebe and Rozella were walking alone, and talking, as usual, of their own happy state, and the princess was declaring how much her own happiness was owing to her thorough obedience to her mother, Rozella with a tone of voice as half in jest said. 'But don't you think, my little Hebe, that if I take a very great pleasure in anything that will do me no hurt, though it is forbidden, I may disobey my parents by enjoying it, provided I don't tell them of it to vex them with the thoughts that I have disobeyed them? And then, my dear, what harm is done?'

'Great harm (answered the princess, looking grave and half angry):— am ashamed to hear you talk so, Rozella. Are you not guilty of treachery, as well as disobedience? Neither ought you to determine that no harm is done, because you do not feel the immediate effects of your transgression; for the consequence may be out of our narrow inexperienced

view ; and I have been taught whenever my mother lays any commands on me, to take it for granted she has some reasons for so doing ; and I obey her, without examining what those reasons are ; otherwise, it would not be obeying her, but setting up my own wisdom, and doing what she bid me only when I thought proper.'

They held a long argument on this head, in which Rozella made use of many a fallacy to prove her point ; but the princess, as she had not yet departed from truth, nor failed in her duty, could not be imposed upon. Rozella seeing every attempt to persuade her was in vain, turned all her past discourse into a jest ; said she had only a mind to try her ; and was overjoyed to find her so steady in the cause of truth and virtue. The princess resumed her usual cheerfulness and good humour. Rozella sung her a song in praise of constancy of mind ; and they passed the rest of the time they staid together as they used to do.

But, just before they parted, Rozella begged she would not tell her mother of the first part of the conversation that had passed between them. The princess replied, that it would be breaking through one of her mother's commands, and therefore she dared not grant her request. Then, said Rozella, 'Here I must for ever part with my dear little Hebe. Your mother, not knowing the manner in which I spoke, will have an ill opinion of me, and will never trust you again in my company. Thus will you be torn from me, and my loss will be irreparable.' These words she accompanied with a flood of tears, and such little tendernesses as quite melted the princess into tears also. But she still said, that she could not dare to conceal from her mother anything that had happened, though she could not but own, she believed their separation would be the consequence. 'Well then (cried Rozella) I will endeavour to be contented, as our separation will give you less pain than what you call this mighty breach of your duty : and though I would willingly undergo almost any torments that could be invented rather than be debarred one moment the company of my dearest Hebe, yet I will not expect that she should suffer the smallest degree of pain or uneasiness, to save me from losing what is the whole pleasure of my life.'

The princess could not bear the thought of appearing ungrateful to such a warm friendship as Rozella expressed; and, without farther hesitation, promised to conceal what she had said, and to undergo anything, rather than lose so amiable a friend.

After this they parted. But when the princess entered the grove, she did not, as usual, run with haste and joy into the presence of her indulgent mother; for her mind was disturbed: she felt a conscious shame on seeing her, and turned away her face as wanting to shun the piercing look of that eye, which she imagined would see the secret lurking in her bosom. Her mother observed with concern her down-cast look and want of cheerfulness. And being asked what was the matter, she answered, her walk had fatigued her, and she begged early to retire to rest. Her kind mother consented; but little rest had the poor princess that whole night, for the pain of having her mind touched with guilt, and the fear she was under of losing her dear companion, kept her thoughts in one continued tumult and confusion. The fairy's gift now became her curse; for the power of seeing what was right, as she had acted contrary to her knowledge, only tormented her.

She hastened the next morning to meet Rozella, and told her all that had passed in her own mind the preceding night; declaring that she would not pass such another for the whole world; but yet would not dispense with her promise to her without her consent; and therefore came to ask her leave to acquaint her good mother with all that had passed: 'For (said she), my dear Rozella, we must, if we would be happy, do always what is right, and trust for the consequences.' Here Rozella drew her features into the most contemptuous sneer imaginable, and said, 'Pray what are all these mighty pains you have suffered? Are they not owing only to your want of sense enough to know, that you can do your mother no harm by concealing from her this, or anything else that will vex her? and, my dear girl (continued she), when you have once entered into this way of thinking, and have put this blind duty out of your head, you will spend no more such restless nights, which you must see was entirely owing to your own imaginations.'

This startled the princess to such a degree, that she was breaking from her; but, putting on a more tender air, Rozella cried, 'and can you then, my dear Hebe, determine to give me up for such a trifling consideration?' Then raising her voice again, in a haughty manner, she said, 'I ought to despise and laugh at you for your folly, or at best pity your ignorance, rather than offer a sincere friendship to one so undeserving.'

The princess, having once swerved from her duty, was now in the power of every passion that should attack her.

Pride and indignation, at the thought of being despised, bore more sway with her than either her duty or affection to her fond mother; and she was now determined, she said, to think for herself, and make use of her own understanding, which, she was convinced, would always teach her what was right. Upon this, Rozella took her by the hand, and, with tears of joy, said, 'Now, my dearest girl, you are really wise, and cannot therefore (according to your own rule) fail of being happy. But, to show that you are in earnest in this resolution, you shall this morning go home with me to my father's cot; it is not so far off, but you will be back by the time your mother expects you; and as that will be obeying the chief command, it is but concealing from her the thing that would vex her, and there will be no harm done.' Here a ray of truth broke in upon our young princess; but as a false shame, and fear of being laughed at, had now got possession of her, she with a soft sigh consented to the proposal.

Rozella led the way. But just as they were turning round the walk which leads out of the wood, a large serpent darted from one side out of a thicket directly between them, and turning its hissing mouth towards the princess, as seeming to make after her, she fled hastily back, and ran with all her speed towards the grove, and panting for breath flew into the arms of her ever kind protectress.

Her mother was vastly terrified to see her tremble and look so pale; and as soon as she was a little recovered, asked her the occasion of her fright; and added (with tears running down her cheeks) 'I am afraid, my dear Hebe,

some sad disaster has befallen you, for indeed, my child, I but too plainly saw last night——'

Here the princess was so struck with true shame and confusion for her past behaviour, that she fell down upon her knees, confessed the whole truth, and implored forgiveness for her fault.

The queen kindly raised her up, kissed and forgave her. 'I am overjoyed, my dear child (said she), at this your sweet repentance, though the effect of mere accident, as it appears; but sent, without doubt, by some good fairy to save you from destruction; and I hope you are thoroughly convinced that the serpent, which drove you home, was not half so dangerous as the false Rozella.'

The princess answered, that she was thoroughly sensible of the dangers she had avoided, and hoped she never should again, by her own folly and wickedness, deserve to be exposed to the danger from which she had so lately escaped.

Some days passed without the princess's offering to stir out of the grove; and in that time she gave a willing and patient ear to all her mother's instructions, and seemed thoroughly sensible of the great deliverance she had lately experienced. But yet there appeared in her countenance an uneasiness, which the queen wishing to remove, asked her the cause of it.

'It is, dear madam,' answered the princess, 'because I have not yet had it in my power to convince you of my repentance, which (though I know it to be sincere) you have had no proof of, but in words only; and, indeed, my heart longs for an occasion to show you, that I am now able to resist any allurements which would tempt me from my duty; and I cannot be easy till you have given me an opportunity of showing you the firmness of my resolution; and if you will give me leave to take a walk in the wood alone, this evening, I shall return to you with pleasure, and will promise not to exceed any bounds that you shall prescribe.'

The queen was not much pleased with this request; but the princess was so earnest with her to grant it, that she could not well refuse, without seeming to suspect her sin-

cerity; which she did not, but only feared for her safety; and, giving her a strict charge, not to stir a step out of the wood, or to speak to the false Rozella, if she came in her way, she reluctantly gave her consent.

The princess walked through all the flowery labyrinths, in which she had so often strayed with Rozella; but she was so shocked with the thoughts of her wickedness, that she hardly gave a sigh for the loss of a companion once so dear to her; and, as a proof that her repentance was sincere, though she heard Rozella singing in an arbour (purposely perhaps to decoy her) she turned away without the least emotion, and went quite to the other side of the wood; where looking into the meadow in which she first beheld that false friend, she saw a girl about her own age leaning against a tree, and crying most bitterly. But the moment she came in sight, the young shepherdess (for such by her dress she appeared to be) cried out, 'O help, dear young lady, help me; for I am tied here to this tree, by the spiteful contrivance of a wicked young shepherdess, called Rozella: my hands too, you see, are bound behind me, so that I cannot myself unloose the knot; and if I am not released, here must I lie all night: and my wretched parents will break their hearts, for fear some sad accident should have befallen their only child, their poor unhappy Florimel!'

The princess, hearing her speak of Rozella in that manner, had no suspicion of her being one of that false girl's deluding companions, but rather thought that she was a fellow-sufferer with herself: and therefore, without any consideration of the bounds prescribed, she hastened to relieve her, and even thought that she should have great pleasure in telling her mother, that she had saved a poor young shepherdess from Rozella's malice, and restored her to her fond parents. But as soon as she had unloosed the girl from the tree, and unbound her hands, instead of receiving thanks for what she had done, the wicked Florimel burst into a laugh, and suddenly snatching from the Princess Hebe's side her father's picture, which she always wore hanging in a riband, she ran away with it as fast as she could over the meadow.

The princess was so astonished at this strange piece of

ingratitude and treachery, and was so alarmed for fear of losing what she knew her mother so highly valued, that, hardly knowing what she was about, she pursued Florimel with all her speed, begging and entreating her not to bereave her so basely and ungratefully of that picture, which she would not part with for the world: but it was all to no purpose; for Florimel continued her flight, and the princess her pursuit, till they arrived at Brunetta's castle-gate; where the fairy herself appeared, dressed and adorned in the most becoming manner, and, with the most bewitching smile that can come from dazzling beauty, invited the princess to enter her castle (into which Florimel was run to hide herself), and promised her, on that condition, to make the idle girl restore the picture.

It was now so late that it was impossible for the princess to think of returning home that night; and the pleasing address of Brunetta, together with the hopes of having her picture restored, soon prevailed with her to accept of the fairy's invitation.

The castle glittered with gaudy furniture; sweet music was heard in every room; the whole company, who were all of the most beautiful forms that could be conceived, strove who should be most obliging to this their new guest. They omitted nothing that could amuse and delight the senses. And the Princess Hebe was so entranced with joy and rapture, that she had not time for thought, or for the least serious reflection; and she now began to think, that she had attained the highest happiness upon earth.

After they had kept her three days in this round of pleasure and delight, they began to pull off the mask; nothing was heard but quarrels, jars, and galling speeches. Instead of sweet music, the apartments were filled with screams and howling; for every one giving way to the most outrageous passions, they were always doing each other some malicious turn, and one universal horror and confusion reigned.

The princess was hated by all, and was often asked, with insulting sneers, why she did not return to her peaceful grove and condescending mother? But her mind having been thus turned aside from what was right, could not bear the thoughts

of returning ; and though, by her daily tears, she showed her repentance, shame prevented her return : but this again was not the right sort of shame ; for then she would humbly have taken the punishment due to her crime ; and it was rather a stubborn pride, which, as she knew herself so highly to blame, would not give her leave to suffer the confusion of again confessing her fault ; and till she could bring herself to such a state of mind, there was no remedy for her misery.

Just as Miss Jenny had read these words, Mrs. Teachum remembering some orders necessary to be given in her family, left them, but bid them go on, saying she would return again in a quarter of an hour. But she was no sooner gone from them, than our little company, hearing the sound of trumpets and kettledrums, which seemed to be playing at some little distance from Mrs. Teachum's house, suddenly started from their seats, running directly to the terrace ; and, looking over the garden wall, they saw a troop of soldiers riding by, with these instruments of music playing before them.

They were highly delighted with the gallant and splendid appearance of these soldiers, and watched them out of sight ; and were then returning to the arbour, where Miss Jenny had been reading ; but Miss Nanny Spruce espied such another troop coming out of the lane from whence the first had issued, and cried out, ' O ! here is another fine sight ; let us stay and see these go by too.' ' Indeed (said Miss Dolly Friendly) I am in such pain for the poor Princess Hebe, while she is in that sad castle, that I had rather hear how she escaped (for that, I hope, she will) than see all the soldiers in the world ; and besides, it is but seeing the same thing we have just looked at before.' Here some were for staying, and others for going back ; but as Miss Dolly's party was the strongest, the few were ashamed to avow their inclinations ; and they were returning to their arbour, when they met Mrs. Teachum, who informed them their dancing master was just arrived, and they must attend him ; but in the evening they might finish their story.

They were so curious (and especially Miss Dolly Friendly) to know what was become of the princess, that they could

have wished not to have been interrupted ; but yet, without one word of answer, they complied with what their governess thought most proper ; and in the evening, hastening to their harbour, Mrs. Teachum herself being present, Miss Jenny went on in the following manner :

THE FAIRY TALE CONTINUED.

The queen, in the meantime, suffered for the loss of her child more than words can express, till the good fairy Sybella returned. The queen burst into tears at the sight of her ; but the fairy immediately cried out, ‘ You may spare yourself, my royal guest, the pain of relating what has happened. I know it all ; for that old man, whom I took such pity on, was a phantom raised by Brunetta to allure me hence, in order to have an opportunity, in my absence, of seducing the princess from her duty. She knew nothing but a probable story could impose on me ; and therefore raised that story of the misery of the old man’s son (from motives which too often, indeed, cause the misery of mortals) ; as knowing I should think it my duty to do what I could to relieve such a wretch. I will not tell you of all my journey, nor what I have gone through. I know your mind is at present too much fixed on the princess to attend to such a relation ; I’ll only tell you what concerns yourself. When the phantom found, that by no distress he could disturb my mind, he said he was obliged to tell the truth ; what was the intention of my being deluded from home, and what had happened since ; and then vanished away.’ Here the fairy related to the queen everything that had happened to the princess, as has already been written ; and concluded with saying, that she would wander about the castle walls (for Brunetta had no power over her) ; and if she could get a sight of the princess, she would endeavour to bring her to a true sense of her fault, and then she might again be restored to happiness.

The queen blessed the fairy for her goodness ; and it was not long before Sybella’s continual assiduity got her a sight of the princess ; for she often wandered a little way

towards that wood she had once so much delighted in, but never could bring herself to enter into it : the thought of seeing her injured mother made her start back, and run half wild into the fatal castle. Rozella used frequently to throw herself in her way ; and on hearing her sighs, and seeing her tears, would burst into a sneering laugh at her folly ; to avoid which laugh, the poor princess first suffered herself to throw off all her principles of goodness and obedience, and was now fallen into the very contempt she so much dreaded.

The first time the fairy got a sight of her, she called to her with the most friendly voice ; but the princess, stung to the soul with the sight of her, fled away, and did not venture out again in several days. The kind Sybella began almost to despair of regaining her lost child ; but never failed walking round the castle many hours every day. And one evening, just before the sun set, she heard within the gates a loud tumultuous noise, but more like riotous mirth than the voice either of rage or anger ; and immediately she saw the princess rush out at the gate, and about a dozen girls, laughing and shouting, running after her. The poor princess flew with all her speed, till she came to a little arbour, just by the side of the wood ; and her pursuers, as they intended only to tease her, did not follow her very close ; but, as soon as they lost sight of her, returned all back again to the castle.

Sybella went directly into the arbour, where she found the little trembler prostrate on the ground, crying and sobbing as if her heart was breaking. The fairy seized her hand, and would not let her go till she had prevailed with her to return to the Placid Grove, to throw herself once more at her mother's feet, assuring her that nothing but this humble state of mind would cure her misery and restore her wonted peace.

The queen was filled with the highest joy to see her child ; but restrained herself so much, that she showed not the least sign of it till she had seen her some time prostrate at her feet, and had heard her with tears properly confess, and ask pardon for, all her faults. She then raised, and once more forgave her ; but told her that she must learn more humility and distrust of herself before she should again expect to be trusted.

The princess made no answer ; but by a modest down-cast look expressed great concern and true repentance ; and in a short time recovered her former peace of mind ; and as she never afterwards disobeyed her indulgent mother, she daily increased in wisdom and goodness.

After having lived on in the most innocent and peaceful manner for three years (the princess being just turned of eighteen years old) the fairy told the queen that she would now tell her some news of her kingdom, which she had heard in her journey ; namely, that her sister-in-law was dead, and her brother-in-law had made proclamation throughout the kingdom, of great rewards to any one who should produce the queen and the Princess Hebe, whom he would immediately reinstate on the throne.

The Princess Hebe was by when she related this, and said she begged to lead a private life, and never more be exposed to the temptation of entering into vice, for which she had already so severely smarted.

The fairy told her, that, since she doubted herself, she was now fit to be trusted ; for, said she, ‘ I did not like your being so sure of resisting temptation, when first I conferred on you the gift of wisdom. But you will, my princess, if you take the crown, have an opportunity of doing so much good, that, if you continue virtuous, you will have perpetual pleasures ; for power, if made a right use of, is indeed a very great blessing.’

The princess answered, that if the queen, her mother, thought it her duty to take the crown, she would cheerfully submit, though a private life would be otherwise her choice.

The queen replied, that she did not blame her for choosing a private life ; but she thought she could not innocently refuse the power that would give her such opportunities of doing good, and making others happy ; since, by that refusal, the power might fall into hands that would make an ill use of it.

After this conversation, they got into the same car in which they travelled to the wood of Ardella ; arrived safely at the city of Algorada ; and the Princess Hebe was seated, with universal consent, on her father’s throne ; where she

and her people were reciprocally happy, by her great wisdom and prudence ; and the queen-mother spent the remainder of her days in peace and joy, to see her beloved daughter prove a blessing to such numbers of human creatures ; whilst she herself enjoyed that only true content and happiness this world can produce ; namely, a peaceful conscience and a quiet mind.

When Miss Jenny had finished her story, Mrs. Teachum left them for the present, that they might, with the utmost freedom, make their own observations ; for she knew she should be acquainted with all their sentiments from Miss Jenny afterwards.

The little hearts of all the company were swelled with joy, in that the Princess Hebe was at last made happy ; for hope and fear had each by turns possessed their bosoms for the fate of the little princess ; and Miss Dolly Friendly said, that Rozella's artful manner was enough to have drawn the wisest girl into her snares ; and she did not see how it was possible for the Princess Hebe to withstand it, especially when she cried for fear of parting with her.

Miss Sukey Jennett said that Rozella's laughing at her, and using her with contempt, she thought was insupportable, for who could bear the contempt of a friend ?

Many and various were the remarks made by Miss Jenny's hearers on the story she had read to them. But now they were so confirmed in goodness, and every one was so settled in her affection for her companions, that, instead of being angry at any opposition that was made to their judgments, every one spoke her opinion with the utmost mildness.

Miss Jenny sat some time silent to hear their conversation on her fairy tale. But her seeing them so much altered in their manner of talking to each other, since the time they made their little remarks on her story of the Giants, filled her whole mind with the most sincere pleasure ; and with a smile peculiar to herself, and which diffused a cheerfulness all around her, she told her companions the joy their present behaviour had inspired her with ; but saying that it was as late as their governess chose they should stay out, she rose,

and walked towards the house, whither she was cheerfully followed by the whole company.

Mrs. Teachum after supper, again, in a familiar manner, talked to them on the subject of the fairy tale, and encouraged them, as much as possible, to answer her freely in whatever she asked them; and at last said, 'My good children, I am very much pleased when you are innocently amused; and yet I would have you consider seriously enough of what you read, to draw such morals from your books, as may influence your future practice; and as to fairy tales in general, remember that the fairies, as I told Miss Jenny before of Giants and Magic, are introduced, by the writers of those tales, only by way of amusement to the reader. For if the story is well written, the common course of things would produce the same incidents, without the help of fairies.

'As for example, in this of the Princess Hebe you see the queen, her mother, was not admitted to know the fairy's history, till she could calm her mind enough to hearken to reason; which only means, that whilst we give way to the raging of our passions, nothing useful can ever sink into our minds. For by the fairy Sybella's story you find, that by our own faults we may turn the greatest advantages into our own misery, as Sybella's mother did her beauty, by making use of the influence it gave her over her husband to tease him into the ruin of his child; and as also Brunetta did, by depending on her father's gift, to enable her to complete her desires, and therefore never endeavouring to conquer them.

'You may observe also, on the other side, that no accident had any power to hurt Sybella, because she followed the paths of virtue, and kept her mind free from restless passions.

'You see happiness in the good Sybella's peaceful grove, and misery in the wicked Brunetta's gaudy castle. The queen desiring the fairy to endow her child with true wisdom, was the cause that the Princess Hebe had it in her power to be happy. But take notice that, when she swerved from her duty, all her knowledge was of no use; but only rendered her more miserable, by letting her see her own folly in the stronger light. Rozella first tempted the princess to

disobedience, by moving her tenderness and alarming her friendship, in fearing to part with her; and then by persuading her to set up her own wisdom in opposition to her mother's commands, rather than be laughed at, and despised by her friends. You are therefore to observe, that if you would steadily persevere in virtue, you must have resolution enough to stand the sneers of those who would allure you to vice; for it is the constant practice of the vicious to endeavour to allure others to follow their example, by an affected contempt and ridicule of virtue.

'By the Princess Hebe's being drawn at last beyond the prescribed bounds, by the cries and entreaties of that insidious girl, you are to learn, that whatever appearance of virtue any action may be attended with, yet, if it makes you go contrary to the commands of those who know better what is for your good, than you do yourselves, and who can see farther into the consequences of actions than can your tender years, it will certainly lead you into error and misfortune; and you find, as soon as the princess had once overleaped the bounds, another plausible excuse arose to carry her on; and by a false fear of incurring her mother's displeasure, she really deserved that displeasure, and was soon seduced into the power of her enemy.

'The princess, you see, could have no happiness till she returned again to her obedience, and had confessed her fault. And though in this story all this is brought about by fairies, yet the moral of it is, that whenever we give way to our passions, and act contrary to our duty, we must be miserable.

'But let me once more observe to you, that these fairies are intended only to amuse you; for remember that the misery which attended the Princess Hebe and her disobedience, as well as the natural consequence of her amendment and return to her duty, was content and happiness for the rest of her life.'

Here good Mrs. Teachum ceased; and Miss Jenny, in the name of the company, thanked her for her kind instructions, and promised that they would endeavour, to the utmost of their power, to imprint them on their memory for the rest of their lives.

SUNDAY.

THE SEVENTH DAY.

THIS morning our little society rose very early, and were all dressed with neatness and elegance, in order to go to church. Mrs. Teachum put Miss Polly Suckling before her, and the rest followed, two and two, with perfect regularity.

Mrs. Teachum expressed great approbation that her scholars, at this solemn place, showed no sort of childishness, notwithstanding their tender age ; but behaved with decency and devotion suitable to the occasion.

They went again in the same order, and behaved again in the same manner, in the afternoon ; and when they returned from church, two young ladies, Lady Caroline and Lady Fanny Delun, who had formerly known Miss Jenny Peace, and who were at present in that neighbourhood with their uncle, came to make her a visit.

Lady Caroline was fourteen years of age, tall and genteel in her person, of a fair complexion, and a regular set of features ; so that, upon the whole, she was generally complimented with being very handsome.

Lady Fanny, who was one year younger than her sister, was rather little of her age, of a brown complexion, her features irregular ; and, in short, she had not the least real pretensions to beauty.

It was but lately that their father was, by the death of his eldest brother, become Earl of Delun ; so that their titles were new, and they had not been long used to your ladyship.

Miss Jenny Peace received them as her old acquaintance : however, she paid them the deference due to their quality, and at the same time took care not to behave as if she imagined they thought of nothing else.

As it was her chief delight to communicate her pleasures to others, she introduced her new-made friends to her old acquaintance, and expected to have spent a very agreeable afternoon. But to describe the behaviour of these two

young ladies is very difficult. Lady Caroline, who was dressed in a pink robe, embroidered thick with gold, and adorned with very fine jewels and the finest Mechlin lace, addressed most of her discourse to her sister, that she might have the pleasure every minute of uttering 'Your ladyship,' in order to show what she herself expected. And as she spoke, her fingers were in perpetual motion, either adjusting her tucker, placing the plaits of her robe, or fiddling with a diamond cross, that hung down on her bosom, her eyes accompanying her fingers as they moved, and then again suddenly snatched off, that she might not be observed to think of her own dress; yet was it plain that her thoughts were employed only on that and her titles. Miss Jenny Peace, although she would have made it her choice always to be in such company as did not deserve ridicule, yet had she honour enough to treat affectation as it deserved. And she addressed herself to Lady Caroline with so many ladyships, and such praises of her fine clothes, as she hoped would have made her ashamed; but Lady Caroline was too full of her own vanity to see her design, and only exposed herself ten times the more, till she really got the better of Miss Jenny, who blushed for her, since she was incapable of blushing for herself.

Lady Fanny's dress was plain and neat only, nor did she mention anything about it; and it was very visible her thoughts were otherwise employed; neither did she seem to take any delight in the words 'Your ladyship': but she tossed and threw her person about into so many ridiculous postures, and as there happened unfortunately to be no looking-glass in the room where they sat, she turned and rolled her eyes in so many different ways, in endeavouring to view as much of herself as possible, that it was very plain to the whole company she thought herself a beauty, and admired herself for being so.

Our little society, whose hearts were so open to each other that they had not a thought they endeavoured to conceal, were so filled with contempt at Lady Caroline and Lady Fanny's behaviour, and yet so strictly obliged, by good manners, not to show that contempt, that the reserve they

were forced to put on laid them under so great a restraint, that they knew not which way to turn themselves, or how to utter one word; and great was their joy when Lady Caroline, as the eldest, led the way, and with a swimming curtsey, her head turned half round on one shoulder, and a disdainful eye, took her leave, repeating two or three times the word 'misses,' to put them in mind that she was a lady. She was followed by her sister Lady Fanny, who made a slow distinct curtsey to every one in the room, that she might be the longer under observation. And then taking Miss Jenny by the hand said, 'Indeed, miss, you are very pretty,' in order to put them in mind of her own beauty.

Our little society, as soon as they were released, retired to their arbour, where, for some time, they could talk of nothing but this visit. Miss Jenny Peace remarked how many shapes vanity would turn itself into, and desired them to observe how ridiculously Lady Caroline Delun turned her whole thoughts on her dress and condition of life; and how absurd it was in Lady Fanny, who was a very plain girl, to set up for a beauty, and to behave in a manner which would render her contemptible, even though she had that beauty her own vanity made her imagine herself possessed of.

Miss Nanny Spruce said, 'She was greatly rejoiced that she had seen her folly; for she could very well remember when she had the same vanity of dress and superiority of station with Lady Caroline, though she had not, indeed, a title to support it; and in what manner (she said) she would tell them in the story of her life.'

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS NANNY SPRUCE.

Miss Nanny Spruce was just nine years old, and was the very reverse of Patty Lockit in all things; for she had little limbs, little features, and such a compactness in her form, that she was often called the little fairy. She had the misfortune to be lame in one of her hips; but by good management, and a briskness and alacrity in carrying herself, it was a very small blemish to her, and looked more like an idle childish gait than any real defect.

THE LIFE OF MISS NANNY SPRUCE.

‘My delight,’ said Miss Nanny Spruce, ‘ever since I can remember, has been in dress and finery; for whenever I did as I was bid, I was promised fine coats, ribbands, and laced caps; and when I was stubborn and naughty, then my fine things were all to be locked up, and I was to wear only an old stuff coat; so that I thought the only reward I could have was to be dressed fine, and the only punishment was to be plainly dressed. By this means I delighted so much in fine clothes, that I never thought of anything but when I should have something new to adorn myself in; and I have sat whole days considering what should be my next new coat, for I had always my choice given me of the colour.

‘We lived in a country parish, my papa being the only gentleman, so that all the little girls in the parish used to take it as a great honour to play with me. And I used to delight to show them my fine things, and to see that they could not come at any but very plain coats. However, as they did not pretend to have any thing equal with me, I was kind enough to them. As to those girls whose parents were so very poor, that they went in rags, I did not suffer them to come near me.

‘Whilst I was at home, I spent my time very pleasantly, as no one pretended to be my equal; but as soon as I came to school, where other misses were as fine as myself, and some finer, I grew very miserable. Every new coat, every silver riband that any of my schoolfellows wore, made me unhappy. Your scarlet damask, Miss Betty Ford, cost me a week’s pain; and I lay awake, and sighed and wept all night, because I did not dare to spoil it. I had several plots in my head to have dirtied it, or cut it, so as to have made it unfit to wear; but by some accident my plots were prevented; and then I was so uneasy, I could not tell what to do with myself; and so afraid, lest any body should suspect me of such a thing, that I could not sleep in peace, for fear I should dream of it, and in my sleep discover it to my bedfellow. I would not go through the same dreads and

terrors again for the world. But I am very happy now in having no thoughts but what my companions may know; for since that quarrel, and Miss Jenny Peace was so good as to show me what I'm sure I never thought of before, that is, that the road to happiness is by conquering such foolish vanities, and the only way to be pleased is to endeavour to please others, I have never known what it was to be uneasy.'

As soon as Miss Nanny had finished speaking, Miss Betty Ford said, that she heartily forgave her all her former designs upon her scarlet coat; but, added she, Lady Fanny Delun put me no less in mind of my former life, than Lady Caroline did you of yours; and if Miss Jenny pleases, I will now relate it.

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS BETTY FORD.

Miss Betty Ford was of the same age with Miss Nanny Spruce, and much of the same height, and might be called the plainest girl in the school; for she had nothing pleasing either in her person or face, except an exceeding fair skin, and tolerably good black eyes; but her face was ill-shaped and broad, her hair very red, and all the summer she was generally very full of freckles; and she had also a small hesitation in her speech. But, without preamble, she began her life as follows:

THE LIFE OF MISS BETTY FORD.

'My life,' said Miss Betty Ford, 'has hitherto passed very like that of Miss Nanny Spruce, only with this difference, that as all her thoughts were fixed on finery, my head ran on nothing but beauty. I had an elder sister, who was, I must own, a great deal handsomer than I; and yet, in my own mind, at that time, I did not think so, though I was always told it was not for me to pretend to the same things with pretty Miss Kitty (which was the name of my sister); and in all respects she was taken so much more notice of than I was, that I perfectly hated her, and could not help

wishing that, by some accident, her beauty might be spoiled: whenever any visitors came to the house, their praises of her gave me the greatest vexation; and as I had made myself believe I was a very great beauty, I thought that it was prejudice and ill-nature in all around me, not to view me in that light. My sister Kitty was very goodnatured; and though she was thus cried up for her beauty, and more indulged on that account, yet she never insulted me, but did all in her power to oblige me. But I could not love her, and sometimes would raise lies against her, which did not signify, for she could always justify herself. I could not give any reason for hating her but her beauty, for she was very good; but the better she was, I thought the worse I appeared. I could not bear her praises, without teasing and vexing myself. At last, little Kitty died of a fever, to my great joy; though, as every body cried for her, I cried too for company, and because I would not be thought ill-natured.

‘After Kitty’s death, I lived tolerably easy, till I came to school. Then the same desire of beauty returned, and I hated all the misses who were handsomer than myself, as much as I had before hated my sister; and always took every opportunity of quarrelling with them, till I found my own peace was concerned in getting the better of this disposition; and that, if I would have any content, I must not repine at my not being so handsome as others.’

When Miss Betty Ford ceased, Miss Jenny said, ‘Indeed, my dear, it is well you had not, at that time, the power of the eagle in the fable; for your poor sister might then, like the peacock, have said in a soft voice, “You are, indeed, a great beauty: but it lies in your beak and your talons, which make it death for me to dispute it.”’

Miss Betty Ford rejoiced that her power did not extend to enable her to do mischief, before she had seen her folly. And now, this little society, in good humour and cheerfulness, attended their kind governess’s summons to supper; and then, after the evening prayers, they retired to their peaceful slumbers.

MONDAY.

THE EIGHTH DAY.

EARLY in the morning, after the public prayers which Mrs. Teachum read every day, our little company took a walk in the garden, whilst the breakfast was preparing.

The fine weather, the prospects round them, all conspired to increase their pleasure. They looked at one another with delight; their minds were innocent and satisfied; and therefore every outward object was pleasing in their sight.

Miss Jenny Peace said, she was sure they were happier than any other society of children whatever, except where the same harmony and love were preserved, as were kept in their minds: 'For (continued she) I think now, my dear companions, I can answer for you all, that no mischievous, no malicious plots disturb the tranquillity of your thoughts; plots which, in the end, constantly fall on the heads of those who invent them, after all the pains they cost them in forming and endeavouring to execute.'

Whilst Miss Jenny Peace was talking, Miss Dolly Friendly looked at her very earnestly. She would not interrupt her; but the moment she was silent, Miss Dolly said, 'My dear Miss Jenny, what is the matter with you? your eyes are swelled, and you look as if you had been crying. If you have any grief that you keep to yourself, you rob us of the share we have a right to demand in all that belongs to you.'

'No, indeed (answered Miss Jenny), I have nothing that grieves me; though, if I had, I should think it increased, rather than lessened, by your being grieved too; but last night, after I went upstairs, I found amongst my books the play of the Funeral, or Grief-à-la-Mode; where the faithful and tender behaviour of a good old servant, who had long lived in his lord's family, with many other passages in the play (which I cannot explain unless you knew the whole story) made me cry, so that I could hardly stop my tears.'

'Pray, Miss Jenny, let us hear this play, that had such an effect on you,' was the general request; and Miss Jenny

readily promised, when they met in their arbour, to read it to them.

They eagerly ran to their arbour as soon as school was over, and Miss Jenny performed her promise, and was greatly pleased to find such a sympathy between her companions and herself; for they were most of them affected just in the same manner, and with the same parts of the play as had before affected her.

By the time they had wiped their eyes, and were rejoicing at the turn, at the end of the play, in favour of the characters with which they were most pleased, Mrs. Teachum entered the arbour, and inquired what they had been reading. Miss Jenny immediately told her, adding, 'I hope, madam, you will not think reading a play an improper amusement for us; for I should be very sorry to be guilty myself, or cause my companions to be guilty, of any thing that would meet with your disapprobation.' Mrs. Teachum answered, that she was not at all displeased with her having read a play, as she saw, by her fear of offending, that her discretion was to be trusted to. 'Nay (continued this good woman), I like that you should know something of all kinds of writings, where neither morals nor manners are offended; for if you read plays, and consider them as you ought, you will neglect and despise what is light and useless, whilst you'll imprint on your minds every useful lesson that is to be drawn from them. I am very well acquainted with the play you have been reading; but that I may see whether you give the proper attention to what you have heard, I desire, my little girls, that one of you will give me an account of the chief incidents in the play, and tell me the story, just as you would do to one of your companions that had happened to have been absent.'

Here they all looked upon Miss Jenny Peace as thinking her the most capable of doing what their governess required. But Mrs. Teachum, reading their thoughts in their looks, said, 'I exclude Miss Jenny in this case; for, as the play was of her own choosing, I doubt not but she is thoroughly enough acquainted with every part of it; and my design was to try the memory and attention of some of the others.'

They all remained silent, and seemed to wait for a more particular command, before any one would offer at the undertaking; not through any backwardness to comply with Mrs. Teachum's request, but each from a diffidence of herself to perform it.

Miss Jenny Peace then said, that she had observed a great attention in them all; and she did not doubt but every one was able to give a very good account of what they had heard. 'But, as Miss Sukey Jennett is the eldest, I believe, madam (continued she), if you approve it, they will all be very ready to depute her as their speaker.'

Each smiled at being so relieved by Miss Jenny; and Mrs. Teachum, taking Miss Sukey Jennett by the hand, said, 'Come, my dear, throw off all fear and reserve; imagine me one of your companions, and tell me the story of the play you have been reading.'

Miss Sukey, thus encouraged by her kind governess, without any hesitation spoke in the following manner:

'If I understand your commands, madam, by telling the story of the play, you would not have me tell you the acts and scenes as they followed one another; for that I am afraid I can hardly remember, as I have heard it only once; but I must describe the chief people in the play, and the plots and contrivances that are carried on amongst them.'

Mrs. Teachum nodded her head, and Miss Sukey thus proceeded:

'There is an old Lord Brumpton, who had married a young wife, that had lived with him some years, and by her deceitful and cunning ways had prevailed with him to disinherit his only son Lord Hardy (who was a very sensible good young man) and to leave him but a shilling. And this Lord Brumpton was taken in a fit, so that all the house thought he was dead; and his lady sent for an undertaker, one Mr. Sable, to bury him. But coming out of his fit, when nobody but this Mr. Sable and an old servant, called Trusty, were by, he was prevailed upon by the good old Trusty to feign himself still dead (and the undertaker promises secrecy) in order to detect the wickedness of his wife, which old Trusty assures him is very great; and then he

carries his lord where he overhears a discourse between the widow (as she thinks herself) and her maid Tattleaid; and he hears his once beloved wife rejoicing in his supposed death, and in the success of her own arts to deceive him. Then there are two young ladies, Lady Charlotte and Lady Harriet Lovely, to whom this Lord Brumpton was guardian; and he had left them also in the care of this wicked woman. And this young Lord Hardy was in love with Lady Charlotte; and Mr. Camply, a very lively young gentleman his friend, was in love with Lady Harriet; and Lady Brumpton locked the two young ladies up, and would not let them be seen by their lovers. But there at last they contrived, by the help of old Trusty, who had their real guardian's consent for it, both to get away; and Lady Harriet married Mr. Camply directly; but Lady Charlotte did not get away so soon, and so was not married till the end of the play. This Mr. Camply was a very generous man, and was newly come to a large fortune; and in the beginning of the play he contrives, in a very genteel manner, to give his friend Lord Hardy, who very much wanted it, three hundred pounds; but he takes care to let us know, that my lord had formerly, when he wanted his assistance, been very kind to him. And there at last, when Lady Brumpton finds out that the two young ladies are gone, she goes away in a rage to Lord Hardy's lodgings, and in an insulting manner she pays all due legacies, as she calls it, that is, she gives Lord Hardy the shilling, which, by her wicked arts, was all his father had left him; and she was insulting the young ladies, and glorying in her wickedness, when honest old Trusty came in, and brought in old Lord Brumpton, whom they imagined to be dead, and all but Lady Brumpton were greatly overjoyed to see him alive; but when he taxed her with her falsehood, she defied him, and said that she had got a deed of gift under his hand, which he could not revoke, and she *would* enjoy his fortune in spite of him. Upon which they all looked sadly vexed, till the good old Trusty went out and came in again, and brought in a man called Cabinet, who confessed himself the husband to the pretended Lady Brumpton, and that he was married to her half a year before she was married to my Lord Brumpton; but as my

lord happened to fall in love with her, they agreed to keep their marriage concealed, in order that she should marry my lord, and cheat him in the manner she had done; and the reason that Cabinet came to confess all this was, that he looked into a closet and saw my lord writing, after he thought he was dead, and taking it for his ghost, was by that means frightened into this confession, which he first made in writing to old Trusty, and therefore could not now deny it. They were all rejoiced at this discovery, except the late pretended Lady Brumpton, who sneaked away with Cabinet her husband; and my Lord Brumpton embraced his son, and gave his consent that he should marry Lady Charlotte; and they were all pleased and happy.'

Here Miss Sukey ceased, and Mrs. Teachum told her she was a very good girl, and had remembered a great deal of the play. 'But (said she) in time, with using yourself to this way of repeating what you have read, you will come to a better manner, and a more regular method, of telling your story, which you was now so intent upon finishing, that you forgot to describe what sort of women these two young ladies were; though, as to all the rest, you have been particular enough.'

'Indeed, madam (said Miss Sukey), I had forgot that, but Lady Charlotte was a very sensible, grave young lady and Lady Harriet was extremely gay and coquettish; but Mr. Camply tells her how much it unisbecomes her to be so; and she having good sense, as well as goodnature, is convinced of her folly, and likes him so well for his reproof, that she consents to marry him.'

Mrs. Teachum addressing herself to them all, told them, that this was a method she wished they would take with whatever they read; for nothing so strongly imprinted any thing on the memory as such a repetition; and then turning to Miss Jenny Peace she said, 'and now, Miss Jenny, I desire you will speak freely what you think is the chief moral to be drawn from the play you have just read.'

Miss Jenny, being thus suddenly asked a question of this nature, considered some time before she gave an

answer; for she was naturally very diffident of her own opinion in anything where she had not been before instructed by some one she thought wiser than herself. At last, with a modest look and a humble voice, she said, 'Since, madam, you have commanded me to speak my sentiments freely, I think, by what happened to each character in this play, the author intended to prove what my good mamma first taught me, and what you, madam, since have so strongly confirmed me in; namely, that folly, wickedness, and misery, all three, as constantly dwell together, as wisdom, virtue, and happiness do.'

'Tis very true (answered Mrs. Teachum); but this moral does not arise only from the happy turn in the conclusion of the play, in favour of the virtuous characters, but is strongly inculcated, as you see all along, in the peace of mind that attends the virtuous even in the midst of oppression and distress, while the event is yet doubtful, and seemingly against them; and, on the contrary, in the confusion of mind which the vicious are tormented with, even whilst they falsely imagine them triumphant.'

Mrs. Teachum then taking the book out of Miss Jenny's hands, and turning to the passage, said, 'How does Lady Brumpton show us the wretched condition of her own mind, when she says,

," "How miserable it is to have one one hates always about one! And when one can't endure one's own reflections upon some actions, who can bear the thoughts of another upon them?"

'Then with what perturbation of mind does she proceed, to wish it was in her power to increase her wickedness, without making use enough of her understanding, to see that by that means she would but increase her own misery.

'On the other hand, what a noble figure does Lord Hardy make, when, by this wicked woman's contrivances, he thinks himself disinherited of his whole fortune, ill-treated, and neglected by a father he never had in thought offended! He could give an opportunity to a sincere friend, who would not flatter him, to say,

"No; you are, my lord, the extraordinary man, who, on

the loss of an almost princely fortune, can be master of a temper that makes you the envy, rather than pity, of your more fortunate, not more happy friends."

'This is a fine distinction between fortunate and happy; and intimates that happiness must dwell in the mind, and depends upon no outward accidents.

'Fortune, indeed, is a blessing, if properly used; which Camply shows, when by that means he can assist and relieve his worthy friend.

'With what advantage does Lady Charlotte appear over her sister, when the latter is trifling and dancing before the glass, and the former says,

"If I am at first so silly as to be a little taken with myself, I know it is a fault, and take pains to correct it?"

'And on Lady Harriet's saying, very giddily, that it was too soon for her to think at that rate, Lady Charlotte properly adds,

"They that think it too soon to understand themselves, will very soon find it too late."

'In how ridiculous a light doth Lady Harriet appear, while she is displaying all that foolish coquetry! And how different a figure does she make, when she has got the better of it?

'My Lady Brumpton, when alarmed with the least noise, breaks out into all the convulsive starts natural to conscious guilt.

"Ha! what noise is that—that noise of fighting? Run, I say. Whither are you going? What, are you mad? Will you leave me alone? Can't you stir? What, you can't take your message with you? Whatever it is, I suppose you are not in the plot, not you; nor that now they are breaking open my house for Charlotte, not you. Go, see what's the matter, I say; I have nobody I can trust. One minute I think this wench honest, and the next false. Whither shall I turn me?"

'This is a picture of the confused, the miserable mind of a close, malicious, cruel, designing woman, as Lady Brumpton was, and as Lady Harriet very properly calls her.

'Honesty and faithfulness shine forth in all their lustre

in the good old Trusty. We follow him throughout with anxious wishes for his success, and tears of joy for his tenderness. And when he finds that he is likely to come at the whole truth, and to save his lord from being deceived and betrayed into unjustly ruining his noble son, you may remember that he makes this pious reflection :

All that is ours, is to be justly bent ;
And heav'n in its now time will bless th' event.

‘This is the natural thought that proceeds from innocence and goodness; and surely this state of mind is happiness.

‘I have only pointed out a few passages to show you that, though it is the nature of comedy to end happily, and therefore the good characters must be successful in the last act; yet the moral lies deeper and is to be deduced from a proof throughout this play, that the natural consequence of vice is misery within, even in the midst of a seeming triumph; and the natural consequence of goodness is a calm peace of mind, even in the midst of oppression and distress.

‘I have endeavoured, my little dears, to show you, as clearly as I can, not only what moral is to be drawn from this play, but what is to be sought for in all others; and where that moral is not to be found, the writer will have this to answer for, that he has been guilty of one of the worst of evils; namely, that he has clothed vice in so beautiful a dress, that, instead of deterring, it will allure and draw into its snares the young and tender mind. And I am sorry to say, that too many of our dramatic performances are of this latter cast; which is the reason that wise and prudent parents and governors in general discourage in very young people the reading of plays. And though by what I have said (if it makes a proper impression) I doubt not but you will all have a just abhorrence of such immoral plays, instead of being pleased with them, should they fall in your way; yet I would advise you rather to avoid them, and never to read any but such as are approved of, and recommended to you, by those who have the care of your education.’

Here good Mrs. Teachum ceased, and left her little scholars to reflect on what she had been saying; when Miss Jenny Peace declared, for her part, that she could feel the truth of her governess's observations; for she had rather be the innocent Lord Hardy, though she was to have but that one shilling in the world, which was so insolently offered him as his father's last legacy, than be the Lady Brumpton, even though she had possessed the fortune she so treacherously endeavoured to obtain.

'Nay (said Miss Dolly Friendly) I had rather have been old Trusty, with all the infirmities of age, following my Lord Hardy through the world, had his poverty and distress been ever so great, than have been the malicious Lady Brumpton, in the height of her beauty surrounded by a crowd of lovers and flatterers.'

Miss Henny Fret then declared how glad she was that she had now no malice in her mind; though she could not always have said so, as she would inform them in the history of her past life.

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS HENNY FRET.

Miss Henny Fret was turned of nine years old. She was very prettily made, and remarkably genteel. All her features were regular. She was not very fair, and looked pale. Her upper lip seemed rather shorter than it should be; for it was drawn up in such a manner as to show her upper teeth; and though this was in some degree natural, yet it had been very much increased by her being continually disturbed at a very trifling accident that offended her, or at every contradiction that was offered to her. When you came to examine her face, she had not one feature but what was pretty; yet, from that constant uneasiness which appeared in her countenance, it gave you so little pleasure to look at her, that she seldom had common justice done her, but had generally hitherto passed for a little insignificant plain girl, though her very face was so altered since she was grown goodnatured, and had got the better of that foolish fretfulness she used to be possessed of, that she appeared

from her good-humoured smiles quite a different person; and, with a mild aspect, she thus began her story:

THE LIFE OF MISS HENNY FRET.

‘I had one brother,’ said Miss Henny, ‘as well as Miss Jenny Peace; but my manner of living with him was quite the reverse to that in which she lived with her brother. All my praise or blame was to arise from my being better or worse than my brother. If I was guilty of any fault, it was immediately said, “Oh! fie, miss! Master George (that was my brother’s name) would not be guilty of such a thing for the world.” If he was carried abroad and I stayed at home, then I was bemoaned over, that poor Miss Henny was left at home, and her brother carried abroad. And then I was told that I should go abroad one of these days, and my brother be left at home; so that, whenever I went abroad, my greatest joy was, that he was left at home; and I was pleased to see him come out to the coach-door with a melancholy air that he could not go too. If my brother happened to have any fruit given him, and was in a peevish humour, and would not give me as much as I desired, the servant that attended me was sure to bid me take care, when I had anything he wanted, not to give him any. So that, I thought, if I did not endeavour to be revenged of him, I should show a want of spirit, which was of all things what I dreaded most. I had a better memory than my brother, and whenever I learnt anything, my comfort was to laugh at him because he could not learn so fast; by which means I got a good deal of learning, but never minded what I learnt, nor took any pains to keep it; so that what I was eager to learn one day, to show George how much I knew more than he, I forgot the next. And so I went on learning, and forgetting as fast as I learnt; and all the pains I took served only to show that I *could* learn.

‘I was so great a favourite, that I was never denied anything I asked for; but I was very unhappy for the same reason that Miss Dolly Friendly’s sister was so; and I have often sat down and cried, because I did not know what I

would have, till at last I own I grew so peevish and humour-some, that I was always on the fret, and harboured in my mind a kind of malice that made me fancy whatever my brother got I lost; and in this unhappy condition I lived till I came to school, and here I found that other misses wanted to have their humours as well as myself. This I could not bear, because I had been used to have my own will, and never to trouble myself about what others felt. For whenever I beat or abused my brother, his pain did not make me cry; but I believe it was thinking wrong made me guilty of these faults; for I don't find I am ill-natured; for now I have been taught to consider that my companions can feel as well as myself, I am sorry for their pain, and glad when they are pleased, and would be glad to do anything to oblige them.'

Here Miss Henny ceased and Miss Jenny Peace then told her how glad she was to hear that she had subdued all malice in her mind; adding, 'These weeds, my dear, unless early plucked up, are (as I have heard our good governess observe upon a like occasion) very apt to take such deep root as to choke every good seed around them; and then who can tell whether, with the same opportunities, they might not become Lady Brumptons before the end of their lives?'

Little Polly Suckling remembered that all the company had told the history of their past lives except herself; and she was determined not to be left out; but yet she had a mind to be asked to tell it, hoping that her companions thought her of consequence enough not to leave her out of any scheme; therefore, addressing herself to Miss Jenny, she said she thought it was very pleasant to hear people tell the history of their own lives. Miss Jenny saw her meaning, and answered, 'So it is, my little dear; and now, if you please, you shall oblige us with relating the history of yours.' Polly smiled at this request, and said she was ready to comply.

THE DESCRIPTION OF MISS POLLY SUCKLING.

Miss Polly Suckling was just turned of eight years old, but so short of her age, that few people took her to be above five. It was not a dwarfish shortness; for she had the most exact proportioned limbs in the world, very small bones, and was as fat as a little cherub. She was extremely fair, and her hair quite flaxen. Her eyes a perfect blue, her mouth small, and her lips quite plump and red. She had the freshness of a milkmaid; and when she smiled and laughed, she seemed to show a hundred agreeable dimples. She was, in short, the very picture of health and good-humour, and was the plaything and general favourite of the whole school.

THE LIFE OF MISS POLLY SUCKLING.

‘Now,’ said little Polly, ‘I will tell you all my whole history. I hardly remember anything before I came to school, for I was but five years old when I was brought hither.

‘All I know is, that I don’t love quarrelling, for I like better to live in peace and quietness. But I have been always less than any of my companions, ever since I have been here; and so I only followed the example of the rest; and as I found they contended about everything, I did so too. Besides, I have been always in fear that my school-fellows wanted to impose on me, because I was little; and so I used to engage in every quarrel rather than be left out, as if I was too little to give any assistance; but, indeed, I am very glad now we all agree, because I always came by the worst of it. And, besides, it is a great pleasure to me to be loved, and every miss is kind and good to me, and ready to assist me whenever I ask her. And this is all I know of my whole life.’

When little Polly ceased, she was kissed and applauded by the whole company for the agreeable simplicity of her little history.

And thus ended the eighth day’s amusement.

TUESDAY.

THE NINTH DAY.

MISS JENNY rose early in the morning, and having collected the lives of her companions (which she had wrote down each day as they related them), she carried them, after morning-school, according to her promise, to her governess.

Mrs. Teachum, when she had perused them, was much pleased; and said that she perceived, by the manner in which her scholars had related their lives, how much they were in earnest in their design of amendment. 'For (continued she) they have all confessed their faults without reserve; and the untowardly bent of their minds, which so strongly appeared before the quarrel, has not broke out in these their little histories; but, on the contrary, they all seem, according to their capacities, to have endeavoured to imitate your style, in the account you gave of your own life. I would have you continue to employ your leisure hours in the manner you have lately done, only setting apart a proper time for exercise; and to-day I will dispense with your attendance in the school-room, and indulge you this afternoon in another walk, either to the dairyhouse or to the cherry-garden, whichever you all agree on. But as I shall not go with you myself, and shall only send a servant to take care of you, I hope to hear from you, Miss Jenny, so good an account of the behaviour of your little friends and companions, that I shall have no cause to repent my indulgence.'

Miss Jenny Peace respectfully took leave of her governess, and hastened to the arbour, where her little friends were met in expectation of her coming. She told them how well pleased their governess was with them all, for the ingenuous confession of their faults in their past lives; and she then declared Mrs. Teachum's kind permission to them to take another walk that afternoon.

As no one had at present any story to read or relate, they employed their time till dinner, some in walking and running about the garden; others, in looking after and tending some plant or flower, that they had taken particularly under their

care, which Mrs. Teachum both permitted and encouraged them in ; whilst Miss Jenny Peace, Miss Sukey Jennett, and Miss Dolly Friendly remained in the arbour, the two latter asking a thousand questions of the former, both concerning all the instructions she had ever learned from her mamma, and by what means they should be best able to preserve that friendship and happiness which had of late subsisted amongst them ; saying, how pleased their friends and relations would be to see such a change in their temper and behaviour, and how much they should be beloved by everyone.

When they met at dinner, Mrs. Teachum asked them, whether they had determined upon the choice she had given them in their afternoon's walk ; and they were all desirous of going to the dairyhouse ; for, little Polly said, she longed to see the good-humoured old woman again, and indeed she would not now say anything to her of her shaking head, or her grey hair. Mrs. Teachum was pleased that little Polly so gratefully remembered the old woman who had been so kind to her ; and readily consented to their choice, and approved of their determination.

Being soon equipped for their walk, they set out, attended by two maidservants ; and, as soon as they arrived, the good old woman expressed the highest joy on seeing them, and told little Polly that she should have plenty of cream and strawberries, for her daughter had been that day in the wood, and had brought home three baskets of very fine ones. Mrs. Nelly, her daughter, said very crossly, that she supposed there would be fine work amongst them now their governess was not with them ; but 'twas her mother's way to let all children be as rude as they pleased. Miss Sukey Jennett, with some indignation in her look, was going to answer her ; but Miss Jenny Peace, fearing she would say something less mild than she wished, gave her a nod ; and turning to the young woman, with great modesty and temper, thus said : ' You shall see, Mrs. Nelly, that our good governess's instructions are of more force with us than to lose all their effect when we are out of her presence ; and I hope you will have no cause, when we go away, to complain of the ill-behaviour of any of us.'

The good old woman declared she never saw such sweet tempered children in all her life; and after they had eat their strawberries and cream, and were loaded with pinks and roses by the good woman's bounty (for they did not gather one without her permission), they took their leave with the utmost civility, and Miss Jenny handsomely rewarded the old woman for her good cheer. Mrs. Nelly herself was so pleased with their regular and inoffensive behaviour, that she could not help telling Miss Jenny, that she and all her companions had, indeed, behaved as well as if their governess had been with them: on which Miss Jenny (as they were walking home) observed to Miss Sukey Jennett (whom she had prevented from making any reply to Mrs. Nelly's speech) how much better it was to gain another's good will by our own endeavours to be obliging, than to provoke them to be more cross by our angry answers and reproaches.

When this little company, employed in pleasing talk and lively observations, were come within about a mile of Mrs. Teachum's house, and within view of a nobleman's fine seat, Miss Jenny said, that the next time their governess permitted them to walk out, she would ask her leave that they might go and see that fine house; for some time ago she had told them that they should go thither when the family were absent. Mrs. Wilson, the housekeeper, who by chance was walking that way, and heard what Miss Jenny said, came up to them, and told Miss Jenny that her lord and lady were now both absent, having set out, one for London and the other for another fine seat, forty miles off, that very morning; and as she knew them to be Mrs. Teachum's well regulated family, they should be welcome to see the house and gardens now if they liked it. Miss Jenny thanked her, and said, as it was near two hours sooner than their governess expected them home, she would accept of her kind offer. The housekeeper led them through an avenue of tall elm-trees into this magnificent house, in which were many spacious apartments, furnished with the utmost grandeur and elegance. Some of the rooms were adorned with fine pictures, others were hung with tapestry almost as lively as those paintings, and most of the apart-

ments above stairs were furnished with the finest sorts of needlework. Our little company were struck into a sort of silent wonder and admiration at the splendid appearance of everything around them; nor could they find words to express the various reflections that passed in their minds, on seeing such a variety of dazzling gaudy things: but when they came to the needlework, Miss Jenny could not help smiling, to see how everyone seemed most fixed in attention upon that sort of work, which she herself was employed in, and she saw in the faces of all a secret wish, that their own piece of work might be finished with equal neatness and perfection. The housekeeper was greatly pleased to see them so much delighted, and answered all their questions concerning the stories that were represented in the pictures and tapestry, as fully as the time would permit; but Miss Jenny, being fearful of exceeding the hour in which they would be expected home, told them they must not now stay any longer, but if their governess would give them leave, and it would not be troublesome to Mrs. Wilson, they would come another time. She answered that it was so far from being troublesome, that she never had more pleasure in her life, than to see so many well-behaved young ladies, who all seemed not only pleased with what they saw, but doubly delighted and happy, in seeing each other so; and, for her part, she could wish they were to stay with her all their lives; and, in short, they should not go till they had been in her room, and eat some sweetmeats of her own making. The good woman seemed to take so much delight in giving them any pleasure, that Miss Jenny could not refuse accepting her offer; and when they were all in her room, Polly Suckling said, 'Well, this is a most charming house; I wish we could all live here for ever. How happy must the lord and lady of this fine place be!'

'Indeed, my little Polly (said Miss Jenny), you may be very much mistaken; for you know our good governess has taught us, that there is no happiness but in the content of our own minds; and perhaps we may have more pleasure in viewing these fine things, than the owners have in the possession of them.'

‘It is very true (said the housekeeper); for my lord and lady have no delight in all this magnificence; for, by being so accustomed to it, they walk through all these apartments, and never so much as observe, or amuse themselves with the work, the pictures, or anything else; or if they observe them at all, it is rather with a look that denotes a sort of weariness, at seeing the same thing continually before them, than with any kind of pleasure.’ And then, with a deep sigh, she added, ‘You are indeed, young lady, perfectly in the right, when you say, grandeur and happiness do not always go together.’ But turning off the discourse, Mrs. Wilson forced them to take as many dried sweetmeats as they could carry away with them, and insisted upon their promise (with Mrs. Teachum’s consent) that they should come another time to see the gardens. They then took their leave with many thanks, and the greatest civility; and discoursed all the way home on the fine things they had seen. Miss Betty Ford said, that the fine gilding, and so many glittering looking-glasses, made her think herself in Barbarico’s great hall, where he kept all his treasure.

‘No (says Miss Nanny Spruce), it was not half so much like that, as it was like Brunetta’s fine castle; and I could not help thinking myself the Princess Hebe, and how much I should have been pleased with such a fine place at first, just as she was.’

‘Indeed (says Miss Betty Ford), you are in the right of it, Miss Nanny; for it was more like the description of Brunetta’s castle, than what I said myself.’

Miss Jenny was pleased to hear Miss Betty so ready to own herself mistaken; and said to Miss Nanny Spruce, ‘I am glad, my dear, to find that you so well remember what you read; for it is by recalling frequently into our memories the things we have read, that they are likely to be of any service to us.’

Being now come home, they entered into the presence of their governess with that pleasure and proper confidence which ever attends innocence and goodness; and Mrs. Teachum received them with a pleasing smile.

Miss Jenny gave her governess a faithful account of all

that had passed, with the agreeable entertainment they had accidentally met with, of seeing Lord X——'s fine house, and the great civility of Mrs. Wilson, 'Which I hope, madam (said Miss Jenny) I did not do wrong in accepting.' 'You did very properly, my dear (said Mrs. Teachum), for when people are willing to oblige you, without any inconvenience to themselves, it is always right to accept their offer, as you thereby gratify them, by putting it into their power to give you pleasure.'

Miss Jenny then, with great cheerfulness and freedom, told her governess all that had passed in conversation, both in their walk to the dairyhouse and at Lord X——'s, what little Polly had said in the housekeeper's room, as also Mrs. Wilson's answer; and said, by Mrs. Wilson's downcast look, she was afraid that poor Lord X—— and his lady were not so happy as might be wished. 'But (continued she) I did not ask Mrs. Wilson any questions; because you have taught me, madam, carefully to avoid the least appearance of impertinent curiosity.'

'You were very right, my dear (said Mrs. Teachum) in asking no farther questions; nor would she, I dare say, as she is a prudent woman, have gratified you if you had; for though the unhappy story is too well known all over the country, yet it would have been very unbecoming in one of the family to have published it.' Mrs. Teachum saw in her little scholar's eyes a secret wish of knowing what this story was; and, after a short pause, she said, 'Since I find you disposed, my good girls, to make the proper use of what you hear, I will indulge your curiosity.'

Lord X—— and his lady have been married seven years; Lord X—— is the wretchedest creature breathing, because he has no children, and therefore no heir to his title and large estate. He was naturally of a haughty, impetuous temper and impatient of any the least disappointment; and this disposition not being subdued in his youth, has led him into all sorts of excesses. His lady is not much better tempered than himself, and valuing herself highly upon her beauty, and the large fortune she brought him, greatly resents his sometimes insolent, and always neglectful, usage of her. They

have hitherto lived on in the most jarring, disputing manner, never minding to conceal their quarrels from the world; but at last they have agreed to part by consent; and the different journeys they this morning took were taken, I suppose, with an intent of a final separation.

‘That grandeur and happiness do not always go together (as Mrs. Wilson observed to you) is seen by this story; which I was the more willing to tell you, as it was a proper introduction to a fable I have been collecting together from others for your use. You know that all my endeavours to make you good are only intended to make you happy; and if you thoroughly reflect upon the truth of this maxim, which I so often endeavour to inculcate, you will doubtless reap no small advantage from it.’

Here Mrs. Teachum ceased speaking, and, giving Miss Jenny Peace a paper, she bid her read it aloud; which she did, and it contained the following fable:

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE BIRDS: A FABLE.

In ancient days there was a great contention amongst the birds, which, from his own perfections, and peculiar advantages, had the strongest title to happiness; and at last they agreed to refer the decision of the debate to the eagle.

A day was appointed for their meeting; the eagle took his seat, and the birds all attended to give in their several pleas.

First spoke the parrot. Her voice so nearly resembling human speech, which enabled her to converse with such a superior race, she doubted not (she said) would have its just weight with the eagle, and engage him to grant a decree in her favour; and to this plea she also added, that she dwelt in a fine cage adorned with gold, and was fed every day by the hands of a fair lady.

And pray, Mrs. Poll, said the eagle, how comes it, since you fare so sumptuously, that you are so lean and meagre, and seem scarcely able to exert that voice you thus make your boast of? ‘Alas! (replied the parrot), poor Poll’s lady has kept her bed almost this week; the servants have all forgot

to feed me, and I am almost starved.' 'Pray observe (said the eagle) the folly of such pride ! Had you been able to have conversed only with your own kind, you would have fared in common with them ; but it is to this vaunted imitation of the human voice, that you owe your confinement, and consequently (though living in a golden cage) your dependence upon the will and memory of others, even for common necessary food. Thus reproved, the parrot, with shame, hastily retired from the assembly.

Next stood forth the daw, and, having tricked himself in all the gay feathers he could muster together, on the credit of those borrowed ornaments, pleaded his beauty, as a title to the preference in dispute. Immediately the birds agreed to divest the silly counterfeit of all his borrowed plumes ; and, more abashed than the parrot, he secretly slunk away.

The peacock, proud of native beauty, now flew into the midst of the assembly. He displayed before the sun his gorgeous tail. 'Observe (said he) how the vivid blue of the sapphire glitters in my neck ; and when thus I spread my tail, a gemmy brightness strikes the eye from a plumage varied with a thousand glowing colours.' At this moment, a nightingale began to chaunt forth his melodious lay ; at which the peacock, dropping his expanded tail, cried out, 'Ah ! what avails my silent unmeaning beauty, when I am so far excelled in voice by such a little ruffet-feathered wretch as that !' And, by retiring, he gave up all claim to the contended-for preference.

The nightingale was so delighted with having got the better of the peacock, that he exerted his little voice ; and was so lost in the conceit of his own melody, that he did not observe a hawk, who flew upon him, and carried him off in his claws.

The eagle then declared, 'that as the peacock's envy had taken away all his claim, so no less had the nightingale's self-conceit frustrated all his pretensions ; for those who are so wrapped up in their own perfections as to mind nothing but themselves, are for ever liable to all sorts of accidents.' And, besides, it was plain, by the exultation the nightingale

expressed on his imagined victory over the peacock, that he would have been equally dejected on any preference given to another.

And now the owl, with an affected gravity and whooting voice, pleaded his well-known wisdom ; and said, ‘He doubted not but the preference would be granted to him without contest, by all the whole assembly for what was so likely to produce happiness as wisdom?’ The eagle declared, ‘that, if his title to wisdom could be proved, the justice of his claim should be allowed ; and then asked him, how he could convince them of the truth of what he had advanced?’ The owl answered, ‘that he would willingly appeal to the whole assembly for their decision in this point; for he was positive nobody could deny his great superiority as to wisdom.’ Being separately asked, they most of them declared, that they knew no one reason, either from his words or actions, to pronounce him a wise bird ; though it was true that, by an affected solemnity in his looks, and by frequent declarations of his own, that he was very wise, he had made some very silly birds give him that character ; but, since they were called upon to declare their opinions, they must say that he was ever the object of contempt to all those birds who had any title to common understanding. The eagle then said, ‘He could by no means admit a plea, which as plainly appeared to be counterfeit as were the jay’s borrowed feathers.’ The owl, thus disappointed, flew away, and has ever since shunned the light of the sun, and has never appeared in the daytime, but to be scorned and wondered at.’

It would be endless to repeat all the several pleas brought by the birds, each desiring to prove that happiness ought to be his own peculiar lot. But the eagle observing that the arguments made use of to prove their points were chiefly drawn from the disadvantages of others rather than from any advantage of their own, told them, ‘There was too much envy and malice amongst them, for him to pronounce any of them deserving or capable of being happy ; but I wonder, says he, why the dove alone is absent from this

meeting?' 'I know of one in her nest hard by (answered the redbreast), shall I go and call her?' No (says the eagle), since she did not obey our general summons, 'tis plain she had no ambition for a public preference; but I will take two or three chosen friends, and we will go softly to her nest, and see in what manner she is employing herself; for, from our own observations upon the actions of any one, we are more likely to form a judgment of them, than by any boasts they can make.'

The eagle was obeyed; and, accompanied only by the linnet, the lark, the lapwing, and the redbreast, for his guide, he stole gently to the place where the dove was found hovering over her nest, waiting the return of her absent mate; and thinking herself quite unobserved,

* While o'er her callow brood she hung,
 She fondly thus address'd her young :
 'Ye tender objects of my care,
 Peace! peace! ye little helpless pair.
 Anon! he comes, your gentle sire,
 And brings you all your hearts require;
 For us, his infants and his bride,
 For us, with only love to guide,
 Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
 And, like a lion, dares to bleed :
 Nor yet by wintry skies confin'd,
 He mounts upon the rudest wind,
 From danger tears the vital spoil,
 And with affection sweetens toil.
 Ah! cease, too vent'rous, cease to dare;
 In thine, our dearer safety spare.
 From him, ye cruel falcons stray;
 And turn, ye fowlers, far away,
 —All-giving Pow'r, great source of life,
 Oh! hear the parent, hear the wife :
 That life thou lendest from above,
 Though little, make it large in love.
 Oh! bid my feeling heart expand
 To ev'ry claim on ev'ry hand,
 To those, from whom my days I drew,

* These verses are a quotation from that tender fable of the Sparrow and the Dove, in the 'Fables for the Female Sex.'

To these in whom those days renew,
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth as blood allied,
To friends in steely fetters twin'd
And to the cruel not unkind ;
But chief the lord of my desire,
My life, myself, my soul, my sire,
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name.
Oh ! spare him, spare him, gracious Pow'r :
Oh ! give him to my latest hour,
Let me my length of life employ,
To give my sole enjoyment joy.
His love let mutual love excite ;
Turn all my cares to his delight,
And ev'ry needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share.
—Let one unruffled calm delight
The loving and belov'd unite ;
One pure desire our bosoms warm ;
One will direct, one wish inform ;
Through life one mutual aid sustain,
In death one peaceful grave contain.
While, swelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endless stream.
The well-known wings a sound impart
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart.
Quick dropp'd the music of her tongue,
And forth, with eager joy, she sprung.
As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view.
Their wings, their souls, embracing, meet,
Their hearts with answ'ring measure beat,
Half lost in sacred sweets, and bless'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.
 'Strait to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless bed ;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes,
Transported, to their sire they bound,
And hang, with speechless action, round.
In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand ;
The sire his life sustaining prize
To each expecting bill applies ;
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
With transport giv'n, though won with toil ;

While, all collected at the sight,
And silent through supreme delight,
The fair high heav'n of bliss beguiles,
And on her lord and infants smiles.'

The eagle now, without any hesitation, pronounced the dove to be deservedly the happiest of the feathered kind; and, however unwilling the rest of the birds were to assent to the judgment given, yet could they not dispute the justice of the decree.

Here Miss Jenny ceased reading, and all the little company expressed by their looks, that they were overjoyed at the eagle's determination; for they had all in their own minds forestalled the eagle's judgment, of giving the preference to the dove. 'Now, my good children (said Mrs. Teachum), if you will pass through this life with real pleasure, imitate the dove; and remember that innocence of mind, and integrity of heart, adorn the female character, and can alone produce your own happiness and diffuse it to all around you.'

Our little company thanked their governess for her fable; and, just at that instant, they heard a chariot drive into the court, and Mrs. Teachum went out to see what visitor could be arrived so late in the evening, for it was near eight o'clock.

They all remained in the room where their governess left them; for they had been taught never to run out to the door, or to the windows, to look at any strangers that came, till they knew whether it was proper for them to see them or not.

Mrs. Teachum soon returned with a letter open in her hand, and remained some little time silent, but cast on every one around such a tender and affectionate look, the tear almost starting from her eye, that the sympathising sorrow seemed to spread through the whole company, and they were all silent and ready to cry, though they knew not for what reason. 'I am sorry, my little dears (said Mrs. Teachum), to give your tender bosoms the uneasiness I fear the contents of this letter will do, as it will deprive you

of that your hearts so justly hold most dear.' And, so saying, she delivered to Miss Jenny Peace the following letter :—

' To Miss Jenny Peace.

Monday night, June 24.

' My dear niece,—I arrived safe at my own house, with your cousin Harriet, last Saturday night, after a very tedious voyage by sea, and a fatiguing journey by land. I long to see my dear Jenny as soon as possible, and Harriet is quite impatient for that pleasure.

' I have ordered my chariot to be with you tomorrow night; and I desire you would set out on Wednesday morning, as early as your inclination shall prompt you to come to

' Your truly affectionate aunt,

M. NEWMAN.

' I have writ a letter of thanks to your kind governess for her care of you.'

It is impossible to describe the various sensations of Miss Jenny's mind on the reading this letter. Her rising joy at the thoughts of seeing her kind aunt safely returned from a long and tedious voyage, was suppressed by a sorrow which could not be resisted, on parting with such dear friends and so good a governess; and the lustre which such a joy would have given to her eye, was damped by rising tears. Her heart for some time was too full for utterance. At last, turning to her governess, she said, 'And is the chariot really come to carry me to my dear aunt?' Then, after a pause, the tears trickling down her cheeks, 'And must I so soon leave you, madam, and all my kind companions?' Mrs. Teachum, on seeing Miss Jenny's tender struggles of mind, and all her companions at once bursting into tears, stood up, and left the room, saying, 'She would come to them again after supper.' For this prudent woman well knew, that it was in vain to contend with the very first emotions of grief on such an occasion, but intended at her return, to show them how much it was their duty and interest to conquer all sorts of extravagant sorrow.

They remained some time silent, as quite struck dumb with concern, till at last Miss Dolly Friendly, in broken accents, cried out, 'And must we lose you, my dear Miss Jenny, now we are just settled in that love and esteem for you, which your goodness so well deserves?'

Miss Jenny endeavoured to dry up her tears, and then said, 'Although I cannot but be pleased, my dear companions, at every mark of your affection for me, yet I beg that you would not give me the pain to see that I make so many dear friends unhappy. Let us submit cheerfully to this separation (which, believe me, is as deeply felt by me as any of you), because it is our duty so to do; and let me entreat you to be comforted by reflecting, how much my good aunt's safe return must be conducive to my future welfare; nor can you be unhappy, while you continue with so good a governess, and persist in that readiness to obey her which you have lately shown. She will direct who shall preside over your innocent amusements in my place. I will certainly write to you, and shall always take the greatest delight in hearing from each of you, both while you continue here, and when your duty and different connections shall call you elsewhere. We may some, and perhaps all of us, happen often to meet again; and I hope a friendship founded on so innocent and so good a foundation as ours is, will always subsist, as far as shall be consistent with our future situations in life.'

Miss Jenny's friends could not answer her but by sobs and tears; only little Polly Suckling, running to her, clung about her neck and cried, 'Indeed, indeed, Miss Jenny, you must not go; I shall break my heart if I lose you: I'm sure we shan't, nor we can't, be half so happy when you are gone, though our governess were ten times better to us than she is.'

Miss Jenny again entreated them to dry up their tears, and to be more contented with the present necessity; and begged that they would not let their governess see them, at her return, so overwhelmed in sorrow; for she might take it unkindly, that they should be so afflicted at the loss of one person, while they still remained under her indulgent care and protection.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Miss Jenny refrained from shedding tear for tear with her kind companions; but as it was her constant maxim to partake with her friends all her pleasure, and to confine her sorrows as much as possible within her own bosom, she chose rather to endeavour, by her own cheerfulness and innocent talk, to steal insensibly from the bosoms of her little companions half their sorrow; and they began to appear tolerably easy.

After supper Mrs. Teachum returned; and, seeing them all striving who should most conceal their grief, for fear of giving uneasiness to the rest, yet with a deep dejection fixed in every countenance, and little Polly still sobbing behind Miss Jenny's chair, she was so moved herself with the affecting scene, that the tears stole from her eyes, and the sympathising company once more eased their almost bursting hearts by another general flow of melting sorrow.

'My dear children (said Mrs. Teachum), I am not at all surprised at your being so much concerned to part with Miss Jenny. I love her myself with a motherly affection (as I do all of you, and shall ever continue to do so while you so well deserve it); and I could wish, for my own sake, never to part with her as long as I live; but I consider that it is for her advantage; and I would have you all remember, in her absence, to let her example and friendship fill your hearts with joy instead of grief. It is now pretty late in the evening, and as Miss Jenny is to set out very early in the morning, I must insist upon shortening your pain (for such is your present situation), and desire you would take your leave of this your engaging friend.'

They none of them attempted to speak another word, for their hearts were still too full for utterance; and Miss Jenny took every one by the hand as they went out of the room, saluted them with the tenderest affection, mingling tears with those which flowed from every streaming eye; and, wishing them all happiness and joy till their next meeting, they all, with heavy hearts, retired to rest.

Miss Jenny returned the warmest and most grateful acknowledgments to her good governess, for all her care of her; and said, 'I shall attribute every happy hour, madam,

that I may hereafter be blessed with, to your wise and kind instructions, which I shall always remember with the highest veneration, and shall ever consider you as having been to me no less than a fond and indulgent mother.'

Mrs. Teachum kept Miss Jenny in the room with her no longer than to assure her how sincerely she should regret her absence; and confessed how much of the regularity and harmony of her school she owed to her good example, her sweetness of temper, and conformity to rules.

THE CONCLUSION.

ALTHOUGH Miss Jenny Peace did not return any more to school, yet she ever gratefully remembered the kindness of her governess, and frequently corresponded with all her companions. And as they continued their innocent amusements and meetings in the arbour, whenever the weather would permit, there was no day thought to be better employed than that in which they received a letter from their absent instructive friend, whose name was always mentioned with gratitude and honour.

Mrs. Teachum continued the same watchful care over any young persons who were entrusted to her management; and she never increased the number of her scholars, though often entreated so to do. All quarrels and contentions were banished her house; and if ever any such thing was likely to arise, the story of Miss Jenny Peace's reconciling all her little companions was told to them; so that Miss Jenny, though absent, still seemed (by the bright example which she left behind her) to be the cement of union and harmony in this well-regulated society. And if any girl was found to harbour in her breast a rising passion, which it was difficult to conquer, the name and story of Miss Jenny Peace soon gained her attention, and left her without any other desire than to emulate Miss Jenny's virtues.

In short, Mrs. Teachum's school was always mentioned throughout the country as an example of peace and harmony; and also, by the daily improvement of all her girls, it plainly appeared how early young people might attain

great knowledge, if their minds were free from foolish anxieties about trifles, and properly employed on their own improvement; for never did any young lady leave Mrs. Teachum, but that her parents and friends were greatly delighted with her behaviour, as she had made it her chief study to learn always to pay to her governors the most exact obedience, and to exert towards her companions all the good effects of a mind filled with benevolence and love.

JEMIMA PLACID

OR

THE ADVANTAGE OF GOOD-NATURE.

As I had nothing particular to do, I took a walk one morning as far as St. James's Park, where meeting with a lady of my acquaintance, she invited me to go home with her to breakfast; which invitation I accordingly complied with. Her two daughters had waited for her a considerable time, and expressed themselves to have been much disturbed at her stay. They afterwards fretted at the heat of the weather; and the youngest happening accidentally to tear her apron, she bewailed it the succeeding part of the day with so much appearance of vexation, that I could not help showing some degree of astonishment at her conduct: and having occasion afterwards to mention Miss Placid, I added that she was the most agreeable girl I had ever known.

Miss Eliza, to whom I was speaking, said, that she had long wished to hear something farther concerning that young lady, as her mamma very frequently proposed her as an example, without mentioning the particulars of her conduct; but as I was so happy as to be favoured with her intimacy, she should be glad to hear a recital of those excellencies which acquired such universal approbation.

In compliance with this request I wrote the following sheets, and dispatched them to Miss Eliza, and by her desire it is that they are now submitted to the world; as she obligingly assured me, that her endeavours to imitate the calm disposition of the heroine of this history had contributed so much to her own happiness, and increased the good opinion of her friends, that she wished to have so

amiable an example made public for the advantage of others. I shall therefore present these memoirs to the world, just as they were sent to my young friend, and sincerely wish they may meet with as favourable a reception from the more general, as they did from a private, perusal.

The high opinion, my dear Eliza, which you entertain of Jemima Placid would, I assure you, be much increased upon a more intimate knowledge of her worth. The sweetness of her temper has made her the object of particular estimation amongst all her acquaintance; and I had the happiness to be admitted of that number at a very early period of her life. Mr. Placid is a clergyman of distinguished merit, and has been for many years the vicar of Smiledale. The situation of the parsonage is truly beautiful; but the income of the living is not very considerable; so, as the old gentleman has two sons with the young Jemima to provide for, it is necessary to be rather frugal in his expenses. Mrs. Placid was remarkably handsome in her youth, but the beauty of her person has been much impaired by a continued state of ill health, which she supports with such a degree of cheerful fortitude, as does honour to human nature. As she has had the advantage of a liberal education, and been always accustomed to genteel company, her conversation is uncommonly agreeable; and her daughter has derived from her instructions those engaging qualities, which are the most valuable endowments a parent can bestow. The eldest son, whose name is Charles, is about three years, and William, the youngest, near a year and a half older than his sister. Their dispositions are not in all respects so gentle as hers, yet, on the whole, they form the most agreeable family I have ever known.

When Jenima was about six years old, her mamma's health rendered it necessary she should take a journey to Bristol; and it being out of her power to have her daughter with her, she left her with an aunt, whose name was Piner, and who had two daughters a few years older than their cousin. Miss Placid, who had never before been separated from her mamma, was severely hurt at the thought of leaving home; but as she was told it was absolutely necessary, she

refrained her tears, for fear of increasing the uneasiness which her mamma experienced.

At last the day arrived, when her uncle (whom I before forgot to mention) with his wife came to dinner at Smiledale, with an intention of conducting Jemima back with them. She was in her papa's study at the time they alighted; and could not help weeping at the idea of quitting her friends, and throwing her arms around her brother William's neck, silently sobbed forth that grief she wanted power to restrain. The poor boy, who loved his sister with great tenderness, was nearly as much affected as herself, and could only, with affectionate kisses, every now and then exclaim, 'Don't cry so, Jemima! pray don't! We shall soon meet again, my love; pray don't cry!' When she had relieved her little heart with this indulgence of her sorrow, she wiped her eyes, and walked slowly upstairs to have on her frock. 'So your aunt is come, miss?' said Peggy, as she set down the basin on the table to wash her hands. Poor Jemima was silent. 'I am sorry we are going to lose you, my dear,' added she, as she wiped the towel over her forehead. Peggy's hand held back her head, and at the same time supported her chin, so that her face was confined and exposed to observation. She wanted to hide her tears, but she could not; so at last, hastily covering herself with the maid's apron, and putting her two hands round her waist, she renewed the sorrow which she had so lately suppressed.

Peggy was very fond of her young lady, as indeed was every servant in the house; but there was a good woman, who went in the family by the name of Nurse, for whom Jemima had a still greater attachment. She had attended Mrs. Placid before her marriage, had nursed all her children from their births, and Jemima was the darling of her heart. As she entered the room at this time, she took the weeping girl into her lap, and wept herself at the reflection, that it was the first time in her life she had slept without her! 'And so pray, my dear,' said she, 'take care of yourself, and when you go to bed, mind that they pin your nightcap close at top, otherwise you will get cold; and don't forget to have your linen well aired; for it is very dangerous, love, and

many a person has caught a cold which has terminated in a fever by such neglect. Sweet child ! I do not like to trust it from me,' added she, hugging her still closer, and smothering her face in a check cotton handkerchief which she wore on her neck. Jemima promised an observance of her injunctions, and being now dressed, attended a summons from her mamma, who was alone in her chamber, the company having left her to walk in the garden, whither she was unable to accompany them. 'I see, my dear girl,' said she, holding out her hand as she sat in an easy chair by the window, 'I see that you are sorry to leave me ; and indeed, Jemima, I am much grieved that such a separation is necessary ; but I hope I shall be better when I return ; and I am sure you would wish me to be quite well ; I hope, therefore, that you will be a good child while you stay with your uncle and aunt, and not give more trouble than you can avoid. You know, my love, that although you are going amongst strangers, yet you will be properly and kindly taken care off ; and though I don't say it is so agreeable as to be at home with your nearer friends, yet, as we cannot have everything we wish for, we must not be fretful, because that will not give us what we desire, and will certainly make us more uncomfortable, and be disliked by all those we are connected with. There are a great many little things, Jemima, which you know I frequently tell you of, and which you must endeavour to remember when I am not with you : therefore don't forget to hold up your head, and behave gracefully ; and when you are at dinner, if you should be offered anything improper, that is, what you are not permitted to have at home, be sure civilly to refuse it, and say, your mamma does not choose you should eat any. My only reason, you must be convinced, for denying you any indulgence of that kind is, because it would disagree with, and make you ill ; and you are so good, I dare say, as never to do those things when your papa and I are absent, which we should prevent if we were present. Miss Placid assured her mamma of her obedience, and her firm resolution to mind all her admonitions. When she resumed her injunctions, and added, 'there is one thing, my dear, of more importance than the rest, which I

would have you chiefly attend to: whatever may be your temptation to the contrary, remember to speak the truth. Your absence from me will be no excuse for the neglect of your duty; and if once you forfeit your honour, I can have no farther dependence upon you; and never venture to rely on the concealment of a fault; for, you may depend upon it, such things are found out when least expected. But if they should not be, the unhappiness you would feel at having behaved wrong, would be a great punishment of itself. Yet I need not, I dare say, have mentioned this to my *Jemima*, as she is at all times so good as to deserve reliance; only as you are going to be left quite to yourself, I thought it necessary to put you particularly upon your guard.' Mr. Piner returning at this period interrupted any farther discourse, only Mrs. Placid affectionately pressed her hand, and after giving her a kiss, she sat down on a little stool by her side.

When the hour of her departure was nearly arrived she retired into the garden to take leave of her brothers, and went round with them to all the different places she had been accustomed to play in. They visited together the poultry-yard, and *Jemima* fed her bantams before she left them, bidding them all adieu, and looking behind her as she shut the gate for the last time. They then walked round by some walnut trees, where a seat had been put up for them to sit in the shade. 'I wish you were not going,' said Charles, 'for I put this box, and drove in these nails, on purpose for you to hang up your doll's clothes, and now they will be of no further use to us.' 'I wish so too,' replied his sister; 'but I can't help it.' 'Well, don't cry,' added William; 'but come this way by the brewhouse, and bid my rabbits good-bye, and take this piece of lettuce in your hand to feed the old doe, and here is some parsley for the young ones: we shall have some more before you come back, and I will send you word, if I can, how many there are.' 'And, *Jemima*,' said Charles, 'I wish I was going with you to London; for I should like to see it, 'tis such a large place: a great deal bigger than any villages which we have seen; and, they say, the houses stand close together for a great

way; and there are no fields or trees, and the houses have no gardens to them. But then there is a great number of shops, and you might perhaps get a collar for Hector. Do pray try, Jemima, and buy him one, and have his name put upon it, and that he belongs to the Rev. Mr. Placid at Smiledale; for then, in case we should lose him, folks would know where to return him.' 'And would it not be better to have a bell,' said William, 'as the sheep have? I like a bell very much, 'twould make such a nice noise about the house; and then we should always know where he was when we were reading, as my father will not let us look after him. What else do we want her to buy, Charles? Can't you write a list?' 'That will be the best way,' replied he, taking out his pencil, and, very ungracefully to be sure, he put the point of it to his mouth two or three times before it would write; and then having but a small scrap of paper, he despatched his brother, as the shortest way, to fetch a slate, and he would transcribe it afterwards with a pen and ink, for he had, in endeavouring to cut a new point to his pencil, broke it off so frequently, that the lead was all wasted, and nothing remained except the wood. William soon returned with the slate under his arm. Charles took it from him, and then went to work to prepare a bill of necessary things, which his sister was to purchase in London. He leaned so hard as to scratch in such a manner, as, had any grown people been of the party, would have set their teeth on edge (a sensation, I believe, with which children are unacquainted, for they never seem to notice it at all). 'First then,' said he, 'I am to mention a collar for Hector, with his name and place of abode; and I should like very much to have some Indian glue to mend our playthings, such as papa uses, and which we can't get here, you know.'

William assented, and Jemima was as attentive as if she had been to remember all the things he was writing, without the assistance of his list. They sat some time in silence to recollect the other necessary commissions, when she reminded them that a new pencil would be a useful article; but Charles said his father would supply that want, and there was no need to spend his own money for things he

could have without any expense; but if any how I could get a gun with a touchhole, I should be quite happy.' 'No, you would not,' returned William, 'for then, Charles, you would want gunpowder, which you never could have; and if you had, might never use it.' 'Why, that's true! I have long wished for it; but, as you say, I will be contented without it; so don't concern yourself about that, and I need not set it down.' I shall not trouble you with the rest of the consultation on this important subject, but transcribe the list itself, which, with the account of the preceding conversation, I received from a young lady, who frequently spent some months with Mrs. Placid, and to whose kindness I am indebted for many of the various incidents which compose this history.

A LIST OF THE THINGS JEMIMA IS TO BRING FROM LONDON.

'A collar for Hector.—Indian glue.—Some little pictures to make a show of.—A pair of skates; as we shall like skating better than sliding.—A large coach-whip for Charles, because John wont lend us his;—and some little books which we can understand, and which mamma told Mrs. West may be bought at Mr. Marshall's, somewhere in some churchyard; but Jemima must inquire about it.'

Such were the orders which Miss Placid received from her brothers on her first journey to the metropolis. They then attended her to bid adieu to her canary-bird, which she very tenderly committed to their care, and desired they would feed it every day, and give it water in her absence; and mind to turn the glass the right way, otherwise the poor thing might be starved. While she was taking her leave of little Dick, who hung in the hall by the window, her cat came purring to her, and rubbed its head against her frock, and pushed against her feet; then lying down on one side, and while Jemima stroked it with her hand, she licked her fingers, and at last jumped up into the window-seat to be still nearer to its mistress, who taking it into her arms, particularly desired her brothers to give Puss some of their milk every morning, and to save some bits of meat at dinner

to carry to it; for my Pussy, added she, I am quite sorry to leave you!—Another job remained, which was, to put away all her playthings; but this she had deferred so long, that the carriage was ready before she had concluded, so with that, likewise, she was obliged to entrust her brothers; and looking round her with a heavy heart upon every object she had been accustomed to, she quitted the room with regret; and after receiving the affectionate kisses of the whole family, her papa lifted her into the carriage; and the tears running down her cheeks, she looked out of the window as long as the house was in sight, and her brothers continued to stand at the gate till, the road to London turning into a contrary direction, they could no longer see each other. She then, with a melancholy countenance, watched the fields and lanes she passed by, till at last, quite fatigued, she sat down, and soon after fell asleep.

When they stopped at the inn where they intended to rest that night, she was so much fatigued, having been up very early, that she did not wake till she was nearly undressed; when finding herself in a house where she had never before been, she looked about, but was too good to fret at such a circumstance, though she wished to be at home again. The next morning they renewed their journey, and in two days arrived at Mr. Piner's house, about eight o'clock in the evening.

Jemima, who had not seen her cousins since she was two years old, had entirely forgotten them; and as they expected to find her as much a baby as at their last interview, they appeared like entire strangers to each other. They welcomed their papa and mamma, and looked at Miss Placid with silent amazement: both parties, indeed, said the civil things they were desired, such as, 'How do you do, cousin?' rather in a low and drawling tone of voice; and Miss Sally, who was eight years old, turned her head on one side, and hung on her papa's arm, though he tried to shake her off, and desired her to welcome Miss Placid to London, and to say, she was glad to see her, to inquire after her papa, mamma, and brothers, and, in short, to behave politely, and receive her in a becoming manner.

To do this, however, Mr. Piner found was impossible, as his daughters were not at any time distinguished by the graces, and were always particularly awkward, from their shyness, at a first introduction.—In this place, my dear Eliza, you must excuse me, if I stop to hint at a like error in your own conduct, and which, indeed, young ladies in general are too apt to be inattentive to; that, as first impressions are usually the strongest, it is of great consequence to impress your company with a favourable opinion of your appearance. As you are acquainted with the common forms of good breeding, you should consider that it is quite immaterial whether you address a lady you have before seen, or one with whom you are unacquainted, since the compliments of civility are varied only by the circumstances of your knowledge, or the different connexions of the person to whom you are speaking. When, therefore, you are in company with strangers, you should accustom yourself to say what is proper (which will be to answer any question they may ask you) without at all considering how long you have known them; and, be assured, that as an easy behaviour is at all times most agreeable, you will certainly please when you speak with a modest degree of freedom. Do not, therefore, make yourself uneasy with the idea of appearing awkward, for by that means you will defeat your wishes; but endeavour to retain your natural voice, and express yourself with the same unconcern as you do in common conversation; since every species of affectation is disagreeable, and nothing will so strongly recommend you as simplicity.

Our young traveller became, by the next morning, very sociable with her cousins, and complied with their customs with that cheerful obligingness which has always so much distinguished her character. She was much surprised at the bustle which she saw in the street, and the number of carriages so agreeably engaged her attention, that it was with reluctance she quitted her seat on a red trunk by the window, to enjoy the plays in which her cousins were solicitous to engage her. Mrs. Piner had been for some time engaged to dine with a lady of her acquaintance, where she could not conveniently take either of her children, and they both

fretted and pined at the disappointment so as to render themselves uncomfortable, and lose the pleasure of a holiday, which their mamma had allowed them in consequence of their cousin's arrival. Miss Nelly, the eldest, was continually teasing to know the reason why she might not go, though she had repeatedly been told it was inconvenient; and Jemima beheld with astonishment two girls, so much older than herself, presume to argue with their mamma about the propriety of her commands, when their duty should have been quiet submission. When her aunt was gone, she took all the pains in her power to engage them to be good-humoured, presented them with their toys, and carried them their dolls; but they sullenly replied, to all her endeavours, they did not want them; and told her not to plague them so, for they had seen them all a hundred times. At last, Sally taking up a little tin fireplace, which belonged to her sister, Miss Nelly snatched it from her, and said, 'she should not have it!' Sally caught it back again, and they struggled for it with such passion, as to be entirely careless of the mischief they might do each other.

Poor Jemima, who had never disagreed with her brothers, nor been witness to such a scene in her life, was terrified to see them engaged with a degree of violence which threatened them with essential hurt. She endeavoured to appease their fury, and ventured, after she had stood still for some time between two chairs, to try if, by catching hold of one of their hands, she could be able to part them; but they only gave her some blows, and said, 'she had no business in their quarrel!' She then retired to the farther part of the room, and ardently wished herself at home. When spying another fireplace under the table, she took it up with goodnatured transport, and running to Miss Piner, told her, there was one for her; which she was in hopes would have put an end to the dispute. This, however, proved to be the property of Miss Sally, who declared, in her turn, that her sister should not touch any of her playthings; and finding she was not strong enough to retain it, she threw it with all her force to the other end of the room, and unfortunately hit Miss Placid a blow with one of the sharp corners, just above her temple. This at once

put an end to the battle, for the blood immediately trickled down her cheek, and alarmed the two sisters, who, forgetting the subject of the debate, began to be uneasy at the effects of it; only Miss Nelly, who considered herself as more innocent (merely because she had not been the immediate cause of the accident), with a recriminating air said, 'There, miss, you have done it now. You have killed your cousin, I believe!' Jemima, though in a good deal of pain, and much frightened, did not cry; as she seldom shed tears, unless from sensibility, or at parting with her friends. She held her handkerchief to the place, and became more alarmed, in proportion as she saw it covered with blood; till at last, finding it was beyond their art to stop the effusion, Miss Nelly, with trembling steps, went upstairs to tell the servant of their misfortune. Dinah, which was the maid's name, had been so often accustomed to find her young ladies in mischief, that she did not descend in very good humour, and upon her entrance exclaimed, 'that they were all the naughtiest girls in the world!' without inquiring how the accident happened, or making any exception to the innocence of Jemima, who could only again most sincerely wish to be once more at Smiledale with her mamma. Dinah, after washing her temple with vinegar, which made it smart very much (though she did not complain), told them, 'They had been so naughty they should not go to play any more; nor would she hear Miss Placid's justification, but crossly interrupted her by saying, 'Hold your tongue, child! and don't want to get into mischief again; for my mistress will make a fine piece of work, I suppose, about what you have done already!'—Jemima was too much awed, by the ill-nature of her looks and the anger of her expressions, to vindicate her conduct any further; but quietly sitting down, she comforted herself with the reflection, that her displeasure was undeserved, and that to fret at what she could not avoid, would not make her more happy; and therefore, with great good humour, took up a bit of paper, which contained the rough drawing of a little horse, which Charles had given her on the day of her departure, and which she had since carefully preserved.

In justice to Mrs. Dinah I must here observe, that she was not naturally ill-natured; but the Miss Piners were so frequently naughty as to give her a great deal of trouble, and tire out her patience; and their mamma, by not taking the proper methods to subdue the errors of their dispositions, had made them so refractory, that it soured her own temper, and occasioned her to blame her servants for the consequence of those faults which it was her duty to have prevented. So you see, my dear Eliza, from such instances, how mistaken is that indulgence, which, by gratifying the humours of children, will make them impatient and vindictive, unhappy in themselves, and a trouble to every one with whom they are connected. The amiable Jemima was always contented and good-humoured, even when she was not in a state agreeable to her wishes; and, by learning to submit to what she did not like, when it could not be altered, she obtained the love of everybody who knew her, and passed through life with less trouble than people usually experienced; for, by making it a rule to comply with her situation, she always enjoyed the comforts it afforded, and suffered as little as possible from its inconvenience. In the present case, her cousins, by their ill-temper and fretfulness, had quarrelled with each other; and when Dinah would not let them play, as indeed they justly deserved to be punished, they did nothing but grumble and cry the whole day, and were so conscious of their bad behaviour, as to be afraid of seeing their mamma; while Miss Placid, serene in her own innocence, entertained herself for some time with looking at the horse above-mentioned, and afterwards with pricking it, till Dinah set her at liberty; which, seeing her good temper, she soon did, and gave her besides some pretty pictures to look at, and some fruit to eat, of all which her cousins were deprived. By the next morning Jemima's temple had turned black; and Mrs. Piner inquired how she had hurt herself? She coloured at the question with some confusion, not willing to inform her aunt of any thing to Miss Sally's disadvantage; but as she was too honest to say anything but the truth, she begged Mrs. Piner would not be angry if she informed her;

which she having promised, Jemima told her, adding that her cousin had no intention to hurt her.

Mrs. Piner kissed and commended Jemima very much; and Dinah having likewise given a high account of her goodness, she told her daughters she was much displeas'd with them; but, in consequence of their cousin's intercession, would not punish them that time, and desired them for the future to imitate her example.

As soon as breakfast was over, they were dismissed to school, while Jemima remained with her aunt; who after having heard her read, gave her a handkerchief to hem, which she sat down by her to do; and when she had done work, very prettily entered into conversation.—'I should be much oblig'd to you, ma'am (said she), as I don't know my way about London, if you would go with me to buy some things for my brothers, which I promised to carry back when I return. I have got some money to pay for them, for Charles gave me a sixpence, and three halfpence, and a farthing; and William gave me three-pence; and I have got a silver-penny, and a two-pence of my own, all screw'd safe in a little red box.'

Mrs. Piner inquired what the articles were which she wish'd to purchase, and smil'd on perusing the list which Charles had written.—'And pray, my dear,' said she, 'how do you intend to carry the coach-whip, for you will not be able conveniently to pack it up; and as to the skates, I do not think your papa would choose your brothers should make use of them till they are much older, as they are very dangerous, and particularly so to little boys. The other things I will endeavour to procure, and you shall take a walk with me to Mr. Marshall's to buy the books, and choose them yourself, and I will pay for them; so you may save your money in the little box, for you are a very good girl, and therefore deserve to meet with encouragement.' Jemima thank'd her aunt for her kind intentions, and said, 'if she could get a coach-whip, she thought she could carry it to Smiledale in her hand; and as her brothers were always kind to her, she wish'd to do every thing in her power to oblige them.'

The next day was to be a holiday at her cousins' school, on account of their dancing-master's ball, to which Miss Piner were invited; and Mrs. Piner had promised Jemima she should be of the party. They rose in the morning with the pleasing hopes of enjoying a dance in the evening; and Miss Nelly went a dozen times in the day to look at her new cap, wishing it was time to put it on (for she was a silly, vain girl), and was so foolish as to imagine herself of more consequence, because she was better dressed than other children. 'O Miss Placid!' said she, 'you will look so dowdy to-night in your plain muslin frock, while all the rest of the ladies will wear either gauze frocks or silk coats full trimmed. Have you seen how handsome our dresses will be? Do pray look at them,' added she, opening the drawer, and extending the silk, and then, glad of an excuse to survey it, she went to a box, and taking out her cap, held it on her hand, turning it round and round with a degree of pride and pleasure which was very silly.

Jemima goodnaturedly admired her cousin's finery, without wishing for any addition to her own. 'I am sure,' replied she, 'my mamma has provided what is proper for me, and is so kind as to afford me everything necessary, and my frocks are always clean, and will do extremely well for the present occasion, or else my aunt would have bought me another.' 'But should not you like such a cap?' said Miss Nelly, putting it on Jemima's head; you look very pretty in it, indeed!' 'No, I think it is too large for me,' returned Miss Placid, 'and there is a piece of wire in it which scratches when you press it down; you should alter that, or it will be very uncomfortable.' In short, the ball was the only subject of conversation during the whole day; and although Miss Piner felt an uncommon headache and sickness, yet she would not complain, for fear her mamma should think proper to leave her at home. The pain, however, increased greatly, and she frequently left the parlour to give vent to her complaints, and avoid her mamma's notice. The heaviness of her eyes, and alternate change of countenance from pale to red, at last took Mrs. Piner's attention, and she tenderly inquired after her health; but Miss Nelly affected to treat her indisposition as a trifle, though, as she was by no

means patient in general, she would at any other time have made incessant complaints. She attempted to laugh and play, but to no purpose; for her illness became too violent to be suppressed: however, upon her papa's hinting at dinner that she seemed to have no appetite, and had better, if not well, go to-bed, she forced herself, against her inclination, to eat some meat and pudding, and went up afterwards to conceal her uneasiness, and put on her clothes, thinking that if she was in readiness it would be an additional reason for her going. But alas! so foolish is vanity, and so insignificant are outward ornaments, that when Miss Nelly was decked out in the gauze frock which had so long engaged her thoughts, she felt such a degree of uneasiness from her sickness, as to make her disregard what she had before wished for with such ill-placed ardour.

Having eat more than was proper for her stomach in such a disordered state, it increased her illness very much; but being determined to go, though her mamma advised her to the contrary, and pretending she was something better, she stepped into the coach, the motion of which soon produced a most terrible catastrophe; and before she could speak for assistance, occasioned such a violent sickness as totally spoiled her own and her cousin's clothes, who sat opposite to her; nor did Miss Sally's quite escape the disaster; for as she had spread them over Jemima, with an intent to display their beauties, they shared in part that calamity which had so unfortunately overtaken the others.

Mrs. Piner, though she was grieved at her daughter's indisposition, was likewise extremely angry at the consequence of her obstinacy. 'If you had stayed at home, as I bade you,' said she, somewhat angrily, 'nothing of this would have happened;' and pulling the checkstring added, 'We must turn about, coachman, for we cannot proceed in this condition!' Miss Sally, notwithstanding her sister's illness, continually teased her mamma to know whether they should go when Nelly was set down, and her own dress wiped, without attending to her sister's complaints. When the carriage reached Mr. Piner's, he came himself hastily to the door, to know what accident had occasioned their unexpected return; and upon being informed, lifted poor Nelly into the house,

while her sister declared she would not walk indoors, as she wanted to go to the ball. Dinah was, however, called down, and with much resistance conveyed the young lady crying and kicking upstairs.

Jemima stood by unnoticed in the general confusion, and Miss Piner was undressed with the utmost expedition, and sincerely rejoiced to be rid of the incumbrance of that finery which in another situation would have excited her envy. Our little heroine, whose sense as well as serenity was uncommon, reflected that gay clothes must certainly in themselves be of little value, since they could not prevent the approach of disease, or suspend for a moment the attacks of pain; that the pleasure they bestowed, as it was ill-founded, was likewise extremely transient, as Miss Sally's passion, on her disappointment, was sufficient to prove, since she was now mortified in proportion as she had before been elated. And though her sister's reflections were for the present suspended by the violence of pain, yet her vexation, when she was restored to the ability of contemplating the state of her clothes, would be equally poignant and without remedy.

While Miss Placid, in obedience to her aunt, took off the frock which had suffered so much in its short journey, Miss Sally sat roaring and crying in an easy chair, into which she had thrown herself, declaring she would go, and pushed Dinah away as often as she attempted to take out a pin. Nor would she be pacified by any endeavours which were used to please and amuse her; till her mamma, quite tired with her noise and ill-humour, declared she would send word to her governess the next morning, if she did not do what she was desired; upon which threat she submitted to be undressed, but petulantly threw every article of her attire upon the ground, and afterwards sat down in one of the windows in sullen silence, without deigning an answer to any question which was proposed to her. Jemima was as much disappointed as her cousin could be, and had formed very high expectations of the pleasure she should receive at the ball; but she had been always accustomed to submit to unavoidable accidents without repining, and to make herself happy with those amusements in her power, when she was deprived of what she might wish for, but could not procure.

Some time after this, Mr. Steward, a gentleman who lived at Smiledale, came up to town about business, and called upon Mr. Piner with an intention of seeing Miss Jemima, who was much distressed that she happened to be absent, as she wished to hear some news of her papa and brothers. However, he returned again the next day, and Miss Placid very gracefully paid her respects to him, and inquired after the friends she had left. He satisfied her as to their health, and presented her with a letter from her brother Charles, which, as soon as she could find an opportunity, she retired to read. The contents were as follow :

TO MISS PLACID.

‘My dear sister,—As William writes so very slow, and as papa does not think he should scribble at all, he has desired me to inform you of everything which has passed since you left us. And first I must acquaint you with a sad accident, which will render one of your commissions useless. Poor Hector! the day after you went away was lost for several hours: we went to every house in the village, and hunted behind every tomb in the churchyard, called Hector! Hector! through all the fields, and then returned and sought him in our own garden again; looked under the bench in the poultry-yard, nay, even in the cellar and coal-hole, but no Hector returned. We sat down together on the bottom stair in the hall, and William cried ready to break his heart. Papa said he was sorry, but told us our tears would not bring him back, and advised us to bear the loss of him with more fortitude, took Will on his lap, and read a story to divert him. We got tolerably cheerful, and went down to tea; but as soon as my brother took up his bread, the thoughts of how Hector always jumped up to him for a bit, and how he would bark, and snap in play at his fingers, quite overcame his firmness, and he could not touch a morsel. Well, to make short of the story, the next morning John came in and told papa that Squire Sutton’s game-keeper, not knowing to whom he belonged, had shot him for running after the deer. “Why now,” said I, “if he had but staid away from the park till Jemima had brought him,

a collar, he would not have been killed. Poor Hector! I shall hate Ben Hunt as long as I live for it." "Fy, Charles!" said my father. "Hector is dead, sir," said I; and I did not then stay to hear any farther. But since that we have talked a great deal about love and forgiveness, and I find I must love Ben Hunt, even though I now see poor Hector's tomb in the garden. For John went to fetch him, and we buried him under the laylock* tree, on the right hand side, just by the large sunflower; and we cried a great deal, and made a card tombstone over his grave; and papa gave us an old hatband, and we cut it in pieces, and we went as mourners. His coffin was carried by Tom Wood, the carpenter's son, whose father was so kind as to make it for us; while Jemmy Splitlungs, the clerk's nephew, my brother, and I followed as chief mourners; and old Nurse and Peggy put on their black hoods, which they had when Jenny Thompson died, and went with us; and we had the kitchen tablecloth for a pall, with the old black wrapper put over it which used to cover the parrot's cage; but we did not read anything, for that would not have been right; as you know after all he was but a dog. Papa, however, to please us, wrote the following epitaph, which I very carefully transcribed, and affixed over his grave:

Here Hector lies, more blest by far
Than he who drove the victor's car;
Who once Patroclus did subdue,
And suffered for the conquest too.
Like him o'ercome by cruel fate,
Stern fortune's unrelenting hate;
An equal doom severe he found,
And Hunt inflicts the deadly wound.
Less cruel than Pelides, he
Permits his manes† interr'd to be;
And satisfied to see him fall,
Ne'er dragg'd him round the Trojan wall.

‘I am very sorry for the poor fellow's untimely end; and so, I dare say, you will be. Our rabbit has kindled; and

* We cannot correct this into the modern form of lilac. Our country folk are constant to the pronunciation laylock.—[ED.]

† Mr. Placid must have pronounced this *manes*, and had a very odd notion of the meaning.—[ED.]

we have one in particular whose skin is white, with black spots, the prettiest I ever saw; and which we have called Jemima, and will give it you when you return. Peggy has sprained her ankle by a fall downstairs. I forgot my wooden horse, and left it in the way; and she came down in the dark, and stumbled over it. I was very sorry, and my papa was much displeased, as it is what he has so often cautioned us against. Jack Dough, the baker's boy, brought me a linnet yesterday, which I have placed in a cage near your canary-bird, who is very well. I don't think I have much more to say, for writing is such tedious work that I am quite tired, though what I have done has been a fortnight in hand. I have a great many things I want to tell you if we could meet; and I should wish to know how you like London. Good bye. William desires his love to you, and bids me say that he, as well as myself, will ever be

‘Your affectionate brother,
‘CHARLES PLACID.’

‘P.S. Inclosed I have sent you a sketch of Hector's funeral procession, which your favourite, Ned Kindly, who was one of the party, drew on purpose for you.’

You may be sure that the intelligence of Hector's death gave Jemima some uneasiness; more especially as, at the first time Mr. Steward had called, she was out with her aunt, and actually purchased a collar for him, which, before the receipt of her letter, she had contemplated with great satisfaction, in the idea of having so well executed her brother's commission, and the pleasure it would afford them.

When Miss Placid had been in town about four months, and her mamma was returned from Bristol, Mr. Placid came up to fetch her home, and invited her cousins to accompany her to Smiledale, promising to take great care of them, and to teach them to read and write; and that Mrs. Placid would instruct them in every other part of their learning. To which Mr. and Mrs. Piner consented. The pleasure which Jemima felt at seeing her papa after so long an absence can be better imagined than described. She looked

at him with such transport, that the tears started to her eyes; and wanting words to declare the feelings of her heart, could only express her joy by stroking and kissing his hand, as she sat on a stool by his side; and pressing it with fervour between both hers, exclaimed that she was glad to see him. Her uncle and aunt gave her the highest praise for her good behaviour, and assured her papa that they had never, during the whole time of her visit, seen her once out of humour, or at all fretful upon any occasion. Mr. Placid said he was extremely happy to hear so good an account of his little girl; but that he expected everything amiable from the sweetness of her disposition, adding, it would be very strange if she had behaved otherwise with you, as I assure you she is at all times equally tractable and engaging. The evening before her departure, her aunt was so obliging as to present her with a new doll, which she had taken great pains to dress, and had made for it two dimity petticoats, with a nice pair of stays, a pink satin coat, and a muslin frock. She had likewise purchased some cotton stockings, and a pair of red shoes with white roses, white gloves tied with pink strings, and a gauze cap with pink satin ribbons. Jemima, with a graceful courtesy, paid her acknowledgment to Mrs. Piner for that favour, and all the kind attention she had received since she had been in town, and saw it packed up with great care in a box by itself, pleasing herself with the joy it would afford her to show it to her mamma. She then busied herself in putting up the Indian glue and a great quantity of pictures which had been given her; poor Hector's collar, and several books which she had bought at Mr. Marshall's, and had already perused with much delight, particularly his 'Course of Lectures for Sunday Evenings,' 'The Village School,' and 'Perambulation of a Mouse,' two vols. each; together with the 'First Principles of Religion' and the 'Adventures of a Pincushion.' All these mighty volumes she took with her to Smiledale, and Mr. Placid was so much pleased with them, as to send for an additional supply to present his friends with. As to the skates, he had desired her not to think about them, as he should by no means approve of her brothers using them; nor would they have occasion

for a coach-whip; but as he knew Charles had broken his bat, she might carry him one instead. Jemima entreated permission to convey to them a drum, as she thought it would be a plaything they would much enjoy; to this he immediately consented, and went himself to procure one.

Miss Piners, who were in as great a hurry with their preparations as Jemima, behaved with less composure on the occasion: they tossed everything out of their drawers in search of such toys as they could possibly take with them, and wanted to pack up their whole stock of playthings (which, indeed, was a very large one), and then as fast as Dinah put what they desired into their trunk, Miss Nelly snatched it out if it belonged to her sister, and Miss Sally did the same unless it happened to be her own. So that, quite tired with their teasing, naughty behaviour, she turned it topsyturvy, and declared she would not put up any one thing except their clothes; and added, she wished they were gone, with all her heart.

I shall not take up your time with any account of their journey, nor endeavour to describe the places which they passed through in their way to Smiledale, whither they arrived about five o'clock in the afternoon. Jemima ran to her mamma with a degree of rapture which evinced the sincerity of her joy, in returning to her embraces as soon as her brothers would permit her to disengage herself from their caresses; for as they knew the day which was fixed for her return, and could nearly guess at the time she would arrive, they had taken their stand at the very place where they had parted with her; and as soon as the carriage came in sight, they ran with their utmost speed to meet it, and came back again, jumping by the side; and when the coach stopped, were so eager to welcome their sister, that they would scarcely leave room for her to get out. They were in such a hurry to show her every new acquisition they had made since her departure, that they would not allow her time to speak to anybody but themselves.

Charles wanted her to go into the hall to look at his linnet, and William was as earnest to take her to his rabbits; while Jemima, who was equally ready to oblige them both, stood

still, without knowing which she should first consent to follow; till Mr. Placid, taking hold of her hand, thus moderated the impatience of his sons:—‘My dear boys, I am much delighted to see your mutual affection for each other, and the pleasure you express at your sister’s return; but do not be in such a hurry to show her those things which she will to-morrow have sufficient time to inspect. We all wish at present to enjoy her company, and therefore defer your intention of taking her from us to-night, as I hope you will have no occasion to fear a speedy separation; besides, I think you are a little wanting in politeness not to take notice of your cousins.’

Charles said he did not know them, and William declared he did not want them, and both acknowledged they had nothing to say to them.

Mrs. Placid blamed them for the rudeness of such declarations, and took the young ladies and Jemima upstairs to their apartment while tea was getting ready. During this interval, William climbed upon his father’s knee, and as Mr. Placid was holding both his hands while he leaned back his head till it nearly touched the ground, he pulled him up, and kissing him said, ‘I am surprised, my boys, that you have not more politeness than to neglect Miss Piners in such a manner, and endeavour to excuse it by further rudeness.’ ‘Why, I don’t want them,’ replied William, ‘and must not I speak the truth? You always tell me that the naughtiest thing I can do is to tell lies; and I am sure I am very sorry they are come, for I like to have Jemima to ourselves; so pray, sir, what would you choose I should do?’ ‘I would have you, my dear,’ returned his papa, ‘always endeavour to behave with goodnature and politeness. You cannot think how much it will recommend you to general approbation; nor of how great importance an attention to the trifling graces of your conduct will prove in future life. And although you, William, may not be glad of your cousins’ company (which, in my opinion, is rather a churlish speech), yet you might have behaved with civility; might have inquired after your uncle and aunt, have fetched them each a chair to sit down upon; and if you had not (as you cannot do it with truth)

said you was glad to see them, yet you might have taken such notice, by speaking kindly to them, as to vindicate yourself from the charge of rudeness and ill manners which you have now incurred.' 'But as we are boys, sir,' said Charles, 'such a neglect is not so bad in us, as it does not so much signify. We are not, you know, expected to sit prim all the day, as the girls do, and play the lady. O! how I should hate to sit with my hands before me, bridling like them for a whole afternoon together, without moving any more than my stick when I put it up in the corner! I would not be a girl to go into company in such a manner for the world!' 'I am glad to see you satisfied with your destination,' replied Mr. Placid; 'but you are much mistaken, I assure you, if you think the study of politeness is unnecessary to a man; and however you may flatter yourselves with an exemption from those more confined rules of behaviour which young ladies are expected to observe, yet I would advise you to remember that a constant attention to your carriage is at all times necessary, if you would wish to be loved and esteemed, or to meet with success in your undertakings. You, Charles, have frequently remarked the amazing difference which is visible between Colonel Armstrong and Sir Hugh Forester, though the one is a man of more sense, of larger fortune, and equally worthy as the other; yet you regard the colonel with admiration, and are too apt to treat the baronet with ridicule and contempt: so great are the advantages of that polish which can only be acquired in early youth by diligent and constant attention; for if you accustom yourself to lounge about, to eat with your fingers, or hold your knife and fork so low that they scarcely save them from the grease; if you slovenly dirt your clothes, either omit to bow at all, or else bend your body as awkwardly as Jack Carter, the ploughboy; in short, if by any such trifling neglect you acquire a habit of clownish ill manners, you will fail to gain that respect which is only paid to true merit when accompanied by the graces. Custom has made it necessary for you to be particularly attentive to the wants of those you are in company with: you should use yourselves to watch when a lady's cup is empty,

that you may be ready to take it from her ; or anything has fallen down by accident, that you may with briskness pick it up ; when a chair is wanting, to fetch it ; or to give any assistance in your power in those trifles which occur every day, and which, by attending to, you will learn a habit of doing as it were mechanically ; that is, without the trouble of thinking about it, in the same manner as you eat your dinner, without reflecting all the time what you are doing.' 'I confess,' said Charles, 'that Colonel Armstrong has always struck me as the most agreeable man I ever saw ; but he does not seem to take any peculiar trouble to behave better than other people. On the contrary, I have heard my mamma say that he is more easy in his manners than Sir Hugh, who labours to be polite, without in the least looking like a gentleman.' 'That ease which you mention,' said his father, 'is the degree of perfection which I am so solicitous to have you acquire, and is the most difficult thing to attain, though it appears to be exercised without trouble or attention. You must therefore endeavour, by the influence of custom, to gain those natural advantages which can only be learnt in the early season of youth, and to the neglect of which it is to be ascribed that so few men (comparatively speaking) are either polite or graceful.

Tea being now ready, Mrs. Placid and the young ladies made their appearance ; and Master Placids, to show they had profited by their papa's advice, both ran to fetch a chair for Miss Sally, and reaching it at the same time, pushed with such force against each other, that Charles hurt William's forehead, and very nearly threw him down ; at which he, expressing great sorrow, declared the accident was by no means intended. 'I wish I had not been so polite,' said William, rubbing the place ; 'but I know, brother, you would not hurt me designedly ; so pray don't say any more about it, for I don't mind such a trifle.' 'I hope not,' said his papa, 'and I would not have you discouraged at the effects of your awkwardness ; for, my dear boy, it is to that, rather than your politeness, that this terrible disaster is owing ; for had you minded where you were going, you would not so violently have encountered each other, and either of you might

have carried the chair unhurt to your cousin, who has been waiting all this time without one. And this is a proof of what I just now mentioned, that the grace which you admire in Colonel Armstrong will not be easily obtained, unless you are careful to attend to what you are doing.' As Mr. Placid concluded this sentence, he was interrupted by the entrance of Master Wagstaff, a young gentleman of about thirteen, who had been for some years at Eaton, but was then returned for the vacation. His father was a near neighbour to the vicar, and had sent his son to invite the family to dine with him the next day, to which Mr. and Mrs. Placid consented; and at the time appointed they set out for the Grove, which was the name of Mr. Wagstaff's house. On their arrival, they found the company walking before dinner in the garden. The party consisted of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Wagstaff, and an old gentleman of the name of Crossly, and a young lady who was his niece. She was just turned of fifteen, was very pretty and genteel, but extremely affected in her manner and conversation; pretended to be afraid of animals and insects, and tossed herself into a thousand ridiculous attitudes at the sight of a spider, an earwig, or a wasp. They were soon joined by Master Wagstaff and one of his school-fellows, who was on a visit to him during the holidays: he was about the same age, and was called Bob Sprightly.

When they had walked for some time, they returned into the drawing-room; and Mr. Crossly took up his snuff box, which he had left on the table, declaring he was rejoiced to find it, for that he was always uncomfortable in its absence. Miss Myra, the young lady above-mentioned, expressed her dislike to such a disagreeable habit, and declared that to be in the room when it was open always made her sneeze. Her uncle looked at her with some displeasure, and ascribed it to her fanciful maggots, saying, it was the best remedy for a headache he had ever experienced, and that it never had any such effect on himself, adding, as she was so squeamish, he would hold his box out of the window while he took a pinch, for fear of offending her delicate nostrils. So saying he did as he had proposed; keeping his hand at a great distance, and taking a large pinch, he snuffed it up

with uncommon haste and avidity. No sooner had his nose received the powerful scent, than he began to cough, choke, and sneeze in such a manner as alarmed the company, though Miss Myra seemed inclined to rejoice at it, and Bob Sprightly, with his friend Samuel, could with difficulty refrain from a violent burst of laughter. At length the old gentleman, being somewhat recovered, began to reproach his niece with her treachery, in having filled his box with pepper, which he declared it to be. She denied the charge, and disowned any knowledge of the adventure. The truth indeed was this: while Mr. Crossly was walking in the garden, the young gentlemen found his box on the table, and thinking the effect would afford them some occasion for their mirth, had desired the footman to procure them a quantity of ground pepper, which they mixed with a little snuff, and carefully replaced the box where they found it. I have already informed you of the success of their scheme, in which they had the more readily engaged, as Mr. Crossly was a man of no very agreeable disposition, and by his ill-nature had rendered himself obnoxious to their dislike. The preceding accident, it may be supposed, did not increase his good humour; and, to say the truth, he was in no great harmony during the rest of the day.

Some time after this, as Miss Myra was stooping to pick up her scissors, Bob contrived to put a large spider upon the lappet of her cap, which very quietly marched about without being perceived, and entertained itself with the prospect of her ribbons, gauze, and flowers, surveyed her curls, and examined the beauty of a bow which hung pendent from the middle of her head-dress. It afterwards very leisurely took its progress down her neck, the tickling sensation of whose footsteps she attributed to some loose locks, which she stroked up with her hand. This motion quickened its descent, and it now invaded her shoulder, and took its path quite in sight down her arm, where she first discovered its appearance. With a scream, which the whole house might have heard, she hastily jumped across the room and upset a little table, at which the ladies were at work, and which falling on poor Jemima, gave her a most violent blow on the head and shoulders, she

being at a distance playing with her cousins at cards. The company, who were all ignorant of this sudden disturbance, begged Miss Myra to inform them what was the matter with her? which she at length complied with, by exclaiming, 'A spider! a spider! What shall I do? Take it off, or I shall faint!' This Sam immediately did; but as her affectation was truly ridiculous, he was determined to divert himself still further with the effects of her folly. In the meantime her uncle blamed her, with some warmth, for the childish foolishness of her behaviour. 'One would have thought,' said he, 'it had been a giant instead of a spider with which you were engaged. Such an outcry, indeed, for nothing at all—I am quite ashamed of you! And pray see what mischief you have done to Miss Placid? The young lady, in some confusion, apologised for the hurt which her impetuosity had occasioned; and Jemima, who was seldom ruffled by a trifling accident, soon resumed her usual cheerfulness, though she felt the pain for a considerable time. Peace and order being once more re-established, a basket of fruit was brought to please the children, together with some biscuits and some small seed cakes, which Mrs. Wagstaff had provided for their entertainment.

Miss Myra was politely offered some by Master Sprightly; and upon opening an apricot, a second object of her aversion presented itself, not less dreadful than the former, a large earwig dropped into her lap. Notwithstanding the late mischance which had happened, in consequence of such a weak indulgence of her fears, she again shrieked as if violently hurt, and started from her seat, which she kicked back at the same time, without any regard to her uncle, who was stooping down behind her chair to pick up the stalk of a bunch of currants which he had let fall.

The chair met his face with such violence as to knock out one of his front teeth, which had been loose a great while, and which he had carefully preserved, as it much assisted his speech. You may imagine, therefore, that this event did not restore him to a very placid state, as he had already been sufficiently discomposed by the former circumstances which I have mentioned.

Added to her uncle's displeasure, Miss Myra had in some degree suffered herself, having torn a muslin apron which she was working, and which she had unpinned to show to Miss Wagstaff. Such was the state of affairs when Mr. Speedmore, a young country gentleman, entered the room. He was about seventeen, very tall and clumsy in his appearance, and entirely destitute of those graces which Mr. Placid had the preceding evening recommended to his sons. As soon as he had muttered over his first compliments to the master of the house, he sneaked himself into a chair that stood near the door, and sitting down on one side of it, placed an oak stick which he held in his hand between his legs, and leaning his chin upon the top, sometimes nibbled the head, and at others gnawed a piece of his glove, which happened to be unsewed. Miss Myra surveyed his figure with the utmost contempt, and whispered to her companion, Miss Wagstaff, that she should like to tease such a boor, which she supposed might be easily done by obliging him to speak, as he absolutely seemed to have lost his tongue.

In consequence of this resolution, she addressed herself particularly to him, and inquired whether he had been to a camp, which was at some little distance from Smiledale! and whether he had yet learned, or intended to learn, the manual exercise? To this question, as he was very inattentive, he at first returned no answer; and upon repeating it, he misunderstood her meaning, and replied, 'No, miss! I have seen no Emanuel, nor do I know any such person.' This misapprehension afforded great entertainment to the younger part of the company, who laughed for some time at his mistake; till Mr. Placid inquired into the cause, and with great goodnature blamed them for the indulgence of their mirth at Mr. Speedmore's expense; and Miss Wagstaff, with a smile at Miss Myra, added, that the laugh was turned since the earwig had escaped. She blushed at the consciousness which she felt at the reproof, and giving her friend a tap on the shoulder, enjoined her to be silent, declaring she would not again speak to the young man, though he should gnaw his stick down to the ferrule.

Mrs. Placid, though in some measure recovered from her

late indisposition, still continued extremely weak. The coach was therefore ordered to attend them early, and taking their leave of the company, they all returned home; when the young folk, after wishing them good night, retired to bed. The next morning at breakfast, Miss Piner began the conversation by showing how awkwardly Mr. Speedmore had behaved, and what a cross gentleman she thought Miss Myra's uncle was. 'I was so glad when the snuff made him sneeze and cough!' said Miss Sally. 'And I am sure he deserved it,' said William; 'for last Sunday, when we were coming home from church, he stood at the little gate in the churchyard with fat Mr. Stopway, and would not let Tom Gibbons pass; but took him by the shoulder, and shook him for being so rude as to push his way between two gentlemen.' 'And is that the cause?' returned his father, 'that you rejoice so heartily at the inconvenience which he suffered? Why, my dear, you take Tom's affront sadly to heart; but so far from thinking it ill-natured of him to tell such a poor boy of a fault, I dare say he intended it as a kind admonition; for Tom has not anybody to instruct him in those common attentions of civility which are necessary to recommend even a day labourer to regard. And if Mr. Speedmore had the advantage of a friend to hint to him the use of politeness, it might have saved him from the censure of your cousin, who seems to have been quite astonished at the rusticity of his manners. That young man,' continued he, 'has received no advantage from his education, his father having neglected to improve him in anything but the sports of the field, in which his own time is entirely engaged, and to which he has brought up his son; so that you ought rather to compassionate his misfortune than ridicule his defects; and from observing how displeasing such a roughness of manners will make a person of a good disposition, learn to bestow greater assiduity in the cultivation of your own graces.' 'But I am too apt to forget, sir,' said Charles, 'that though I always intend to mind your advice, and think it very just and reasonable at the time you are speaking to me, yet when I pass by a gentleman, I frequently do not pull off my hat till he is out of sight, and then I recollect it would have been more polite so

to have done; and thus, in other cases, I do not remember to attend when anybody in company is addressing themselves to me; because I am busy, either in looking out of the window, or playing with something that is near me, and so they are obliged to speak several times before I hear they are talking to me.' 'But you should take pains not to forget anything that you are taught,' replied Mr. Placid, 'or otherwise there will be no use in my taking the trouble to instruct you. I will tell you a story, Charles:'

'There was once a gentleman and lady who had two children, a boy and a girl. They were something like you; that is, were troubled with short memories; for although they were frequently told to hold up their heads, turn out their toes, and say, Sir and Ma'am, when they addressed anybody, they constantly forgot to do it. Their papa was one day lamenting this negligence of his children to a person who paid him a visit, and who replied that if he would trust them to his management, he would engage in a short time so deeply to impress it upon their minds, that they should ever after retain his instructions on their memory. To this proposal the gentleman very willingly agreed; and Master Ben and his sister Peggy accompanied their papa's friend to his house. As they were acquainted with the design of their visit, he addressed them the next morning in terms to this purpose: "As you well know what is expected from you, and have been fully instructed in the requisite attentions of polite behaviour, I shall hope you will observe them very minutely; and in order to remind you when you are forgetful, I shall keep this little spur in my hand, and whenever I see occasion shall take the liberty of applying it, which will give you a sharp degree of pain, and therefore, I dare say, you will take care to avoid it. Besides this, I shall, as opportunities arise, punish your neglect by the loss of your meals, or anything else which I may think proper to deprive you of; and the sooner you remember to observe everything which you are desired, the sooner you will return to your parents, with whom, if your memories remain sufficiently good to do as you are bid, you will continue; but whenever that fails you, they will restore you again to my instructions."

The young folk listened very attentively to this discourse, and promised obedience to his commands, in which promise their intention was to be sincere, and he caressed them accordingly. But, my dear Charles, little Ben soon forgot that to loll his arms on the table at dinner-time was by no means consistent with good manners; upon which his new tutor applied his spur with such success to his elbows, that the smart he experienced in a moment occasioned their removal. His sister had soon reason to sympathise with his misfortune from her own feelings; for as she had an ugly custom of drinking with her mouth full, and breathing in her glass, the reminding spur attacked her cheek so sharply, that the smart would not let her forget the cause which had given an opportunity for its use.

‘Another day she ate her breakfast with such immoderate haste, that the spur was applied to suggest the necessity of chewing her food more, and not swallowing it as if she was afraid of losing it, which in effect she did, for it was taken from her, because she cried at the pain which her monitor occasioned without minding its admonition. When she sat cross-legged, she was surprised by the spur’s reaching her knee; and when she illiberally scratched her head, it attacked her fingers; when she stooped her head, she felt it in her neck; and, in short, was so continually tormented with its painful invasion, that she was obliged, as well as her brother (who was equally annoyed), to remember at all times to behave gracefully. When, therefore, they had acquired this necessary degree of attention, they were permitted to return home. They never forgot the useful admonition of the friendly spur, as on any occasion in which their memory proved defective, it was sufficient to tell them they should return to the gentleman who kept it in his possession, and they immediately acted in a becoming manner. And do you not think, Charles,’ concluded Mr. Placid, ‘that such a spur would be of infinite use to you, as you are so often apt to forget what is of great consequence to remember?’

Miss Piners smiled at each other, they being both conscious, as well as Master Placid, that they had frequent occasions for its use. Indeed, from this time, whenever any of

them were guilty of any omission or neglect, they were apt to laugh at each other, and call out, that the spur was wanting! By which means they frequently became more cautious than they would otherwise have been.

Jemima, whose natural sweetness of temper led her at all times to be obliging, very seldom afforded them an opportunity of applying the hint to her; but Miss Piners, who, as hath been before observed, were frequently very silly and ill-natured, often deserved a more severe reproof than to be told they stood in need of the spur.

One day, when Miss Sally came downstairs, she found Miss Placid seated at a table making a pin-cloth for her wax doll, in order to keep its frock clean, while her sister had taken possession of the middle of the window-seat, of which Miss Sally begged to partake, and desired her to move a little farther, and make room for her, which Miss Nelly very crossly refused. 'Do pray, sister!' said she, 'get another seat for yourself, for you can't come here, I assure you.' 'Why, there is room enough for us both,' said Miss Sally, 'and all the other chairs are occupied. One has got a paper on it full of William's shells; another has a hand-box with my aunt's gauze, and those two by the door our dolls are asleep upon; you keep one employed with your work, and I must not take that, for it is the chair my aunt was sitting on, and I suppose she will want it again on her return.' 'I don't care,' said Nelly; 'I tell you I shan't let you come! so you may stand, if you like it, or go to the other window, can't you?' 'But I I want to be near the table! so pray do,' returned Sally, endeavouring to squeeze herself into the seat; while her sister, putting her hand against the wainscot, kept her place with all the force she was mistress of; nor would give up an inch to the endeavours of Sally, who now likewise growing warm by opposition, exerted all her force to maintain the part she had gained, till at last she got pretty near the centre, without having indeed any considerable advantage; for both sisters were as close to each other as can well be imagined, each with an extended arm against the window-shutter, and pushing against each other with increasing anger and malevolence.

Jemima kindly got up at the beginning of the contest,

and made an offer of her chair to either of the combatants; but they were both so much displeased that they paid no attention to her good-natured proposal; and at length Miss Nelly, to secure her situation, set her foot against the table, and, struggling with all her force, overset it, with everything that was upon it, on the ground. Scissors, work-bags, doll's clothes, gauze ribbons, and various other things fell in confusion on the floor, among which number were a phial of physic and a China cup, in which Mrs. Placid was going to take a medicine which had been ordered for her, and which being broken in the fall, the draught was spilled amongst the before-mentioned articles. But the worst part of the accident remains still to be mentioned: poor Jemima's doll, which had lain before her to fit on the things she was making for it, was in the disastrous fall broken to pieces. She endeavoured in vain to catch it, but the overthrow of the table was too sudden for her to prevent, and the noise of the affray brought Mrs. Placid, who had been upstairs to fetch some thread, into the room.

Miss Placid, with a tear starting to her eye, ran to her mamma, and pointing to the broken pieces, without speaking, picked them up, and put them into her hand.

Mrs. Placid inquired into the cause which had produced such unfortunate effects; and Sally, who imagined she was the party injured, related the whole occasion.

Her aunt, who perceived they were too angry to attend to her admonitions at that time, told Miss Piner to go upstairs, and desire the maid to come and pick up the broken glass, and sent Sally for a little while into the garden. Then taking Jemima by the hand, and affectionately kissing her, thus addressed her beloved daughter on the loss of her doll:—'I am extremely sorry, my dear, that by your cousins' foolish contention you are deprived of what has afforded you so much pleasure; but as I see you are so good a child as to bear the accident with composure, and do not fret about it, which you well know would never be able to repair your loss, when I write to your aunt, which I believe I shall do to-morrow, I will desire her to send you another immediately: and as you have long wished for one that is made with its

eyes to open, you shall have one of that sort now. You see, my love, how very naughty your cousins are to be so passionate, and so frequently to disagree with each other, as by this conduct they interrupt their own happiness, and discompose everybody who is connected with them. And surely it is very easy for brothers and sisters to live in harmony and affection, if they will but resolve to be good-natured and obliging; and how much more comfortably do you pass your time, who never quarrel with your brothers, than do those silly girls.

Jemima thanked her mamma for her indulgent promise, and taking up her faceless child, carried it with her upstairs, where she met her brothers, and with a sad countenance held it up to their view. They immediately desired to be informed what she had done with the face, and were much grieved at the relation of its misfortune.

She there undressed it, and put the clothes very carefully away; and so great was her affection for its remains, that she laid the body in the same drawer; nor could prevail with herself to part with it, although so much disfigured as to renew her regret for its loss every time she beheld it.

Just as she finished this employment, her papa entered the apartment, and calling her to him, commended the placid manner in which she had supported an accident, which many little girls would have fretted about for a long time. 'You see, my dear,' said he, 'that, young as you are, numberless occasions arise which are proper to exercise your fortitude, and call forth your patience into action. Older people, my Jemima, meet with greater trials; but there is as much merit in your submitting calmly to such accidents as tend to discompose your temper and provoke your indignation, as in your elders bearing with the real troubles of life. These mortifications, to which every child must submit, should be always received with composure, and I hope you will never suffer them to ruffle your temper, or make you forget that, to be good-natured, is one of the first duties you can exercise in social intercourse. I dare say you are very sorry for the loss of your doll, and I am grieved that it has so happened; for I know that a trial is greater or less in pro-

portion to the value which the person affixed to the object they are deprived of; that is, though I should not mind the breaking of a dozen wax dolls on my own account, yet to you, who liked to play with it, it is a great loss indeed.'

During this consolatory discourse, Mrs. Placid talked very seriously to her two nieces. She began by telling Miss Piner that she had on many occasions observed her to behave very ill-naturedly to her sister; 'and as you are the eldest, my dear,' said she, 'I think you ought to endeavour to assist her, and set a good example; and how can you expect she should be obliging to you, when she never sees any instances of kindness in your behaviour? Why would you not make room for her this morning when she desired you? The window was large enough for both of you, and I am sure your denial must have rendered you very uncomfortable. It is very wicked, Nelly, to act in such a manner, and allow your passions to become so violent that you are quite regardless of their consequence.' 'But I had the window first, madam,' said Miss Piner, 'and therefore she had no right to it; and I never heard that there was any wickedness in keeping one's own place when one had gotten possession!' 'There is great wickedness,' replied her aunt, 'in being so tenacious of every trifle, as to disagree about it with those with whom we live, especially between brothers and sisters, who ought always to be united in affection and love; and if you now indulge your passions, so that you will submit to no opposition, it will make you hated and despised by everybody, and constantly unhappy in your own mind. It is impossible, my dear, to have every circumstance happen as we wish it to do; but if a disappointment could at any time justify ill-nature and petulance, it would certainly be adding greatly to the unhappiness of life. And do you think, my dear, that to fight on every occasion with those who oppose you is at all consistent with the delicacy of a young lady? I dare say, when you give yourself time to reflect on the subject, you will perceive that you have been much to blame; and that whenever you have suffered yourself to be ill-natured and quarrelsome, you have always been proportionably uneasy and wretched. Nothing can so much contribute to

your present felicity or future peace, as a good understanding and cordial affection for your sister. You will most probably be more in her company than in any other person's, and how comfortable would it be, by every little office of kindness, to assist each other! I am sure if you will try the experiment, you would find it much better than such churlish resistance and provoking contentions. It is by good humour and an attention to please in trifles that love is cherished and improved. If your sister wants anything, be assiduous to fetch it. If she cannot untie a knot, do it for her. If she wishes for a place in the window, make room immediately. Share with her all that is given to you; conceal her faults, as you dislike your own to be observed; commend her good qualities, and never envy, but endeavour to emulate, her perfections. By this method you will ensure her regard, and make yourself happy at the same time; that will give the highest pleasure to your parents, and obtain the esteem of all your acquaintance. Think of these motives, my dear girl, and resolve to exert yourself; and when you feel inclined to be angry and cross, recollect whether it will be worth while, because you have first got possession, to engage in a contest which will forfeit all these advantages. Think, with yourself, shall I lose my sister's love, or abate her regard, for an orange, a plaything, or a seat? Do I not prefer making her contented, and keeping my own mind serene and placid, before the pleasure of enjoying a toy, or any other thing equally trifling? Will it tire me to fetch down her cloak, or her doll, if she is in want of them? And shall I not do it in less time than it will take to dispute whose business it is to go? In short, my dear niece, you will find so much ease and pleasure result from the resolution to oblige, that I dare say, if you once attempt it, you will be inclined to persevere.'

'But indeed, madam,' returned Miss Nelly, 'my sister is as cross to me as I am to her, and therefore it is out of my power to do what you advise; for I cannot bear to do everything for her, when she will do nothing for me.' 'You are both much to blame,' said Mrs. Placid; 'but as you are the eldest, it is your place to set a good example, and you do not know, Nelly, how far that incitement will prevail. When you

have refused her one request, she is naturally, by way of retaliation, induced to deny you another: this increases your mutual dissatisfaction, and commences new quarrels, by which means your anger is continued, so that neither is inclined to oblige or condescend. But if she finds you continue to be goodnatured, she will catch the kind impression, as she used to imbibe the ill habits of malevolence and rage. In every case you should consider that the errors of another person are no excuse for the indulgence of evil in yourself.'

The conversation was here concluded by the entrance of Mr. Wagstaff and his son, and as they stayed the rest of the day, there was no farther opportunity to resume it. While the young folk were all at play in the evening, Miss Nelly ran away with Sam's hat, and he pursued her for some time without overtaking her; but at last a scuffle ensued, as she held it fast, and sometimes put it under one arm, sometimes under the other, then knelt upon it, and afterwards sat down upon it. In this last attitude, as Master Wagstaff was struggling upon the ground, she endeavoured to rise, but his foot being upon her frock, she tore a sad rent in it, and one of his buttons having caught in her ribbon, did as much damage to that likewise.

This accident put an end to the contest, and her good humour at the same time. She got up immediately, tossed away the subject of contention, with the illiberal epithet of, 'Take your nasty hat! I wish I had never touched it!' And the more he endeavoured to soothe her, the more vexed she appeared, calling him a careless, mischievous monkey, and asking how he thought the hole was to be mended?

Jemima likewise tried every method in her power to moderate her resentment, representing that it was no fault of Master Wagstaff's, and advising her to be more composed, and to join in their play again; but all in vain, she would only fret, grumble, and interrupt their entertainment. So Sam retired to a bench, and sitting down with the Master Placids, left her to her ill humour while with his pencil he wrote the following verses:—

Nay, Nelly dear! now do not cry,
And wet that pretty sparkling eye;

What though by chance I tore your lace,
Don't make that horrible grimace !
Do put that ugly frown away,
And join again in social play !
For after all what can you do ?
Will pouting thus the hole renew ?
But, Nell, why what a brawl you keep,
I vow the chickens cannot sleep ;
Do, pray, observe that cackling hen
Is coming from her roost again.
The evening flies that swarm before us,
For you have stopped their buzzing chorus ;
The horses that were grazing there,
Have left their food at you to stare.
Your noise disturbs all nature's peace,
The grasshoppers their chirping cease ;
And from those plants a frog leaped out
To know the cause of all this rout.
Then stop, I prithee, or you'll find
A worse disaster still behind.
A needle with assiduous care
May the torn frock again repair ;
But petulance, and passion's strife,
Will rend the future bliss of life,
Tear the fine edge of joy away,
And leave the heart to grief a prey.

This remonstrance enraged Miss Piner more than before, and she flounced out of the garden, declaring she would no longer stay to be so insulted.

But, my dear Eliza, if I should continue a minute relation of the events which occurred during my stay in Mr. Placid's family, the perusal would take up too much of your time, and I have already, in the incidents which I have selected, run to a much greater length than I at first designed. The amiable *Jemima* is now sixteen ; and for the sweetness of her manners, and the even and unruffled serenity of her temper, is justly admired by all who are so happy as to know her. If you would wish to deserve equal esteem, the means are entirely in your own power, since a determined resolution to please others will make you happy in yourself, and render the occurrences of life more supportable. The only use of

reading is to acquire instruction ; and if you seek not to resemble the good, and avoid the bad examples with which you are presented, your studies will tend to little purpose. If the characters you meet with in any degree resemble your own, and if the foibles of those characters disgust and offend you, instead of throwing the book aside with resentment, you should endeavour to improve the failings of which you are conscious, and then you will no longer meet your own portrait in that which the author has described. Besides that, there is another reason to incline you to this reformation, since if you so much dislike those errors in an imaginary character, think how extremely irksome such faults must be to your friends. If the representations of Miss Piner's fretfulness are displeasing to contemplate, how much more vexatious must it be when your parents find the same disposition prevail in their own child ! In this period of your life be persuaded to form such habits as may be continued in a more advanced age ; and, believe me, the habit of good humour will conduce most essentially to your happiness. The accident which gave occasion to the account which I now transmit to you was in no degree remedied by the captious petulance with which you bemoaned it ; and the time which you wasted in unprofitable lamentations would have nearly repaired the damage. Unavoidable disasters are beyond remedy, and are only aggravated by complaints. By submitting with a good grace to the disappointments of life, half its vexations may be escaped. I cannot, I think, better conclude the subject and my epistle, than with a few lines which were written by Miss Placid in answer to Miss Piner, who reproached her with not showing a proper degree of concern when they were disappointed by a violent shower of rain from going with a party upon the water, which they had for a long time been desirous of doing.

Say, why should I fretful my fate so lament,
Since pleasure still waits on the smile of content ?
Will the clouds soon disperse, if indignant I frown ?
And the rain cease in torrents the village to drown ?
Will the thunder's loud peal be then hush'd into peace ?
And the storm at my bidding its violence cease ?

Will the sun for my anger discover its ray,
And at once all the beauties of nature display ?
Then Eleanor tell me, what joy should I find,
In the discord of passion, the storm of the mind ?
Though the elements will not resign to my sway,
My own temper, I trust, reason's voice shall obey ;
I can make to my fate my desires resign,
And the joys of contentment will ever be mine.

*THE LIFE AND PERAMBULATION
OF
A MOUSE.*

INTRODUCTION.

DURING a remarkably severe winter, when a prodigious fall of snow confined everybody to their habitations, who were happy enough to have one to shelter them from the inclemency of the season, and were not obliged by business to expose themselves to its rigour, I was on a visit to Meadow Hall ; where had assembled likewise a large party of young folk, who all seemed, by their harmony and good-humour, to strive who should the most contribute to render pleasant that confinement which we were all equally obliged to share. Nor were those further advanced in life less anxious to contribute to the general satisfaction and entertainment.

After the more serious employment of reading each morning was concluded, we danced, we sung, we played at blind-man's-buff, battledoor and shuttlecock, and many other games equally diverting and innocent; and when tired of them, drew our seats round the fire, while each one in turn told some merry story to divert the company.

At last, after having related all that we could recollect worth reciting, and being rather at a loss what to say next, a sprightly girl in company proposed that everyone should relate the history of their own lives: 'and it must be strange indeed,' added she, 'if that will not help us out of this difficulty, and furnish conversation for some days longer; and by that time, perhaps, the frost will break, the snow will melt, and set us all at liberty. But let it break when it will, I make a law, that no one shall go from Meadow Hall till they have told their own history: so take notice, ladies and gentlemen, take notice everybody, what you have to trust to.' 'And because,' continued she, 'I will not be unreasonable, and require more from you than you can perform; I will give all you who may perhaps have forgotten what passed so many years ago, at the beginning of your lives, two days to recollect and digest your story; by which time, if you do not produce something pretty and entertaining, we will never again admit you to dance or play among us.' All this she spoke with so good-humoured a smile, that everyone was delighted with her, and promised to do their best to acquit themselves to her satisfaction; whilst some (the length of whose lives had not rendered them forgetful of the transactions which had passed) instantly began their memoirs, as they called them: and really some related their narratives with such spirit and ingenuity, that it quite distressed us older ones, lest we should disgrace ourselves when it should fall to our turns to hold forth. However, we were all determined to produce something, as our fair directress ordered. Accordingly, the next morning I took up my pen, to endeavour to draw up some kind of a history, which might satisfy my companions in confinement. I took up my pen, it is true, and laid the paper before me: but not one word toward my appointed task could I pro-

ceed. The various occurrences of my life were such as, far from affording entertainment, would, I was certain, rather afflict; or, perhaps, not interesting enough for that, only stupify, and render them more weary of the continuation of the frost than they were before I began my narration. Thus circumstanced, therefore, although by myself, I broke silence by exclaiming, 'What a task has this sweet girl imposed upon me! One which I shall never be able to execute to my own satisfaction or her amusement. The adventures of my life (though deeply interesting to myself) will be insipid and unentertaining to others, especially to my young hearers: I cannot, therefore, attempt it.'—'Then write mine, which may be more diverting,' said a little squeaking voice, which sounded as if close to me. I started with surprise, not knowing anyone to be near me; and looking round, could discover no object from whom it could possibly proceed, when casting my eyes upon the ground in a little hole under the skirting-board, close by the fire, I discovered the head of a mouse peeping out. I arose with a design to stop the hole with a cork, which happened to lie on the table by me; and I was surprised to find it did not run away, but suffered me to advance quite close, and then only retreated a little into the hole, saying in the same voice as before, 'Will you write my history?' You may be sure that I was much surprised to be so addressed by such an animal; but, ashamed of discovering any appearance of astonishment, lest the mouse should suppose it had frightened me, I answered with the utmost composure, that I would write it willingly if it would dictate to me. 'Oh, that I will do,' replied the mouse, 'if you will not hurt me.'—'Not for the world,' returned I; 'come, therefore, and sit upon my table, that I may hear more distinctly what you have to relate.' It instantly accepted my invitation, and, with all the nimbleness of its species, ran up the side of my chair, and jumped upon my table; when, getting into a box of wafers, it began as follows.

But, before I proceed to relate my new little companion's history, I must beg leave to assure my readers, that, in earnest, I never heard a mouse speak in all my life; and only wrote the following narrative as being far more entertaining, and not less instructive, than my own life would have been.

PART I.

LIFE all other new-born animals, whether of the human, or any other species, I cannot pretend to remember what passed during my infant days. The first circumstance I can recollect was, my mother's addressing me and my three brothers, who all lay in the same nest, in the following words:—'I have, my children, with the greatest difficulty, and at the utmost hazard of my life, provided for you all to the present moment: but the period is arrived when I can no longer pursue that method: snares and traps are everywhere set for me, nor shall I, without infinite danger, be able to procure sustenance to support my own existence, much less can I find sufficient for you all; and, indeed, with pleasure I behold it as no longer necessary, since you are of age now to provide and shift for yourselves; and I doubt not but your agility will enable you to procure a very comfortable livelihood. Only let me give you this one caution—never (whatever the temptation may be) appear often in the same place; if you do, however you may flatter yourselves to the contrary, you will certainly at last be destroyed.' So saying, she stroked us all with her fore-paw, as a token of her affection, and then hurried away, to conceal from us the emotions of her sorrow, at thus sending us into the wide world.

She was no sooner gone, than the thought of being our own directors so charmed our little hearts, that we presently forgot our grief at parting from our kind parent; and, impatient to use our liberty, we all set forward in search of some food, or rather some adventure, as our mother had

left us victuals more than sufficient to supply the wants of that day. With a great deal of difficulty we clambered up a high wall on the inside of a wainscot, till we reached the story above that we were born in, where we found it much easier to run round within the skirting-board than to ascend any higher.

While we were there, our noses were delightfully regaled with the scent of the most delicate food that we had ever smelt; we were anxious to procure a taste of it likewise, and after running round and round the room a great many times, we at last discovered a little crack, through which we made our entrance. My brother Longtail led the way; I followed; Softdown came next; but Brighteyes would not be prevailed upon to venture. The apartment which we entered was spacious and elegant; at least, differed so greatly from anything we had seen, that we imagined it the finest place upon earth. It was covered all over with a carpet of various colours, that not only concealed some bird-seeds which we came to devour, but also for some time prevented our being discovered, as we were of much the same hue with many of the flowers on the carpet. At last a little girl, who was at work in the room, by the side of her mamma, shrieked out as if violently hurt. Her mamma begged to know the cause of her sudden alarm. Upon which she called out, 'A mouse! a mouse! I saw one under the chair!' 'And if you did, my dear,' replied her mother, 'is that any reason for your behaving so ridiculously? If there were twenty mice, what harm could they possibly do? You may easily hurt and destroy them; but, poor little things! they cannot, if they would, hurt you.' 'What! could they not bite me?' inquired the child. 'They may, indeed, be able to do that; but you may be very sure that they have no such inclination,' rejoined the mother. 'A mouse is one of the most timorous things in the world; every noise alarms it: and though it chiefly lives by plunder, it appears as if punished by its fears for the mischiefs which it commits among our property. It is therefore highly ridiculous to pretend to be alarmed at the sight of a creature that would run from the sound of your voice, and wishes never to come near you, lest, as you are

far more able, you should also be disposed to hurt it.' 'But I am sure, madam,' replied the little girl, whose name I afterwards heard was Nancy, 'they do not always run away; for one day, as Miss Betsy Kite was looking among some things which she had in her box, a mouse jumped out and ran up her frock sleeve—she felt it quite up on her arm.' 'And what became of it then?' inquired the mother. 'It jumped down again,' replied Nancy, 'and got into a little hole in the window-seat; and Betsy did not see it again.' 'Well, then, my dear,' resumed the lady, 'what harm did it do her? Is not that a convincing proof of what I say, that you have no cause to be afraid of them, and that it is very silly to be so? It is certainly foolish to be afraid of any thing, unless it threatens us with immediate danger; but to pretend to be so at a mouse, and such like inoffensive things, is a degree of weakness that I can by no means suffer any of my children to indulge.' 'May I then, madam,' inquired the child, 'be afraid of cows and horses, and such great beasts as those?' 'Certainly not,' answered her mother, 'unless they are likely to hurt you. If a cow or a horse runs after you, I would have you fear them so much as to get out of the way; but if they are quietly walking or grazing in a field, then to fly from them, as if you thought they would eat you instead of the grass, is most absurd, and discovers great want of sense. I once knew a young lady, who, I believe, thought it looked pretty to be terrified at every thing, and scream if a dog or even a mouse looked at her: but most severely was she punished for her folly, by several very disagreeable accidents she by those means brought upon herself.

'One day when she was drinking tea in a large company, on the door being opened, a small Italian greyhound walked into the drawing-room. She happened to be seated near the mistress of the dog, who was making tea: the dog, therefore, walked toward her in order to be by his favourite; but, upon his advancing near her, she suddenly jumped up, without considering what she was about, overturned the water-urn, the hot iron of which rolling out, set fire to her clothes, which instantly blazed up, being only muslin, and burnt her arms,

face, and neck, most dreadfully: she was so much hurt as to be obliged to be put immediately to bed; nor did she recover enough to go abroad for many months. Now, though every one was sorry for her sufferings, who could possibly help blaming her for her ridiculous behaviour, as it was entirely owing to her own folly that she was so hurt? When she was talked to upon the subject, she pleaded for her excuse, that she was so frightened she did not know what she did, nor whither she was going; but as she thought that the dog was coming to her, she could not help jumping up, to get out of his way. Now what ridiculous arguing was this! Why could not she help it? And if the dog had really been going to her, what harm would it have done? Could she suppose that the lady whose house she was at, would have suffered a beast to walk about the house loose, and go into company if he was apt to bite and hurt people? Or why should she think he would more injure her, than those he had before passed by? But the real case was, she did not think at all; if she had given herself time for that, she could not have acted so ridiculously. Another time, when she was walking, from the same want of reflection she very nearly drowned herself. She was passing over a bridge, the outside rails of which were in some places broken down: while she was there, some cows, which a man was driving, met her: immediately, without minding whither she went, she shrieked out, and at the same time jumped on one side just where the rail happened to be broken, and down she fell into the river; nor was it without the greatest difficulty that she was taken out time enough to save her life. However, she caught a violent cold and fever, and was again, by her own foolish fears, confined to her bed for some weeks. Another accident she once met with, which, though not quite so bad as the two former, yet might have been attended with fatal consequences. She was sitting in a window, when a wasp happened to fly toward her; she hastily drew back her head, and broke the pane of glass behind her, some of which stuck in her neck. It bled prodigiously; but a surgeon happily being present made some application to it, which prevented its being followed by any other ill effects than

only a few days' weakness, occasioned by the loss of blood. Many other misfortunes of the like kind she frequently experienced ; but these which I have now related may serve to convince you how extremely absurd it is for people to give way to and indulge themselves in such groundless apprehensions, and, by being afraid when there is no danger, subject themselves to real misfortunes and most fatal accidents. And if being afraid of cows, dogs, and wasps (all of which, if they please, can certainly hurt us,) is so ridiculous, what must be the folly of those people who are terrified at a little silly mouse, which never was known to hurt anybody ?

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of some gentlemen and ladies ; and we having enjoyed a very fine repast under one of the chairs during the time that the mother and daughter had held the above discourse, on the chairs being removed for some of the visitors to sit upon, we thought it best to retire ; highly pleased with our meal, and not less with the kind goodwill which the lady had, we thought, expressed towards us. We related to our brother Brighteyes all that had passed, and assured him he had no reason to apprehend any danger from venturing himself with us. Accordingly he promised, if such was the case, that the next time we went and found it safe, if we would return back and call him, he would certainly accompany us. 'In the mean time, do pray, Nimble,' said he, addressing himself to me, 'come with me to some other place, for I long to taste some more delicate food than our mother has provided for us ; besides, as perhaps it may be a long while before we shall be strong enough to bring anything away with us, we had better leave that, in case we should ever be prevented from going abroad to seek for fresh supplies.' 'Very true,' replied I ; 'what you say is quite just and wise, therefore I will with all my heart attend you now, and see what we can find.' So saying, we began to climb, but not without difficulty, for very frequently the bits of mortar which we stepped upon gave way beneath our feet, and tumbled us down together with them lower than when we first set off. However, as we were very light, we were not much hurt by our falls ; only indeed poor Brighteyes, by endeavouring to save him-

self, caught by his nails on a rafter, and tore one of them from off his right fore-foot, which was very sore and inconvenient. At length we surmounted all difficulties, and, invited by a strong scent of plum-cake, entered a closet, where we found a fine large one, quite whole and entire. We immediately set about making our way into it, which we easily effected, as it was most deliciously nice, and not at all hard to our teeth.

Brighteyes, who had not before partaken of the bird-seed, was overjoyed at the sight. He almost forgot the pain of his foot, and soon buried himself withinside the cake; whilst I, who had pretty well satisfied my hunger before, only ate a few of the crumbs, and then went to take a survey of the adjoining apartment. I crept softly under the door of the closet into a room, as large as that which I had before been in, though not so elegantly furnished; for, instead of being covered with a carpet, there was only a small one round the bed; and near the fire was a cradle, with a cleanly-looking woman sitting by it, rocking it with her foot, whilst at the same time she was combing the head of a little boy about four years old. In the middle of the room stood a table, covered with a great deal of litter; and in one corner was the little girl whom I had before seen with her mamma, crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. As I made not the least noise at my entrance, no one observed me for some time; so creeping under one of the beds, I heard the following discourse:—

‘It does not signify, miss,’ said the woman, who I found was the children’s nurse, ‘I never will put up with such behaviour: you know that I always do everything for you when you speak prettily; but to be ordered to dress you in such a manner, is what I never will submit to: and you shall go undressed all day before I will dress you, unless you ask me as you ought to do.’ Nancy made no reply, but only continued crying. ‘Aye! you may cry and sob as much as you please,’ said the nurse; ‘I do not care for that: I shall not dress you for crying and roaring, but for being good and speaking with civility.’ Just as she said these words the door opened, and in came the lady whom I before saw, and whose

name I afterwards found was Artless. As soon as she entered, the nurse addressed her, saying, 'Pray, madam, is it by your desire that Miss Nancy behaves so rudely, and bids me dress her directly, and change the buckles in her shoes, or else she will slap my face? Indeed she did give me a slap upon my hand; so I told her that I would not dress her at all; for really, madam, I thought you would not wish me to do it whilst she behaved so; and I took the liberty of putting her to stand in the corner.' 'I do not think,' replied Mrs. Artless, 'that she deserves to stand in the room at all, or in the house either, if she behaves in that manner: if she does not speak civilly when she wants to be assisted, let her go without help, and see what will become of her then. I am quite ashamed of you, Nancy! I could not have thought you would behave so; but since you have, I promise that you shall not be dressed to-day, or have any assistance given you, unless you speak in a very different manner.'

Whilst Mrs. Artless was talking, nurse went out of the room. Mrs. Artless then took her seat by the cradle, and looking into it, found the child awake, and I saw her take out a fine little girl, about five months old: she then continued her discourse, saying, 'Look here, Nancy, look at this little baby, see how unable it is to help itself; were we to neglect attending to it, what do you think would become of it? Suppose I were now to put your sister upon the floor, and there leave her, tell me what do you think she could do, or what would become of her?' Nancy sobbed out that she would die. 'And pray, my dear,' continued Mrs. Artless, 'if we were to leave you to yourself, what would become of you? It is true, you talk and run about better than Polly; but not a bit better could you provide for, or take care of yourself. Could you buy or dress your own victuals? could you light your own fire? could you clean your own house, or open and shut the doors and windows? could you make your own clothes, or even put them on without some assistance when made? And who do you think will do anything for you if you are not good, and do not speak civilly? Not I, I promise you; neither shall nurse, nor any of the servants; for though I pay them wages to help to do any business for

me, I never want them to do anything unless they are desired in a pretty manner. Should you like, if when I want you to pick up my scissors, or do any little job, I were to say, "Pick up my scissors this moment, or I will slap your face?" Should you not think that it sounded very cross and disagreeable?' 'Yes, madam,' replied Nancy. 'Then why,' rejoined Mrs. Artless, 'should you speak cross to anybody, particularly to servants and poor people? for to behave so to them is not only cross, but insolent and proud: it is as if you thought that because they are rather poorer, they are not so good as yourself, whereas I assure you poverty makes no difference in the merit of people; for those only are deserving of respect who are truly good; and a beggar who is virtuous is far better than a prince who is wicked.' I was prevented from hearing any more of this very just discourse by the little boy's opening the door and letting in a cat, which, though it was the first that I had ever seen in my life, I was certain was the same destructive animal to our race which I had frequently heard my mother describe. I therefore made all possible haste back to the closet, and warning Brighteyes of our dangers, we instantly returned by the same way which we came, to our two brothers, whom we found waiting for us, and wondering at our long absence. We related to them the dainty cheer which we had met with, and agreed to conduct them thither in the evening. Accordingly, as soon as it grew towards dusk we climbed up the wall, and all four together attacked the plum-cake, which no one had touched since we left it; but scarcely had we all seated ourselves round it than on a sudden the closet-door opened, and a woman entered. Away we all scampered as fast as possible, but poor Brighteyes, who could not move quite so fast on account of his sore toe, and who likewise having advanced farther into the cake, was discovered before he could reach the crack by which we entered. The woman, who had a knife in her hand, struck at him with it, at the same time exclaiming, 'Bless me, nurse, here is a mouse in the closet!' Happily, she missed her aim, and he only received a small wound on the tip of his tail. This interruption sadly alarmed us, and it was above an hour before we could have courage

to venture back, when finding everything quiet, except Mrs. Nurse's singing to her child, we again crept out, and once more surrounded the cake. We continued without any further alarm till we were perfectly satisfied, and then retired to a little distance behind the wainscot, determined there to sleep, and to breakfast on the cake the next day.

Early in the morning I waked, and calling my brothers, we all marched forward, and soon arrived at the delightful cake, where we highly enjoyed ourselves without the least disturbance, till our appetites were fully satisfied. We then retired, took a little run round some other parts of the house, but met with nothing worth relating. At noon we again made our way into the closet, intending to dine on the dish on which we breakfasted; but, to our no small mortification, the delicious dainty was removed. This you may be sure was a sad disappointment; yet, as we were not extremely hungry, we had time to look about for more. We were not long in finding it; for upon the same shelf from which the cake was removed, there was a round tin box, the lid of which was not quite close shut down; into this we all crept, and were highly regaled with some nice lumps of sugar. But it would be endless to enumerate all the various repasts which we met with in this closet, sometimes terrified by the entrance of people, and sometimes comfortably enjoying ourselves without alarm: it is sufficient to inform you, that, unmindful of our mother's advice, we continued to live upon the contents of the same cupboard for above a week; when, one evening as we were as usual hastening to find our suppers, Softdown, who happened to be first, ran eagerly to a piece of cheese, which he saw hanging before him. 'Come along,' said he, 'here is some nice cheese, it smells most delightfully good!' Just as he spoke these words, before any of us came up to him, a little wooden door on a sudden dropped down, and hid him and the cheese from our sight.

It is impossible to describe our consternation and surprise upon this occasion, which was greatly increased when we advanced near the place, at seeing him (through some little wire bars) confined in a small box, without any visible way for him to get out, and hearing him in the most moving

accents beg us to assist him in procuring his liberty. We all ran round and round his place of confinement several times; but not the least crack or opening could we discover, except through the bars, which being of iron, it was impossible for us to break or bend. At length we determined to try to gnaw through the wood-work close at the edge, which being already some little distance from one of the bars, we hoped, by making the opening a little wider, he would escape: accordingly we all began, he on the inside, and we all on the out, and by our diligence had made some very considerable progress, when we were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Nurse with the child in her arms.

Upon the sight of her, though much grieved to leave our brother in his distress, yet fearing instant death would be the fate of all of us if we stayed, to preserve our own existence, we retired as quick as possible, but not without her seeing some of us, for we heard her say to herself, or to the babe in her arms, 'I declare, this closet swarms with mice, they spoil everything one puts here.' Then taking up the box in which was poor Softdown (and which I afterwards learned was called a trap) she carried it into the room. I crept softly after her, to see what would be the fate of my beloved brother. But what words can express my horror, when I saw her holding it in one hand close to the candle, whilst in the other she held the child, singing to her with the utmost composure, and bidding her to look at the mousy! mousy!

What were the actions or sensations of poor Softdown at that dreadful moment I know not; but my own anguish, which it is impossible to describe, was still augmented every moment by seeing her shake the trap almost topsy-turvy, then blow through the trap at one end, at which times I saw the dear creature's tail come out between the wires on the contrary side, as he was striving, I suppose, to retreat from her. At length, after she had thus tortured him for some time, she set the trap on the table so close to a large fire, that I am sure he must have been much incommoded by the heat, and began to undress her child.

Then hearing somebody go by the door, she cried out, 'Who is there? is it you Betty? if it is, I wish you would come

and take down the mouse-trap, for I have caught a mouse.' Betty instantly obeyed her call, and desired to know what she wanted. 'I want you to take down the mouse-trap,' she replied, 'for I cannot leave the child. I am glad that I have got it, I am sure, for the closet swarms so, there is no such thing as bearing it. They devour every thing: I declare they have eaten up a whole pound of sugar, which cost me elevenpence, sugar is now so monstrously dear! indeed the man made a favour to let me have it for that; only, he said, as our family were good customers, and I was but a servant, he would take no more. And enough too I thought it was, to have only a penny back in change out of a whole shilling for one pound of sugar; and then to think of the poison mice to have it all; but I will break their filthy necks. Do, Betty, pray take the trap down, and return with it as soon as you can, and I will set it again; for I dare say I shall catch another before I go to bed, for I heard some more rustling among the things.' 'O lauk!' replied Betty, 'you do not think that I will take down the trap, do you? I would not touch it for twenty pounds. I am always frightened, and ready to die at the sight of a mouse. Once, when I was a girl, I had one thrown in my face, and ever since I have always been scared out of my wits at them; and if ever I see one running loose, as I did one night in the closet below stairs, where the candles are kept, I scream as if I was being killed.' 'Why then,' answered Nurse, 'I think you behave like a great fool; for what harm could a mouse do to you?' 'O la! I hate them,' returned she, and then ran away without the trap. Greatly was I rejoiced at her departure, as I hoped that, by some means, Softdown might still be able to make his escape. But, alas! no such good fortune attended him. Some person again passing the door, Nurse once more called out, 'Who is there? John, is it you?' 'Yes,' replied a man's voice. 'Then do you step in, will you, for a moment?' rejoined Mrs. Nurse; and instantly entered a man whom I had never before seen. 'What do you want, Nurse?' said he. 'I only want to get rid of a mouse,' returned she; 'and, do you know, Betty is such a fool that she is afraid of taking it, and I want the trap to

set it again, for they swarm here like bees in a hive: one can have no peace for them; they devour and spoil everything; I saysometimes, that I believe they will eat me up at last.' While she was saying this, John took the trap in his hand, held it up once more to the candle, then taking a piece of thread out of a paper that lay bound round with a dirty blue ribband upon the table, he shook the trap about till he got my brother's tail through the wires, when, catching hold of it, he tied the thread tight round it, and dragged him by it to the door of the trap, which he opened, and took him out, suspending the weight of his body upon his tail.

Softdown, who, till the thread was tied, had patiently continued perfectly quiet, could no longer support the pain without dismal cries and anguish: he squeaked as loud as his little throat would let him, exerting at the same time the utmost of his strength to disengage himself. But in such a position, with his head downward, in vain were all his efforts to procure relief; and the barbarous monster who held him discovered not the smallest emotions of pity for his sufferings. Oh! how at that moment did I abhor my own existence, and wish that I could be endowed with size and strength sufficient at once both to rescue him and severely punish his tormentors. But my wish was ineffectual, and I had the inexpressible affliction of seeing the inhuman wretch hold him down upon the hearth, whilst, without remorse, he crushed him beneath his foot, and then carelessly kicked him into the ashes, saying, 'There! the cat will smell it out when she comes up.' My very blood runs cold within me at the recollection of seeing Softdown's blood as it spirted from beneath the monster's foot; whilst the crunch of his bones almost petrified me with horror. At length, however, recollecting the impossibility of restoring my beloved brother to life, and the danger of my own situation, I, with trembling feet and palpitating heart, crept softly back to my remaining two brothers, who were impatiently expecting me behind the closet. There I related to them the horrid scene which had passed before my eyes, whilst the anguish it caused in their gentle bosoms far exceeds my power to describe.

After having mingled our lamentations for some time, I

thus addressed them : 'We have this night, my brothers, tasted the severest affliction in the cruel death of our dear brother, companion, and friend ; let us not, however, only mourn his loss, but also gather wisdom from our misfortune, and return to that duty which we have hitherto neglected. Recollect, my dear friends, what were the last words which our good mother spoke to us at parting. She charged us, upon no account, for no temptation whatever, to return frequently to the same place ; if we did, she forewarned us that death and ruin would certainly await us. But in what manner have we obeyed this her kind advice ? We have not even so much as once recollected it since she left us ; or, if we thought of it for a moment, we foolishly despised it as unnecessary. Now, therefore, we sincerely feel the consequence of our disobedience ; and, though our sufferings are most distressing, yet we must confess that we amply deserve them. Let us therefore, my brothers, instantly fly from a place which has already cost us the life of our beloved Soft-down, lest we should all likewise fall a sacrifice to our disobedience.'—And here the writer cannot help observing how just were the reflections of the mouse on the crime which they had been guilty of ; and begs every reader will be careful to remember the fatal consequence that attended their disobedience of their mother's advice, since they may be assured that equal, if not the same, misfortune will always attend those who refuse to pay attention to the advice of their parents. But, to return to the history.

To this proposal (continued the mouse) my brothers readily agreed, and we directly descended to the place we were in when we discovered the crack that led us to the room in which we feasted on bird-seed. Here we determined to wait, and when the family were all quiet in bed to go forth in search of provision, as we began to be rather hungry, not having eaten anything a long while. Accordingly we stayed till after the clock struck twelve, when peeping out we saw that the room was empty : we then ventured forth, and found several seeds, though not enough to afford a very ample meal for three of us.

After we had cleared the room we again returned to our

hiding-place, where we continued till after the family had finished their breakfast; they all then went to take a walk in the garden, and we stepped out to pick up the crumbs which had fallen from the table. Whilst we were thus employed, at a distance from our place of retreat, we were alarmed by the entrance of two boys, who appeared to be about twelve or thirteen years of age. We directly ran towards the crack; but, alas! we were not quick enough to escape their observation, for, seeing us, they both at once exclaimed, 'Some mice! some mice!' and at the same time took off their hats and threw at us. Longtail happily eluded the blow, and safely got home, but poor Brighteyes and myself were less fortunate; and though we for a considerable time by our quickness prevented their catching us, at length, being much disabled by a blow that one of them gave me with a book which he threw at me, I was unable any longer to run, and hobbling very slowly across the room he picked me up. At the same moment Brighteyes was so entangled in a handkerchief which the other boy tossed over him that he likewise was taken prisoner. Our little hearts now beat quick with fear of those tortures we expected to receive, nor were our apprehensions lessened by hearing the boys consult what they should do with us. 'I,' said one, 'will throw mine into the pond, and see how he will swim out again.' 'And I,' said the other, 'will keep mine and tame it.' 'But where will you keep it?' inquired his companion. 'Oh,' replied he, 'I will keep it under a little pan till I can get a house made for it.' He then, holding me by the skin at the back of my neck, ran with me into the kitchen to fetch a pan. Here I was not only threatened with death by three or four of the servants, who all blamed Master Peter for keeping me, but likewise two or three cats came round him, rubbing themselves backward and forward against his legs, and then standing upon their hind feet to endeavour to make themselves high enough to reach me. At last, taking a pan in his hand, he returned to his brother with one of the cats following him. Immediately upon our entrance the boy exclaimed, 'Oh, now I know what I will do: I will tie a piece of string to its tail and teach the cat to jump for it.'

No sooner did this thought present itself than it was put into practice, and I again was obliged to sustain the shocking sight of a brother put to the torture. I, in the meantime, was placed upon the table, with a pan put over me in which there was a crack, so that I could see as well as hear all that passed; and from this place it was that I beheld my beloved Brighteyes suspended at one end of a string by his tail, one while swinging backward and forward, at another pulled up and down, then suffered to feel his feet on the ground, and again suddenly snatched up as the cat advanced. then twisted round and round as fast as possible at the full length of the string: in short, it is impossible to describe all his sufferings of body, or my anguish of mind. At length a most dreadful conclusion was put to them by the entrance of a gentleman booted and spurred, with a whip in his hand. 'What in the world, Charles!' said he, as he came in, 'are you about? What have you got there?' 'Only a mouse, sir,' replied the boy. 'He is teaching the cat to jump, sir,' said Peter, 'that is all.'

Brighteyes then gave a fresh squeak from the violence of his pain. The gentleman then turning hastily round, exclaimed eagerly, 'What, is it alive?' 'Yes, sir,' said the boy. 'And how can you, you wicked, naughty, cruel boy,' replied the gentleman, 'take delight in thus torturing a little creature that never did you any injury? Put it down this moment,' said he, at the same time giving him a severe stroke with his horsewhip across that hand by which he held my brother. 'Let it go directly,' and again repeated the blow: the boy let go the string, and Brighteyes fell to the ground, and was instantly snapped up by the cat, who growling, ran away with him in her mouth, and I suppose put a conclusion to his miseries and life together, as I never from that moment have heard any account of him.

As soon as he was thus taken out of the room, the gentleman sat down, and taking hold of his son's hand thus addressed him: 'Charles, I had a much better opinion of you than to suppose you were capable of so much cruelty. What right, I desire to know, have you to torment any living creature? If it is only because you are larger, and so have

it in your power, I beg you will consider how you would like that either myself, or some great giant as much larger than you as you are bigger than the mouse, should hurt and torment you? And I promise you the smallest creature can feel as acutely as you; nay, the smaller they are, the more susceptible are they of pain, and the sooner they are hurt: a less touch will kill a fly than a man, consequently a less wound will cause it pain; and the mouse which you have now been swinging by the tail over the cat's mouth, has not, you may assure yourself, suffered less torment or fright than you would have done, had you been suspended by your leg either over water, which would drown you, or over stones, where, if you fell, you must certainly be dashed to pieces. And yet you could take delight in thus torturing and distressing a poor inoffensive animal. Fie upon it, Charles! fie upon it! I thought you had been a better boy, and not such a cruel, naughty, wicked fellow.' 'Wicked!' repeated the boy, 'I do not think that I have been at all wicked.' 'But I think you have been extremely so,' replied his father; 'every action that is cruel, and gives pain to any living creature, is wicked, and is a sure sign of a bad heart. I never knew a man who was cruel to animals, kind and compassionate towards his fellow-creatures: he might not perhaps treat them in the same shocking manner, because the laws of the land would severely punish him if he did; but if he is restrained from bad actions by no higher motive than fear of present punishment, his goodness cannot be very great. A good man, Charles, always takes delight in conferring happiness on all around him; nor would he offer the smallest injury to the meanest insect that was capable of feeling.' 'I am sure,' said the boy, 'I have often seen you kill wasps, and spiders too; and it was but last week that you bought a mousetrap yourself to catch mice in, although you are so angry now with me.' 'And pray,' resumed his father, 'did you ever see me torment as well as kill them? Or did I ever keep them in pain one moment longer than necessary? I am not condemning people for killing vermin and animals, provided they do it expeditiously, and put them to death with as little pain as possible; but it is putting them to need-

less torment and misery that I say is wicked. Had you destroyed the mouse with one blow, or rather given it to somebody else to destroy it (for I should not think a tender-hearted boy would delight in such operations himself), I would not have condemned you; but to keep it hanging the whole weight of its body upon its tail, to swing it about, and by that to hold it terrifying over the cat's jaws, and to take pleasure in hearing it squeak, and seeing it struggle for liberty, is such unmanly, such detestable cruelty, as calls for my utmost indignation and abhorrence. But, since you think pain so very trifling an evil, try, Charles, how you like that,' said he, giving him at the same time some severe strokes with his horsewhip. The boy then cried and called out, 'I do not like it at all; I do not like it at all.' 'Neither did the mouse,' replied his father, 'like at all to be tied to a string, and swung about by his tail; he did not like it, and told you so in a language which you perfectly well understood; but you would not attend to his cries; you thought it pleasure to hear it squeak, because you were bigger, and did not feel its torture. I am now bigger than you, and do not feel your pain, I therefore shall not yet leave off, as I hope it will teach you not to torment anything another time.' Just as he said these words, the boy, endeavouring to avoid the whip, ran against the table on which I was placed, and happily threw down the pan that confined me. I instantly seized the opportunity, jumped down, and once more escaped to the little hole by which I first entered. There I found my only brother waiting for me, and was again under the dreadful necessity of paining his tender heart with the recital of the sufferings which I had been witness to in our dear Brighteyes, as well as the imminent danger I myself had been exposed to. 'And surely,' said I, 'we have again drawn this evil upon ourselves by our disobedience to our mother's advice; she doubtless intended that we should not continue in the same house long together; whereas, from the day of her leaving us, we have never been in any other but this, which has occasioned us such heavy affliction. Therefore upon no account let us continue another night under this roof; but as soon as the evening begins to grow dark

enough to conceal us from the observation of anyone, we will set off, and seek a lodging in some other place; and should any misfortune befall us on our passage, we shall at least have the consolation of thinking that we were doing our duty by following the advice of our parent.' 'It is true,' said my brother, 'we have been greatly to blame; for the future we will be more careful of our conduct; but do, my dear Nimble,' continued he, 'endeavour to compose yourself, and take a little rest after the pain and fatigue which you have gone through, otherwise you may be sick; and what will become of me if any mischief should befall you? I shall then have no brother to converse with, no friend to advise me what to do.' Here he stopped, overpowered with his grief for the loss of our two murdered brothers, and with his tender solicitude for my welfare. I endeavoured all in my power to comfort him, and said I hoped that I should soon recover from the bruises I had received both from the boy's hat and book, as well as the pinches in my neck with his finger and thumb, by which he held me, and promised to compose myself. This promise I fulfilled by endeavouring to sleep; but the scene that I had so lately been witness to was too fresh in my imagination to suffer me to close my eyes: however, I kept for some time quiet.

The rest of the day we spent in almost total silence, having no spirits for conversation, our hearts being almost broken with anguish. When it grew toward evening we agreed to find our way out of that detested house, and seek for some other habitation which might be more propitious. But we found more difficulty in this undertaking than we were at all aware of; for though we could with tolerable ease go from room to room within the house, still, when we attempted to quit it, we found it every way surrounded with so thick a brick wall that it was impossible for us to make our way through it: we therefore ran round and round it several times, searching for some little crevice through which we might escape, but all to no purpose, not the least crack could we discover: and we might have continued there till this time had we not at length, after the family were in bed, resolved to venture through one of the apartments into the

hall, and so creep out under the house-door. But the dangers we exposed ourselves to in this expedition were many and great; we knew that traps were set for us about the house, and where they might chance to be placed we could not tell. I had likewise been eye-witness to no less than four cats, who might, for aught we knew to the contrary, at that hour of darkness, be prowling in search of some of our unhappy species.

But, in spite of every difficulty and hazard, we determined to venture rather than continue in opposition to our mother's commands; and, to reward our obedience, we escaped with trembling hearts unobserved, at least unmolested, by any one. And now, for the first time since our birth, we found ourselves exposed to the inclemency of the weather. The night was very dark and tempestuous; the rain poured down in torrents; and the wind blew so exceedingly high that low upon the ground as we were, it was with difficulty that we could keep our legs: added to which, every step we took we were in water up to our stomachs. In this wretched condition we knew not which way to turn ourselves, or where to seek for shelter. The spattering of the rain, the howling of the wind, together with the rattling and shaking of the trees, all contributed to make such a noise as rendered it impossible for us to hear whether any danger was approaching us or not.

In this truly melancholy situation we waded on for a considerable time, till at length we reached a small house, and very easily gained admittance through a pretty large hole on one side of the door. Most heartily did we rejoice at finding ourselves once more under shelter from the cold and rain, and for some time only busied ourselves in drying our hair, which was as thoroughly wet as if we had been served as the boy threatened my brother Brighteyes, and we had really been drawn through a pond. After we had done this, and had a little rested ourselves, we began to look about in search of food, but we could find nothing except a few crumbs of bread and cheese in a man's coat pocket, and a piece of tallow-candle stuck on the top of a tinder-box. This, however, though not such delicate eating as we had

been used to, yet served to satisfy our present hunger; and we had just finished the candle when we were greatly alarmed by the sight of a human hand (for we mice can see a little in the dark) feeling about the very chair on which we stood. We jumped down in an instant, and hid ourselves in a little hole behind a black trunk that stood in one corner of the room.

We then heard very distinctly a man say, 'Betty, did you put the candle by the bed-side?' 'Yes, that I am very sure I did,' replied a female voice. 'I thought so,' answered the man; 'but I am sure it is not here now. Tom! Tom! Tom!' continued he. 'What, father?' replied a boy, starting up, 'what is the matter?' 'Why, do you know anything of the candle? I cannot find it, my dear, and I want it sadly, for I fancy it is time we should be up and be jogging. Dost know anything of it, my lad?' 'Not I, truly, father,' said the boy; 'I only know that I saw mother stick it in the box-lid last night, and put it upon the chair which she set by the bedside, after you had put your clothes upon the back of it; I know I saw her put it there, so it must be there now, I fancy.' 'Well, I cannot find it,' replied the father; 'so we must e'en get up in the dark, for I am sure it must be time.' The father and son then both dressed themselves, and the man, taking a shilling out of his pocket, laid it upon the chair, saying at the same time, 'There, Betty, I have left a shilling for you; take care it does not go after the candle, for where that is I cannot tell any more than the carp at the bottom of the squire's fish-pond.' He then unlocked the door and went away, accompanied by his son.

After their departure we again came out and took another walk round the room, and found our way into a little cupboard, which we had not before observed. Here we discovered half a loaf of bread, a piece of cold pudding, a lump of salt butter, some soft sugar in a basin, and a fine large slice of bacon. On these dainties we feasted very amply, and agreed that we should again hide ourselves behind the black trunk all day, and at night, when the family were in bed, return to take another meal on the plenty of nice provision which we so happily discovered. Accordingly, we

crept back just as the woman went to fill her tea-kettle at a pump, which stood between her house and the next neighbour's. When she returned she put it upon the fire she had just lit, and taking a pair of bellows in her hand, sat down to blow it.

While she was so employed a young gentleman, about ten years of age, very genteelly dressed, entered the room, and in a familiar manner asked her how she did. 'I am very well, thank you, my dear,' replied she: 'and pray, Master George, how does your mamma and papa do, and all your brothers and sisters?' 'They are all very well, thank you,' returned the boy: 'and I am come to bring you a slice of cake, which my grandpapa gave me yesterday.' Then throwing his arms round her neck, he went on saying, 'Oh! my dear, dear Betty Flood, how I do love you! I would do anything in the world to serve you. I shall save all my Christmas-boxes to give to you; and when I am a man I will give you a great deal of money. I wish you were a lady, and not so poor.' 'I am much obliged to you, my dear,' said she, 'for your kind good-wishes; but, indeed, love, I am very well contented with my station: I have a good husband, and three good children, and that is more than many a lady can say; and riches, Master George, unless people are good, and those one lives with are kind and obliging, will never make anybody happy. What comfort, now, do you think a body could ever have at Squire Stately's? I declare, if I was put to my choice, I would rather a thousand times be as I am. To be sure, they are very rich; but what of that? they cannot eat gold, neither can gold ease their hearts when they are bursting almost with pride and ill-nature. They say, indeed, that Madame Stately would be kind enough if they would let her rest, but what with the squire's drinking and swearing, and the young gentleman's extravagance, and her daughter's pride and quarrelling, she is almost tired out of her life. And so, Master George, I say I had rather be poor Betty Flood, with honest Abraham for my husband, than the finest lady in the land, if I must live at such a rate. To be sure, nobody can deny but that money is very desirable, and people that are rich can do

many agreeable things which we poor ones cannot ; but yet, for all that, money does not make people happy. Happiness, Master George, depends greatly upon people's own tempers and dispositions: a person who is fretful and cross will never be happy, though he should be made king of all England ; and a person who is contented and good-humoured will never be wretched, though he should be as poor as a beggar. So never fret yourself, love, because Betty Flood is poor ; for though I am poor, I am honest ; and whilst my husband and I are happy enough to be blessed with health, and the use of our limbs, we can work for our living ; and though we have no great plenty, still we have sufficient to support us. So pray, dear, eat your cake yourself, for I would not take it from you for ever so much.' They then disputed for some time who should have it : at last George scuffled away from her, and put it into the closet, and then, nodding his head at her, ran away, saying he must go to school that moment.

Betty Flood then ate her breakfast ; and we heard her say something about the nasty mice, but what we could not make out, as she muttered softly to herself. She then came to the trunk behind which we lay, and taking out of it a roll of new linen, sat down to needle-work. At twelve o'clock her husband and son returned ; so moving her table out of the way, she made room for them at the fire, and, fetching the frying-pan, dressed some rashers of the nice bacon we had before tasted in the cupboard. The boy, in the meantime, spread a cloth on the table, and placed the bread and cold pudding on it likewise : then, returning to the closet for their plates, he cried out, 'Lawk ! father, here is a nice hunch of plum-cake ; can you tell how it came ?' 'Not I, indeed, Tom,' replied his father ; 'I can tell no more than the carp at the bottom of the squire's fish-pond.' 'Oh, I will tell you,' said Mrs. Flood ; 'I know how it came. Do you know that dear child, Master George Kendall, brought it for me : he called as he went to school this morning. I told him I would not have it ; but the dear little soul popped it into the cupboard, and ran away without it. Bless his little heart ! I do think he is the sweetest child that was ever born. You

may laugh at me for saying so; but I am sure I should have thought the same if I had not nursed him myself.' 'Indeed,' replied her husband, 'I do not laugh at you for saying so, for I think so too, and so must every one who knows him; for when young gentlemen behave as he does, everybody must love and admire them. There is nothing I would not do to help and serve that child, or any of his family; they always are so kind, and speak as civilly to us poor folk as if we were the first lords or ladies in the land. I am sure, if it were needful, I would go through fire and water for their sakes, and so would every man in the parish, I dare say. But I wonder who would do as much to help Squire Stately or any of his family, if it was not that I should think it my duty (and an honest man ought always to do that, whether he likes it or not); but I say, if it was not that it would be my duty to help my fellow-creature, I would scarcely be at the trouble of stepping over the threshold to serve them, they are such a set of cross, good-for-nothing gentry. I declare, it was but as we came home to dinner now, that we saw Master Sam throwing sticks and stones at Dame Frugal's ducks, for the sake of seeing them waddle; and then, when they got to the pond, he sent his dog in after them to bark and frighten them out of their wits. And as I came by, nothing would serve him but throwing a great dab of mud all over the sleeve of my coat. So I said, "Why, Master Sam, you need not have done that; I did nothing to offend you; and however amusing you may think it to insult poor people, I assure you it is very wicked, and what no good person in the world would be guilty of." He then set up a great rude laugh, and I walked on and said no more. But if all gentleness were to behave like that family, I had rather be poor as I am, than have all their riches, if that would make me act like them.' 'Very true, Abraham,' replied his wife, 'that is what I say, and what I told Master George this morning; for to be poor, if people do not become so through their own extravagance, is no disgrace to any body; but to be haughty, cruel, cross, mischievous, is a disgrace to all who are so, let their rank be as exalted as it may.'

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of

a man, who begged Mr. Flood to assist him in unloading his cart of flour, as his man was gone out, and he could not do it by himself. 'Well, I will come and help you with all my heart,' said Flood; 'and so shall Tom too: will you, my lad? I cannot live without help myself; and if I do not assist others, I am sure I shall not deserve any when I want it.' So saying, he left his house; and his wife, after cleaning and putting in their proper places those things which had been used at dinner, again sat down to her sewing.

Soon after the clock had struck six, the man and his son returned; and, sitting round the fire, they passed the evening in social conversation, till they went to bed, which was a little after eight; and they convinced me, by their talk and behaviour, that happiness in this world depends far more upon the temper and disposition of the heart, than upon any external possessions; and that virtue, and a desire to be useful to others, afford far greater satisfaction and peace of mind than any riches and grandeur can possibly supply without such necessary qualifications. After they were all fallen asleep, we crept out; and, leaving the candle unmolested, which was again placed on the tinder-box by the bed-side, we hastened into the closet, where we regaled heartily, and devoured that part of the plum-cake which Tom had very generously left for his sister Polly, who we found was expected home the next day.

We then retired to our safe retreat, and thought we might venture to stay for one more night's provisions without running any danger from our too frequent return to the same place. But in the morning we found our scheme frustrated; for, on the woman's going to the closet to get her breakfast, she observed the robbery which we had committed, and exclaimed, 'Some teasing mice have found their way into the closet: I will borrow neighbour Savewell's trap to-night, and catch some of the little toads, that I will!' After hearing this, it would have been madness to make any further attempts; we therefore agreed to watch for an opportunity, and escape on the very first that offered. Accordingly, about noon, when Mrs. Flood was busily employed in making some pancakes, we slipped by her unobserved, and crept out at

the same hole by which we first entered. But no sooner were we in the open road, than we repented our haste, and wished that we had continued where we were till the darkness of the night might have better concealed us from the observation of any one. We crept as close to the wall of the house (as far as it reached, which was but a few paces) as we possibly could, and then stepped into a little ditch, which we were soon obliged to leave again, as the water ran in some parts of it almost up to the edge.

At length we reached a little cottage, which we were just entering, when a cat that was sleeping, unnoticed by us, upon a chair, jumped down, and would certainly have destroyed me (who happened to go first) had she not at the same moment tried to catch my brother, and by that means missed her aim, and so given us both an opportunity to escape, which we did by scrambling behind a brick that a child had been playing with by the side of the door. Fortunately, the brick lay too close to the house for the cat to get her paw behind it, so as to be able to reach us; though to avoid it we were obliged to use the greatest precaution, as she could thrust it in a little way, so that if we had gone one inch too near either end, she would certainly have dragged us out by her talons. In this dreadful situation did we spend some hours, incessantly moving from one end of the brick to the other; for the moment she had, by the entrance of her paw at one end, driven us to the other, she stepped over, and again made us retreat. Think with what dreadful terror our little hearts must have been oppressed, to see our mortal enemy so closely watching us, expecting every moment when she shook the brick with her two fore-paws in searching, and with her mouth endeavoured to lift it up, that she would be so far able to effect her purpose, as to make it impossible for us to escape her jaws. But, happily for us, it had somehow or other got so wedged that she could not move it to any distance; though it kept momentarily increasing our terrors, by shaking as she strove to turn it.

From this state of horror, however, we were at length delivered by a little boy of about two years old, who came

out of the house, and taking the cat up round its body with both hands, tottered away with it, and shut the door.

Finding ourselves thus unexpectedly once more at liberty, we determined to make use of it, by seeking some safer retreat, at least, till night should hide us from public view. Terrified almost out of our senses, we crept from behind the brick, and after running a few yards, slipped under the folding doors of a barn and soon concealed ourselves amidst a vast quantity of threshed corn. This appeared to us the most desirable retreat that we had yet found; not only as it afforded such immense plenty of food, but also as we could so easily hide ourselves from the observation of any one: beside, as it did not appear to be a dwelling-house, we could in security reside free from any danger of traps or the cruelty of man. We therefore congratulated each other, not more on account of the wonderful escape which we had had, than upon our good fortune in coming to a spot so blessed with peace and plenty.

After we were a little recovered from the fatigue of mind, as well as of body, which we had lately gone through, we regaled very heartily upon the corn that surrounded us, and then fell into a charming sleep, from which we were awakened the next morning by the sound of human voices. We very distinctly heard that of a boy saying, 'Let us mix all the threshed corn with the rest that is not threshed, and that will make a fine fuss and set John and Simon a swearing like troopers when they come and find all their labour lost, and that they must do all their work over again.' 'And do you think there is anything so agreeable in giving people trouble and hearing them swear,' replied another voice, 'that you can wish to do it? For my part, I think it is so wicked a thing that I hate to hear any body guilty of it, much less would I be the cause of making them commit so great a sin; and as for giving them all their trouble over again, so far would it be from affording me any pleasure, that on the contrary it would give me great pain: for however you may think of it, Will, I assure you it always gives me much uneasiness to see people labouring and working hard. I always think how much I should dislike to be obliged to do

so myself, and therefore very sincerely pity those who must. On no account, therefore, will I do anything to add to their labour, or that shall give them unnecessary work.'

'Pooh!' answered Will, 'you are wonderfully wise; I, for my part, hate such superabundant wisdom; I like to see folk fret, and stew, and scold, as our maids did last week when I cut the line and let all the sheets, and gowns, and petticoats, and frocks, and shirts, and aprons, and caps, and what not, fall plump into the dirt. Oh! how I did laugh! and how they did mutter and scold! And do you know that just as the wash-ladies were wiping their coddled hands, and comforted themselves with the thought of their work being all over, and were going to sip their tea by the fireside, I put them all to the scout, and they were obliged to wash every rag over again. I shall never forget how cross they looked; nay, I verily believe Susan cried about it, and how I did laugh!'

'And pray,' rejoined the other boy, 'should you have laughed equally hearty if, after you had been at school all day, and had with much difficulty just got through all your writing and different exercises, and were going to play, should you laugh, I say, if somebody was to run away with them all, and your master oblige you to do them all over again? Tell me, Will, should you laugh, or cry and look cross? And even that would not be half so bad for you as it was for the maids to be obliged to wash their clothes over again; washing is very hard labour, and tires people sadly, and so does threshing too. It is very unkind, therefore, to give them such unnecessary trouble, and everything that is unkind is wicked; and I would not do it upon any account, I assure you.' 'Then I assure you,' replied Will, 'you may let it alone; I can do it without your assistance.' He then began mixing the grain and the chaff together, the other boy strongly remonstrating against it, to which he paid no attention; and whilst he was so employed, two men, Simon and John, entered the barn.

'Why, how now, Master Billy,' said Simon; 'what are you about? What business have you to be here? You are

always doing some mischief or other. I wish with all my heart that you were kept chained like a dog and never suffered to be at liberty, for you do more harm in an hour than a body can set right again in a month!’ Will then took up hatsful of the corn and chaff and threw it in the two men’s faces; afterwards, taking up a flail, he gave Simon a blow across his back, saying, at the same time, ‘I will show you the way to thresh and separate the flesh from the bones.’ ‘O! will you so, young squire?’ said John; ‘I will show you the way to make naughty boys good.’ He then left the barn, but presently returned accompanied by a gentleman, upon the sight of whom Will let fall the flail which he was till then brandishing over Simon’s head, and was going away, when the gentleman, taking hold of his hand, said, ‘You do not stir from this place, Master William, nor have one mouthful of breakfast, till you have asked the men pardon for your behaviour, and likewise sifted every grain of corn from the chaff which you have mixed with it. When you have done that, you may have some food, but not before, and afterwards you may spend the rest of the day in threshing; then you will be a better judge, my boy, of the fatigue and labour of it, and find how you should like, after working hard all day, to have it rendered useless by a mischievous boy. Remember, William, what I have now said to you, for I do insist upon being minded; and I promise you, that if you offer to play or do anything else to-day, you shall be punished very severely.’ The gentleman then went away. Will muttered something, I could not exactly hear what, began to sift the corn, and so much had he mixed together, that he did not go in for his breakfast till after I had heard the church clock strike one, though it was before eight when he came into the barn. In about an hour he returned, and the other boy with him, who addressed him, saying, ‘Ah! Will, you had better have taken my advice and not have done so; I thought what you would get by your nice fun, as you called it. I never knew any good come of mischief; it generally brings those who do it into disgrace, or if they should happen to escape unpunished, still it is always attended with some inconvenience; it is an ill-natured dis-

position which can take pleasure in giving trouble to any one.' 'Do hold your tongue, James,' replied Will; 'I declare I have no patience to hear you preach, you are so prodigiously wise, and prudent, and sober; you had better go in doors and sew with your mamma, for you talk just as if you were a girl, and not in the least like a boy of spirit.' 'Like a girl!' resumed James. 'Are girls, then, the only folk who have any sense or good-nature? Or what proof does it show of spirit to be fond of mischief and giving people trouble? It is like a monkey of spirit indeed; but I cannot say that I see either spirit or sense in making the clean clothes fall into the dirt, or mixing the corn and chaff, for the sake of making the poor servants do them all over again: if these things are a sign of any spirit, I am sure it is an evil one and not at all such as I wish to possess, though I no more want to sit still, or work with a needle, than you do; but I hope there are other ways of showing my spirit, as you call it, than by doing mischief and being ill-natured. I do not think my papa ever seems to be effeminate or want sufficient spirit; but he would scorn to give unnecessary trouble to anybody: and so will Tom Vaulter, though no boy in the world loves play better than he does; he plays at cricket the best of any boy in the school, and I am sure none can beat him at tennis; and as for skipping, I never saw a boy skip so well in all my life; and I am sure he would beat you with all your spirit, out and out twenty times, either at running, or sliding, or swimming, or climbing a tree. And yet he never gives trouble to anybody for the sake of fun; he is one of the best tempered boys in the world, and whether it is like a girl or not, he always does what he knows to be right and kind; and if that is being like girls, why, with all my heart; I like girls well enough, and if they behave well I do not see why you should speak so contemptuously of them. My papa always says that he loves girls just as well as boys, and none but foolish and naughty boys despise and tease them.' Just as he said these words, Simon and John entered the barn, and seeing Will stand idle, 'Come, come, young gentleman,' said John, 'take up your flail and go to work, sir, to work! to work!

night will be here presently, and you have done nothing yet.' Presently after the gentleman returned and enforced John's advice for him to mind his work.

After Master Will had continued his employment some little time he began to cry, saying his arms ached ready to drop off, and his hand was so sore he could not bear it. 'Then doubtless,' replied his father, 'you would prodigiously like, after you have been labouring all day, to have your work to do over again for the sake of diverting a foolish boy. But go on, William, I am determined that you shall, for one day, know what it is to work hard, and thereby be taught to pity and help. not add to the fatigue of those who do.' The boy then went on with his business, though not without making great complaints and shedding many tears. At length, however, evening came; and the gentleman, his son, and the two men all went away, leaving Longtail and myself to enjoy our abundance. We passed another night in the sweetest undisturbed repose, and in the day had nothing to alarm our fears. In short, our situation was every way so perfectly happy and desirable, that we thought, although our mother had charged us not to return frequently to the same place, yet she could not mean that we should not take up our abode in a spot so secure and comfortable. We therefore determined to continue where we were, till we should find some cause for removing. And happy had it been for us if we had kept to this resolution, and remained contented when we had everything requisite to make us so. Instead of which, after we had thus, free from care, passed our time about seven months, like fools as we were, we began to grow weary of our retirement and of eating nothing but the same food; and agreed that we would again venture forth and seek for some other lodging, at the same time resolving, in case we could find no habitation that suited us, to return to the barn where we had enjoyed so many days of plenty and repose.

Accordingly, one fine moonlight Monday night, after securing our supper on the corn, we set forth, and travelled for some distance without any further molestation than our own natural fears created. At length we came to a brick

house, with about five or six windows in front, and made our way into it through a small latticed window which gave air into the pantry; but on our arrival here we had no opportunity of so much as observing what it contained, for on our slipping down a cat instantly flew at us, and by the greatest good luck in the world there chanced to be a hole in one of the boards of the floor close to the spot where we stood, into which we both were happy enough to pop, before she could catch us. Here we had time to reflect, and severely blame ourselves for not being satisfied with our state in the barn. 'When,' said I, addressing myself to my brother, 'when shall we grow wise, and learn to know that certain evil always attends every deviation from what is right? When we disobeyed the advice of our mother, and, tempted by cakes and other dainties, frequently returned to the same dangerous place, how severely did we suffer for it! And now, by our own discontent, and not being satisfied when so safely, though more humbly lodged, into what trouble have we not plunged ourselves! How securely have we lived in the barn for the last seven months, and how happily might we still have continued there, had it not been for our restless dispositions? Ah! my brother, we have acted foolishly. We ought to have been contented when we were at peace, and should have considered that if we had not everything we could wish for, we had everything that was necessary; and the life of a mouse was never designed for perfect happiness. Such enjoyment was never intended for our lot; it is the portion only of beings whose capacities are far superior to ours. We ought, then, to have been contented; and had we been so, we should have been as happy as our state of life would have admitted of.' 'What you say is certainly very true,' replied Longtail, 'and I sincerely wish that we had thought of these things before. But what must we now do? we said we would return to the barn in case of difficulties, but that is now impossible, as, if we attempt to retreat, the cat that drove us in here will certainly destroy us; and yet in proceeding, what difficulties must we encounter, what dangers may we not run! Oh! my beloved Nimble,' continued he, 'what a life of hazard is ours! to what innumerable accidents

are we hourly exposed! and how is every meal that we eat at the risk of our very existence!’

‘It undoubtedly is,’ replied I; ‘but with all its troubles we still are very desirous of preserving it: let us not then, my brother, indulge our hearts with murmuring and finding fault with that life, which, notwithstanding all its evils, we value so highly. Rather let us endeavour to learn experience, and, by conducting ourselves better, escape many of those troubles which we now suffer.’ So saying, I advised him to follow me: ‘for,’ added I, ‘it is impossible for us to exist in the spot in which we are at present; we must therefore strive to work our way into some other house or apartment, where we can at least find some food.’ To this Longtail agreed; the rest of the night, and all the next day, we spent in nibbling and finding our way into a closet in the house, which richly repaid us for all our toil, as it contained sugar-plums, rice, millet, various kinds of sweetmeats, and, what we liked better than all the rest, a paper of nice macaroons. On these we feasted most deliciously till our hunger was fully satisfied, and then creeping into a little hole, just big enough to contain us both, behind one of the jars of sweetmeats, reposed ourselves with a nap, after our various and great fatigues which we had gone through. I never was a remarkably sound sleeper; the least noise disturbs me, and I was awakened in the morning by the servant-maid’s coming into the room to sweep it, and get it ready for the reception of her mistress and family, who soon after entered. As I wanted to know from whom the voices I heard proceeded, I stepped softly from behind the jar, and just peeped under the door into the room, where I discovered a gentleman, two ladies, and a little boy and girl.

As I was totally unacquainted with all places of retreat, and did not know how soon any of them might have occasion to open the closet door, I instantly returned to my brother, and awaking him told him it was time for us to be upon our guard, as the family were all up and about.

Whilst we were thus situated, the first words I heard distinctly were those of the gentleman, saying, ‘No, Frank, I can never have a good opinion of him; the boy who could once deceive, may, for aught I know, do so again; he has,

by breaking his word, forfeited the only dependence one could possibly have in him. A person who has once lost his honour has no means left of gaining credit to his assertions. By honour, Frank, I would be understood to speak of veracity, of virtue, of scorning to commit a mean action, and not that brutish sense in which some understand it, as if it consisted in a readiness to fight and resent an injury; for so far am I from considering such behaviour as any proof of honour that, on the contrary, I look upon it as a sure sign of want of proper spirit and true honour. Fools, bullies, and even cowards, will fight; whereas none but men of sense and resolution and true magnanimity know how to pardon and despise an insult.' 'But indeed, sir,' replied the boy, 'at school, if one did not fight, they would laugh at one so, there would be no such thing as bearing it.' 'And for that very reason it is, my dear, that I say, to pass by and pardon an insult requires more resolution and courage than mere fighting does. When I wish you to avoid quarrelling and fighting I by no means want you to become a coward, for I as much abhor a dastardly spirit as any boy in your school can possibly do; but I would wish you to convince them that you merited not that appellation by showing, through the whole of your behaviour, a resolution that despised accidental pain and avoided revenging an affront for no other reason than because you were convinced it showed a much nobler spirit to pardon than to resent. And you may be assured, my dear, few are the days that pass without affording us some opportunity of exerting our patience and showing that, although we disdain quarrelling, still we are far from being cowards.

'I remember when I was at school there was one boy who, from his first coming, declined upon all occasions engaging in any battle; he even gave up many of his just rights to avoid quarrelling, which conduct, instead of gaining (as it justly deserved) the approbation of his companions, drew upon him the insult and abuse of the whole school, and they were perpetually teasing him with the opprobrious title of coward. For some time he bore it with great good humour, and endeavoured to laugh it off; but finding that had no effect, he one day thus addressed us:—"If you suppose that

I like to be called a coward, you are all very much mistaken; or if you think me one, I assure you that you are not less so; for no boy in the school should, if put to the trial, show greater resolution than myself. Indeed, I think it no small proof of patience that I have borne your repeated insults so long, when I could, by behaving more like a savage beast, and less like a reasonable creature, have established my character at once; but I abhor quarrelling, my soul detests to treat my fellow-creatures as if they were brutes, from whose fangs I must defend myself; but if nothing else but fighting will convince you that I possess not less courage than yourselves, I will now offer in cold blood to engage with the biggest boy in the school. If I conquer him, it will be a sign that I know how to defend myself; and if he conquers me, I will by my behaviour give a proof that I am not wanting in resolution to suffer pain, although I never will so far demean the character of a reasonable creature and a Christian as to fight upon every trifling disagreement or insult.' No sooner had he uttered these words, than every boy present was loud either in his commendation or condemnation. One quarter of them, convinced of the justness of his arguments, highly extolled his forbearance; whilst the other three parts with still greater noise only called him a bully and a mean-spirited coward, who dared not fight, and for that reason made such a fine speech, hoping to intimidate them. 'Well, then,' said he, 'if such is your opinion, why will none of you accept my offer? you surely cannot be afraid, you who are such brave fellows, of such true courage, and such noble spirits, cannot be afraid of a coward and a bully! Why, therefore, does not one of you step forward, and put my fine speech to the test? Otherwise, after I have thus challenged you all, I hope none for the future will think they have any right to call me coward, though I again declare my fixed resolution against fighting.'

'Just as he said this, a voice calling for help was heard from a lane adjoining to the play-yard. Immediately we all flocked to the side nearest where it proceeded, and clambering upon benches, watering-pots, or whatever came first in our way, peeped over the wall, where we discovered two

well-grown lads, about seventeen or eighteen, stripping a little boy of his clothes, and beating him for his outcries in a most cruel manner; and at a little distance farther down the lane sat a company of gipsies, to whom the two lads evidently belonged. At the sight of this we were all much distressed, and wished to relieve the boy, though, discovering so large a party, we were too much afraid to venture, till Tomkins (the boy I before spoke about) instantly jumped from the wall, and only saying, "Has nobody courage to follow me?" ran toward them as fast as possible, and with uncommon strength and agility placed himself between them and the boy, and began defending himself in the best manner he could, which he did for some time with great dexterity, none of his fighting schoolfellows having courage to go to his assistance. At length, however, seeing it impossible for him to stand out any longer against two so much stronger than himself, the boys agreed to secure themselves by numbers, and to sally forth to his assistance all together. This scheme succeeded, and very shortly rescued Tomkins from his antagonists. He thanked them for their assistance, saying at the same time, "I hope you will no longer doubt my courage, or my abilities to fight, when it is necessary, or in a good cause." After so signal a proof of his valour, his greatest enemies could no longer doubt it; and, without ever engaging in foolish battles, he passed through school as much respected as any boy, and his magnanimity was never again called in question.'

As the gentleman stopped speaking, the little girl called out, 'Oh, papa, the coach is at the door.' 'Is it, my dear?' returned the father. 'Well then, stop my love,' said one of the ladies, 'I have got a few cakes for you: stay, and take them before you go.' She then unlocked the closet where we were, and took down the paper of macaroons, among which we had so comfortably regaled ourselves; when, observing the hole in the paper through which we entered, 'O dear!' she exclaimed, 'the mice have actually got into my cupboard. I will move all the things out this very morning, and lock the cat up in it; for I shall be undone if the mice once get footing here; they will soon spoil all my stores, and

that will never do.' She then kissed both the children, and, giving them the cakes, they, the gentleman, and another lady, all departed; and she instantly began to move the boxes and jars from the closet, whilst we, terrified almost out of our wits, sat trembling behind one of them, not daring to stir, yet dreading the cat's approach every moment.

We were soon, however, obliged to move our quarters, for the lady, taking down the very jar which concealed us, we were forced (without knowing where we were) to jump down instantly. In vain we sought all round the room for some avenue whereat we might escape; the apartment was too well fitted up to admit the smallest crack; and we must then certainly have been destroyed, had we not, with uncommon presence of mind, ran up the back of the lady's gown, by which means she lost sight of us, and gave us an opportunity to make our escape, as she opened the door to order the cat to be brought in. We seized the lucky moment, and, dropping from her gown, fled with the utmost haste out at the house-door, which happened to be wide open; and I, without once looking behind me, ran on till I discovered a little crack in the brick-wall, which I entered, and which, after many turnings and windings, brought me to this house, where I have now continued skulking about in its different apartments for above a month; during which time I have not heard the least tidings of my beloved brother Longtail. Whether, therefore, any mischief befel him as he followed me, or whether he entered the crack with me and then lost sight of me, I know not; but in vain have I sought him every day since my arrival within these walls, and so anxious am I to learn what is become of him, that I am now come forth, contrary to my nature, to engage your compassion, to beseech you, in case——

At this moment the door of my room opened, and my servant coming hastily in, the mouse jumped from my table, and precipitately retreated to the same hole from whence it first addressed me; and though I have several times peeped into it, and even laid little bits of cake to entice it back again, yet have I never been able to see it anywhere since.

Should either that, or any other, ever again favour me so far with their confidence as to instruct me with their history, I will certainly communicate it with all possible speed to my little readers, who I hope have been wise enough to attend to the advice given them in the preceding pages, although it was delivered to them by one as insignificant as a *MOUSE*.

THE LIFE AND PERAMBULATION

OF

A MOUSE.

PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

It is now some months ago since I took leave of my little readers, promising, in case I should ever hear any further tidings of either Nimble or Longtail, I would certainly communicate it to them; and as I think it extremely wrong not to fulfil any engagement we enter into, I look upon myself bound to give them all the information I have since gained, relating to those two little animals; and I doubt not but they will be glad to hear what happened to them, after Nimble was frightened from my writing-table by the entrance of my servant. If I recollect right, I have already told you that I frequently peeped into the hole in the skirting-board, and laid bits of cake to try to entice my little companion back, but all to no purpose: and I had quite given over all hopes of ever again seeing him, when one day, as I was putting my hand into a large jar which had some Turkey figs in it, I felt something soft at the bottom, and taking it out, found it to be a poor little mouse, not quite dead, but so starved and weak, that upon my placing it upon the table, it had not

strength sufficient to get from me. A little boy happened to be standing by me, who, upon the sight of the mouse, began to beg me to give it to the cat, or kill it, 'for I dont like mice,' said he; 'pray, ma'am, put it away.' 'Not like mice!' replied I; 'what can be your objection to such a little soft creature as this?' and taking advantage of its weakness, I picked it up, and held it in the palm of one hand, whilst I stroked it with the fingers of my right. 'Poor little mouse, said I, 'who can be afraid of such a little object as this? Do you not feel ashamed of yourself, Joe, to fear such a little creature as this? Only look at it, observe how small it is, and then consider your own size, and surely, my dear, you will blush to think of being no more of a man than to fear a mouse! Look at me, Joe,' continued I; 'see, I will kiss it; I am not at all afraid that it will hurt me.' When, lifting it up toward my face, I heard it say in the faintest voice possible, 'Do you not know me?' I instantly recollected my little friend Nimble, and rejoiced at so unexpectedly finding him. 'What, is it you, little Nimble,' exclaimed I, 'that I again behold? Believe me, I am heartily rejoiced once more to find you; but tell me where have you been, what have you done, whom have you seen, and what have you learned since you last left me?' 'Oh!' replied he, in a voice so low I could scarcely hear him, 'I have seen many things; but I am so faint and weak for want of food and fresh air that I doubt I shall never live to tell you; but for pity's sake have compassion on me, either put me out of my present misery by instantly killing me, or else give me something to eat; for, if you knew my sufferings, I am sure it would grieve your heart.' 'Kill you!' returned I, 'no, that I will not: on the contrary, I will try by every method to restore you to health and all the happiness a mouse is capable of feeling.' I then instantly sent for some bread, and had the satisfaction of seeing him eat very heartily of it, after which he seemed much refreshed, and began to move about a little more suitable to his name; for, in truth, when I first found him, no living creature in the world could appear less deserving of the appellation of Nimble. I then fetched him a little milk, and gave him a lump of sugar to nibble; after eating of which

he begged to retire into some safe little hole to take a nap, from whence he promised to return as soon as he should wake; and accordingly, in about an hour, he again appeared on my table, and began as follows.

I WAS frightened away from you just as I was going to implore your compassion for any unfortunate mouse that might happen to fall within your power. lest you should destroy my dear and only surviving brother, Longtail; but somebody entering the room, prevented me, and after I had regained my hiding-place, I resolved to quit the house, and once more set out in search of my beloved brother. Accordingly, with great difficulty I made my way out of the house; but my distress was much increased upon finding the snow so deep upon the ground, that it was impossible for me to attempt to stir, as upon stepping one foot out to try, I found it far too deep for me to fathom the bottom. This greatly distressed me. 'Alas!' said I to myself, 'what shall I do now? To proceed is impossible; and to return is very melancholy, without any tidings of my dear, dear Longtail!' But I was interrupted in the midst of these reflections by the appearance of two cats, who came running with such violence as to pass by without observing me: however, it put me in such consternation that, regardless where I went, I sprung forward, and sunk so deep in the snow that I must inevitably soon have perished, had not a boy come to the very place where I was, to gather snow for making snowballs to throw at his companions. Happily for me, he took me up in his hand, in the midst of the snow, which not less alarmed me, when I considered the sufferings I had before endured, and the cruel death of my brother Brighteyes from the hands of boys. Oh! thought I to myself, what new tortures shall I now experience! Better had I perished in the cold snow, than be spared only to be tormented by the cruel hands of unthinking children.

Scarcely had I made this reflection, when the boy called out, upon seeing me move, 'Lud! what have I got here!' at the same instant tossing the handful of snow from him in

a violent hurry, without attempting to press it into a ball. Over I turned head and heels, wondering what further would be my fate, when I fell unhurt upon some hay which was laid in the yard to fodder the cows and horses. Here I lay some time, so frightened by my adventure as to be unable to move, and my little heart beat as if it would have burst its way through my breast; nor were my apprehensions at all diminished by the approach of a man, who gathered the hay up in his arms, and carried it (with me in the midst of it) into the stable, where, after littering down the horses, he left me once more to my own reflections.

After he had been gone some time, and all things were quiet, I began to look about me, and soon found my way into a corn-bin, where I made a most delicious supper, and slept free from any disturbance till the morning, when, fearing I might be discovered, in case he should want any of the oats for his horses, I returned by the same place I had entered, and hid myself in one corner of the hayloft, where I passed the whole of the day more free from alarm than often falls to the lot of any of my species, and in the evening again returned to regale myself with corn, as I had done the night before. The great abundance with which I was surrounded strongly tempted me to continue where I was; but then the thoughts of my absent brother embittered all my peace, and the advice of my mother came so much across my mind, that I determined before the next morning I would again venture forth and seek my fortune and my brother. Accordingly, after having eaten a very hearty meal, I left the bin, and was attempting to get out of the stable, when one of the horses being taken suddenly ill, made so much noise with his kicking and struggling as to alarm the family; and the coachman entering with a lantern in his hand, put me into such consternation that I ran for shelter into the pocket of a great coat which hung up upon a peg next the harness of the horses. Here I lay snug for some hours, not daring to stir, as I smelt the footsteps of a cat frequently pass by, and heard the coachman extol her good qualities to a man who accompanied him to the stable, saying she was the best mouser in the kingdom. 'I do not believe,' added he, 'I

have a mouse in the stable or loft, she keeps so good a look-out. For the last two days I lent her to the cook to put into her pantry, but I have got her back again, and I would not part with her for a crown; no, not for the best silver crown that ever was coined in the 'Tower.' Then, through a little mothhole in the lining of the coat, I saw him lift her up, stroke her, and put her upon the back of one of the horses, where she stretched herself out and went to sleep.

In this situation I did not dare to stir. I had too often seen how eager cats are to watch mice, to venture out of the pocket whilst she was so near me, especially as I did not at all know the holes or cracks round the stable, and should, therefore, had she jumped down, have been at a loss where to run. So I determined to continue where I was till either hunger forced me, or the absence of the cat gave a better opportunity of escaping. But scarce had I taken up this resolution, when the coachman again entered, and, suddenly taking the coat from the peg, put it on, and marched out with me in his pocket.

It is utterly impossible to describe my fear and consternation at this event: to jump out whilst in the stable exposed me to the jaws of the cat, and to attempt it when out of doors was but again subjecting myself to be frozen to death, for the snow continued still on the ground; yet, to stay in his pocket was running the chance of suffering a still more dreadful death by the barbarous hands of man; and nothing did I expect, in case he should find me, but either to be tortured like Softdown, or given to be the sport of his favourite cat—a fate almost as much dreaded as the other. However, it was soon put out of my power to determine; for whilst I was debating in my own mind what course I had better take, he mounted the coachbox and drove away with me in his pocket, till he came to a large house about a mile distant from this place; there he put down the company he had in the coach, and then drove into the yard. But he had not been there many moments before the coachman of the family he was come to invited him into the kitchen to warm himself, drink a mug of ale, and eat a mouthful of cold meat. As soon as he entered, and had paid the proper compliments to

the Mrs. Betties and Mollies at the place, he pulled off his great coat and hung it across the back of his chair. I instantly seized the first opportunity, and whilst they were all busy assembling round the luncheon table, made my escape, and ran under a cupboard door close to the chimney, where I had an opportunity of seeing and hearing all that passed, part of which conversation I will relate to you.

‘Well, Mr. John,’ said a footman, addressing himself to the man whose pocket I had just left, ‘how fare you? Are you pretty hearty? You look well, I am sure.’ ‘Aye, and so I am,’ replied he, ‘I never was better in all my life; I live comfortably, have a good master and mistress, eat and drink bravely, and what can a man wish for more? For my part, I am quite contented, and if I do but continue to enjoy my health, I am sure I shall be very ungrateful not to be so.’ ‘That’s true,’ said the other; ‘but the misfortune of it is, people never know when they are well off, but are apt to fret and wish, and wish and fret for something or other all their lives, and so never have any enjoyment. Now, for my own part, I must needs confess that I cannot help wishing I was a gentleman, and think I should be a deal happier if I was.’ ‘Pshaw!’ replied John, ‘I don’t like now to hear a man say so; it looks as if you were discontented with the state in which you are placed, and depend upon it, you are in the one that is fittest for you, or you would not have been put into it. And as for being happier if you were a gentleman, I don’t know what to say to it. To be sure, to have a little more money in one’s pocket, nobody can deny that it would be very agreeable; and to be at liberty to come in and go out when one pleased, to be sure, would be very comfortable. But still, Bob, still you may assure yourself that no state in this world is free from care, and if we were turned into lords, we should find many causes for uneasiness. So here’s your good health,’ said he, lifting the mug to his mouth, ‘wishing, my lad, you may be contented, cheerful, and good-humoured; for without these three requisites, content, cheerfulness, and good-humour, no one person upon earth, rich or poor, old or young, can ever feel comfortable or happy; and so here’s to you, I say.’ ‘And here’s the

same good wishes to you,' said a clean, decent-looking woman servant, who took up the mug upon John's putting it down. 'Content, cheerfulness, and good-humour, I think, was the toast.' Then, wiping her mouth as she began her speech, she added, 'and an excellent one it is: I wish all folks would mind it, and endeavour to acquire three such good qualifications.' 'I am sure,' rejoined another female servant, whose name I heard was Sally, 'I wish so too: at least I wish Miss Mary would try to gain a little more of the good-humour; for I never come near such a cross crab in my life as it is. I declare I hate the sight of the girl; she is such a proud little minx she would not vouchsafe to speak to a poor servant for the world; as if she thought, because we are poorer, we were therefore not of the same nature: her sisters, I think, are worth ten of her, they always reply so civilly if a body speaks to them, and say, "Yes, if you please, Mrs. Sally," or "No, thank you, Mr. Bob;" or "I should be obliged to you if you would do so and so, Mrs. Nelly," and not plain yes or no, as she does; and well too if you can get even that from her; for sometimes I declare she will not deign to give one any answer at all.' 'Aye, that is a sure thing she wont,' replied the maidservant who first drank, 'it is a sad thing she should behave so; I can't think, for my part, where she learns it; I am sure neither her papa nor mamma set her the example of it, for they always speak as pretty and as kind as it is possible to do; and I have heard with my own ears my mistress tell her of it twenty and twenty times, but she will do so. I am sure it is a sad thing that she should, for she will always make people dislike her. I am sure if young gentlemen and ladies did but know how it makes people love them to speak civilly and kind, they would take great care not to behave like Miss Mary. Do you know, the other day, when Mrs. Lime's maid brought little Miss Peggy to see my mistress, when she went away she made a courtesy to Miss Mary, and said, "Good morning to you, Miss." And, would you think it, the child stood like a stake, and never returned it so much as by a nod of the head, nor did she open her lips. I saw by her looks the maid took notice of it, and I am sure I have such a regard for the family that

I felt quite ashamed of her behaviour.' 'Oh ! she served me worse than that,' resumed Sally, 'for, would you believe it, the other day I begged her to be so kind as to let her mamma know that I wanted to speak with her ; and I did not choose to go into the room myself, because I was dirty, and there was company there ; but for all I desired her over and over only just to step in (and she was at play close to the door), yet, could you suppose it possible, she was ill-natured enough to refuse me, and would not do it at last.' 'Well, if ever I heard the like of that !' exclaimed John, whose pocket I had been in, 'I think that was being cross indeed, and if a child of mine was to behave in that surly manner, I would whip it to death almost. I abominate such unkind doings ; let every one, I say, do as they like to be done by, and that is the only way to be happy, and the only way to deserve to be so ; for if folks will not try to be kind, and oblige others, why should anybody try to please them ? And if Miss Mary was my girl, and chose to behave rude and cross to the servants, if I was her papa, I would order them to refuse doing anything for her. I would soon humble her pride, I warrant you, for nobody should make her puddings, or cut her bread, or do anything for her till she learned to be kind, and civil, and thankful too, for all that was done for her. I have no notion, for my part, for a child to give herself such airs for nothing ; and because her parents happen to have a little more money in their pockets, for that reason to think she may be rude to poor folks ; but though servants are poor, still surely they are richer than she is : I should like to ask her how much she has got ? and which way she came by it ? A child, I am sure, is no richer than a beggar, for they have not a farthing that is not given them through mere bounty ; whereas a servant who works for his living has a right and just claim to his wages, and may truly call them his own ; but a child has not one farthing that is not its parents'. So here's my service to you, Miss,' said he (again lifting the ale-mug to his mouth), 'and wishing her a speedy reformation of manners, I drink to her very good health.'

John drank to the bottom of the mug, and then, shaking

the last drop into the ashes under the grate, he told the following story as he sat swinging the mug by its handle across his two forefingers, which he had joined for that purpose :

‘When my father was a young man he lived at one Mr. Speedgo’s, as upper footman: they were vastly rich. Mr. Speedgo was a merchant, and by good luck he gathered gold as fast as his neighbours would pick up stones (as a body may say). So they kept two or three carriages; there was a coach, and a chariot, and a phaeton, and I can’t tell what besides, and a power of servants you may well suppose to attend them all; and very well they lived, with plenty of victuals and drink. But though they wanted for nothing, still they never much loved either their master or mistress, they used to give their orders in so haughty and imperious a manner; and if asked a civil question, answer so shortly, as if they thought their servants not worthy of their notice: so that, in short, no one loved them, nor their children either, for they brought them up just like themselves, to despise every one poorer than they were, and to speak as cross to their servants as if they had been so many adders they were afraid would bite them.

‘I have heard my father say that if Master Speedgo wanted his horse to be got ready, he would say, “Saddle my horse!” in such a displeasing manner as made it quite a burthen to do anything for him. Or if the young ladies wanted a piece of bread and butter, or cake, they would say, “Give me a bit of cake;” or, if they added the word pray to it, they spoke in such a grumpy way as plainly showed they thought themselves a great deal better than their servants, forgetting that an honest servant is just as worthy a member of society as his master, and, whilst he behaves well, as much deserving of civility as anybody. But to go on with my story. I have already told you Mr. Speedgo was very rich and very proud, nor would he on any account suffer anyone to visit at his house whom he thought below him, as he called it; or, at least, if he did, he always took care to behave to them in such a manner as plainly to let them know he thought he showed a mighty favour in conversing with them.

‘Among the rest of the servants there was one Molly

Mount, as good a hearted girl, my father says, as ever lived: she had never received much education, because her parents could not afford to give her any, and she learned to read after she was at Mr. Speedgo's from one of the housemaids, who was kind enough to teach her a little; but you may suppose, from such sort of teaching, she was no very good scholar. However, she read well enough to be able to make out some chapters in the Bible; and an excellent use she made of them, carefully fulfilling every duty she there found recommended as necessary for a Christian to practise. She used often to say she was perfectly contented in her station, and only wished for more money that she might have it in her power to do more good. And sometimes, when she was dressing and attending the young ladies of the family she would advise them to behave prettier than they did, telling them, "That by kindness and civility they would be so far from losing respect that, on the contrary, they would much gain it. For we cannot (she would very truly say) have any respect for those people who seem to forget their human nature, and behave as if they thought themselves superior to the rest of their fellow-creatures. Young ladies and gentlemen have no occasion to make themselves very intimate or familiar with their servants; but everybody ought to speak civilly and good-humouredly, let it be to whom it may: and if I was a lady I should make it a point never to look cross or speak gruffly to the poor, for fear they should think I forgot I was of the same human nature as they were." By these kind of hints, which every now and then she would give to the misses, they were prodigiously offended, and complained of her insolence, as they called it, to their mamma, who very wrongly, instead of teaching them to behave better, joined with them in blaming Molly for her freedom, and, to show her displeasure at her conduct, put on a still haughtier air whenever she spoke to her than she did to any other of the servants. Molly, however, continued to behave extremely well, and often very seriously lamented in the kitchen the wrong behaviour of the family. "I don't mind it," she would say, "for my own part; I know I do my duty, and their cross looks and proud behaviour can do me no real

harm: but I cannot help grieving for their sakes; it distresses me to think that people who ought to know better, should, by their ill conduct, make themselves so many enemies, when they could so easily gain friends—I am astonished how anybody can act so foolishly.”

“In this sensible manner she would frequently talk about the sin as well as the folly of pride. And one day, as she was talking to her fellow-servants, rather louder than in prudence she ought to have done, her two young ladies overheard her; and the next time she went to dress them they inquired what it was she had been saying to the other maids. “Indeed, ladies,” said she, “I hope you will excuse my telling you. I think, if you give yourselves time to reflect a little, you will not insist upon knowing, as it is beneath such rich ladies as you are to concern yourselves with what poor servants talk about.” This answer did not, however, satisfy them, and they positively commanded her to let them know. Molly was by far too good a woman to attempt to deceive any one; she therefore replied, “If, ladies, you insist upon knowing what I said, I hope you will not take anything amiss that I may tell you, thus compelled as I am by your commands. You must know, then, Miss Betsy and Miss Rachel, that I was saying how sad a thing it was for people to be proud because they are rich; or to fancy, because they happen to have a little more money, that for that reason they are better than their servants, when in reality the whole that makes one person better than another is, having superior virtues, being kinder and more good-natured, and readier to assist and serve their fellow-creatures; these are the qualifications, I was saying, that make people beloved, and not being possessed of money. Money may, indeed, procure servants to do their business for them, but it is not in the power of all the riches in the world to purchase the love and esteem of any one. What a sad thing, then, it is when gentlefolks behave so as to make themselves despised; and that will ever be the case with those who like (excuse me, ladies, you insisted upon my telling you what I said) Miss Betsy, and Miss Rachel, and Master James, show such contempt to all their inferiors. Nobody could wish children of

their fortunes to make themselves too free, or play with their servants ; but if they were little kings and queens, still they ought to speak kind and civil to everyone. Indeed our king and queen would scorn to behave like the children of this family. and if ——” She was going on, but they stopped her, saying, “ If you say another word we will push you out of the room this moment, you rude, bold, insolent woman ; you ought to be ashamed of speaking so disrespectfully of your betters ; but we will tell our mamma, that we will, and she won’t suffer you to allow your tongue such liberties.” “ If,” replied Molly, “ I have offended you, I am sorry for it, and beg your pardon, ladies ; I am sure I had no wish to do so ; and you should remember that you both insisted upon my telling you what I had been saying.” “ So we did,” said they, “ but you had no business to say it all ; and I promise you my mamma shall know it.”

‘ In this manner they went on for some time ; but, to make short of my story, they represented the matter in such a manner to their mother, that she dismissed Molly from her service, with a strict charge never to visit the house again. “ For,” said Mrs. Speedgo, “ no servant who behaves as you have done shall ever enter my doors again, or eat another mouthful in my house.” Molly had no desire so suddenly to quit her place ; but as her conscience perfectly acquitted her of any wilful crime, after receiving her wages, respectfully wishing all the family their health, and taking a friendly leave of her fellow-servants, she left the house, and soon engaged herself as dairymaid in a farmer’s family, about three miles off ; in which place she behaved so extremely well, and so much to the satisfaction of her master and mistress, that, after she had lived there a little more than two years, with their entire approbation she was married to their eldest son, a sober, worthy young man, to whom his father gave a fortune not much less than three thousand pounds, with which he bought and stocked a very pretty farm in Somersetshire, where they lived as happy as virtue and affluence could make them. By industry and care they prospered beyond their utmost expectations, and, by their prudence and good behaviour, gained the esteem and love of all who knew them.

‘To their servants (for they soon acquired riches enough to keep three or four, I mean household ones, besides the number that were employed in the farming business) they behaved with such kindness and civility, that had they even given less wages than their neighbours, they would never have been in want of any; every one being desirous of getting into a family where they were treated with such kindness and condescension.

‘In this happy manner they continued to live for many years, bringing up a large family of children to imitate their virtues; but one great mortification they were obliged to submit to, which was that of putting their children very early to boarding-school, a circumstance which the want of education in Mrs. and indeed, I may add, Mr. Flail, rendered absolutely necessary.

‘But I am afraid, Mrs. Sally and Mrs. Nelly, you will be tired, as I have but half told my story; but I will endeavour to make short work of it, though indeed it deserves to be noticed, for it will teach one a great deal, and convince one how little the world’s riches are to be depended on.

‘I have said, you know, that Mr. Speedgo was a merchant, and a very rich one too. It is unknown what vast sums of money he used to spend! when, would you think it, either through spending it too fast, or some losses he met with in trade, he broke all to nothing, and had not a farthing to pay his creditors. I forget how many thousand pounds it was he owed, but it was a vast great many. Well! this, you may be sure, was a great mortification to them; they begged for mercy from their creditors; but as in their prosperity they had never shown much mercy themselves to those they thought beneath them, so now they met with very little from others: the poor saying they deserved it for their pride; the rich condemning them for their presumption in trying to vie with those of superior birth; and those who had been less successful in business, blaming them for their extravagance, which, they said, had justly brought on them their misfortunes.

‘In this distress, in vain it was they applied for assistance to those whom they had esteemed their friends; for as they never had been careful to form their connexions with people

of real merit, only seeking to be acquainted with those who were rich and prosperous. so now they could no longer return their civilities, they found none were ready to show them any, but every one seemed anxious to keep from them as much as possible. Thus distressed, and finding no one willing to help them, the young squire, Master James, was obliged to go to sea: while Miss Betsy and Miss Rachel were even forced to try to get their living by service; a way of life they were both ill-qualified to undertake, for they had always so accustomed themselves to be waited on and attended, that they scarcely knew how to help themselves, much less how to work for others. The consequence of which was, they gave so little satisfaction to their employers that they staid but a little time in a place, and from so frequently changing, no family who wished to be well settled would admit them. as they thought it impossible they could be good servants whom no one thought worthy of keeping.

‘It is impossible to describe the many and great mortifications those two young ladies met with. They now frequently recollected the words of Molly Mount, and earnestly wished they had attended to them whilst it was in their power, as by so doing they would have secured to themselves friends. And they very forcibly found, that, although they were poor and servants, yet they were as sensible of kind treatment and civility as if they had been richer.

‘After they had been for some years changing from place to place, always obliged to put up with very low wages, upon account of their being so ill-qualified for servants, it happened that Miss Betsy got into service at Watchet, a place about three miles distant from Mr. Flail’s farm. Here she had a violent fit of illness, and not having been long enough in the family to engage their generosity to keep her, she was dismissed upon account of her ill health rendering her wholly incapable of doing her business for which she was hired. She then, with the very little money she had, procured a lodging in a miserable little dirty cottage; but through weakness being unable to work, she soon exhausted her whole stock, and was even obliged to quit this habitation, bad as it was, and for some days support herself wholly by

begging from door to door, often meeting with very unkind language for so idle an employment; some people telling her to go to her parish, when, alas! her parish was many miles distant, and she, poor creature, had no means of getting there.

At last she wandered, in this distressful situation, to the house of Mr. Flail, and walked into the farmyard just at the time the cows were being milked. She, who for a long time had tasted nothing but bits of broken bread, and had no drink besides water she had scooped up in her hands, looked at the quantity of fresh milk with a most wishful eye; and, going to the women who were milking, she besought them in a moving manner to give her a draught, as she was almost ready to perish. "For pity's sake," said she, "have compassion upon a poor wretch, dying with sickness, hunger, and thirst; it is a long time since I have tasted a mouthful of wholesome victuals, my lips are now almost parched with thirst, and I am so faint for want, that I can scarcely stand; my sufferings are very great indeed, it would melt a heart of stone to hear the story of my woes. Oh! have pity upon a fellow-creature, then, and give me one draught of that milk, which can never be missed out of so vast a quantity as you have there; and may you never, never know what it is to suffer as I now do." To this piteous request she received for answer, the common one of "Go about your business; we have nothing for you, so don't come here." "We should have enough to do indeed," said one of the milkers, "if we were to give every idle beggar who would like a draught of this delicious milk; but no, indeed, we shall not give you a drop; so go about your business, and don't come plaguing us here." Mrs. Flail, who happened to be in the yard with one of her children, who was feeding the chickens, overheard enough of this to make her come forward and inquire what was the matter. "Nothing, ma'am," replied the milkmaid, "only I was sending away this nasty dirty creature, who was so bold as to come asking for milk, indeed! But beggars grow so impudent now-a-days there never was the like of it." "Oh fie!" returned Mrs. Flail, shocked at her inhuman way of speaking, "fie upon you, to speak in so unkind a manner

of a poor creature in distress." Then turning to the beggar, she inquired what she wanted, in so mild a tone of voice, that it encouraged her to speak and tell her distress.

'Mrs. Flail listened with the greatest attention, and could not help being struck with her speech and appearance; for though she was clothed in rags (having parted with all her better clothes to pay for lodging and food), still there was a something in her language and manner which discovered that she was no common beggar. Betsy had stood all the time with her eyes fixed upon the ground, scarcely once lifting them to look at the face of Mrs. Flail; and she was so changed herself by her troubles and sickness, that it was impossible for any one who had ever seen Miss Speedgo to recollect her in her present miserable state. Mrs. Flail, however, wanted no farther inducement to relieve her, than to hear she was in want. "Every fellow-creature in distress," she used to say, "was a proper object of her bounty; and whilst she was blessed with plenty, she thought it her duty to relieve as far as she prudently could, all whom she knew to be in need." She therefore fetched a mug, and, filling it with milk herself, gave it to the poor woman to drink. "Here," said she, "take this, good woman, and I hope it will refresh and be of service to you." Betsy held out her hand for it, and, lifting her eyes up to look at Mrs. Flail, whilst she thanked her for her kindness, was greatly astonished to discover in her benefactress the features of her old servant Molly Mount. "Bless me!" said she, with an air of confusion, "What do I see? Who is it? Where am I? Madam, pardon my boldness, but pray forgive me, ma'am, but is not your name Mount?" "It was," replied Mrs. Flail, "but I have been married for thirteen years to a Mr. Flail, and that is my name now. But, pray, where did you ever see me before? or how came you to know anything of me?" Poor Betsy could return no answer; her shame at being seen by her servant that was, in her present condition, and the consciousness of having so ill-treated that very servant to whose kindness she was now indebted, all together were too much for her in her weak state, and she fell senseless at Mrs. Flail's feet.

‘This still added to Mrs. Flail’s surprise ; and she had her carried into the house and laid upon a bed, where she used every means to bring her to herself again ; which, after a considerable time, succeeded ; and she then (covered with shame and remorse) told her who she was, and how she came into that miserable condition. No words can describe the astonishment Mrs. Flail was in, at hearing the melancholy story of her sufferings ; nor is it possible to tell with what generosity and kindness she strove to comfort her, telling her to compose herself, for she should no longer be in want of anything. “I have, thank Heaven,” said she, “a most worthy good man for my husband, who will rejoice with me in having it in his power to relieve a suffering fellow-creature. Do not, therefore, any longer distress yourself upon what passed between us formerly. I had, for my part, forgotten it, if you had not now told it me ; but, however I might then take the liberty to censure you for too much haughtiness, I am sure I have no occasion to do so now. Think no more, therefore, I beseech you, upon those times which are now past ; but be comforted, and make yourself as happy in my humble plain manner of living as you can possibly do.”

‘She then furnished her with some of her own clothes, till she could procure her new ones, and sent immediately for a physician from the next town ; by following of whose prescription, together with good nursing, and plenty of all necessaries, she soon recovered her health ; but she was too deeply affected with the thoughts of her former misconduct ever to feel happy in her situation, though Mrs. Flail used every method in her power to render her as comfortable as possible. Nor did she confine her goodness only to this one daughter, but sent also for her sister and mother (her father being dead), and fitted up a neat little house for them near their own. But as the Flails could not afford wholly to maintain them for nothing, they entrusted the poultry to their care, which enabled them to do with one servant less ; and by that means they could, without any great expense, afford to give them sufficient to make their lives comfortable, that is, as far as their own reflections would let

them ; for the last words Mrs. Speedgo said to Molly, when she parted from her, dwelt continually upon her mind, and filled her with shame and remorse.

“I told her,” said she, “that she should never again come into my doors, or eat another mouthful in my house ; and now it is her bounty alone which keeps us all from perishing. Oh ! how unworthy are we of such goodness ! True, indeed, was what she told you, that kindness and virtue were far more valuable than riches. Goodness and kindness no time or change can take from us ; but riches soon fly as it were away, and then what are we the better for having been once possessed of them ?”

Here Mr. John stopped, and jumping hastily up, and turning round to Mrs. Sally, Mrs. Nelly, and Mr. Bob, exclaimed, rubbing his hands—“There, ladies, I have finished my story ; and, let me tell you, so long preaching has made my throat dry, so another mug of ale, if you please, Master Bobby (tapping him at the same time upon the shoulder), another mug of ale, my boy ; for faith, talking at the rate I have done, is enough to wear a man’s lungs out, and, in truth, I have need of something to hearten me after such fatigue.”

‘Well, I am sure,’ replied Mrs. Sally and Mrs. Nelly, in the same breath, ‘we are greatly obliged to you for your history ; and I am sure it deserves to be framed and glazed, and it ought to be hung up in the hall of every family, that all people may see the sad effects of pride, and how little cause people have, because they are rich, to despise those who are poor ; since it frequently happens, that those who this year are like little kings, may the next be beggars ; and then they will repent, when it is too late, of all their pride and unkindness they showed to those beneath them.’

Here the conversation was put a stop to by the bell ringing, and John being ordered to drive to the door, I, who during the whole of the history had been feasting upon a mince-pie, now thought it safer to conceal myself in a little hole in the wainscot of the closet, where, finding myself very safe, I did not awake till midnight. After the family were all retired to rest, I peeped out of the hole, and there saw

just such another frightful trap as that which was the prelude to poor Softdown's sufferings. Startled at the sight, I retreated back as expeditiously as possible, nor ever stopped till I found my way into a bed-chamber, where lay two little girls fast asleep.

I looked about for some time, peeping into every hole and corner before I could find anything to eat, there being not so much as a candle in the room with them. At last I crept into a little leathern trunk, which stood on a table, not shut down quite close: here I instantly smelt something good; but was obliged to gnaw through a great deal of linen to get at it; it was wrapped up in a lap-bag, amongst a vast quantity of work. However, I made my way through half a hundred folds, and at last was amply repaid by finding out a nice piece of plum-cake and the pips of an apple, which I could easily get at, one-half of it having been eat away. Whilst I was thus engaged, I heard a cat mew, and not knowing how near she might be, I endeavoured to jump out; but in the hurry I somehow or other entangled myself in the muslin, and pulled that, trunk and all, down with me; for the trunk stood half off the table, so that the least touch in the world overset it, otherwise my weight could never have tumbled it down.

The noise of the fall, however, waked the children, and I heard one say to the other,—‘Bless me! Mary, what is that noise?—What can it be? I am almost frightened out of my wits; do, pray, sister, hug me close.’ ‘Pho!’ replied the other, ‘never mind it. What in the world need you be frightened at? What do you suppose will hurt you? It sounded as if something fell down; but as it has not fallen upon us, and I do not hear anybody stirring, or speaking as if they were hurt, what need we care about it? So pray, Nancy, let us go to sleep again; for as yet I have not had half sufficient, I am sure; I hope morning is not coming yet, for I am not at all ready to get up.’ ‘I am sure,’ answered the other, ‘I wish it was morning, and day-light now, for I should like to get up vastly; I do not like to lay here in the dark any longer; I have a great mind to ring the bell, and then mamma or somebody will come to us with a candle.’

‘And what in the world,’ rejoined Mary, ‘will be the use of that? Do you want a candle to light you to look for the wounds the noise has given you; or what can you wish to disturb my mamma for? Come, let me cuddle you, and do go to sleep, child, for I cannot think what occasion there is for us to keep awake because we heard a noise; I never knew that noise had teeth or claws to hurt one with, and I am sure this has not hurt me; and so, whether you choose to lie awake or not, I will go to sleep, and so good-bye to you, and pray do not disturb me any more, for I cannot talk any longer.’ ‘But, Mary,’ again replied the other, ‘pray do not go to sleep yet, I want to speak to you.’ ‘Well, what do you want to say?’ inquired Mary. ‘Why, pray, have you not very often,’ said Nancy, ‘heard of thieves breaking into people’s houses and robbing them? and I am sadly afraid that noise was some rogues coming in; so pray, Mary, do not go to sleep, I am in such a fright and tremble you cannot think. Speak, Mary, have not you, I say, heard of thieves?’ ‘Yes,’ replied Mary, in a very sleepy voice, ‘a great many times.’ ‘Well then, pray, sister, do not go to sleep,’ said Nancy, in a peevish accent; ‘suppose, I say, that noise I heard should be thieves, what should we do? What will become of us? Oh! what shall we do?’—‘Why, go to sleep, I tell you,’ said Mary, ‘as fast as you can; at least do pray let me, for I cannot say I am in the smallest fear about house-breakers or house-makers either; and of all the robberies I ever heard of in all my life, I never heard of thieves stealing little girls; so do, there’s a dear girl, go to sleep again, and do not so foolishly frighten yourself out of your wits for nothing.’ ‘Well,’ replied Nancy, ‘I will not keep you awake any longer; but I am sure I shall not be able to get another wink of sleep all night.’

Here the conversation ended, and I could not help thinking how foolish it was for people to permit themselves to be terrified for nothing. Here is a little girl, now, thought I, in a nice clean room, and covered up warm in bed, with pretty green curtains drawn round her to keep the wind from her head, and the light in the morning from her eyes; and yet she is distressing herself, and making herself really uncomfortable and unhappy, only because I, a poor little

harmless mouse, with scarcely strength sufficient to gnaw a nutshell, happened to jump from the table, and throw down, perhaps, her own box.—Oh! what a pity it is that people should so destroy their own comfort! How sweetly might this child have passed the night, if she had but, like her sister, wisely reflected that a noise could not possibly hurt them; and that, had any of the family occasioned it, by falling down, or running against anything in the dark which hurt them, most likely they would have heard some more stirring about.

And upon this subject the author cannot help, in human form (as well as in that of a mouse), observing how extremely ridiculous it is for people to suffer themselves to be terrified upon every trifling occasion that happens; as if they had no more resolution than a mouse itself, which is liable to be destroyed every meal it makes. And, surely, nothing can be more absurd than for children to be afraid of thieves and house-breakers; since, as little Mary said, they never want to seek after children. Money is all they want; and as children have very seldom much of that in their possession, they may assure themselves they are perfectly safe, and have therefore no occasion to alarm themselves if they hear a noise, without being able to make out what it is; unless, indeed, like the child I have just been writing about, they would be so silly as to be frightened at a little mouse; for most commonly the noises we hear, if we lay awake in the night, are caused by mice running about and playing behind the wainscot; and what reasonable person would suffer themselves to be alarmed by such little creatures as those? But it is time I should return to the history of my little make-believe companion, who went on saying—

The conversation I have been relating I overheard as I lay concealed in a shoe that stood close by the bedside, and into which I ran the moment I jumped off the table, and where I kept snug till the next morning; when, just as the clock was striking eight, the same Mrs. Nelly, whom I saw the day before in the kitchen, entered the apartment, and accosted the young ladies, saying, ‘Good morning to you, ladies; do you know that it is time to get up?’ ‘Then,

pray, Nelly, lace my stays, will you?' said Miss Nancy. 'But lace mine first, and give me my other shoes; for those I wore yesterday must be brushed, because I stepped in the dirt, and so when you go down you must remember and take and brush them, and then let me have them again,' said Mary; 'but come and dress me now.'

Well, thought I, this is a rude way of speaking, indeed, something like Miss Nancy Artless, at the house where my poor dear Softdown was so cruelly massacred; I am sure I hope I shall not meet with the like fate here, and I wish I was safe out of this shoe; for perhaps, presently, it will be wanted to be put on Mary's foot; and I am sure I must not expect to meet any mercy from a child who shows so bad a disposition as to speak to a servant in so uncivil a manner, for no good-natured person would do that.

With these kind of reflections I was amusing myself for some little time when, all on a sudden, they were put an end to by my finding the shoe in which I was concealed hastily taken up; and before I had time to recollect what I had best do, I was almost killed by some violent blows I received, which well nigh broke every bone in my skin. I crept quite up to the toe of the shoe, so that I was not at all seen, and the maid, when she took up the shoes, held one in one hand and the other in the other, by their heels, and then slapped them hard together, to beat out some of the dust which was in them. This she repeated three or four times, till I was quite stunned; and how or which way I tumbled or got out, I know not; but when I came to myself, I was close up behind the foot of a table, in a large apartment, where were several children, and a gentleman and a lady, all conversing together with the greatest good-humour and harmony.

The first words I heard distinctly enough to remember were those of a little boy, about five years old, who, with eagerness exclaimed—'I forget you! no, that I never shall. If I was to go a hundred thousand miles off, I am sure I shall never forget you. What! do you think I should ever, as long as I live, if it is a million of years, forget my own dear papa and mamma? No; that I should not, I am very, very sure I never should.' 'Well, but Tom,' interrupted the

gentleman, 'if in a million of years you should not forget us, I dare say, in less than two months you will forget our advice, and before you have been at school half that time, you will get to squabbling with and tricking the other boys, just as they do with one another; and instead of playing at all times with the strictest openness and honour, you will, I sadly fear, learn to cheat and deceive, and pay no attention to what your mother and I have been telling you.' 'No! that I am sure I shan't!' replied the boy. 'What! do you think I shall be so wicked as to turn a thief, and cheat people?' 'I dare say, my dear,' resumed the father, 'you will not do what we call thieving; but as I know there are many naughty boys in all schools, I am afraid they will teach you to commit dishonourable actions, and to tell you there is no harm in them, and that they are signs of cleverness and spirit, and qualifications very necessary for every boy to possess.' 'Aye, that's sure enough,' said the boy, who appeared about ten years old, 'for they almost all declare that if a boy is not sharp and cunning, he might almost as well be out of the world as in it. But, as you say, papa, I hate such behaviour; I am sure there is one of our boys, who is so wonderfully clever and acute, as they call him, that I detest ever having anything to do with him: for unless one watches him as a cat would watch a mouse, he is sure to cheat or play one some trick or other.' 'What sort of tricks do you mean?' inquired the little boy. 'Why, I will tell you,' replied the other. 'You know nothing of the games we have at school, so if I was to tell you how he plays at them you would not understand what I meant. But you know what walking about blindfold is, don't you? Well! one day, about a dozen of boys agreed to have a blind race, and the boy who got nearest the goal, which was a stick driven in the grounds with a shilling upon the top of it, was to win the shilling, provided he did it fairly, without seeing.' 'I suppose,' interrupted Tom, 'you mean the boy who got to the stick first.' 'No, I do not,' replied his brother, 'I mean what I say, the boy who got nearest it, no matter whether he came first or last; the fun was to see them try to keep in a straight path, with their eyes tied up, whilst they

wander quite in the wrong, and not to try who could run fastest. Well! when they were all blinded, and twisted round three or four times before they were suffered to set off, they directed their steps the way they thought would directly conduct them to the goal; and some of them had almost reached it when Sharply (the boy I mentioned), who had placed a shilling upon the stick, for they drew lots who should do that, and he who furnished the money was to stand by it to observe who won it by coming nearest; well, Sharply, I say, just as they came close to it, moved away softly to another place, above three yards distant from any of them (for I should have told you that if none of them got within three yards the shilling was to remain his, and they were each to give him a penny). So then he untied their eyes, and insisted upon it they had all of them lost. But two or three of us happened to be by, and so we said he had cheated them, and ought not to keep the money, as it had fairly been won by Smyth. But he would not give it up, so it made a quarrel between him and Smyth, and at last they fought, and Mr. Chiron confined them both in the school all the rest of the afternoon; and when he heard what the quarrel was about, he took the shilling from Sharply, and called him a mean-spirited cheat; but he would not let Smyth have it, because he said he deserved to lose it for fighting about such a trifle, and so it was put into the forfeit-money.'

'But pray do not you think Sharply behaved extremely wrong?' 'Shamefully so, indeed,' said the gentleman. 'I never could have any opinion of a boy who could act so dishonourably,' said the lady, 'let his cleverness be what it would.' 'Pray, Frank, tell me some more,' said the little boy. 'More!' replied Frank, 'I could tell you a hundred such kind of things. One time, as Peter Light was walking up the yard, with some damsons in his hat, Sharply ran by, and as he passed, knocked his hat out of his hand, for the sake of scrambling for as many as he could get himself. And sometimes, when the pie-woman has been there, he gets such heaps of tarts you cannot think by his different tricks: perhaps he will buy a currant tart himself; then he would go about, calling out, "Who'll change a cheesecake for a currant

tart?" and now and then he will add, "and half a bun into the bargain!" Then two or three of the boys call out, "I will, I will!" and when they go to hold out their cheesecakes to him, he snatches them out of their hands before they are aware, and runs away in an instant; and whilst they stand for a moment in astonishment, he gets so much a-head of them, that he eats them up before they can again overtake him. At other times, when he sees a boy beginning to eat his cake, he will come and talk carelessly to him for a few moments, and then all of a sudden call out, "Look! look! look!—there!" pointing his finger as if to show him something wonderful; and when the other, without suspecting any mischief, turns his head to see what has so surprised him, away he snatches the cake, and runs off with it, cramming it into his mouth in a moment.

'And when he plays at Handy-dandy Jack-a-dandy, which will you have, upper hand or lower? if you happen to guess right, he slips whatever you are playing with into his other hand; and that, you know, is not playing fair, and so many of the boys tell him; but he does not mind any of us. And as he is clever at his learning, and always does his exercise quite right, Mr. Chiron (who indeed does not know of his tricks) is very fond of him, and is for ever saying what a clever fellow he is, and proposing him as an example to the rest of the boys; and I do believe many of them imitate his deceitful cheating tricks, only for the sake of being thought like him.'

'Ay! it is a sad thing,' interrupted the gentleman, 'that people who are blessed with sense and abilities to behave well, should so misuse them as to set a bad, instead of a good example to others, and by that means draw many into sin, who otherwise perhaps might never have acted wrong. Was this Sharply you have been speaking of a dunce and blockhead at his book, he would never gain the commendations that Mr. Chiron now bestows upon him; and consequently, no boy would wish to be thought like him; his bad example, therefore, would not be of half the importance it now is.'

'Only think, then, my dear children, how extremely wicked

it is for those who are blessed with understandings capable of acting as they should do, and making people admire them, at the same time to be guilty of such real and great sin. For however children at play may like to trick and deceive each other, and call it only play or fun, still let me tell you they are much mistaken if they flatter themselves there is no harm in it. It is a very wrong way of behaviour; it is mean, it is dishonourable, and it is wicked; and the boy or girl who would ever permit themselves to act in so unjustifiable a manner, however they may excel in their learning or exterior accomplishments, can never be deserving of esteem, confidence, or regard. What esteem or respect could I ever entertain of a person's sense or learning, who made no better use of it than to practise wickedness with more dexterity and grace than he otherwise would be enabled to do? Or, what confidence could I ever place in the person who I knew only wanted a convenient opportunity to defraud, trick, and deceive me? Or, what regard and love could I possibly entertain for such a one, who, unless I kept a constant watch over, as I must over a wild beast, would, like a wild beast, be sure to do me some injury? Would it be possible, I say, to love such a character, whatever shining abilities or depth of learning he might possess? Ask your own hearts, my dears, whether you think you could.'

To this they all answered at once, 'No, that I could not,' and 'I am sure I could not.' 'Well, then,' resumed the father, 'only think how odious that conduct must be which robs us of the esteem, confidence, and love of our fellow-creatures; and that, too, notwithstanding we may at the same time be very clever, and have a great deal of sense and learning. But, for my part, I confess I know not the least advantage of our understanding or our learning, unless we make a proper use of them. Knowing a great deal, and having read a great many books, will be of no service to us, unless we are careful to make a proper use of that knowledge, and to improve by what we read; otherwise the time we so bestow is but lost, and we might as well spend the whole of our lives in idleness.

'Always remember, therefore, my loves, that the whole

end of our taking the trouble to instruct you, or putting ourselves to the expense of sending you to school, or your attending to what is taught you is, that you may grow better men and women than you otherwise would be; and unless, therefore, you do improve, we might as well spare ourselves the pains and expense, and you need not take the trouble of learning; since, if you will act wickedly, all our labour is but thrown away to no manner of purpose.

‘Mr. and Mrs. Sharply, how I pity them! What sorrow must they endure to behold their son acting in the manner you have described; for nothing can give so much concern to a fond parent’s heart as to see their children, for whom they have taken so much pains, turn out naughty, and to deceive and cheat! What can be worse than that? I hope, my dear children, you will never, any of you, give us that dreadful misery. I hope, my dear Tom, I hope you will never learn any of those detestable ways your brother has been telling you of. And if it was not that you will often be obliged to see such things when you mix with other children, I should be sorry you should even hear of such bad actions, as I could wish you to pass through life without so much as knowing such wickedness ever existed; but that is impossible. There are so many naughty people in the world, that you will often be obliged to see and hear of crimes which I hope you will shudder to think of committing yourselves; and being warned of them beforehand, I hope it will put you more upon your guard not to be tempted, upon any consideration, to give the least encouragement to them, much less to practise them yourselves.

‘Perhaps, Tom, if your brother had not, by telling us of Sharply’s tricks, given me an opportunity of warning you how extremely wrong and wicked they are, you might, when you were at school, have thought them very clever, and marks of genius; and therefore, like others of the boys, have tried to imitate them, and by that means have become as wicked, mean, and dishonourable yourself. And only think how it would have grieved your mamma and me to find the next holidays our dear little Tom, instead of being that honest, open, generous-hearted boy he now is, changed into

a deceiver, a cheat, a liar, one whom we could place no trust or confidence in; for, depend upon it, the person who will, when at play, behave unfair, would not scruple to do so in every other action of his life. And the boy who will deceive for the sake of a marble, or the girl who would act ungenerously for the sake of a doll's cap or a pin, will, when grown up, be ready to cheat and overreach in their trades, or any affairs they may have to transact. And you may assure yourselves that numbers of people who are every year hanged began at first to be wicked by practising those little dishonourable mean actions, which so many children are too apt to do at play, without thinking of their evil consequences.

'I think, my dear,' said he, turning to his wife, 'I have heard you mention a person whom you were acquainted with when a girl, who at last was hanged for stealing, I think, was not she?' 'No,' replied the lady, 'she was not hanged, she was transported for one-and-twenty years.' 'Pray, madam, how transported? what is that?' inquired one of the children. 'People, my dear,' resumed the lady, 'are transported when they have committed crimes which, according to the laws of our land, are not thought quite wicked enough to be hanged for, but still too bad to suffer them to continue amongst other people. So, instead of hanging them, the judge orders that they shall be sent on board a ship, built on purpose to hold naughty people, and carried away from all their friends, a great many miles distant, commonly to New South Wales, where they remain some for seven years, some for fourteen or twenty-one years, and some for their whole lives; and where they are obliged to work hard to earn a livelihood. And the person your papa mentioned was transported for twenty-one years; but she died before that time was out, as many of them do; and they seldom have an opportunity of seeing their friends any more, after they are once sent away. How should any of you, my dears, like to be sent away from your papa and me, and your brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts, and all your friends, and never, never see us any more; and only keep company with naughty, cross, wicked people, and labour very hard, and suffer a great deal of sickness, and such a number of different hardships, you cannot

imagine? Only think how shocking it must be! How should you like it? 'Oh! not at all, not at all,' was echoed from every one in the room.

'But such,' rejoined their mother, 'is the punishment naughty people have; and such was the punishment the person your papa spoke of had; who, when she was young, no more expected to have come to such an end than any of you do. I was very well acquainted with her, and often used to play with her, and she (like the boy Frank has been talking of) used to think it a mark of cleverness to be able to deceive; and for the sake of winning the game she was engaged in, would not scruple committing any little unfair action which would give her the advantage.

'I remember one time, at such a trifling game as push-pin, she gave me a very bad opinion of her; for I observed, instead of pushing the pin as she ought to do, she would try to lift it up with her finger a little, to make it cross over the other.

'And when we were all at cards, she would peep to find out the pictured ones, that she might have them in her own hand.

'And when we played at any game which had forfeits, she would try, by different little artifices, to steal back her own before the time of crying them came; or, if she was the person who was to cry them, as you call it, she would endeavour to see whose came next, that she might order the penalty accordingly.

'Or if we were playing at hide and seek, she would put what we had to hide either in her own pocket, or throw it into the fire, so that it would be impossible to find it; and then, after making her companions hunt for it for an hour, till their patience was quite tired and they gave out, she would burst out in a loud laugh, and say she only did it for fun. But, for my part, I never could see any joke in such kind of things: the meanness, the baseness, the dishonour, which attended it, always, in my opinion, took off all degree of cleverness or pleasure from such actions.

'There was another of her sly tricks which I forgot to mention, and that was, if at tea, or any other time, she got

first to the plate of cake or bread, she would place the piece she liked best where she thought it would come to her turn to have it: or if at breakfast she saw her sisters' basin have the under crust in it, and they happened not to be by, or to see her, she would take it out and put her own, which she happened not to like so well, in the stead.'

'Only think, my dears, what frightful, sly, naughty tricks to be guilty of! And from practising these, which she said there was no harm in, and she only did them in play, and for a bit of fun, at last she came by degrees to be guilty of greater. She two or three different times, when she was not seen, stole things out of shops; and one day, when she was upon a visit, and thought she could do it cleverly without being discovered, put a couple of table-spoons into her pocket. The footman who was waiting happened to see her; but fearing to give offence, he took no notice of it till after she was gone home, when he told his master, who, justly provoked at being so ill-treated by a person to whom he had shown every civility, went after her, called in her own two maids and his footman as witnesses, and then insisted upon examining her pockets, where he indeed found his own two spoons. He then sent for proper officers to secure her, had her taken into custody, and for that offence it was that she was transported.

'Thus, my dear children, you see the shocking consequence of ever suffering such vile habits to grow upon us; and I hope the example of this unhappy woman (which I assure you is a true story) will be sufficient to warn you for ever, for a single time, being guilty of so detestable a crime, lest you should, like her, by degrees come to experience her fatal punishment.'

Just as the lady said these words a bell rang, and all getting up together, they went out of the room, the young one calling out, 'To dinner! to dinner! to dinner! here we all go to dinner!'

And I will seek for one too, said I to myself (creeping out as soon as I found that I was all alone), for I feel very faint and hungry. I looked and looked about a long while, for I could move but slowly, on account of the bruises I had

received in the shoe. At last, under the table round which the family had been sitting, I found a pincushion, which, being stuffed with bran, afforded me enough to satisfy my hunger, but was excessively dry and unsavoury; yet, bad as it was, I was obliged to be content at that time with it, and had nearly done eating when the door opened, and in ran two or three of the children. Frightened out of my senses almost, I had just time to escape down a little hole in the floor, made by one of the knots in the wood slipping out, and there I heard one of the girls exclaim—

‘O dear! who now has cut my pincushion? it was you did it, Tom.’ ‘No, indeed I did not,’ replied he. ‘Then it was you, Mary.’ ‘No, I know nothing of it,’ answered she. ‘Then it was you, Hetty.’ ‘That I am sure it was not,’ said she; ‘I am sure, I am certain it was not me; I am positive it was not.’ ‘Ah!’ replied the other, ‘I dare say it was.’ ‘Yes, I think it is most likely,’ said Mary. ‘And so do I too,’ said Tom. ‘And pray why do you all think so?’ inquired Hetty, in an angry tone. ‘Because,’ said the owner of the pincushion, ‘you are the only one who ever tells fibs; you told a story, you know, about the fruit; you told a story, too, about the currant jelly; and about putting your fingers in the butter at breakfast; and therefore there is a very great reason why we should suspect you more than anybody else.’ ‘But I am sure,’ said she, bursting into tears, ‘I am very sure I have not meddled with it.’ ‘I do not at all know that,’ replied the other, ‘and I do think it was you; for I am certain if anyone else had done it they would not deny it, and it could not come into this condition by itself; somebody must have done it, and I dare say it was you; so say no more about it.’

Here the dispute was interrupted by somebody calling them out of the room; and I could not help making some reflections on what had passed. How dreadful a crime, thought I, is lying and falsity; to what sad mortifications does it subject the person who is ever wicked enough to commit it; and how does it expose them to the contempt of everyone, and make them to be suspected of faults they are even perfectly free from! Little Hetty, now, is innocent with respect to the pincushion with which her sister charges

her, as any of the others; yet, because she has before forfeited her honour, she can gain no credit: no one believes what she says; she is thought to be guilty of the double fault of spoiling the pincushion, and, what is still worse, of lying to conceal it; whilst the other children are at once believed, and their words depended upon.

Surely, surely, thought I, if people would but reflect upon the contempt, the shame, and the difficulties which lies expose them to, they would never be guilty of so terrible a vice, which subjects them to the scorn of all they converse with, and renders them at all times suspected, even though they should, as in the case of Hetty, really speak the truth. Such were my reflections upon falsehood; nor could I help altogether blaming the owner of the pincushion for her hasty judgment relating to it. Somebody, she was certain, must have done it; it was impossible it could come so by itself. That, to be sure, was very true; but then she never recollected that it was possible a little mouse might put it in that condition. Ah! thought I to myself, what pity is it that human creatures, who are blest with understanding and faculties so superior to any species, should not make better use of them, and learn, from daily experience, to grow wiser and better for the future. This one instance of the pincushion may teach (and surely people engaged in life must hourly find more) how dangerous it is to draw hasty conclusions, and to condemn people upon suspicion, as also the many great and bad consequences of lying.

Scarcely had I finished these soliloquies, when a great knock at the house-door made me give such a start that I fell off the joist on which I was standing, and then ran straight forwards till I came out at a little hole I found in the bricks above the parlour window: from that I descended into the road, and went on unmolested till I reached a malt-house, about whose various apartments, never staying long in the same, I continued to live; till one night, all on a sudden, I was alarmed by fire, which obliged me to retreat with the greatest expedition.

I passed numberless rats and mice in my way, who, like myself, were driven forth by the flames; but, alas! among

them I found not my brother. Despairing, therefore, of ever seeing him again, I determined, if possible, to find my way back to you, who before had shown me such kindness. Numberless were the fatigues and difficulties I had to encounter in my journey here; one while in danger from hungry cats, at another almost perished with cold and want of food.

But it is needless to enumerate every particular; I should but tire your patience were I to attempt it; so I will hasten to a conclusion of my history, only telling you how you came to find me in that melancholy condition from which your mercy has now raised me.

I came into your house one evening concealed in the middle of a floor-cloth which the maid had rolled up and set at the outside of the back door, whilst she swept the passage, and neglected to take it in again till the evening. In that I hid myself, and upon her laying it down, ran with all speed down the cellar stairs, where I continued till the family were all gone to bed. Then I returned back, and came into your closet, where the scent of some figs tempted me to get into the jar in which you found me. I concealed myself among them, and after feasting most deliciously, fell asleep, from which I was awakened by hearing a voice say, 'Who has left the cover off the fig-jar?' and at the same time I was involved in darkness by having it put on. In vain I endeavoured to remove it; the figs were so low, that when I stood on them I could but just touch it with my lips, and the jar being stone, I could not possibly fasten my nails to hang by the side.

In this dismal situation, therefore, I was constrained to stay; my apprehensions each day increasing as my food diminished, till at last, after feeding very sparingly for some days, it was quite exhausted; and I had endured the inexpressible tortures of hunger for three days and three nights, when you happily released me, and by your compassion restored me once more to life and liberty. Condescend, therefore, to preserve that life you have so lengthened, and take me under your protection.

'That most gladly,' interrupted I, 'I will do: you will live in this large green-flowered tin canister, and run in and out

when you please, and I will keep you constantly supplied with food. But I must now shut you in, for the cat has this moment entered the room.'

And now I cannot take leave of all my little readers without once more begging them, for their own sakes, to endeavour to follow all the good advice the mouse has been giving them; and likewise warning them to shun all those vices and follies, the practice of which renders children so contemptible and wicked.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

AT a clean pleasant village, about forty miles from London, there once lived a Mrs. Bell, a very good woman, who was so kind as to keep a school to teach little boys and girls to read. She likewise taught the girls to spin, knit stockings, and to hem, sew, fell, stitch, and mark.

There was not a great number of houses at Rose Green, which was the name of the village, therefore she could not have many scholars, though, if I remember right, she had above twenty, for everybody who had children sent them to school to her, because she was so good a mistress; and if any of her poor neighbours could not afford to let their children go, Mr. Right, the clergyman of the parish, was so kind as to pay for them. He used to say, 'It is a sad thing for children not to learn to read and work; they will never know how to employ themselves when they are men and women, and I am sure such ignorance must cause them great distress; I will therefore pay the schooling of all those children whose parents are honest, industrious people, but cannot afford to pay for themselves.'

Mr. and Mrs. Right liked Mrs. Bell so well, that they sent three little children of their own to her: Miss Hannah, Miss Polly, and Master John, a little boy of three years old. Miss Polly was not a bad tempered child, but she used often to get into disgrace, because she was so fond of play and talking, that she could neither mind her book or work herself, or let any of the other children who sat by her. She would often take playthings or fruit to school to divert herself with, which was very silly, as she could not possibly mind her business whilst she was at play.

Mrs. Bell had often chid her for doing so, and indeed had taken several of her toys from her, and told her that all playthings which were brought to school she should always take away; and if they did not choose to part from them, children should not bring them to school.

Miss Polly, however, for all she had forfeited a great many very pretty things, often would take them with her, and one day she carried a nice new doll which her grandmamma had given her. It was too big to put in her pocket, so she tied a bit of ribbon round its neck, and hung it under her frock to her side, like a watch. When she and her brother and sister came in, Mrs. Bell said, 'Good morning to you, my dears, you all look like very good children; I hope you intend to read and work very well; and you, Miss Polly, I hope, will be quite good, and not play and talk as you sometimes do.' She then gave them their works, and Master John his book, to learn to spell, for he was too young to read. Mrs. Bell always began school at nine o'clock, and if any of her scholars came later, she set them on a little stool by themselves; for she said she did not like lazy children, and all who came to her school should come early, or else be punished.

After Miss Polly Right had been very quietly at work for about an hour, she grew quite tired, and began to talk and play with Betsy Giddy, a little girl about six years old, who had agreed the day before with Miss Polly to bring a little tea-chest to school to show her.

Mrs. Bell spoke to them several times to hold their tongues and mind their business, otherwise, she said, they would not only make her angry, but would be obliged to sit still much longer than would be necessary to finish their tasks, if they did not play and hinder themselves. But instead of minding what she said to them, they soon took out the doll and tea-chest, and began to play. Mrs. Bell saw them, and calling them to her, she said, 'What naughty children you are! I have a great mind to beat you both for doing what I have so often told you not to do; but if you are so fond of your playthings that you cannot be contented without them whilst you are at school, I will take care they shall be close enough to you;' and taking a bit of string, she tied the doll round

Miss Polly's neck, and the tea-chest round Betsy's, and then placed them in two corners of the room. Only think what a foolish appearance they must make with such things tied to their necks! But in that manner she made them stand till twelve o'clock, when, upon their promising to behave better in the afternoon, she let them go home, though she did not let them have their playthings again, but kept them, as she always did those which were brought to school, and gave them when they broke up to those children who had behaved best.

CHAPTER II.

MISS POLLY and Betsy were very sorry to part from their doll and tea-chest, but were so much ashamed of the manner they had lost them, and indeed knew they deserved to have them taken away, that they made no complaints, though when they were asked at home what they had been crying for, were too good to think of denying it, but confessed the whole truth.

Their parents then told them they were sorry they had been such silly children, and thought they deserved to lose their playthings, if they would play with them, after they had been told so often to leave them all at home, and mind their books and their work while they were at school. When they returned home from school in the afternoon, they behaved very well, and could not help thinking how silly they had been to do otherwise in the morning.

Among the children who went to Mrs. Bell's school was one Frank West: his father was a shoemaker, and his mother used to take in plain work: they were very good people, and lived very happy: they had only three children, Frank, who was about seven years old; Sally, a girl of fourteen; and a little boy whose name was Joe, but who was too young to go to school, as he was not quite two years old; but he was so good and quiet a child, that Mrs. Bell used often to let him stay all the time with his brother, as they were very fond of each other.

One afternoon, when Frank had taken Joe to stay with him at school, he was playing about the room, and all at once screamed out that somebody had pulled his hair. Mrs. Bell looked up, but could not see that anybody touched him; she therefore told him not to cry, and said she believed he fancied he was hurt. Presently after he said a pin scratched his back. Mrs. Bell saw the mark of the pin, but still could not find out who had done it, as all the children seemed to be very quietly minding their works or books. 'I hope,' said she, 'there is not anybody so wicked as to hurt this poor little boy for the purpose; if I find there is, I shall be very angry, and punish them exceedingly.'

They all said they had not touched him; and Master Bill Crafty said it would be a shame to hurt such a good child. 'Come here, little Joe,' said he, 'I will show you a picture in my book;' then letting his book fall, he told Joe to pick it up, and whilst he was stooping to get it, gave him a kick in the face and made his nose bleed sadly.

Mrs. Bell, who happened to see him, was, you may be sure, extremely angry, and calling him to her, she took off his coat and beat him very much with a cane she kept on purpose to beat naughty children. She then tied his hands behind him, and his legs together, and assured him he should not go home that night, but that when school was over she would shut him up in some closet, where he might be safe, and not do any more mischief. When she asked him what was the reason he behaved so wickedly, he said he did it to tease Frank West, who he knew could not bear to see his brother Joe hurt. And why did you wish to tease Frank West? said Mrs. Bell. 'Because,' replied Master Crafty, 'you always say he reads better than I do, and call him a good boy oftener than you do me, and you gave him a new book last Monday, and did not give me one; and when I asked him to give me his, he would not, so I thought he should not get off without suffering for it, and that is the reason I hurt Joe, to tease Frank.'

'You are a sad naughty boy indeed,' said Mrs. Bell, 'and I don't think I shall ever be able to call you good again. If you wish to be called so, why are you not good? and be-

have as well as Frank does, and learn to read as well? For he is a much better boy than you are.' 'I don't like he should be called so,' said Master Crafty, 'for he is only a shoemaker's son, only a poor boy, and I am a young gentleman.' 'Dont tell me of his being only a poor boy,' said Mrs. Bell; 'I think poor boys are just as good as young gentlemen, and better too when they behave better. Though one child's father happens to be richer than another's, that makes no difference at all in the children; and, I can assure you, it is for being good, and not for having more money, that some children are loved better than others. Frank West is a very good boy, and takes a great deal of pains to read well, and that is the reason I gave him a book. If I had given you one, you would not have known what use to have made of it, for you are such a dunce you hardly know what R O D spells, and I dont think that is much like a young gentleman not to be able to spell: but worse than that, you are a sad wicked child, and if you do not grow better you shall not come to my school, for I will not have such a bad boy among my scholars.'

Poor little Joe cried for some time, for he was sadly hurt. At last he sat down on a stool by Mrs. Bell, and laying his head upon her knee, listened very attentively to his brother Frank, who read the following story out of his new book, which had been given him for being good:

A HISTORY OUT OF FRANK WEST'S NEW BOOK.

Once there was a little boy who took great pleasure in playing with a cat. He had a sister who was very fond of a bird, which she would often take out of the cage; and as it was very tame she put it upon the ground, and let it hop about the room. The cat had been so long used to the bird that it never offered to hurt it, even when it pecked up the bits of meat the cat was eating, as it sometimes would do. The bird had lived so long in the cage that it knew its way into it, and after it had hopped about as long as it pleased, would fly up to its cage again. Yet, though it was very tame, Kitty (which was the girl's name) never chose to leave the

door of the cage open when the windows were not shut, for fear it should fly away and not come back again; but one day, after the bird had been flying and hopping about the room, and was returned to its own house, Kitty saw one of her school-fellows, Betsy Trip, going by, and opened the window to speak to her. Betsy Trip said, 'Pray, Kitty, come downstairs to me, for the sun almost puts my eyes out to look up to you there.'

Kitty, without thinking of her bird's cage door being open, left the sash up, and ran down to her playfellow, and asked her to walk in. Betsy did not refuse her, and to play they went for an hour or two in the garden.

While they were there the bird again came out of its cage, and after hopping from one chair to another, at last flew to the window, and from the window to a tree, and then to another tree, till at last it flew to that part of the garden where the little girls were at play, and where the cat sat watching for something to eat; for his master, who always fed it, had been out all day, and went away in such a hurry in the morning that he forgot either to feed it himself, or to desire anybody else to give it some meat, or some milk.

The bird, when it saw its old friend the cat, flew upon the ground, and was hopping towards it, when the cat, who did not expect to see Kitty's bird out of doors, and could not possibly know one sparrow from another (because sparrows are so much alike), jumped upon it, and eat it up in a moment.

Just as puss had finished eating it, and was licking her lips, some of the feathers laying by her, Kitty came to the place. 'So, Mrs. Puss,' said she, 'you have been eating a bird, have you? and its feathers are the same colour as my bird's; but I hope it was not that!'

She then ran in doors, and finding the empty cage, and remembering she had left the window open, did not doubt but that it was her dear bird which the cat had been eating. She burst out a-crying, and went to tell her mother of her great loss. 'I am very sorry,' said her mother; 'but you see, my dear, it was your own fault, for had you shut the window the bird could not have flown away: I hope it will make you

take more care another time. and teach you to think of what you are doing.'

When Kitty's brother came home, she ran to tell him of the death of her bird; but before she could speak he called out, 'Pray, Kitty, have you fed my cat? for I forgot to give her her breakfast, and I am afraid she is almost starved.' 'I wish she had been quite starved,' replied Kitty, rather than she should have done the naughty trick she has, for she has eaten up my bird.' 'Eaten up your bird!' said Tom (for that was his name), 'she shall suffer for that, I promise her.'

He then threw a stone he had in his hand at her, which happened just to hit her on the head, and killed her. Tom, when he saw she was dead, was not less sorry for her than his sister had been for the bird, and began to cry very heartily.

When his mother heard the cause of his tears she said, 'Are not you very silly children, not to take more care of your poor live creatures than to run to your plays in such a hurry as to forget them, and afterwards to punish the cat for your own faults? Had you, Tom, fed her, she would not have been so hungry as to have flown at the bird in such a hurry, before your sister got to her; and had Kitty been more careful, and shut the cage door or window before she went downstairs, her bird would not have flown away; it is entirely your own faults, and if anybody should be punished, it is yourselves, and not the poor cat; but I hope the death of your favourites will teach you, Tom, not to throw stones at anything again.' So ended the lives of the prettiest cat and tamest bird that ever were seen.

When Frank had finished reading his pretty history, it was time for the children to go from school, who had all behaved very well, excepting Master Crafty. When, therefore, his maid came to fetch him home, Mrs. Bell told her how very naughty he had been, and hurt a poor little good boy, only because his brother was better than himself. 'I shall therefore keep him all night, if his papa and mamma please to let him stay.' 'Very well, ma'am,' replied the maid, 'I dare say he may stay, for I am sure his papa and mamma dont like naughty boys.' So she left him; and Mrs. Bell put him to bed at five

o'clock, without letting him have a mouthful of bread for his supper, and I am sure he did not deserve any.

CHAPTER III.

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. West saw their little Joe's nose, they enquired of Frank what was the matter with him. 'What have you been doing to him?' said his father. 'I have not done anything,' replied Frank, 'but Master Crafty has kicked him, and pulled his hair, and used him sadly, only to tease me, because I am a better boy than he is, and read better; but if poor Joe is to suffer for it, I wish I did not read so well.'

'Dont say so, my boy,' said his father; 'never wish you was not so good: you may be sure it is always best to be good; for though Master Crafty, and such foolish children as he is, may dislike you for not being as naughty as himself, yet all good people, and those who have sense, will always love a good child, and the better you are, will like you the more, and though you are but a poor boy, will love you dearly; but Master Crafty, for all he is a gentleman's son, will be despised and disliked by every one who knows him. People may like his money, but they will never like him; nor will he find himself comfortable, as he must often be whipt and punished while he is a boy, and when he is a man he will be very unhappy. Do not, therefore, my dear Frank, wish to be a naughty boy, or a dunce, for the sake of pleasing Master Crafty; but be good, and mind your book, and you will be a better and more useful man than ever he will, for all he is the richest: an honest man, my boy, though never so poor, is worth twenty fine gentlemen if they are not good.'

When his father had done speaking, Frank told him he would still try to be good and mind his book, let Master Crafty behave as he would; for I think as you do, father,' added he, 'that I had better be poor and good, than rich and naughty.'

Mr. West then gave him a nice slice of cold plum-pudding

he had saved on purpose for him, which, after having eat, he took his bat and ball, and went to play at cricket in a field of Mr. Right's, in which he was so kind as to let the good children of the village come and play after school-time.

Mr. Right used often to walk among them, and was so kind and good-natured, that he would sometimes play with them at cricket, or assist those who did not know how to play without being taught; or he would help them to fly their kites, or give them a piece of string for their peg-tops. He was so good a man himself, that he wished to make everybody happy; but as he knew none could be so who were not good, he took great pains to teach them to be good; and if ever he saw any of the children behave wrong, or quarrel, or use ugly words, he always made them leave off play, and took them into his house, and talked a great deal to them of their fault, and tried to convince them how silly it was to behave in such a manner; and if they would not mind him, and promise to be good, he sent them home, and would not let them play in his field; and if they dared to play there again before they had asked his leave, he sent his man to drive them out with a horsewhip.

One day, when all the children were as usual gone to play in the field, Mr. Right heard a great screaming, and going to enquire what was the reason of such a noise, he found Ben Heady and Jack Sneak fighting like two dogs; while Kitty Spruce, Sally Neatwood, Polly Nimble, and many more little girls were most of them crying and gathering up bunches of flowers which lay scattered about on the grass: the rest of the boys were either looking at them, or else playing together at the other end of the field. 'What is the matter here?' said Mr. Right. 'What is the meaning of all this confusion? Ben Heady and Jack Sneak! leave off fighting this moment, and let me know what is the matter.'

Ben and Jack were so much engaged that they did not mind what was said to them, but continued knocking each other about till Mr. Right took hold of each of them, and insisted upon being told what they were fighting for. Ben said he fought because Jack was a cheat; and Jack said he fought because Ben struck him first; but they were both in

such passions, that Mr. Right could not find out what they were quarrelling for, or understand what they said; for when people put themselves in such hurries, there is no knowing what they mean or wish to say. No children who are good will ever put themselves into passions or pets, because everything is not just as they wish.

At last, after Mr. Right had waited for some time, and could not get any account of the affray, he said, 'I find both these children are too naughty to talk reason, or tell me what is the matter; I desire, therefore, that somebody else who saw what was the cause of their quarrel and of the little girls crying, will tell me the whole truth.'

Kitty Spruce, who was about eleven years old, then came to him, and said, 'I will tell you, sir, all about it. When I went to-day to carry some eggs to Mrs. Meagrim, she gave me a large nosegay of flowers for my mother; but when I took them home, my mother said they smelt so very sweet they made her head ache, and if I liked them, I might have them to play with. So when I came into the field, I brought them with me; and Sally Neatwood, Polly Nimble, Jenny Liptrap, and some more little girls, and myself, picked some more out of the hedges, and some daisies and butter-flowers off of the grass, and were making some garlands round our hats, when Ben Heady came to us, and kicked them all about, to make the girls pipe, he said. Afterwards he took a stick, and, with Roger Riot, drove us all before them. Whilst we were running away, Jack Sneak picked up some of the nosegays we had tied up, and put them into his pockets, which when Ben saw, he left off driving us, ran to him, and gave him a blow in the face, so then they both stript and went to fighting, and that, sir, is the whole of the affair.'

'And a sad affair I think it is,' said Mr. Right. 'Is it not a shocking thing, that a parcel of little boys and girls cannot play together without fighting and quarrelling? Is it not strange, that in this nice large field which I make no use of for the sake of letting you all have a clean, safe, pleasant place to play in, you cannot find room enough to follow your own amusements without disturbing each other? But

those who cannot be contented and good-humoured, shall not come into it at all, for I will not allow of any quarrels here; and unless you, Ben Heady, and you, Jack Sneak, will shake hands together, and ask all the girls' pardon, as likewise shall Roger Riot, I will send all three of you home to your parents, and desire them to punish you as you deserve; nor shall either of you play again in my field till you have acknowledged your faults, and ask pardon for what you have done.'

Roger said he was very sorry for having behaved wrong; that he did not think about its being ill-natured, and only made the girls run for fun; and that he was very willing not only to beg their pardons, but would also help them to gather some more flowers.

Mr. Right said he was glad to find him so ready to own his fault, as it was the best thing people could do after they had been in the wrong; but he hoped for the future, he would take more care how he behaved, and not do ill-natured actions because he did not think about it; for he should always think what was right or wrong before he did anything.

Then, turning to Ben Heady, enquired whether he would ask pardon, and confess his fault, as Roger had done. But Ben said, 'No! I will never ask the girls' pardon.' 'No more will I,' said Jack Sneak. 'Then you shall neither of you stay here, said Mr. Right, and unless you change your minds, and behave better, I will not give either of you a Christmas-box;' (for Mr. Right used to give all the good children in his parish either a new book, or a new hat, or something useful, at Christmas). He then called his servant, and sent them home to their parents with an account how they had behaved.

Ben Heady's father, as soon as ever he heard it, took up a great horsewhip which lay upon the table, and thrashed him very much indeed. 'I will teach you not to be so spiteful again,' said he, 'What harm had the girls done you? and how dare you not mind what Mr. Right says to you? I will make you remember being such a naughty boy.'

Jack Sneak did not escape much better; for his father

gave him a box on the ear, and then pushed him into a little closet, where he had no room to stir or move, saying, 'If you dont behave well enough to play in Mr. Right's field, you shall not come and be troublesome here; so that shall be your playing-place, till you learn to be good, and not quarrel and fight.'

After Mr. Right had sent Ben and Jack home, he returned into his house, and all the rest of the children continued to play very happily till it grew dark, and was time for them to go home to bed. As they went by Mr. Right's parlour window, they all made bows or curtsies, and then he came out, and to every one he gave a nice round cake, telling them he liked to please good children, and if Ben and Jack had behaved well, they should each have had one too; 'but I never will give anything to naughty children, or let them play in my field;' then wishing them a good night, and charging them to be good the next day at school, he returned into the house, and they went away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning by nine o'clock Mrs. Bell's scholars were once again met together, and Master Crafty, to whom she had given a little bit of bread and a cup of water for his breakfast, sat upon a stool in the corner of the room. When she heard of Ben Heady and Jack Sneak's behaviour, she placed them upon two more stools in the other corners of the room; for she said naughty children ought not to be near the good ones.

Roger Riot, who was generally a very good-tempered boy, though he sometimes was a little forgetful, brought a great nosegay of flowers, as big as he could carry in both his hands, to give to the girls, whose garland he had spoiled the night before, and begged Mrs. Bell to take care of them till they went home; so she kindly put them in water, and set them in the yard, to keep them fresh till twelve o'clock; for she always tried to please her scholars when they were good.

She then gave them all their books and works; and

whilst she was busy hearing one of the children read, Jack Sneak crept softly out of the room, and went into the yard, where he found the nosegay, and pulled it all to pieces, and picked off every flower from the stalks, and hid the bits under a washing tub, upon which the nosegay had been placed. He then returned into school, and took up his book as if he had not been out.

Nothing particular happened the rest of the morning : all the other children behaved as they should do, and Miss Hannah Right read so well, that Mrs. Bell gave her a new book when she had done, and told her she might read in it in the afternoon.

When the clock struck twelve, and they were going home, the little girls asked for the nosegay which Roger Riot had been so kind as to bring them ; and Mrs. Bell stepped out to fetch it, but not finding it, she returned, and enquired who had taken it. They every one denied having taken or touched it. She replied, 'Somebody must have meddled with it, for as it is not alive, it could not walk ; therefore some of you must have touched it. As for you, Master Crafty, you told a lie yesterday, and said you had not hurt Joe West ; so I shall not believe what you say. And as neither Ben Heady or Jack Sneak will confess their fault, or are sorry for what they did last night, I suppose they would do the same again ; therefore ; as you all three are naughty boys, and deserve punishment, you shall none of you go home till I find out who has taken the nosegay.'

All the rest of the children made their bows and curtsies, and left the three naughty boys behind them, whom Mrs. Bell then tied to their stools ; for she said, as she could not tell who it was that had taken the nosegay, and as they were all so naughty, she should keep them safe, that they might not do any more mischief.

Perhaps some of the little folks who read this book, may be apt to think Mrs. Bell did not act justly and right to keep and punish three children for the fault one only had committed ; but they should remember, that this will always be the case, and that those who are known to be guilty sometimes of telling lies and being obstinate, will always

be suspected of doing the same again. Had Master Crafty and Ben Heady been as good as the rest of the children. Mrs. Bell would no more have thought of keeping them than she did Frank West, or any of the others ; but knowing they did not always speak the truth, and were cross, ill-natured boys, as well as Jack Sneak, she was sure it must be one of them, as no other child in the school would have told a lie, or been so naughty upon any account. They therefore all three very justly deserved to be punished for their bad behaviour, though about the nosegay only one happened to be guilty ; and so bad children will often suffer when they may not deserve it, if by telling lies sometimes they make people not know when to believe them.

CHAPTER V.

AT two o'clock in the afternoon, all the children who had been home to dinner returned to school ; and Fanny Meek, who had been confined above a month with a bad fever, came again that afternoon.

You would have been surprised to have heard the joy all her school-fellows expressed, as soon as she entered the room ; and Mrs. Bell herself was as glad to see her, for she was so good a girl that everybody loved her. 'O ! here is Miss Jenny Meek !' said one. 'I am glad she is come again !' said another. 'I hope you are quite well !' said a third. 'Now I shall be quite happy,' said a fourth. In short, all the scholars rose up together, and tried who should show most joy upon seeing her.

Mrs. Bell called her, and kissing her, said, 'I am glad indeed, my dear, to see you once more amongst us, and hope you will have no more return of your illness : you cannot think how **sorry** I have been to hear you was so very bad ; but you look purely again.' 'I am,' said Jenny, 'quite well. thank you, ma'am, and am sorry you have been uneasy upon my account.'

She then enquired after the health of all her school-fellows : and after kissing Miss Hannah Right and Sally Neatwood,

both of whom she was particularly fond, she took out her work, which was a shirt for her father, and sat down between them.

Mrs. Bell then spoke to her little scholars in the following manner:—‘You see, my dears, how much goodness is beloved; the moment Jenny came into the room you all rejoiced to see her, and ran to welcome her return. I too, I assure you, feel not less glad than yourselves, for she is so good a child, and minds so much what is said to her, that I love her as dearly as if she was my own daughter, and so must everybody who knows her. To her father and mother her good behaviour gives the greatest satisfaction and comfort, and I dare say, when she grows to be a woman, she will be a good, and therefore a happy woman; and though, perhaps, she may not be rich (for it is nonsense to suppose that everybody who is good must be rich), still she will be a good wife and a good mother; which those who are naughty children never will be, whether they are rich or poor. Poor people, if they are good, are as useful in the world as the rich, and those who behave as they ought to do, though they are ever so poor, will be much more comfortable and happy than naughty people, though they may have as many guineas as they are able to count. Master Crafty, therefore, need not be so proud of being a young gentleman, for a naughty young gentleman tied to a stool looks just as foolish, I think, as a poor boy would do in the same situation; and little honest Frank West, Philip Trusty, Jenny Meek, and all my good scholars, are worth fifty such gentlemen, in my opinion.’

She then asked the children which they had rather be—poor and good, but obliged to work hard for their living, or gentlemen and ladies, if they were to be naughty, spiteful, and tell lies, like Master Crafty.

They all said they had rather be poor and good, than rich and naughty. Miss Hannah Right likewise said, if she thought she should be naughty, because she was a miss, she would desire her papa and mamma to let her be brought up the same as if she was a poor child.

‘You are very much in the right,’ said Mrs. Bell, ‘if you must be naughty for that reason—but that is not necessary; many ladies and gentlemen are very good, and then their

riches are of great use, not only to themselves, but to other people. Only think how much good your papa and mamma do with their money; what numbers of poor families they assist with victuals, drink, clothes, and books; and how many of their children they put to school, who could not otherwise afford to learn to read and work. When people behave like them, and make such use of their money, they then are good indeed, and gain the love of everybody: so I hope you all understand it is not the being either rich or poor which makes people good or bad, for everybody may be good who will endeavour to be so; and I hope, Miss Hannah, some time or other, to see yourself, Miss Polly, and Master John, follow the example of your good parents, and behave like them.'

When Mrs. Bell had finished this discourse, she heard the children read, then calling Hannah Right she bid her read a lesson out of the book she gave her in the morning, and she began as follows :

A LESSON OUT OF MISS HANNAH'S BOOK.

Once there was a lady who had two children: they were both girls: the eldest's name was Polly, and the youngest Betsy. Their papa and mamma and all their friends took great pains to teach them to be good, and make them happy: they always gave them everything that was proper, and indulged them to the utmost of their power; that is, I mean, indulged them in everything that was not wrong; for if they had gone beyond that rule they would have been more likely to have made them unhappy than happy.

These little girls said they were very fond of their parents, and loved them dearly, and yet for all they said so, and knew them to be so extremely kind to them, and take so much pains with them, they did not try to make them happy; for the only way children can help to make their friends happy is to be good, and mind the advice that is given them; but Polly and Betsy took no pains to be so, and if any of their friends told them to do anything they did not happen to like, they would cry directly, and stand and argue for a great while

together. If they were told to go upstairs, when they wished to stay below, they would cry ; or should they be told to stay below they would cry to go up. If they wanted to take a walk, and it did not suit to let them go, they would burst out crying ; or if they were asked to walk when they happened to wish to stay at home, they would cry again like babies ; and what was very strange, Miss Polly, the eldest, was worse than her sister, and would often stand and roar, and argue with her mamma, though she ought to have set a better example to her younger sister.

Another fault these children had was that of being very greedy ; and though they had always as much victuals and drink as was proper for them, they always wanted to have exactly alike, and if either of them thought her sister had the biggest apple or cake, or even the larger bit of bread, they would often cry about it ; in short, though in some respects they were pretty good, for they did not fight, or quarrel, tell fibs, or try to deceive, still, by their continual crying, and not minding when they were spoken to, but arguing to have their own way, they were so disagreeable that their parents and friends grew tired of telling them of their faults, or trying to make them good, as they found they did not endeavour to improve by all the pains that were taken with them ; so they let them follow their own silly fancies, stoop their heads, and do what ugly tricks they pleased ; and when they grew up they were two as awkward, disagreeable women as ever were seen, and very unhappy ; for though they grew ashamed to cry for trifles, as they did when children, yet they fretted and found fault with everything that was not exactly as they could have wished.

I hope these two ladies will be a warning to all children who read this history, to be very careful not to be guilty of the same faults, as such behaviour will certainly make them as much disliked when grown up, whether they are girls or boys : and let all children likewise remember that there is no use in saying they love their friends, and sitting on their laps and kissing them, unless they are mindful of what is said to them ; for the only way to prove their love is to be good.

When Miss Hannah had finished reading, Mrs. Bell said

she thought it was a very clever history, and she hoped all her little scholars would try to remember and mind it. The clock soon after struck five, and to all her good children she gave (as she frequently did) a nice rosy-cheeked apple, and sent them home : but Master Crafty, Ben Heady, and Jack Sneak, she declared should not go till she found who had taken the nose-gay.

Master Crafty then said he was very ill, in hopes of making her let him go home, and desired to be untied, as he was sure he should be sick about the room if he did not go into the air. Though she knew he was a naughty boy, she could not suppose he would be so very wicked as to say he was ill if he was not; she therefore took him into the yard, and sent word to his parents that they might fetch him if they pleased, for she did not wish for the trouble of nursing him.

Master Bill did not know that she had sent home, or he certainly would have grown well; but he pretended he was very sick till his papa came, who, the moment he saw his son, took hold of him and shook him heartily. 'Bill,' said he, 'don't think you shall get anything by saying you are sick, except a very severe whipping, and that you shall have, I assure you, and I don't doubt but it will cure your sickness. One morning last week you told me you was ill, because you wanted not to come to school; but you must not think I shall suffer you to have such illnesses—whipping is the best cure in the world for them, and I will try its efficacy upon you.'

He then made a rod out of a new broom of Mrs. Bell's, which happened to stand by, and whipped him severely indeed. 'Now,' says he, 'if you please, you may walk home, and if you should have any more returns of your disorder, you shall be physicked with the same medicine.'

Mr. Crafty then wished Mrs. Bell a good night, and said he was sorry she should have had so much trouble with his son.

Mrs. Bell desired Master Crafty might not come to her school any more, unless he grew good, as she should not choose he should keep company with her good scholars. She likewise begged the favour of Mr. Crafty to call upon

Mr. Heady and Mr. Sneak, to desire them to come and speak to her.

Ben's father came with Jack's very soon: the latter (Mr. Sneak) who was just returned from riding, had a horsewhip in his hand, which he said should be laid across Jack's back if he had done anything wrong. 'Why,' said Mrs. Bell, 'I hope he has not; but a nosegay which Roger Riot brought to-day for the little girls has been taken away, and though both Ben and he deny having taken them, I cannot help fearing (as they will not own they were sorry for what they did last night) that one of them has done it; and I sent for you to talk to them, and make them confess the truth, if you can.'

Mr. Heady and Mr. Sneak then endeavoured to convince their sons what a shocking thing it was to tell lies, and that it must quite ruin their characters, and make them be scorned and despised by everybody. Ben still persisted that he had not touched it, and Jack as positively declared he had not taken it. 'Well then,' said Mrs. Bell, 'it must be that naughty boy Master Crafty.'

Just as she said so, Jack took out of his pocket his handkerchief to wipe his eyes, and flung out some of the leaves which had happened to fall upon the handkerchief he had in his hand whilst he was hiding the flowers under the washing-tub.

'Now,' said Mrs. Bell, 'I am sure it is you who have taken them, for these are some of the leaves of the flowers. 'If so,' said his father, 'I'll make him pay for his crime; I'll soon give him what he deserves, and take the skin off his back for telling such a lie.'

Jack said he had not taken it, he had only hid the nosegay. 'And dont you call that a lie?' said Mrs. Bell; 'you knew what I meant, and you tried to deceive me.' 'Your fault is the same as a lie, and it shall be punished the same,' replied his father. Then taking off his coat and waistcoat, he horsewhipt him all the way through the village home, whilst everybody who saw him agreed it was the right way to serve such naughty children, who tried to deceive as he did, by saying he had not taken the nosegay, when he knew

that he had hid it. When he got home, his father put him into the same dark closet as he had the evening before, and there kept him all night, for such a naughty child did not deserve to go to bed.

Mrs. Bell told Ben Heady she was sorry she had suspected him, and kept him all day without his dinner, as he happened not to be guilty, but he must look upon it as the consequence of his bad behaviour at Mr. Right's, and his obstinate refusing to acknowledge his fault, which led her to imagine he might be as bad that day as he had been the night before. She then wished him good night, and advised him to be a better boy, and let him go home with his father.

CHAPTER VI.

ALL the rest of Mrs. Bell's scholars, as usual, assembled in Mr. Right's field, and very happily spent the evening in play, whilst Ben Heady was obliged to stay on the other side and only peep through the hedge.

He much wished to be with them, yet he was so silly that he would not ask pardon, though he knew he had been in the wrong; and this is the case with many other foolish children, who first commit a fault, and then are ashamed of owning it and asking forgiveness. But how simple is such behaviour! The part they should be ashamed of is the crime, not the confessing it, and asking pardon: people should never be ashamed of doing or saying what is right; and it certainly is always right to beg forgiveness of those we have either hurt or offended.

The next morning all the good little children rose early and eat their breakfasts, that they might be ready to go to school. Each one wished to be the first, for Mrs. Bell always gave to the one who was first three plums and a little biscuit, by which she encouraged them to come early, and by that means they had much more time for their learning than they would have had if they had dawdled and played till ten or eleven o'clock, as some idle children like to do before they begin their business.

Frank West and Jenny Meek happened to live next door to each other; and as they were both good children, they used to like to walk to school together.

As they were going along they saw a little chimney-sweeper who was sitting upon the ground, holding his hand to his head, and crying sadly: they were both grieved to see him look in such distress, and Frank asked him what was the matter? 'Oh!' said he, 'my head is so bad I don't know how to bear it.' 'Pray what is the matter?' said Jenny. 'My master,' replied the boy, 'sent me two or three miles off this morning before breakfast, and when I came back I asked for some victuals, but he told me breakfast was over, and I must go without. I was very hungry, very hungry indeed! and as I passed by a baker's shop I took a roll, and began eating it. The master of the shop saw me, and ran after me, and called me thief, and said I deserved to be hanged; but if I was not hanged he would break my neck for me; so he kicked me down, and I fell against a scraper, and cut this hole in my forehead.'

He then took down his hand and showed them a sad cut, which was bleeding very fast. 'Poor boy!' said Jenny, 'can't we do something to help him?' 'Yes,' said Frank, 'to be sure we can; I can give him a halfpenny my mother gave me to-day to buy a ball.' 'And I have got a silver penny,' said Jenny, 'my aunt gave me last Friday; I will give him that, and then he may buy some bread; but what shall we do with his forehead?' 'I will fetch some water in my hat,' said Frank, 'and wash the dirt out of it with my handkerchief.' 'And I,' returned Jenny, 'have got a nice bit of pink ribbon Mrs. Right gave me for a back-string to my doll; I can bind it up with that.' Frank then ran and fetched some water, and washed it very tenderly with the corner of his handkerchief, and Jenny as kindly tied it up with her ribbon; they afterwards gave him the little money they had, and advised him to go to Mr. Right's another time when he was hungry, and not take it out of a shop. The poor boy returned them a thousand thanks for their kindness, and away they ran to school as fast as they could.

When they had got there, they were astonished to find all

their school-fellows before them; for they had not considered how much time they had spent with the poor chimney-sweeper.

‘Good morning to you, my dears!’ said Mrs. Bell. ‘What can have made two of my best scholars so late this morning? In general you are very early; how happens it you are now so late?’ They then told her all that had passed between them and the chimney-sweeper.

When she heard the account, ‘Poor child!’ said she, ‘he is much to be pitied, and I think you both behaved very kindly to give him all the help you could. I dare say, my dears, the thoughts of having been able to comfort such a poor unhappy boy will give you much more pleasure than if you had spent your money to buy a ball or any other plaything; and though your doll, Jenny, has lost her back-string, I am sure it must rejoice you that you have put it to so much better use.’ ‘Indeed, ma’am, it does,’ replied Jenny, ‘and we both agreed we never felt so happy in all our lives as we did to help the poor boy.’

‘People, my dear,’ answered Mrs. Bell, ‘always feel happy when they do good and try to make others so: to give comfort and happiness to our fellow-creatures is the surest way to have pleasure ourselves.’

When Mrs. Bell had done speaking, Master Tom Rigid said, ‘To be sure the boy was to be pitied;’ but he thought he deserved to have his head broke for being so naughty as to steal a roll; and added, if I had met him I should have told him so, and not have given him my money.’ ‘Then,’ said Mrs. Bell, ‘you would not have behaved half so well as Frank and Jenny did. You say he deserves it for stealing; to be sure that was very wrong, and you see what the consequence has been; but before you speak so crossly about him, you should think how hard he worked, and how much he suffered from hunger. You, Master Rigid, dont know how great the pain of hunger is; you never was hungry in your life; as soon as you begin to feel the want of food you have it given you directly; but the poor chimney-sweeper had been up very early, had had a long walk, and been working hard, and then was told by his master that he must

go without victuals. Only think how you should like to be served so; and perhaps he had not much yesterday, for such poor children often have very little, not so much in the whole day as you can eat at dinner; and it is a sad thing to be very hungry. You dont like even to be what you call so, that is, to feel as if you wished for something to eat; but when people are really hungry it gives them great pain in their stomachs, makes them very sick, and their heads ache terribly: besides, another excuse we may make for the chimney-sweeper, which could not be made for any of you, is, that he had never been taught what was right or wrong.

‘He may, perhaps, have heard that people should not steal; but he has had no kind friend to take pains with him, and tell him how very naughty it is. If any of us were to steal, or take what does not belong to us, we should deserve to have our heads broken, because we do know how great a sin it is; but the poor chimney-sweeper did not know that: we should therefore consider all these things, and not so crossly say he deserved it, and we would not give him any of our money; for the want of money was the cause of his committing the crime. Had he had the halfpenny and silver penny sooner, which Frank and Jenny so kindly gave him, he would not, I dare say, have been guilty of it; and I hope he will follow their good advice, and, the next time he is in distress, go to Mr. Right, who, I dare say, will not only give him food, but also talk to him, and teach him what is right and what is wrong.’

Just as Mrs. Bell finished these words, she saw Miss Polly Right was crying, and, asking what was the matter, Miss Polly told her that the wristband she had to unpick she had given to Dolly Quick to undo for her, and she cut the edge of the wristband and the sleeve into twenty holes. ‘And pray,’ said Mrs. Bell, ‘what business had you to give it to Dolly Quick? Why did not you do it yourself, as I told you? Had you minded what I said to you, this mischief would not have happened.’ ‘But I was tired, ma’am,’ replied Miss Polly, ‘and Dolly said she would help me.’ ‘She seems to have helped you,’ said Mrs. Bell, ‘in the same way the boy

helped the girl to carry her eggs to market.' Miss Polly inquired how that was, and Mrs. Bell told her the history was in her sister's book, and she might read it if she pleased. Miss Hannah then lent her sister the book, and she read the following story.

THE HISTORY OF A GIRL'S CARRYING EGGS TO MARKET.

A few miles from Woodstock there lived a farmer, whose wife took great pains to breed all sorts of poultry. She had hens, turkeys, geese, and ducks, and such a quantity of chickens, little turkeys, goslings, and young ducks, you would have been quite astonished had you seen them; and when she first went into the yard of a morning to feed them, they all came running together to her, and made such a noise they could be heard at a quarter of a mile distance.

She fed them so properly, and kept them so clean and neat, that her poultry, when she carried it to market, was liked better than any other, and almost all the families who lived within a dozen miles of her bought all their eggs and chickens of her.

Among the rest of her customers was one Mrs. North, who used very frequently to buy of her, and one time she desired she might have twenty new-laid turkey eggs sent her to set, that she might have some young turkeys of her own. The farmer's wife promised she should, and the next morning looked out twenty of the finest she had, and put them into a basket with some straw, to prevent their being broken by touching one another too hard. She then gave them to her daughter Sukey, and charged her to take great care of them; 'and be sure,' said she, 'dont let anybody else take them, but carry them all the way yourself, and dont shake them.'

Sukey put on her hat, and set off with the basket which had the eggs in it upon her arm. She had not walked long before Dick Trip overtook her. 'Good morning to you, Sukey,' said he; 'pray, where are you going?' 'Only to Mrs. North's,' replied she, 'to carry this basket of eggs.' 'I will carry them for you, if you please,' said Dick, 'for I am going that way.' 'Thank you,' said Sukey; 'you may take

them if you will be so good, for I begin to be tired of them; but be sure you dont let them fall or break them.' He then took the basket, and promising to take care of it, walked along by the side of her. As they went on, a rat happened to come out of the ditch, and ran before them. 'There's a rat!' cried Dick; 'now we shall have a nice hunt.' Then, forgetting the care of the eggs, away they both ran, and Dick, trying to hit it with his hat, slipped his foot into the ditch, and down he fell, eggs and all.

He was not hurt, but every one of the eggs was broken, which Sukey seeing, burst out a crying, and did not know what to do, because she was conscious she had done what her mother bid her not. 'Oh! what shall I do?' said she, 'what shall I do? My mother will beat me!' 'I am very sorry,' said Dick; 'I am sure I did not do it on purpose. I wish I could tell how to help you.' After they had staid some time to look at the broken eggs, Sukey was obliged to return home, though she had reason to expect her mother to be angry, knowing the accident had happened owing to her not having minded what she said to her.

'Well,' said her mother, as soon as she saw her, 'what did Mrs. North say? and what did she give you for the eggs?' 'O mother!' replied Sukey, 'I am afraid of telling you, because you will beat me, but all the eggs are broken. I let Dick Trip carry them because my arm ached, and he fell down and broke every one.' 'No; I will not beat you,' said her mother, 'because you have told me the truth; but you have lost a new bonnet by not minding what I said to you, for with the money Mrs. North was to give for those eggs, I should have bought you one; but now you have let the eggs fall, and made me lose the money, I promise you you must go without, for I cannot afford to buy one; neither shall I give you the penny I intended for carrying them, and I hope the next time you will remember, and mind what I say to you.'

'Now,' said Mrs. Bell (as soon as Miss Polly had finished the story), 'dont you think you was like Sukey? Her mother told her to carry the eggs herself; but she gave them to a boy, because she was tired, and he broke them; and

I bade you unpick your work yourself, and you gave it to Dolly Quick, because you was tired, and she spoilt it. And so some mischief or another always happens when children do not mind, and do as they are desired.'

'It is a very pretty story,' said Kitty Spruce, 'and is something like one I found in my book. If you please, ma'am, I will read it.' 'Pray do, my dear,' said Mrs. Bell; so she began.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHICKENS AND HORSE, AND THE BOY
AND WASP.

There was a little boy whose father gave him a hen and chickens to call his own, and promised him that if he would take care of and feed them, they should not be killed to be eaten, but be kept to lay eggs.

The boy was much pleased with his father's present, and took great delight in looking after them, and fed them two or three times every day; but it happened unfortunately that his father's horses were kept in a stable in the same yard with his chickens, and every time the door was opened, in they all ran to scratch amongst the hay and straw, and were so close to the horses' heels, that they were in the utmost danger of being trod upon and killed.

The boy was sadly distressed about it, and tried all the ways he could think of to keep them out. He talked to them a great deal of the hazard they ran of being hurt, and tried to persuade them not to go in any more. 'You shall, my dear little chickens, have everything you want; and if you wish for some hay to cover yourselves and scratch amongst, it shall be brought in the yard; but I beg you will not go into the stable, for I am sure you will be hurt if you do.'

In this manner he spoke to his hen and chickens; but as fowls, you know, cannot understand what is said, they paid no regard to his good advice, but went into the stable as usual, and two of them were soon after killed by the horses treading upon them, which they could not help, as the chickens went where they were putting down their feet.

When the boy took them up, he kissed their cold feathers,

and shaking his head, said, 'How silly it was that you would not mind me, chickens; you might then still have been alive and merry; but you would not mind what I said, though, if you had had the least sense, you might have been sure I only advised you to keep out of the stable for your good.' His father happened to overhear what he was saying to his dead chickens, and calling him, said, 'I think, my boy, you talk very reasonably if your chickens can understand what you say, yet that, you know, they cannot; but as you have sense to understand what I say to you, I wish you would always remember, and learn from the death of your own chickens, how much you may suffer if you will not attend to good advice, but like them foolishly follow your own fancy, after you are told you had better not. His father then went away, and left a fine basket of peaches and nectarines near him, telling him upon no account to touch them.

The boy looked at the fruit, and could not help wishing to taste it. 'My father,' said he to himself, 'does not grudge some of these peaches, only he thinks perhaps they may make me sick; but surely a little one cannot hurt me. I will take it, for I dont think that can disagree with me.' He then took hold of the smallest he could find, but was severely punished for his disobedience to his father, for a wasp on the side of the peach, which he did not see, stung his finger very bad, and put him to violent pain. In a short time his whole hand and arm were swelled to a monstrous size, and he was in more pain than he ever had felt in his life.

When his father returned to him, he was crying and sobbing sadly, nor could he help showing his hand, the pain of which caused his tears. 'How silly, now, my boy,' said his father, 'it was not to mind me! If you had, you might still have been merry and free from pain; but you would not mind, though you might have been sure, if you had had any sense, that I only advised you for your own good. Are you not more silly than the chickens? for they could not possibly understand, and therefore did not know that you advised them for their good; but you did understand what I said, and know that I always tell you what is proper for you. I know what is right, as much better than you do, as you do

better than a chicken ; and if you will not show more sense than they do by minding what is said, you must suffer for it.'

'I never heard that story before,' said Mrs. Bell, when Kitty Spruce left off reading, 'and I wish all my little scholars would try and remember it, for it is very true ; and I never knew children who disobeyed their friends, and did what they were bid not, either happy or beloved. Children, my dears, are very young, and therefore cannot know as well as their parents : you all, who are old enough to talk and read, think you know better than little babies do : then why should not you think that men and women know better than you do, who, though bigger and wiser than babies, are still only children ? Besides, you should always remember that your fathers and mothers love you dearly, and take great care of you, and put themselves to much trouble and expense to provide everything that is fit for you ; and if they refuse letting you do, or have what you happen to wish for, it is not because they are cross, but because they know it would not be proper or good for you. All children, therefore, who love their parents, always do as they are desired the moment they are spoken to, and never want to have what they are once told they must not.'

Just as Mrs. Bell finished talking, the clock struck twelve, and all the little boys and girls having finished their tasks of reading and working, made their bows and curtseys, and went home to their dinners.

CHAPTER VII.

A LITTLE before two o'clock, Mrs. Bell's scholars all set off from their different homes to return to school, and as most of them lived pretty near together, they generally met in the way to school.

At one end of the village which they were to pass before they got to Mrs. Bell's, there was a well, bricked round about as high as a stool ; but though there certainly ought to have been a cover to the top of the well, there was not ; yet, though it was so dangerous a place, as you shall hear it

proved, the children used very often to sit down to play, or rest themselves there. As they were going along, Jemmy Flint, a boy about three or four years old, got some stones in his shoes, and ran first, to sit upon the side of the well to take his shoes off, and shake the stones out. Roger Riot, who saw him sitting, ran to him with the design of frightening him, by making him believe he would put him down; but happening to run against him, and push him harder than he intended, he did throw him down in earnest, and into the well poor little Jemmy tumbled. All the children ran as fast as they could when they saw him fall, in hopes of being able to help him up again; but the water was low, and they could not possibly reach him, though they saw the poor little fellow struggling and wanting assistance. They then ran back again to their houses, calling for somebody to come and help Jemmy. Come and help little Jemmy!

Poor Mrs. Flint and all the neighbours made as much haste as they possibly could to the well, but before they got there, the child was sunk to the bottom, and when at last they got him up, he was quite dead. His mother took him in her arms, and kissed his cold little wet face, whilst her tears dropped upon him.

Just as she had carried him in-doors, his sister, a little girl about seven years old, returned from an errand she had been sent upon. When she saw her brother in her mother's arms, looking so pale, she enquired what was the matter with him? 'Our dear little Jemmy,' said her mother, 'tumbled down the well, and is drowned, and he will never speak to us any more.' Upon hearing which, Patty, who was very fond of her brother, burst out a crying, and said, 'Oh! what shall I do for my Jemmy!' She then ran to him, as her mother laid him on the bed, and kissing his wet cheeks, called out, 'Jemmy! brother! Wake, and open your eyes! What shall I do without you? I love you dearly, and want you to talk to me, to play and run about with me.' 'Oh! my dear,' said her mother, 'he will never talk or run about with you again, for he is dead.' 'But perhaps,' said Patty, 'if he was to be wiped dry and warmed, he would come to life. So she pulled off his wet clothes, and warmed his night

shirt and nightcap, and put them on, and covered him with the bed-clothes ; but all her care was of no service, as he was quite dead before they got him out of the well.

The next evening Mr. Right buried him, and all the children of the village were at the funeral. Roger Riot, who was amongst them, cried very much, as well he might when he thought of the mischief he had done, and the sorrow he had occasioned poor Mrs. Flint and her daughter Patty, who loved Jemmy dearly, because he was a good boy, and therefore did not like to part from him.

After he was buried, Mr. Right took Roger Riot by the hand, and talked a great deal to him. ‘Dont you remember,’ said he, ‘when you ran after the girls in my field, I told you how naughty it was to try to tease people, and that you should never do anything without thinking whether what you are going to do is right ? And now, by not minding my advice, you have killed one of your play-fellows. Do you consider how wicked it is to kill people ? and that those who do so must be hanged ? Should you like to be hanged ?’ ‘Indeed, indeed, sir, I did not do it for the purpose,’ replied Roger ; ‘I always loved Jemmy Flint, and would not have hurt him upon any account, if I could have helped it. I am sure I did not mean to drown him !’

‘What, then, did you mean to do ?’ said Mr. Right. ‘Only to play with, and frighten him,’ answered Roger. ‘And do you like to be frightened ?’ replied Mr. Right, ‘Do you think that was pretty play, to wish to tease and terrify a poor little boy less than yourself ? It is a foolish, ill-natured, very wrong thing, to try to frighten anybody ; you dont know what mischief it may do : sometimes it makes people so sick, that they never get well as long as they live ; sometimes it quite kills them ; but if it happens not to do so much harm, it is still very disagreeable ; and we should never do anything that is disagreeable to any body, but should take particular care not to do anything which may make people uneasy or hurt them ; and had you minded these rules you would not have knocked poor little Jemmy into the well.’

Roger Riot stood very quietly to hear all that Mr. Right said to him, and then, promising to be more careful of his

behaviour for the future, walked home very gravely, where he staid the rest of the evening without playing, for he thought so much about little Jemmy, that he had no inclination to play or talk ; and I hope this will be a warning to all children, neither to go too near the water, nor to push or drive one another about without seeing where they are going, or how much they may hurt one another.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning, as the little folks went to school, Roger Riot, as he passed by the well, said that he did not believe he should ever see that, or any other well, without thinking of little Jemmy Flint ; nor did he feel as if he should ever play so rudely as he had done. He said he wished he had minded what Mr. Right had said to him before, for he was very unhappy, and did not much think he should ever be comfortable any more.

‘Yes,’ said Frank West, ‘I hope some time or other you will be comfortable again, though I can’t say I wonder you should now be unhappy, after having been the cause of a boy’s being drowned. I should wonder, indeed, if you did feel happy and merry, especially as you did it in doing what you have been told not to do. If you had run against him by accident, without intending it, it would not have been so bad ; but you did it on purpose to frighten him and make him cry, you said. I can’t think how you can like to do so, Roger. And then you are so careless, that I wonder you have not killed more of your play-fellows. You know you have hurt them very much ; and I assure you, that Nanny Trundle’s head is very poorly still, owing to the bruise she received when you ran against her, and flung her down ; and she has never been without the headache since. Yet then you said you did not intend to do any harm ; neither did you intend any harm when you cut Peter Limp’s leg by throwing the hatchet at him ; nor when you spoiled Sam Strut’s clothes with rotten eggs : yet you know his father was very angry with him, and thrashed him heartily when he

went home, for dirting his new coat ; and yet you say you never intend to do any harm. I wish, therefore, if you do not such things on purpose, you would take rather more care, and not do so without intending it.'

By the time Frank had finished speaking they arrived at Mrs. Bell's, who repeated much the same as Mr. Right had said to Roger, and advised all little boys and girls in her school to be very careful how they behaved whilst at play, and never to try to tease or frighten each other. Just after she had set them all their tasks, Master Bill Crafty's maid brought him to school with a message from his papa to Mrs. Bell, to beg the favour of her to let him know if Master Bill was naughty or told any more fibs. Mrs. Bell then enquired how he had behaved ; and the maid told her, that when his papa brought him home the night he had been whipped, he put him to bed without his supper, nor would he let him have anything to eat next day till he had been to Mr. West's, and ask little Joe's pardon for using him so crossly ; that after that his papa talked to him a great deal, and he had now promised to be good ; but if he was not he was to be whipped and punished a great deal more than he had ever been yet.

Mrs. Bell then said she hoped he would be good, and promised to send word home in case he was not ; but Master Bill had been so punished, and suffered so very much, that he began to think he had better be good than naughty ; he therefore sat quite still all the morning, and learned his lesson ; and when Mrs. Bell called him to say it, he spelt it quite right, without missing a letter : so she gave him an apple and a biscuit to encourage him to be good, and asked him if he did not think that much more agreeable than being beat and tied to his stool, and going without any victuals. He confessed he liked it much better, and felt more comfortable than when he was naughty. 'Yes,' said she, 'and so do all children, for none are ever comfortable who are not good.' She then repeated the following verses, and Miss Hannah Right, Frank West, and Jenny Meek liked them so well, that they begged the favour of

her to give them each a copy, that they might learn to say them by heart, which she did.

If any one wishes for pleasure and ease,
They must constantly goodness maintain ;
Their parents at all times endeavour to please,
Or their wishes will be but in vain.

With good-humour each child should directly obey
Whatever its friends shall require;
Not argue, and pout, and saunter away,
Without doing what they desire.

For those who are naughty, and will not attend
To the advice which their parents bestow,
Against all true goodness and virtue offend,
And shall never sweet happiness know.

‘What happiness now,’ continued Mrs. Bell, ‘could you find, Master Crafty, whilst you was sitting in the corner of the room, tied like a dog to your stool, or whilst your papa was whipping you? Neither should I think could Jack Sneak be very happy whilst his father was horse-whipping him all the way home, or when locked up in the closet. Nor even should I suppose Ben Heady, when he goes creeping about by himself, not daring to go into Mr. Right’s field, feels very comfortable; but I am very glad that naughtiness is always attended with such disagreeable feelings, that children may remember and not be naughty any more, after having known how sad a thing it is.’ ‘Sad indeed,’ said Jenny Meek; ‘for I remember when I was naughty one day, a great while ago, I felt more unhappy than I did all the time I had my fever, though I was so bad.’

‘Yes, I dare say you did, my dear,’ said Mrs. Bell; ‘it is a sad thing to be sick, but much worse to be naughty.’ ‘What, ma’am!’ said Ned Brisk; ‘had you rather be sick than naughty?’ ‘Yes, a great deal,’ she replied. ‘I should be very sorry to be ill, for I do not like to be in pain; but I still less like to be naughty. If I was sick, good people would love me, and nurse, and take care of me; but if I was naughty nobody would nurse me, nor like to help me; and if people would not be so kind as to give me their assistance, I don’t know what would become of me, for there are a

great many things I could not do for myself; but I must not expect they would help me if I was naughty.' When the clock struck twelve Master Crafty's maid came to fetch him home, and to enquire how he had behaved. Mrs. Bell told her that he had been a good boy, and she was in great hopes he would grow quite good, and not be naughty any more. She then bade him and all her little scholars remember to come soon in the afternoon; and wishing them well home, shut the door and went to dinner.

CHAPTER IX.

As the children were going home, Jacob Steadfast took out a silver pocket-piece, and tossed it up and down as he walked.

When Harry Sturdy (the oldest boy in Mrs. Bell's school) saw it, he asked Jacob to give it to him. 'It is a very pretty pocket-piece,' said he; 'I wish you would let me have it. I will give you anything in change for it; how much is it worth?'

Jacob answered, 'My father told me that it was worth a shilling; but I cannot let you have it, because when my mother gave it to me, she bade me never part with it, but keep it till I was a man.' 'Pho!' said Harry, 'is that the only reason why you cannot let me have it? When you are a man it will never be of any service to you; I will give you sixpence for it now, and bring you two more sixpences which I have at home in the afternoon, if you will but give it to me.'

'No,' replied Jacob, 'you may keep your sixpences yourself, and, as you say, they will be of much more use to you; but I shall not part with this, because my mother bade me not.'

'And is that the only reason why you will not let me have it?' said Harry. 'Yes, indeed it is,' answered Jacob, 'for there are many things that I could buy with the three sixpences you offer me which I should like much better: I could buy a new bat and ball, and some marbles I want

sadly, and a top too, and some dumps, and a new skipping-rope; and I had much rather have them than this pocket-piece.' 'Well, then, what a foolish fellow you are!' said Harry. 'What! foolish to mind what my mother said to me!' replied Jacob. 'Do you call that being foolish? I am sure it would be much more foolish, and naughty too, not to mind her; and, though I wanted the things more than I do, and you offered me ten sixpences, I would not part with it, or do anything she bade me not; for I think I must look like a fool indeed, if, when she should ask me to let her look at my pocket-piece, I should be forced to say that I had sold it; and then, when she asked me why I parted from it after she had bidden me not, what could I say, but hang my head and look foolish indeed? No, no, Harry; if you call me foolish for minding what is said to me, and doing as my kind mother bids me, you may if you please; but I promise you I shall not do otherwise.' 'Why, then,' said Harry, 'if you should not like to tell her that you sold it, drop it down and I will pick it up, and if you please you may try to get it again; but if once I get it, I warrant that you never shall, and then you may tell your mother that you dropped it as you were playing with it, and Harry Sturdy, a boy much bigger than yourself, caught it up, and would not let you have it again.'

Just as he had finished these words, Mr. Steadfast, who had been walking in a field on the other side of the hedge, and had heard all that passed between his son and Harry, jumped over the bank, and taking hold of Sturdy, thrashed him most heartily (as he well deserved) with a cane which he had in his hand. 'Is it in this way,' said Mr. Steadfast, 'that you try to corrupt your school-fellows, and make them as naughty as yourself? Are you not ashamed of wanting to persuade Jacob to do what his mother bade him not? and, what is worse, try to teach him to cheat and deceive her, by telling her that he dropped the pocket-piece, and you picked it up and would not let him have it again? I do not know what you call lying, Harry, but I assure you that I think, if Jacob had said so after he had dropped it on purpose, it would have been as much a lie as any other he

could have told; and whatever you may think of it, I promise you, to deceive people in that artful manner is quite as wicked and naughty as any other deceit can be; but since you make no better use of your money than to try to buy people to be naughty with it, I shall tell your father and mother, that they may not give you any more; and I will ask them if they do not think deceiving and being so artful just as wicked as telling lies.'

He then took hold of his arm and made him go with him directly home, where he found Mr. Sturdy tying up some flowers in his garden. Jacob too went with them, not for the sake of seeing Harry punished, for no goodnatured child would like another to suffer, but because his father had ordered him to follow them.

As soon as they came into the garden, 'I am sorry,' said Mr. Steadfast, 'to bring you bad news, but I think, Mr. Sturdy, it is very proper you should know of your son's behaviour, after which you may do as you think best.'

He then told him all the conversation that had passed between the two boys, and added, 'If my son had been so artful and naughty, I should certainly have punished him as much as if he told a lie, for I think the fault the same.'

'I think it is worse,' said Mr. Sturdy; 'for he not only would tell a lie himself, but would likewise teach a good boy to do so too; but he shall be well punished, I assure you.'

He then took him in-doors, but presently returned with the three sixpences which Harry had promised to give to Jacob if he would let him have his pocket-piece. 'Here, my dear,' said he, 'I am sure you deserve the sixpences, more than if you had done as my naughty boy would have had you; so pray take them, for I am sure he shall have no more money, as he makes so bad a use of it.'

Jacob thanked him, and said that he did not want to be paid for being good, but that he chose to be good because it was right, and the way to be happy.

'Ay,' said Mr. Sturdy, 'it is indeed the only way to be happy; and those who are naughty never are so. I fancy it will be a good while before Harry feels happy again; if there were no other reason beside his punishment, that would be

enough to make him unhappy: he shall be punished sufficiently, I promise him, for so wickedly trying to make you as bad as himself, and intending to deceive by his artful tricks.'

Mr. Steadfast and Jacob then took leave of him, but he did not tell them in what manner he intended to correct Harry, nor did I ever hear, though I dare say it was severe; for he was never once seen out of doors for a week afterwards, and was then sent to a boarding-school many miles distant, where he continued a long time before he was suffered to play with any of his companions.

CHAPTER X.

As Mr. Steadfast and Jacob walked home they talked a great deal about what had happened. 'You see, my dear,' said Mr. Steadfast, 'the sad consequence of being naughty: children seldom escape being punished for it, and if they do sometimes get off without being found out, still the thoughts of their bad behaviour will always make them feel uncomfortable; besides, they must quite lose the good opinion and love of all who know them. What esteem or love could you ever have had for Harry Sturdy after you knew that he would deceive, though I had not happened to hear him, or his father had never found him out? Could you ever have depended upon him or trusted him again?' 'No indeed,' replied Jacob, 'I should always have thought that perhaps he was telling stories, or not speaking quite true.' 'You might well have thought so,' said his father: 'children who will be so naughty can never be believed. I once knew a boy who lost his life through not speaking the truth.' 'Pray,' said Jacob, 'tell me how not speaking the truth could make him lose his life. I do not understand how telling fibs could kill him.' 'You shall hear, my dear,' said his father.

'Ralph Breakclod, who lived near my father's when I was a boy, was a lad about ten years old, and a very fine, tall, handsome boy of his age. He looked so smiling and pleasing that everybody, when they saw him, used to admire

him; but they soon found that he told lies and was not to be depended upon, and then, though they had liked him at first, they no longer chose his company.

“Ralph Breakclod,” they used to say, “is a fine boy and very handsome, but what does that signify? for he does not speak the truth: he is artful, and deceives people: there is no trusting him, nor believing anything he says.” When he was sent on an errand he would stay and play with any boys he met in the way; and if his parents asked why he had been gone so long, he would say that he could not find the way, or that a gentleman met him as he was coming home and desired him to carry a message for him.

‘One day, when his mother sent him to carry a fine large apple-pie (which she had baked in her oven) to his grandmother, who lived about half-a-mile off, he sat down under a hedge when he had gotten out of sight, and ate it up, and then broke the dish to bits, and brought the pieces home, saying that a horse had run against him as he was crossing the road, and knocked him down, and broken the pie in the middle of the dirty road.

‘His parents had so often found him guilty of telling lies and deceiving them, that they did not know how to believe what he said; but as they were not willing to punish him if they could help it, and as what he said possibly might be true, they did not do anything to him, only said they hoped he was not telling a story, and if they found out that he had been deceiving them, he should certainly be corrected very severely.

‘Ralph again declared that it was all true, and so at that time had no more said to him about it. But it was not long before he was again guilty of the same crime: I do not mean that he ate another pie, but that he told another story.

‘One afternoon when he was going to school he happened to see me and another boy playing in a field through which he was to pass. I asked him whither he was going, and he replied to school. “Are you?” said I. “Our master has given us half-a-holiday” (for we did not go to the same school). “My master,” returned Ralph, “has

not given me a holiday, but I will take one, I am resolved: for I am sure I will not go if you do not." "Pray, Ralph," said I, "do not talk so, for it will be very wrong to stay and play without leave: I have leave to play this afternoon, but you have not; you had therefore better go as you ought to do, and we will wait for you here."

"Very well," said he, "if you will stay for me I will soon get leave, I warrant you," and away he ran as fast as he could; but when he got within sight of his father's house he began to walk lame, and put his hand to his hip as if in great pain, at the same time groaning and crying out, "O, what shall I do! I am in such pain I do not know what to do, or how to walk home!"

His parents, who loved him dearly (for though he was often naughty, they were in hopes that he would grow good), were very sorry to see him in such a state, and ran out to meet him, and enquired what was the matter? "Oh," said he, pretending to be in great pain, "I have hurt my leg so bad that I cannot walk. As I was going to school I slipped off the footpath, and have so sprained my leg that I cannot put it to the ground, and if you would give me ever so much I could not walk so far as to the school."

His mother then led him in doors, and rubbed his leg and hip with something to do it good, whilst he all the time squalled out as if she hurt him by touching him; and as she really thought he was hurt, and could not walk, she told him he might stay at home and keep quiet: she then put on his stocking again, and left him whilst she went about her business.

As soon as his mother was gone out of the room he opened the door and crept softly out of the house, and came running back again to us who were playing in the field.

"Well!" said he, "my mother has given me leave to stay away from school this afternoon, and so I am come to play with you;" but he did not tell us in what manner he had gotten the leave to play, for he knew if he had, we should have told his parents: not that we were tell-tales, and liked to get our playfellows into trouble; but such a great crime as he had been guilty of was so extremely bad that we certainly

should have been naughty ourselves not to tell his friends of it, that they might take some method to prevent his ever being so wicked again; but as we knew nothing at that time of his naughtiness, we went to play with him as if nothing had happened.

‘After we had been at play some time, we began to run races, to try who could run the fastest; and just as we were all running across the field as fast as we could, Ralph’s father, who was going into the town, happened to come by and saw us.

‘He was quite surprised, and could hardly believe that he saw his son, who he thought was at home unable to walk.

‘“What Ralph!” said he, “is this the way in which you use us? And do you tell us that you are hurt for the sake of staying from school that you may come and play? but it shall be long enough before you play again, or have another holiday, I promise you! I will send word to your master to whip you at school to-morrow morning for playing truant and staying away.”

‘Mr. Breakclod then made a rod of some twigs out of the hedges, and did flog him most severely indeed; and though I was sorry to see my playfellow suffer so much pain, yet I thought that he quite deserved it for the artful lie he had been guilty of telling.

‘When I went home, I told my father what had happened. “Ah! my boy,” said he, “you see the consequence of being naughty, and whoever is so must suffer for it; and those children who, while they are young, will lie and deceive, will most likely, when they grow up, come to untimely ends. Whatever you do, therefore, be sure never to tell a lie, not even if by so doing you could escape ever so much trouble; for you may depend upon it (and so may everybody in the world) that some time or other you will suffer much more distress from having been so wicked as to tell a lie, than telling one can at present possibly save you from. Always, therefore, my dear boy, be good and honest, and you will be happy; but if you are deceitful, sly, and naughty, you may be assured that you will be miserable.”

‘I listened very attentively to this good advice, and resolved

(as I hope every child will do who reads this book) to mind, and never on any account be guilty of deceit and lying.

‘Ralph Breakclod had also often been told by his parents how wicked it was to tell stories, and it would have been well if he had minded what they said; but he would not, which was the cause of his coming to so unhappy an end as he did.

‘After his father had found him in the field, according to his promise he had him well whipped at school the next morning: nor did he let him come home before bedtime for above a month after.

‘Ralph began to be sorry that he had been so wicked, and so indeed he had great reason to be; for as nobody could believe a word that he said, he often suffered many inconveniences.

‘One day when he really had the headache very bad, his father gave him a basket to carry to a gentleman’s house about two miles off. Ralph said that his head ached so much that he could not carry it, and he wanted to go to bed; but his father thought he only said so for the sake of being idle and staying at home, as he complained of his leg when he wanted to stay away from school; so he made him go, though if he had never had any reason to doubt his word, he certainly would let him have gone to bed to try to ease his head, instead of sending him so far in the heat of the day.

‘Another time, when he had fallen down and hurt his arm, so that it was really painful to use it, his mother made him brush some curtains, and carry some chairs which were below into an upper room, and bring others down; and when he complained of his arm, she thought that he only wanted to deceive her, as he had formerly done about his leg, and many times besides; so she insisted upon his doing as she bade him, though she was too good-tempered a woman to like to give anybody pain, and would much rather have finished all the jobs herself than made Ralph increase the uneasiness of his arm, if she could have believed him when he told her that it was hurt; but such kind of troubles he was every day meeting with, because he had so frequently told lies and deceived people, that they never could depend

upon anything which he said ; and everybody who accustom themselves to that foolish, wicked practice, will most certainly suffer great inconvenience and distress when it may happen that they do speak the truth, from its being quite impossible for anybody to believe what they say.

‘The pain and trouble which I have already said that Ralph daily got himself into by his artful, wicked tricks, were but trifling to the rest of the story ; for, as I told you, he lost his life through his shocking custom of telling lies.

‘It happened one day, almost a twelvemonth after he had eaten up his grandmother’s pie, and when he thought it was so long ago that it would never be found out, that Mr. Break-clod’s man, who used to drive one of his carts, died, and he had another to supply his place.

‘The new man the moment he saw Ralph smiled, and said, “I remember that I saw you, master, a great while ago, sitting under a hedge, eating an apple-pie, and little did I think then that I should come to live with you. I saw you too, when you broke the dish again the post, after you had eaten up the nice pie.”

‘When his parents heard this it added to their grief greatly, to think what a naughty child they had ; and they were still more resolved not to believe anything that he said.

‘Soon afterwards his mother made another pie, and bade Ralph mind and carry it as he should do, and not come and tell his artful tales after he had eaten it himself.

‘Ralph took the pie, and did intend to carry it safe to his grandmother ; but as he went, a horse which was trotting along in a chaise knocked him down, and the wheel went over his back, hurt him terribly, and really broke the pie all to pieces.

‘Poor Ralph cried sadly, and with much difficulty and great pain hobbled home, and told his parents what had happened ; but they did not believe one word that he said, as he told very much the same story about the last pie, and walked as lame, and made just as much complaint and crying about his leg, when he pretended that was hurt ; so they thought (as they well might) that he was only trying to deceive them again, and instead of sending for a surgeon, which they would

have done had they believed that he was so much hurt, his father whipped him very severely for telling what he thought was another lie.

‘Ralph’s back, which was shockingly bruised, grew worse, nor could he walk nor even sit without great pain, neither could he sleep when in bed from the violence of the pain; but although he suffered so much nobody pitied him, or did anything to cure him; for they all thought that he was telling fibs that he might not be sent to school, or go on any errands.

‘His parents, therefore, only punished him when he complained at home; and his master beat him at school for crying and not minding his learning, which indeed he could not much attend to, because of the real pain that he was in.

‘Ralph now began to find the bad consequence of his wicked, deceitful behaviour, and wished most earnestly that he had never been so naughty; but he should have thought of being good sooner, and minded the kind advice of his friends, before he suffered so much from not attending to them.

‘At last, however, he grew so very bad, was so thin, could not eat at all, or sleep when he went to bed, that his father was so kind as to look at his back, and was quite concerned to find it so extremely bad.

‘Ralph then called out, “Do you believe me now, father?” “Yes,” replied his father, “I do believe you now, and so I should from the first if you had not told lies and deceived me before. You know that your mother and I were both fond of you, and loved you so dearly that nothing gave us so much pleasure as to see you happy. We would have done anything that was right to please you: we both worked very hard, and took great pains to make you good, but you told lies and deceived us, and the consequence is that you have now suffered much pain which might have been relieved could we have believed you. I am sorry, as you did happen to speak the truth this time, that I did not look at your back sooner; but indeed it is your own fault for having been so wicked, and giving me reason to think that you were falsifying. I do not think that you will ever be cured, but

if you live I hope it will teach you never to deceive anybody again."

Ralph made no reply to what his father said: he only cried sadly, and I suppose did intend to grow good; but the violent pain of his back brought on a fever, and he died in about a week after his father had seen it.

'And now, Jacob,' continued Mr. Steadfast, 'I hope neither you nor any other little boy or girl who may ever hear this sad account of Ralph Breakclod, will look upon it only as a pretty story to amuse you, but consider all the circumstances of his sufferings as the sad consequences of lying; for though perhaps all children who are guilty of telling lies, or any kind of deceit, may not happen to hurt their backs, or die just as Ralph did, yet they may be very certain that some time or other they will be very severely punished for their crime, and will quite lose the love even of their best friends; neither will anybody believe a word they say, though they should chance to speak the truth, as it will be impossible to know when they do or do not. And unless Harry Sturdy is heartily sorry for what he said to you, and takes care never to deceive anybody again as long as ever he lives, I dare say that he will come to be as unhappy as Ralph was.'

When Mr. Steadfast left off speaking, Jacob thanked him for the history, and promised to remember it always and speak the truth, and said that he never had told a lie, and hoped he never should.

'I hope not,' said his father; 'for it is a sad thing, and I should not love you half so well as I do. Had you parted with your pocket-piece after your mother bade you not, it would have been very wrong; but after you had done a wrong thing, being guilty of deceit and falsehood could not possibly have made it better, but, on the contrary, would have been adding a still greater crime to the one you had been guilty of in breaking your word, after you had promised not to part with the pocket-piece, and that is always the case when people do what they ought not, and then commit the sin of lying or deceiving to prevent its being discovered.'

'I think so indeed,' said Jacob; 'but was it not very cross that neither Mr. or Mrs. Breakclod would look at Ralph's

back when he first told them how bad it was?' 'No, my dear,' replied Mr. Steadfast, 'indeed I do not think it was. If they had had any reason to suppose the tale he told them of being knocked down and the pie broke to pieces was more true the second than the first time, they would have been very unkind and wrong not to have looked at and taken care of his back; but as he had made them really believe his account of the first pie, though they afterwards found it was false, they had no reason to think his second history was true, or that his back was hurt.'

'Yes, they had,' said Jacob, 'for he told them it was true.' 'So he did,' said Mr. Steadfast; 'and so he did before when he said the horse had thrown him down; and when he said he had hurt his leg; and therefore they had no reason to believe it, because he said it was true: for which reason it was quite his own fault that they could not believe him; and it must be the case, that those people who tell lies sometimes will never be believed.'

Mr. Steadfast again begged Jacob to remember that what he had been telling him was a true story, not only made to entertain him, and desiring it might teach him never to be guilty of lying or deceiving, which was just as bad a crime.

Jacob repeated his intention of always being good and speaking the truth; and his father, giving him a new bat and ball, he ran with them into Mr. Right's field, rejoicing that he had not been so naughty as to mind what Harry had said to him; and feeling quite happy and comfortable that he was good, and that his father had made him a present of the bat and ball, instead of having bought them with the money Harry would have given him for his pocket-piece.

CHAPTER XI.

THE children all played very comfortably in Mr. Right's field. Some of the boys ran races; others played at cricket; others flew their kites; whilst the girls diverted themselves, some at blind-man's-buff, others at puss-in-the-corner, and others at rum-riot, which perhaps you may not be acquainted with;

and as it is very entertaining, I will tell you the way they always played at it. Three children stand with their backs all as close together as they can, all singing at once, and they must be sure to keep time:

What we have to do is this,
All bow, all courtesy, and all kiss ;
And first we are our heads to bow,
As we, my dears, must all do now ;
Then courtesy down unto the ground,
Then rise again, and all jump round ;
And after jumping we do this,
All thus together fondly kiss.

Then they all take hands, and foot it twice round, and after that begin again. You cannot think how pretty it is when they mind to sing and dance in the right time, when they say, 'And first we are our heads to bow,' to bow their heads at that time ; and to courtesy when they sing, 'Then courtesy down unto the ground ;' and so jump round, when they sing about jumping ; and to kiss, when the song says, 'We all together fondly kiss.'

Sometimes all the children in Mr. Right's field play at it ; at the same time standing in different places three together, and when they all sung, bowed, courtesied, jumped, and kissed at the same time, it looked a very pretty play indeed.

After all the children had been diverting themselves till it was almost time for them to go home, Mr. and Mrs. Right took a walk in the field ; and calling them all to them, Mr. Right enquired which had been the best child that day. They were all too modest to praise themselves, and therefore they all remained silent for some time. At last Frank West said, 'We have all been good,' sir ; 'but I think Jacob Steadfast has been the best.' He then told him all that Harry Sturdy had said to persuade him to disobey his mother, and then hide his fault by deceiving her.

When Mr. Right heard it, he was quite astonished that Harry should be so wicked a boy. 'Well,' says he, 'I could never have thought Harry Sturdy could have been so very naughty ; I took notice he was not at play amongst you ; but I did not suppose he was staying away for being so bad a

boy : I am very sorry to hear such an account of him ; but if he is so wicked himself, and wants to persuade others to be so too, it is very proper he should be kept at home ; and if he comes here I shall send him back, for no naughty, wicked children shall play in my field. But you, Jacob, may play in my field whenever you please, when your parents dont want you, and school is over, for I think you have been very good ; and as you wished for a bag of marbles, though you was too good to accept of Harry's money to buy them, I will get some against you come to play to-morrow. I will also give some to you. Frank West, for being so kind as to tell me of Jacob's goodness and honour, or I should not have known it ; and it gives me great pleasure to hear of good children. I shall likewise, to-morrow, have some pretty new books come from London ; and which of you reads the best shall have one in the evening ; and if you all read well, you shall each have one.' 'And I,' said Mrs. Right, 'have gotten some pretty pincushions and house-wives ; and those little girls who work the neatest and cleanest shall have them.'

The children were all much pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Right's kind promises ; and after thanking them for their goodness, and wishing them a good night, the church-clock struck eight, and they all ran home.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next morning they all got up, and as soon as they had finished their breakfasts set off for school.

Jacob Steadfast went from home before any of his school-fellows, intending to get there first, and learn some of his lessons before the others came ; but as he was going along, he saw a little cosset lamb which belonged to a lady about half a mile off, lying in the road ; he went to it to stroke it, (for it was very tame,) and then designed to go on again ; but when he came to it, he found it could not get up, for one of its legs was broken, a carriage having gone over it whilst it lay sleeping in the road.

Poor Jacob was much distressed to see it in such a painful situation, and did not know what to do. He wanted sadly to go to school, and yet he could not think of leaving the poor thing in the way, to be hurt or run over again, or without giving it some relief to its pain. He lifted it up and tried to lead it; but that seemed to make it worse, and he could not bear to hurt it. He then asked several people who were going by to be so good as to carry it to Mrs. Peatlove's; but they all refused him. Some said they had not time to carry lame sheep about: others told him to carry it himself, which he would have been glad to have done; and one told him crossly, if he carried it anywhere, it should be to his own house to roast for dinner.

Jacob, finding nobody would help him, lugged it in his arms to a spot of grass by the side of the footpath, intending to carry it to Mrs. Peatlove's after school; but he had not got many steps when, turning to look at it, he saw a great dog go and bark, and snap at it, so that the poor creature was obliged to get up and hobble on three legs; but the dog still kept barking and frightening it, so that in trying to run fast it fell down every minute.

Jacob, who was a very good-natured boy, could not bear to see it in such distress, took off his hat, and threw it to frighten the dog away, but unfortunately hit the lamb instead of the dog, and knocked it down again upon some new gravel, which cut the skin off the other knee.

Upon seeing that he had added to its distress, he ran to it, and resolved, if it was possible, he would carry it home, though he should lose one of Mr. Right's new books, which he was very sorry to be obliged to do; yet he still rather chose to help the lamb, and with very great difficulty got it into his arms and carried it to Mrs. Peatlove's. But though she lived not above half a mile off, he was almost two hours getting there, the lamb being so very heavy (for it was a very fat one) that he was obliged often to sit down and rest.

During the time that Jacob was engaged with the lamb, Mr. Right called to see Mr. Steadfast, and enquired where Jacob was. 'He has been gone to school a great while,'

replied his father, 'and I suppose is almost ready to come back by this time.' 'If he is at school,' said Mr. Right, 'I shall see him, for I am going to Mrs. Bell's to know how her scholars go on, and to enquire who deserves a new book and a housewife, which Mrs. Right and I have promised to give to the good ones this evening.'

Mr. Right then took leave of Mr. Steadfast, and went to Mrs. Bell's. When he got to her house, after asking how she did, and speaking to all the little folks, he enquired where Jacob Steadfast was? 'He has not been here this morning, sir,' said Mrs. Bell; 'I fancy he is at home.' 'How!' said Mr. Right, 'not been here this morning! I am quite surprised to hear you say so, for I am just come from his father, who told me he had been come to school a great while; so that I am fearful some accident has happened to him, as he is too good a boy to play truant, and not come to school when he was sent.' 'I am afraid so too,' replied Mrs. Bell, 'for he is a very good child, and would not do wrong upon any account: I wonder where he can be!' 'I am only come to enquire which of the children are good to-day,' said Mr. Right; 'and as I return back, I will look for him.' 'They are all good,' answered Mrs. Bell, 'except Miss Nancy Dawdle, who will neither mind her work nor learn to read; she has been spelling the same lesson for this month, and, I declare, she cannot now tell one word without the book: and a handkerchief she is hemming for her mamma, has been obliged to be picked out so often that it is quite spoiled, and in holes. I shall be ashamed to send it home, for it is not fit to be seen.' 'Pray,' said Mr. Right, 'how old is Miss Dawdle?' 'She is seven, sir,' replied Mrs. Bell. 'Why then,' said Mr. Right, 'I think she is seven times worse than a baby. Not able to read and work at seven years old! what a shame it is! Babies cannot work, because they have not sense enough; but a girl of her age to be such a dunce, is a sad thing indeed! And when she is a woman, if she should happen to have any children, she will neither be able to make their clothes, nor to teach them to work for themselves; nor will she be able to teach them to read; and therefore they will be all dunces, unless some

body should be so kind as to instruct them ; and then they will despise her, for being such a foolish, useless woman. And as she is so silly a girl, she will neither have a new book nor a housewife.' Mr. Right wished Mrs. Bell a good day, and told the children to come to play in the afternoon in his field, and he should certainly reward them as he had promised.

He then went away, and looked everywhere he could think of for Jacob Steadfast ; but not being able to find him, he returned home very uneasy, as he thought he must have met with some accident.

Jacob, however, got safe home, and told his father all that had happened ; that instead of going to school, he had carried Mrs. Peatlove's lamb home with a broken leg. ' I wanted much to go to school this morning,' said he, ' for Mr. Right will give all who read well a new book in the evening ; and I should have been very glad to have had one ; but the poor lamb did seem to be in so much distress and pain, I could not bear to leave it to be worried by dogs, or anybody who was ill-natured ; so I carried it home, and hope you will not be angry I did not go to school.' ' No,' replied his father, ' I shall not be angry that you was good-natured, neither do I in the least doubt that what you tell me is true, for you never deceive me ; nor do I think that if you take pains with your spelling and reading in the afternoon, that Mr. Right will refuse giving you a book, as you did not neglect your lesson this morning through idleness, but for the sake of helping a poor creature that was in pain : he will think you did right to carry it home, for he loves good-natured people ; and it would have been very cross not to have helped the poor lamb. We should always give all the pleasure we can to everything ; but it is still more our duty to try to relieve them when in pain ; and whatever some foolish children may think to the contrary, it is very wicked to hurt and be cruel to anything, though it is smaller than a little ant. Everything alive feels and suffers when hurt, just as much as we do ; and as we dont like to be hurt ourselves, we should never hurt anything. When children are tormenting flies, or any other insect, and pulling off their legs

and wings, they should consider how they would like to have their arms and legs pulled off; and they may be assured that the poor fly is hurt to the full as much, though it cannot scream as they would.' 'I was very much tired,' said Jacob, 'when I got to Mrs. Peatlove's; but she made me stay and rest myself, and gave me a nice large piece of plumcake and an orange. I would have brought them home for you and my mother, only Mrs. Bell says it does not look civil to put cake or fruit into one's pocket; but I should much better have liked a little bit with you, than to have eaten it all myself.' 'You are a very good boy,' said his father, 'we are much obliged to you for your kind wishes; but you was very welcome to all: and, as you observe, it would not have looked pretty to have put it in your pocket, when Mrs. Peatlove gave the cake and orange to you to eat while you sat and rested yourself.'

After he had dined, Jacob went to school and read extremely well, and in the evening went with the rest of the children to play in the field. Mr. Right soon came out to enquire whether they all still continued good.

Upon seeing Jacob, he asked him why he did not go to school in the morning when his father sent him. Jacob told him all the history of the lamb, which Mr. Right was much pleased with. 'But,' said he, 'you should have run home and asked leave before you stayed from school all the morning, for it might have given your parents great uneasiness if they had happened to have called at Mrs. Bell's and not found you there, as it did me, I assure you: however, as you did it with a good intention, and meant to do right, and have read well this afternoon, you say, you shall not lose anything by your kindness to the poor lamb: so here is a most clever entertaining book for you, called "The Memoirs of a Peg-Top."'

Jacob thanked him, and promised that the next time he met with anything to detain him from school, he would certainly go home and ask leave.

Mr. Right then gave each of the good children a book; and Mrs. Right also gave several housewives and pincushions to those little girls who worked neat, telling them she hoped

they would take care and make a proper use of them, and always carry them in their pockets, that they might have pins, thread, and needles, ready at any time they were wanted; but if they were careless and lost them, she should never give them anything again.

Mr. Right likewise charged them to take care of their books, and keep them clean, and not tear them. 'I dont mean,' said he, 'by taking care of them, that you should put them away and not read them; for then you might as well be without; but to make a proper use of books is to read them, and to mind the good things they teach. You, Jacob, will see in your book the bad effect of lying, and find how much a baker's boy suffered for his falsehood; and likewise see the consequence of doing mischief and teasing people; but as all the books I have given are very good ones, I beg you will all mind what you read, and not think they are only pretty stories to amuse you, for they were printed on purpose to teach you to be good; and unless you remember to behave as the good children, and take care never to act like the naughty ones therein made mention of, you may as well not trouble yourselves to read at all, for there is no use in them if you do not mind what you read.'

Roger Riot said he never thought of minding what was in books; he only read them for the sake of knowing pretty stories, and he thought that was all books were made for. 'Then,' said Mr. Right, 'you are much mistaken, for it is a great deal of trouble for people to write and print books; and if they only amuse you, you might as well have a bat or a ball, or some other plaything, which does not require half so much time and pains to make.' 'But,' said Roger, 'when books are about cows, or horses, or dogs, or birds, what good can they do? or what can we learn from them?' 'You may often learn a great deal from them,' replied Mr. Right, 'if you do but attend. I will tell you a story about two dogs, which will teach you how foolish it is to be cross and ill-natured.

'There was a gentleman who was very fond of dogs, and one day as he was walking he met a boy with two puppies in his arms: he enquired of the boy what he was going to do

with them. The boy replied he was going to the pond to drown them, for there were so many at home they could not keep any more.

‘The gentleman looking at them, and seeing one very handsome, told the boy he would give him twopence for that. The boy gladly accepted of the money, and then, taking the other puppy, which was very ugly, said, “I will now drown you, you frightful little beast, by yourself.” The gentleman, who was very good-natured, thought it was a pity the poor puppy should be drowned, only because it was not pretty; and therefore told the boy if he would take them to his house, he might leave them both. The boy agreed to carry them, for he said he did not want to drown them if anybody would keep them: so he ran away to the gentleman’s house, and gave them to the footman, who stood at the door. “What in the world,” said the man, “have you brought this little brown, ugly cur here for?” “Your master,” replied the boy, “has bought them both.” “Then,” replied the man, “he may feed them both himself, for I never will feed this frightful beast:” so he took them downstairs, and gave the pretty one some meat and milk, but did not suffer the other to eat or drink a mouthful.

‘When the gentleman came home, he had them brought into the parlour, and gave the handsome one the name of Cato, and the ugly one that of Syphax. Cato he let sleep on a crimson cushion by the fireside, whilst poor Syphax was turned into the hall to lay upon the cold marble. Cato was fed every day with plenty of good things from his master’s table; and Syphax had only a few bones, and even sometimes went without them. Everybody who came into the house admired the beauty of Cato, and as constantly took notice of the great ugliness of Syphax.

‘It was not long before Cato discovered a cross, snappish disposition; and if anybody touched him he would growl like a bear and sometimes bite their fingers; and if, as he trotted through the hall, he saw his brother gnawing one of his bones, he would run to him and take it away. Very frequently he bit the heels of any person who came into the house; and, in short, showed every sign of ill-nature possible

for a dog to discover: whilst Syphax, on the contrary, showed as many proofs of good-nature as his brother did of bad; so that though he was so extremely ugly, the family began to like him better than they did Cato. And sometimes his master would even let him walk out with him.

‘One evening when they were going across a meadow where there were some cattle feeding, one of the cows, which was exceedingly mischievous and frequently ran at people, tried to toss the gentleman with her horns; which Syphax seeing, immediately flew at the cow and caught hold of her nose, by which he held her quite tight till his master got out of the meadow; whilst Cato all the time, instead of being of any service, was only running and barking at the birds, and snapping at the butterflies which flew about.

‘Another time, when they were walking out altogether, the gentleman unfortunately slipped into a ditch full of water, and taking hold of some weeds which grew by the side, Cato snapped at his fingers, whilst poor Syphax caught hold of his coat and endeavoured with all his strength to drag him out.

‘His master was so pleased with the important services he had done him, that he was determined he should always afterwards live in the parlour as well as Cato. Accordingly, when he went home he called him in, and patting him, gave him some meat. Cato was so angry at seeing him in the parlour, and laying near his cushion, that he ran to him, and hurt and bit him most terribly; and when their master endeavoured to part them, he bit his thumb almost off. His master was so displeased with his behaviour that he beat him out of the room, and made him keep in the hall, as poor Syphax had been used to do; and notwithstanding his beauty he soon fared worse than ever Syphax had done; for he was so snappish and growled so much at everybody who passed through the hall, that at last they drove him quite out of the house, and whipped him away from the door every time he tried to get in; so that instead of having plenty of food, and sleeping on a soft cushion by the fireside, he was obliged to stand shivering in the cold and wet, and could hardly find bones enough to live upon; for he was so much disliked, because of his bad behaviour, by all the family, that nobody

chose the trouble of feeding him ; and he soon became so lean and dirty as to look quite ugly.

‘One day as he was running after a horse to bite its heels, the horse kicked back his foot and dashed his brains out ; so there was an end of Cato, whose own fault it was that he did not continue to live comfortably and happy as well as Syphax, who grew fat, and, by his good temper, became a great favourite with all the family.’

When Mr. Right had finished the story, he asked Roger how he liked it. Roger replied, ‘I like it very well ; but I do not see what I can learn from it, except that cross dogs will not be liked as well or live as comfortably as good-natured ones.’ ‘Very well,’ said Mr. Right, ‘neither will cross boys ; and though the story I have been telling you has been about dogs, yet, you may be assured, it will be just the same with children ; and though they might happen to be so handsome as to make people at first admire them for their beauty, as they did Cato, still, if they are not good, their being pretty will be of no use to them ; neither will it make anybody love them : and some time or other they will suffer for their crossness, as Cato did for biting the horse’s heels. Whereas, those children who are good, though they should be even as ugly as Syphax, will, like him, when once people know their sweetness of temper, be loved and encouraged as he was : so that you see, Roger, even from histories of birds or beasts you may often learn to be good.’

What Mr. Right said was certainly true : for to be sure we may often learn how foolish it is to be cross and naughty ourselves by seeing the bad consequence of it even in beasts and birds ; and if it makes them so disagreeable, who have not sense to behave better, how very bad must it be in us who have sense and understanding to know what is right and wrong ! And very wrong I am sure it will be for any child who reads this pretty little book, not to try and be as good as the best children they have read about, and take care never to be like the naughty ones.

After Mr. Right left off speaking to Roger, it began to rain so fast that he was obliged to go in-doors ; and all the children ran home.

The next day they went to school as usual; and the day after they broke up for the Whitsuntide holidays; and Mrs. Bell gave each of them a task to learn at home.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning those of Mrs. Bell's school who were industrious, and wished to grow wise, and be clever men and women, began to learn their tasks, that they might be able to say them perfectly when they went to school; for though Mrs. Bell was by no means unreasonable, yet she had given them sufficient to employ them about half-an-hour every day, and if they had the rest of the time for play, that would be holiday enough, she said, to content all reasonable children; and indeed I think so too; for surely half-an-hour no child will grudge to spend in learning, though it were in holiday time. But yet some of Mrs. Bell's scholars were foolish enough to grumble at this, as if they had been much injured.

Miss Nancy Dawdle cried till she made herself sick about it, and, instead of learning it like a good child, and then enjoying herself comfortably the rest of the day, she every morning began fretting and crying till she put herself quite out of humour, and could not take pleasure in anything afterwards; for when a person has gotten an ill-humour nothing can divert or make them feel agreeable.

Mrs. Dawdle every day tried to persuade Nancy to act in a better manner. 'Do, my dear, pray,' said she, 'sit down and learn your task before you go to play: you will not be able to say it when you return to school; and only think what a disgrace it will be, not to be able to repeat it so well as the rest of your school-fellows.'

Nancy would then take up the book; but instead of endeavouring to make herself perfect in her lesson, only began fretting and crying, letting her tears fall upon the leaves, and then rub them about with her fingers, till in several places she quite rubbed holes in the paper, and almost made her book illegible. She would likewise, instead of keeping at the right place, turn over the leaves, and look everywhere

but where she ought; nay, she would even sometimes hold her book the wrong end upwards, and waste more time spelling the words backwards, than would have been quite sufficient to have learned her task perfectly. In the same foolish manner Master Crafty and Jack Sneak behaved. Ben Heady would never be persuaded to look in his book at all; and Roger Riot sadly neglected his, not from crying and fretting as the other three foolish children did, but from attending so much to his play that he could think of nothing besides. But Frank West, Jacob Steadfast, Jenny Meek, Kitty Spruce, Polly Nimble, and a few more, did not miss a single word; nor were they contented to learn just so much as Mrs. Bell had set them, but, wishing to show their readiness and desire to get forward and excel, learned far beyond the places that Mrs. Bell had ordered them. The rest of the children, though they did not repeat theirs equally perfect, yet acquitted themselves far better than Nancy Dawdle, Master Crafty, Jack Sneak, Ben Heady, or Roger Riot.

When they returned to school (which was just a fortnight after they had broke up), those who knew they were perfect in their lessons, went with great cheerfulness and pleasure; whilst those who were conscious of deserving reproof, crept slowly along, reading over their tasks all the way they went. But if they had not found time in the whole fortnight to learn them, it was not very likely they should be able during their walk to do it; it was to little purpose, therefore, for them to go creeping along in that slow sauntering manner; and indeed Miss Dawdle suffered very severely for it, for as she was walking on, not minding where she went, her foot slipt, and down she tumbled, and hit her mouth with so much violence against a stone, that she cut her lip and knocked out one of her teeth. She screamed out, and getting up, ran home as fast as possible, crying to her mamma.

When Mrs. Dawdle saw her with her mouth bleeding, 'My dear child,' said she, 'what is the matter with you? What have you done to your mouth?' 'O! mamma,' replied Nancy, 'I was trying to learn my task as I went along to school, and as I was looking in my book, I did not see my way, and my foot slipped, and so I tumbled down, and

have hurt my mouth so very bad, that I do not know how to bear it.' 'I am sorry,' returned Mrs. Dawdle, 'that you are so much hurt; but upon my word, Nancy, I must say that is your own fault. Had you learned your lesson before, as I often bid you, there would have been no occasion for you to have been conning it as you went along, but you might then have walked as you should do, and minded your way: so that, though I am sorry you are hurt, still, I do really think you deserve to be so, for your own indolence and folly.'

Mrs. Dawdle then had her daughter's face and mouth washed, and when it had quite left off bleeding sent her to school again. But before she arrived there, most of Mrs. Bell's scholars were assembled, and those who could say them perfect, had all repeated their tasks, whilst all the others kept back, looking over their books, and wishing everyone to be called before themselves, that they might have the longer opportunity of refreshing their memories. Mrs. Bell instantly saw the reason of their behaviour, and shaking her head, said, 'I am sorry to see so many of my children unprepared to bring their books to be heard their tasks. I was in great hopes that everyone would have been quite good, and I therefore begged the favour of my neighbour Bird, when he went to London last week, to bring me down a number of cakes and some pretty pictures, which I intended to divide amongst you, if you had been good at home in the holidays, and said your lessons well; but I doubt I shall not have occasion to use many of them. I am almost afraid I shall have more need of something else I got new too; but I shall be very sorry to be obliged to produce that: I hate the sight of such ugly things, and would rather it should live in the cupboard, than ever come out to show itself; but if children will be naughty, Mr. Tickleboy must walk out.' She then called Betsy Giddy to say her task, who repeated it in a very indifferent manner, as did also Miss Polly Right, Nancy Trundle, Jenny Liptrap, Sam Strut, and many others. But when she called Master Crafty, Jack Sneak, Ben Heady, and Roger Riot, they could neither of them say a word, but coloured, and looked like so

many simpletons. 'O fie! fie!' said Mrs. Bell, 'are you not all ashamed of yourselves? You four always seem as if determined to be the naughtiest children in my school. I believe I shall not permit you to come much longer, but will speak to your fathers, and desire them to send you to the school Harry Sturdy is gone to; for I hear the master of that has got an excellent method of making boys mind; and if they will not do without, he thrashes them most heartily; and indeed I think he is in the right of it: but for my part, I do not wish for such sort of children to come to me; they give me more trouble than their pay is worth. I like good boys and girls, and for them I think no pains and care too much, for they deserve it all; and though I have not many young gentlemen and ladies in my school, yet I will venture to say, I have as good children in it as any in the world. Who can be better than Jacob Steadfast, Frank West, Philip Trusty? or than Jenny Meek, Sally Neatwood, Kitty Spruce, and Polly Nimble? Such children as these do honour to any school, and are a blessing greater than any riches can be to their parents; for wealth and honours can never make people happy, but goodness can.'

Just as she spoke these words, Miss Nancy Dawdle entered the room, sobbing and hanging her head, as if ashamed to show her face. 'Here,' continued Mrs. Bell, 'seems to be a proof of what I am saying. Miss Dawdle is a young lady; her parents are rich; but I do not think she appears as if she was at present very happy. Then turning to Miss Nancy she enquired what was the matter, and what had occasioned her tears. Instead of returning any answer, Miss Dawdle only burst out into a louder roar, and sobbed so violently, that it was some time before she could even hear what Mrs. Bell said to her; but when she began to grow rather more silent, Mrs. Bell, taking her by the hand, said, 'I am certain, Miss Nancy, by your behaviour, that you have been a naughty child: you have committed some fault or other, and your mamma has ordered you to tell me, that I may punish you for it. But come, tell me honestly the truth what it is you have done, and perhaps you may escape better than you expect.' Miss Dawdle then declared she

had done nothing, only fallen down and knocked out one of her teeth, which was the cause of her crying; and had it not been for that accident she should have been at school almost an hour sooner.

Mrs. Bell then looking in her mouth, and finding that was really the truth, told her to be pacified, and not cry any more:—‘but,’ added she, ‘I fear there is some other cause likewise, or else why did you increase your tears so much when I first enquired what was the matter? However, it is nothing necessary for me to be acquainted with: I will not desire you to tell me: I do not wish to be curious about things that do not concern me, so dry up your tears, and come, let me hear you repeat your task: I am sure you have had time enough to learn it, and I hope you can say it quite perfect, as Miss Hannah Right and many others have done, without miscalling one word.’

Upon Mrs. Bell’s saying this, Nancy began to cry again, and appeared very unwilling to find the place in her book. Mrs. Bell then taking it out of her hand looked it out, saying, ‘Come, come, Miss Dawdle, I see very plainly the cause of your tears besides your fall: I fancy you like not to say your lesson, because you are conscious you cannot, and therefore are sensible you deserve to be punished; but let me hear how well you can repeat what I gave you to learn: I am sure it was not more than Polly Nimble or any good child could have learned with ease in one day; so pray begin.’ Here Mrs. Bell paused, expecting Miss Nancy to begin at least, though she might not be able to go all the way through; but Nancy remained silent. Mrs. Bell then told her the first word; still she was silent. Mrs. Bell then repeated the whole line; but Miss Nancy continued dumb. Mrs. Bell then taking hold of her shoulder, and giving her a shake, enquired if she did not intend to speak at all. ‘Say as much as you can child,’ said she. Still Nancy made no other reply than her tears. ‘What! have you lost your tongue, child?’ enquired Mrs. Bell. ‘What in the world is the matter with you? Cannot you say any part of your task at all? Answer me this moment, for I do insist upon knowing why you behave so. Can you say any of your task, or

can you not?' To this plain question Miss Dawdle sobbed out the words 'No, madam.' 'And are you, then, not ashamed of yourself?' rejoined Mrs. Bell. 'Is this behaving like a young lady? It is behaving like a dunce, I think; and a dunce you will be all the days of your life. When you grow to be a woman, do not you think you will make a pretty appearance, not to be able to read, or know even the necessary contents of that task I set you? But if you do not regard being such a dunce, for my own credit, I assure you, I shall not let you continue so, for I do insist upon your learning it; and till you can say it perfect, you shall continue here an hour every day after school-time; and so shall you, Master Crafty, and you, Ben Heady, and Jack Sneak, and Roger Riot; for when I tell you to learn any lesson, I expect to be minded, and will be so, I assure you.'

Mrs. Bell then gave Miss Dawdle her work; but she had not done much before the clock struck twelve, and all the children, except herself and the four above-mentioned boys, went home. Mrs. Bell then gave them all their books, and told them to be good children and take pains to learn their tasks: 'for,' said she, 'the sooner you learn them the sooner you will be at liberty to go home with the other children at twelve o'clock.'

Roger Riot sat down and very diligently attended to his book, so that when the clock struck one he could say a very considerable part of it; Jack Sneak likewise learned some few lines of his; Master Crafty sat with his book before him, pretending to be trying to learn his, instead of which he was only counting the lines in the pages, and the letters in the words, without getting one word the forwarder; but Ben Heady sat pouting, and sullenly refusing to look in his book at all; whilst Miss Dawdle was fretting and crying in the same manner as she had done at home.

Mrs. Bell, then getting up, went and unlocked her cupboard. 'Well!' said she, 'I was in hopes that this new thing (taking a rod in her hand) would have had no occasion to have been produced; but since you are such naughty children, and will not be persuaded to mind by being spoken to, I shall make use of it, I promise you; for do not think

that I will have you crying here all day, doing no good, and not getting any forwarder. If you will sit and cry you shall have greater cause for your tears than you have at present, Miss Dawdle: so come hither to me this moment, for I will suffer such behaviour no longer.' Nancy, upon finding Mrs. Bell thus determined to punish her, instead of going to her, ran to the farther side of the room, and earnestly begged her to forgive her, promising if she would not whip her that time she would be good for the future, and take more pains with her learning.

Mrs. Bell, who was always very good-natured, and never chose to inflict any punishment when she could possibly do without, was glad to hear Miss Nancy promise to improve, and told her if she would indeed try and be good, she would for that time excuse her, and not proceed any farther. Miss Nancy then once more sat down and dried up her tears as soon as she could, and then found it very possible to learn some of her task. All the while Mrs. Bell was engaged thus with Miss Dawdle, Ben Heady sat holding his book between his knees, but never once would open it to look in it, or scarcely so much as raise his eyes off the ground, but continued looking down, with his lips pouting out in the most stupid, sullen manner imaginable. Mrs. Bell then turning to him said, 'You seem, Ben Heady, as if determined to be as obstinate and naughty as you can. But what do you expect to get by such behaviour, or who do you think you shall most punish? If you choose to be a blockhead all the days of your life, it is yourself that will suffer for it, and not I; and if you choose to be punished every day, and lose all your play, as you already have those nice games you used to enjoy in Mr. Right's field, it is you that feel uncomfortable and wretched, and nobody else; but if you will not look in your book, but choose to sit in that stupid manner, there is no occasion for the glorious light of the sun to be wasted upon you; darkness will serve just as well for you to pout in; into the dark, therefore, you shall go; in my cellar there is a nice little closet will just hold you if you sit upon the ground, or stand stooping, and that shall be your abode till you learn to make a better use of the light than you do at present.'

She then took hold of his hand, and was pulling him to make him rise from his seat, which he resisted with all his might, twisting his legs round the frame of the form, and holding it tight with both his hands, when his father at that instant entered the room. 'Heighday!' said he, 'I called, madam, as I passed by, to enquire what was the reason of Ben's being so late this morning, but I need ask no questions: I see he is a naughty boy.'

'Indeed, sir,' replied Mrs. Bell, 'he is a very naughty boy.' She then told him all that had passed; how he sat sullenly quiet without minding his book, or anything she said to him; and that she was going to take him out of her sight, and put him in the cellar till he would grow good. 'Ay, pray madam do,' said his father, 'for he quite tires out my patience he behaves so bad; but I am determined not to keep him much longer at home. There is a friend of mine lives in Cornwall, and he has been so kind as to offer to take him if I please to send him, and then he will carry him to the tin mines and make him work hard there, underground; it is terrible, laborious, disagreeable work; but I am resolved there he shall go, for I will not have the daily affliction of seeing his bad obstinate behaviour. But, madam, you seem to have some difficulty in lifting him: give me leave to help you.'

Mr. Heady then took hold of his son, and lifting him by the arms, carried him after Mrs. Bell into her cellar, and then shut him into a little closet, where he was very uncomfortable, for it was not high enough to permit him to stand upright, nor wide enough to let him sit upon the ground with his legs out straight before him, so that he could only stand stooping, or else sit all on a heap, with his knees up to his chin. In this dismal situation, however, he continued all day without any food; for his father desired he might not have any unless he would promise to be good.

In the meantime, whilst he was shut up in the cupboard, and the others who had neglected their tasks were confined in the school-room, the rest of Mrs. Bell's scholars were all enjoying themselves at play in Mr. Right's field, who very kindly went amongst them to enquire how they did, and whether they had been good at school, and repeated their

tasks perfectly. Those who were conscious that they had done so answered at once without any hesitation; whilst the others, who were sensible they had not acquitted themselves quite so well, coloured, and looking confused, most of them walked away without returning any answer. Little Dick Skipper indeed spoke directly, and said, 'I cannot say, sir, we have all of us learned our tasks so well as we ought to have done; but we intend to con them over again till we can say them perfect: but Mrs. Bell did not forbid our coming to play, nor was she very angry with us, though she did not give us such nice cakes and sugar-plums as she did those who did not miss a word.'

'No, to be sure,' replied Mr. Right, 'I do not think it would have been just to have rewarded you who were careless and idle the same as those who were industrious and learned their lessons; but I am glad to find you intend to make the best amends you can for your past faults, and learn them perfectly; and if I were you I think I would not come much to play till I had done so; for then you will enjoy yourselves much better than you can now, whilst you know that business still remains to be done.' 'If you think so, sir,' replied Dick Skipper, 'I will go home now, and mind it now till I go back to school, and I dare say by that time I shall be able to say it.' 'And so will I too,' said Sam Strut; 'and I,' said Billy Freeman; 'and I,' said Betsy Giddy; 'and I,' said Nancy Trundle; 'and I,' said Jenny Liptrap; 'and I,' 'and I,' said half-a-dozen besides, who all ran home as fast as ever they could, leaving behind them only those few who had been wise enough to learn theirs in proper time. Mr. Right continued talking to them some time. 'You see, my dears,' said he, 'the advantage of performing your business in a proper manner and at the right time: it leaves you at liberty afterwards to follow your diversion; and so, depend upon it, you will always find it through life, when you shall be called upon to fill more important employments than learning your tasks. If you neglect that business which ought to be done in the morning till the afternoon, the proper business for the afternoon must be put off till the next day; and, consequently, the next day will be

overcrowded with what remains to be done, that nothing will be performed as it should be: everything will be slighted and done in a bad manner, neither will you have any leisure to enjoy the society of your friends, or even have the comfort of taking a walk. Only think of our neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Scuttle! Do they ever seem to have any peace or enjoyment of their lives? they are always in a hurry and confusion; their house is disordered and dirty, their clothes are ragged and untidy, their children neglected and untaught, their works seldom done at the time appointed; and all this discomfort and confusion proceeds from that foolish habit of neglecting to do their business at the proper season. He is a tailor, you know, and if he has any job of work to do, instead of setting about it directly and getting it finished by the time he promised, he neglects to begin it so long that he at last is in the greatest hurry and bustle that can be imagined, and everything else must be neglected to enable him to complete it in time. His wife acts in the same foolish method in everything she has to do. Instead of concluding her necessary household business of a morning as quick as she can, and then sitting down to her needle, and the care of her children, she dawdles about and neglects, till the day is almost spent, what she ought to have concluded in the first hour or two of the morning; then she has no time for the necessary jobs that remain to be done; the little holes in her own and children's gowns go unmended till they become great ones, and their faces also unwashed till they look almost like pigs. Thus, from their own bad management they lose every comfort of life, and instead of living respectably, as they might very well afford to do, they are the most ragged and distressed looking people of any family in my parish. And this, my children, will always be the case with those people who foolishly follow their pleasures at improper times, and neglect doing their business when it ought to be done. Play is very necessary for young folk, but they ought never to go to it till after they have done their proper necessary employments. It is with pleasure, therefore, my dears, I hear you have all acquitted yourselves so well; and as a little reward for your industry I will give to each of you boys a

new bat; and you, my little girls, shall each of you have a nice new rosy-faced baby.'

Mr. Right then bid them all follow him into his house, where he presented them all either with a bat or a doll; and Mrs. Right gave them every one a fine large peach and a handful of almonds and raisins. They then all made their bows and courtseys in the very best manner they could, and returning Mr. and Mrs. Right thanks for their kind notice of them, tripped home to get ready to return to school again, where they arrived almost as soon as Master Crafty, Miss Dáwdle, Jack Sneak, and Roger Riot had left it to go home for their dinners, who were all obliged to return back again the moment they dined, without having any time to play.

As soon as they were all assembled, Mrs. Bell talked a great deal to them to convince them of the folly of neglecting their tasks. 'I dare say,' said she, 'some of you think me cross for setting you so much to learn; but you should consider, my dears, it is entirely for your benefit that I give you any. Your parents send you to me that you may learn to read, and not to be dunces; and I should not do my duty did I not try to improve you as much as I can during the time you are with me; for, my dears, it will not be long before you must all leave school, and you who are poor must provide for yourselves; whilst you who are happy enough to be raised above the necessity of hard labour, still will find it very requisite to do something besides sitting with your hands before you in idleness; and then you will have no time to learn your books and improve yourselves, and will be sorry that you neglected the present opportunity, when your parents are so kind as to spare their money to pay for your due education.' Just as Mrs. Bell said this they heard a great noise in the road, and looking out they saw a man with his hands cuffed led by to go to the county gaol, followed by a great mob of people, amongst whom was his poor mother, who was crying ready to break her heart. She had followed him a long way, and just as she came opposite Mrs. Bell's door, her foot turned on one side and sprained her ankle, so that she could not possibly walk any farther. Mrs. Bell saw the accident, and very kindly begged she would come into

the house and rest herself, and have her foot rubbed with a little vinegar. The poor woman accepted the offer, and after kissing her son very tenderly, went into the room, where her tears for some time prevented her speaking. At last she said, 'I am much obliged to you, madam, for this kindness to me, and sincerely hope you will never know what it is to suffer so much unhappiness as I do; for I am, madam, one of the most wretched of women. That young man you saw with his hands cuffed is my son, who is now going to gaol for a robbery he has committed, and I dare say he will certainly be hanged. I have long been afraid he would come to so shocking an end, for he has always been a sad undutiful lad, and never would attend to what his father and I said to him, but would go in his own way, and never be advised to be good.

'When he was a child at school he never took any delight in his learning, but used to saunter away his time and be idle; and, all I could say to him, I never could persuade him to be diligent, and so he got into bad company, and played with children who were as naughty as himself; and they taught him to use bad words, and laugh at everything that was good; and so he went on from one fault to another till at last he committed that for which he is now going to suffer. And I hope, my little dears,' continued she, addressing herself to all the scholars, 'this will be a warning to you, and make you all good, and mind what is said to you, or else you some day or other will be in the same situation; for naughty children, who will not mind their parents and teachers, will make wicked men and women, and then they must be punished and hanged, like my poor unhappy boy.' Here she was so overpowered by her grief that she could say no more, and it was with great difficulty she was kept from going into fits.

Mrs. Bell very kindly helped her upstairs, and laid her down upon her bed. After she had sat by her till she grew a little better, she returned to her scholars. 'This afternoon, my dears,' said she, 'has been so much interrupted, that I have not been able to hear one quarter of you read, and now it is past five, so that I suppose you all want to get

home; and as it has not been your own faults that you have not said your lessons, I will not detain you; and I hope what you have this day seen as the bad consequence of vice will keep you all from ever practising it in the smallest degree.' The children all promised they would always endeavour to be good; and even Ben Heady (whom she then let out of the closet) said likewise he would try to be a better boy than he had been. 'Well,' replied Mrs. Bell, 'if you will but try to be so, I am sure you will, for it is entirely in your own power.' She then charged them to come soon the next morning, and returned upstairs to the poor woman, who continued so extremely ill, and her ankle so much swelled, that Mrs. Bell could not bear the thought of sending her away, but very kindly insisted upon her staying all night. She then undressed her, and put her into her own bed, intending to sit up to nurse her.

Mrs. Bell was making a shirt for one of her neighbours whose wife was ill, and she sat working at that by the bedside; and whether she fell asleep with that upon the table, and a spark from the candle fell upon it; or whether she set fire to her head, or what way the accident happened I cannot tell; but by some means or other, about three o'clock in the morning, her house was discovered by her neighbours to be in flames. The whole village was instantly alarmed, and all possible methods tried to extinguish it; but all to no effect. It was a wooden house, with the roof thatched, so that it blazed with great violence, and was burned down to the ground in less than a quarter of an hour from the time it was first discovered. Some bones were the next day found in the rubbish, but the flesh was so entirely consumed as to make it impossible to distinguish Mrs. Bell from the poor woman she so charitably assisted. So concluded the life of that most valuable member of society, much lamented and much beloved by all the inhabitants of Rose Green, and an irreparable loss to all the rising generation of that place. From this fatal accident it is to be hoped that everybody will learn to be extremely cautious not to leave candles burning near linen or anywhere, without constantly watching that they may do no mischief.

THE LITTLE QUEEN.

THERE reigned once upon a time, in a distant island, a good prince who was passionately beloved by all his subjects. It could not happen otherwise, for he was their common father. He provided for all their reasonable wants, he rewarded those who deserved well of their country, and he let none of the wicked, nor even the idle, escape without punishment. This amiable monarch had but one cause of anxiety: Myra, his only child, by no means requited the attention which had been given to her education. At twelve years of age she was shamefully ignorant. Her thoughtlessness made her forget every lesson which she had been taught, and her presumption kept pace with her want of knowledge; of consequence as she thought herself perfectly accomplished, she despised all instruction. One day she was indulging her absurd vanity by hinting, that were she to govern the island, things would be better managed than they were now. The king, having been informed of his daughter's sentiments, sent for her immediately. On her coming, he told her, without the least discomposure, 'that as she was destined to reign, one day or other, over his kingdoms, he should wish to know how far her talents were proper for so important a charge.' 'We may, if you please,' added this good prince, 'make the experiment without any delay. Careless as you always were about the lessons which have been given you in geography, you cannot but know that the Fortunate Island makes a part of my dominions; it is a small, but well inhabited district; its people are active, industrious, good-tempered, and thoroughly attached to their sovereigns. Go, child, reign over them; I shall order a yacht to be instantly

fitted up to convey you to your capital.' Then making a most profound reverence to the little sovereign, 'Adieu, madam,' said he, with difficulty concealing a smile.

Myra for some time thought that the king meant only to divert himself, but soon found her mistake, and that everything was preparing for her voyage. She was even permitted to form a court to her own mind; and accordingly she picked out a dozen of her playfellows to accompany her. 'These young people,' said she to her father, 'are so very rational and sedate, that there can be no need of their being attended by governesses or tutors.' The king, however, thought otherwise, and ordered the teachers to embark with their pupils. The young sovereign, on her part, took care there should be abundance of musicians for her balls, and that a company of players should be provided for the amusement of herself and her court. On the morn of her departure, she took an affectionate leave of her father; but the few tears which she shed were soon dried up by the consideration of her being going to a place where she should do 'just what she pleased.' 'The only advice that I shall give you,' said the king, at parting, 'is that you would follow the advice of Aristus (the governor of the island over which you are to reign) in everything of importance. He is a man for whom I have a high esteem, and with reason, as he is discreet, honest, and humane. I could wish that you would make him your first minister; I mean that you should consult him in everything, and entrust him with the execution of all your orders.'

This direction no way suited the taste of our young queen, who wished to have given that important charge to one of her favourites, Philintus, a tall genteel lad, not indeed many years older than herself, but one who, to tolerable skill in dancing and singing, added the very agreeable talent of elegant flattery. He was himself as averse to study, and of consequence as ignorant as his royal mistress; but he had knowledge enough of his own interest to excite him never to omit assuring her that everyone looked on her as a model of a perfect princess, although he was conscious that, out of her hearing, she was universally blamed for being so totally

unlike her excellent father, and for spending her whole time in trifling amusements.

As soon as the little sovereign reached her island, she beheld with pleasure troops of shepherds and shepherdesses, in elegant fancy dresses of rose colour and white, who sung carols in praise of their new queen, strewed sweet-scented flowers in her path, and presented her with odoriferous nose-gays. Myra, charmed with this specimen of her subjects' gallantry, ordered money to be distributed amongst them; and, under the conduct of Aristus, repaired to a lovely, though small palace, fitted up for her reception. Fatigued with the voyage, the queen and her young court made haste to their repose, but her majesty forgot not to order, for the next day, a comedy to be acted, followed by a ball and a splendid entertainment. On the next morn, Myra and her court amused themselves by walking into the capital town, which lay not far from the palace. 'Observe,' said Aristus to his sovereign, 'the air of content which reigns in every face we meet.' 'That,' said Philintus, 'we should attribute to the presence of our lovely queen.' 'Without doubt,' replied Aristus, 'they are sensible of that honour; but I ought to inform you that their gaiety is chiefly owing to their being conscious of the excellent government under which they live, and of the wisdom of those laws by which their king, whom they look upon as their father, governs the country.' 'Let us now,' said Myra, 'extend our walks into the country.' They did so. An orchard in full bloom now tempted her to take a nearer view of its beauty. 'What,' said she to Aristus, 'occasions the buzzing sounds which I hear?' 'The bees,' replied he; 'a useful tribe of your majesty's subjects.' At that instant most unfortunately one of these animals, not perfectly acquainted with the respect due to royalty, and disgusted at the queen's approaching too near to his hive, settled on her hand and made her feel his sting! 'Shocking creatures, these bees!' exclaimed Myra; 'one of them has half killed me.' 'The presumptuous, ungrateful wretches ought,' said Philintus, 'to be utterly extirpated.' 'You are right,' said the queen; 'I will have them destroyed, not on my own account, but to preserve my

poor people from receiving such cruel wounds, when they are pursuing their occupations in the country.' 'Permit me,' said Aristus, 'to observe, that these accidents happen but very seldom, and that the pain which the bees occasion by their stings is trifling when compared with the vast advantage which accrues from their labours; your subjects, madam, will suffer severely indeed, if they are deprived of that useful creature.' Here he was interrupted by Philintus, who, bursting with laughter, cried out, 'A pretty tale you tell us, Aristus! why, sure you take us all for children! Suffer, indeed! what! because that nasty insect is kept from stinging them! Make us believe that, if you can.' 'I will have every bee in my kingdom put to death,' said the young queen, with an air of dignity. 'Possibly,' said Aristus, 'your majesty may see cause hereafter to repent of this hasty command.' 'Nevertheless,' repeated Myra, 'it shall be executed.' Aristus retired with a sigh, and Philintus loudly applauded the mingled humanity and firmness of his infant sovereign. That evening the queen entertained herself at the play, and afterwards was present at the ball, which, with a magnificent supper, lasted until two in the morning.

Unluckily, among the ladies of the bedchamber were two who, not having reached their eleventh year, had been used to eat little or no suppers, to take moderate exercise, and to go to bed early. But the royal banquet had been so tempting, the ball so charming, and the whole so perfectly new to them, that they had despised the admonitions of their governesses, who had very naturally remonstrated against their launching at once into this new system. In consequence, they were both extremely ill the next morning. The physician attended and ordered proper medicines, which they refused to take. 'They were permitted by the queen,' they said, 'to do what they liked best, and they hated nasty physic.' Their complaints, however, increased; they could neither eat, drink, or sleep, and one of the two felt the attack of a fever. On this the governesses were obliged to have recourse to the royal authority, and the queen having

commanded the young ladies to submit to discipline, they took what was ordered and all went right again.

One day that the young queen was walking in the garden of her palace, she was disgusted at the devastation which had been made by caterpillars on the leaves of the trees. 'What vile creatures are these!' said she to Philintus. 'Did you ever see such a piece of work as they have made here?' 'I think,' replied the courtier, 'that it would be a good deed to root them out of the island, and to proclaim rewards for those who would undertake to destroy them.' 'What say you to that, Aristus?' said Myra; 'can my subjects exist without caterpillars?' 'Your majesty,' replied Aristus, 'has not forgot the bees, I find, but here the case is widely different. The caterpillars which have stript those trees do much mischief, and are of no one use to society.' 'I am heartily glad,' said the queen, 'that we coincide in opinion, for I am determined to have all the caterpillars in my dominions destroyed; I hate them, nasty creatures!' 'Your majesty,' said Aristus, 'certainly means to except from this general massacre, that kind of caterpillar which produces the silk worm.' 'Do but hear him,' said Philintus, in the queen's ear; 'that fellow makes a point of contradicting your majesty in everything.' 'Let every caterpillar in my realm be put to death,' exclaimed the piqued sovereign.

'I am tired to death,' said Myra, one day. 'of this eternal verdure. These walks of turf, and these clumps of laurel, though I like them well enough on the whole, yet, being repeated so often, they fatigue my eyes—green, and green, and nothing but green. Why can I not have a rose-colour bower?' Philintus now turned all his thoughts towards the accomplishment of his sovereign's rational wish. He had observed in a distant part of the garden an arbour where a honeysuckle overspread the green frame-work. He ordered the leaves to be stripped off, the wood to be painted rose-colour, and he covered the whole with artificial roses hanging by crimson ribbons. The queen was enchanted with this gaudy retreat, and as soon as she saw it, ordered her dinner to be set out upon that very spot. The sun shone

out with great power, and scarce had the company sate ten minutes at their meal, before some complained of aching heads, some of dazzled eyes; all lost their appetites, and the whole was a confusion of heat and glare. Aristus advised the whole party to abandon the flaring scene, and to refresh their eyes by gazing on the turf in some shady place. They did so, and all went well again. In consequence, it was settled by her majesty in council, that during the summer it were better for the leaves of trees to be green than to be rose-colour.

Myra was so enchanted with the pleasures of her palace, that she gave herself little trouble as to what passed in the island at large. Her whole time was employed in schemes for increasing and varying her amusements; sometimes, indeed, she walked into the country; but her presence no longer appeared to give any pleasure to her subjects; there were no more songs in her praise—no more cries of ‘Long live our Queen!’ ‘What,’ said Myra, ‘can occasion this strange alteration in the behaviour of my people? Are they displeased with any part of my government?’ ‘If,’ said Philintus, ‘they are out of humour with such an amiable sovereign, they do not deserve the honour of her inquiries.’ This answer was not entirely satisfactory to the Queen; she was even for some time buried in thought; but the efforts of Philintus (who had observed the gloom on her countenance), and the gay turn of his conversation, together with the novelty of an entertainment which he proposed for the next evening, drove away all serious thoughts, and sprightliness resumed its reign again. The plan was that all the court should appear in pastoral dresses, and that the company should dance on one of those elegant lawns with which the palace garden abounded. Myra approved of this plan, only desiring that the habits might be as elegant as the plan would allow. ‘They can only be made of linen, madam,’ said one of the bedchamber women. ‘How so?’ said the queen.

‘There is not, in your majesty’s dominions, silk enough for one dress.’

‘You must be mistaken. On my taking the government

into my hands, I observed shops without end, well furnished with silk.'

'It is true, madam, there were such; but they are now all shut up, and the owners have left the island.'

'And why so, pray?'

'Since your majesty's orders for the destruction of all caterpillars, the silk manufacture is entirely stopped.'

'Ay! why, what have those nasty vermin to do with the manufacture of silk?'

'There is one species of those caterpillars which produces the materials, without which silk cannot be made; and as the sellers of silk in the towns are in general connected, by marriage or relationship, with the breeders of the silkworms, they have determined altogether to quit a country where they are deprived of the means of subsisting.'

That very evening the queen observed with a surprise, which almost equalled horror, that the apartments of the palace were lighted with tallow candles. 'Heavens!' exclaimed the affronted sovereign, 'what means this filthy sight?' She was told that there were no waxen tapers to be found in the isle. 'Tis impossible,' she cried; 'let Aristus be sent for.' He appeared. 'Have you not told me, sir, that my island abounded with wax?' 'Madam, it did so, when I gave you that information.' 'And how happens it that it is not so now?' 'Because, since your majesty ordered the bees to be extirpated, no more wax is to be found.' Philintus sneered at this reply, and Myra asked with astonishment, what was the connection between bees and tapers? 'Without them,' said Aristus, 'the tapers cannot exist, since the bees supply the materials of which the tapers are composed.' 'And what is become of those who used to get their living by making those tapers?' 'Poor souls!' replied Aristus, 'they are on the point of quitting a place where they cannot earn their bread.' 'Alas!' added he, 'were your majesty to make, at this time, the tour of your dominions, you would find the face of the whole country deplorably altered.' Philintus would have turned this account into ridicule, but Myra, by a look, stopped his buffoonery, and retired to her chamber with a heavy heart.

The next morning she took Aristus with her, and drove into the environs of her capital. 'You were too much in the right,' she said, 'when you bade me expect a deplorable alteration among my people. I hear no more acclamations! no more songs! but I see the painfullest of sights; crowds of people in rags, begging their bread.' 'Formerly,' said Aristus, 'no beggars were to be found here; there was a large building erected for the poor, where the old were maintained, the sick cured, and all the young folks set to work; but since your majesty has allowed twelve to be the age of discretion, many of these children have refused to be employed, and choosing to wander about the country, without knowing how to get their bread, they are of course reduced to rags and misery.'

The queen, having given some relief to these wretched objects, proceeded to ask Aristus what was become of the crowds of busy people who were used to throng in the streets of the capital; 'for,' said she, 'half the houses seem to be shut up, and the whole town appears deserted, in comparison of its state when I first saw it.' The minister told her that there was a mutual dependence of one trade upon another, and that, in consequence of the departure of the silk and wax merchants and manufacturers, those who were used to supply that large body of men with clothes, shoes, and stockings, provisions, and every other accommodation, having now no market for their goods, had shut up their shops, and were preparing, one and all, for their departure. He added, that it was much to be feared that the farmers, who used to bring to the town corn, hay, butter, eggs, poultry, &c., together with their families, labourers, &c., would soon follow this example.

Struck with this painful detail, the young queen, whose goodness of heart was equal to the thoughtlessness of her head, exclaimed in an agony of distress, 'Oh heavens! why did I leave my father's court? why take upon me a task of which I was so incapable? I suffer severely for my presumption; but at least I will do no more mischief here.' Then turning to Aristus, she begged him to hasten the preparations for her return to the kingdom of her father. Her

orders were instantly obeyed, and she, with her whole court, took leave of the Fortunate Island, and soon reached the port they wished for. As soon as Myra saw the king, she threw herself at his feet, bathed in tears. 'How is this,' said he, 'my daughter, are you returned already? are you so soon weary of sovereign power?' 'Alas! sire!' replied the weeping Myra, 'never was any being more wretched than your daughter. I have childishly thrown away my own happiness, and that of those whom you entrusted to my care. The island which I have governed no longer deserves the name of Fortunate. I have, by my own mismanagement, reduced an industrious people to beggary and ruin; but I conjure you, sire, to order all my jewels to be instantly sold, that I may, by their means, in some sort relieve the miseries which my infantine folly has brought upon them.' 'Make yourself easy,' said the good king, soothing his afflicted daughter; 'the mischiefs which your want of consideration has caused, are by no means irreparable. I foresaw that you would make great mistakes in government, and managed affairs so as to prevent those mistakes from having any very bad consequences. Those of your subjects who have by your errors been forced to quit your isle, have, by the direction of Aristus, found a comfortable retreat in this kingdom, have been supplied with all necessaries, and will now return to their own country, with proper materials, to re-assume their several trades and occupations. You have, my beloved Myra, an excellent heart, and in all the mischief which you have done, you have had the best intention in the world. This ought to teach you that princes ought not to trust to their good dispositions alone, but that they should take counsel with the most intelligent of their subjects concerning the measures of their government, and, above all, that they should guard against forming too high an opinion of their own wisdom. The errors of private persons can only affect a small number of individuals, but those of sovereigns may ruin nations.'

Myra profited by this lesson, and by her own experience. She dedicated, for the future, a considerable part of her time to study, and forbade Philintus ever to appear in her presence again.

THE HISTORY
OF
LITTLE JACK.

THERE was once a poor lame old man that lived in the midst of a wide uncultivated moor, in the north of England. He had formerly been a soldier, and had almost lost the use of one leg by a wound he had received in battle, when he was fighting against the enemies of his country. This poor man, when he found himself thus disabled, built a little hut of clay, which he covered with turf dug from the common. He had a little bit of ground, which he made a shift to cultivate with his own hands, and which supplied him with potatoes and vegetables; besides this, he sometimes gained a few half-pence by opening a gate for travellers, which stood near his house. He did not, indeed, get much, because few people passed that way. What he earned was, however, enough to purchase clothes and the few necessaries he wanted. But though poor, he was strictly honest, and never failed night and morning to address his prayers to God; by which means he was respected by all who knew him, much more than many who were superior to him in rank and fortune. This old man had one domestic. In his walks over the common he one day found a little kid that had lost its mother, and was almost famished with hunger: he took it home to his cottage, fed it with the produce of his garden, and nursed it till it grew strong and vigorous. Little Nan (for that was the name he gave it) returned his cares with gratitude, and became as much attached to him as a dog. All day she browsed upon the herbage that grew around his hut, and at night reposed upon the same bed of straw with her master. Frequently did she divert him with her innocent tricks and gambols.

She would nestle her little head in his bosom, and eat out of his hand part of his scanty allowance of bread, which he never failed to divide with his favourite. The old man often beheld her with silent joy, and, in the innocent effusions of his heart, would lift his hands to heaven and thank the Deity that, even in the midst of poverty and distress, had raised him up one faithful friend.

One night, in the beginning of winter, the old man thought he heard the feeble cries and lamentations of a child. As he was naturally charitable, he arose and struck a light, and, going out of his cottage, examined on every side. It was not long before he discerned an infant, which had probably been dropped by some strolling beggar or gipsy. The old man stood amazed at the sight, and knew not what to do. 'Shall I,' said he, 'who find it so difficult to live at present, encumber myself with the care of a helpless infant, that will not for many years be capable of contributing to its own subsistence? And yet,' added he, softening with pity, 'can I deny assistance to a human being still more miserable than myself? Will not that Providence which feeds the birds of the wood and the beasts of the field, and which has promised to bless all those that are kind and charitable, assist my feeble endeavours? At least, let me give it food and lodging for this night; for without I receive it into my cottage, the poor abandoned wretch must perish with cold before the morning.' Saying this, he took it up in his arms, and perceived it was a fine healthy boy, though covered with rags; the little foundling too seemed to be sensible of his kindness, and smiling in his face, stretched out his little arms, as if to embrace his benefactor.

When he had brought it into his hut, he began to be extremely embarrassed how to procure it food: but looking at Nan, he recollected that she had just lost her kid, and saw her udder distended with milk: he therefore called her to him, and, presenting the child to the teat, was overjoyed to find that it sucked as naturally as if it had really found a mother. The goat too seemed to receive pleasure from the efforts of the child, and submitted without opposition to discharge the duties of a nurse. Contented with this experi-

ment, the old man wrapped the child up as warmly as he could, and stretched himself out to rest, with the consciousness of having done a humane action. Early the next morning he was awakened by the cries of the child for food, which, with the assistance of his faithful Nan, he suckled as he had done the night before. And now the old man began to feel an interest in the child, which made him defer some time longer the taking measures to be delivered from its care. 'Who knows,' said he, 'but Providence, which has preserved this child in so wonderful a manner, may have destined it to something equally wonderful in his future life, and may bless me as the humble agent of His decrees? At least, as he grows bigger, he will be a pleasure and comfort to me in this lonely cabin, and will assist in cutting turf for fuel and cultivating the garden. From this time he became more and more attached to the little foundling, who in a short time learned to consider the old man as a parent, and delighted him with its innocent caresses. Gentle Nanny too, the goat, seemed to adopt him with equal tenderness as her offspring: she would stretch herself out upon the ground, while he crawled upon his hands and knees towards her; and when he had satisfied his hunger by sucking, he would nestle between her legs and go to sleep in her bosom.

It was wonderful to see how this child, thus left to nature, increased in strength and vigour. Unfettered by bandages or restraints, his limbs acquired their due proportions and form; his countenance was full and florid, and gave indications of perfect health; and at an age when other children are scarcely able to support themselves with the assistance of a nurse, this little foundling could run alone. It was true that he sometimes failed in his attempts, and fell to the ground; but the ground was soft, and little Jack, for so the old man called him, was not tender or delicate; he never minded thumps or bruises, but boldly scrambled up again and pursued his way. In a short time little Jack was completely master of his legs; and as the summer came on, he attended his mamma, the goat, upon the common, and used to play with her for hours together; sometimes rolling under her belly, now climbing upon her back, and frisking about

as if he had really been a kid. As to his clothing, Jack was not much encumbered with it; he had neither shoes, nor stockings, nor shirt; but the weather was warm, and Jack felt himself so much lighter for every kind of exercise. In a short time after this, Jack began to imitate the sounds of his papa, the man, and his mamma, the goat; nor was it long before he learned to speak articulately. The old man, delighted with this first dawn of reason, used to place him upon his knee and converse with him for hours together, while his pottage was slowly boiling amid the embers of a turf fire. As he grew bigger, Jack became of considerable use to his father; he could trust him to look after the gate, and open it during his absence; and, as to the cookery of the family, it was not long before Jack was a complete proficient, and could make broth almost as well as his daddy himself. During the winter nights the old man used to entertain him with stories of what he had seen during his youth, the battles and sieges he had been witness to, and the hardships he had undergone; all this he related with so much vivacity that Jack was never tired of listening. But what delighted him beyond measure was to see daddy shoulder his crutch instead of a musket, and give the word of command. 'To the right—to the left—present—fire—march—halt—all this was familiar to Jack's ear as soon as he could speak, and before he was six years old he poised and presented a broom-stick, which his daddy gave him for that purpose, with as good a grace as any soldier of his age in Europe.

The old man too instructed him in such plain and simple morals and religion as he was able to explain. 'Never tell an untruth, Jack,' said he, 'even though you were to be flayed alive; a soldier never lies.' Jack held up his head, marched across the floor, and promised his daddy that he would always tell the truth, like a soldier. But the old man, as he was something of a scholar, had a great ambition that his darling should learn to read and write; and this was a work of some difficulty; for he had neither printed book, nor pens, nor paper in his cabin. Industry, however, enables us to overcome difficulties; in the summer time, as the old man sat before his cottage, he would draw letters in the sand, and

teach Jack to name them singly, until he was acquainted with the whole alphabet; he then proceeded to syllables, and after that to words; all which his little pupil learned to pronounce with great facility: and, as he had a strong propensity to imitate what he saw, he not only acquired the power of reading words, but of tracing all the letters which composed them, on the sand.

About this time the poor goat which had nursed Jack so faithfully, grew ill and died. He tended her with the greatest affection and assiduity during her illness, brought her the freshest herbs for food, and would frequently support her head for hours together upon his little bosom. But it was all in vain; he lost his poor mammy, as he used to call her, and was for some time inconsolable; for Jack, though his knowledge was bounded, had an uncommon degree of gratitude and affection in his temper. He was not able to talk as finely about love, tenderness, and sensibility, as many other little boys that have enjoyed greater advantages of education; but he felt the reality of them in his heart, and thought it so natural to love everything that loves us, that he never even suspected it was possible to do otherwise. The poor goat was buried in the old man's garden, and thither little Jack would often come and call upon his poor mammy Nan, and ask her why she had left him. One day as he was thus employed, a lady happened to come by in a carriage, and overheard him before he was aware. Jack ran in an instant to open the gate; but the lady stopped, and asked him whom he was bemoaning so pitifully, and calling upon. Jack answered that it was his poor mammy, that was buried in the garden. The lady thought it very odd to hear of such a burial-place, and therefore proceeded to question him, 'How did your mamma get her living?' said she. 'She used to graze here upon the common all day long,' said Jack. The lady was still more astonished; but the old man came out of his hut, and explained the whole affair to her, which surprised her very much; for though this lady had seen a great deal of the world, and had read a variety of books, it had never once entered into her head that a child might grow strong and vigorous by sucking a goat, instead of eating pap.

She therefore looked at Jack with amazement, admired his brown but animated face, and praised his shape and activity. 'Will you go with me, little boy?' said she, 'and I will take care of you, if you behave well.' 'No,' said Jack, 'I must stay with daddy; he has taken care of me for many years, and now I must take care of him; otherwise I should like very well to go with such a sweet, good-natured lady.' The lady was not displeased with Jack's answer, and putting her hand in her pocket, gave him half-a-crown, to buy him shoes and stockings, and pursued her journey.

Jack was not unacquainted with the use of money, as he had been often sent to the next village to purchase bread and necessaries; but he was totally unacquainted with the use of shoes and stockings, which he had never worn in his life, or felt the want of. The next day, however, the old man bade him run to town, and lay his money out as the lady had desired; for he had too much honour to think of disobeying her commands, or suffering it to be expended for any other purpose. It was not long before Jack returned; but the old man was much surprised to see him come back as bare as he went out. 'Heigh, Jack!' said he, 'where are the shoes and stockings which you were to purchase?' 'Daddy,' answered Jack, 'I went to the shop, and just tried a pair for sport, but I found them so cumbersome that I could not walk, and I would not wear such things, even if the lady would give me another half-crown for doing it; so I laid the money out in a warm jacket for you, because the winter is coming on, and you seem to be more afraid of the cold than formerly.' Many such instances of conduct did Jack display; from which it was easy to perceive that he had an excellent soul and generous temper. One failing, indeed, Jack was liable to; though a very good-natured boy, he was a little too jealous of his honour. His daddy had taught him the use of his hands and legs, and Jack had such dispositions for the art of boxing that he could beat every boy in the neighbourhood of his age and size. Even if they were a head taller, it made no difference to Jack, provided they said anything to wound his honour; for otherwise he was the most mild, pacific creature in the world. One day that he

had been sent to the village, he returned with his eyes black, and his face swelled to a frightful size: it was even with difficulty that he was able to walk at all, so sore was he with the pommelling he had received. 'What have you been doing now, Jack?' said the old man. 'Only fighting with Dick the butcher.' 'You rogue,' said the old man, 'he is twice as big as you are, and the best fighter in all the country.' 'What does that signify?' said Jack; 'he called you an old beggarman, and then I struck him; and I will strike him again whenever he calls you so, even if he should beat me to pieces; for you know, daddy, that you are not a beggarman, but a soldier.'

In this manner lived Little Jack, until he was twelve years old; at this time his poor old daddy fell sick and became incapable of moving about. Jack did everything he could think of for the poor man; he made him broths, he fed him with his own hands, he watched whole nights by his bedside, supporting his head and helping him when he wanted to move. But it was all in vain; his poor daddy grew daily worse, and perceived it to be impossible that he should recover. He one day, therefore, called little Jack to his bedside, and pressing his hand affectionately, told him that he was just going to die. Little Jack burst into a flood of tears at this information, but his daddy desired him to compose himself, and attend to the last advice he should be able to give him. 'I have lived,' said the old man, 'a great many years in poverty, but I do not know that I have been worse off than if I had been rich. I have avoided, perhaps, many faults and many uneasinesses, which I should have incurred had I been in another situation; and though I have often wanted a meal and always fared hard, I have enjoyed as much health and life as usually falls to the lot of my betters. I am now going to die; I feel it in every part; the breath will soon be out of my body; then I shall be put in the ground, and the worms will eat your poor old daddy.' At this Jack renewed his tears and sobbings, for he was unable to restrain them. But the old man said, 'Have patience, my child; though I should leave this world, as I have always been strictly honest and endeavoured to do my duty, I do not

doubt but God will pity me, and convey me to a better place, where I shall be happier than I have ever been here. This is what I have always taught you, and this belief gives me the greatest comfort in my last moments. The only regret I feel is for you, my dearest child, whom I leave unprovided for. But you are strong and vigorous, and almost able to get your living. As soon as I am dead, you must go to the next village and inform the people, that they may come and bury me. You must then endeavour to get into service, and work for your living; and, if you are strictly honest and sober, I do not doubt that you will find a livelihood, and that God, who is the common father of all, will protect and bless you. Adieu, my child, I grow fainter and fainter; never forget your poor old daddy, nor the example he has set you; but in every situation of life discharge your duty, and live like a soldier and a Christian.' When the old man had with difficulty uttered these last instructions, his voice entirely failed him, his limbs grew cold and stiff, and in a few minutes he expired without a groan. Little Jack, who hung crying over his daddy, called upon him in vain, in vain endeavoured to revive him. At length he pulled off his clothes, went into his daddy's bed, and endeavoured for many hours to animate him with the warmth of his own body; but finding all his endeavours fruitless, he concluded that he was indeed dead; and therefore, weeping bitterly, he dressed himself, and went to the village as he had been ordered. The poor little boy was thus left entirely destitute, and knew not what to do; but one of the farmers, who had been acquainted with him before, offered to take him into his house, and give him his victuals for a few months, till he could find a service. Jack thankfully accepted the offer, and served him faithfully for several months; during which time he learned to milk, to drive the plough, and never refused any kind of work he was able to perform. But, by ill luck, this good-natured farmer contracted a fever, by over-heating himself in the harvest, and died in the beginning of winter. His wife was therefore obliged to discharge her servants, and Jack was again turned loose upon the world, with only his clothes and a shilling in his pocket,

which his kind mistress had made him a present of. He was very sorry for the loss of his master, but he was now grown bigger and stronger, and thought he should easily find employment. He therefore set out upon his travels, walking all day, and inquiring at every farmhouse for work. But in this attempt he was unfortunate, for nobody chose to employ a stranger; and though he lived with the greatest economy, he soon found himself in a worse situation than ever, without a farthing in his pocket, or a morsel of bread to eat. Jack, however, was not of a temper to be easily cast down; he walked resolutely on all day, but towards evening was overtaken by a violent storm of rain, which wetted him to the skin before he could find a bush for shelter. Now, poor Jack began to think of his old daddy, and the comforts he had formerly enjoyed upon the common, where he had always a roof to shelter him, and a slice of bread for supper. But tears and lamentations were vain; and therefore, as soon as the storm was over, he pursued his journey, in hopes of finding some barn or outhouse to creep into for the rest of the night. While he was thus wandering about, he saw at some distance a great light, which seemed to come from some prodigious fire. Jack did not know what this could be; but, in his present situation, he thought a fire no disagreeable object, and therefore determined to approach it. When he came nearer, he saw a large building which seemed to spout fire and smoke at several openings, and heard an incessant noise of blows, and the rattling of chains. Jack was at first a little frightened; but summoning all his courage, he crept cautiously on to the building, and looking through a chink, discovered several men and boys employed in blowing fires and hammering burning masses of iron. This was a very comfortable sight to him in his present forlorn condition; so finding a door half open, he ventured in, and placed himself as near as he dared to one of the flaming furnaces. It was not long before he was discovered by one of the workmen, who asked him roughly what business he had there. Jack answered, with great humility, that he was a poor boy, looking out for work; that he had had no food all day, and was wet to the

skin with the rain, which was evident enough from the appearance of his clothes. By great good luck the man he spoke to was goodnatured, and therefore not only permitted him to stay by the fire, but gave him some broken victuals for his supper. After this he laid himself down in a corner, and slept without disturbance till the morning. He was scarcely awake the next day, when the master of the forge came in to overlook his men, who finding Jack, and hearing his story, began to reproach him as a lazy vagabond, and asked him why he did not work for his living. Jack assured him there was nothing he so earnestly desired, and that if he would please to employ him, there is nothing that he would not do to earn a subsistence. 'Well, my boy,' said the master, 'if this is true, you shall soon be tried; nobody need be idle here; so calling his foreman, he ordered him to set that lad to work, and pay him in proportion to his deserts.' Jack now thought himself completely happy, and worked with so much assiduity, that he soon gained a comfortable livelihood, and acquired the esteem of his master. But, unfortunately, he was a little too unreserved in his conversation, and communicated the story of his former life and education. This was great matter of diversion to all the other boys of the forge, who, whenever they were inclined to be merry, would call him Little Jack the beggar-boy, and imitate the baaing of a goat. This was too much for his irascible temper, and he never failed to resent it; by which means he was engaged in continual quarrels and combats, to the great disturbance of the house; so that his master, though in other respects perfectly satisfied with his behaviour, began to fear that he should at last be obliged to discharge him.

It happened one day, that a large company of gentlemen and ladies were introduced to see the works. The master attended them, and explained, with great politeness, every part of his manufacture. They viewed with astonishment the different methods by which that useful and necessary ore of iron is rendered fit for human use. They examined the furnaces where it is melted down, to disengage it from the dross with which it is mixed in the bowels of the earth,

and whence it runs down in liquid torrents like fire. They beheld with equal pleasure the prodigious hammers which, moved by the force of water, mould it into massy bars for the service of man. While they were busy in examining these different processes, they were alarmed by a sudden noise of discord, which broke out on the other side of the building; and the master inquiring into the cause, was told that it was only Little Jack, who was fighting with Tom the collier. At this the master cried out in a passion, 'There is no peace to be expected in the furnace while that little rascal is employed; send him to me, and I will instantly discharge him.' At this moment Jack appeared, all covered with blood and dirt, and stood before his angry judge in a modest, but resolute posture. 'Is this the reward,' said his master, 'you little audacious vagabond, of all my kindness? Can you never refrain a single instant from broils and fighting? But I am determined to bear it no longer; and therefore you shall never, from this hour, do a single stroke of work for me.' 'Sir,' replied Jack with great humility, but yet with firmness, 'I am extremely sorry to have disoblged you, nor have I ever done it willingly since I have been here; and if the other boys would only mind their business as well as I do, and not molest me, you would not have been offended now; for I defy them all to say that, since I have been in the house, I have ever given anyone the least provocation, or ever refused, to the utmost of my strength, to do whatever I have been ordered.' 'That's true, in good faith,' said the foreman; 'I must do Little Jack the justice to say, that there is not a more honest, sober, and industrious lad about the place. Set him to what you will, he never skulks, never grumbles, never slights his work; and if it were not for a little passion and fighting, I dont believe there would be his fellow in England.' 'Well,' said the master, a little mollified, 'but what is the cause of all this sudden disturbance?' 'Sir,' answered Jack, 'it is Tom that has been abusing me, and telling me that my father was a beggarman and my mother a nanny-goat; and when I desired him to be quiet, he went baaing all about the house; and this I could not bear; for, as to my poor father, he was an honest

soldier; and if I did suck a goat, she was the best creature in the world, and I won't hear her abused while I have any strength in my body.' At this harangue, the whole audience were scarcely able to refrain from laughing, and the master, with more composure, told Jack to mind his business, and threatened the other boys with punishment if they disturbed him.

But a lady who was in company seemed particularly interested about Little Jack, and when she had heard his story, said, 'This must certainly be the little boy who opened a gate several years past for me upon Norcot Moor. I remember being struck with his appearance, and hearing him lament the loss of the goat that nursed him. I was very much affected with his history, and since he deserves so good a character, if you will part from him, I will instantly take him into my service.' The master replied, that he should part with him with great satisfaction to such an excellent mistress; that indeed the boy deserved all the commendations which had been given; but since the other lads had such a habit of plaguing, and Jack was of so impatient a temper, he despaired of ever composing their animosities. Jack was then called, and informed of the lady's offer, which he instantly accepted with the greatest readiness, and received immediate directions to her house.

Jack was now in a new sphere of life. His face was washed, his hair combed, he was clothed afresh, and appeared a very smart, active lad. His business was to help in the stable, to water the horses, to clean shoes, to perform errands, and to do all the jobs of the family; and in the discharge of these services he soon gave universal satisfaction. He was indefatigable in doing what he was ordered, never grumbled or appeared out of temper, and seemed so quiet and inoffensive in his manners, that everybody wondered how he had acquired the character of being quarrelsome. In a short time he became both the favourite and the drudge of the whole family; for, speak but kindly to him and call him a little soldier, and Jack was at everyone's disposal. This was Jack's particular foible and vanity; at his leisure hours he would divert himself by the

hour together in poising a dung-fork, charging with a broomstick, and standing sentry at the stable door. Another propensity of Jack's, which now discovered itself, was an immoderate love of horses. The instant he was introduced into the stable he attached himself so strongly to these animals, that you would have taken him for one of the same species, or at least a near relation. Jack was never tired with rubbing down and currying them; the coachman had scarcely any business but to sit upon his box; all the operations of the stable were entrusted to Little Jack, nor was it ever known that he neglected a single particular. But what gave him more pleasure than all the rest, was sometimes to accompany his mistress upon a little horse, which he managed with infinite dexterity.

Jack too discovered a great disposition for all the useful and mechanic arts. He had served an apprenticeship already to the manufactory of iron, and of this he was almost as vain as being a soldier. As he began to extend his knowledge of the world, he saw that nothing could be done without iron. 'How would you plough the ground,' said Jack; 'how would you dig your garden; how would you even light a fire, dress a dinner, shoe a horse, or do the least thing in the world, if we workmen at the forge did not take the trouble of preparing it for you?' Thus Jack would sometimes expatiate upon the dignity and importance of his own profession, to the great admiration of all the other servants.

These ideas naturally gave Jack a great esteem for the profession of a blacksmith, and, in his occasional visits to the forge with the horses, he learnt to make and fix a shoe as neatly as any artist in the country.

Nor were Jack's talents confined to the manufactory of iron; his love of horses was so great, and his interest in everything that related to them, that it was not long before he acquired a very competent knowledge in the art of saddlery.

Jack would also sometimes observe the carpenters when they were at work, and sometimes by stealth attempt the management of their tools; in which he succeeded as well

as in everything else; so that he was looked upon by everybody as a very active, ingenious boy.

There was in the family where he now lived a young gentleman, the nephew of his mistress, who had lost his parents, and was therefore brought up by his aunt. As Master Willets was something younger than Jack, and a very good-natured boy, he soon began to take notice of him, and be much diverted with his company. Jack, indeed, was not undeserving this attention; for although he could not boast any great advantages of education, his conduct was entirely free from all the vices to which some of the lower class of people are subject. Jack was never heard to swear, or express himself with any indecency. He was civil and respectful in his manners to all his superiors, and uniformly goodnatured to his equals. In respect to the animals entrusted to his care, he not only refrained from using them ill, but was never tired of doing them good offices. Added to this, he was sober, temperate, hardy, active, and ingenious, and despised a lie as much as any of his betters. Master Willets now began to be much pleased with playing at cricket and trap-ball with Jack, who excelled at both these games. Master Willets had a little horse which Jack looked after; and, not contented with looking after him in the best manner, he used to ride him at his leisure hours, with so much care and address that in a short time he made him the most gentle and docile little animal in the country. Jack had acquired this knowledge partly from his own experience, and partly from paying particular attention to an itinerant riding-master that had lately exhibited various feats in that neighbourhood. Jack attended him so closely, and made so good a use of his time, that he learned to imitate almost everything he saw, and used to divert the servants and his young master with acting the tailor's riding to Brentford.

The young gentleman had a master who used to come three times a week to teach him accounts, and writing, and geography. Jack used to be sometimes in the room while the lessons were given, and listened, according to custom, with so much attention to all that passed, that he received very considerable advantage for his own improvement. He

had now a little money, and he laid some of it out to purchase pens and paper and a slate, with which at night he used to imitate everything he had heard and seen in the day; and his little master, who began to love him very sincerely, when he saw him so desirous of improvement, contrived, under one pretence or another, to have him generally in the room while he was receiving instruction himself.

In this manner Jack went on for some years, leading a life very agreeable to himself, and discharging his duty very much to the satisfaction of his mistress. An unlucky accident at length happened to interrupt his tranquillity. A young gentleman came down to visit Master Willets, who, having been educated in France, and among genteel people in London, had a very great taste for finery, and a supreme contempt for all the vulgar. His dress, too, was a little particular, as well as his manners; for he spent half his time in adjusting his head, wore a large black bag tied to his hair behind, and would sometimes strut about for half an hour together with his hat under his arm, and a little sword by his side. This young man had a supreme contempt for all the vulgar, which he did not attempt to conceal; and when he had heard the story of Jack's birth and education, he could scarcely bear to be in the same room with him. Jack soon perceived the aversion which the stranger entertained for him, and at first endeavoured to remove it by every civility in his power; but when he found that he gained nothing by all his humility, his temper, naturally haughty, took fire, and, as far as he dared, he plainly showed all the resentment he felt.

It happened one day, after Jack had received some very mortifying usage from this young gentleman, that, as he was walking along the road, he met with a showman, who was returning from a neighbouring fair with some wild beasts in a cart. Among the rest was a middle-sized monkey, who was not under cover like the rest, and played so many antic tricks, and made so many grimaces, as engaged all Jack's attention, and delighted him very much, for he always had a propensity for every species of drollery. After a variety of questions and conversation, the showman, who probably wanted to be rid of his monkey, proposed to Jack to pur-

chase him for half-a-crown. Jack could not resist the temptation of being master of such a droll diverting animal, and therefore agreed to the bargain. But when he was left alone with his purchase, whom he led along by a chain, he soon began to repent his haste, and knew not how to dispose of him. As there was, however, no remedy, Jack brought him carefully home, and confined him safe in an outhouse, which was not applied to any use. In this situation he kept him several days without accident, and frequently visited him at his leisure hours, with apples, nuts, and such other presents as he could procure. Among the other tricks which the monkey had been taught to perform, he would rise upon his hind legs at the word of command, and bow with the greatest politeness to the company. Jack, who had found out these accomplishments in his friend, could not resist the impulse of making them subservient to his resentment. He, therefore, one day, procured some flour, with which he powdered his monkey's head, fixed a large paper bag to his neck, put an old hat under his arm, and tied a large iron skewer to his side, instead of a sword, and thus accoutred led him about with infinite satisfaction, calling him Monsieur, and jabbering such broken French as he had picked up from the conversation of the visitor. It happened very unluckily at this very instant, that the young gentleman himself passed by, and instantly saw at one glance the intended copy of himself, and all the malice of Little Jack, who was leading him along, and calling to him to hold up his head and look like a person of fashion. Rage instantly took possession of his mind, and drawing his sword, which he happened to have on, he ran the poor monkey through with a sudden thrust, and laid him dead upon the ground. What more he might have done is uncertain, for Jack, who was not of a temper to see calmly such an outrage committed upon an animal whom he considered as his friend, flew upon him like a fury, and wresting the sword out of his hand, broke it into twenty pieces. The young gentleman himself received a fall in the scuffle, which, though it did him no material damage, daubed all his clothes, and totally spoiled the whole arrangement of his dress. At this instant, the lady herself, who had heard the noise, came down, and

the violence of poor Jack was too apparent to be excused. Jack, indeed, was submissive to his mistress, whom he was very sorry to have offended; but when he was ordered to make concessions to the young gentleman, as the only conditions upon which he could be kept in the family, he absolutely refused. He owned, indeed, that he was much to blame for resenting the provocations he had received, and endeavouring to make his mistress's company ridiculous; but as to what he had done in defence of his friend the monkey, there were no possible arguments which could convince him he was in the least to blame; nor would he have made submissions to the king himself. This unfortunate obstinacy of Jack's was the occasion of his being discharged, very much to the regret of the lady herself, and still more to that of Master Willets. Jack, therefore, packed up his clothes in a little bundle, shook all his fellow-servants by the hand, took an affectionate leave of his kind master, and once more sallied out upon his travels.

He had not walked far before he came to a town where a party of soldiers were beating up for volunteers. Jack mingled with the crowd that surrounded the recruiting serjeant, and listened with great pleasure to the sound of the fifes and drums; nor could he help mechanically holding up his head, and stepping forward with an air that showed the trade was not entirely new to him. The serjeant soon took notice of these gestures, and seeing him a strong likely lad, came up to him, clapped him upon the back, and asked him if he would enlist. 'You are a brave boy,' said he: 'I can see it in your looks; come along with us, and I dont doubt in a few weeks you'll be as complete a soldier as those who have been in the army for years.' Jack made no answer to this but by instantly poisoning his stick, cocking his hat fiercely, and going through the whole manual exercise. 'Prodigious, indeed!' cried the serjeant; 'I see you have been in the army already, and can eat fire as well as any of us. But come with us, my brave lad; you shall live well, have little to do, but now and then fight for your king and country, as every gentleman ought; and, in a short time, I dont doubt but I shall see you a captain, or some great man, rolling in

wealth, which you have got out of the spoils of your enemies.' 'No,' said Jack, 'captain, that will never do—no tricks upon travellers—I know better what I have to expect if I enlist—I must lie hard, live hard, expose my life and limbs every hour of the day, and be soundly cudgelled every now and then into the bargain.' 'O'ons,' cried the serjeant, 'where did the young dog pick up all this? He is enough to make a whole company desert.' 'No,' said Jack, 'they shall never desert through me; for though I know this, as I am at present out of employment, and have a great respect for the character of a gentleman soldier, I will enlist directly in your regiment.' 'A brave fellow, indeed!' said the serjeant; 'here, my boy, here is your money and your cockade,' both which he directly presented, for fear his recruit should change his mind; and thus in a moment Little Jack became a soldier.

He had scarcely time to feel himself easy in his new accoutrements, before he was embarked for India in the character of a marine. This kind of life was entirely new to Jack; however, his usual activity and spirit of observation did not desert him here; and he had not been embarked many weeks before he was perfectly acquainted with all the duty of a sailor, and in that respect equal to most on board. It happened that the ship in which he sailed touched at the Corno Islands, in order to take in wood and water. These are some little islands near the coast of Africa, inhabited by blacks. Jack often went on shore with the officers, attending them on their shooting parties, to carry their powder and shot, and the game they killed. All this country consists of very lofty hills, covered with trees and shrubs of various kinds, which never lose their leaves, from the perpetual warmth of the climate. Through these it is frequently difficult to force a way, and the hills themselves abound in precipices. It happened that one of the officers whom Jack was attending upon a shooting party, took aim at some great bird and brought it down; but as it fell into some deep valley, over some rocks which it was impossible to descend, they despaired of gaining their prey. Jack immediately, with officious haste, set off and ran down the more level

side of the hill, thinking to make a circuit and reach the valley into which the bird had fallen. He set off, therefore; but as he was totally ignorant of the country, he in a short time buried himself so deep in the wood, which grew continually thicker, that he knew not which way to proceed. He then thought it most prudent to return; but this he found as difficult to effect as the other. He therefore wandered about the woods with inconceivable difficulty all day, but could never find his company, nor even reach the shore, or obtain the prospect of the sea. At length the night approached, and Jack, who perceived it to be impossible to do that in the dark, which he had not been able to effect in the light, lay down under a rock and composed himself to rest, as well as he was able. The next day he rose with the light, and once more attempted to regain the shore; but unfortunately he had totally lost all idea of the direction he ought to pursue, and saw nothing around him but the dismal prospect of woods, and hills, and precipices, without a guide or path. Jack now began to be very hungry; but as he had a fowling-piece with him, and powder and shot, he soon procured himself a dinner, and kindling a fire with some dry leaves and sticks, he roasted his game upon the embers, and dined as comfortably as he could be expected to do in so forlorn a situation. Finding himself much refreshed, he pursued his journey, but with as little success as ever. On the third day he indeed came in sight of the sea, but found that he was quite on a different side of the island from that where he left the ship, and that neither ship nor boat was to be seen. Jack now lost all hopes of rejoining his comrades, for he knew the ship was to sail at farthest upon the third day, and would not wait for him. He, therefore, sat down very pensively upon a rock, and cast his eyes upon the vast extent of ocean which was stretched out before him. He found himself now abandoned upon a strange country, without a single friend, acquaintance, or even anyone who spoke the same language. He at first thought of seeking out the natives, and making known to them his deplorable state; but he began to fear the reception he might meet with among them. They might not be pleased, he thought, with his company, and might take the liberty of treating him as the white men generally

treat the blacks when they get them into their possession; that is, make him work hard with very little victuals, and knock him on the head if he attempted to run away. 'And therefore,' says Jack, as he was meditating all alone, 'it may, perhaps, be better for me to stay quiet where I am. It is true, indeed, I shall not have much company to talk to, but then I shall have nobody to quarrel with me, or baa, or laugh at my poor daddy and mammy. Neither do I at present see how I shall get a livelihood, when my powder and shot are all expended; but, however, I shall hardly be starved, for I saw several kinds of fruit in the woods, and some roots which look very much like carrots. As to clothes, when mine wear out I shall not much want new ones, for the weather is charmingly warm; and therefore, all things considered, I dont see why I should not be as happy here as in any other place.' When Jack had finished his speech, he set himself to find a lodging for the night. He had not examined far before he found a dry cavern in a rock, which he thought would prove a very comfortable residence; he therefore went to work with a hatchet he had with him, and cut some boughs of trees, which he spread upon the floor, and over those a long silky kind of grass, which he found in plenty near the place, to make himself a bed. His next care was, how to secure himself in case of any attack; for he did not know whether the island contained any wild beasts or not. He therefore cut down several branches of trees, and wove them into a kind of wicker-work, as he had seen the men do hurdles when he lived with the farmer; with this contrivance he found he could very securely barricade the entrance of his cave. And now, as the evening was again approaching, he began to feel himself hungry, and, seeking along the sea-shore, he found some shell-fish, which supplied him with a plentiful meal. The next day Jack arose, a little melancholy indeed, but with a resolution to struggle manfully with the difficulties of his situation. He walked into the woods and saw several kinds of fruit and berries, some of which he ventured to eat, as the birds had pecked them, and found the taste agreeable. He also dug up several species of roots, but feared to taste them lest they should be poisonous. At length, he selected

one that very much resembled a potato, and determined to roast it in the embers, and taste a very small bit. It can hardly, thought Jack, do me much hurt, in so very small a quantity; and if that agrees with me I will increase the dose. The root was fortunately extremely wholesome and nutritive, so that Jack was in a very short time tolerably secure against the danger of wanting food. In this manner did Jack lead a kind of savage, but tolerably contented, life for several months; during which time he enjoyed perfect health, and was never discovered by any of the natives. He used several times a day to visit the shore, in hopes that some ship might pass that way and deliver him from his solitary imprisonment. This, at length, happened, by the boat of an English ship, that was sailing to India, happening to touch upon the coast; Jack instantly hailed the crew, and the officer, upon hearing the story, agreed to receive him: the captain too, when he found that Jack was by no means a contemptible sailor, very willingly gave him his passage, and promised him a gratuity besides, if he behaved well.

Jack arrived in India without any accident; and relating his story, was permitted to serve in another regiment, as his own was no longer there. He soon distinguished himself by his courage and good behaviour on several occasions, and before long was advanced to the rank of a serjeant. In this capacity he was ordered out upon an expedition into the remote parts of the country. The little army in which he served now marched on for several weeks, through a burning climate, and in want of all the necessaries of life. At length they entered upon some extensive plains, which bordered upon the celebrated country of the Tartars. Jack was perfectly well acquainted with the history of this people, and their method of fighting. He knew them to be some of the best horsemen in the world; indefatigable in their attacks, though often repulsed returning to the charge, and not to be invaded with impunity; he therefore took the liberty of observing to some of the officers, that nothing could be more dangerous than their rashly engaging themselves in those extensive plains, where they were every

moment exposed to the attacks of cavalry, without any successful method of defence, or place of retreat, in case of any misfortune. These remonstrances were not much attended to; and after a few hours' farther march, they were alarmed by the approach of a considerable body of Tartar horsemen. They, however, drew up with all the order they were able, and firing several successive volleys, endeavoured to keep the enemy at a distance. But the Tartars had no design of doing that with a considerable loss, which they were sure of doing with ease and safety. Instead, therefore, of charging the Europeans, they contented themselves with giving continual alarms, and menacing them on every side, without exposing themselves to any considerable danger. The army now attempted to retreat, hoping that they should be able to arrive at the neighbouring mountains, where they would be safe from the incursions of the horse. But in this attempt they were equally disappointed; for another considerable body of enemies appeared on that side, and blocked their passage. The Europeans now found they were surrounded on all sides, and that resistance was vain. The commanding officer, therefore, judged it expedient to try what could be effected by negotiation, and sent one of his officers, who understood something of the Tartar language, to treat with the general of the enemies. The Tartar chief received the Europeans with great civility, and after having gently reproached them with their ambition, in coming so far to invade a people who had never injured them, he consented upon very moderate conditions to their enlargement; but he insisted upon having their arms delivered up, except a very few which he permitted them to keep for defence in their return, and upon retaining a certain number of Europeans as hostages for the performance of the stipulated articles. Among those who were thus left with the Tartars Jack happened to be included; and while all the rest seemed inconsolable at being thus made prisoners by a barbarous nation, he alone, accustomed to all the vicissitudes of life, retained his cheerfulness, and prepared to meet every reverse of fortune with his usual firmness.

The Tartars, among whom Jack was now to reside, con-

stitute several different tribes or nations which inhabit an immense extent of country both in Europe and Asia. Their country is in general open and uncultivated, without cities or towns, such as we see in England. The inhabitants themselves are a bold and hardy race of men, that live in small tents, and change their place of abode with the different seasons of the year. All their property consists in herds of cattle, which they drive along with them from place to place, and upon whose milk and flesh they subsist. They are particularly fond of horses, of which they have a small but excellent breed, hardy and indefatigable for the purposes of war, and they excel in the management of them beyond what is easy to conceive. Immense herds of these animals wander loose about the deserts, but marked with the particular mark of the person or tribe to which they belong. When they want any of these animals for use, a certain number of their young men jump upon their horses with nothing but a halter to guide them, each carrying in his hand a pole with a noose or cord at the end. When they come in sight of the herd, they pursue the horse they wish to take at full speed, come up with him in spite of his swiftness, and never fail to throw the noose about his neck as he runs. They are frequently known to jump upon young horses that have passed their whole life in the desert, and with only a girth around the animal's body to hold by, maintain their seat, in spite of all his violent exertions, until they have wearied him out and reduced him into perfect obedience. Such was the nation with whom the lot of Jack was now to reside; nor was he long before he had an opportunity of showing his talents.

It happened that a favourite horse of the chief was taken with a violent fever, and seemed to be in immediate danger of death. The khan, for so he is called among the Tartars, seeing his horse grow hourly worse, at length applied to the Europeans to know if they could suggest anything for his recovery. All the officers were profoundly ignorant of farriery; but when the application was made to Jack, he desired to see the horse, and with great gravity began to feel his pulse, by passing his hand within the animal's foreleg;

which gave the Tartars a very high idea of his ingenuity. Finding that the animal was in a high fever, he proposed to the khan to let him bleed, which he had learned to do very dexterously in England. He obtained permission to do as he pleased, and having by great good luck a lancet with him, he let him bleed very dexterously in the neck. After this operation he covered him up, and gave him a warm potion made out of such ingredients as he could procure upon the spot, and left him quiet. In a few hours the horse began to mend, and, to the great joy of the khan, perfectly recovered in a few days. This cure, so opportunely performed, raised the reputation of Jack so high, that everybody came to consult him about their horses, and in a short time he was the universal farrier of the tribe. The khan himself conceived so great an affection for him, that he gave him an excellent horse to ride upon and attend him in his hunting parties; and Jack, who excelled in the art of horsemanship, managed him so well as to gain the esteem of the whole nation.

The Tartars, though they are excellent horsemen, have no idea of managing their horses unless by violence; but Jack in a short time, by continual care and attention, made his horse so docile and obedient to every motion of his hand and leg, that the Tartars themselves would gaze upon him with admiration, and allow themselves to be outdone. Not contented with this, he procured some iron, and made his horseshoes in the European taste: this also was a matter of astonishment to all the Tartars, who are accustomed to ride their horses unshod. He next observed that the Tartar saddles are all prodigiously large and cumbersome, raising the horseman up to a great distance from the back of his horse. Jack set himself to work, and was not long before he had completed something like an English hunting saddle, on which he paraded before the khan. All mankind seem to have a passion for novelty, and the khan was so delighted with this effort of Jack's ingenuity, that, after paying him the highest compliments, he intimated a desire of having such a saddle for himself. Jack was the most obliging creature in the world, and spared no labour to serve his friends; he went

to work again, and in a short time completed a saddle still more elegant for the khan. These exertions gained him the favour and esteem both of the khan and all the tribe; so that Jack was a universal favourite and loaded with presents, while all the rest of the officers, who had never learned to make a saddle or a horse-shoe, were treated with contempt and indifference. Jack, indeed, behaved with the greatest generosity to his countrymen, and divided with them all the mutton and venison which were given him; but he could not help sometimes observing, that it was great pity they had not learned to make a horseshoe instead of dancing and dressing hair.

And now an ambassador arrived from the English settlements, with an account that all the conditions of the treaty had been performed, and demanding the restitution of the prisoners. The Tartar chief was too much a man of honour to delay an instant, and they were all restored; but before they set out, Jack laboured with indefatigable zeal to finish a couple of saddles and a dozen horseshoes, which he presented to the khan with many expressions of gratitude. The khan was charmed with this proof of his affection, and in return made him a present of a couple of fine horses, and several valuable skins of beasts. Jack arrived without any accident at the English settlements, and selling his skins and horses, found himself in possession of a moderate sum of money. He now began to have a desire to return to England, and one of the officers, who had often been obliged to him during his captivity, procured him a discharge. He embarked, therefore, with all his property, on board a ship, which was returning home, and in a few months was safely landed at Plymouth.

But Jack was too active and too prudent to give himself up to idleness. After considering various schemes of business, he determined to take up his old trade of forging; and for that purpose made a journey into the North, and found his old master alive, and as active as ever. His master, who had always entertained an esteem for Jack, welcomed him with great affection, and, being in want of a foreman, he engaged him at a very handsome price for that place. Jack

was now indefatigable in the execution of his new office; inflexibly honest where the interests of his master were concerned, and at the same time humane and obliging to the men who were under him, he gained the affection of all about him. In a few years his master was so thoroughly convinced of his merit, that, growing old himself, he took Jack into partnership, and committed the management of the whole business to his care. He continued to exert the same qualities now which he had done before, by which means he improved the business so much as to gain a considerable fortune, and become one of the most respectable manufacturers in the country. But, with all this prosperity, he never discovered the least pride or haughtiness; on the contrary, he employed part of his fortune to purchase the moor where he formerly lived, and built himself a small but convenient house, upon the very spot where his daddy's hut had formerly stood. Hither he would sometimes retire from business, and cultivate his garden with his own hands, for he hated idleness.

To all his poor neighbours he was kind and liberal, relieving them in their distress, and often entertaining them at his house, where he used to dine with them, with the greatest affability, and frequently relate his own story; in order to prove that it is of very little consequence how a man comes into the world, provided he behaves well and discharges his duty when he is in it.





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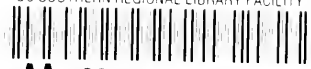
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