THE

SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS,

OR,

THE WAY TO RISE;

AN

HISTORICAL TALE.

BY HECTOR MACNEILL, ESQ.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY RICHARD SCOTT,

No. 276 Pearl-street.

1812.

TO

JOHN CAMPBELL, Esq.

TERTIUS.

MY DEAR SIR,

HAVING hitherto dedicated my literary productions to my most intimate and valued friends, I embrace the only opportunity, which perhaps I may ever have, to include you in the number, by addressing the following Work to one, whose exemplary conduct as a husband and a father, has uniformly met with my warmest approbation.

It is unnecessary to say any thing of the drift or tendency of the present production, as I am persuaded you will readily perceive it; but as I have adopted rather an uncommon method, to render the subject more interesting and attractive to the general reader, it may be necessary to observe, that, while for this purpose I have introduced circumstances, and interwoven characters and incidents

chiefly fanciful, to illustrate and support the object I had principally in view, my intentions never were to come forward as a professed Novelist. Not that I undervalue this species of composition, which, when judiciously planned, and skilfully executed, I consider admirably calculated for conveying useful and moral instruction; but because I am impressed with a belief, that works of mere imagination, founded on love, and made up of improbable events, are unlikely to produce a conviction of truths important to society, and consequently unfit to leave suitable impressions on the minds of readers.

My having passed some years of my early life in the British Navy, furnished me with what seldom falls to the lot of men engaged in literary pursuits; daily opportunities of observing manners and characters peculiar to the profession, and of seeing a variety of scenes and circumstances inseparable from a sea-faring life. An idea that a delineation of some of these might, if tolerably well executed, be acceptable to the English reader, induced me to make the attempt, with what success it neither becomes nor belongs to me to say; but lest professional language, interlarded with characteristic swearing, may, to those unaccustomed to it, appear objectionable and even offensive, I conceive it incumbent on me to assure you, that nothing but absolute necessity compelled me to adopt it, since without it, the genuine

painting of sea characters would be utterly impracticable, and, of course, all the eccentricity and humour peculiar to these characters, completely lost.—On the whole, should you find, in the following simple "Historical Tale," *public utility* blended with amusement, and *moral instruction* interwoven with natural domestic scenes and characters, calculated to make some impressions in the present state of Society, it is all I can reasonably hope for or expect.

With every sentiment of affection and esteem, I remain,

My Dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

THE AUTHOR.

Edinburgh,
4th February, 1812.

THE

SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

Tom Drysdale and Andrew Cochran were both sons of two respectable Scotch mechanics in Edinburgh; the one by trade a shoemaker, and the other a tailor. William, the father of Tom, had, after serving his apprenticeship, repaired to London, with the view of obtaining higher wages as a journeyman, and, at the same time, a more perfect knowledge of his business. Walter, the father of Andrew, after his apprenticeship, continued in the place of his nativity; and, previous to the return of William Drysdale from London, had commenced business for himself. As they were both industrious, and respectable men in their conduct, and lived within a few doors of each other, an intimacy naturally took place; and, getting gradually forward in the world, both married much about the same time, and had each a son born in the same year. The intimacy between the fathers, produced, of course, the like between the two boys; and when the time came when it was necessary to give them instruction, they were both sent to the same school, to attain reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Although different in some respects, the two boys were both good scholars, and met with the approbation of their teachers; for although one was quicker than the other, it enabled him not to get before the superior attention and perseverance of his competitor, who, with much less memory, and consequently readiness, excelled him not only in application, but in judgment. This difference, in the progress of the two boys, was partly occasioned by the different manner in which they were brought up by their respective fathers; for while Walter Cochran contented himself with Andrew's executing things quickly, William Drysdale constantly inculcated this advice to his son Tom, never to do any thing he was engaged in superficially. "The quicker you do it the better," (would he say,) "but never let quickness dispose you to put any thing out of your hand, without doing it well!"

The consequences were, that while Andrew outstripped Tom at the first starting, by means of superior memory and readiness, the latter, by the dint of superior industry and attention, not only overtook him, but ultimately got a-head of him. As a considerable part of this history hinges on this point, we are anxious to draw the reader's attention to it, as a matter of some importance. We are impressed with a belief, that a great deal too much is attached to extraordinary memories. Parents, and too often teachers, are blinded and misled by a brilliance that dazzles at first sight, when little else accompanies it. They conceive that a boy who outstrips all his competitors at school, in consequence of this gift, is superior in mental powers to the rest; while the boy of slow memory is, too frequently, viewed as a dunce, and a blockhead, although, in reality, often possessed of natural talents greatly superior to the other—a truth frequently evinced afterwards, by

the first standing still, and the other getting forward rapidly and successfully in life. This will be sufficiently exemplified in the following narrative; and although we are by no means disposed to deny the vast advantage of a great memory, we cannot attach such consequences to it, as is commonly done, if not conjoined with judgment and genius, which we have reason to think is not *generally*, and, perhaps, not often the case.

When the two boys had attained what is usually thought sufficient instruction in reading and writing, and had been taught the common rules of arithmetic in a cursory manner, Walter, conformable to general practice, wished to send his *laddie to the Hie School*, and on communicating his intentions to his neighbour William, was not a little surprised to find him very differently inclined. "I can see no possible use or advantage," said William gravely, "in teaching my son what he will never have occasion for; he is to be bred to a profession, where neither Latin nor Greek is necessary to enable him to get an honest livelihood, and fix him comfortably in life; and as I cannot help thinking, that such parts of education belong not to tradesmen's sons, I am determined to give mine *useful* instruction, and no more."

It was in vain, that Walter expatiated on the great advantages of *lear* to a young laddie, wha might some day rise to distinction and honours, in consequence o' a gude education: William, who had, for a considerable time, resided among the best tradesmen in London, and perceived their progress and success, without either Greek or Latin, remained firm and unalterable in his resolution. What induced William to deviate from established custom, in this particular branch of education in Scotland, and to reject what he had experienced himself, during his early years, we shall take the liberty to explain, not only with the view to elucidate the

leading subject of the present work, but to throw some additional light on the prevailing habits, occupations, and manners of the middling and inferior orders of society in a neighbouring kingdom, and particularly of those in the metropolis.

William Drysdale was naturally a shrewd, thinking, sagacious man; prudent, and circumspect in his conduct, and withal possessed of an acuteness in his observations on men and manners, which seldom failed to lead him to just conclusions. On his first arrival in London, where he was to reside for some years, to gain his livelihood by industry and good workmanship, he was particularly struck with two circumstances immediately connected with his own business, namely, the uncommon expedition with which work was done, and the superior neatness and correctness with which it was executed. Perceiving his own inferiority, and mortified at his want of success, he endeavoured to investigate the cause, and soon discovered that the first mentioned circumstance proceeded chiefly from a regular undeviating system or practice, which, by admitting nothing extraneous to impede, or to interfere with what was immediately in hand, operation was greatly expedited; and that the other originated from all descriptions of tradesmen confining their attention solely to the particular branch of business in which they were engaged. Convinced of these facts, he was next naturally led to ruminate on the prevailing circumstances that operated to extend and support this system among so large a class of the community occupied in various professions; and, after mixing more generally with society, and conversing on different subjects, he found, that, perfectly contented with a complete knowledge of their own immediate business, few or none were ambitious of acquiring knowledge of any other kind. Although this at first failed not to impress him

with a very mean opinion of their mental powers and acquirements, farther experience, however, convinced him, that, in many respects, he was mistaken. He, indeed, found few, if any, who could converse with him on literary subjects; but among the middling orders of society, he found many who could not only converse critically, but instruct him on subjects of which he was ignorant, namely, such as were connected with trade, commerce, manufactures, and the different arts. He likewise perceived, that on all matters with which they were acquainted, those with whom he occasionally conversed, were acute in their conceptions, and judicious in their observations; and that, although none of them were acquainted with any language but their own, this operated in no respect against them. What particularly pleased and interested his mind, was the undeviating order, propriety, and neatness apparent in all their operations, and that while comfort was chiefly attended to in their domestic concerns, economy, except among the dissipated, was evident in all their arrangements. Unlike what he had generally seen in his own country, he now perceived *method* substituted for bustling irregularity, and *cleanliness* for show: He saw every housewife busily occupied with her family transactions from morning till night; and while all was apparently bustle, nothing was in disorder or confusion, but every thing done in its proper time, and every thing in its proper place. Among other circumstances that drew his attention, was the manner in which mothers brought up their children, which was so opposite to what he had seen and experienced in Scotland, that he could not help being particularly struck, and pleased with it. Instead of that blind parental partiality and indulgence that grants a child every thing it wishes for, and which by the second year establishes habits that cannot afterwards be easily overcome; and, instead of the

absurd, and we may add, unjust practice of punishing a child for crying, in consequence of suddenly withholding the very indulgence which had formed these habitts, William Drysdale, to his no small surprise and delight, found, that all this was effectually prevented by the mother withholding, at a very early period, gratifications which were improper, and gently soothing the child's impatience by calm reasoning and remonstrance, supported by apt illustrations from tales or stories familiar to the memory and comprehension of the infant listener. While this mild and judicious method was attended with the desired effect, he likewise clearly perceived that it was ultimately productive of forming a placidity of temper, and of precluding, in a great measure, these irritabilities, which are excited, at an early period, by harsh and improper treatment; for it may be taken as an incontrovertible fact, that children are as capable of discriminating between what is correctly just, and what is unreasonably severe, as their parents are. What led William to draw this conclusion, was the marked difference, not only between the *children* in the two countries, but of the inhabitants at large; for while perpetual squalling and lamentations were heard among the children of the inferior orders in Scotland, little or nothing of it was heard where he was, and while a sullen sulkiness, and sluggish indifference, marked the conduct and aspect of the same description of men in Scotland, a cheerful alacrity and good humour distinguished them in England.

On an accurate and serious view, therefore, of the general custom, conduct, and consequences which he saw daily operating around him, William could not help giving a decided preference to a system productive of such real advantages to so large a part of the community; and although he lamented a material want which

a little literary knowledge might have easily supplied, and not only furnished rational and agreeable amusement at home of an evening, but precluded the necessity of resorting to convivial clubs, at ale-houses, to beguile unoccupied time; he, on the whole, drew this conclusion, that an education suited to particular vocations, and the ordinary prospects of industrious life, was more beneficial to a plain tradesman, than one, which, while it contributed nothing to his advancement, was likely to preclude, and even to withdraw him from useful persevering exertions. It was such observations and reflections that induced William Drysdale, on his return to Scotland, to give an education to his son, suitable to his immediate prospects and expectations, and to enable him to engage in *any* plain profitable calling that might suit his inclination, with credit to himself, and justice to others.

Having carefully watched, and critically marked the boy's natural capacity and disposition, he determined not to check the dawning propensities of the child for knowledge, by withholding certain branches of useful instruction, which might afterwards contribute to his advantage. He therefore very readily listened, and assented to the proposals of some of his teachers, to give Tom, in addition to the common education usually bestowed, some instruction in the useful branches of science; among others, geography, and the use of the globes; plain and spherical trigonometry; geometry; the four first books of Euclid, and algebra. These, with a perfect knowledge of English grammar, and instruction in the French language sufficient to enable him to prosecute it at any future period, as occasion might require, together with an excellent hand, and a thorough acquaintance with figures and accounts, Wil-

liam very justly conceived were much more beneficial than Latin or Greek, or any thing that classical learning could afford in six tedious years at the High School. What was still more gratifying, and of infinite importance to a tradesman's son, the boy's progress was fully equal to the father's wishes and expectations, and every thing mentioned accomplished in the course of three years.

But perhaps the most beneficial part of Tom's education, was the private instruction of his own father. Convinced of the importance of early impressions, he lost no opportunity to inculcate sound morals, and to imbue the young and ductile mind of his son, with every thing connected with principle, piety, and rectitude of conduct. For this purpose he selected proper books for his perusal during his evenings at home, and while Andrew Cochrane was poring over his rudiments, and conning his lesson at his father's fire side, (who contented himself with constantly telling him, "to be sure and get it weel by heart,") Tom was delightfully occupied and amused, in reading to his parents stories and histories pregnant with entertainment and instruction, while his father commented on different passages and descriptions, explaining what was difficult or abstruse, and moralizing on what was impressive, serious, amiable, and respectable. By this means, the boy not only advanced in useful knowledge and experience, but improved in genius, sentiment, and judgment, while he became the constant companion and delight of his parents.

We may here venture to assert, and hope hereafter to make it appear, that these frequent and intimate associations between the parent and the child, are productive of the very best consequences to both. With regard

to the boy, who is to be the principal subject of this history, they were productive, among other advantages, of this important effect, that while his mind was imbued with knowledge, and impressed with serious admonition, his heart was warmly attached to the authors of his birth. Both parents were devout, and regularly attentive to the duties of Christianity; but it was that happy species of piety which is untinctured with superstitious gloom and austerity, and totally free from intolerance. William had, in the course of his residence in London, mixed occasionally with men of various sects, and of various opinions on certain points and doctrines. Although different in their sentiments on particular subjects, he found many excellent characters in each sect, and therefore drew this just and liberal conclusion, that, provided men were regulated by the principles laid down in the most admirable system of morality ever known, or ever conceived, and conducted themselves with justice, honour, and decorum, through the thorny paths of life, it mattered little what difference there might be in certain dogmas or tenets established by opposite sectaries. This liberality of thinking, naturally gave not only a cheerful serenity to his conversation, but a temperance and benevolence to his conduct, and consequently induced his son to listen with attention and pleasure to whatever fell from his father's lips, on serious subjects. By these early impressions, at an important period, he was likewise in a manner impelled during life, to revert to the precepts he had received in his youth, and to remember with gratitude and affection those who had taken such pains to inculcate them.

When, at the age of fourteen, Tom had attained what his father conceived sufficient to qualify him for entering into any ordinary business or occupation, suitable to

his station in life, he began to sound the boy's inclination relative to his own. Finding him completely averse to it, he forebore urging any thing on that point, being fully convinced that nothing ultimately advantageous could ever occur when the heart and the hand went not together. He therefore contented himself, at the time, with telling him seriously, that it was highly necessary he should make choice of some particular trade or other, as he was determined he should not remain in idleness, now that he was qualified to enter into any honest useful calling, where industry would secure success. Idleness was neither Tom's object nor inclination. On the contrary, he ardently wished for employment; and what occasioned his dislike to his father's trade, was the following circumstance. Having contracted an intimacy with an ingenious young lad, who at the time was serving his apprenticeship with a cabinet-maker and joiner in town, Tom had frequently attended the workshop, where he admired the different operations executed with mechanical neatness and ingenuity; and had likewise repeatedly passed his evenings with this young man, at his home, where he usually amused himself with drawing, and had given Tom some instruction in the principles of the art. His companion was considered the best workman in the shop, and his ingenuity such as to induce the cabinet-maker, his employer, to put those articles which were to be executed with superior skill into no other hands. These circumstances naturally attracted the notice of a boy of Tom's turn of mind, fond of what was novel and ingenious, and, from the education which he had already received, prepared to appreciate the value of mechanical skill. Having communicated his inclination for this trade to his father, he not only willingly complied with his wishes, but, in order to enable him the better to prosecute an art which might at

some future period extend to other branches connected with it, he very judiciously sent him to attend a private natural philosophy class, where, among other subjects of useful knowledge, an acquaintance with the powers of mechanics could not fail to be of material service. The delight which the boy derived from this agreeable study, and the progress which he made, amply repaid the father for the additional charges attending it, and before the expiration of another year, Tom, at the age of fifteen, was bound apprentice for four years, to a trade, in which all his mind and heart were centered.

During all this time, Andrew Cochran was constantly occupied with his Latin exercises at the High School, where he certainly made no contemptible figure. By the help of his extraordinary memory, he soon surmounted the uninteresting and painful labours annexed to the elementary parts of an unknown language, which generally proves so irksome to boys at the commencement; in consequence of which, he ere long outstripped his competitors, and became dux of his class. This, while it procured him the eulogiums of the teachers, operated so powerfully on the vanity of the delighted tailor and his wife, that they did nothing but expatiate on the wonderful genius and talents of their laddie, to all their friends and acquaintance round, and looked forward to little less than a Professor's chair, as the ultimate reward of their son's celebrity. These sanguine expectations, however, were not permanent, for as Andrew advanced farther, it was discovered by his teachers, that some of those boys, who at first were left far behind, were now not only approaching him, but treading fast on his heels. In fact, neither Andrew's *taste* nor *judgment* kept pace with his memory, and when he arrived at those parts of the language were both were necessary, it was found that nature had not been equally bountiful

to him. His teachers did all they could to support their favourite, and maintain him in his wonted station, by explaining to him the principles of good composition, and illustrating passages in the best Roman authors, where elegance was conspicuous, and by exemplifying the difference between refinement and vulgarity of style and phraseology; but these distinctions were so obscured from Andrew's sight, that little or nothing was perceived. All he could do, was to get the approved passages by rote, and repeat them afterwards to incompetent judges, as a proof of his refined taste, and critical knowlege of the Latin language; but in his themes and versions, it was very evident to his instructors, that he got not one step forward, and that others, who were not gifted with a third of his memory, were greatly his superiors.

Having continued long stationary in his classical stance, and losing ground in his reputation, the teachers at last, finding they could do no more, thought it advisable to intimate to him, that being now qualified to attend the Humanity class, he might tell his father from them, that he might send him to College. As this was some months previous to the allotted time at the High School, it was most gratifying intelligence to Andrew; although not equally so to the father, who, notwithstanding he experienced no small degree of pride and pleasure in his son's success, began seriously to consider the additional expense he must necessarily be put to in giving him a college education for another year or two. While he was ruminating on this circumstance, and a farther loss of time in establishing his laddie in some line more productive, and less burdensome to him, Andrew, inflated with the prospect of going to College, ran to all his acquaintance, and communicated the important intelligence, among others, to Tom Drysdale, with whom he had had little intercourse for a considerable time, in

consequence of the dissimilarity of their occupations. They were at this time both about the age of seventeen, both stout, fine looking young men, with this material difference, that while one had been instructed in the different branches of useful knowledge; was acquainted with men, manners, and things, and had already served two years of his apprenticeship, the other knew nothing but Latin superficially, had a very imperfect *knowledge of* figures and accounts, and wrote an exceeding bad hand.

The interview between Tom and Andrew, happened to be on a holiday morning, and as neither of them had any thing to interrupt them, Tom proposed taking a long walk, by way of exercise, as well as to have a long conversation. In the course of their ramble, the discourse naturally turned on their respective studies and acquirements, since their separation from the same school, and this as naturally led to a comparison of the advantages annexed to each. Andrew of course expatiated on the advantages of classical learning, pronounced a high eulogium on the ancients, enumerated the various historians and poets of Rome, and pulling his Horace out of his pocket, read, with "good emphasis and proper discretion," one of the odes which he had got by rote; and to impress Tom with a due sense of his proficiency, he requested him to look over the text, while he repeated verbatim, the ode from the beginning to the end, without having recourse to the book. Tom confessed that he had not missed a single word, and that he envied him a memory which he himself had never possessed; but after hearing every thing that Andrew advanced in favour of classical education, he very gravely asked him what possible use it could be to a tailor's son? Andrew, altogether astonished at a question so unexpected and new, asked in return if he did not think

that a good education was an advantage to every young man, whatever profession his father might have, and if he did not also think it the most likely means to secure respectability and success through life?—"Certainly, a *good education!*" said Tom; "but what is a good education? Is it one that enables a young man to read books in a language which is unknown to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, and who has nothing but his own industry and exertions to procure him bread? or is it one where every branch of useful knowledge contributes to assist him in whatever he puts his hand to, and consequently enables him not only to fill his station in life with respectability, but to insure success?"

Andrew was not logician enough to overturn this simple question, but shifting his ground, maintained, that, although classical learning and polite literature were often useless to low mechanics, it never failed to attach superior respect to every young man, and that without it, no man of genius could hope to arrive at celebrity. "That I positively deny," said Tom; "for to my certain knowledge, a young man in our work-shop, has, without one word of Latin, or the least knowledge of polite literature, very uncommon genius, and I would much rather be that young man, than the first scholar that ever was within the High School."

Andrew gave Tom a look of ineffable contempt, observing with a sneer, that there were different men as well as different minds, and that since Tom's ideas of *genius* soared no higher than what was found in a work-shop, he certainly was right in taking to the trade of a cabinet-maker. "And pray," said Tom, very good naturedly, "what is *your* idea of genius, Andrew? I should be glad to hear your definition of it."

This was a question that had never been put to Andrew before, and as he had never bestowed a thought upon the subject, he became not only embarrassed, but confused, till at length resorting to his old and only hold, he said, "I certainly do consider genius to consist *chiefly* in a perfect knowledge of grammar, and a thorough acquaintance with ancient literature." Tom burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter; but perceiving Andrew hurt, and not a little irritated, he, with his usual good nature and good sense, said, "Come, come, we shall put an end to this argument, by stepping in here to the Peacock, and getting a draught of something after our long walk, for I am not only very warm, but very thirsty."

The place at which they stopped, was Newhaven, a small fishing town, about a couple of miles from Edinburgh; off which place, at the time, lay above 300 sail, many of which were ships of war. The demand for seamen at this time, too, was great, and a tender, with a press-gang on board, had been in the road-stead for a fortnight, and was on the eve of departure the day on which Tom and Andrew stepped into the Peacock, to take their refreshing draught. Here they had not remained long, till an uproar was heard in an adjoining part of the house, and on their issuing out of their apartment to ascertain the cause, perceived a band of men, with a naval officer at their head, dragging out by the collar a man considerably advanced in years, who implored the protection of those around, to save a husband, and a father of six children, from being torn away from those who had none but him to support them. The indignation and spirit of the young Roman Classic was roused at this glaring infringement of natural liberty, and strutting up to the naval commander of the gang, in an oratorial tone, demanded to know by what right or

justice he thus presumed to snatch any man away from his family and friends, in a land of freedom and humanity? "Hey day!" said the lieutenant, eyeing our young orator from head to foot, "who the devil are you, that presumes thus to talk to one of his Majesty's officers, in the execution of his duty? You are a devilish stout and good looking young fellow, and as you don't seem to know any thing of what you are talking about, we shall take you to a place where you will receive full information of every thing you are inquiring after, and plenty of instruction to boot." Saying this, he immediately seized our astonished hero by the breast, and began to haul him along in defiance of all his resistance. Tom, who had till now remained a silent spectator of what was going on, could no longer refrain from interposing in behalf of his companion, and going respectfully up to the lieutenant, begged that he would not think of involving a worthy family in distress, by depriving them of their only child, whom he must know came not under the description of those who were liable to be impressed on board of a King's ship. "I know nothing about him, or you either, young man," rejoined the lieutenant, with much indifference; "my orders and duty are to procure men for his Majesty's navy; so you had better sheer of, in case you may be served the same sauce." Tom was a young man not easily intimidated, and perceiving a number of the fishermen collecting fast around, he called to them to act as men and fellow citizens, and not suffer innocent people to be dragged as slaves from their friends and families in open day; and grappling with the lieutenant, who was no match for him, threw him on the ground, while Andrew and the fishermen, joined by their wives, armed with their laps full of stones, attacked the whole gang in a body. A desperate scuffle now ensued, which lasted

for nearly half an hour, and had it not been for the seamen's cutlasses and the lieutenant's hanger, which proved serious weapons against unarmed combatants, the press-gang would have been effectually discomfited. In the affray, however, the poor old seaman who was the original cause of it, effected his escape, and the lieutenant, exasperated at the loss of his prey, and at Tom's resistance, called to his myrmidons to secure the two young sparks, and *hurstle* them into the boat. "Damn their eyes!" said he, "since they have lost me one good seaman, two landsmen shall fill his place!"

Poor Tom and Andrew, in defiance of British courage, and Roman eloquence, were instantly secured and forced into the boat, and being safely deposited on board the tender, by this time under weigh, a favouring gale soon removed them from the spot of their nativity, and from all hopes and expectations of obtaining their liberty through the interposition of their friends and relatives. During their passage to Portsmouth, while both felt and lamented their unfortunate fate, their feelings and conduct were very different. Andrew did nothing but shed tears, and complain of the wounds and bruises he had received. Tom, on the contrary, although much more hurt, complained not at all of his own sufferings, but in silence thought of the sufferings of his parents, and particularly of his worthy father's. He had been his daily companion from his earliest years—his nightly adviser, monitor, and instructor in every thing prudent, judicious, honourable, and good, from his birth; to him he owed all the knowledge and advantages he had derived from his education, and he knew the fond hopes and expectations he had formed of his future success and respectability in life; when now, snatched from a parent whom he loved, and from every prospect of success in the line of his profession, he could see and think of ne-

thing but this parent, mourning over his loss, and all his flattering hopes and expectations blasted for ever!

On the arrival of the tender at Spithead, where the Channel fleet was waiting for a fair wind to proceed to sea, Tom and Andrew, with some more, were put on board the Admiral's ship, where an additional number of hands were wanted. The lieutenant who accompanied them, after having brought them on the quarter-deck, addressing himself to the captain, said, "These are two young Scotch lads, whom I was in a manner forced to bring along with me, in consequence of their very improper conduct in opposing me in the execution of my duty. I know not who they are, but I know that they are spirited young fellows, and as stout as they are brave. As to that young man," said he, pointing to Tom, "I don't know whether he will make a good seaman or not, but I will answer for him, that he will not flinch from his gun. Had he not lost me a good seamen, whom I wished to have got, I would have let him off, for having come manfully forward to rescue his companion there, who brought every thing on by his own folly, in meddling with what he had no business with."

All eyes were turned on our two unfortunate heroes, who, with their heads bound up and bloody, made a rueful appearance, and excited the sympathy of the by-standers; but, as they had been guilty of opposing a king's officer in the execution of his duty, they were committed to the care and tuition of the boatswain, after a caution and gentle reprimand from the captain.

The boatswain, who was naturally a humane man, and, as far as was consistent with his duty, kind and indulgent to the seamen, had the two lads birthed and messed; and telling them to be of good cheer, and not cast down with their misfortune, assured them that if they conducted themselves properly, and minded their

business, they should be taken care of. "You have had a hard brush I find, my lads," said he, "at the commencement of your service, but that's nothing at all against you, but rather in your favour. We seamen must lay our account with meeting with these things every day in our lives, and the sooner we meet with them the better. All you have to do is, to attend to your duty, obey your orders, and do every thing as well as you can, and there is no fear of your coming on. We have no idlers, no skulkers here; every one must be active and alert!" So saying he left them.

When our young men were left by themselves, and seated in their birth, they looked around them—then at each other; and after a pretty long silence, Andrew moaned out a sorrowful lamentation over his unhappy fate. Tom endeavoured to console him, by representing the man who had just gone away as one who would protect them from harsh usage or unkind treatment, and since it was their lot to be placed in their present situation, it was incumbent upon them to submit without murmuring, and endeavour, by their utmost exertions, to procure the approbation of their superiors, as the surest means of obtaining a reward. "But is it not dreadful and degrading," said Andrew, "for a man of education to be placed here in a dungeon, and immured within the walls of a ship, where nothing but brutality, noise, and confusion are reigning around us? It is what I never shall be able to put up with! Were my poor head a little better, I would certainly write a letter in Latin to the admiral, stating my deplorable sufferings!"

"You had much better write one in English," said Tom, laughing heartily at the extravagant idea, "it will be much better understood; but I suspect, Andrew, that no letter of any kind would have the smallest effect, but

to expose you to general ridicule, which it would unquestionably do."

One of the surgeon's mates coming in to examine their wounds, and apply some dressings, put an end to this conversation.

It was not long ere Tom found himself well enough to proceed on deck, and explore the general scene that was moving around him. He was anxious to observe the nature of a service to which he was a complete stranger; but Andrew, whether from indifference, reluctance, or real illness, remained below in his birth, pleading his inabilty to move from the pain of the bruises which he had received in his Newhaven battle. Amidst all the misfortunes that had lately befallen him, he had preserved his Horace, which now not only served as a companion to him in his hours of melancholy solitude, but acted as a balm to his wounded mind, and a balsam to his sores, superior to any which the surgeon's mate could apply. As his prolonged confinement rather surprised the boatswain, who was informed by his attendant that the wounds in his head were completely healed, he paid him occasional visits to rouse him into action, and had invariably found him poring over a little book, which he read at the faint light of a small tallow candle, placed in a horn lanthorn. Wondering that a book of so diminutive a size should occupy him so long, and suspecting that he was "shamming Abraham," he one evening accosted him, after his usual salutation of *Well, what cheer shipmate?* in the following terms: "What! have you not overhauled that little book yet? Damn my eyes, there can't be much stuff in it—One, I think, might get through it in an hour or two, and here you have been at it every night for near a fortnight.—Let's see what like it is," said he, snatching the book out of Andrew's hands, and opening it—"O!

I'm blasted if I understand one word of it!—What the hell is it?" said he, turning to Tom, who had just come down.

"It is Horace," answered Tom.

"*Horrors!*" exclaimed the boatswain, "what the devil has he to do with them?—Why, it's no wonder that you are melancholy, my lad! But we have horrors enough to grapple with here, without looking into a book for them, so I wou'd advise you to chuck it overboard, and come upon deck, and look at something else. Here's your messmate, who has been bustling about from morn to night, overhauling every thing he could set his eye on, and inquiring about every thing he did not understand. That's the way to make a good seaman, and, if I am not hellishly out of my reckoning, he'll make one very soon.—Come, come! you must remain here no longer—the surgeon's mate tells me that devil a thing's the matter with you; so remember, I expect to see you to-morrow morning on the main deck—there's no shamming Abraham here—every man must do his duty."

When he had gone, Tom very seriously remonstrated with Andrew on the impropriety of his despondence, and endeavoured to encourage him by representing the pleasure and satisfaction he would derive from the various operations that were continually going on on-board, and the wonderful machinery that contributed to move, regulate, and conduct so vast a body in all directions with so much ease and expedition. "Every thing is governed by mechanical powers," said he, "so admirably and so finely contrived, that I am lost in wonder and delight."

This was a language as unintelligible to Andrew, as his Horace was to the boatswain; and turning his back on Tom, with evident impatience and fretfulness, exclaimed with a groan, "Oh! I know nothing of your

mechanical powers, nor care a farthing for them! I wish to heaven I was out of the *powers* of every thing on board, and I should very willingly leave you to enjoy all the delights you could derive from them!"

"Why, that is rather an unkind speech, Andrew!" said Tom, "after all I have suffered on your account; for I think I need not tell you, that, had it not been for you, I should not have been here!"

Andrew, who was not deficient either in feeling or in gratitude, and who was but too sensible of the truth of Tom's remark, turned hastily round, and grasping his hand, said emphatically, "No, Tom! I am neither forgetful of what you have suffered on my account, nor ungrateful for the friendly exertion you made to save me from what I now suffer myself! God knows, I am not only sensible of it, but that it adds considerably to my present afflictions!"

"Then I beg it may do so no longer," rejoined Tom, with equal warmth of affection, "for I begin to feel myself not only satisfied, but pleased with my present situation; only exert yourself a little, my dear Andrew, and you will experience the same. I felt as unpleasantly at first, as you can possibly do, because every thing was strange, and every person unknown to me. The second day, however, I felt little or nothing of the kind, because I had seen something, and conversed with some of the men, who seemed willing to instruct me in what I was ignorant of. The third day I experienced some satisfaction in being able to execute with others what was allotted to me, without any fault being found, and every day since, I have felt an increased pleasure from an increasing knowledge of every thing that is going on, and, as I said before, of the wonderful and complicated machinery that operates, and accelerates every movement. Habit soon reconciles us to what at

first is unpleasant. The only circumstance that displeases me, and gives me pain," continued Tom, "is the horrid swearing every where around, which I am next to certain, no habit will ever reconcile me to, as it is not only shocking to my feelings and principles, but altogether idle and unnecessary. However, not to say more on that disagreeable subject at present, do you summon up a little resolution, and there is no fear of you."

"Well, well," said Andrew, mournfully, "I shall make the trial, Tom, were it nothing more than to convince you that I am sensible of your friendship, and willing to comply with any thing you propose."

The boatswain's whistle the next morning roused our young men from their slumbers, and made Tom spring from his hammock, calling to Andrew to hasten, and accompany him on deck. His tardiness in dressing, however, was such, that Tom was under the necessity of repeating frequently his injunction, before he got him out of the birth, when hurrying him up the ladder with hundreds more, Andrew found himself at last surrounded by such a crowd on the main deck, that all his ideas and recollection forsook him, and left him in a state of complete stupor. Taking him by the hand, Tom pushed his way through the bustling throng, and brought him to the forecastle, where meeting with one of the boatswain's mates, he introduced his messmate to him, telling him that as he was but just recovered from illness, he hoped he would be as kind to him as he had been to himself. "Aye, aye," said the mate with indifference, "we shan't be too hard upon him at first; as to kindness, we have little in our power to bestow; every one must do their duty, and we must do ours."

The boatswain, passing hastily by at the time, recognized Andrew, and giving a nod, said, "I'm glad to see

you at last, young man;" and hurried on to the execution of his duty, accompanied by the mate, while all was bustle, noise, piping of calls, and swearing around. When the hour of dinner came, and when all hands were flying about with their platters, and respective portions, Tom and Andrew returned to their birth, when the latter putting his hand to his head, exclaimed, "Good God! what a scene of uproar and confusion have I witnessed this morning!"

Tom, laughing, said, "It is nothing after you are used to it; uproar you certainly heard, but you saw no confusion, Andrew; every thing was conducted by perfect system; did you not perceive?"

"I perceived *nothing!*" interrupted Andrew; "my brain was in a continual whirl and disorder, and my head at this moment is ready to split in a thousand pieces!"

"Poh, poh!" said Tom, "it will soon go off, and when you have a little more experience of the business on board, every thing will be easy and familiar to you, and even agreeable."

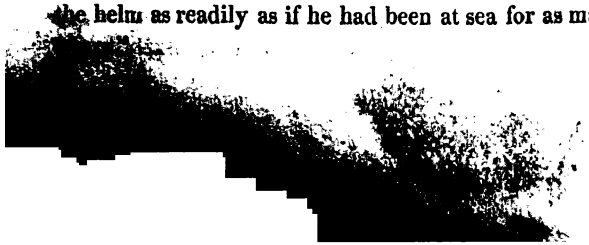
"Never in this world!" sighed out Andrew. "It is so perfectly opposite to every thing I relish and wish for, that were I to live a hundred years on board of a man of war, nothing could render it agreeable."

This conversation was nearly repeated every day for a considerable time, during which, Andrew experienced not the smallest change of sentiment or inclination, and while Tom was advancing rapidly in the knowledge of his profession, and attracted the notice and approbation of all on board, the other became a victim to apathy, listlessness, and inactivity, insomuch that the boatswain at length was obliged to take notice of it. "Why the devil don't you bestir yourself, sir?" said he to him one day, as some active duty was going on, and Andrew

slowly proceeding with reluctance to put his hand to it; "why dont you jump! and be damned to you! O, I'm blasted if I have not that book of horrors chuckt overboard! If you dont mind your hits, and be a little more active, young man, the boatswain's mates shall freshen your way with a ratan; remember I tell you so!"

As this was vocifearted in the hearing of the forecastle lads, they soon collected the meaning of the boatswain's allusion, and as their constant practice is to affix epithets, or nick-names applicable to circumstances, *Andrew Horrors* was now the only appellation given to our degraded Classic. On the other hand, while Tom was continually investigating the construction of every block, sheeve, pump, mast, wheel, and windlass, and peeping into every hole and corner, to examine the effect of mechanical powers, he went under the appellation of *Peeping Tom*, which, instead of lowering him in estimation, heightened it considerably, particularly in the opinion of the boatswain and carpenter, who were daily more and more struck with his curiosity. "If that young lad comes not to something yet," said the carpenter, one day as he and the boatswain were on duty together, and who both remarked Tom at the splicing of a cable, "I should wonder at it. There is nothing that escapes his notice, nor is he satisfied till he has made himself completely acquainted with every thing he examines; my opinion is, that he would make an excellent ship's carpenter."

"I don't know as to that," said the boatswain, "but if he don't make an excellent seamen, I'm cursedly out of my reckoning; he has been but six weeks on board, and he goes aloft as smartly, performs his part as well as the best topman in the ship, and takes his trick at the helm as readily as if he had been at sea for as many



"I like the lad too, for his being always so cheerful and willing," said the carpenter.

"Aye! and the *men* like him too," rejoined the boatswain, "and that's a devilish good proof in his favour."

Tom indeed was a general favourite. His good nature, joined to his good conduct and correctness, in the performance of his duty, made every one his friend, and every one disposed to afford him all the instruction they could give him; and when to this was added his avidity for knowledge, and his penetration in discovering what would escape the observation of superficial observers, it need not surprise if his progress was uncommon. A circumstance soon occurred, which failed not to attract the carpenter's attention. In a hard gale, the fore-top-mast went. All the forecastle-men were employed in clearing the wreck, and getting the fractured mast on deck, and as this was a business of great importance, and considerable labour and difficulty, Tom was uncommonly active, and in some of his remarks relative to lowering the stick in such a gale of wind, he astonished the carpenter with his knowledge of mechanical powers. When the mast at last was got safely on deck, the carpenter, after a strict inspection, thought it might be repaired, so as to prevent the necessity of erecting a new one, and as expedition was absolutely necessary, all the carpenter's mates were busily employed in the operation. Tom very modestly requested that he might be allowed the use of a plain and saw, to prepare one of the pieces of wood that were to be applied as *fishes* to strengthen the mast; and the mates, unwilling to refuse their favourite any thing, granted his request, as much to gratify their own curiosity, as to please him. Tom handled his tools so dexterously, and executed his work so well, that the carpenter and his men gazed at each other with astonishment, during

the operation, till the carpenter, stepping up to him, said, "Why Tom, you seem to handle your tools as if you had been used to them."

"I have had a plain and a saw in my hand before now," said Tom, smiling, "and it does my heart good to use them again."

A very short inquiry unravelled this mystery, and that same night, the carpenter went to the boatswain, and over a glass of grog, begged of him to let him have Tom as one of his mates. "I'll be damn'd if I do," said the boatswain, bluntly; "what! take one of my best hands from me!—How the hell can you propose it? Who is to supply his place?"

"But my good fellow!" said the carpenter, in his usual mild tone and manner, "consider, the boy has been bred to the business of a joiner, and you know as well as me, that I am really short of hands at present, and I'm sure you will not do any thing to interrupt the important duty I have to perform. Come now, my good friend, you must consent; you can spare the lad, and really I cannot do well without him."

"Ay, ay!" returned the boatswain, "you have always plenty of slack to veer out about your *own* wants; but you never once think of mine, fag as I may. And how do you know that the lad likes your profession?"

"He told me so himself," said the carpenter, "and remarked that his heart delighted in it."

"O then, damn my eyes, you shall have him!" said the boatswain: "he is a fine young fellow, and I should be sorry to stand in the way of any thing that may give him pleasure. But how goes on the top mast?"

"You shall have it to-morrow night," said the carpenter, "now that you have given me Tom."

"Ay! blast your sly eyes! you always contrive to work to windward of me, in spite of all I can do," said

the boatswain; "you'll swagger now like a brig's boom cast loose in a gale of wind; for you know you have got a treasure from me!"

Tom was now in his element; but poor Andrew remained precisely in the same state of listless inactivity, and with an indifference to every thing around him. When Tom went down to his birth, and informed him with evident delight of the new change in his situation, and the cause that had produced it, he listened to it with as much unconcern as if he had communicated the most trivial occurrence; and throwing down his Horace, sighed out, "Oh! what would I not give for my Virgil! I have now read Horace so often over, that I grow tired of it; but Virgil would be worth all your yards and top-masts put together!"

"Andrew," said Tom, very gravely, "I have been considering, and I am now perfectly convinced, that this same classical education of your's, which you value so highly, is the very cause of all your disquietude, and the most unfortunate circumstance that could have possibly occurred in your present situation."

"How do you make that out," said Andrew, staring at him?

"I will tell you, Andrew," said the other, seriously. "While your mind has been occupied about *words*, it has been completely withdrawn from *things*, without which, it is impossible that any young man can get on in life, or succeed in any useful profession where industry, perseverance and *knowledge*, are indispensably necessary. Now, exclusively of this loss, there is another in my opinion still greater, namely, that with this want of attention to things, there is a want of those pleasures arising from a contemplation and knowledge of them, and the delight of applying this knowledge to the best purposes."

"You have become very philosophical with your new appointment," said Andrew, taking up his Horace again; "but as I do not dispute *your* pleasures, Tom, I beg that you may allow me to enjoy *mine;* there are different men as well as different minds; yours is mechanical, mine is not."

"I beg pardon," said Tom, gravely, "I did not mean to dispute your pleasures, Andrew, but only to draw you to others more suited to your present station, and to warn you as a friend, that if you continue to persevere in the manner you have hitherto adopted, you will in all likelihood meet with what will not add to your pleasure, but what would certainly give me infinite pain."

Saying this, he arose and retired to his hammock.

What Tom had prognosticated, happened two days after. As all hands were actively employed in getting up the top-mast, one of the boatswain's mates, perceiving Andrew, with his usual indifference and sluggishness, moving slowly about the main deck, he came smartly across his shoulders with his ratan, saying, "Damn your Scotch eyes! why don't you move, you lazy son of a bitch! Must we be eternally speaking to you to no purpose?"

Andrew's pride was fully as strong as his habits of inactivity, and as this indignity was inflicted in the face and hearing of all the Jacks around, who jeeringly asked him "how his *horrors* relished this new application," his shame and mortification were unspeakable. When the day's duty was over, he retired to his birth; where, reflecting on what had happened, and looking forward to what he had to expect, his emotions burst forth in a flood of tears; and amidst the tumults and agony of his mind, he came at last to the extravagant resolution of writing a letter of complaint to the Admiral; and with the view of making a greater impression, by its coming

from a man of education, he likewise determined to write it in Latin. In this extraordinary employment was he engaged, when Tom, returning from some protracted duty on deck, came down, and wondering at what had never before occurred, asked him "what it was he was writing?"

Andrew, who knew Tom's sentiments on the subject, and was also sure of meeting with disapprobation, carelessly replied, "that he was only amusing himself with some Latin exercises from memory, in order to banish unpleasant and painful reflections."

"I am grieved to the heart, in learning the cause of these painful reflections," said Tom; "but you know, Andrew, I warned you of it."

"Oh, never mind it," said Andrew, with affected indifference, "it's not worth talking about:—we may yet contrive to get out of our difficulties, and that perhaps ere long."

"I know of but one way to accomplish it," said Tom, "and I hope in God you will follow it."

Andrew went on with his Roman epistle; and Tom, much fatigued with the day's hard duty, turned in to enjoy repose. It was with no small difficulty that Andrew could convey his letter to the admiral. In the first place, the practice was altogether unusual; in the next, highly improper and disrespectful. The quarter-master, who attended at the door of the great cabin, positively refused to receive it, as it was more than his place was worth; but one of the admiral's servants, less acquainted with his duty, after some entreaty and staring at Andrew, consented to deliver it into the admiral's own hands.

When the letter was brought to the old gentleman, he first looked at the superscription, to ascertain whether it was really intended for him; and, conceiving that it migh

be one brought by one of the cutters from the Lords of the Admiralty, he put on his spectacles, and broke open the seal. Without looking at the signature, he proceeded to examine the contents, and not being able to understand one syllable of it, he immediately concluded that it was one of those intercepted French letters which Commodore Johnston (at that time stationed off Cadiz) occasionally transmitted to the Lords of the Admiralty, for their information, relative to the supposed latitude where the combined fleets might be found, which was at present the particular object. Ringing his bell, he ordered the servant to tell the captain that he wanted to speak to him; and, on his coming into the cabin, said, "Captain ——, I have received another of these intercepted French letters from the Lords of the Admiralty, and it will be necessary to get some person to translate it."

The captain, astonished at this intelligence, as he was certain no cutter had arrived, took the letter, and after gazing at it for some time, looked to the superscription, and said, "Sir, this is no *French* letter, nor from the Lords of the Admiralty, but from some person on board, who signs himself Andrew Cochran."

"Andrew Cochran," said the admiral, "who is he?"

"Upon my word, I do not exactly know at present," said the captain; "but there can be no doubt that it is one of our men."

"Aye!" said the old admiral, "that is rather singular; but what language is it written in, if it is not French?"

"Faith! it is more than I can tell," rejoined the captain, looking again at the letter; "but as I am certain it is not French, I have some notion that it must be Latin."

"Oh! if that's the case," said the admiral, we must send for the chaplain, "for I'm really curious to know what it means."

"Whatever it is," said the captain, "it is a damn'd impertinent insolent liberty, and ought to be punished!"

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, "we shall talk of that afterwards; in the mean time let us hear what it says."

On the chaplain appearing, the Admiral said, "Mr. ——, we have got a letter here, written in a language which we plain seamen, who know no other but our own, do not understand, and as you are a scholar, we have sent for you to help us out."

The chaplain, who was an Oxonian, and a very critical Classic, took the letter, and immediately pronouncing it Latin, proceeded to collect the contents. He had not read above three or four lines, till he shook his head and smiled, and, before he had finished the perusal, burst out into laughter.

"What is it?" said the old Admiral, impatient to know the contents.

"It is a letter written in a very bad hand," said the chaplain, "and in still worse Latin, complaining of an indignity offered to the writer, in the presence of the whole ship's company, and which, he says, no man of honour, sensibility, or education, can possibly submit to."

"Aye!" said the captain, "this is a devilish high tone indeed! But what is this indignity complained of."

"It is having been struck by one of the boatswain's mates, and having received language shocking to the ears and feelings of a man of education," said the chaplain.

"This is one of the most extraordinary circumstances I ever met with in the course of the service," said the captain; "and, I've reason to think, the first of the kind that ever occurred on board of a king's ship."

"I should be glad to know who this man of education is," said the old admiral. "He may be the son of some gentleman of fortune, and for aught that we know, of a man of rank; in which case you know Captain ——, something must be attended to."

"It strikes me," said the captain, "that this must be one of the two young Scotch lads that were brought in the tender from Leith, and whom the lieutenant said he was induced to impress, in consequence of their having opposed him in the execution of his duty, by which he lost an old seaman he was anxious to have. They are both genteel young men, and one of them the most promising and ingenious lad in the ship."

"Depend upon it," said the Admiral, seriously, "these young men are of no ordinary rank! Let the lad be sent for, that we may hear from himself what he is, and who his parents are."

When Andrew received the summons to attend the admiral in the great cabin, he was convinced that it was to obtain immediate redress in consequence of his Latin epistle, and full of this assurance, together with a consciousness of the importance attached to the production, he entered the cabin with infinite more confidence than he would otherwise have done on so trying an interview.

"Pray, young man," said the captain, "is your name Andrew Cochran?"

"It is, sir," said Andrew.

"And you are the writer of this Latin letter to the admiral?"

"Yes, sir," said Andrew, confidently.

"Do you know the consequence of sending letters to your superiors on board of a flag-ship?"

Andrew remained silent.

"Did you consult any person previous to your sending it to the Admiral?"

"No, I did not;" answered the other.

"Your ignorance, perhaps, may be *some* excuse for the offence which you committed; and I am now to tell you, sir, that this offence is *punishable*, and that you richly deserve it."

By this time Andrew's confidence and vanity had considerably subsided, and, when the captain reduced his questions thus, he began to suspect, that instead of redress and approbation, he was to meet with reprehension. "Pray, sir, are you not one of the young men who came in the tender from Leith, and who obstructed one of the king's officers in the execution of his duty?"

"Yes, sir, I was brought in the tender."

"Who are you, sir, and who are your parents and connexions?"

Andrew's pride, or rather his false shame, prevented him from answering the question; and upon its being repeated, he said, "he did not choose to tell who his parents were."

This confirmed the admiral in his belief that the young man was the son of some person of distinction, who perhaps, in a youthful frolic had absented himself from his father's house; and anxious to ascertain what Andrew obstinately refused to disclose, he asked the captain if there was any other person on board who might lead them to a discovery?

"The young man who came along with him, I presume, is the most likely person," said the captain.

"Let him be sent for," said the admiral.

In the intermediate time, the chaplain, who was not

free from pedantry, could not resist the inclination he had to put some questions to our Scotch scholar, and to ascertain the extent of his learning. "You come from Edinburgh, you say; pray was it in the *University* of Edinburgh you received your education?"

"No," answered the other, "I never was in the University, but was just going to it when unfortunately I was impressed."

"Aye! so I guessed," resumed the chaplain, looking consequentially; "and pray, may I ask where it was you received your classical instruction?"

"At the high School of Edinburgh," answered Andrew.

"The *High School!*" said the other; "what do you mean by the High School?"

"The grammar school," said the scholar.

"O! the *grammar* school! So, you never advanced farther than the *forms?* I thought as much from your Latinity, which indeed is very bad, and I would as a friend advise you, before attempting any thing in Latin composition, to attend a little more to *prosody* and *scanning*. You seem to have a defective ear, and no idea of elegance or harmony. Nothing will improve you more than a rigid attention to these two important articles, as they not only correct auricular defects, but produce taste, without which there can be no excellence. But indeed these can only be acquired in proper seminaries, where they are particularly attended to; and I would seriously advise you, should you change your present situation, and resume your studies, to repair to Oxford, which is the only place in Britain where a proper knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages can be attained."

When Tom received the message to attend the admiral in his cabin, his sensations were very different from those of Andrew on the same occasion; but confident

that he had done nothing to deserve reproof, he proceeded to the state room, wondering what could be the cause. As he entered, a certain awe, inseparable from elevated station and command, irresistibly seized him, so as to produce an evident trepidation, which being perceived by the captain, who was no stranger to his merit, he accosted him kindly, by saying, "Come in my lad, we only wish to ask you a few questions about this young man here, who, I believe, is your countryman and messmate."

When Tom perceived Andrew, his astonishment was great indeed, and when he likewise observed the ruefulness of his countenance, he immediately conjectured that all was not right. "You came with him in the tender from Leith, didn't you?" resumed the captain.

"Yes, sir, I did," said Tom, not encouraged by the question.

"Pray, can you give us any information relative to him, or his parents?"

"I know his parents very well, and intimately," said Tom.

"Who is his father?"

"His father," said Tom, "is a tradesman in Edinburgh."

"A *tradesman*," said the captain, a little surprised, "what kind of tradesman?"

"He is a tailor, sir,"

The Captain, Admiral, and Chaplain, in one voice, exclaimed, "a *tailor*?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, "and a very respectable worthy man."

"I don't doubt that in the least," said the captain; "but is it customary for tailors, in your country, to teach their sons *Latin*?"

"It is very common," said Tom, "for all kinds of tradesmen to give their sons a classical education."

"The more fools they," rejoined the captain; "what use can it be to them? And pray, who may *your* father be, my lad, if I may ask the question?"

"My father is a tradesman likewise," said Tom, freely and firmly, "and I'm not ashamed to own it."

"You have no reason to be ashamed of it," said the captain, pleased with Tom's openness; "and was you taught *Latin* too?"

"No, sir," said Tom, "my father had me instructed in what he thought, and what I have already found, is much more useful."

"Aye! I believe so!" said the captain, "and so it appears. I am no stranger to your merit, young man, and be assured it shall not be overlooked. As for you, sir," turning to Andrew, "who are ashamed to mention your father's trade, and who seem to value yourself on your Latin education, I would have you to know that the son of a tailor is not disgraced by being placed in a flag ship, and that if you presume to send any more of your epistles here, whether in Latin, or in plain English, you will meet with a punishment much more severe, and an *indignity* infinitely greater than what you have lately experienced: So to your duty, sir—the boatswain's mate did no more than his."

On leaving the cabin, it is hard to say which of our two young men felt most severely. Andrew's feelings were those of disappointment, mortification, and despair; but Tom's were those of a very different nature; deep sorrow for the extreme folly and impropriety of his companion's conduct; a sense of shame in being so intimately associated with one capable of such ridiculous conduct, but above all, a wounded national pride, from the ridicule which would consequently attach to his country.

On going down to his birth, whither Andrew accompanied him, he turned round to him, and with a look highly expressive of his sensations, said, " Good God, Andrew ! how could you possibly be guilty of an act of such singular madness and folly ? Were I addressing myself to a fool, a blockhead, or a man void of all sensibility and reflection, I should not put this question; but I am addressing myself to one who I know is very different, and consequently cannot but wonder at what I have witnessed this day, and what I shall continue to wonder at as long I live. You have brought not only disgrace and ridicule on yourself, but on all connected with you, and on the place of your birth; nor can I help feeling shame and mortification in being your intimate associate. We shall both be held up as laughing stocks for the wit and jeers of those who on every occasion will cast our Scotch education in our teeth, and desire us to write Latin letters to our admiral. But it is all owing to this cursed pedantic vanity ! to this cursed *book!*" (said he, snatching up Horace that lay on the table, and dashing it on the deck,) " which it would have been fortunate for you had you never looked into it, and which will some day, I'm afraid, lay your back open at the gangway, than which to witness, I would much rather see your corpse thrown overboard !"

So saying, he rushed out of the birth, and proceeding to the main-deck, continued ruminating on what had happened, and what was best to be done, to evade, as much as possible, future consequences.

Being perfectly assured that every thing would immediately transpire, and many things be greatly exaggerated, he thought the best mode he could adopt, was to go without further delay to his friend the boatswain, and narrate candidly what had occurred, and, by every means in his power, endeavour to persuade him to place

Andrew in some situation on board, where he might probably succeed better, and where at least he would be exempted from the sneers and gibes of his daily associates on duty. When the boatswain had heard this extraordinary narrative faithfully detailed, he exclaimed, "Oh! damn my eyes! what a blasted fool he must be! But what would you have me do, my good fellow, Tom? I must do my duty, and so must my mates, and if your messmate won't do his readily, why, we must *make* him do it."

"But you will never make a seaman of him," said Tom, impressively, "do what you will! and what signifies it to keep him in a situation where he will never do any good, and where he must constantly be treated in a manner that will inevitably break his heart, and render him unfit for any thing else."

"What the hell is he fit for?" said the boatswain.

"There are surely *some* situations on board," said Tom, "where he might be of some assistance, and be more out of the way."

"Why, yes," said the boatswain, musing; "let me see! there is old Gallipot the surgeon, who might have some use for him. Your messmate's a scholar, and understands learned lingos it seems, and as these doctors have a blasted lingo of their own, that nobody else understands, if he is active, and handy in the sick birth, he may do well enough as one of his mates."

"Ah!" said Tom, shaking his head, "that I'm afraid won't do."

"Then there is the ship's steward—is he smart at accounts and arithmetic?" said the boatswain.

Tom shook his head again.

"Does he write a fine hand?"

Tom was silent.

"Why, what the devil education is it you have in Scotland!" said the boatswain; "you give your lads outlandish lingo, that nobody understands, and you give them nothing that is of use! Now, if it had so been as how he wrote a good hand, we might have got him a snug quiet birth in the Secretary's office, where there is always a damned deal to do, and where they are grave diggers from morning till night."

"*Grave diggers!*" said Tom.

"Aye! up to the a—e in business every day," said the boatswain.

"Why really," said Tom, "I think this would be the best place for him; he does not to be sure write a good hand at present, for he has spoiled it; but he wrote a very good hand when at the writing school, and he will improve by practice."

"Why, true," rejoined the boatswain, "but they write like dusty foot in the office, and your messmate, I'm afraid, would make but a scurvy figure among them. But we'll try what can be done. I'll speak to the Captain, and hear what *he* says. If he consents, he can very easily talk to the Secretary about it, and then, you know, we'll be at the end of our reckoning."

"I'll take it as a very great favour, sir," said Tom.

"Why, Tom, I am very willing to do every thing for you I can," resumed the boatswain, kindly; "you are a good lad, and a deserving one; but as for this learned messmate of yours, I'm blasted if I think him fit for any thing but a sweeper and swabber."

Tom went away rejoicing in the prospect of success, but said nothing to Andrew till he was certain that matters were finally accomplished. The next day, the boatswain informed him, that having represented to the Captain that nothing could be made of Andrew in his present situation, and that probably he might be of some

use in the secretary's office, where hands were wanted, he had spoken to the Secretary, who agreed to make trial of him. "The Captain at first," said the boatswain, "was damnably frumpish and obstinate; but when I told him that the request came from you, he wore round in a jiffin: so you see what a favourite you are. Damn my eyes! good conduct will always procure friends."

Nothing concerning himself could have afforded Tom half the satisfaction he experienced on this occasion; and, in their evening tête-à-tête, he communicated this important intelligence to Andrew, who, although well pleased to escape from a situation so obnoxious to him, seemed to experience no satisfaction whatever from his new appointment.

When he made his appearance next morning at the Secretary's office, whither the boatswain accompanied him, the Secretary, who was a grave, steady, official man, and regularly bred to business, received him civilly, and putting a letter, which had just been written to the Lords of the Admiralty, into his hands, desired him to copy it in the letter book, and went into his cabin adjoining. On his return, he looked at Andrew's performance, and at the first glance shook his head, saying, "This is poor work indeed! Your hand is a perfect scrawl, my lad, and quite unformed; you have been dreadfully neglected in *this* branch of your education."

Andrew, willing to impress him with more favourable ideas of his education, told him that his hand had been considerably injured by his writing *themes* and *versions*.

"What are these?" said the Secretary, gravely.

"Latin exercises at school," said Andrew.

The young men who were busily occupied in the office, all looked round at this answer, and gazing at Andrew from head to foot, induced him to conclude

that it was a gaze of admiration. He was however soon convinced of the contrary, on the Secretary's saying drily, "Oh! we have nothing to do with *Latin exercises* here: Our exercises are good and ready penmanship, and unless you improve your hand very materially, you can be of no manner of use here, my lad. However, in the mean time, you may, by way of exercise, copy such letters as have not been yet inserted in the letter-book: it is but fair to give you a trial."

When Andrew looked round, and perceived all the young men tittering, it may readily be supposed that his vanity was not increased.

Tom was extremely anxious to learn what had passed in the office, and when Andrew had related every thing very candidly, he strongly enjoined him to pay all manner of attention to the improvement of his writing, as the most likely means to secure his station.

"Poh! what signifies improvement," said Andrew, with indifference, "when I am to do nothing but copy in the letter-book?"

"But you will not *always* copy in the letter-book," rejoined Tom, "if you continue to improve; and is there not high gratification in improving, independent of its raising you from inferiority, to an equality with others placed in the same station?"

"I would not give a farthing to be equal with any in the office," replied the other, gruffly; "I see nothing in it to envy."

"Oh! it is certainly nothing, compared with reading Horace here in your birth," said Tom, provoked at his apathy, "and being beat like a dog about the deck for not attending to your duty! But go on in your own way, Andrew, and see what will happen. As for me I'll go sleep, for I really begin to grow sick of this business."

Next morning Andrew went "creeping like snail, unwillingly to school." As he approached the office, he overheard one of the lads say, "Oh! here comes *Themes* and *Versions*;" which produced a general laugh. Entering however, he, without addressing one of them, sat down sullenly to his unpleasant work, during the execution of which he repeatedly yawned dismally, which never failed to excite official laughter. It was so far fortunate for him, that the first assistant in the office was a countryman of his own, and being a man more advanced in life than the rest, he had some authority over them, and on the present occasion reprehended their mirth. Having been many years in the service, and particularly conversant with official affairs, he was now placed in his present station for the purpose of obtaining the first vacant pursery; and as he was a man of very considerable abilities, and had himself received the customary education of a grammar school when a boy, he participated so far in Andrew's feelings, as to pity his present aukward situation, and to afford him protection. With this view, he entered into conversation with him, and perceiving him by no means deficient in talents, but on the contrary, acute, sensible, and well read in the Classics, he took an interest in the young man's immediate occupation, and encouraged him to persevere in the improvement of his penmanship. These occasional attentions, together with invitations to the official mess, where this man regulated every thing, were a considerable relief to Andrew's *ennui* and apathy, although it operated very little to excite his ardour; for, on observing the expedition and excellence with which every thing was executed in the office, he felt an inferiority, which, instead of inspiring additional energy, produced nothing but listlessness and despondence. In this manner, Andrew continued copying in

the letter-book, without advancing one step in improvement, till an unforeseen and very unfortunate circumstance occurred on board, which contributed to awaken him from his torpor, and draw him to serious reflection.

The grand fleet had now been at sea upwards of three months, without discovering any thing of the enemy, during which time very tempestuous weather had occurred; and in one of these heavy squalls which prevailed off Cape Ortegal and Cape St. Vincent, the double-reefed main-sail was split, and the main-yard snapped in two about three or four feet from the slings. As this sail is of material service in tempestuous weather, and as the main-yard, from its magnitude, is unfit to be stowed away on the booms, there is from necessity but *one*, and consequently no supply or substitute for it, in the event of accidents, till the ship comes into port. It may therefore be well imagined, that what now occurred, operated powerfully on the minds of all on board, and particularly on the boatswain and carpenter. When the fractured main-yard was at last taken down, and placed on deck; and while these two officers looked mournfully at the severed pieces before them, the carpenter said, very emphatically, "What would we now give for a discovery of Sir Charles Douglas' secret!"

Tom, who stood by, and was particularly attentive to all that passed, asked the carpenter what it was he alluded to?

"It is to mend a main-yard, Tom, without either splicing or fishing," said the carpenter, "a thing which no carpenter in his Majesty's navy can do."

"And does Sir Charles Douglas think it can be done?" rejoined Tom.

"He does, Tom; but we must wait here patiently till more favourable weather enables Sir Charles to get on board, and when that may be God knows, for I think our weather, instead of getting better, is daily growing worse."

"Damn my limbs!" said the boatswain, "if I think we can *do* without a main-sail in this blasted weather."

"But why not *fishing* or *splicing*," resumed Tom?

"Because, by splicing, the yard must be considerably shortened, and consequently of no use; and by fishing, there is no dependence upon it, Tom," said the carpenter.

It was observed, for the first time, by the carpenter and his mates, as well as by the men, that Tom, during all that day, was absent, and inattentive to duty, and that an evident thoughtfulness and taciturnity accompanied him, which they naturally imputed to the serious accident that had happened. When he returned to his birth at night, the same appearance continued, and while he was sitting silently with his head reclined on his hand, at the end of the small deal table, Andrew, who had for some time observed him, asked if he was well enough, and what made him so thoughtful? "I have good reason to be thoughtful and sorrowful too," said Tom, without altering his posture, "when so serious an accident has happened on board."

"What accident?" said the other.

"Can you really ask that question," returned Tom, raising his head and staring at him, "when our main-yard is broke in two, and no possibility of repairing it?"

"I did hear something said in the office about it," replied Andrew carelessly, "and heard a great bustle on deck, but there is such incessant racket and noise on board, that I did not attend to it."

"Andrew," said Tom, resuming his former posture,

"I really do believe that nothing but the ship's going down will draw your attention."

Having remained for a considerable time immovable, he suddenly started up, and exclaimed, "I wish I had a bit of stick!"

"What kind of stick," said Andrew, astonished at his ardour.

"*Any* kind of stick?" answered Tom hastily.

"Will this do?" said the other, taking up a small splinter of deal broke from off the table that morning.

"Perfectly well," said Tom, eagerly snatching it; and taking his knife out of his pocket, began rounding and shaping the fragment, till he formed it to the exact resemblance of a yard, while Andrew continued wondering what could possibly engage so much of his attention. After having measured it carefully, and marked a particular part with a lead pencil, he cut it in two, and splitting the two pieces into four, laid them on the table before him, and then placing them in a particular direction, one above another, took them up in his hand in the same form the yard was previous to his having cut it. Surveying it round and round in all directions, he once more starting up, exclaimed, "By heavens! I do believe I have discovered it."

"Discovered what?" asked Andrew, amazed at his ecstacy.

"Oh!" continued he, altogether indifferent to Andrew's question repeated—"should this be Sir Charles Douglas' method—Good God, what a happy man should I be!—But whether it is his method or not," continued he, once more examining it critically, "it must I think answer the purpose: Every piece supports and strengthens each other—It is *three splices*," said Tom, "all good and sufficient, and the yard not shortened a single

hair's breadth!—it will be stronger than ever!—It cannot fail to answer."

"For Heaven's sake," said Andrew, "what is the meaning of this rhapsody? I begin to suspect that mechanics have turned your brain."

"Oh, Andrew! did you experience the twentieth part of the delight I now feel," said Tom, with his eyes sparkling with pleasure, "you could not fail to be more attentive to your own interest. Not only the pleasure, but the pride you would necessarily feel, even from a *prospect* of success, and the hope of rising superior to others around you, would repay you for every exertion a hundred fold!—But why should I trouble myself about what is not to be overcome, and for what I am certain I shall receive no thanks. I am now tired of remonstrance and advice, and shall henceforth give it over."

"Tom," said Andrew, touched with the last words, which were expressed sorrowfully, "you know very well I have not the smallest genius for mechanics, nor the least knowledge of them; why then do you blame me for not experiencing the same pleasure you do, when our occupations and situations are so perfectly different."

"Do not attempt to plead this distinction in excuse, Andrew;" resumed Tom, seriously, "for the occupation in which you are at present engaged is as mechanical as mine. Is not the making the pen you write with, a *mechanical operation?* is not the formation of every letter you make on paper, another? is not the paper on which you write, a third? and is not the ink in which you dip your pen, a fourth? Could any of these different operations, and all contributing to the same end and use, be performed without attention, practice, and persevering industry? Can any art or pro-

fession be attained without *application?* What was you, let me ask, when at the reading and writing school? Was any boy before you? Were not many left far behind? How happened this? I will tell you, Andrew: Naturally quick, and gifted with an extraordinary memory, you outstripped us all, in spite of our utmost exertions; and perceiving your superiority, you felt a secret pride which spurred you on to maintain that superiority by constant application, without which you would have lost it. Let me ask you, if the very same circumstance did not operate in the High School? And *now*, destitute of all emulation—dead to all sensations of pride—indifferent to inferiority, with the same natural talents and gifts, you cast them from you, the same as if I were to cast the tools I have to work with overboard; the same as if I were to throw away the saw with which I hope to saw asunder the two broken pieces of the main-yard to-morrow, and exhibit before the whole ship's company, what I trust in God, (clasping his hands with ardour,) will be crowned with success!—Oh Andrew, Andrew! it is melancholy—it is deplorable!"

For the first time, Andrew felt the full force and effect which Tom's friendly remonstrance was calculated to produce, and it was with no small pleasure he perceived it; for as he concluded his last sentence, he saw Andrew's face overspread with a blush of the deepest scarlet. Contented with this impression, he said, "And now I'll try to sleep, although I have reason to suspect I shall not shut an eye the whole night, thinking of this discovery, nor shall I be able to rest a moment till I see the carpenter and boatswain to-morrow morning, and hear what they say."

Our two young men turned in, and if Tom's repose was not sound, Andrew's was much worse. For the great-

est part of the night, he continued reflecting seriously on all that Tom had recalled to his recollection, and when he looked back to his former pride and energy, and compared it with his present apathy and neglect, he determined, whatever it might cost him, to apply assiduously to his improvement, and, if possible, to raise himself from his immediate degradation.

The impression which Tom had made on the mind of his companion, was rendered still deeper by what followed the day after. On Tom's getting up next morning early, his impatience was such, that not finding either the carpenter or boatswain on deck, he hurried down to the cabin of the former, and finding him still in his cot, he awakened him, telling him he had something particular to communicate. "Well, what is it, Tom?" said the carpenter, rubbing his eyes; "we've had a dreadful night —I hope no more *misfortunes* have happened?"

"No misfortune," answered Tom, "but I hope some good luck."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said the other; "pray, what is it?"

"The mending of the main-yard without either shortening or fishing," said Tom.

"Ah!" answered the other, laughing; "you are a very clever lad, Tom, but I'm afraid on the present tack you carry more sail than ballast."

"You may look at it however, sir," said Tom; "here I have it in my waistcoat pocket."

"What, the whole main-yard!" said the carpenter, laughing again.

"Yes, in miniature," answered the other.

"Well, well," said the carpenter, "step upon deck, Tom, while I turn out, and I shall be with you presently."

When the carpenter made his appearance on deck, and found Tom anxiously waiting for him, he said, jeeringly, "Well, Tom, let's see this same main-yard in miniature."

"We had better step in to the boatswain's cabin here sir," said Tom; "I see he has just gone in."

"With all my heart," said the other—"he is as good a judge of main-yards as any of us, but I warn you that he will be very hard on you with his wit."

"Oh, I don't mind that," said Tom; "it is but fair I should pay for my presumption if I'm wrong."

When they entered the boatswain's cabin, where he sat sulkily, dissatisfied with the weather, and not ye recovered from the fatigue of the preceding night, the carpenter accosted him with "What cheer, shipmate?"—"Damned bad cheer," answered the boatswain, sullenly. "I'm blasted if I have had an hour's sleep the whole night! The want of our main-sail, in this infernal weather, sets us all aback, and if it continues any longer, we must go into port."

"But if we can get our main-yard mended," said the carpenter, looking very sly, "wo'nt that do—Aye?"

"Who the hell is to mend it?" said the other, gruffly.

"Why, here is Tom come to mend it," answered the carpenter.

"Aye—fine talking!" replied the boatswain with indifference; "I wish he would first mend our weather, and I fancy he can do the one as well as the other."

"But we may hear what he has to say," rejoined the carpenter; "for he has got the main-yard in his pocket."

"The devil he has!" said the other; "if that's the case, I should not be at all surprised if he can mend it!"

"Come, Tom," said the carpenter, "let us see this same main-yard."

"Here it is, sir," said Tom, taking the four pieces out of his pocket, and placing them on the table.

"What the hell have we here!" said the boatswain; "four pieces instead of two, Tom? This is an odd way of mending things."

"I think so too," said the carpenter: "but let us hear what you are to do with these four pieces, Tom."

"What I mean to do with them is this," answered Tom. "Here, sir, you have the two broken pieces of the main-yard sawn asunder, two parts of the one four feet longer than the other two."

"Well, we see that very plainly," said the carpenter, winking to the boatswain.

"I first take one of the *long* pieces, said Tom, (laying it on the table with the plain side uppermost,) to the broken part of which, I join one of the *short* pieces, which you know, sir, is the half of the whole yard sawed in two."

"It is so, Tom," said the carpenter, still winking to the boatswain.

"I then, sir, take the other long piece, and by reversing it thus, it covers the short piece and part of the long one below, which you see makes *two splices;* and by joining the remaining short piece, which you likewise see covers the remaining part of the long one under it, it makes another splice, without the yard being one inch shorter."

"Oh, damn my eyes! there's something in this," said the boatswain, seriously.

"Here," continued Tom, taking up the pieces thus joined, neatly between his fingers; "there is the yard you see complete, with *three splices*, each piece supporting and strengthening the other, by which I conceive,

that the yard is not only mended, but rendered fully as strong, if not stronger, than it was before, and not the least shortened."

The carpenter, who had hitherto been silently attentive, exchanged looks with the boatswain, very different from what they expressed formerly, and taking the pieces out of Tom's hand, began replacing them in the same manner he had done; and after having carefully examined every part and purchase of the whole when put together, said, "I protest, (for he never swore an oath,) I protest, I am astonished! This certainly must be Sir Charles Douglas' grand secret."

"I don't care a blast whether it is or not," said the boatswain, "but it is one that will do our business, if as how you can secure the pieces strongly together."

"That can be easily done," rejoined the carpenter; "for in addition to good pinning, (you know, Tom,) we can serve the whole yard round with strong cordage, well tarred, which I am convinced, with you, will render the yard *stronger* than ever it was."

"Don't you likewise think, sir," said Tom, "that it will be much less liable to *snap* than if it was all of one solid piece?"

"Certainly, Tom," said the carpenter: "for the different pieces, supporting and yielding to each other, the yard must bend like a bow before it breaks."

"That's a great point," said the boatswain; "for it warns us of our danger before it comes!"

"I'll go this instant," said the carpenter, putting the pieces in his pocket, "and show it to the Captain and the Admiral."

When the carpenter had gone, the boatswain turned round to Tom with his usual archness, and said, "Tom, I'm damned if you're not a conjurer!—you must either deal with the devil, or be intimately acquainted

with some of his journeymen, for this is a matter that has puzzled the brains of all the carpenters in the fleet for these six weeks, to no manner of purpose."

"I owe it all to my father," said Tom impressively.

"Your *father*," rejoined the boatswain; "what, is he a ship's carpenter?"

"No," answered Tom, "but he gave me an education which enabled me to know something of mechanics, and if I could live to repay him for all his kindness and attention to me, by being placed in some situation to insure independence, and afford him pleasure, it is all I wish for."

The boatswain, (who was himself a father, and a warm hearted man, notwithstanding his swearing,) was sensibly touched with Tom's observation; and taking him by the hand, while he turned his head aside to conceal his emotion, said,—"You are a good fellow, Tom, as well as a clever one, and if you are not rewarded—why, we live in a damned rascally world, I say!"

By this time, the carpenter had returned, and acquainting Tom that the Captain and the Admiral were not only satisfied, but delighted with the ingenuity of the invention, desired him to go to breakfast, and hasten up, as they were to set about the reparation of the yard immediately, and that he appointed him to perform the sawing of the pieces asunder, as he was convinced none on board could execute it so correctly.

Tom went down to breakfast, but could not eat one morsel. His mind was so agitated with a whirl of delight, that his whole frame vibrated with emotion, and appetite fled. Andrew, who perceived him thus affected, naturally concluded that his favourite plan had miscarried, but when he was at last informed of the contrary, he could not help exclaiming, "Bless me!

what is it then that makes you so oppressed and melancholy, and prevents you from eating your breakfast ?"

"I don't know," said Tom; "but I do believe that great joy is much the same as great grief, both want utterance."

The impression which Tom had made on Andrew's mind the preceding night, was not weakened by this convincing proof of the pleasure arising from success and celebrity in profession, and as he eyed him overcome with a flood of delight, he said to himself, "What would I not give to experience a small portion of his emotions !" Tom, without loss of time, repaired to his allotted operation on deck, and Andrew, with a determined resolution for exertion, proceeded to office with more alacrity and pleasure than he had ever done before.

It was fortunate for him that this resolution had been formed, for the Secretary, perceiving no amendment in his penmanship, had serious thoughts of discarding him as altogether useless in the office. Induced, however, by the persuasions of the first assistant to give him a longer trial, he assented, although he entertained little or no hopes that he could be of the smallest service to him. As Andrew, after what had lately happened, could not think of recurring to his accustomed habit of reading Horace before Tom, who had now acquired an ascendency that naturally produced a certain awe and respect; and as he had no other amusement to beguile his evening hours, it occurred to him that it might contribute to the improvement of his writing, were he to dedicate a portion of his time every evening to this employment. He was the more induced to make this trial as he knew not only that it would be agreeable to Tom, but that as his messmate was himself an excellent penman, he might be of considerable

assistance to him. On Tom's coming down in the evening after his day's hard labour, he was not only surprised but alarmed at finding Andrew writing, and immediately said, "What is this you are about, Andrew? I hope you are not writing more *letters?*"

"Indeed but I am," answered Andrew, smiling, "and many of them."

The explanation yielded him infinite pleasure, and the evening employment of our two young men, were now a constant application on one side to improve in penmanship, and a critical attention on the other, to what was defective, and what might be amended by example.

In about two or three days after the accident already mentioned, the main-yard was completely repaired, a new main-sail bent, and every thing replaced as formerly. No sooner was the double-reefed sheet let go and secured, the yard properly braced, and the ship scudding away before a stiff gale, than the men gave three cheers, while all eyes were fixed on the happy contriver of their present good fortune. The Admiral, Captain, and every officer, were on the quarter deck to witness this new and singular sight, and as they continued gazing at the yard, the boatswain, who had for some time critically observed every thing with the eye of a seaman, said aloud and confidently, "I'm damned if *Tommy* don't stand as long as a stick stands on board!"

From that time, the main-yard went by no other name than Tommy, while the appellation of *Peeping Tom*, formerly given to the fortunate discoverer, was now changed to *Knowing Tom.* After two days and three nights of very tempestuous weather, the carpenter and boatswain went aloft, and having very minutely examined the main-yard, found it in every part as strong and secure as when it was put up.

The old Admiral was so delighted with this intelligence, that he determined to give a public mark of his approbation to Tom, and as the gale had now moderated, he desired that the signal should be made for all Captains. On their coming on board, among whom was Sir Charles Douglas, the admiral was anxious to ascertain whether the method adopted was the same as Sir Charles'; and when the latter observed that we had had a severe time of it for the last fortnight, the Admiral answered, "Aye, that we have indeed, Sir Charles, and in addition to our other trials we have had our main-yard broke."

"The devil you have!" said Sir Charles; "that is a serious matter indeed;—it has not snapt in the slings, I hope?"

"No," said the other—"about four feet from it."

"That's lucky, that's lucky!" said Sir Charles; "for in that case we can mend it;—and now since none of the carpenters in the fleet know any thing about the matter, it would be unpardonable in me to conceal my secret any longer, and I assure you it affords me infinite pleasure to discover it on the present occasion."

"Thank you, Sir Charles," said the old gentleman, "we are much obliged to you, but we have had our main-yard repaired already."

"*Repaired*," said the other contemptuously—"but in what manner?—*fished*, I suppose, which is not worth one farthing."

"It is not fished," rejoined the Admiral.

"Then it must be *shortened*," said the other, "which is still worse."

"Not an inch, or the twentieth part of an inch," said the Admiral.

"Where is it?" resumed the other, eagerly.

"It is performing its duty," said the old gentleman, smiling, "and it has done so these last three days and nights, which you must allow, Sir Charles, was no trifling trial, and is at this moment as sound as when it was put up."

"If this is the case," said the other, a good deal discomposed, "your carpenter is the cleverest fellow in the British navy."

"Our carpenter certainly is a very good man," said the old Admiral, "and understands his profession I believe as well as any in the fleet; but it was not he that mended our main-yard, Sir Charles."

"*Not he!*" said the other, with astonishment.

"No!" rejoined the Admiral; "and it will perhaps surprise you still more, when you are informed, that this has been contrived and executed by a young countryman of your own, who has not yet attained his nineteenth year."

A disclosure of this importance could hardly fail to awaken the curiosity of all the Captains present, who forthwith repaired to the quarter deck to inspect this new object of general interest; and on a critical investigation of the invention, it was found to be precisely the same with that of Sir Charles Douglas. When they had taken their departure, Sir Charles, who remained behind, expressed a wish to see and converse with the ingenious artist who had discovered his secret, and proved it to be effectual. "Stay and dine with me," said the good old Admiral, "and you will then have an opportunity to gratify your curiosity, Sir Charles, for I have determined, by way of public reward and public example, to break through established rules and etiquette, and have this young man at my table to-day. Captain, do you intimate this to him and the carpenter, and pray

let as many of the midshipmen be asked as our table can accommodate."

This was a trial for Tom's sensibility which he was not prepared for. The carpenter and boatswain, however, moderated his emotions, by assuring him there was nothing formidable in it. "You have only to take your seat," said the latter, "eat your allowance, and after drinking a few glasses of the old Admiral's wine, take your departure:—damn the thing will be said to you."

When the company had dined, and drank to "The King," and to "The Navy," the Admiral said, "Fill a bumper, gentlemen;" and holding up his glass brim-full, with an audible voice, said—"*Here is to all rising ingenious young men in his Majesty's navy, and may we never be without* TOM DRYSDALES *among us!*" Poor Tom was altogether unequal to this unexpected mark of honour;—his face was crimsoned over with confusion, and his whole frame shook with such emotion, that when he attempted to raise the glass to his lips, his hand refused its office. The carpenter, perceiving, and pitying his distress, said, loud enough to be heard, "Tom, there is something, you know, to be executed this afternoon, which it will be necessary for you to superintend, and the Admiral, I'm sure, will readily excuse your absence." Nothing could have come more seasonably to the relief of Tom, who getting up, and modestly bowing to the company, hastily retired. "He is a fine young fellow!" said the old Admiral, with warmth, "and as modest as he is meritorious!"

"Such a young man is a treasure in a King's ship," said Sir Charles; "I would give a good deal of money to have him in mine!"

"Thank you, Sir Charles," said the Captain, laughing; "but keep your money to yourself, for Tom Drys-

dale we will not part with, while we remain on board this ship!"

"Unless it were to *promote* him," said the Admiral; "and it shall not be my fault if he is not!"

"He certainly deserves it," said Sir Charles: "I admire his genius; but let me observe, gentlemen, that this lad has had the advantages of an education, which occur not often among us. From the conversation I have had with him, I find that he has been instructed in a variety of useful sciences; among others, mechanics, mathematics, and natural philosophy. Our boys in Scotland are unquestionably better educated than those in England."

"I don't know what your education in Scotland may be, Sir Charles," said the Captain; "but we have had lately a singular proof of it in a Scotch lad on board, who, although the son of a tailor, has honoured us with a Latin epistle; and who, notwithstanding, is one of the most useless fellows we have in the ship!"

"Oh! as to *Latin*," rejoined Sir Charles, "I have nothing to advance in its favour; for although I was taught it in my youth, except the floggings I received at school, and the painful drudgery it cost me, I remember nothing more of it. It is all mispent time and labour."

"So say I too," rejoined the Captain; "all damn'd nonsense!"

"I must humbly beg leave to differ from you, gentlemen," said the Chaplain, who could not suffer this indignity to Classical learning; "Latin, I maintain, is of the utmost importance to every young man."

"What! to the son of a *tradesman?*" asked the Captain.

"To the son of any man," answered the Oxonian.

"In what respect, pray, Parson?"

"In every respect."

"That's no answer at all," said the Captain; "give me an instance? I'll have none of your *generals*."

"It expands the mental faculties, and awakens new ideas," answered the other.

"To what objects, pray?"

"To all objects."

"*Generals* again," said the Captain. "Come, I will help you on, Parson, for I perceive you are obliged to hedge a little, and I am by no means disposed to deny the utility of Classical learning in many respects; but not to those young men who are to earn a livelihood by their industry and labour. To the sons of gentlemen, indeed, who have wherewithal to support their children in a genteel sphere, or to those who are destined for the learned professions, Classical learning may be not only proper and befitting, but indispensably necessary. But I should be glad to know, what possible advantage it can be to a young lad, who, without either fortune or friends, must work his way through life the best way he can by his own exertions, and by the labour of his own hands?"

"But are there not innumerable instances," rejoined the Chaplain, "of young men, without either fortune or friends, and of the lowest station, coming to elevated situations, honour, and eminence, Sir?"

"Unquestionably there are," answered the Captain; "but not in consequence of their *Latin*, I presume. There must be something else, I take it, Parson, otherwise this would avail little in pushing them up hill. An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy, they say; and without something *here*, (pointing to his head,) I'm afraid all the rest would go for nothing."

"But if there is something *there*," rejoined the other, "with the addition of Classical learning, would it not be still better?"

"Faith! I am not sure of that," said the Captain; "in some particular instances it might, but in general it would not. And to cut your logical questions short, allow me in turn to give you a little sea logic, and ask you, if you think that the very ingenious young man who has just left us, could have mended the main-yard one bit better, with all the Latin of the Classics in his head?"

"You must allow, however," said the Oxonian, (pushed to the last resource,) "that he mended it the better for his superior knowledge and education, as Sir Charles Douglas has clearly demonstrated."

"Ah! Parson," said the Captain, laughing, "I perceive you are driven to your last shifts. I disputed not the advantages of *useful* education, and I find you are about giving up your *Latin*."

"Pardon me, sir, I am about no such thing," said the other, rather piqued at the implication; "on the contrary, I am clearly of opinion, that what you are pleased to call *useful* education, and put such a value on, may be given along with the Latin, and without any inconvenience, or loss of time."

"It must be given then very sparingly, very hastily, and, of course, very *imperfectly*," said Sir Charles; "for, to my certain knowledge, and painful experience, during six years at the grammar school, all the time I could possibly spare, was a small portion devoted to writing and arithmetic, which were both very superficially taught. During all this unprofitable period, what might not have been acquired *without* Latin, which has never since been of the smallest use to me? I can assure you, Mr. ——, on my honour, that, at this moment, I would willingly give an hundred guineas twice told, that, instead of Latin, I had been taught something else. But, independently of what I have just said on my own account, the present question turns on

another point, and to a very different description of men. It is not the sons of gentlemen we are alluding to, but the sons of industrious poor parents, who are naturally anxious to get them provided for as soon as possible, and who, for this purpose, must give them such instruction as is suitable to their station and prospects in life. Now, will any man take it upon him to assert, that the instruction of a dead language is the best mode to be adopted for such purposes? Surely not; and yet such is the universal practice in my country, to the manifest disadvantage of thousands."

"And yet you seem to think that the education in your country is preferable to ours in England, Sir Charles," said the Chaplain, looking very slyly at him. "How are we to reconcile this contradiction, pray?"

"Very easily," answered the other. "When I said that our sons in Scotland were better educated than those in England, I alluded to the sons of men in the higher and middling orders of society, who are generally instructed in the *sciences*, whereas in England they are not. With regard to the inferior orders, namely, mechanics, tradesmen, &c. I have no hesitation in saying, that the education given in England is better suited to their callings and prospects, than in Scotland; for this plain reason, that while they are taught useful and indispensable branches *thoroughly* and expeditiously in one country, they are not sufficiently attended to in the other, merely on account of Latin, which, exclusively of its being of little or no service afterwards, is an immense waste of precious time. I hope this will satisfy you, and soothe your national pride," said Sir Charles, smiling.

"Were I not afraid of being again accused of chopping logic," said the Oxonian, (looking at the Captain,) "I would say that I am *not* satisfied with your explana-

tion, Sir Charles. You will please to recollect, that the young man, who has given rise to the present discussion, is the son of an humble *mechanic*, which, begging your pardon, I think overturns all your statement and deduction."

"By no means," rejoined Sir Charles. "This young man has received a very different education from what is usually given to the sons of those of the same description in Scotland, and consequently has benefitted by it. Had he been sent, like others, to the grammar school for six years, he could not have possibly acquired the useful knowledge he possesses at present, nor, at so early an age, been enabled to make the respectable figure he now does. He might have conned Greek and Latin to the present hour; but would he have mended a main-yard in the manner he has done, without the knowledge of *mechanics?*"

"Come, come," said the Captain, "it won't do, Clericus! All your logic will not overturn simple facts. Give up with a good grace now, for Sir Charles has fairly capsized all your academical reasoning."

Perceiving the Chaplain looking rather blank on the occasion, and unwilling that any should this day rise dissatisfied from his table, the good old Admiral, by way of a soother, observed, that the argument had certainly been ably supported on both sides, although he could not help saying that his opinion coincided with Sir Charles'. "We plain blunt seamen," said he, addressing himself to the Chaplain, "seldom know any other language but our own, which is perfectly sufficient for our profession. Every one in his own way, and he who knows his profession best, will best succeed; and I am sure, Mr. ——, you know *yours* perfectly, for, without the education you have received, I am persuaded we should not have the excellent discourses you give us

every Sunday, nor the pleasure we derive from your edifying conversation as often as we enjoy your society."

The signal honour conferred on Tom this day, had a sensible effect on the whole ship's company, among whom, we must not exclude Andrew, who now clearly perceiving the ultimate consequences of merit, and a complete knowledge of profession, felt a fresh stimulus to persevere in application. In about three weeks or a month's indefatigable exertion, his penmanship had so materially improved, that the first assistant in the office could not avoid taking notice of it, and as he was desirous to encourage it, he took an opportunity, one day when the Secretary came in, to show him the letter-book, and ask him what he thought of that hand, pointing to the last letter copied. "It is an exceeding pretty hand!" said the Secretary; "whose is it? for I perceive it belongs to none in the office."

"Indeed but it does," answered the other, "and to one too whom you little suspect: it is Andrew's here," turning to him.

"Impossible!" rejoined the Secretary—"it is a hand totally different."

"You have only to look back, and trace the gradual progress," answered the other, "which I think will completely convince you."

After an inspection, the Secretary turned round to Andrew, and said, with considerable pleasure,—"You have greatly exceeded my expectations, young man, and if you continue to improve much longer at this rate, there is none in the office that can compete with you."

This was the first praise poor Andrew had ever received since he came on board, and he felt it most sensibly. When he related it to Tom in the evening, the

latter, if possible, felt it still more strongly, and taking him by the hand, cordially congratulated him, saying—"You see, Andrew, what a little attention and perseverance will do! You are now on a par with your associates in office, and in a short time I hope you will outstrip them."

"But what will it signify?" said Andrew, with his usual despondency.

"It will signify *much*," answered Tom, confidently. "It will insure you the attention and esteem of the Secretary, on whose recommendation and support your future success will in a great measure depend; it will in all likelihood place you first in office, after the present first assistant is provided for; and, now that I think of it, it will be highly necessary, in the event of any thing favourable occurring, that you should attend to *figures* as well as to penmanship, without which, it is impossible for any man to be qualified for a Purser. This assistance I can easily give you, for while you was attending to nothing but *Latin*, Andrew, my good father took care to have me well grounded in every branch of arithmetic, and even in algebra."

The evening occupation of the two friends was now divided between penmanship and figures, nor did the introduction of Horace once interrupt their assiduity. Indeed it was impossible that it should, for long ere this, Tom, fearful of a relapse, had one day taken it from under Andrew's pillow, where it usually was deposited, and, according to the boatswain's phrase, "chuckt it overboard."

A cruise of six months at length terminated in the return of the grand fleet to Spithead, and in the old Admiral resigning his command, in consequence of age and a love of retirement. Previous to this, however, an opening had occurred for the appointment of a Purser

to one of the frigates, which was immediately filled up by a commission for the first assistant in the office, and although the Secretary did not formally appoint any to supply his place, he uniformly gave Andrew the first drafts of the official letters to transcribe, on account of his superior penmanship and improvement. As this had been always executed by the first assistant, it was an unequivocal proof of preference, nor did the succeeding conduct of Andrew, during the remainder of the cruise, abate it. On the contrary, when the Secretary found, that in consequence of the Admiral's resignation, all hopes of his continuing longer in office vanished, he took an opportunity, previous to his departure, to assure Andrew that he was much pleased with his conduct and assiduity—Advised him to remain where he was till the ship was paid off, giving him hints that ere long perhaps something might occur to enable him to serve him; and in the interim, gave him his address and permission to draw on him occasionally to the amount of a certain sum, concluding with an assurance, that should circumstances induce him to visit London, he would at all times be happy to see him at his house.

As for Tom, who had nothing but his character and industry to depend upon, now that his old admiral was to give up his command, he consoled himself with the hope of obtaining some birth on board of another ship, through the recommendation of his friends the carpenter and the boatswain, for as to what the old gentleman said to him on his departure, he viewed it in no other light than as a compliment. Seeing Tom on the gangway, as he was descending the accommodation ladder, the old gentleman nodded to him, and said, "Fare you well, Tom, I have not forgot you."

Tom felt the parting address most sensibly, and for the first time since his leaving home shed a tear; but

it was the tear of gratitude, for the marked attention paid to him by one who had now no other favours to bestow. In a short time after, the ship's company was paid off, and the ship put into ordinary. Of course, none but the warrant officers remained on board, and every one else was to shift for himself. The carpenter, who had a wife and family on Portsmouth Common, took Tom to his house till something might cast up for future employment, while the boatswain and gunner, willing to contribute their share, told him that the oftener they saw him in their's the better. Matters were very different with Andrew.

Perceiving that nothing now remained for him in his official capacity, and unwilling to depend on the assistance of the Secretary in pecuniary matters, he determined on an immediate return to Scotland.

This intention Tom strenuously opposed, as a step not only mortifying to his own feelings, but unfavourable to his success in life, in the event of something being done by the Secretary to promote his interest. "You have already secured his friendship," said he, "which is evident from his generous conduct; why, therefore, relinquish it? What could you possibly gain by returning to your friends in Scotland, after all your late exertions and improvements, but pity and neglect? My advice is, that you should repair to London, and wait on the Secretary without delay—thank him for his proffered assistance without making use of it, and communicate your intention of earning your subsistence as clerk in some counting house, till more favourable events occur to enable you to return to your former station. This, while it is performing a duty which you owe to him, is securing him in your interest, and placing you near him in case any thing may cast up. It will likewise be the most likely means of procuring you immediate employment in Lon-

don through his assistance, and as you are now sufficiently qualified for executing the office of a clerk, you can, without incurring unnecessary expense, remain quietly and patiently till you see how matters are likely to turn out. Should things not succeed according to your wish, it will be then time enough to return to Scotland. In the mean time write to your father and friends, and avoid despondency in your letter."

Andrew, who had good cause to attend to Tom's advice in all matters, complied with his request, and after a very interesting parting between the two friends, with mutual promises of regular correspondence, Andrew, without farther delay, set off in the stage coach for London.

As for Tom, (who must now be the principal subject of our narrative,) a new scene immediately opened to him. Entering the dock yard a few days after his coming on shore, he was struck with every thing around him. The various operations of ship building, the different artificers employed, and all the implements necessary for constructing a fabric which he had never before examined separately and in detail, engaged his whole attention, and excited a strong desire to make himself completely acquainted with every particular relative to the art by his own manual labour. Communicating this wish to his friend the carpenter, who was intimately acquainted with the master builder in the yard, he not only approved of the intention, but called on his old friend next day, and gave him such an account of our young hero's genius and invention, that he cheerfully assented, adding, that for the better accommodation, and the readier attainment of Tom's object, his house and table were at his service. On the carpenter's returning and communicating this pleasing intelligence, he could not help congratulating Tom on the occasion. "You will

now," said he, "have not only every opportunity to obtain all the information you wish for, but the daily society and conversation of a man whose long experience and knowledge in the profession will be of infinite service to you. He is, besides, an agreeable companion, and in consequence of his industry and long residence here, has laid up something very handsome, and lives conformable to it. His family, now that he has lost a favourite son, consists of only his wife and a daughter, the first a good motherly woman well advanced in years, the other one of the best and prettiest girls we have among us. You must take care of your heart, Tom, for although a master builder's daughter, this young woman has already refused several good offers, to my certain knowledge, and although young, seems to prefer living with her old father and mother to every other wish;—so be on your guard!"

When the carpenter and Tom repaired next day to the dock yard, they found the master builder at home in a house greatly exceeding Tom's expectations. On their entering, the old man received them with much cordiality, and turning to his wife and daughter, who were both present, introduced Tom as one who for some time was to be part of the family. "Go, Susan," said he to the latter, "and bring us a bottle of your own brewing, that we may drink to our better acquaintance, which I hope will be pleasant to all parties."

When Susan returned with her bottle of home-made wine, and glasses placed on a silver server, Tom could not help thinking that the carpenter's advice was a very necessary caution. He had taken care to dress himself neatly in his best sailor's attire that morning, and as nature had been as bountiful to him externally as mentally, he failed not, on his first appearance, to make a very favourable impression on the whole family. After a short

conversation, the old builder proposed taking a walk through the dock yard till dinner time, acquainting his wife and daughter that his friend the carpenter and one or two more would be his guests that day. When they were gone, the mother and daughter had the following conversation.

"Well, Susan, what think you of our young companion that is to be?"

"I think him a modest well behaved young man," answered Susan, "and certainly very well looking, mother; but don't you think this an odd whim in my father, to bring a stranger of whom we know nothing, to live with us as one of the family?"

"He is, you know, Susan, a particular friend of Mr. ———, and highly recommended by him as a young man of excellent character and great abilities, and as he will be constantly employed in working all day in the dock yard, he will only be with us during meal times, and remain no longer here than he makes himself master of ship building."

"*Working in the dock yard!*" said Susan with surprise—"What, are we to have a common dirty shipwright in the dock every day at our table, mother?"

"The young man is anxious to make himself particularly acquainted with every thing belonging to ship building, my dear," said the mother; "he has it seems an extraordinary genius for mechanics, and has already made surprising discoveries in the Admiral's last ship, and got the thanks and praises of all the officers on board.—Who knows, Susan, but this may be some gentleman's son in disguise; for I have heard some story of a great king or emperor, who once worked like a common carpenter in the dock yard, just to make himself acquainted with ship building."

"Upon my word, now that you mention it," said Susan, "I think that this is not unlikely, for there is something in the manners, and even in the appearance of this young man, that is too genteel for his station: Don't you think so mother?"

"We shall see more of that hereafter," answered the old woman, smiling. "In the mean time, let us go and prepare dinner, Sue."

The deportment and conduct of Tom during the time of dinner, and indeed while he continued in the family, rather confirmed than weakened the fallacious idea of the mother and daughter with regard to his birth and parentage. His mind, naturally studious and thoughtful, gave him often an apparent air of pensiveness, which they attributed to the change he now experienced from what he had formerly been accustomed to, and the superior intelligence and knowledge which he evinced on every subject introduced, convinced them that the education he had received was not that of a common mechanic or seaman. But what chiefly contributed to confirm their opinion, was the attention which Tom uniformly paid to his dress and appearance at meal times; for however tarred and dirty he might be when coming from his daily occupation in the dock yard, he never sat down to table without changing his apparel, and having every thing personally clean and neat about him. "Aye, aye," would the old woman say, "it is easy to see the gentleman in whatever situation he is placed!"

Tom had not been long in the family till he became not only an intimate but a favourite. With all his habitual attention to every thing connected with his immediate object, he was naturally cheerful and communicative, and as he had frequent opportunities of exhibiting these agreeable qualities in his evening conversations, his facetiousness, joined to his excellent under-

standing rendered his society particularly agreeable to the little circle. In addition to this, he frequently read to them during an evening, such books as chance threw in his way, exclusively of those which the old builder had in his small library, and while he commented with his usual good sense on certain passages, and explained the meaning of technical terms and French idioms, he became a kind of instructor and commentator to the family. One thing in particular tended to ingratiate him with the daughter. His knowledge of drawing, which he had acquired during his apprenticeship, and intimacy with the young cabinet maker, enabled him to instruct Susan in the principles of the art; and as she was generally occupied with her needle in preparing articles of dress, Tom's taste and ingenuity was of material service to her in improving and designing *patterns* for her workmanship.

In this manner he continued, much to his own improvement, and to the satisfaction and pleasure of the family, for nearly six months, when one evening, as they were conversing cheerfully round a sea-coal fire, two letters by post were brought to him, one of which, by the superscription, he knew came from his constant correspondent Andrew, and the other in a frank, which, from its size, he concluded contained something more than a letter. Upon opening it, he found a warrant from the Navy Board appointing him carpenter to a 74; and from the contents learnt, that in consequence of the high commendations and particular request of his old Admiral, the board had appointed him one of the warrant officers of the ——, at that time fitting out at Plymouth for the East Indies, under the command of Commodore ——, who was to sail with a squadron for that quarter as speedily as possible. Handing the letter and its contents to the old builder with a smile,

Tom proceeded to open that of his companion, which contained the following intelligence.

"DEAR TOM,

"As I know the interest you take in every thing that concerns my future success and advancement in life, I hasten to acquaint you, that in consequence of Commodore —— being appointed by the Admiralty to supersede —— in the naval command in India, my friend the Secretary goes out with him, and has appointed me first in office, with a promise that every thing in his power will be done to serve me. I am informed that the Secretaryship to a commander in chief in India is an office of immense emolument and consequence, and as we shall in all likelihood remain there for some years, it will be hard if I get not something before I return to this country. Whatever my good fortune may be, it will be all owing to you, my dear Tom, and I hope to live and see the day when I shall take you by the hand and tell you so personally. In the mean time, we are all bustle and hurry to get down to Plymouth, where our ship the —— is now fitting out for the voyage, and where our presence is necessary, as much official business must be executed previous to the sailing of the squadron, which will be speedily. God bless you, my dear friend! When we shall meet, heaven alone knows; but whatever happens, assure yourself of the good wishes and warm affections of

"Your grateful and sincere friend,

"ANDREW COCHRAN."

"Well!" said Tom, springing from his seat, and clasping his hands ardently together, "this is one of the most singular and fortunate circumstances I ever met with!"

"Why, it certainly is so," said the old builder, gravely; "a young man at your time of life to be appointed carpenter to a 74, is a singular circumstance, and to be placed as a warrant officer on board of a Commodore's ship, is undoubtedly fortunate."

"Oh! I do not mean that," answered Tom, with the same marks of delight, "it is my old companion, friend, and school-fellow, going out with me in the same ship, who does not know any thing of my appointment, and who will be so delighted when we meet on board!"

"And where is this same ship going to?" said Susan, who had all this time been wondering at what passed before her.

"To the East Indies," said her father, "where your friend Tom will make his fortune."

"The *East Indies!*" exclaimed Susan. "Good gracious! what a voyage!"

"Poh! it is nothing at all," rejoined the old builder; "nothing at all. Don't we see Indiamen sail and return within the twelvemonth?"

"It will not be the case with us, however," said Tom, who read aloud the contents of Andrew's letter.

"And when are you to go to Plymouth?" said the old woman, anxiously, who had hitherto been silent.

"*Immediately*," rejoined Tom; "I wish to God I was there now!"

"I do not see the necessity for that, Tom," said the old builder. "There must be some one there to act for you till your arrival, and consequently necessary matters will be attended to; besides, you must provide yourself with a number of articles for an East India voyage, which you cannot dispense with."

"Oh! I can get these at Plymouth," said the other, carelessly; "a few shirts and slops are all I shall have occasion for till we arrive in India, and then you know,

we can rig ourselves out conformable to the custom of that country."

"You are very anxious to leave us, Tom," said the good old woman, expressively; "we are not so to part with you. We shall now be left alone, deprived of your conversation to cheer us in a winter's evening, and to experience again the blank we felt on the death of my sweet boy! Susan here, may indeed live to see you again; but as for me, my head will be laid in the grave long before you return!"

Susan immediately rose and hurried out of the room, while the old builder, turning to his wife, said, "why do you talk in this manner, my dear; you have distressed poor Sue, by recalling sorrows which I have long strove to compose, and you are doing every thing to renew them!"

"Aye, aye!" said the old woman, shaking her head significantly, "we all have our sorrows and our sufferings, and Susan, poor thing! has some you little think of."

The meaning of this last remark the husband did not comprehend, for while he had perceived nothing but attention and civility between Tom and his daughter, the mother had plainly perceived, in spite of their endeavours to conceal it from each other, that a strong and mutual affection existed. Notwithstanding all Tom's caution and resolution to conform to the advice he had received from his friend the carpenter, it was impossible for him to see and converse with this lovely and amiable girl daily, without feeling what hearts like his are susceptible of; and although, from the prudence and propriety of the object beloved, he perceived nothing to give him encouragement, he could on his side do nothing but struggle with a passion which he could not overcome. On the other hand, Susan, cautioned by the mo-

ther to beware of an attachment which was unlikely to insure matrimonial union, (not only from the dissent of the father, but from a conviction that Tom was in reality the son of a gentleman and looked higher,) did all she could to repel the kindling flame, and, when at its height, used every possible means to conceal it, if not from her mother, at least from her lover. The time now came when all these ineffectual arts were forgot and cast aside; for, when the trying period arrives that two mutually attached are to part, and perhaps to be separated for ever, what are the feeble studied methods of disguise and concealment against the genuine burst of nature!

During the remainder of the evening, Susan made not her appearance, pleading the excuse of a violent headach. The next morning, on Tom's coming into the parlour earlier than usual, he was surprised to find her at her needle, and inquiring kindly after her health, she informed him that her headach was considerably easier. After a short pause, she addressed him in the following terms: "You are now going to leave us, Tom, and I have been considering what my father mentioned to you last night, about providing yourself with some articles for your long voyage, and cannot help thinking that you should attend to it. You can procure these much better here than at Plymouth, where you will be occupied and hurried with necessary business on board; among other things, you must have a sufficient stock of linen, and I am much better qualified to judge of these articles than you are. I mean to go a-shopping this morning for that purpose, and, with your permission, (which I'm sure you'll grant,) I will purchase some shirts, and mark them for you. It is but a small return, I confess, for the many obligations I owe you, since you have been in this family; but it may at least serve to

remind you, now and then, of those you have left behind you, and whom it is likely you will—*never again see.*"

As she falteringly pronounced the last words, a tear had insensibly stolen down her cheek, while Tom, equally affected, retired to the window, where for some minutes he continued, completely overpowered with his emotions. We shall not attempt to imitate the example of those refined novel writers, who so happily ornament their pages with sentimental harangues, passionate exclamations, and kneeling postures; but content ourselves with simply remarking, that in less than half an hour Tom and Susan understood the state of each other's heart perfectly; and that before the old folks had made their appearance in the breakfasting parlour, the young ones had exchanged vows of eternal constancy and truth, and sealed them effectually with the kiss of love. As an additional assurance of fidelity, and much to the satisfaction of Susan, Tom undeceived her with regard to her idea of his birth and parentage, and although he mentioned not particularly his father's occupation, assured her that he was no more than the son of a plain respectable tradesman, who had given him an education suitable to his prospects in life, to which he owed the success he had just met with.

There is in the mixed emotions of sorrow and joy, that which many do not comprehend, and none but those who experience it can feel. Tom and Susan, while they foresaw and felt a separation which was to divide them far from each other for a considerable time, felt however what contributed powerfully to solace them—the assurance of mutual affections, of which formerly they were ignorant, and a mutual engagement of constancy, which gave them at least the prospect of happier days, should life continue. This counterpoise between sorrow and joy, although not exactly balanced, was however so nearly so,

that when the family sat down to breakfast, our two lovers were not only the most composed, but the most cheerful of the four, a circumstance that failed not to surprise the old couple, who were really depressed with Tom's approaching departure.

Anxious to communicate his good fortune to his friends the carpenter and boatswain, whom he had never visited but on Sundays, Tom set off immediately after breakfast for the Common, and Susan, to execute her purpose, went a-shopping. It was near the close of the evening before Tom could disengage himself from his two kind associates, who, overjoyed at his success, insisted on his spending one day with them before his departure, and drinking prosperity to his future undertakings. It was a day of much hilarity, mirth, and humour; the boatswain was in his best wit, and the carpenter in his best spirits, and Tom, elated with his company, and what had occurred that morning, gave a free latitude to his natural joyous disposition, which his old shipmates had never seen before. "I'm blasted" said the boatswain, "if you won't make your fortune in India, Tom; and mayhap, when you return to old England, you will, like the rest of fortunate adventurers to that country, forget your old shipmates and those who first taught you how to hand, reef and steer. You will then be looking out for some fine lass to do the honour of a fine table; but, if you get one better than the old builder's daughter, I'm damnably out of my reckoning. Take my advice, Tom, and steer for no other harbour: You will find it a snug birth when you get into it, for, besides a trim built frigate to carry you through the world smoothly and happily, the old boy, if he is worth a farthing, has good ten thousand pounds sterling money."

"Why, you talk," said Tom, laughing, "as if I was already sure of this prize, and had nothing to do but

cast anchor, and come to my moorings. The carpenter can tell you here, how he warned me to keep aloof, and even to sheer off to prevent a broadside; as there was little likelihood of my carrying a frigate which had so often beat off vessels of much heavier metal, and better mann'd than I am."

"Poh, poh!" said the boatswain, "all that's in my eye! I would not give a rope yarn for it! Two young people living in the same house together, must come to their proper bearings in spite of all advice, and a handsome young dog like you could not come alongside of a sweet lass every day for six months, without veering her round, and what is more, without being veered himself. Get the old boy's consent, and I'm blasted if Susan won't be yours to-morrow! Here's to her health; a better or a prettier girl never stept in leather!"

Tom's heart glowed with delight at the just praises bestowed on his fair one; while the carpenter, at all times temperate and prudent, recommended a very different conduct. "It will be time enough, after your return from India, to think of these matters, Tom, when you will have a better chance of success, should things be really what our friend here represents, of which I know nothing. You are both yet too young to enter upon the cares of a family, and you have sufficient time to employ in your profession, before you think of giving it up for domestic enjoyment. You are now placed in a respectable station, which entitles you to more attention, and consequently will also entitle you to make proposals afterwards, which at present might be rejected. Should there be any attachments between you and this very excellent young woman, my advice is, that you should conceal it cautiously from the father, till more favourable opportunities enable you to reveal it without fear or reserve. All he

possesses in the world will unquestionably be left to his daughter, and should you be fortunate enough to make something before you return, it will be an additional reason to dispose the old builder to listen to your proposals."

"Aye! aye!" said the boatswain, "you are always devilish sly; but I am for grappling when I can. This prize may slip through your fingers, Tom, in your absence, whereas if you secured it now you might go swaggering to India like a dog with two tails. However, after all, I believe slyboot's advice is the most prudent of the two; and if so be as how you board at last, damn my limbs, stiff as my timbers are, I'll dance a hornpipe at your wedding! So here's to it again in a bumper, my boy!"

After some serious advice from his friend the carpenter, relative to his conduct in his new profession, and receiving a list of the necessary articles he should carry along with him, the three friends parted with cordial affection, and with a promise from Tom to write to them as often as opportunities offered.

On his return home, he found Susan busily hemming some silk handkerchiefs, and the old folks sitting pensively by the fire. "Come along, Tom," said the builder, "we have been all anxious for your return, and feared that something had befallen you. My wife here has been moping, and grieving herself about you, and comparing the want of your company this day with what we shall all feel when you are no longer near us; but what signifies mourning about separations, when we know that they are proper and advantageous; and so I have told her, but it goes for nothing. See what you can do, Tom, for you always cheer her up, and make her merry."

Tom was never in a better mood to perform this office, for having drank an exhilarating glass, and spent so cheerful a day with his kind shipmates, he quickly dissipated the gloom that reigned around on his entrance, and, in spite of despondency at his approaching departure, made the old folk laugh heartily at some of the boatswain's sea wit and singular humour. On his intimating his intention of setting off for Plymouth next day in the coach, Susan, with a decision and emphasis unusual to her, said, "*You cannot* go to-morrow! Your shirts, which are already marked, are not yet washed, and it will take to-morrow to get them up, and pack them properly for your taking them conveniently with you in the coach: Surely *one* day more can make little difference!"

Tom submitted, and the family retired to rest.

The next day after breakfast, the old builder proposed taking a walk round the dock-yard with Tom for the last time. On their going out, he addressed him as follows: "Tom, you must want a number of things necessary for this long voyage, which, from experience, I know cannot be dispensed with. I likewise well know that you have not wherewithal to purchase them, and it would be an unpleasant thing for a warrant-officer on board a Commodore's ship, to appear in a style unbecoming his station, and in want of what his brother officers will no doubt have. I am now, thank God! not only easy, but what I think wealthy, considering how few I have now to provide for; and as you have been in place of a son to me, since your coming among us, I consider it a kind of duty to act as a father on the the present occasion, and fit you out properly; a thing which will put me to no inconvenience whatever, but, on the contrary, afford me much pleasure and satisfaction. Here," said he, taking a letter out of his pocket,

and presenting it to Tom ; " here is a letter to a particular friend of mine at Plymouth, which on your arrival you will deliver, and which contains an order to supply you with what money you may want, to the extent of no great sum—only one hundred pounds. Nay! none of your excuses or refusals, Tom! I will hear none of them! When you come back from India, which I hope will make you a richer, though not a better man, you can then settle matters as you like, and should my head be laid in the grave before you return, I hope there will be *one* remaining, who, I think, will not be hard upon you for the payment."

As the old man finished his address, there was a certain expression of countenance, and such a particular emphasis laid on the word *one*, that Tom could not mistake the allusion, and that it referred to no other than his daughter. The impression, together with the unexpected generosity of the good old man, so overpowered him, that he was for some time unable to stammer out this reply : " I hope in God, sir, I shall live to see you all well and happy, on my return to a family where I have passed the most delightful hours of my life, and in which all my wishes and hopes for future happiness center!"

We shall not attempt to describe the parting scene, because we are confident we could do it no manner of justice; neither shall we describe the meeting between Tom and Andrew on their first interview, but shall leave every thing to the conception and feelings of those, who, experiencing the genuine emotions of love and friendship, can easily paint in their own minds what we are unable to paint in description.

The situation of our two young men now, was very different from what they experienced formerly. Tom, whom we must now designate Mr. Drysdale, was not

only a warrant officer of considerable consequence and trust on board a flag ship, destined for a long and precarious voyage, but, through the assistance of his friend the builder, was enabled to fit himself out in a manner that did credit to his station and appearance, and added to his consequence. On the other hand, Andrew, whom we must likewise call Mr. Cochran, was the particular friend and assistant of the Secretary, who upon all occasions treated him as such, and represented him to the Commodore as one in whom he had the utmost confidence, and without whom he could not execute the important duties of his office. He had taken care, previously to their leaving London, to arrange matters so, that every thing relative to personal appearance should not be wanting to procure him respect and do credit to his station on board, well knowing that *externals* in every situation, but particularly on board of a King's ship, have no small influence on general opinion.

Their stay at Plymouth was considerably longer than they had reason to expect, in consequence of the large fleet of Indiamen that was to go out under convoy of the squadron, and as this necessarily increased the business of the office, Cochran was occupied from morning to night in making out signals and instructions, for the regulation of the different commanders during their passage to India. In this lapse of time, which might be about five or six weeks, Drysdale, who had transmitted a particular account of his situation to his father, and arranged every thing necessary on board, occasionally went on shore to inspect the dock yard at Plymouth, and see the place; and having one day accidentally met with a French priest, who gained a scanty livelihood by teaching the language, it occurred to him, that now when he was about visiting foreign regions, and various descriptions of people, it might be of some advantage to

acquire a greater facility in speaking a language so generally known, which although he understood grammatically, and could translate easily, was however not familiar to him in conversation. A very trifling consideration induced the poor priest to repair on board, where he was sure of getting daily sustenance gratis, and during his residence, the carpenter and he messed together, and conversed in no other language but French, a circumstance which, while it materially improved him in pronunciation and phraseology, impressed the ship's company with a belief that he was a Roman Catholic. We have mentioned this circumstance merely in support of the opinion advanced at the commencement of this history, with regard to the *utility* of a dead language to a young man in the usual occurrences of life, compared with that derived from those sources of knowledge which apply particularly to existing circumstances and situations: an opinion which we flatter ourselves will be uniformly supported through the whole of this narrative, and in the present instance clearly exemplified.

In consequence of the combined fleets of our enemies being still at sea, the squadron was obliged to steer a more westerly course than usual for safety, which not only prolonged the passage greatly, but rendered it necessary to touch at Rio de Janeiro for a supply of wood and water for the ensuing voyage to India. On coming to anchor, the Commodore transmitted a letter to the Viceroy, intimating this request, and his intention of doing himself the honour of waiting on him on shore next day if agreeable, or any other he might please to appoint. In answer to this, the Viceroy sent him a letter written in Latin; naturally concluding, that as the Portuguese language would be unintelligible to the English, one written in Latin could not be misunderstood. Cochran, who from the time he had laid by his

Horace, to the present moment, had never once thought of his former studies, was now in some danger of a relapse; for as he was the only person on board who could decipher the Viceroy's epistle, the Secretary, who was no stranger to his knowledge in this particular, was pleased with the opportunity of bringing him forward on the present occasion with additional lustre to the Commodore. Having readily explained the contents of the letter, the Commodore, Secretary, and Captain all agreed, that on their going ashore, it would be necessary to take Mr. Cochran along with them as an interpreter, conceiving in their turn, that next to the Portuguese, of which they knew not a syllable, the Latin language was the only one by which they could possibly be understood.

On their landing, they were accosted in Portuguese by the sentinels, placed purposely to attend strangers through the town; and upon Cochran addressing them in Latin, the sentinels shook their heads, and comprehended nothing. Some of the better sort of the inhabitants, who happened to be present, perceiving the dilemma of our party, addressed them in French, which was equally unintelligible to them, although they all knew what language it was. The Commodore, turning round to the Captain and Secretary, said, "We have got into a pretty hobble, I perceive;" but Cochran, who was well acquainted with the carpenter's knowledge in the French language, proposed, that as he could be of no service, he should return on board, and send Mr. Drysdale in his place. This plan was immediately adopted, and on the carpenter's coming on shore, every thing went on smoothly. The Viceroy, who spoke the French language as readily as the Portuguese, conversed easily with the Commodore through the medium of the interpreter, and every thing was finally adjusted to their

mutual satisfaction, together with a proffer to the Commodore of a house for his accommodation during his residence at Rio, and a general invitation to him and his officers to attend the opera and other places of public entertainment every night, without any expense. After this agreeable interview and polite reception, the Commodore signified a wish to see something of the place, which was readily assented to, and two sentinels were appointed to attend him and conduct him wherever he chose. On their proceeding to one of the monasteries which surround the beautiful bay of Rio de Janeiro, and arrest the eye by their picturesque appearance, they were met by a young Portuguese priest, who accosted them in Latin, in which he made a pretty long harangue, none of which Drysdale understood, which induced the Commodore to laugh heartily, remarking, that in future they must bring two interpreters on shore, the one for Latin and the other for French, till Drysdale addressing the priest in French, the other in the same language, apologised for having used any other, which he assured them proceeded from his conceiving that to Englishmen Latin was more familiar than French. When these circumstances were known on board, the Jacks, who seldom fail to comment on any thing new or singular, observed, that "the Scotch must be damned well educated, but that the carpenter had beat the *young Secretary* hollow, for it appeared that an ounce of that blasted language the French was worth a pound of the Latin lingo at any time."

Indeed, without Drysdale, infinite difficulty and delay must have been the consequence; for independently of his acting as interpreter, he was daily occupied in writing letters in French to the different persons employed to provide the necessary articles wanted, among which

were a variety of provisions, exclusively of wood and water.

It cannot be doubted, but that Cochran felt sensibly a deficiency, which not only disqualified him from executing what particularly belonged to the Secretary's office, but what he saw procured so much respect and attention to his old messmate. He therefore determined to dedicate a daily portion of his time to the acquisition of a language so necessary and so generally known, and as his habits of association with Drysdale during the evenings, exclusively of messing with him, were the same as formerly, he, through his assistance, and the additional advantage of having been instructed in the Latin language, made himself an excellent French scholar during his passage to India. In these evening associations, the two friends passed their hours most agreeably, relating their different situations and employments during the period of their separation. They likewise devoted a considerable part of their leisure time to the perusal of a small, though well chosen collection of books, which Drysdale had purchased at Plymouth, and which, while it enlarged their knowledge on a variety of important subjects, contributed to improve their literary taste and conversation. In short, our two young men were, before their arrival in India, qualified to fill their place in any society, and to acquit themselves in conversation as well and as elegantly as those in very superior stations. The perusal of elegant composition is somewhat similar in effect to that produced by associating with genteel company; we imperceptibly imbibe the language of the one, as much as we catch the manners of the other.

We had forgot to mention, in the proper place, that when Drysdale came on board at Plymouth, he examined the contents of the small box which Susan had packed

up for him at parting, and found that it contained a dozen of fine cotton shirts ruffled, and as many silk handkerchiefs. On looking at the marking, he perceived the initials of his name worked in red silk, and under them the letter S marked in dark blue. When he came to the bottom of the box, he likewise perceived a small slip of paper pinned to one of the shirts, and found on opening it the following words, written in Susan's hand: "*As often as you put one of these on, think of the marker.*" Imprinting a kiss on this laconic, but very expressive billet-doux, he exclaimed secretly to himself, *When I cease to remember the marker, may Tom Drysdale cease to exist!* and pinning it again on the shirt, replaced the contents as he found them, and locked the box, which he carefully put by in one of his lockers. It will be seen, in the course of this history, that these simple tokens of love are not the worst remembrances, and that Susan, with all her naïveté, had taken the most effectual method to secure the heart of her lover from wavering.

Nothing material occurred during the remainder of the voyage from Rio, till they arrived off the Cape of Good Hope. Our two messmates continued to rise in estimation in their respective stations. The carpenter's superior knowledge in his profession secured him the attention and regard of all on board, and as he naturally felt the consequence attached to his office, and the consciousness of acting with propriety, his air, manner, and address, naturally acquired that ease of deportment, which good sense and good feelings usually produce. On the other hand, Cochran, independently of the marked attention paid him by the Secretary, felt the superiority of his station in the office, and naturally looked forward to future appointments and emoluments. Less steady and dignified than Drys-

dale, and greatly his inferior in judgment and genius, he was, however, extremely engaging in his manners, and particularly so in his conversation. His memory, which was at all times extraordinary, procured him more credit for abilities, than he was justly entitled to; and a particular circumstance that occurred during the passage from Plymouth to Rio de Janeiro, contributed not a little to impress all on board with a high opinion of his superior talents. The signals which had been made out for the regulation of the fleet, together with instructions, and a printed book explanatory of the meaning of each signal made, were sent on board of every ship, to prevent all mistakes or misconduct in station, or in sailing. When the different signals were made on board the Commodore ship, with the superior and inferior flags, it was perceived that they were very frequently misunderstood by the Indiamen, which naturally induced the Commodore to make the signal for all captains, in order to explain to each more fully, what, although simple and obvious, was not comprehended. As Cochran had been the principal person employed in preparing this code of signals and instructions, he was appointed by the Secretary for this explanation, and did it so clearly and readily, that the commanders wondered at their own stupidity; notwithstanding which, the very next day the same blunders were repeated. While the signal-lieutenant, (who, by the way, was not over quick himself,) was damning their eyes for stupid blockheads, Cochran, who chanced to be near him at the time, expressed his surprise, adding, that every thing was so plain and easy, that he would engage in three or four days, to get the whole by heart, and, without looking at the signal-book, mention the particular signal wanted. The lieutenant, who considered this as a mere rhodomontade, said, "No, no,

young gentleman, I'll be damn'd if you can do that, nor in three weeks either!"

"If I don't do it in *one*." said Cochran, "I'll forfeit any thing you choose to bet."

"I'll lay you a dozen of wine on it," said the lieutenant "and pay me when you will."

Cochran took him up, and to the astonishment of all present, in three days he mentioned every signal opposite to the printed directions, without once looking into the book. This, as we before remarked, procured him credit for uncommon talents ever after; when, in fact, it was nothing more than uncommon memory, a distinction which, we are inclined to think, is seldom made, and very little attended to by the bulk of mankind.

Excepting hard gales off the Cape, nothing material occurred till the fleet arrived in the Mosambique; when one morning at the dawn of day, signal guns of distress were heard from the N. E. on boad the Commodore's ship, which was then considerably ahead. As the Mosambique passage, from a number of shoals and sand banks, is but narrow in several places, navigation becomes not a little intricate and dangerous, and much attention and caution are requisite. Proceeding in this manner with a moderate gale under reefed topsails, and the lead constantly going; on a nearer approach and better day light, there was clearly perceived from the Commodore's ship, a large vessel at some distance evidently aground, with the sea breaking over her bows. Willing to afford all the assistance possible, and anxious to investigate matters critically, the cutter was immediately hoisted out, and the second lieutenant and carpenter, with some stout hands, put into her, with instructions, that should more assistance be wanted, a certain signal should be made on board the strange ship. As the boat approached, Drysdale perceived, from the ship's position, that she

was aground chiefly from the chest tree forward; and on coming along-side, he made the boat to be rowed round her, in order to be more perfectly assured of the fact. During this preliminary step, he observed a lady with some children on the poop, apparently in great terror and distress, which induced him to say to the lieutenant, that whatever might happen, he could wish they were conveyed to some other ship, out of danger and confusion; a wish in which the other cordially joined him. On coming aboard, they found every person in the utmost consternation and despair. The Captain walking the quarter deck, with a hurried step, and a countenance highly expressive of affliction; the officers standing in a state of stupefaction; the men spiritless and dejected; and the unhappy mother wringing her hands, and embracing her children by turns, repeatedly exclaiming, "Oh, that my dear infants were safely out of this ship!"

While the lieutenant proceeded to the quarter-deck, to announce, with the usual naval air and consequence, the purport of the Commodore's message, and the intention of the visit, Drysdale went forward to collect intelligence, and to investigate the immediate situation of the ship. Having found the carpenter, and been informed that the accident had happened but a few hours before, he begged to sound the well, and, to his astonishment, found, that there were seven feet water in the hold. "Why your ship is completely water logged," said he, turning round to the carpenter.

"Yes," said the other, with seeming indifference, "we sprung a leak yesterday in a heavy squall, which no doubt by this time must have made a considerable quantity of water."

"And why are not your pumps going?"

"Both of our chain pumps," answered the carpenter, with the same degree of unconcern, "have got wrong, and will not work without great labour; our men are already quite knocked up at them, without doing any good; and as our ship is now fast aground, and cannot sink, it is just as well that they should rest and recruit themselves, in case any thing can be done to get the ship off; though, for my part, I see not the least likelihood of it."

After staring at him, Drysdale shook his head, and went immediately to examine the pumps, when he found that the defect proceeded from a couple of joints broken in the chains, which could be very easily repaired, if an armourer was on board. During this time, the Captain and the Lieutenant had discussed every thing relative to the accident that had happened to the ship, which proved to be one of our homeward-bound East Indiamen, very richly laden. When the Lieutenant informed the Captain that the Commodore had sent his carpenter to assist him with his advice, and pointed out Drysdale to him, while occupied about the pumps, the other remarked, that he seemed to be quite a young lad, and could not have had much experience. "However young he may be," rejoined the Lieutenant, "he has more experience and knowledge than any I ever met with in the line of his profession; for, independent of his being an excellent carpenter, and a thorough-paced seaman, he seems to know every thing."

"I am blessed with a carpenter who knows nothing," rejoined the other, mournfully; "and who, in addition to his ignorance, is one of the stupidest and most indolent fellows that ever was on board a ship. I should be glad to converse with this young man, and hear what he has to say on our present melancholy situation."

When Drysdale made his appearance on the quarter-deck, the Captain said, "Well, Mr. Drysdale, what is your real opinion of matters as they now stand?"

"My opinion is, that nothing can possibly be worse," answered the other.

"I am sorry to hear that from one of your knowledge," rejoined the Captain; "but do you really think that there is no chance of the ship being saved?"

"I shan't say that," answered Drysdale; "on the contrary, I think there is a chance of her being saved, but not while matters remain in the state they are in at present on board. Why, sir, there are seven feet water in the hold."

"I make no doubt of it," said the other, "for the pumps have not worked these last twenty-four hours, owing to some unfortunate derangement, which our carpenter cannot find out, during all which time there has been a leak."

"If you have an armourer on board," said Drysdale, "the derangement may be rectified in about an hour;" and accordingly described the impediment already mentioned.

"But, admitting them to be repaired, how is that to save the ship?" asked the Captain.

"First, by lightening her of a heavy weight of water, without which nothing else, in my opinion, will be effectual," answered Drysdale.

"And supposing this weight discharged, what is next to be done?"

"By lightening her still more forward," answered the other.

"But why do you conceive that lightening her *forward*, would prove more effectual than any where else?"

"Because it is evident to me, from her position in the water, that she hangs forward, and grounds particularly from the head to the chest tree; and, if I may be allowed to form an opinion, after having rowed round her," continued Drysdale, "I have reason to think that all abaft is afloat. There are other circumstances that occur to me, which I shall not at present mention, as they must depend greatly on accident and favouring events. In the mean time, I humbly suggest, that not a moment may be lost; for should it begin to blow, I'm afraid, sir, your ship and cargo are gone!"

"You shall have the sole direction, Mr. Drysdale," said the Captain, ardently. "I delegate every thing to you, and whatever you order, shall be complied with."

Drysdale modestly thanked him for the honour he did him, in reposing so much confidence in his knowledge, adding, that having delegated such an important charge to him, he had to request that the forge might be lighted instantly, and that the lieutenant should return without loss of time on board the Commodore, and beg that a signal might be made for all the boats in the fleet to repair alongside, in case additional assistance should be wanted. "I likewise propose, sir," said Drysdale, "that one of my mates may be sent me, in the event of discovering the leak after the ship is completely pumpt out, which I flatter myself I shall be able to accomplish. In addition to these requests, sir, may I take the liberty to propose, that this lady and her children should embrace the present opportunity of being conveyed on board the Commodore's ship, safe from danger, and from a situation distressing to her, and painful to every humane and benevolent mind?"

"I have not the smallest objection," said the Captain—"If *you* have none, Madam," turning to the disconso-

late mother, who instantly exclaimed, "Oh none! none whatever! let me but preserve the lives of my children—I care not what becomes of mine!"

"Permit me then, Madam," said the lieutenant, presenting his hand to her, "to conduct you over the side—I shall take good care of you, so be under no apprehension or alarm."

"And I shall take good care of your children," said Drysdale, approaching them, when a lovely girl of about six years old rushed into his arms, anxious to escape from scenes, which for several hours had involved them all in horror and despair. As Drysdale handed the last child into the boat, the fond mother addressed him in these words: "Unable as I am to repay you for your goodness, may the Almighty reward you for snatching me and mine from destruction!"

When the boat pushed off, Drysdale felt the genuine glow which every well constituted mind must experience on performing an act of true benevolence; and as the impressive words of his grateful addresser, recalled the pious sentiments and admonitions he had received from his arents in his early youth, he could not, even in his hurried ascent up the ship's side, avoid ejaculating, "Well, blessed be God for having made me the humble instrument of giving even temporary happiness and consolation to the afflicted this day!" Every attention was now directed to expedition.

To enable the reader to enter fully into Drysdale's views and plan of operation, and to account satisfactorily for his great anxiety to have every thing executed as *speedily* as possible, it is necessary to explain what particularly occupied his mind on this occasion. In the first place, he was impressed with a belief, that the ship was only partially aground, and consequently could be more easily detached from her present perilous situation.

In the second, that by lightening her where she was principally aground, there was a greater probability of getting her off; and thirdly, from considering the time when she struck, which was during ebb tide, he had good reason to conclude, that on the return of full tide, there would be a very powerful agent in his favour. It was therefore highly necessary that all possible despatch should be made, in order to catch the only favouring circumstances that could occur during that day. In addition to these considerations, Drysdale also knew well the inconvenience and embarrassment annexed to the detention of a large fleet in so confined and dangerous a passage as the Mosambique; and anxious to remove all impediments, determined to exert himself to the utmost of his power.

Having summoned the armourer to attend him, he not only gave the necessary directions for repairing the pump chains, but superintended the operation till it was finally executed; and addressing himself to the ship's company, encouraged them to apply vigorously and with spirit to labour, by assuring them, that in a very short time they would receive assistance from all the ships in the fleet. After seeing the pumps work freely and effectually, anxious to examine critically what hitherto he had only conjectured, he carefully sounded from stem to stern, having previously measured the exact height of the ship's hull above water, in order to ascertain precisely what effects the pumps produced in lightening her where he conceived she principally grounded. His first conjecture was fully supported by experiment; but unwilling to leave any thing untried, that might contribute to the relief of the ship, he next determined to discover, if practicable, the nature and direction of the bank or shoal on which she struck, by sounding for a considerable distance around her. In performing this operation

with care and correctness, he found that she rested on the edge of a sand bank, and that nearly adjacent, there was another shoal, on which there was also good holding ground. As he had provided himself with an additional boat, with a grappling and hawser, he brought her to anchor on a part which he conceived could be depended upon, and perceiving the Commodore's boat returning, with a number of others from the ships of the fleet, he hastened on board, anxious to ascertain what effect the pumps had produced.

It was with no small satisfaction that Drysdale perceived the consequence of his assiduity. Upon sounding the well, he found hardly three feet water in the hold; but what afforded him the greatest pleasure, was the ship's having lightened considerably from the quantity of water discharged. Giving immediate directions that the capstern should be manned, and that the best bower anchor and cable should be conveyed to the spot where he had stationed the boat, and where he directed that the anchor should be dropt, he suggested to the Captain the propriety of backing the fore and fore-topsails, and all the other drawing sails, now that the wind had shifted nearly ahead and freshened; which, in addition to the operations at the capstern, he conceived the most likely means to accomplish matters during the continuance of the tide, already set in, together with a strong current, which he had likewise discovered while sounding.

Leaving these operations to be executed on deck, he descended with his mate to try if they could discover the leak, which he considered as of the utmost importance. It was not till the pumps had sucked, that Drysdale was enabled to find it out, and when he did discover it, he was highly gratified in finding it such as could be effectually stopped without much difficulty. While

he was giving directions to his mate for this purpose, he heard three cheers on deck, and perceiving the ship in motion, immediately concluded that she had been got off. Ascending to ascertain the fact, while his heart throbbed with anxious expectation, he was instantly surrounded by the poor fellows, who but a few hours before had given up every thing for lost, and who as soon as they saw him, in token of their gratitude and joy, gave him three cheers more. In return for this compliment, Drysdale informed them, that he had discovered the leak, which in a very short time would be completely repaired, and that he hoped, after all their late disasters and labours, they would yet have a safe and prosperous voyage home to England.

As the ship was now fairly under way, the Captain, after shaking Drysdale cordially by the hand, and congratulating him on the success of his skill and assiduity, insisted on his accompanying him to the cabin, and taking some refreshment after his indefatigable exertions. The Lieutenant, who had returned with the carpenter's mate, likewise joined them, and in talking over the operations of the day, the Captain could not avoid remarking the immense value of an experienced ship's carpenter, particularly in long voyages, and lamenting his own situation in the want of one. "I wish from my heart, sir," said Drysdale, "that you had my mate, who is now below stopping the leak, in exchange for the man you have got; for he is not only one of the cleverest fellows I have met with, but highly deserving of preferment."

"I wish to God I had!" rejoined the captain; "but that I am afraid is altogether out of the question."

"I don't know that," said the Lieutenant; "I have some reason to think that neither the Captain nor Commodore would object to it, were they applied to; and as

your late situation has been perilous, and your present one critical, by not having one qualified to afford proper assistance in the event of your ship meeting with new misfortunes, I think," continued he, turning to Drysdale, "that we might represent matters in such a light, as to obtain not only forgiveness, but approbation, for having without permission done what neither time nor situation admits of delaying; for I perceive the signal already made on board the Commodore for sailing."

"Nothing I promise you shall be wanting on my part, to represent this circumstance in the strongest light possible," said Drysdale, "and it affords me a double gratification in sparing one of my best hands on the present occasion, and at the same time rewarding a very deserving worthy man."

"You contrive, some how or other, to relieve me from all my difficulties and disasters," said the Captain, addressing himself very impressively to Drysdale, "and it mortifies me not a little that I have it not in my power to reward you as I could wish, and as you deserve, for the important services you have done to me and all concerned in this ship and cargo; but I hope the time will yet come!"

"I look for no reward for having done nothing but my duty—nor *could I accept of any*," said Drysdale, firmly.

"You will not however refuse a small [illegible] of me, I hope," said the other. "You [illegible] of you tasted and approved of my Madeira—allow me to order a few dozens to be handed into the boat, merely to recall occasionally the events of this day."

"You must excuse me, sir," said Drysdale, with the same firmness; "I cannot possibly receive any thing that carries the smallest semblance of recompense for what I again say was my duty to perform!—I have to

entreat that you will not say one word more on this subject."

"Well," said the Captain (rather hurt at the refusal) "since you will not drink a glass of my old Madeira on board your ship, I hope we shall yet drink a glass together in old England, a circumstance which I am sure would afford me infinite satisfaction; and as one of the best means of accomplishing this, should we be both in Britain at the same time, may I request your designation and address?"

"Oh, most willingly," said Drysdale, taking out his pencil, and writing his name on a slip of paper, together with his address at the old builder's in Portsmouth Dock, which the Captain carefully put up in his pocket book.

As it was now time to repair on board their own ship, Drysdale and the Lieutenant, after wishing the Captain a safe and speedy voyage home, took their leave, and as they were proceeding to go down the ship's side, perceived a boat approaching, which they soon recognized to be one of their own, reconveying the lady and her three children back. Having been the principal agents in removing this family from apparent danger, it was but natural for them both to wish to see them safely on board, previous to their final departure; they accordingly remained standing on the steps of the accommodation ladder to receive them. The boat had approached [illegible] cable's length of the ship, when the lo[illegible]erly mentioned, delighted with the near prospect of getting once more into her favourite cabin in the cuddy, suddenly started up, clapping her hands with joy, at the very time the boat unfortunately took a deep heel, when losing her balance, she instantly dropt over board. Drysdale, who was standing half way down the ladder, like a flash of lightning plunged in after the child, and being an excellent swimmer, got up to her

just as she was about sinking, and supporting her head with one hand above the waves, dashed through them with the other, till the boat came to their assistance. The agonies of the mother may be well conceived; for in addition to maternal affection, this of all her children was the greatest favourite. When she therefore saw her darling Isabella snatched from a watery grave, and heard her generous protector, as he bore his lovely charge firmly along, calling out to her not to be in the least alarmed, for that there was no danger; she experienced a conflux of varied emotions, between terror, hope, and anxiety, not to be described; but when she once more clasped her recovered child to her bosom, and perceived that he who saved her was the very man who had that morning, with such humanity, removed them all from a perilous and distressing situation, her sense of gratitude was such, that she could only say, as she turned round to him with the most expressive look, "What do I not owe to you this day!" The Captain and every soul on board were uncommonly agitated during this accident. When the mother and children were safely brought on deck, little Isabella, forgetting her own situation, was solicitous about nothing but the comfort of her deliverer. Running up to the Captain, she continued exclaiming, "Oh! give him dry clothes! give him dry clothes! or he will die!"

"He *shall* have dry clothes, my love, immediately!" said the Captain; "do you go and get some on likewise, Isabella, for you have had a very narrow escape indeed!"

The mother with her children retired to their cabin, but not before she enjoined Drysdale not to depart till he first waited upon her, which he promised, and immediately accompanied the Captain to his cabin, who was anxious to relieve him of his sea-drenched garments.

"You are unwilling to receive any recompense for your services, Mr. Drysdale," said the Captain, as he was hastily bringing dry things for him, and ordering some wine to be brought. "You must confess that what you have just met with, is so *new* a mode of reward, that you cannot complain of the obligation."

"The obligation is infinite," said Drysdale; "I would not exchange it for all the treasures of the East! The preservation of this child's life, and the joy it has communicated to the breast of a fond mother, will be a source of pleasure to me during mine; and that, I conceive, is infinitely superior to any thing that pecuniary rewards or favours can bestow! You will, however, after all, I find, force me to keep something in remembrance of you," continued Drysdale, laughing, as he dressed himself in the Captain's clothes. "This ducking, I perceive, will procure me a much better suit than what I shall leave in its stead; but as the exchange will operate as a mutual remembrance, I shall make no apology for carrying off this reward of my over-rated services."

It was now high time for departure. The whole fleet was already under way, the Commodore a-head, and night fast approaching. Once more wishing the Captain a prosperous voyage in a glass of his old Madeira, Drysdale and the Lieutenant hurried off to pay their last respects to the lady in her cabin.

We must again disappoint our sentimental readers in not gratifying them with pathetic speeches, long harangues, and elevated sentiments on this interview. Time will really not admit of them, and consistency in this, as well as in every thing else connected with plain unadorned narrative, we consider as of some importance. We shall therefore briefly state, that the grateful mother, after lamenting her inability to reward the preserver of

her child's life in the manner she could have wished, presented him with an order for 300 pagodas, enclosed in a letter to the father of her children, in the event of the Commodore's ship touching at Madras; assuring him, at the same time, that upon reading the contents, the person to whom it was addressed would, exclusively of this small testimony of her gratitude, be as willing as he was able to recompense, in some degree, one whom it was next to impossible he could ever repay for the obligation he owed him. To the lady's astonishment, Drysdale positively refused receiving the letter, alleging, in his excuse, that he had done nothing more than what every man of common humanity and feeling would have done on the same occasion, and consequently that he had no claim or title whatever to recompenses or rewards. After surveying him for a few moments, with a look of surprise, she requested, that, since he rejected so trifling a mark of her gratitude, he would at least accept of some token in remembrance of her. "Here," said she, taking down a chased gold watch, with several seals attached to a rich chain, that hung near her in the cuddy; "here is the only article I have at hand to present to you, as a small remembrance of one whom perhaps you may never more see, but of whose gratitude and esteem you may be well assured, while life and memory remain."

"What, Madam!" said Drysdale, stepping back with affected astonishment, "Would you have me act the part of a common highwayman or footpad, and rob a lady of her watch and trinkets! Impossible! You cannot surely have so bad an opinion of me; but since you are so very anxious to give me something to keep in my remembrance, what I am confident I never could forget, I shall with pleasure accept of *one* of these seals, which I shall most carefully preserve, not as a remembrancer of this memo-

rable day's events, but as a token of the kindness and worth of the giver. This is all I *can* or *will* receive at present."

After another look, which disposed the lady to view Drysdale in a very different light from that in which his immediate station had placed him, she selected one of the seals, and, presenting it to him, said, "Should you ever chance to meet with the father of these children, and show him this seal, he will know well from whom you received it."

Drysdale, for the better security, immediately affixed it to a plain coarse steel chain that was attached to a silver watch of about forty shillings value; and embracing the children, with a warmth of affection peculiar to him, wished the fond mother, (who, with little Isabella, wept at his departure,) a safe and happy arrival in England, and hurried from a scene too powerful for his feelings.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure Drysdale experienced that day, from complimentary and congratulatory addresses, was from a very short conversation that passed between two old seamen belonging to the East India ship, who stood on the gangway as he and the lieutenant were just stepping into the boat. "Well, after all, Jack!" said one to the other, "that is an extraordinary young man!"

"Aye, Will!" rejoined the other, "and a *happy* man too, otherwise I am hellishly out of my reckoning. After what he has done this day, he carries a cargo of pleasure along with him, more valuable than all we have got on board this ship; and if the ship owners don't reward him for what he has done, they are a set of damn'd shabby fellows!"

The old seaman was certainly not out of his reckoning, for Drysdale carried a rich cargo of pleasure along with him indeed! He had not only been the means of

saving a valuable ship and cargo, and, under Providence, the happy instrument of preserving the life of a much valued child; but he had the consolation of reflecting, that every thing he had done flowed from the purest benevolence, and the most disinterested motives, and that, excepting the token of gratitude he had at his watch chain, without receiving the smallest recompense or reward. It will no doubt surprise the reader, when he is told, that to this simple token Drysdale owed all the good fortune he met with in India, and that from the same cause he experienced the only sorrow and affliction he had known from the day of his departure from England till his return.

It is almost unnecessary to remark, that such services, accompanied with such virtues, failed not to impress every mind on board the Commodore's ship with veneration and esteem. In particular, the Captain, and all the officers, when they heard the whole of the circumstances detailed by the lieutenant, could not help considering Drysdale as a character highly estimable, and greatly superior to the ordinary class of mankind; while the honest-hearted British seamen, at all times pleased with acts of generosity and disinterestedness, looked up to him as one entitled to their full confidence and affection, damning their eyes if a nobler fellow ever stepped between stem and stern! These eulogiums, and this general respect and esteem, could not fail to strike Andrew Cochran forcibly, and lead him to reflect seriously on the consequences inseparable from a conduct uniformly commendable, honourable, and humane. It may therefore be safely said, that if the former examples, admonitions, and assistance of Tom Drysdale, had been the means of exciting him to action, and paring him for useful and diligent application, the daily example he now had before him, was no less serviceable

in strengthening and elevating his mind to dignified sentiment, and moral conduct.

On their arrival at Bombay, where every one naturally expected to enjoy, after so long a passage, the recreations and pleasures of the shore, they were not a little disappointed and mortified in finding that their voyaging had not yet terminated, and that, without loss of time, they were to depart to the other coast in search of the Admiral and his fleet, who, since the last monsoon, had not been heard of. To add to their mortification, they learned, on their arrival at Madras, that the Admiral had left the coast a considerable time before for Bombay, whither they were now obliged to measure their tedious way back again; the tempestuous state of the weather being such, that no safety could be attached to anchorage in the bay. At length, having arrived at Bombay, where the Admiral and fleet were found, every thing was adjusted for a change of situation between the two naval commanders; while the Commodore's Secretary took immediate possession of his lucrative office, appointing Cochran as his principal assistant. From the agent-victualler and naval storekeeper-ships, together with the paymastership, being all in the Secretary's department, the business in the office was immense; above a dozen of assistant-clerks, white and black, were constantly employed; and for a certain time, it required all Cochran's memory and exertions to enable him to perform his part, till the usual routine of office rendered every thing familiar and easy to him.

It was not long before Cochran received an ample reward for all his preceding exertions and perseverance, which, we presume, the reader need not be told, were all owing to his friend and adviser Tom Drysdale. Before the expiration of six weeks, after their arrival at Bombay, the Secretary was seized with a fever which carried

him off in a few days, and in his last conversation with the Commodore, advised him seriously to appoint Mr. Cochran in his place, as one who was the best qualified for executing his trust with attention and fidelity. Here, we may remark, was one of those extraordinary and unforseen occurrences which frequently happen in human affairs, and to which many are indebted for success and opulence, when least expected. By this sudden demise of his superior, Cochran dropped immediately into one of the most lucrative offices in India, and in consequence of which, rose not only to importance in the eyes of all around him, but became the companion, adviser, confidant, and friend of the commander in chief of the whole naval power in that quarter. There certainly were several in office not only equal to him in talents, but greatly his superiors in experience; yet after their having remained for a number of years in India, looking anxiously and confidently forward to something that would repay them for their labours, and secure them independence; by one of those fortuitous events which frequently occur, a young man, hardly twenty-one, immediately on his arrival stepped over their heads into an official department, which, it was pretty evident, would in a very few years yield him a princely fortune.

Circumstances rendered it necessary that the fleet should repair to the other coast, where a variety of naval arrangements at Madras could not now be dispensed with. As their residence there was to be for some time, the Commodore took a house on shore, while the Secretary established his office. Cochran by this time, like other young men suddenly elevated to a superior station, became very different in his manner and deportment from what he was formerly; a certain consequential air peculiar to official command, a dictatorial tone and man-

ner, too often attached to power, were now very evident; for, except to the Commodore, and a few men of consequence in the place, he was supercilious and distant to all but his old friend and adviser Drysdale, whom he uniformly treated with respect and kindness. As often as the business on board would admit, he had him at his house and table, and as there occasionlly happened interviews about business, connected with naval stores, &c. the carpenter, for some time after his arrival, was almost daily in the office. On one of these occasions, Drysdale being in immediate want of some timber, applied to his friend the Secretary for a supply, and knowing that a gentleman in the town dealt in that article, Cochran wrote him a note, which having hastily sealed with wax, and not having his watch immediately at hand, he begged of Drysdale to lend him his seal. The next morning the gentleman waited on the Secretary, according to his request, and after arranging matters for having the timber conveyed on board, he took occasion to remark, that the impression of the seal on the note, which he had received the preceding day, had rather surprised him, as it was an uncommon one, and begged to see it, if he had it immediately at hand. Cochran told him that the seal belonged not to him, but to the carpenter of the Commodore's ship, who was then on board, and a very intimate friend of his. "Can you inform me," said the gentleman, "where your friend got this seal?"

"That I can most correctly," answered the other; and accordingly narrated the circumstances already detailed relative to what passed on board the homeward-bound East India ship, which Drysdale had saved. The gentleman informed him, that he was the husband of the lady who had given his friend the seal, and as nothing could afford him more pleasure than to see a

man who had been the means of preserving the lives of his wife and children, he should take it as a most particular favour if he procured him an interview with him, and that if his friend could possibly contrive to dine with him next day, it would be an additional obligation. Cochran promised to intimate his request, advising him, however, to avoid making any offers of reward, as his friend Mr. Drysdale, although a carpenter by profession, was a gentleman in sentiment and feeling, and uncommonly nice in these matters.

Immediately on the gentleman's departure, the Secretary despatched a catameran with a note to the carpenter, begging to see him as soon as convenient, and to bring some of his best wearing apparel along with him. On his coming ashore, he communicated what had passed, and recommended to him not to reject the invitation of dining at the gentleman's house next day, as he was a person of very considerable consequence in the place, and might be of service to him during his residence in India. The carpenter readily assented to his friend's request, who transmitted an intimation to the gentleman, that Mr. Drysdale would have the pleasure of waiting on him next day to dinner. When Thomas Drysdale was dressed in his *blue and anchor*, and every thing conformable, few, if any, in the fleet, made a more gentlemanly or officer-like appearance. In addition to a fine figure, Nature had given him an expression of countenance peculiarly agreeable; and as he was now in the full bloom of health and vigour, and had acquired a certain deportment, which, although modest and unassuming, was perfectly free from embarrassment or restraint, his first appearance at the gentleman's house made a very favourable impression; while all received with kindness and attention one whom gratitude and esteem bound to their hearts. The company consisted of

the particular friends and relatives of the family, among whom was a lady, the sister of her whom Drysdale had seen on board the Indiaman, and received the token already mentioned. After dinner, the gentleman of the house begged of him to relate the particular circumstances which occurred on board of that ship at the time he was in her, and Drysdale, in a plain, but most impressive manner, painted a scene of distress which affected the whole company even to tears. What particularly moved them, was the picture which he so pathetically drew of the children and the mother, and as the subject warmed him, his eye and expressive countenance unequivocally testified the truth of the assertion, when he declared, that he never experienced such delight, and perhaps never should again, as when he was assured of their safety, and particularly when a favourite child was restored to the embraces of a fond parent. The lady whom we have just mentioned, had attentively marked these generous emotions, and turning round to him, said, "It is a pity, sir, that one possessed of such feelings and sentiments, had not a wife and children of his own!"

"And how do you know but he has, Sophia?" said her brother-in-law, smiling.

"He is, I think, rather too young for that," answered the lady; "but whenever it happens, I'm sure he will make a good husband and father."

"Thank you, madam, for your good opinion," said Drysdale, bowing low and laughing; "but I fancy it will be long before I am put to the test."

"Why so, sir?" asked the lady, briskly.

"Because, madam, there is very little prospect of my acquiring a sufficiency to enable me to maintain a wife and family for many years to come."

"Oh! you don't know what India may produce," rejoined the other. "There are many ways of making fortunes here in a very short time, and I don't see why you should not come in for your share with the rest."

"For the best reason possible, madam," said Drysdale; "my situation admits of no rise in profession. I am already as high as I can go, and at my time of life, consider myself as uncommonly fortunate in the station which I at present hold. I must therefore content myself with it, till a period arrives, when perhaps my long services may entitle me to a more lucrative station, at an age when a wife and family will be out of the question."

"Lord! what a despeading idea!" exclaimed the lady.

"Oh! by no means *despondent*, madam," resumed Drysdale; "I do not know what despondency is. I love and am proud of my profession, and, thank God! am respected in it. I am not only contented, but pleased and gratified with the attention paid me by my superiors, and have not a wish beyond a certain moderate competency, which in time may enable me to enjoy the happiness you mention, by uniting myself to some deserving woman, and to pass the remainder of my days in humble domestic retirement. My ambition, I do assure you, ascends no higher."

A general look from the company expressed what they all felt, and what they all approved of, the lady alone excepted, who observed that his views and wishes were by much too moderate, and advised him to point at higher objects. "It is very unsubstantial food to feed upon phantoms," resumed Drysdale. "Life is but a lottery—I see nothing but blanks for me in *this* country, and I fancy the only prize I shall ever draw, must be in Old England."

"Oh! I begin to comprehend matters *now* perfectly," said this lively disputant, looking very slyly at Drysdale, "I think I have found out the prize you allude to. Yes, yes," said she, nodding her head significantly, "I perceive it clearly!"

"It is more than I do," said Drysdale, a little disconcerted at the remark; "but I perceive my friend the Secretary's palanquin bearers approaching, and that it is time for me (taking out his watch) to think of repairing on board."

"It will be time enough surely for that an hour hence," said the gentleman of the house; "besides, you have not yet gratified me with the sight of what has procured me the pleasure of your company to-day, which your watch now reminds me of. May I be indulged?" continued he, extending his hand to receive the watch.

"Most willingly," said Drysdale, presenting it.

Having attentively examined the seal, with evident marks of emotion, he turned round to his sister-in-law, and very emphatically said, "This seal, Sophia, I gave to your sister on the birth of our sweet Isabella! You know what a great favourite she is, and it was but natural for her fond mother, on her preservation, to select this token of her birth, and to present it to her deliverer."

"I beg to see it," said the other, eagerly.

After looking at it critically for some time, she observed that it was elegantly set, and certainly a most beautiful stone, finely engraved: "But, God bless me!" exclaimed she, looking at the plain silver watch, and steel chain considerably rusted, "what a want of uniformity is here! I wish you would allow me to rectify this for you, sir; we ladies understand these matters better than you men do."

"I dare say you do, madam," said Drysdale, with indifference; "but having already rejected the same

proffer from a lady who had an additional claim to urge it, I cannot possibly accept it from another."

"And did my dear sister offer you her watch and chain?" resumed the other.

"She did."

"And what could be your objection to receive it, pray?"

"A very powerful one with me, and I hope with every man of proper feelings, madam."

"I should like to hear it," said the lady.

"That of never receiving a *reward* for acts of benevolence, or for services performed in the course of my duty: More than *these* I had not done, and more than that *token* of remembrance," pointing to the seal, "I *could* not receive!"

"You are very selfish," resumed the lady, "and, let me add, very unjust!"

"Selfish!" said Drysdale, with astonishment.

"Yes, my good sir, completely selfish."

"I thought it was completely the reverse, madam."

"Allow me to prove it clearly to you," said the lady, patting his hand gently; "allow me to prove it incontestably, my good sir. You perform an office of kindness, or what you are pleased to call benevolence, and refuse to accept of any thing in return for what has produced the most lively gratitude for the favour conferred. Why? because, pleased with what *you* have done for the advantage of others, you are unwilling that any thing should interfere to lessen this pleasure on your part; although you are certain that, by this conduct, which is *unjust*, you are depriving others of a very great pleasure on their's. I should be glad to know what this is, if it is not *selfishness?*"

"Really, madam," said Drysdale, smiling, "you have brought forward a very ingenious argument; but

will you permit me to ask in return, if you think any benevolent or properly constituted mind can possibly submit to have an act, purely flowing from humanity, settled like a *bargain*, where so much is paid down for value received; a mere account current drawn out between the parties, and the balance paid up?"

"Ingenious as *your* statement is," said the fair disputant, "I deny the inference. These obligations cannot *possibly* be settled like a common bargain, nor can the balance on one side of the account be *ever* paid up. What can repay the snatching a beloved child from a watery grave, and restoring it to a fond mother? Nothing on earth but a *similar* obligation, which in the present case, you know, is highly improbable, and indeed impossible. To refuse therefore a testimony of gratitude and affection in the instance you mention, was not only unkind, but unpardonable; and, as I said before, could proceed from nothing but selfishness, or, if you will, from pride, which, I maintain, is precisely the same thing."

"But have not I the same testimony of gratitude in this seal, as if I had got the watch and chain, and all the valuable appendages belonging to them?" said Drysdale.

"You afforded not the same gratification to the donor, however," answered the lady, briskly; "and that I say again was unkind, selfish, and unjust!"

"I think Sophia has the best of the argument, Mr. Drysdale," said her brother-in-law, jocularly.

"It may be so," rejoined the other, in the same tone; "but I am afraid it will not dispose me to alter my conduct"

"And are you really determined to receive no gift, favour, or recompense for any act of *benevolence* you may perform?" asked the lady.

"None, if I can possibly prevent it," answered the other, seriously.

"Suppose now," said she, "that a friend who was under infinite obligations to you while living, were to leave you on his decease a large legacy, in testimony of his gratitude and regard; or that even a relative of this friend was to do the same, would you refuse it?"

"That is quite a different thing, madam," said Drysdale. "The remembrance of a deceased friend is very different from the *gift* of a living one. I should accept of it without the smallest hesitation."

"Then I see nothing else for it, but my bidding adieu to this gay world, and leaving you a large legacy, in testimony of my gratitude for your having preserved the life of my poor sister and her family," said this lively woman, shaking her head sorrowfully, and affecting a very melancholy look.

The company were much amused with this humourous sally; while Drysdale, joining heartily in the laugh, observed, that if his prospects of making a fortune in India were not nearer than that now held out to him, he had better look about, and return to——"Your *prize* in Old England," said the lady, smiling, and looking archly at him. Drysdale entertaining some idea of her allusion, blushed, and put out his hand to receive the watch and chain, which all this time she had been twirling round her finger. "Nay," said she, pulling back her hand, "I cannot part with this watch till I make my will, and leave my legacy; and this, you know, will keep me in constant remembrance."

"I cannot be without my watch, madam," said the carpenter, seriously.

"Oh! you shall have another," rejoined the lady, "which will answer your purpose equally well."

"Pardon me, madam," resumed he, very gravely; "but I cannot be without *that* watch!"

"What! do you put such a value on it?" said she, looking at it again.

"I certainly *do*, madam; and paltry as it may appear, I would not exchange it," said he, impressively, "for the finest watch that ever was made!"

"Was it a *gift* or a *token?*" may I ask.

"A *gift*, Madam; and from *one* whose gifts were ever gratefully and readily received!"

"I have not one word more to say on the subject," concluded the lady, delivering him the watch, with a very significant look.

This watch and chain had been given to Drysdale by his much valued father.

Before Drysdale was permitted to depart, he was obliged to promise that he would neglect no opportunity of seeing them as frequently as his duty on board would permit; and that he would have the goodness to let the Secretary know, when he could pass a longer time with them on shore, as they considered this hurried visit as nothing more than a mere introduction. In particular, the lady already mentioned, told him, that she expected to see him at her house at Choultry Plain, where she hoped to entertain him at least *once* before she departed this life for his advantage, and where perhaps he might even see her dance briskly, after making her testament, and have her for a partner during the evening preceding her demise. Drysdale very gallantly answered, that the honour she intended him should not be among the gifts or favours he wished to reject, and that he should be happy to dance a hornpipe every week for twenty years, to prevent him from receiving her legacy. "Well, that is at

least handsomely said," returned this gay sprightly female, "and will not diminish what I mean to leave *you*: Depend upon it, it will be a swinging legacy!"

On his stopping at the Secretary's, and communicating what has been related, he was not a little surprised to learn, that this young lively woman was a widow, who, but a very short time before, had been married to an old wealthy man lately deceased, who had left her in possession of all he was worth. Accompanied with this information, the Secretary seriously advised him to cultivate her acquaintance, and embrace every opportunity of accepting her invitations; adding, that more unlikely things had happened, than her fixing her affections on him, and making his fortune at once. Drysdale laughed heartily at his friend's extravagant ideas, and wondered how such improbable notions could enter his brain. "Well, well, Tom," said the Secretary, "go you to this proposed entertainment as soon as you conveniently can, and let me know a day before you come on shore. You are, I know, not only a keen, but a most excellent dancer. See if you can dance yourself into *thirty or forty thousand* pounds sterling."

"I must first go and dance upon this infernal *surf*," said Drysdale, carelessly; "and upon my soul I would as soon dance on the truck of our main-mast."

As for the company which he had left, their conversation turned chiefly on the singular circumstance of a young man, placed in his present station, possessing such refinement of sentiment, and such gentlemanly manners. "I am next to certain," said the young widow, "that this is not an ordinary man, of low birth, or of common education. Every thing proves the contrary; and I am as firmly persuaded that he is a gentleman born, as that he is in love."

"You ladies are very sharp-sighted in the last article," said her brother-in-law; "but I confess I perceived nothing of this love in the young man's conversation, Sophia; nothing whatever!"

"Oh! you men perceive *nothing*," rejoined the widow; "you are a set of stupid mortals, who are always opening your ears, and shutting your eyes; whereas, we women judge of what we hear, by what we perceive. There is ten times more in the *look* and in the *manner* of a speaker, brother, than in what he delivers; the one comes from the lips, the other from the heart, which never deceives. When these do not agree, or rather, when the one contradicts the other, we pay no regard to the first, but trust to the latter. I would not give a farthing for sentiments and declarations alone; let me see how they are expressed, and how they are painted in the countenance, and then I can decide clearly. If this young carpenter is not in love, I'll forfeit all I have in the world!"

"He seems not to be in love with *money*, however," said the gentleman, "and I confess I am sorry to perceive, that any attempts on my part to reward him for the preservation of my wife and family, will be frustrated."

"They must be conducted with much address and delicacy, I confess," said the widow; "but perhaps something may occur, that may cheat him out of his punctilios, which unquestionably are highly honourable and disinterested. Were I an old woman, tired of the gayeties of this life, I should really wish to reward him in the manner I jocularly mentioned, which you perceive he would not object to, but on the contrary receive with gratitude. But, alas!" said she, sighing, "these are very distant and uncertain prospects of reward, as he himself remarked, and I am afraid this fine, handsome,

honourable fellow, will not only continue for many years in his unprofitable situation, without acquiring wherewithal to enable him to marry the woman of his affection, but, in spite of his pretended content, will suffer accordingly! Nay, I'm sure he must, for his sentiments are as *tender* as they are honourable."

"Take care, Sophia," said her brother-in-law, laughing—"this young, handsome carpenter, is, I think, already working about your heart."

"Upon my word," said she, ingenuously, "he has on the whole *interested* me more than any man I ever met with, and were he of higher station, and *his* heart perfectly disengaged, I do think that he possesses virtues and qualifications, to make any woman happy through life."

It was some considerable time before the carpenter's duty on board could admit of his absenting himself, during which, repeated messages were sent, and applications made to the Secretary, by the brother-in-law of the young widow, chiefly at her solicitation. At length Drysdale arranged matters so, that his presence on board could be dispensed with for some days, which he intended to devote to the pleasures on shore, and accordingly intimated the circumstance to his friend Cochran, who failed not to communicate the intelligence. Previous to his arrival, the Secretary had provided for his accommodation at his house during his residence, and on the day appointed, he and the carpenter set off for Choultry Plain in their palanquins, for the fair widow's. They found a select, though pretty numerous company assembled, and every thing consistent with elegance, taste, and hospitality, displayed during the entertainment of the day. Towards the cool of the evening, the lady of the house proposed the amusement of dancing for a few hours to the company, which was cheerfully accepted to,

"Come," said the sprightly widow, going up to Drysdale, "I promised, you know, to let you see me dance ere I departed this life, and even to take you for my partner. What say you," continued she, presenting her hand—"have you any objection?"

"None, madam," answered the other, springing up and taking her hand respectfully; "it is a favour too great to be rejected by me, or indeed by any man."

The attention of the whole company during the evening was occupied with the uncommon elegance of this dancing pair, who excelled every one present in ease and dexterity. The exhilaration of this delightful amusement may be said to exceed that of any other, in so much as it removes all formality and restraint, and unbends the mind to participating joy and gayety. On the present occasion, Drysdale felt its full influence, and during the evening, discovered qualifications and natural dispositions, which in the former interview the widow had not perceived. His usual seriousness was now exchanged for vivacity and sprightly humour, while his conversation, manner, and address, formerly cautious and respectful, were on the present occasion completely different. In a word, if the first interview tended to make favourable impressions on the widow's heart, this evening's amusement contributed powerfully to strengthen these impressions, and to forge a chain, which all her efforts were unable afterwards to break.

These passions and affections are not to be accounted for by reasoning or deduction: they spring from a source which sets all reasoning and reflection aside. When the heart is once firmly engaged, particularly the female heart, adieu to a sober consideration of consequences. What appeared repulsive before, now vanishes, and makes room for a new train of ideas, that converts every thing to an accordance with our own

favourite predilection, and represents objects in a new light. Such was the case with the fair widow: She now began to view Drysdale's situation and profession as of little or no consequence, when opposed to his other qualifications; and even brought her mind to believe, that from the whole of his conversation and behaviour that evening, there was good reason to conclude that his heart was disengaged, and that she had been mistaken in her former conjectures. As an additional fetter to her affection, having reminded him of the promise he made to dance a hornpipe to prolong her existence, he, without any hesitation, complied with her request by dancing one on the present occasion, and while he performed it in a style that delighted the company, the praises bestowed on his fine figure and manly beauty, operated effectually to rivet her affections for ever.

Although Drysdale had made himself sure of spending a few days longer on shore, circumstances occurred to prevent him. The activity and persevering exertions of the French Admiral, rendered it now indispensibly necessary for the Commodore to put to sea without delay, in order to counteract his intentions, and if possible to bring him to action. A signal for all officers to repair on board their respective ships, hurried every one off, and every exertion was made to prepare for sailing immediately. The Secretary alone remained behind, in consequence of some important business he had to transact in office during the absence of the fleet, and for the purpose of having every thing necessary prepared on its return.

A cruise of some months was productive of little more than one of those undecided naval engagements, which terminate in the loss of some men, and the injury done to masts, yards, and rigging, without any material advantage on either side. On the present occasion how-

ever, an important consequence resulted to the British by getting possession of Trincomale, where the French had for a considerable time before remained secure from the south-east monsoons, which principally forced our fleets to repair to the other coast for safety. As the harbour of Back Bay was peculiarly favourable for refitting the ships which had suffered in the engagement, and as it was found necessary to remain here for some considerable time, the Commodore sent to Madras for the Secretary, whose residence there was no longer requisite. During his stay, he had been repeatedly applied to for intelligence relative to the expected arrival of the fleet at Madras, by letters from the fair widow, in which there was such anxiety expressed for the safety of his friend the carpenter, as left little doubt in his mind that a real affection was the cause; and on his coming to Trincomale, he communicated his sentiments on this subject to Drysdale, who treated the whole as mere chimeras and improbabilities, not to be attended to.

It was nearly six months from the fleet's departure from Madras Roads till its return, during which period, the poor widow's mental struggles and sufferings were not few or trifling. Anxious to conceal her passion from her relations, and willing, if possible, to conquer it herself, she remained chiefly at her residence in Choultry Plain, revolving every circumstance seriously in her own mind; and, when she occasionally visited her friends, assumed an air of forced gayety and ease, that accorded little with her real feelings. What contributed in some measure to reconcile her to what she well knew all her friends would disapprove, was, first, her persuasion that Drysdale was born and educated a gentleman, an opinion strengthened by a letter which had been received from her sister in England; and, second-

ly, that in consequence of the fortune which she possessed, she could immediately remove him from a situation, which was unsuitable to the rank he would hold in society when he became her husband, and raise him to one which she was confident he would fill with credit to himself, and with respectability to her and all her connexions. On the other hand, the doubts which she still entertained of previous attachments and engagements—the uncertainty of his safety, and even of his return—the mortification of a refusal were she to communicate her passion to him, and, above all, the ridicule that would necessarily attach to her, were every thing ultimately to transpire, and be publicly known, excited such contending conflicts and emotions, and raised such hopes and fears, doubts and perplexities, as to render the situation of this very amiable and accomplished young woman truly pitiable. When the period however arrives, that the object of our fondest wishes makes its appearance, a new train of ideas immediately takes place. The joy arising from the certainty of once more beholding what we feared was lost, and what we know is in safety, completely dispels all doubts and difficulties, and turns the mind to nothing but flattering hope and fond expectation. So happened it with the fair widow. The moment she heard of the fleet's return, and received intelligence of the safety of her favourite Drysdale, her perplexities and alarms were thrown aside and forgot. She immediately abandoned her retirement of meditation and struggles, and hurrying to her brother-in-law's house, resumed her former station in the family, with her usual vivacity and cheerfulness. That she might however, conceal as much as possible the real state of her mind from others, she avoided making any mention of Drysdale in particular for some days, contenting herself with col-

lecting the intelligence of the naval operations that had occurred since the departure of the fleet, and gradually introducing subjects connected with the Secretary's official arrangements on shore, which she well knew would necessarily introduce something relative to his particular friend the carpenter.

We have just hinted, that, during the absence of the fleet, the husband of the lady whom Drysdale had met with on board the Indiaman, received letters from his wife in England, minutely detailing the circumstances formerly related, and filled with the highest encomiums on the noble and dignified conduct of her deliverer, whose humanity and disinterestedness she painted in the most glowing colours, concluding with an ardent hope, that something, through her husband's exertions and interest, might be done in recompense of his service. This, as it naturally may be supposed, excited an additional desire to accomplish what was so much wished for by the husband; but in the interviews which he had with the Secretary on the subject, nothing had occurred to either of them, that appeared likely to succeed in counteracting the scrupulous delicacy of the man they both were anxious to reward. All that could therefore be done on the part of the husband, was to interest his friends in their attention and civility to Drysdale when he came on shore, and for this purpose he had engaged the Secretary to contrive matters, so as to procure them the pleasure of his society for some considerable time, after the necessary business on board was executed.

In pursuance of this plan, the Secretary waited on the Commodore and Captain, and readily obtained permission for his friend Drysdale to reside with him on shore for some weeks, provided his duty on board admitted of absence; and as his exertions and services at Trincomale had been unremitted, it afforded them both much

pleasure to comply with the request. In consequence of this arrangement, Drysdale shortly after came on shore, where nothing was neglected on the part of his kind friends to render his time agreeable; and hardly a day passed without an invitation to some party of pleasure or other, where every attention possible was paid to him by all. It can hardly be expected, that steady and circumspect as Drysdale naturally was, such unusual attentions, and such scenes, had not their influence. A young man at his time of life engaged in perpetual rounds of pleasure, could scarcely fail to experience corresponding effects; while the attracting manners and conversation of a lovely young woman, who exerted her utmost powers to render herself agreeable, gradually gained upon him, and obliterated, in a considerable degree, the remembrance of those he had left behind. It gives us pain to touch on this delicate and tender subject, but truth obliges us to confess, that, although Thomas Drysdale's sentiments were not absolutely changed, nor his heart firmly engaged, there is no doubt, but that for some time the thoughts of his faithful and beloved Susan broke not in to disturb his mind, or to interfere with his pleasures. Nor can it be much wondered at, when, exclusively of what we have mentioned, his friend Cochran was continually sounding the praises of the woman with whom he daily associated; pointing out her uncommon qualities and attractions, and descanting on the happiness which that man would enjoy who should be united to her for life, not omitting the unusual advantages of obtaining a woman of such rare accomplishments, and a fortune sufficient to insure every worldly enjoyment. These remarks the Secretary threw out with the most friendly and benevolent intention. He daily felt the uncommon obligations he lay under to his friend, and most ardently wished to be instrumental in

his future prosperity. He knew his delicacy in receiving any favours or pecuniary reward for all he had done for him, without which, he had never been in the lucrative station which he now possessed; and seeing no other opening the least likely to accomplish his wishes, it was natural for him to point at what, he had good reason to think, would effectually contribute to his future happiness and prosperity.

In the midst of these scenes of pleasure and amusement, a necessary piece of duty called Drysdale on board, and being particularly engaged to one of the fair widow's entertainments in the evening at her house in Ghoultry Plain, it occurred to him that he should want a supply of clean linen on shore, when recollecting that some shirts yet unused remained in the box, where poor Susan had packed them, he hastily opened it, and the first that came to hand, was the one on which the small slip of paper was pinned, formerly mentioned. The moment he perceived it, a train of ideas rushed on his mind; but when he had unpinned it, and read the impressive words, "As often as you put one of these on, think of the *marker*," his heart smote him, while his conscience upbraided him for his late faithless and ungrateful conduct. For a complete half hour, he continued absorbed in thought, sitting with the shirt in one hand, and the slip of paper in the other, when recollecting the emotions he formerly experienced, and the sentiments he uttered on reading the same words at Plymouth, namely, "*When I cease to remember the marker, may Tom Drysdale cease to exist!*" he started up as from a troubled dream, exclaiming, "No, Susan! never shall I cease to remember you, and this hour shall show it, in defiance of all the magic that surrounds me!" Having refixed the warning words, and replaced the shirt where he found it, he instantly sat down, and wrote

a hasty note to the Secretary, acquainting him that an unexpected circumstance had just occurred to prevent him from accompanying him to Choultry Plain that evening, and which it was more than probable would keep him on board for a considerable time to come; begging of him to communicate the intelligence to the lady and her friends, with his most grateful acknowledgments for the many kind attentions he had already received, of which he should ever keep remembrance.

If the disappointment in not meeting with Drysdale was great to the company, it may well be supposed it was not less so to the entertainer. She had prepared herself that evening to expect more than usual pleasure from his society and conversation, and had arranged matters so as to furnish herself with an opportunity of conversing with him apart, touching certain subjects which had long and seriously occupied her mind, and which she anxiously wished to communicate. Having weighed and duly considered every circumstance for and against the step she was about to take, she at last came to the resolution of drawing from him his real sentiments, relative to a very delicate subject for a lady to broach, and which she was anxious to do in the most delicate and concealed manner possible. The plan she had adopted was the following:

With the view of ascertaining the real state of his heart, she meant to consult him as a friend relative to her purposed intention of returning to England, where she longed ardently to embrace her friends and connexions, and where she intended to fix her residence for life, now that she was fully enabled to do so in a manner suitable to her inclinations. Suspecting that the difference in their immediate stations and circumstances in life, might operate very powerfully on the mind of a man who had given such repeated proofs of his disin-

terestedness and becoming pride; and willing to remove every objection on this point, she had determined to touch on the subject, merely as the communication of one friend to another. She meant to have told him, that being complete mistress of her own fortune and conduct, she had consequently an undoubted right to gratify her own inclinations in what she conceived most conducive to her future happiness, and therefore was entitled to marry any deserving man, who was likely to insure that happiness, whatever his station or rank in life might be; being well assured, that whatever objections might arise on this score, her fortune was amply sufficient to obviate them, by placing the man of her choice in such a situation, as to insure him respect and consideration: That, with these views, her intention was to take her passage in one of the first homeward-bound East India ships; and that if he had no objection in giving up a situation, where, by his own confessions, nothing could occur to advantage him either in station or emolument, it would afford her much satisfaction to have the society of a friend, who had conferred such essential obligations on her nearest and dearest connexions; assuring him that on their arrival in England, nothing within the compass of her power should be wanting to procure him an establishment, more adequate to his merit than that which he at present held, a circumstance which, she had good reason to think, could be easily accomplished.

By these indirect means, she fondly flattered herself that she should be able to discover what she had long wished to ascertain without effect; for, although Drysdale's manner and conversation had altered considerably from mere respect and civility, to more particular attention and familiarity, there was such a guard on all he said or did, as to render it at least doubtful what his

real sentiments and inclinations were. Whatever they might be with regard to herself, or however she might fail in drawing from him what she ardently wished to obtain from this interview, she conceived, that were she fortunate enough to persuade him to accompany her home, a long passage could hardly fail to operate powerfully in exciting and securing affections between two persons daily and intimately associated; and that the constant opportunity of communicating their thoughts and sentiments without reserve, was, of all other situations, the most likely to generate this affection.

When she therefore received the intelligence that Drysdale was not only to be absent during the evening, but that it was altogether uncertain when he should revisit his friends on shore again, her spirits sunk to that degree, that all her exertions were insufficient to raise them, so as to enable her to execute her duties to the company assembled, who but too plainly perceived her struggles and embarrassments, and as readily assigned the cause. Previous to the Secretary's departure, she begged to see the note which he had received from his friend, if he had it about him, and had no objection to show it; and when she read the concluding part of it, where he expressed "his grateful acknowledgments for the many kind attentions he had received, of which he should ever keep remembrance," she instantly and very naturally concluded, that this was nearly tantamount to a final taking leave of them all.

Impressed with this suspicion, and alarmed at the idea, after having passed a sleepless and agitated night, she next morning despatched a catameran with a note to Drysdale, begging to see him, were it only for half an hour, as she had something very particular to communicate to him. Drysdale, however, had fixed his plan, and was determined to adhere to it rigidly. He had

not been so blind to the uncommon attentions of this fascinating and lovely woman, as not to have perceived something more than mere kindness and gratitude on her part, nor was he insensible of the effects which her attractions had produced on himself. He was therefore resolved in future to avoid similar dangers, by withdrawing himself from temptations which might ultimately destroy his tranquillity, and to keep his heart firmly attached to one object, which he was confident would insure him undisturbed serenity, free from all struggles and entanglements whatever. An answer, simply expressive of his regret in not having it in his power to comply with her request, was all he sent in return, unless it was a repetition of what he wrote to the Secretary, that it was very uncertain when he might be again on shore.

Nearly confirmed in her former opinion, she waited for a whole week in hopes of hearing something of him from his friend the Secretary, when perceiving little likelihood of obtaining what she desired, she at last came to the hardy resolution of communicating unequivocally, in writing, what she only intended to have prefaced in the introductory manner we have already explained. The state of her mind indeed was such, that she could no longer avoid doing something to relieve it. She had struggled in vain to suppress a passion which destroyed her peace, and obscured all her happiness. She plainly perceived that, deprived of the man who had gained her affections, life could no longer be indured; and wishing to put an end to all doubts and uncertainties, she sat down and freely unburdened her mind, accompanied with the proposal of their going home in the same ship together; very generously adding, that should his heart and inclinations not correspond with her own, her exertions should not be the less, in procuring, on their

arrival in Britain, a situation more suitable for one whom she had reason to think had been born and educated a gentleman, and to whom she and her friends owed such obligations. When she had finished this letter, which it may well be supposed required no ordinary resolution and exertion, she threw the pen down, saying, with emotion—"Now the die is cast! Whatever may be the consequence, I have at least unburdened an agitated and miserable mind!"

Hitherto, the tide of favouring fortune had run steadily and smoothly along for Thomas Drysdale, without one impeding circumstance to obstruct its course, or one distressing event to disturb his serenity. The lot of humanity, however, is seldom or never unmixed with trials, and the time now came when he was to experience, with others, the uncertainty of worldly happiness, by tasting the bitters of calamity, which occasionally remind us of our duty, and recall us to a proper sense of the instability of human felicity.

Drysdale's first trial was the painful necessity of declaring fully and explicitly the real state of his heart, and the engagements that bound him; and it required all his fortitude, and all his address, to do this, so as to communicate the intelligence with the least pain, to one who, he well knew, must feel sensibly on receiving a final rejection of the high favour she meant to confer upon him. A candid confession appeared to him the best, as well as the most honourable mode, he could adopt; and after having expressed his gratitude in the strongest terms for the unmerited honour she had done him, and assured her that otherwise situated than he was, no woman on earth could be more perfectly congenial to his mind; simply and impressively explained the nature of his engagements in England, leaving it to her own feelings and sentiments to judge, if he could possibly in justice and

fidelity act otherwise. In addition to this candid declaration, and with the view of composing her mind, and reconciling her more readily to disappointment, he faithfully communicated every thing relative to his birth and parentage, imploring her to abandon all thoughts of uniting herself to one in every respect so unsuitable to her station and fortune, and direct her views, where he was confident she could not fail to obtain a proper reward for her virtues and accomplishments, by marrying a man every way qualified to insure her happiness and respectability through life.

After what has been developed, we are inclined to think, that those sufficiently acquainted with the nature of the passion we have touched upon, and particularly with the workings of the female heart, will hardly suppose, that this letter, with all its delicacy and ingenuousness, would produce the desired effects which the writer intended. On the contrary, it was productive not only of despair, but of the most poignant sorrow and mortification. For two complete days, this affectionate and lovely woman remained in a state of perfect stupor, insensible to every thing around her, and to what was said to her by her domestics. On the third, she continued, during the greatest part of the day, writing, and destroying a number of papers in her bureau; in the evening, she appeared serene and placid, although she complained much of a violent headach, and on the morning following, was found in a raging fever. On receiving intimation of her danger, medical attendance was immediately procured, and despatched to Choultry Plain, whither her brother-in-law, and a few female friends, hurried after. It was not long ere the medical assistants perceived that all their art was in vain. A delirium continued unabated for three days and three nights, during which, the name of Drysdale was frequently repeated. To-

wards the close of the fourth day, the fever subsided, and the delirium ceased, and when reason had resumed her seat, perceiving her friends around her, she thanked them for their kind attentions, telling them with a smile, that she hoped they would soon be relieved from their fatigues on her account, assuring them, that she felt grateful for their kindness to her on this and all former occasions, adding, that ere long perhaps they would find a better testimony of her sincerity. Stretching out her hand to them all, she begged they would retire to rest, as there was no occasion for their farther attendance, for she felt herself composed and relieved from her late severe sufferings, and wished much for repose herself. Turning to her brother-in-law, she said impressively, "Good night, my kind friend! Come in the morning, and do what is needful."

The physicians who stood by, although they were silent, saw every thing plainly. Before the twelfth hour, this young and beautiful woman, without a struggle, breathed her last!

Upon opening her repository, there was found a paper written with her own hand, and with her own signature, in which she bequeathed the largest part of her fortune to the children of her brother-in-law, whom she appointed her executor, and who, after paying some legacies to her particular intimates, was directed to give the residue to the man who had preserved the lives of her beloved sister and her children, in token of her gratitude, and as a reward for his honourable and disinterested conduct to the woman of his affections in England. Along with this paper, was found a copy of some touching verses, written during the struggles and anxieties she had experienced some weeks before, together with Drysdale's last letter, which explained every thing.

After having arranged and adjusted all matters relative to her property, her brother-in-law found that what remained to be given to Drysdale amounted to about 10,000*l.* sterling, and waiting on his friend the Secretary, communicated the intelligence. He likewise informed him, that having it now in his power to repay a small part of the debt he owed him, without his friend knowing any thing of the matter, he had embraced the only opportunity to execute what he had long intended, and should now add five thousand pounds more, begging of him to intimate to him, that the sum in his hands to be paid on demand, was *fifteen* thousand. "I thank you for the hint," said the Secretary, "which will enable me likewise by the same means, to execute what I have long wished for, and which furnishes me with an opportunity to reward a man to whom I owe every thing I now possess in the world, and that without wounding his feelings. I shall therefore, with your permission, communicate to him, that the sum in your hands is *twenty* thousand, which will enable him to live comfortably and easily during life."

When this intelligence was communicated to Drysdale, together with the decease of the person who had bequeathed him such an unexpected token of affection, he was overwhelmed with the deepest sorrow and remorse. He considered himself as the immediate, though innocent cause of her death, and cursed the day that first brought him to the shores of India. He retraced the scenes, and recalled the happy hours he had enjoyed in her company; dwelt on all her fascinating charms and conversation, and weeping over her last letter, where her affections were painted with such delicacy and disinterestedness, resigned himself to uncontrolled affliction. Finding himself altogether unqualified for executing his duty, or indeed to attend to any thing else, he sat down

and wrote a letter to his friend Cochran, describing his sufferings, imploring him to intercede for him with the Commodore in obtaining permission to resign an office which he could no longer fill, and that he might be allowed to return to Europe by one of the East-India ships, then lying in the road. Unwilling as the Commodore was to part with such a valuable officer, he, in reward of his services, granted his request, and with his own hand wrote him a letter expressive of his high regard and approbation, inclosing another for a friend of his in London, which he begged the favour of him to deliver personally, should he visit that place.

Previous to his departure, Cochran repaired on board, and did all he could to assuage his friend's sorrows, by representing to him the entire satisfaction of the deceased's connections, with regard to his conduct, and holding up to him the prospect of revisiting those he had left behind him in England, and the felicity of uniting himself to the woman of his affections, whom he could now support in a manner agreeable to his inclinations. He likewise forgot not to mention, the pleasure and pride he would experience in visiting the land of his nativity, and in repaying the obligations he lay under to a father who had been the happy instrument of procuring him such success in his profession, and a just recompense for his labours. "As for me, Tom," said he, taking him kindly by the hand, "all I now possess, and all I may acquire in future, is owing to you, and you alone, and that you well know. You have uniformly resisted every attempt on my part to repay the smallest portion of this debt, for which, though unkind, I forgive you. You will not, however, I hope, refuse to accept of a few conveniences for your sea-store, which I have prepared for you merely as a remembrance; and, on your arrival in Britain, I will thank you to put this

letter for my father in the post-office, as it contains something that will convince my family I have not forgot them, and what will at least enable them to enjoy the comforts of independence, till I have the happiness of seeing them. When that may be, God knows! Our residence in this country is altogether uncertain; in the mean time, emoluments are daily pouring in upon me, of which I had not the least expectation."

Drysdale received the letter for Cochran's father with much pleasure, assuring him, that no time would be lost, on his arrival, in transmitting what could not fail to gratify the feelings of those who, exclusively of his filial attentions, must be highly gratified with the intelligence of his good fortune.

The parting of two friends who had been so long and intimately acquainted, and who were now to be separated, perhaps for ever, was such as may well be supposed. On Drysdale's going on board of the Indiaman, in which he had taken his passage, he found a packet directed for him, which, upon opening, contained a set of bills of exchange for twenty thousand pounds, together with a letter from the executor of the will, couched in the warmest terms of affection, inclosing another to his wife, whom he begged, if possible, he would visit on his arrival in England. A number of articles had likewise been sent for him from the Secretary, among which was a box of considerable size, all of which were carried into his cabin. His fellow passengers consisted of two gentlemen from Calcutta, one of whom had been in trade, and the other in an official capacity. Setting sail with a fair wind, in company with three more East Indiamen, Drysdale bade adieu to the shores of Coromandel, where a succession of uncommon events had occurred in the space of two years, and with a heart agitated by a variety of emotions, difficult to describe. He had indeed

succeeded to a fortune, which enabled him to return to the land of his nativity with honour, and with credit to himself and his connections, and at the same time, (should nothing have intervened in his absence to blast his prospects,) to unite himself for life with the woman of his affections; but, on the other hand, when he reflected on the source from which this unforseen fortune came, and of the uncertainty of finding persons and circumstances the same as when he left them some years before in England, it is hard to say which side of the scale preponderated, between hope mixed with anxiety, and gratitude mingled with pain.

There is that in the donations of deceased friends, which perhaps differs from almost every other event in human life. While we partake of the bounty, it constantly reminds us of the donor, and invariably recals not only all the amiable qualities and virtues we once witnessed and enjoyed, but all the circumstances which occurred during our former intimacy. Touched with these remembrances, and deeply impressed with the strength and warmth of that friendship and affection which this last testimony evinces, we naturally recur to a rigid examination of our past conduct in a variety of instances, where sufficient attention and kindness were wanting on our part to those who are gone, and consequently condemn ourselves severely for omissions not to be repaired. When we therefore take into consideration what had so lately occurred to Drysdale, it can hardly be imagined, that a mind susceptible and honourable like his, could fail to experience what we have just touched upon, or cease to lament every circumstance of his conduct towards one, who had not only forgiven the unkind rejection of her offer, by the most generous testimony, but in the bloom of youth and beauty suffered from his refusal!

It was a considerable time before Drysdale could repel these distressing reflections, so as to enable him to enjoy the society on board, which was otherwise much to his mind. His two companions were not only agreeable but sensible men, well acquainted with every thing relative to the country which they had left, and where they had long resided, and the Captain and his mates equally so. Little occurred during the voyage home worth mentioning, excepting the following circumstance, which as it particularly concerned the person who has formed the chief part of this history, we think it improper to pass over. The calms that usually prevail on the line, are not only tedious, but often very unpleasant, from the oppressive heat, and heavy showers that accompany them. Every thing is at a stand; neither progress in the voyage, nor amusement on deck takes place; animal spirits are depressed, and the mind naturally fretful from an unconquerable retardment in the prosecution of the desired object. During this disagreeable tedium, it occurred to Drysdale to examine the contents of the box which Cochran had sent along with other articles, and having ordered it to be brought into the main cabin where he and his two fellow passengers were, he uncorded it, and found it packed with cotton carefully round, and to a considerable depth. After having removed this covering, he discovered a kind of drawer, which having likewise disengaged by the help of his companions, and placed on the cabin table for inspection, both the gentlemen exclaimed, "Good God! what beautiful *filigree* work!" The drawer, which was made to fit to the box exactly, consisted of various departments, filled with different articles of the most exquisite workmanship in pure gold, which on their being placed on the table, exhibited what failed not to excite the admiration of the two gentlemen, and in particular that of he merchant.

"This is a real treasure!" exclaimed he rapturously. "In the whole course of my experience, I have seen nothing of the kind the least equal to it, either for richness or execution."

"But the contents of the box seem yet unexplored," said the other gentleman, looking into it; "there is something here remaining."

Upon examination, they found another drawer fashioned in the same manner, and filled with a variety of the same workmanship, but of different kinds of articles still more curious and valuable, and executed in a style which astonished the man of trade. "I cannot conceive where these articles could have been procured," said he; "for I am convinced they could not have belonged to any but a person of the very first rank and fortune!"

"Here is something that may perhaps explain matters," said Drysdale, unfolding a letter which he found in one of the compartments of the drawer, and which he saw was in Cochran's hand writing. The contents were as follows:

"My dear Tom,

"As I know you are averse to receive presents on your own account from those who are indebted to you, I send one for her whom you value above all others, which I know you will cheerfully receive. Valuable as it unquestionably is, it cost me little or nothing, as it is part of what came into my hands for the discharge of a debt, due by the old Nabob of Arcot to a gentleman who left me a power of attorney to recover it, and which was all the poor old gentleman had to give. The whole of these beautiful ornaments of splendour were exhibited for sale here, and procured few or no purchasers; and such as were bought went off for a mere song. I have

reserved a number for myself, at the same price, out of which I have selected a few for you, which I now send you for the purpose already mentioned. Should they be found useless to those for whom they are intended, (which is not unlikely,) there are others who will be glad to take them off your hand, on your arrival in England."

"That there are!" said the merchant, again examining the workmanship; "and were this treasure mine, I should not part with it for one farthing under three thousand pagodas."

"This is a manœuvre of my friend Cochran," said Drysdale laughing—"and as he has certainly managed it with considerable address, I forgive him. The articles can be of no value to any but a man of immense fortune, who on account of their rarity may wish to possess them, merely for show and ostentation, and not one in ten thousand will be actuated by the desire."

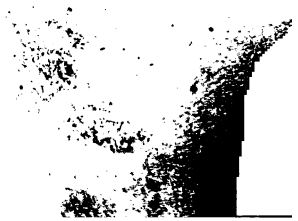
"Oh! give yourself no concern about that," resumed the merchant; "there is not a jeweller in London who will not snap at them, and give you much more than I mention, if you manage matters properly; and what I would advise you to do is, not to dispose of the whole to one, but to various jewellers, on your going to London, who will come down handsomely for articles which England cannot produce, and which they are sure of selling at any price to a variety of customers."

"Well, well!" said Drysdale, carelessly, "we may possibly think of this hereafter. In the mean time, let us try to repack these treasures of the East as we found them."

As the ship approached the wished-for land, the emotions of Drysdale increased; and when the white cliffs of Albion were descried, and a flowing sheet with a steady gale carrying him rapidly on to the spot where all

his hopes, and fears, and anxieties centered, his heart beat quick, while his whole frame was disordered. He had now been upwards of three years absent from England, during which time, notwithstanding his regular correspondence home, he had received but one letter from the old ship-builder, in which he informed him, that he had lost his faithful and affectionate wife; that he himself was drooping fast, and that Susan, ever since his departure, had been poorly in health and spirits, which complaints had been considerably increased by the death of her mother. The good old man likewise informed him, that, being worn down with years and infirmities, he wished for nothing more than to see his daughter properly placed for life, previous to his death; and as he was no stranger to the mutual attachment that subsisted between them, he should be happy to see them united; adding, that as he wished to resign an office, which had become now laborious to him, he was not without hopes of procuring the survivancy for him, did circumstances admit of his returning home while he was in life. It was therefore natural for a man of Drysdale's sensibility to experience apprehensions and fears on his coming to a spot where all was uncertainty and doubt; and on their approaching Spithead, he embraced the opportunity of a pilot-boat to carry him on shore, leaving his box of filigree work in charge of the Captain; while the merchant promised to intimate to him, what could be done in the disposal of the contents to the best advantage, on his arrival in London.

END OF VOLUME I.



THE

SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS,

OR,

THE WAY TO RISE;

AN

HISTORICAL TALE.

BY HECTOR MACNEILL, ESQ.

"Cum tibi sunt nati nec opes tunc artibus illos,
"Instrue quo possint in opem defendere vitem."...HOR.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY RICHARD SCOTT,

No. 276 Pearl-street.

.....

1812.

C. S. VAN WINKLE, PRINTER,
Water-street, New-York.

THE

SCOTTISH ADVENTURERS.

NO sooner had Drysdale set foot on shore, than he hurried to the dock-yard, and on calling at the porter's lodge, learned that, a few months before, the worthy old builder had paid his debt to nature, and that his place had been supplied by his old friend and shipmate the carpenter. Unable to inquire after other particulars nearer his heart, he, with an agitated step and boding mind, proceeded straight to the house where he once enjoyed the sweetest moments of his life, and, on approaching the door, discovered his two old friends and shipmates, the carpenter and boatswain, conversing together. The surprise and delight of both were inexpressible; they continued alternately shaking him by the hand, and gazing at him for a considerable time, without being able to express their pleasure, till at length the carpenter composing himself, said, "Well, Tom, thank God, we have again met, although there are many changes here (pointing to the house,) since you left us."

A sudden trembling, accompanied with a deadly paleness, rendered poor Tom a speechless statue of dread

and apprehension; while the carpenter, continuing his discourse, said, "The old builder and his wife are no more; and here I am appointed in his place for life, and your old acquaintance here likewise placed as boatswain of the yard."

"But, Susan!" interrupted Tom, recovering himself, "What has become of her?"

"Oh! she is cut and dry for you when you please, Tom," said the boatswain, shaking him again cordially by the hand; "damn the one else would she look at since you've left her, although there has been plenty after her with all sails set to get alongside of her; but she steered clear of them all, Tom, and albeit her topsails are aback, and that she is a little weather-beaten with grief, poor thing! a sight of you will set her in her old trim again in a jiffin!—Damn my limbs! I hope now, stiff as I am, that I shall shake a foot at your wedding! I promised this before you went, and if I don't dance a hornpipe, crazed as my timbers are, call me a lubber?"

"But where *is she?*" said Tom, with impatience.

"Since her father's death," answered the carpenter, "she has resided near Farham with a female relation of her own. The old builder left not nearly the money that was suspected; and as Susan wished for retirement and quiet, she took a small neat cottage about a mile from the town, where she and her companion live comfortably and prudently on her little income, which I hope, Tom, you are enabled to increase."

"We shall talk of that more hereafter," said Tom, hastily; "in the mean time, I must get a boat to convey me to Gosport."

No intreaty of his two friends could prevail on Drysdale to delay his intention till the next morning; he instantly hurried to the shore, nor stopped till, with a heart

glowing with love and transport, he clasped his faithful and affectionate Susan to his beating breast.

When the first transports of two fond hearts had subsided a little, Susan continued gazing at Drysdale, and at last said, "I don't think India has made any alteration in your looks, Tom, unless it is an additional brownness, which, in my opinion, is becoming."

"Brown or fair without," said Tom, smiling, "all is *true blue* here, Susan," pointing to his heart; "and thanks to you, my sweet girl, for the true blue you marked in my shirts, which I can assure you was of material service to me."

"Alas!" rejoined Susan, (conceiving that he alluded to the mere possession of the articles,) "*these* could have been but of little service to you in so long a time; they were only a remembrance, Tom, of the marker."

"Aye!" said Tom, shaking his head seriously, "and it was an effectual one, Susan. Without it perhaps I might never have experienced this happy—this fortunate day!"

"*Happy* it certainly is to me, Tom," answered Susan, sighing; "but as to its being *fortunate* to you, I'm afraid it is otherwise. My poor father possessed not nearly the wealth he was thought to have: Only five thousand is all he left behind him to her whom he loved, while living, and whom he wished should be enabled to live comfortably and easily with the man of her choice, after his death!"

"And is it not perfectly sufficient to do so?" rejoined Tom: "Nay, *more* than sufficient, Susan?"

"Indeed, I don't know," answered Susan, hesitating; "but it gives me pleasure to perceive that, after having visited the rich shores of India, you are so easily contented. I have, however, the satisfaction to inform you,

that both my dear parents approved, and wished for our union, and that with their last breath they left you their blessing!"

"That is worth at least five thousand more," rejoined Tom; "and you, my dear Susan, an additional *ten!* Am not I then a fortunate fellow in the possession of twenty thousand pounds, and such a lass to the bargain?"

"Is it in this manner you adventurers calculate your fortunes in India?" said Susan, smiling; "if you have brought nothing home with you but *this*, Tom, I fancy we must live upon love as our best income."

"Do you call a good constitution, and an unchanged heart *nothing*, Susan?" asked the other, jeeringly; "for my part, I consider these well worth five thousand more! Set your mind therefore at rest about fortune, my dear Susan; depend upon it, I am worth good five-and-twenty thousand pounds, and if we can't contrive to live on that, we deserve to starve."

Tom was not perfectly correct in his calculation, for his fortune was really considerably more; while Susan, conceiving that her five thousand was all they possessed in the world, turned affectionately round to him, and taking him by the hand in the most earnest manner, said, "I could live with you, Tom, contented and happy in the humblest cottage in the kingdom; it only gives me concern that I have so little to reward you for your fidelity, and that fortune has not smiled upon you as a reward for your merit and long services!"

Drysdale's impatience was such, that he could hardly permit a single fortnight to elapse, ere he secured the prize he had long and anxiously wished to possess. During this short interval, he lodged with his friend the carpenter in the dock-yard, and every day passed the greatest part of his time with Susan at her cottage. One morning, as he was about departing for Farham,

the postman brought a letter directed for him at the old builder's, which upon opening contained the following lines:

"Sir,

"Understanding that you have returned to Europe, I take the earliest opportunity to inform you, that, in consequence of your having saved the ship ——, and a very valuable cargo, together with the lives of all on board, the owners of said ship, a considerable time ago, directed me to pay to you, or your order, fifteen hundred pounds, as a small testimony of their gratitude, which sum you may draw for when you please, on,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"Benj. Smith.

"*Lombard Street, London, 10th Sept.*"

Upon the perusal of this unexpected letter, Drysdale began to consider how he should act, and as the carpenter and boatswain happened to be present, he wished to obtain their sentiments on the subject. The boatswain, in his usual blunt manner, said, "Why, what the hell do you hesitate about?—you can't surely think of refusing what you are so well entitled to for your services. Did you not by your own abilities preserve a ship and cargo, and all on board, from going to Davy Jones?"

The carpenter's opinion, however, weighed much more with Drysdale than the boatswain's, for, in addition to what the other had advanced, he observed, that, after the handsome manner in which the ship owners had come forward to reward his merit, and show their own gratitude, a rejection of their offer would hurt them, and be attributed to ostentatious pride, rather than to magna-

nimity. This determined Tom to accept of the sum, and being extremely anxious to transmit part of his acquired fortune to his father as speedily as possible, he embraced the present occasion to enclose him an order for the 1500*l.* as a testimony of his future assistance, should it be wanted. He likewise informed him of his approaching nuptials, and of the joy he should experience in once more embracing his affectionate parents on his return to the place of his nativity, which he hoped would be soon, begging his father to arrange matters, so as to make himself perfectly easy and comfortable in every thing during the remainder of life, as nothing on his part should be wanting to promote it. Previous to this, the old man had received from his son intimation of his success, and of his arrival in England.

When the long-wished for day arrived, that was to unite Drysdale to his beloved Susan, the carpenter and boatswain accompanied him to the cottage, where every thing consistent with neatness and propriety was prepared for their reception. We pass over the detail of particulars, and shall shortly remark, that few events in this chequered scene of joys and disappointments, could surpass the general happiness of this friendly and affectionate groupe, interested in each other's prosperity, and bound by the firmest ties of esteem. The boatswain, in particular, exhibited uncommon proofs of delight, damning his eyes if this was not the happiest day he had seen since he was the height of a marlingspike! In conformity to his promise, he actually danced a hornpipe, in a style which, considering his years, afforded infinite pleasure to the company, while Drysdale, in imitation of the example, danced another, which induced the boatswain to say—"Aye! I'm blasted if Tom don't excel in every thing he puts either hand or foot to! As or me," continued he, "I have danced my *last* horn-

pipe, for it's time now to belay these youthful tricks, and strike yards and topmasts. After the hard gales we have weathered," said he, turning to the carpenter, "to strain old crazy timbers now, would be not only foolish but dangerous. You and I have got snug into harbour, and there we must lie till our hulls drop asunder; but here," said he, pointing to our happy pair, "are a brace of as trim frigates as ever swam, and made of as good materials. If they have not a prosperous voyage through life, it will not be their fault: Tom is a good steersman, and can splice and reef with any in the king's navy; and as for you, Susan," concluded he, with a look and tone not usual with him, "I'm sure you will obey the helm readily, and tack and wear just as he would have you."

One day spent at the carpenter's house, and another at the boatswain's, were all that Drysdale could allow to retard his departure to London in his way to Scotland, where he now ardently wished to be. A more affectionate and tender parting between friends can hardly be conceived. Susan naturally felt sensibly in bidding adieu, perhaps for ever, to the scenes of her youth, and to those who had been the friends and intimates of her good father; while the carpenter and boatswain, overcome with her tears, could only present their hands in silence, and turning aside their heads to conceal their sorrows, murmur out in a broken voice—"*God bless you.*" Although sensibly touched with the evident affliction of his two old friends and shipmates, who had been his instructors in nautical knowledge, and the partial promoters of his present happiness, Drysdale was, from very natural causes, the most tranquil of the four. He was in possession of all he held dear and valuable on earth; he was repairing to London, where matters of importance were to be settled for his future establish-

ment and comfort during life, and he was on his way to a spot where he was to meet with the authors of his birth, and once more restore to their arms a son who had been suddenly snatched from them, and who now, after all his hardships and trials, returned crowned with respectability, favours, and emolument. Such were the soothing sensations of THOMAS DRYSDALE; and such must always be the sweet consolations of every mind conscious of having acted with uniform rectitude, accompanied with the well-earned rewards of industry and genuine merit!

On his arrival in London, his first object was to find out the abode of the woman who had been the accidental instrument of his present fortune, and to whom he was bound in honour to pay his respects and deliver his letter. He found her in deep affliction for the loss of her beloved Sophia, but highly gratified at seeing him. Letters from her friends in Madras, had informed her of all that had passed there relative to her sister's death, and while she was overwhelmed with sorrow for the loss of one whom she tenderly loved, she felt a sincere pleasure in learning, that unfortunate as the circumstances were, they had contributed to reward the man who had rendered her and her children such essential service, and who could have been no otherwise recompensed by her friends in India. In the course of their conversation, which naturally turned on this painful subject, she gave the following short history of herself and this affectionate sister, which Drysdale did not hear unmoved.

"Poor Sophia!" said she, sighing, "when I was married, was only fifteen. My father, who was a clergyman in Devonshire, had spared nothing on her education, for he saw her natural abilities, and loved her virtues. Her attachment to me was at all times unbounded, and when the time arrived that my husband was un-

der the necessity of repairing to India, no persuasion could induce her to separate from me. On our passage out, a circumstance, not unusual, occurred, that terminated, if not in *perfect* happiness, at least in securing to Sophia the possession of an ample fortune, and as much felicity as could well be expected from a great disparity in years between the parties. A very worthy man, although considerably advanced in life, happened to be one of our fellow passengers; and daily accustomed to the attractions and fascinating conversation of this lovely and sensible girl, his attachment, long ere the termination of the voyage, was completely formed, and proposals of marriage communicated to my husband. Fully assured of his wealth, and no stranger to his situation and worth in India, my husband naturally went into the measure, and used his influence with me to induce Sophia to accede to the proposal. As I was anxious for her prosperity, but unwilling to urge any thing that might interfere with her happiness, I could do little more than sound her inclinations, and occasionally point out the advantages that would necessarily accrue to a young woman on her arrival in India, in being placed in a situation so highly respectable, and united to a man who, (exclusively of the disparity already mentioned,) possessed many virtues, and even qualifications to render the marriage state happy. Much as she attended to every advice and opinion that came from me, it was evident that Sophia's heart accorded not with the idea, and as she candidly confessed that nothing but this disparity of years operated to withhold her assent, I allowed matters to remain as they were, and leave time to effect a change, without farther solicitation. The assiduities and agreeable manners of this very amiable man, did more than I had reason to expect, and although there was no ardent love on the side of Sophia,

a friendship and sincere regard, created and strengthened in the course of a long voyage and daily intimacy, were very apparent before our arrival at Madras. Her marriage shortly after, together with her judicious conduct and respectability, afforded me infinite pleasure, while the unbounded affections of her husband left nothing undone to render her situation agreeable. A sudden and unexpected death soon deprived her of her kind companion, leaving her in possession of all he had, after discharging some considerable legacies to his friends and relatives. It was her firm intention to have accompanied me home, and nothing withheld her but the charge of my other children, and a desire to remain with my husband till his arrangements enabled him and them to rejoin me in this country for life. Had it not been for the performance of this affectionate duty, she would have been here with me at this moment, poor thing! but Providence has ordered it otherwise, and I submit!"

The entrance of the children relieved Drysdale from a painful and rather awkward embarrassment on the present occasion; and when the mother presented them to him, she said, "there is your *deliverer*, my sweet pets; but for him, neither you nor I would have been now in the land of the living."

A lovely boy, of about seven years old, after looking earnestly at him for some minutes, said, "Are you the gentleman who refused to take my mamma's watch and all the trinkets, sir?"

"Not *all* of them, my sweet little fellow!" said Drysdale, "for here is one of the seals," showing it to him; "and this seal has done more for me than all the watches in London could have done."

"How so?" said the boy, examining the seal.

" It made me first a rich man, my dear, then a miserable one, and now a happy one: It brought me twenty thousand pounds; lost me the kindest and sweetest friend I ever had,—and now enables me to maintain and cherish one whom I sincerely love, and who will make me happy, during the rest of my life."

" And who is that, sir?" asked the boy.

" It is *my wife*," answered Drysdale, caressing the child tenderly.

This was the first intimation the lady had of his marriage, and as she was anxious to see the woman whom he had preferred to her sister, she told him, on his taking leave, that she hoped for the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Drysdale previous to their leaving town.

Drysdale's next care was to find out the gentleman to whom the Commodore had begged of him to deliver the letter which he sent enclosed to him at Madras. This was a man high in office at the navy board, and an intimate friend of the commander of the fleet in India. After having perused the letter, he begged to know in what manner he could possibly serve him, assuring him, that from the warm recommendation which his friend the Commodore had given him, nothing in his power should be wanting in promoting his interest. Having thanked him kindly for his good intentions, and expressed his gratitude to his late commander for his goodness, he assured him that he had nothing to ask, and nothing to wish for. " The Commodore, however, desires me to pay you 500*l.* in testimony of his regard, and as a small reward for your services during the time you was on board of his ship," said the gentleman, " which sum is ready for you whenever you choose."

" My services are already amply repaid," answered the other with much modesty. " I can accept of nothing more, and when you write to the Commodore, I have to

beg that you will have the goodness to intimate this to him, with my most grateful acknowledgments for his intended favour."

Finding that no entreaty could enduce Drysdale to depart from his resolution, he concluded with assuring him, that should any of his friends point to the navy, a recommendation from him would at all times be particularly attended to.

It was now necessary for Drysdale to attend to his *own* immediate interests. The bills which he brought home were to be negotiated, and as he had heard nothing from the Captain or the merchant relative to the box of filigree, he likewise conceived it necessary to make some inquiry after them. Repairing to the Jerusalem Coffee-House for this purpose, he had the satisfaction of meeting with both of them, and hearing from the merchant that he had already disposed of a number of the articles to the amount of a thousand pounds, and that a few of the most valuable still remained in his possession, which he despaired not of selling for some hundreds more. Drysdale begged of him to select some of the most curious and costly articles, and send them to him at his lodgings safely packed up, enjoining him not to attend to any thing connected with additional profit, as he was very well satisfied with what had been already attained. He likewise begged this gentleman's assistance in the negotiating of his bills, which was immediately complied with, by accompanying him to Lombard-street, where every thing was adjusted to his satisfaction. The next morning, he and Susan set off in a hackney coach to pay their last visit to the sister of Sophia.

There is something in the native, unadorned charms of genuine beauty and simplicity, that insensibly attracts, especially when such are accompanied with gentleness and sweetness of manners, totally free from vul-

garity. Susan, although a ship-builder's daughter, had been well educated, and notwithstanding her having never moved in the higher circles of rank and fashion had however associated with those who, regulating their conduct by their situation, conceived themselves not degraded by visiting, and receiving in return the visits of the respective families by whom they were immediately surrounded. Although the Commissioner and Clerk of the Cheque in our dock yards, are, from the nature of their offices, superior in station, and sometimes in rank, the Master Attendant, Master Builder, and Surgeon, are men held in much estimation, and being placed in similar situations, are entitled to attention and respect; and as the society in this naval boundary is but limited, an intercourse between the different families naturally takes place on an easy and familiar footing. Susan had therefore the advantages of mixing frequently with those who were not only her superiors in rank, but in education, and had consequently derived from their society, that polish which produces unembarrassed ease in demeanour, and that degree of refinement in language which precludes vulgarity. When she therefore made her appearance with her husband, the lady of the house was no less struck with her unaffected naïveté and sweetness of manners, than with her beauty and genuine good breeding; and when the hour of their departure approached, could not help whispering to Drysdale, as she took him for the last time by the hand, "Much as I lament the fate of my sweet Sophia, I really cannot blame you for your preference and fidelity."

On his returning to his lodgings, Drysdale found the articles he had directed the merchant to send him, which consisted of some dressing boxes for the toilet, beautifully executed, in each of which was a bottle of otto of roses, incased with the same exquisite workman-

ship, together with a variety of needle cases, and other articles in filigree, which could hardly fail to be acceptable presents to ladies of the first distinction in the kingdom. Reserving one of each for Susan, he repacked them carefully, and sent them to the lady from whom he had just parted, accompanied with a few lines, in which he told her, "that being in possession of a token which reminded him of one to whom he owed all the fortune he now enjoyed, he had sent her a small token in return, which he hoped she would keep in remembrance of him." He likewise wrote a few lines to his friend and assistant the merchant, thanking him for his kindness and exertions, and begging his acceptance of the articles that remained in his possession, as a small acknowledgment for his goodness.

On Drysdale's arrival in Edinburgh, he found his father in perfect health, and in a commodious good house, where every thing was prepared for his reception. His mother had been dead nearly a twelve month before, and an only sister married to a respectable farmer about thirty miles distant, a few months before his arrival in England. His appearance at this time was therefore doubly gratifying to his affectionate parent, who, in addition to the pleasure he felt on the return of a favourite son, dignified with the fruits of honest industry, and the honourable rewards of merit, enjoyed the society of two persons the best qualified to cheer his hours of solitude, and render the remainder of his life placid and grateful.

The second day after his arrival, Drysdale made it his business to wait on the parents of his friend Cochran, and to gratify them with the acounts of their son, whom he had left in such prosperity in India. He found the old tailor, who had retired from business, very comfortably situated, and highly elated with the

success of his son Andrew, which he attributed entirely to the education he had given him. "Aye, aye, Maister Tamas," said he, confidently, "I kent that my laddie couldna fail to get on wi' the education I bestowed upon him, and without which he could never hae got up to his present situation. Had it na been for the lear he gat at the Hie School, (which indeed he took up marvelously,) he wad ne'er hae mounted owre the heads o' ithers, and been made Secretary to a commander in chief in the East Indies. He's behadden for a' he has made, and is to mak there, to *me*, wha, nae doubt, he has already weel rewarded. But how happens it, Maister Tamas, that you wha never was at the Hie School, hae got on sae weel; for your father tald me, no lang ago, that ye had sent Fifteen hundred pounds sterling to him? Surely riches maun be plenty in that sam East Indies, whan every ane o' our Scotch lads comes hame wi' sic fortunes!"

"There are certainly some situations in that country," said Drysdale, smiling at the old tailor's simplicity, "that are very favourable for acquiring wealth, and your son has fortunately got into one where it is hardly possible to avoid making a very large fortune; but I question much if this has happened in consequence of his *learning*, Mr. Cochran, and perhaps he will tell you so himself, when you have the happiness to see him."

"Na, na, Maister Tamas, ye maun na say that," rejoined the tailor, shaking his head; "education is a grand thing to a young lad wha has naithing else to depend upon, and war it no for the Latin they get in our Hie School whan they're young, they could never succeed sae weel in foreign countries, whar they never fail to get afore ithers, and are sure o' making their fortune."

Drysdale, for very obvious reasons, declined explanation, and took his departure.

It was not long ere Drysdale found Edinburgh altogether unsuited to his taste and inclinations. Accustomed to a life of activity, and familiarised with society totally different from what he now experienced, he felt not only a blank which he wished to fill up, but a dissatisfaction at almost every thing he encountered. In stead of that plain, easy, comfortable intercourse he had lately enjoyed, he found little but parade, show, etiquette, and studied imitation almost wherever he went; and in lieu of those unaffected manners and agreeable conversations which he left behind him, he now met with men and women of so different a description, that he derived little or no kind of pleasure from their society. For snug small parties and a neat entertainment, he perpetually encountered crowds and a splendid feast, and while all was ceremony and form before and during meals, all was law and politics after. He heard subjects introduced, in which none but those particularly instructed in the profession could take the smallest part, and warm contentions about matters which appeared to him of little importance to the disputants, unless it were the mere pertinacity of maintaining certain political opinions, established by an adherence to opposite parties. What surprised him most, was, to find men, who had nothing to expect from a support of measures, and nothing to lose from a change, as keen in defending and condemning those in power, as if their whole existence depended upon it; and, what was still more extraordinary, as warmly attached, and as loud in their eulogiums, as if they had been intimately known to them and privy to their virtues, while in fact they had never once set eyes on them, nor knew one circumstance relative to their real senti-

ments and conduct, farther than what general vague reports communicated.

Among other circumstances that arrested Drysdale's attention, and excited his surprise, was the evident change which had taken place in education since the time he left Edinburgh, and particularly that of instructing every young girl, whatever her rank or station in life might be, in music. His surprise was considerably increased when he perceived, that this invariable mode was adopted, not in compliance with the natural qualities or predilections of the pupil for the science taught, but merely in conformity to established custom, or, more properly speaking, *fashion*. Conversing on this singular circumstance with his father, William smiled, and shaking his head, said—"Aye, Tom, we have had wonderful changes here since you left us, and are now become quite a new race of beings. When you was here, few or any of our tradesmen's daughters knew what a piano-forte was, but now there is hardly a tradesman in town who has not one in his house. Music at that time was given to few or none but gentlemen's daughters, or to those who had a particular natural genius for it; but as we have now become fashionable, and imitate every thing our superiors do, every daughter is instructed precisely in the same way, whatever her genius or rank may be, for this very sensible reason, that were they deficient in any one article of fashionable education, they would be considered as badly instructed, and consequently low-bred. The natural consequence is, that we are now overpowered with music and musical sounds wherever we go, and to whatever corner we turn; and were this music such as to afford pleasure to those who hear it, or even to those who produce it, we should have less cause to complain; but unfortunately this is not the case, but the reverse. Nor need we wonder at all at it,

when we consider, that where *all* are taught, numbers must be defective, and where natural inclination and genius seldom exist, numbers must be oppressed with constant application to what they cannot relish. My plan has always been, Tom, first to study attentively the natural bent of a child's genius, and then to encourage it; for no system, however general, will ever convince me that any progress will be made, or any good be done, by forcing children to apply to what natural defects disqualify them for, and, consequently, what disinclination disposes them to dislike. Had I, for instance, made you a shoemaker, which I saw you disliked, what would have been the consequence? In the first place, you would have been put to a trade for which you had not the smallest relish; and in the second, you would have, in all probability, continued during life labouring unpleasantly at what would have been unproductive of either excellence or pleasure. But by making you a joiner, which I perceived your heart was set upon, and by enabling you to turn your mind to every thing connected with that branch, by proper and useful instruction, I encouraged and assisted natural genius, and, thank God, I now reap the rich reward! Our present new-fangled folk, however, adopt a plan completely the reverse. They must have all their children educated according to certain rules established by fashion, however absurd; and all instructed in branches, however unsuited to their capacities and natural inclinations. The consequence is, that many a poor child is rendered unhappy for years, while nothing approaching to excellence is produced."

Conversing on this singular absurdity afterwards, with a gentleman whose sentiments entirely corresponded with those of his father, Drysdale, among other anecdotes received the following short history of a family

in Edinburgh, which fully corroborated every thing he had heard, and which, as it is particularly connected with the main subject of the present work, we shall, for the edification of our musical readers, lay before them.

Arabella Timbertone was the only child, and consequently the chief delight of her affectionate parents. From her earliest years she was distinguished for natural acuteness, and a facility in acquiring whatever was taught her, which as naturally disposed the authors of her birth to predict uncommon attainments, and to inspire them with the hope, that at a certain period she would be the ornament and pride of the family. As she advanced in years, these hopes and expectations increased rather than diminished, for in all the different branches of education to which she was put, she not only equalled, but excelled the first scholars in the school. Her readiness in acquiring reading, writing, arithmetic, and particularly needlework and drawing, was such, that she usually obtained the different annual prizes allotted by the teachers as the rewards of superior genius; and, what was rather singular, instead of rejoicing or exulting on these distinguishing marks of favour, they produced sorrow and regret for the disappointment and mortification which her female companions naturally experienced on these occasions. When to these qualities and attainments it is added, that Arabella was beautiful—had a most elegant form, danced *à merviell*, and was the best French scholar in her class, the reader need not wonder at the partialities of her parents; yet with all these qualities and accomplishments, Mrs. Timbertone conceived them insufficient without the addition of *music*. Now, whether it was from the father and mother having no natural genius for this art themselves, or that dame Nature was disposed to be niggardly in this instance, while she was so liberal

in others, certain it is, that Arabella Timbertone had neither an ear, voice, nor taste for music, and so insensible was she to the "harmony of sweet sounds," that they produced no more effect upon her than the whistling of the wintry winds on the top of her father's chimney. What may appear rather extraordinary, if not inexplicable, is, that her mother, who was precisely in the same predicament, should have been so determined to instruct her daughter in an art of which she herself knew nothing, and from which she could derive no pleasure, yet, viewing it as an accomplishment, and that accomplishment as fashionable and polite, she could never rest in peace till she placed Arabella under the instruction of a music-master. Her father, whose station in life was no higher than that of a common attorney, or what in Edinburgh is called a writer, was a plain, laborious man, attentive to nothing but the prosecution of his professional business, and willing, for his own ease and comfort, to accede to the propensities of a wife, who was ambitious to imitate her superiors in every thing that distinguished rank and opulence. He therefore yielded quietly to a system of ostentatious show, for which he had no relish himself, and for which, exclusively of the plague and expense annexed to it, he saw not the smallest occasion.

His help-mate, (if not to domestic comfort or economy, at least to modern fashion and expense,) was the daughter of a farmer in East Lothian, who having fortunately obtained a long lease, previous to the unexampled rise of rents, had, in the course of nineteen years, acquired considerable gain, in consequence of the improved system of agriculture, and the rapid advance of price in every article of luxury; in so much so, indeed, that, relinquishing his former plain laborious habits of rural industry, he could now not only keep his hunter

and one horse chaise, entertain his friends with a sumptuous dinner, and a bottle of the best, but could give his daughter such a portion, as became an object of some importance to a man who depended chiefly on his own industry and exertions.

For the first two years after marriage, the husband and wife lived in much peace and harmony. Ambition, parade, and imitation, had not yet taken fast hold of a country girl, brought up, during the greatest part of her life, in plain domestic economy, and unaccustomed to genteel society; but on her becoming a mother, and associating with those who had daughters educated *secundum artem*, Mrs. Timbertone began to get a new light, and to perceive that it was absolutely necessary her child should receive every individual branch of education bestowed on others, merely to accord with fashion, and at the same time to show, that in no one article of instruction her daughter was behind any in Edinburgh.

It was this laudable and much to be admired ambition, that made Mrs. Timbertone so anxious to have Arabella instructed in an art, which engaged the attention of all; and although her daughter, from the day of her birth to her thirteenth year, never once betrayed the least symptom of affection for what commonly is apparent by the *third* or *fourth*, she, without troubling herself about such trifles, or consulting her child's inclination, nobly determined to make her a complete musician, both vocal and instrumental. For the first six months, Arabella's improvement in mere mechanical or manual execution, proved gratifying and encouraging to her; but, on an endless succession of lessons, she began to tire of what afforded her no mental pleasure or amusement, and to complain of apathy and languor. Mrs. Timbertone on her part became alarmed, and remonstrated with her daughter on the subject; but as often as she expatiated

on the immense delight she would experience from music, Arabella answered, that she was certain she never would derive the smallest pleasure from what she had no inclination to. "Your inclination will increase with your practice, Arabella," said the mother. "Your master says so, and that not only pleasure, but *taste* are the inseparable companions of execution and facility, without which, both must remain dormant; persevere, therefore, and there is no doubt of your success."

Another six months of hard labour and application elapsed; but no increase of pleasure came to poor Arabella! During all this time, she was debarred from those occupations which were congenial to her taste and inclination. She loved her book, her pencil, and her needle; but none of these were permitted to interfere with her musical tasks, as her mother, five or six times a-day, bawled out, "Sit down to your piano, Arabella! you have been a great deal too long from it: Sit down to your piano, I tell you!"

The girl at last became so har assed and worn out with this irksome and incessant toil, that no longer able to endure it, she entreated her mother to release her from what was so unpleasant; but to no effect. "Would you give up a branch of education so indispensably necessary for every young woman who has the least pertensions to gentility and fashion?" exclaimed the sagacious mother. "Do you see *one* exception among all your intimates or acquaintance? and would it not be disgraceful to you, as well as to us, were you deficient in what is now considered as the most important and the most elegant part of female education? Impossible!"

"It may be important to those who receive pleasure from it, and who are qualified to give pleasure to others," said Arabella; "but that is not the case with me. I

would not give one farthing for all the music in the world, nor can I expect to arrive at any perfection in it, when I have neither a voice sufficient to reach one octave, nor an ear to distinguish treble from common time."

"That's nothing," rejoined the judicious mother—"all this will come by practice. Your master tells me so, and that a good *timeist* can be made without a musical ear; and as for your voice, he says it is not yet nearly formed, but that years and daily practice will render it not only sweet but powerful!"

"Now, what the master says must be nonsense, mother," rejoined Arabella; "for there is Betsy Nightingale, who is much younger than I am, and who can with ease reach nearly three octaves, and has besides so nice an ear, that before her first month of instruction was over, she could distinguish the smallest discord: But Betsy has a natural genius for music, and I have not, mother."

"Really, my dear," said Mr. Timbertone, (who all this time had been listening to the argument,) "I cannot help thinking that what Arabella says is very just. Neither you nor I, you know, have the least taste for music, nor ever had a musical voice or ear in our lives; how then can we expect such qualities in our daughter? And since such gifts are not the portion of all, why should we strive against nature, and render the poor girl miserable for nothing?"

"Hold your tongue, Mr. Timbertone," said his wife, impatiently, "you know nothing at all of the matter. Will any body pretend to say that music is not to be acquired by *practice alone*, when every parent in Edinburgh gives it to their daughters without the least exception? And pray, Mr. Timbertone, what a pretty figure should we make, if *our* daughter was deficient

in any branch of education, especially in one which is now universally admired, and considered as the very first accomplishment a young lady can possess? Suppose now, for instance, that we had an evening party: could we possibly avoid giving them an entertainment, which they all lay their account with—music, both vocal and instrumental? And should we not look very foolish, and very contemptible, Mr. Timbertone, if instead of our own daughter contributing to this entertainment, we should be under the necessity of applying to the daughters of others, and consequently acknowledging to the whole company, that we had neglected to give Arabella what no mechanic's daughter in Edinburgh is ignorant of? Impossible, Mr. Timbertone! We should be the town talk—the ridicule of all polite society, and our daughter looked down upon wherever she went! No, no, allow me to know these things better, if you please. I don't interfere in your business, Mr. Timbertone, and I beg you may not interfere in any plans of mine for instructing Arabella, who must be educated as other young women of fashion are, without the exception of one article."

"Very well, my dear," answered Timbertone, very placidly, "I shall not argue the point with you; but allow me just to observe, that what with musical instruments, musical books, and musical masters at half a guinea every three lessons, I am already out of pocket above 250*l.* and Arabella, by her own confession, not one bit the better for it."

"You are much mistaken, Mr. Timbertone," said his wife briskly; "infinitely mistaken! Arabella can play over a difficult concerto with considerable brilliance of fingering, her master tells me; and that nothing now is wanting but a little more time and experience to make her equal to any young lady in Edinburgh."

"And when may this be, mother?" asked Arabella, anxiously.

"Why, the master seems to think, that every thing, both vocal and instrumental, may be accomplished in another twelve-month," said the mother triumphantly.

"Heigh ho!" sighed Arabella, mournfully: "In another twelvemonth, I could flower my India muslin gown—sew all the chair covers for our drawing room—paint my six fire screens—read what books I please, and make my father's dozen of ruffled shirts into the bargain!"

"And be much better employed I think, Arabella," said her father;—"but your mother thinks otherwise."

It would be painful to the reader, as well as to the writer of this history, to enumerate all Arabella's sufferings during another tedious year, in applying to what she could not attain, and labouring at what afforded her not the smallest gratification. Her master strove in vain to infuse taste where no musical feeling existed; but he succeeded in giving a greater facility of execution, which practice alone can accomplish. Arabella could play the most difficult piece of music at sight; but in this execution, every thing connected with delicacy, neatness, and judgment was wanting. As to vocal music, matters were still worse. The master indeed contrived to make her voice reach nearly three octaves, by squalling and straining, but while this pierced the ear in screams, it had no more to do with melody, nor the most distant resemblance to harmony, than the sounds of a trumpet have to the mellowed tones of an organ. Mrs. Timbertone, however, was delighted with her daughter's improvement. The extent of her squalls assured her of the wonderful powers of Arabella's voice, and the facility with which she rattled over the most complex piece of composition on the piano, left no

doubt whatever in her mind, of her daughter being now a complete mistress of vocal and instrumental music. It became therefore necessary to evince this excellence more publicly, to competent and approved judges, not only to obtain their applause, but to propagate her daughter's celebrity. For this purpose, every thing was arranged for a grand evening party, and a proper exhibition. A superior toned instrument, on a new construction, was, without any regard to expense, immediately purchased by the advice of the music master—a select and choice party of amateurs invited to tea, cards, and supper, and the concert room lighted up and ornamented suitably to the occasion.

Among those who composed this selection, was a gentleman, who having, during the earlier part of his life, devoted himself to the study of music, and practised for a number of years on the organ, was accounted not only a most critical judge of the art, but one of the best private singers in Britain. With the view of exhibiting her daughter's *superior* powers by contrast, Mrs. Timbertone likewise invited Arabella's intimate friend and acquaintance Betsey Nightingale, who, with much less execution, and a voice more sweet than powerful, possessed such native taste, and such richness and mellowness of musical tones, judiciously and feelingly managed, that few or none qualified to judge, could hear her warble one of her simple native airs, without experiencing those emotions which sentiment and passion excite.

No sooner was the prelude of tea-drinking over, than Miss Arabella was, in compliment to the entertainer, requested by some of the company to favour them with her performance on her improved instrument, while every one was attentive to the expected effect. The musical gentleman already mentioned, (whom we shall henceforth denominate the organist,) took his station close by Ara-

bella, and after having remained about ten or fifteen minutes, resigned his place to any who might wish to occupy it, and walking carelessly to the farther end of the room, sat down and took a pinch of snuff, with an indifference and expression of countenance that denoted nothing of approbation, and still less of rapture. Mrs. Timbertone, who watched the countenances and motions of all present, was unable to divine the cause of this precipitate retreat, but anxious to awaken a greater degree of interest, she soon joined him, and intimated that her daughter was about to accompany her instrument with her voice, which was accounted a very extraordinary one. Willing to ascertain this fact, the organist once more resumed his station, but after having remained there a few minutes, he repeated his retreat with a quicker step than formerly, and again applied to his snuff box. As Mrs. Timbertone was altogether uncertain whether these retrograde movements were occasioned by indifference, disapprobation, or overpowering ecstasy, she was once more impelled to approach him, partly by curiosity, but more from confidence. Seating herself by him, she asked him if he did not think Miss Timbertone's voice a very powerful one? "Very powerful indeed!" answered the organist, taking another pinch of snuff, "so much so, ma'am, that you see I have removed to this distance, in order to enjoy its effects with more composure."

"Well, I was certain of it!" exclaimed the enraptured mother with emotion;—"a person of your great experience, taste, and judgment, I was sure could not be insensible to Arabella's excellence. And don't you think too, that her execution on the piano is wonderful?"

"Altogether so," replied this singular character, with infinite gravity. "I never heard any thing like it in my life; it is perfectly astonishing!"

"Do you think," resumed Mrs. Timbertone, "that any more instruction is necessary for my daughter."

"Oh! by no means, ma'am," answered the other; "on the contrary, I think that the young lady has got a great deal too much already. It is altogether out of the power of art to make her better," continued he, beating carelessly on the top of his snuff box and yawning, "but it is very possible to make her worse."

"Well, this is so gratifying, from one of your taste!" said the delighted mother; and unable to conceal her pleasure any longer, sprung up, and communicated aloud to all the company, the sentiments and opinions of so celebrated a judge and critic.

In order to evince her daughter's decided superiority, Betsey Nightingale was, with much difficulty, prevailed on to occupy Arabella's place at the piano; and no sooner had she played a few bars, than the retired organist arose, and approached, and leaning over the back of her chair, continued nearly an hour soliciting her to play over some admired airs, and accompany them with her voice. During this performance, it was perceived by Mrs. Timbertone, and indeed by the whole company, that the gentleman, instead of pulling out his snuff box as formerly, repeatedly pulled out a cambric handkerchief, and applied it to his eyes, a circumstance which failed not to attract the particular attention of Mrs. T. who was altogether at a loss how to account for his whole conduct. Reserving her curiosity till supper time to unfold this mystery, she contented herself with supposing, that the last mentioned circumstance, (the frequent use of the handkerchief,) proceeded from some weakness in the gentleman's eyes, which, by looking long and intensely on the musical notes by candle light, had naturally enough occasioned this watery effusion. This supposition, however, sagacious as it was, continued

not long, for on supper being removed, and a *solo* from Arabella proposed by the company, in compliment again to the mother, Mrs. T. to her no small astonishment, saw the organist, who sat next to her, take out of his pocket some cotton wool, and as soon as Arabella commenced her song, very deliberately stuff each ear effectually, telling her at the same time, that having experienced the advantage of hearing Miss Timbertone's powerful voice at a distance, he was induced to adopt the present method with the view of deriving similar pleasure. Singular as this appeared to the company, it was considered by the mother as a high compliment paid to her daughter's musical powers; while the rest, tickled with the expedient, continued winking significantly to each other during the performance. When Arabella's trumpet notes had ceased, the cotton wool was immediately removed by the organist, with a request that Miss Nightingale might favour the company with one of those native airs she had sung at the harpsichord. On this occasion Mrs. Timbertone was all attention, for on it depended a complete solution of her doubts and perplexities, which were soon removed, when she perceived the handkerchief again used and repeated as formerly, while Betsy, with genuine pathos and expression, sung, 'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonie, bonie bride."

"Miss Nightingale's song seems to affect you, Sir," said Mrs. Timbertone, turning round to the organist.

"It does indeed, madam," said the other, wiping his eyes. "There is something in your native musical airs and songs altogether irresistible, and when sung with such true feeling and taste, I should be an insensible—a mere block of marble, did I not experience the influence!"

"May I ask the reason," resumed Mrs. Timbertone, "why you was not equally affected with Arabella's song?"

"*Umph!*" said the organist, taking out his snuff box, and rapping on it—"it is a home question! but I shall endeavour to explain myself the best way I can: *Astonishment* is one thing, ma'am, *sensibility* another. The first is surprise, and surprise alone: The other is produced by what is natural and passionate, without any surprise at all."

"I don't rightly understand you," said Mrs. Timbertone.

"I shall endeavour to illustrate what I mean by example, ma'am," said the organist, taking a pinch: "Miss Timbertone's voice is powerful even to astonishment; Miss Nightingale's is the reverse. Yet although it is not of equal *compass*, it is full, mellow, and melodiously sweet in tone, and peculiarly adapted to the nature of the music she sings, and which she executes with singular propriety, without straining, which is always productive of *squalling*."

"And is it your opinion that Arabella squalls?" said the mother, anxiously.

"I did not say so, madam," answered the other, willing to evade the question: "Allow me just to explain what I mean as to the real cause of musical emotions. In the first place, whatever others may think or say, there must be a *native musical taste*, without which, no power of art will ever make a real musician. This taste, I consider, depends on a certain sensibility of mind and frame, which, alive to every impression of music, (or to make myself sufficiently understood, every *musical sound* that strikes the ear,) creates pleasure or pain, and consequently forms taste, which some have confounded with *judgment* and *experience*. In the second place, without a correct

musical *ear*, nothing can be accomplished; for this plain obvious reason, that the ear is the organ of sound, and consequently the conveyer of what gives pleasure or pain, which are the immediate regulators or directors of *taste*. In the third and last place, without a melodious, well toned *natural* voice, all the rest goes for nothing—at least for a *singer*. I hope I have made myself sufficiently understood, madam," said the organist, taking a larger pinch than usual.

"I think you have," said Mrs. Timbertone, hesitatingly. "You mean, I suppose, that Arabella, with much greater powers, gives not nearly the same pleasure that Miss Nightingale does."

"Oh, pardon me, ma'am! That would be doing great injustice to both the ladies. They have each great powers; but of a different nature."

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Timbertone, unable to distinguish the ingenuity of the organist's *equivoque*; "but what are the best methods to give this same pathos and expression you talk of, to those who want them?"

"There you puzzle me, madam," replied the other. "That is a question I cannot possibly answer."

"Why not," said the inquisitive lady.

"Because it depends upon *nature*, and not on *art*, ma'am."

"But nature may be assisted and improved by art surely," rejoined the other.

"In some instances it may materially; in others not at all," rejoined the critic.

"I should be glad to hear the instances where it does improve," said Mrs. Timbertone, still unwilling to give up a subject in which she was so much interested.

"Why then, madam, since you will *force* me to say what I could willingly avoid," said the organist, provoked at her obstinacy, "I *will* tell you. When na-

tural gifts, such as I have mentioned, are apparent, the musical pupil, under the hands of an able teacher, may be taught any thing, because every thing is favourable. There is an excellent soil to work upon; all that is wanting is judicious culture. In this case, every attention may and *ought* to be given, for there is a prospect, nay, an assurance of reaping an ample reward; but should the reverse be the case, it is labour in vain; we may toil to eternity, and produce nothing but weeds to repay time uselessly spent, and expense needlessly thrown away."

"But as to the *best* culture on a *good* soil," said Mrs. Timbertone, laughing foolishly.

"That would require more time to specify," answered the other, looking at his watch, "than we can now spare, for it is already past two in the morning. All I can say at present is, that when nature has been liberal in her gifts, and after these gifts have been improved by a skilful instructor, the best method, in my opinion, is to accustom the pupil to hear the most approved performers, both vocal and instrumental, which cannot fail to benefit and perfect such as have true musical genius and qualities."

"Oh, now I understand you *perfectly!*" said the stupid mother, who, in all that was advanced, perceived nothing against her daughter's natural capacity; "now I understand you clearly, and I thank you most kindly for favouring me with such important advice for Arabella's farther improvement! *Music has charms to soothe the savage breast*, you know, sir," said Mrs. Timbertone, throwing herself into a theatrical attitude.

"Yes, ma'am!" answered the organist, with infinite coldness; "So says Mr. Congreve; but he forgot to add *good* music, without which, we may truly say that music

has plagues to pain the tortured breast! Aye, and the tortured *ear* too!" said he, rising from the table.

The musical party now broke up; and when the organist had got fairly out of the house, he turned to one of the gentlemen who accompanied him, and said, "did you ever see such an absurd ridiculous woman! I have met with many foolish musical mothers in Edinburgh, but this wrong-headed woman exceeds them all! Without one single idea of music, she will talk of it forever; and, without her daughter's possessing a single requisite for the art, she has made her the most intolerable performer and singer I ever heard in my life, or I hope ever will hear again! Had it not been for that sweet girl, who is really a *Nightingale!* together with my cotton wool and my snuff-box, I should never have held it out for the space of one hour."

"You managed matters, however, wonderfully well," said the other; "and I could not but admire your address in evading an open declaration of your sentiments, and, at the same time, saying every thing that *might* have convinced the mother that her daughter was unqualified for music."

"It had no effect however on either, you perceived," rejoined the organist; "and how could it? Neither mother nor daughter comprehended one thing I advanced on the subject; for this reason, that neither of them has a particle of taste, an ear, or a voice for music, and consequently no more musical feeling than the flags on which we are now treading. It is truly astonishing to me," continued he, "and has been so ever since I came to this place, the musical mania that rages here among you! Were girls, who really inherit from nature a genius for music, or even a portion of it, *only* instructed, we might perhaps pass over (however absurd) the practice of making not the least distinction between the

musical education of a gentleman's daughter, and one of the lowest rank and station; but when every girl, whether she possesses genius or natural qualities for it or not, is indiscriminately taught this branch, merely because it is considered *fashionable and polite*, it is really difficult to keep from murmuring, while we are painfully subjected to the effects wherever we go, and to whatever quarter we turn. For my own part, I have suffered so much from your evening parties and squalling Misses, that I am now determined to give them up entirely; for, while my ears are incessantly assailed with discordant sounds, my feelings are wounded with a total want of taste nineteen times out of twenty. It is really paying too dear, to sacrifice one's peace and patience for no other purpose than to gratify the vanity and folly of mothers, in exhibiting their daughters' musical powers by screaming and rattling over the keys of an instrument for hours together every evening!"

The effects of this evening's entertainment, however, had no small influence on the sentiments and conduct of both mother and daughter. Mrs. Timbertone heard one of the best musical judges in the kingdom say, that Arabella's vocal powers were *astonishing*, and her execution *wonderful*; and Arabella had heard her mother announce this opinion publicly and audibly to all the company present. It therefore naturally followed, that the one should be impressed with a firm belief of her daughter's superior excellence, and that the other should conceive she really possessed qualities of which, till then, she was totally unconscious. How easily is modest, unassuming, diffident nature, tickled and tricked into vanity and conceit by injudicious praise! How many wretched painters, musicians, poets, and idle scribblers, have been made by this incautious practice alone! and how much ought parents to guard against

exciting this vanity and confidence in youth, which nine times in ten is founded on error. Arabella, who formerly was not only indifferent, but averse to an art from which she derived no amusement or mental pleasure, now became inclined to devote her time to it completely; not from an increase of love for the art itself, but for the love of praise, and a desire of fame. It was therefore with sincere pleasure she, for the first time, listened to her mother's proposal of engaging some celebrated singer to instruct her in *pathos* and *expression*—give a finishing touch to those powers which she already possessed, and make her altogether superlative.

An opportunity soon offered for gratifying this desire. One of those celebrated warbling itinerants, who occasionally visit our musical metropolis of a winter, brought down in her suite a young man, who, having preferred the exercise of the bow to that of the pen, was, after repeated ineffectual remonstrances from his father, cast off to shift for himself the best way he could. Finding himself thus abandoned, it became expedient to devise some means of immediate support, and being generally acquainted with the whole circle of the *musicantæ* in London, he was engaged as a violin performer in the travelling band of the female songstress just mentioned, during her excursions to various parts of the united kingdom, where, by the mere celebrity of her name, she extracted more money from the pockets of pretended critics and amateurs in one month, than would have maintained a member of parliament or under secretary of state, not long ago, for a whole year. It has been often a matter of surprise to some sage politicians, that with all the methods adopted to increase revenue, it has never yet occurred to ingenious financiers to lay a tax on celebrated singers. *Ten per cent.* on the gains of this increasing horde, would be no trifling sum poured in

annually to the treasury; and as this gain is so easily procured, and so cheerfully bestowed by all descriptions of people without exception, the tax could never be attended with those general murmurings and discontent which usually arise from other heavy loads laid on the subject to support an expensive war; particularly the increased burden laid on the cultivator of the soil. But leaving this enigma to be explained by others more competent to the task, let us return to our main subject, namely, the *advantages resulting from a perseverance in the musical art, in defiance of honest nature.*

The young man, whom we have just introduced to the reader, was in one instance somewhat similar to Arabella, but in no other. He could, in consequence of great practice, execute the most complicated piece of musical composition with facility, but not with taste, and indeed could manage his bow so as to astonish all by his execution, but not by his skill. Yet with this *natural* defect, he had a correct musical ear, improved by long practice, and a voice naturally sweet and melodious, which was likewise considerably improved by a constant attention paid to the best vocal performers, and particularly to the tones and inflections of the wonderful warbler by whom he was at present engaged. On his coming to Edinburgh, where he soon found that every young woman, of whatever rank or condition, was taught music indiscriminately, it occurred to him that something might be done to procure not only a more lucrative, but a more permanent employment; and as he had already attracted public notice, and obtained the unqualified approbation of *indisputable* judges, he advertised to instruct young ladies in the proper management of the voice, and the true pathos, expression, and articulation of singing, at a guinea for three lessons. Nothing could have happened more opportunely,

or answered more *à propos* to Mrs. Timbertone's plan and wishes, who recollecting the terms of art used by the organist, was now fully persuaded she had the infallible means of rendering her daughter completely mistress of every thing relative to musical perfection. The advertiser was immediately engaged on his own terms, provided he attended regularly, and continued for a certain time every day; and in order that Arabella might derive all the benefit of his instruction, it was also settled, that she should regularly attend the public performance of the celebrated singer every night, for which purpose a box was engaged during the whole time she was to continue in the place.

It was the interest of this teacher, as it is of all others, not only to humour the expectation of the parent, but to bestow the highest encomiums on the performance and improvement of the pupil. The most extravagant encomiums were therefore daily lavished on the extent of Miss Timbertone's wonderful voice, and the uncommon brilliancy of her execution on the piano-forte—nothing in short was wanting but a due management of these extraordinary powers, and a greater liquidity, richness, and mellowness of tones, to render her a second Billington. These, however, he well knew could never be acquired by his pupil; for in the first or second lesson, he discovered, that exclusively of a harsh sharp voice, the very reverse of what he promised to effect, Arabella's natural ear was completely defective, and that she experienced no more pleasure from the harmony of sweet sounds, than the instrument on which she played. His praises however failed not to fill the mother with rapture, and the daughter with conceit. Attending all public places of musical resort, she now descanted on the qualities of the different performers—talked decidedly of excellences and defects—pronounced

this one exquisitely sweet, and the other destitute of true pathos, and rung such a chime on sensibility, musical expression, articulation, and mellowed tones, as to make the unskilful stare, and the experienced smile, especially when Arabella illustrated all these critical remarks by the *harmony* of her own tones, and the pathos of her musical *sensibility*.

In this way matters continued for another half year, during which time, a variety of evening and supper parties took place at Mrs. Timbertone's, for the purpose of exhibiting her daughter's improved vocal powers, at all of which her artful instructor attended, who by this time had become a kind of inmate in the family, and a particular favourite with both mother and daughter. As for Mr. Timbertone, he said little, but thought much. Being of a placid easy temper, and averse to altercation and opposition, he preferred yielding to the tide in silence, rather than struggle boldly against the stream; and although he suffered continual harassment from a system which broke in upon his domestic comforts and *quiet*, and afforded him not the smallest pleasure, he could not prevail on himself to pluck up a little resolution, and firmly oppose what he disapproved. There are so many worthy, good men of this description, that we cannot, consistently with our plan, avoid saying a few words on the subject.

While we admire, and even envy a good temper, we are by no means disposed to approve of that species of good nature which will calmly and tamely submit to improprieties, rather than oppose them at the expense of a little wrangling, however unpleasant. We have known husbands, who, rather than assert their right in many essential points of domestic propriety, permitted a wrong-headed vain woman, to act as she pleased, merely to evade the trouble of opposition; and fathers, who ra-

ther than enforce judicious conduct, allowed their children to indulge in propensities and habits highly prejudicial to their respectability and success in life; and this not from parental weakness or affection, but from an unwillingness to exert themselves to counteract what they were confident was wrong, or to establish what they were assured was right.

We certainly do not mean to make husbands or fathers tyrants; but we do sincerely wish to see them possessed of as much firmness as may enable them to oppose what is evidently improper in their family concerns, and to insist on what is becoming and fit. Should the ladies be offended at this plain remark, we beg they may take into consideration two circumstances, which may convince them, that instead of taking any thing from their consequence, we are adding to it in more respects than one. In the first place, if a husband is to be considered as the head of a family, he can reflect little consequence on his wife or children, if he is an insignificant, and has no will of his own; and in the second, if he has no power or control over his family, in all likelihood matters will run into disorder, and finally strip his wife of the only means she has to support her respectability in station and society, if it does not likewise involve her children in some imprudent conduct. We talk not here of judicious, circumspect, and prudent wives, because we are confident no such circumstances will occur; but as we are inclined to think that for one wife who is guided by prudence, there are in the present times, at least two who are influenced by vanity and a love for show, we cannot avoid remarking, that this same tameness or unwillingness of the husband to oppose what he disapproves, is not only injurious to himself, but to his wife and family. Let us likewise remark, now that we are on the subject, that to this same apparent placidity

of temper, which is often nothing more than a selfish slothful love of ease, we cannot, consistently with our experience, give the name of *good nature*, because we have known several men of this description, who, when family calamities occurred, which were occasioned by their own negligence and want of energy, have conducted themselves very differently, and evinced not only firmness of character, but an obstinacy and ill nature, as remarkable for pertinacity as their former conduct was tame and imbecile. This we hope to elucidate in the conduct of Mr. Timbertone himself on the present occasion.

Flattery may with much propriety be called the seducer of the vain. Arabella, as well as her mother, listened to the seduction, and became partial to the flatterer. The daily praise of the musical teacher, came every day sweeter to Arabella's ear, which drank it in much faster than the sounds of harmony, or the united charms of melody and musical expression. In a word, the vocal instructor and the pupil soon became another Abelard and Eloise, with this very material difference, that while love engaged the heart of one, interest chiefly occupied that of the other. The musician was not so blind as to overlook the advantages that would accrue from an union with the only child of a man in excellent business, and reputed wealthy; while the young lady, pleased with the assiduities, manners, and address of one whose external appearance was attractive, yielded to the soft impression, rendered irresistible by the love of praise. Neither, however, were insensible to the difficulties that encompassed them. The mother, although governed and guided by fashionable imitation, was as proud as she was foolishly vain; and the father, long habituated to a profession where success is the attendant of industry, naturally looked forward to a match for his

daughter, which would attach some consequence and importance not only to her, but to himself. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," says an old and trite adage; and fearful lest a discovery of mutual attachment might completely frustrate his scheme, the musician urged a private marriage, to be revealed at a more suitable season; with which request Arabella complied. Such methods seldom or never are attended with favourable consequences; for this reason, that they cannot long be concealed, and when discovered, are sure to produce the most unfavourable effects. A visible change in the daughter's appearance, soon opened the eyes of the mother, notwithstanding her former blindness; and on her discovering the truth, and upbraiding her undutiful child for the meanness of her choice, she was very properly answered, that but for her, the circumstance never would have happened.

From her husband, Mrs. Timbertone met with something still more ungracious. Roused at length from his apathy and sluggishness, and burning with rage and mortification at the discovery, he gave a full vent to his passion, and, cursing her musical madness and musical concerts, declared, that, from that hour, he would never see the beggarly pair as long as he breathed, nor advance one sixpence toward their support, were they starving. "Let them go and earn their bread by their *profession*," said he, "as I have done by mine! The devil a farthing shall they get from me! I have already expended on music ten times more than my father bestowed on all my education; and since your musical daughter and her husband are so well qualified for this honourable and admired art, let them enjoy the benefit of it. We shall no doubt hear ere long of their wonderful powers and celebrity, in all the corners of the united kingdom: she, another Billingtone, and he, another Incletone!—

May the devil run a hunting with the whole pack, I say and with all the cursed fools that run after them!"

Mrs. Timbertone was too conscious of her own error, and too much mortified at what had happened, to make any reply; and a circumstance soon occurred which added to her shame and mortification considerably.

On Arabella's being informed of her father's determined resolution, and expelled from her home, she repaired to the obscure lodgings of her husband, and faithfully communicated to him the unpleasant intelligence. The question now was, what could possibly be done to obtain an immediate livelihood and preclude want; and what was the prospect of maintaining a wife and family in future? These considerations occupied the mind of our musical schemer very seriously, and failed not to make a very deep impression. During his residence in Edinburgh, his principal emoluments and support were derived from the family of the Timbertones. His expense for living amounted to little or nothing, in consequence of his daily intercourse and domesticated habits there; and as his practice in teaching others was very trifling, the whole of his funds exceeded not forty or fifty guineas, the principal part of which came out of Mrs. Timbertone's pocket. Convinced that his recent conduct could add nothing to his character or practice, and perfectly assured of his wife's incapacity to afford him the smallest assistance in the line of his profession, he at length came to a resolution, which, however unpleasant, his immediate embarrassment rendered indispensable. Necessity is a severe trial to virtue and correct conduct, and the love of gain no feeble exciter to surmount sound principle.

We have already explained the methods adopted by this young man to obtain his favourite object, and finding himself now completely disappointed in all his flat-

tering hopes and expectations, it was not surprising, but very natural for him, to resort to some expedient as the mean of precluding absolute want, and of procuring for himself bread where it was most likely to be obtained. He therefore came to a resolution, which, however repugnant to his natural feelings, quadrated exactly with his circumstances, namely, to abandon the woman whom he had married, and without delay to repair to a quarter where he was likely to procure some employment; and having wherewithal to defray the expense of travelling, and to support himself for a short time, he set off instantly for London, where he despaired not of obtaining some employment, in the line of his profession, to insure a livelihood. In taking this honourable step, he consoled himself with a persuasion, that on his wife's being left destitute of support, her parents would necessarily take her home again, and that if matters took a favourable turn, either here or in London, he could at a convenient season claim her as his lawful property.

That he might not, however, appear altogether unworthy in the eyes of his father and mother-in-law, he thought it necessary to explain the cause of his sudden departure, and to frame some apology for his apparent misconduct. For this purpose, he wrote a letter to Mr. Timbertone, expressive of his mortification in leaving the woman of his fondest affection, which nothing but imperious necessity could have forced him to; but that being now deprived of all support, and his wife totally unqualified to afford him the smallest assistance in the line of his profession, from her having neither an ear nor a voice for music, he had no other alternative than to repair to London, with the view of obtaining some situation, unincumbered with the additional charge of a wife and family, till more favourable times enabled him to support her and them, conformable to his inclination.

It was hard to say whether Mr. Timbertone's rage or triumph was greatest on the receipt of this letter: rage at the apparent rascality and impudence of the writer—triumph in having it now in his power to expose the extreme folly of his wife's former conduct, with respect to the musical talents and education of her daughter, and to silence her for ever after as to her pretended knowledge of what she was completely ignorant of: Proceeding directly to the parlour where Mrs. Timbertone was mourning over the misconduct of a favourite daughter, qualified to adorn and charm society with her incomparable musical powers, he put the open letter into her hand, telling her, with a significant look and grin, "to read that precious epistle, and comfort herself with the contents, which he was sure would yield her pleasure."

If Mr. Timbertone's rage and indignation, on the receipt of the letter, was great, that of the disappointed and abused mother-in-law of this artful deceiver, was doubly so. Casting the detested scrawl from her hand with scorn, she pronounced it an infamous falsehood, invented to palliate the villany of a scoundrel, at the expense of her daughter's unquestionable talents; and that she would prove it to be such, by the testimony and unbiassed opinion of those who were qualified, in every respect, to decide on the subject. For this purpose, she, without waiting for her husband's reply, immediately left the room, and despatched a note to a musical pair, whom we have not yet introduced in their new character, and whom she begged to see as soon as possible, on an affair of the utmost importance to her peace and happiness.

The musical pair, whom we have just mentioned, was no other than the Organist and Betsy Nightingale, who were now united by firmer bonds than musical sympathy

at Mrs. Timbertone's first evening party, where impressions were made on both, which shortly after terminated in the Organist's getting a very amiable girl, and excellent musician, for his wife, and Betsy a very worthy man, with a genteel fortune, for a husband. Now, we beg it may not be inferred from this, that we mean to insinuate that a good singer, or musical performer, is more likely to get well married than one who is not; on the contrary, we wish to impress on the minds of our readers, and our musical ones in particular, that there is no greater probability of a young woman's getting a husband, in consequence of musical talents, however great, than one who has none at all, for the two following indisputable reasons: *First.* Because not one man in an hundred is a competent judge of music, and, consequently, cannot be attracted by its charms; and, *Secondly*, Because every man of common sense and experience knows, that music *generally* ceases after marriage, when all the piano-fortes, and *pianissimos*, are laid aside for the more endearing and delightful music of the nursery. The greatest benefit, therefore, derived from the present musical system, is the exquisite pleasure which vain mothers receive from their daughters' musical performances *previous* to marriage, together with that charming secret pride, arising from a conviction, that an art, common to *all*, must be deemed a rare accomplishment to *each*, and that the quicker their daughters play, the sooner will they get husbands. We make no apology for this short digression, as we are persuaded every reader of penetration will pronounce it as true as it is novel.

The unfortunate event in Mr. Timbertone's family, naturally induced the new married pair to conclude, that the note they had just received alluded to this unpleasant circumstance; and as they both felt for Arabel

la, and pitied the sufferings of the parents, they lost no time in complying with the summons. On their entering the parlour, they found Mr. and Mrs. Timbertone in violent altercation—the fatal letter in the hand of the husband, who seemed to enjoy the possession of it; while his wife endeavoured, in vain, to snatch it from him, on perceiving her visitors. Approaching them, however, she addressed them thus:—

"I have sent for you, my good friends, to determine a point in which I am much interested, and which I am well assured none are more competent to decide. Here is my wise husband, fully persuaded of the truth of what is contained in that infamous letter, which is not only a libel on my daughter, but on me! Mr. Timbertone, will you have the condescension to let this gentleman peruse it, and read it aloud, for the benefit and edification of all present?"

"Most willingly!" answered the other; presenting it to the Organist, who, accordingly, read it audibly, and without saying a word, very deliberately folded it up, and delivered it to Mr. Timbertone.

"Did you ever meet with any thing so scandalously false or impudent?" exclaimed the enraged mother.

The Organist still remained silent.

"Could you have supposed it possible for any person to have been so base and malicious, as to have advanced such falsehoods, merely to excuse his own unworthiness and infamy! You know well," continued she, as neither the Organist nor his wife uttered a syllable in reply, "you know well, sir, what *your* sentiments were, on hearing my daughter's musical powers the first time in this house, and that you thought them not only uncommon, but *astonishing!*"

"I certainly did so, madam," said the Organist very calmly; "but, do me the justice to confess, that I never pronounced them *musical*."

"Yes, yes, I do remember what you said that night about musical *melody* and *harmony*, *pathos* and *expression*; but, although Arabella might be a little deficient in these at the time, she was perfect mistress of them all afterwards, although her accuser is mean enough to deny it."

The Organist shook his head, and said, "you must pardon me, madam, if I have my doubts of this."

"*Doubts!*" said Mrs. Timbertone, alarmed—"What doubts? I don't understand you!"

"Why, really, madam, it is a very unpleasant subject," said the other, taking a pinch of snuff, "and we had better drop it."

"By no means!" struck in Mr. Timbertone, who began to perceive how matters were likely to end. "Speak out your sentiments and opinions freely; nothing you will advance on the subject will be displeasing to *me*, I can assure you, sir."

"Nor to me either," said his wife, firmly; "we only wish to hear your candid opinion of our poor unfortunate girl's musical talents, without the least reserve."

"Why, then, madam, to be perfectly candid with you," said the Organist, "my real opinion is, and has all along been, that your daughter has no musical talents whatever."

Mrs. Timbertone remained petrified with astonishment; or, to use Thomson's words,

"A stupid moment motionless she stood!"

Recovering, however, from her surprise, which was quickly banished by her husband's exultation, she ad-

dressed the arbiter in the following terms:—"I thank you, sir, for your *candour;* but how does it agree with the opinion you formerly delivered, when you pronounced my daughter's vocal powers astonishing, and her execution wonderful; which opinion, you may likewise well remember, I communicated aloud to all the company present: How can you reconcile this?"

"Very easily," answered the other calmly. "I pronounced your daughter's vocal powers, or, to express myself more correctly, the *power of her voice*, astonishing; because I do assure you, it completely overpowered me at the time; as a proof of which, you cannot but remember, in turn, that I retired to the farther end of the room to avoid it; and when I could not possibly escape from it, I was forced to stuff my ears with cotton. But, my dear madam! permit me just to remark, that the extent or strength of an unmanageable sharp voice, whether natural or acquired, is no proof whatever of its excellence, and still less of its agreeableness to the ear of any competent judge of music, and the concord of musical sounds. To the ignorant, indeed, or those who have not been familiarized to better, such deafening dissonance may possibly please, and be accounted wonderful; but to others it is painful to the extreme."

"Well, but with respect to her musical *execution*," said Mrs. Timbertone, more confidently—"What say you to that?"

"If by *execution*," said the Organist, taking another pinch of snuff very deliberately, "you mean the rapidity of mere *fingering*, my opinion of your daughter's performance on the piano-forte is the same now as it was then; that is to say, that it was wonderful: But I must be pardoned for saying likewise, that I cannot consider this as musical execution, or any thing like it. Practice

alone will give the first, but much more is requisite to produce the latter."

"And what may the difference be?" asked the mother.

"*Neatness—precision—taste*," answered the Organist.

"And pray what gives these, may I ask?"

"A *natural genius* for music, and a *correct musical ear*, aided by judicious instruction, madam."

"And is it your opinion, sir, that my daughter is defective in these natural qualities?" rejoined Mrs. Timbertone, anxiously.

"Completely so," answered the other very coolly; "your daughter does not possess from nature one single requisite to qualify her for a musician, were she to practise for a thousand years. Your friend here, and your daughter's intimate acquaintance from her youth, will tell you the same, if you ask her."

"Indeed, my dear Mrs. Timbertone," said Betsy, very seriously, "what my husband has told you is literally true. Arabella never had, from her earliest years, the least turn for music, nor an ear to distinguish a discord from a concord in her life. We have often talked over these matters together, and have both as often lamented your determined resolution to instruct her in an art in which she could never succeed, and for which she had not the smallest inclination. Your perseverance, however, produced this effect, that it made her apply, and gave a facility of execution that partly overcame dislike, while the praises of incompetent judges, and interested teachers, made her at length believe that she really possessed qualities and powers which nature never bestowed. To have undeceived her after this, and consequently deprived her of the pleasure she enjoyed from deception, would have been cruel. I therefore said nothing, although I was perfectly convinced nothing on

earth could make her a musician, because Nature pointed to very different attainments."

"And have I been all this time labouring to produce nothing!" said Mrs. Timbertone, sorrowfully, after a silent pause.

"And have I been for these four years squandering away my money on musical madness," said her husband, "for no other purpose, than to humour the fashionable whim of a ridiculous mother, and make my poor deluded girl be cast off by a beggarly catgut scraper and squeaker, not worth a halfpenny!"

"Come, come," said the Organist, (wishing to accommodate matters the best way he could,) "bad as things at present are, they are at least, in one respect, not a bit worse than what falls to the lot of hundreds around you. Your daughter indeed has made an unfortunate marriage, in consequence of her musical education, but as to the waste of time and money, you have numbers here to keep you in countenance, to my certain knowledge. The question at present is, what can best be done to remedy what has happened? Your favourite and only child is now left destitute of support, and in a short time will have an additional charge to attend to. It is therefore incumbent on you as a parent, and, let me add, as a friend to the unfortunate, to cherish her and her offspring with kindness and attention. Although she has been imprudent, recollect, it has not been altogether her *own* fault, and it would be not only cruel, but unjust, that she should be the only sufferer. My advice therefore is, that without farther delay you restore her to the place she formerly held in your family and in your affections, and, to prevent all hazard of a relapse, that every circumstance, and every article connected with *music* be henceforth discarded, as no possible good can result from it."

This judicious and humane speech, together with the warm solicitations of Arabella's old and intimate companion, produced the desired effect. The unfortunate daughter and deserted wife was taken home to her father's house immediately; and the first thing he attended to, was to get rid of every musical article within his walls, or, to use his own words, "to clear his house of the useless trash and lumber collected for the last four years, at the expense of several hundred pounds; and then to shut his doors for ever after, against the whole pack of howling idiots, who had so long harassed his life with evening concerts." Nor did he fail to communicate, without loss of time, to his daughter, the real sentiments and candid opinion of the Organist and his wife, relative to her incapacity for music; enjoining her to beware in future of her mother's suggestions, whose ridiculous conduct, from the first to the last, had been the sole cause of her error and succeeding disgrace. Poor Arabella, when she heard all that the Organist and her friend Betsy Nightingale had seriously declared to her parents, sighed deeply, and said—"I have no doubt whatever of the truth of every thing you have told me, father; for I always had my doubts of what others would persuade me to believe, as I never felt any of those emotions of delight which some experience from music, either in my own performance or in that of any other person. I now find I have been led astray, by the injudicious applause of those who knew nothing of the matter, and by the insidious arts of one who has deceived me."

"Poor thing!" said the father, sensibly touched with her compunctious sorrow; "you have indeed been cruelly deceived; but you are now relieved from your seducers. It shall be my care to protect you and yours, as long as I live, Arabella; so think no more of

what is past, but regulate your conduct in future, so as to convince every one, that you are no longer influenced by a folly that is spreading among us like a pestilence."

Mrs. Timbertone was now completely in the back ground, while her husband, formerly acquiescent, stood forward, and was as unreasonably obstinate as at one time unpardonably tame. This, we are apt to think, happens not unfrequently in the marriage state, when either of the parties, or both, act imprudently, or more properly speaking, absurdly. In the one case, the person who is egregiously in the wrong, must necessarily succumb when convicted; in the other, even although both are in error, the one least in blame is sure to have the ascendency. Both Timbertone and his wife had acted absurdly, she in forcing her daughter to apply to an art which nature unfitted her for, and which she disliked—merely because it was fashionable; and he, in tamely permitting it, merely for his own ease and to avoid opposition. But as he never gave his approbation, and sometimes hinted his dissent, he now claimed his superiority, and founding it on the calamity occasioned by his wife's folly, exercised it tyrannically, as will be shortly seen. As for Arabella, now brought to a due sense of her former error, she turned her mind to those occupations which were congenial to her nature and her inclination, and from which she had long been debarred. Her needle-work, her pencil, and her book, were now her daily and hourly companions, and gifted with talents, taste, and judgment in these matters, she derived from them a mental gratification and delight which music never produced. In a short time she became the mother of a daughter, who occupied her whole care and attention, and who, ere long, furnished her with an unequivocal proof of those early natural propensities,

which, without the smallest aid or excitement, break out, and, amidst difficulties and obstructions, struggle for expansion.

Unlike her mother at a similar age, little Catherine, before her fourth year, exhibited strong symptoms of musical genius. With no other advantages but the simple melodies of her nursery-maid, and the wild impassioned strains of highland Mary the cook, the child not only caught the sounds distinctly, but sung their native ditties in a manner that delighted the instructors, while it astonished the mother, and alarmed the grandfather exceedingly. "If we don't take care, Arabella," said he one day to his daughter, impressively, "we shall have another musical disease in the family, which will soon bring on a repetition of all our late sufferings! For the love of God, let every method be adopted to prevent and discourage this child from singing!"

Arabella, although struck and delighted with the infant's musical talents, was equally disposed with her father to check what had so recently been productive of real unhappiness to herself and her parents, and, notwithstanding her mother's remonstrances to the contrary, did every thing she could to check the child's propensity for music; but to little purpose. In spite of all her endeavours, little Catherine would escape from her mother, and run to the nursery-maid or the cook, and entreat them to sing such and such songs which she admired, and which she was never tired of hearing. Mr. Timbertone was determined to put an end to this, by discharging his two servants next term. On this occasion, Mrs. Timbertone could no longer be silent. "What nonsense," said she to her husband, "to turn off two good servants, merely because they happen to sing!"

"I shall have no musical sounds in this house!" said Mr. Timbertone, firmly.

"And how will you prevent them, pray?" asked his wife. "Am I to be questioning every maid I am to hire, whether she sings or not, and be prevented from engaging a good servant, if she does? And is any servant to be prevented from lightening her work by singing at it? Impossible! The thing is ridiculous."

"We shall try it, however," said Timbertone, gruffly; "that chaunting nursery-maid and highland cook shall not remain here one day after next term, which I am happy is so near at hand."

Timbertone was as good as his word. The two maids were discharged; but, unfortunately for his plan, those who succeeded were still more musically inclined than the former. Whether this was merely accidental, or the contrivance of Mrs. Timbertone to punish her husband for his obstinacy, we shall not pretend to say; but certain it is, that one of the maids, who was a Roxburghshire girl, and allotted to take charge of little Catherine, possessed an uncommon sweetness of voice, and sung her native pastoral songs, so as to delight our musical infant. No art, no precaution, or amusement, could induce the child to absent herself from her favourite musician for any length of time. She lost all spirit, and all relish for every thing when debarred her society, and no sooner was she placed by her side, and heard her c mmence her simple warbling, than her countenance lightened up with smiles and looks of rapture. "What can we do with this singular child?" said the mother one day to her father. "It is impossible to check this natural propensity for music, without making her miserable."

"Consult your friend and acquaintance Betsy Nightingale and her husband," answered Timbertone, peevishly; "and hear what they say on the subject: as for me,

I know nothing at all about these *natural propensities*. All I can say is, that I sincerely wish that all music were at the devil, for nothing but plagues and crosses attend it."

It must be evident to the judicious reader, that Mr. Timbertone's whole conduct, in the present instance, was fully as improper and absurd as his wife's was formerly. The only difference was, that she enforced what was contrary to nature, and that he, instead of encouraging natural inclinations and genius, did every thing he could to check them. It is thus, that nine parents out of ten injure, and not unfrequently ruin what, with a very little penetration and attention, might be made to blossom, and to adorn future life with the fruits of judicious culture. But the great misfortune is, that, instead of watching and studying the real disposition and genius of the child, parents consult nothing but custom and general instruction, however unsuitable or improper, leaving poor Nature to struggle on through difficulties and restrictions the best way she can.

Arabella, although no longer a musical lady who attended evening concerts and all places of public resort, was however still in habits of great intimacy with her old friend Betsy Nightingale, who occasionally had her little select party of an evening to drink tea, without ceremony or parade, and to enjoy the pleasures of her musical talents before parting. To one of these small circles, Arabella went shortly after her father's last recommendation, and, in the course of the evening, took occasion to mention the singular avidity her child had for music, specifying the ineffectual methods they had used to check a propensity that was irresistible. The Organist and his wife were both so astonished at what they heard the mother relate, that they entreated her to bring the child with her next morning, in order that

they might satisfy themselves as to the facts she had represented, of which they confessed they had some doubts. Little Catherine accordingly was brought next day to the Organist's house, and anxious to ascertain how an infant, not yet five years old, could execute any vocal part of music correctly, they asked her, if she had any favourite song she liked better than another, and if she would let them hear it? "O yes!" said little Catharine, with much animation: "I have *three* pretty, pretty songs, that Jenny learned me; and she never sings them but they make me cry!"

"Let me hear one of them, my sweet love!" said Betsy, embracing her; "perhaps it will make me cry too!"

"Weel!" said the child, sighing and looking sorrowfully, "I'll sing you the "*Flowers of the Forest.*"

The musical pair were altogether amazed and enraptured. Independently of one of the sweetest natural pipes imaginable, the child possessed an ear so perfectly correct, that not a tone was defective; and while, without the least strain, she executed the whole with a sensibility and expression truly admirable, the united effect literally drew tears from the eyes of both husband and wife. "I see it makes you cry as weel as me," said little Catherine, looking at them as she finished her song; "but I will sing you now ane that will mak you laugh;" and immediately gave them, "*Fy, let us a' to the Bridal,*" with such genuine liveliness and humour, that the effect was irresistible.

"If ever a child possessed true native genius for music," said the Organist, emphatically, "here is proof positive; and to check or discourage it, would be the height of injustice to nature, and to one whose future delight and amusement must, in a great measure, depend on the gratification. I would no more think of restrain-

ing this child's love of music, than of depriving her of food or sleep, when nature required it!"

As a farther trial of little Catherine's genius, the Organist begged his wife to sit down to her instrument, and accompany it with her voice, merely to ascertain what effect it would produce on a child who had hitherto never heard any thing of the kind. Catherine was all attention, and all astonishment. "Jenny sings pretty!" said she, after Betsy had finished; "but your song, and that bonnie thing there, is prettier yet!—Oh! will you let me come and hear you sing every day?" said the delighted infant, throwing her little arms round Betsy's neck; "I will give you all my dolls, and all my play-things, if you will let me!"

"Yes, my sweet pet!" said Betsy, embracing her with ardour; "you shall come every day and hear me sing and play on this bonnie thing for nothing, and I will teach you to play on it too, just as I do."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the delighted child; "*how fine that would be.* And you'll let me come when I like, mamma, won't you?" looking anxiously in her mother's face, "and not keep me in the parlour, as you sometimes do, from Jenny?"

This was a request, which Arabella, circumstanced as she was, could not grant, without incurring her father's displeasure; but the Organist, unwilling to damp the child's ardour, said, "yes, yes, my dear; your mamma will let you come when you like, and it will go hard with me if others don't consent likewise!"

The very next morning our musical pair waited on Mr. and Mrs. Timbertone, and in the strongest terms represented the propriety of encouraging a natural propensity which exceeded any thing they had ever met with, and which they were positive nothing could repel.

Mr. Timbertone, (whose obstinacy rose in proportion to his being deprived of his natural love of ease, and his being compelled to opposition which he detested,) remained immovable. "What the devil!" said he impatiently, "are you for bringing another musical plague among us, after what we have already suffered?"

"It shall be no plague whatever to any of you," said the Organist; "my wife and I will take every trouble off your hands, and that without obstructing any branch of education your grandchild may attend to: only allow us one hour a day, and I'll engage that before a twelvemonth, little Catherine will acquire more musical knowledge, and derive more benefit from it, than others will do in three years."

"But what is the benefit or use of it?" said Timbertone, still more impatiently.

"*Pleasure*, exquisite pleasure!" answered the Organist; "and why should those formed by the hand of nature to enjoy it, be deprived of what is so innocent, and what at the same time contributes so essentially to delight, soothe, and solace during life! This child is particularly formed and constituted for those enjoyments; she never will be happy till she partakes of them; and what is more, nothing on earth will pevent her from enjoying them one way or another. Is it not therefore better, that she should be put into the right road than in the wrong, as soon as possible?"

"All this may be very fine and very true, for ought I know," said Timbertone, with his usual pertinacity; "but I am determined not to subject myself a second time to musical concerts, musical instruments, and musical expense, at the risk too of having this poor child, some time or other, deceived, and afterwards abandoned, like her mother, by a musical vagabond."

"Good God!" exclaimed Mrs. Timbertone, (who perceiving the tide to turn in her favour, for the first time ventured to speak on the subject,) "Good God, Mr. Timbertone! how can you talk in this ridiculous manner, when you confess that you know nothing at all about the matter!"

"Hold your tongue, Mrs. Timbertone," interrupted her husband; "you know as little of it as I do. We are all Timber-toned, and very properly named, and I am heartily sorry to hear that my little Catherine is not one likewise. It must be from that scoundrel her father she got this musical turn, for I'll be hanged if any of it came from her mother's family!"

Finding all solicitation and remonstrance in vain, the Organist and his wife departed, not a little disappointed at their unsuccess. The solicitations however of little Catherine to revisit a spot where she had so recently experienced such unusual pleasure, were not so easily repelled. Every day, and almost every hour, she reminded her mother of her promise, and the longer it was delayed, the more her impatience increased. "We shall render the child completely unhappy," said Arabella to her father, "if we do not comply with her request; and, after all, what possible harm can it do her, to hear my friend Betsy play on the piano and sing?"

"Well, well," answered the farther, reluctantly, "do as you like, Arabella, but I'm not very fond of the child going there at all. These musical people resemble no other description, and it is ten to one but they will teach the infant, young as she is, enough to render us all miserable hereafter, if you don't keep a watchful eye upon them. Don't let her touch the instrument! it will be her ruin if she does! remember I tell you so!"

Arabella promised; but it was impossible for her to keep her word. Little Catherine not only complained,

but shed tears of disappointment as often as she was withheld from touching the keys, and the Organist and his wife expressed so much displeasure at this unreasonable restraint, that the mother at length, willing to comply with their proposal, and at the same time to skreen herself from blame, consented to take a walk for an hour every good day, and leave the child with her instructor till her return. This plan, which enabled her to assure her father, that she never *saw* the infant pupil touch the instrument, continued, without any interruption to other matters of instruction at home, till Catherine was sent to the reading and sewing school. During this period, which might be about nine months, the child's progress in music was surprisingly rapid, and as her secrecy was effectually secured, by assuring her that the moment she discovered her employment, her favourite delight would cease, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Timbertone knew any thing of the matter. As for the mother, indifferent, and uninterested as she had always been about the art, she simply complied with the request of her friends, and yielded to what contributed so much to the child's pleasure, leaving circumstances to be developed at some future period.

It was not long till this period arrived, and set all the Timbertone family in commotion. Arabella had never once heard of, or from her musical husband since the day of his decampment, till the time we now mention, when a letter was delivered to her, which, to her astonishment, conveyed the intelligence, that having lately succeeded, by the death of his father, to all he possessed, he had taken the earliest, and only opportunity to return to Edinburgh, and to perform what he had always intended, taking his wife and child under his protection, and maintaining them suitably to their station. Nothing could be greater than the surprise of Arabella, and no-

thing more furious than the rage of old Timbertone, when he learnt that this object of his long resentment, was actually in Edinburgh for the purpose of claiming his wife and child. He considered the whole as another musical trick to deprive him of his daughter and grandchild, and to extort money from him; and declared that he never would admit such a vagabond within his doors. Mrs. T. remonstrated; Arabella wept; but Timbertone remained obdurate, and gave strict injunctions that neither Arabella nor Catherine should stir out of doors, for fear of a rescue.

Perceiving no likelihood of obtaining admission to the family, or an answer to his letter, the musical husband waited on the Organist and his wife, as the intimate friends of the Timbertones, and after showing documents of his deceased father's funds, begged their intercession in his behalf. Anxious to accomplish what appeared to them not only reasonable but highly proper, the musical pair set off for Mr. T.'s house, where they found the whole family in any thing but harmony: the husband sullen,—the wife clamorous—the daughter pouting, and little Catherine sitting moping and mournfully in a corner of the room, unoccupied with any thing.

"Here is a pretty piece of business!" exclaimed Mrs. T. the moment she saw them. "A husband and father come down to claim his wife and child, and an obstinate man determined to oppose him!—Did you ever hear of any thing so completely unjust and ridiculous! Here are we kept prisoners in our own house, and all for what? Because a man, now in a situation to do what he was incapable to do formerly—the maintenance of his wife and daughter, takes the first opportunity to convince us of his honourable intentions; and yet my wise husband there will not even listen to his proposals or see his face, because he happens to be a *musician!*—Was

there ever any thing like it? And for a man of the law, too!—that's the beauty of it!"

It was some considerable time before either the Organist or his wife could get in a word for Mrs. Timbertone's clamour; but having at length run herself fairly out of breath, they both exerted themselves in repelling Timbertone's antipathies, by representing, that, however objectionable the conduct or the occupation of his daughter's husband might be formerly, circumstances were now very different, for in addition to what enabled him to live independent of musical practice, he had already laid it aside. This, with the Organist's assurance that he had himself seen sufficient documents to convince him that every thing represented was literally true, operated considerably to soften old Timbertone's antipathies; and before the departure of the friends, it was agreed, that on executing a marriage contract, in which the husband bound himself not to practise as a teacher of music during his life, no farther obstacle should occur. For the readier accomplishment of an introduction, free from any thing awkward and embarrassing to either party, it was proposed by the Organist and his wife, that it should take place in their house the day following, when, by way of precluding formality and restraint, after what had happened, a few friends should be invited to spend the evening who were unacquainted with the circumstances. It was likewise proposed and assented to, that little Catherine should pass the next day at the Organist's, and instead of accompanying her mother, be introduced at a particular time by Betsy Nightingale, merely to ascertain what impression a child unknown to be the daughter of Arabella, would produce on the father.

The party assembled, (the Timbertones excepted,) were all strangers, among whom were some of distin-

guished taste in music, and likewise excellent performers. After tea, the company requested the mistress of the house to favour them with one of her native airs, accompanied with the instrument, which she readily assented to; but informed them, that she had a young *protegé* whom she wished to introduce, merely to obtain their opinion of her musical performance at so early an age. Little Catherine, at this time scarcely six years old, was accordingly introduced by her fond instructress, and if the age and beauty of the child at first attracted the attention of the company, her performance, both vocal and instrumental, filled them with delight and amazement. Every one declared that she was a phenomenon, while her unknown father protested, that had he not witnessed it, he could not have possibly believed it. "Would you not be surprised," said Betsey Nightingale to him, "were I to tell you, that all the instruction this child has got, does not exceed a twelvemonth—that the whole of it has been given by stealth and by starts, and that those who are nearly allied to her, have known nothing of the matter till this hour?"

"I should indeed be much surprised," answered the father;—"but how could this be possible?"

"Every thing is possible for a child of true genius and taste for a particular science," said the Organist, "and nothing to those without them. This child was born a musician, and only required occasional aid to arrive at excellence. Nature gave her every quality requisite: Art has only put her in the right road. Your daughter would have been a musician in spite of every obstacle."

"*My daughter!*" said the father with astonishment;—"what do you mean?"

"I mean," answered the Organist, very seriously, "that this child is the daughter of that lady," pointing

to Arabella, "whom I presume you claim as your lawful wife."

The scene now became extremely interesting: the father embracing his child with rapture—the mother shedding tears of delight, and the whole company, (Timbertone not excepted,) much affected, and much excited by the unexpected discovery.

This, together with other anecdotes of absurdity, proceeding from silly vanity and a desire to imitate whatever was fashionable and showy, could hardly give pleasure to a man of Drysdale's steady turn of mind. Nor were circumstances more agreeable to Susan. Educated and brought up in the manner we formerly mentioned, she could not but feel dissatisfied and disappointed, on mixing with society little entitled to assume the air of fashion, and the etiquette of ceremony, and still more so, when she found that this folly pervaded, less or more, almost every description of the inhabitants. She looked in vain for a renewal of those happy social hours she formerly enjoyed in the dock-yard of Portsmouth, where without ceremony, or a particular attention to dress, she could at any time step into a neighbour's house of an evening, and, over a cup of tea, converse easily and familiarly on subjects interesting to all, and hear domestic concerns freely communicated, without one allusion to finery, feasting, or public amusements. She even perceived, that the simplicity of her own manners and conversation were by no means generally agreeable, but, on the contrary, often produced a sneer of ridicule and a look of contempt, when she ventured to make any remark as to the propriety of conforming to station and circumstance, in company with her more fashionable acquaintance, who having made themselves acquainted with the history of Drysdale and the origin of his wife, found out, that with all the wealth they possessed, and

the station they held in society, they both smelt strongly of a *dock-yard*.

Whether it was that these illiberal reflections reached Drysdale's ear, or that both he and Susan were equally uncomfortable and dissatisfied with the unsubstantial pleasures of Edinburgh, certain it is, they both wished anxiously to quit a spot which yielded them no real enjoyment, and with the first favourable opportunity to repair to some other quarter, more suited to their habits and inclination. The only circumstance that afforded Drysdale gratification, was attending some of the classes in Edinburgh during his winter's residence. That love of science, which he had imbibed in his early years, and which had contributed so much to his success, naturally disposed him to embrace every favourable opportunity to indulge it; and as he had never attended to chymistry or mineralogy, he now devoted a considerable portion of his time to those studies.

On the return of spring, Drysdale conceived it incumbent upon him to pay a visit to his sister, whom he had not yet seen since his coming home; and communicating his wish to his father and Susan, they all three set off to the residence of the farmer, with the view of passing some weeks with him and his wife, and seeing the adjacent country.

He had not been long here, till he became completely enamoured of rural life, and particularly of agriculture. The plain comfortable enjoyments which he and Susan now experienced, were so different from what they lately had left behind them, and the kind unfastidious hospitality they met with from all the neighbouring families around, determined Drysdale to fix himself in some eligible situation in the country, provided he could find a place suitable to his views and inclinations. His brother-in-law the farmer, from long experience and know-

ledge, was well qualified to assist him in the accomplishment of this wish; and a pleasant retirement, consisting of about 600 acres, with a small dwelling house, coming into market, Drysdale became the purchaser.

The property was exactly to his mind; for as his wish was to have something to occupy his time, and exercise his talents, he had here sufficient opportunity for both. Exclusively of the ground, which required considerable improvement in agriculture, a more enlarged and commodious house was necessary for his residence, with offices and other conveniences; a good garden to be formed; a piece of ground in front of the house to be dressed up, and converted into a neat ornamented lawn; and a new approach to be made to his dwelling. Here Drysdale, with his wife and father, fixed his residence, delighted with the romantic situation of the spot, highly gratified with the society and manners of his surrounding neighbours, and daily occupied and amused with his rural improvements. Fully competent to the expense of his undertakings and that of his establishment, he, without show or ostentation, lived liberally and consistently; saw his friends frequently, and visited them in return, while the genuine worth of his character, and the unassuming sweetness and gentleness of his Susan, who was the benefactress of all the poor around, insured the esteem and affection of the whole neighbourhood.

It was now that the important branches of Drysdale's early instruction came usefully and smiling to his aid. His geometrical and mathematical knowledge enabled him, not only to lay out his pleasure-ground with judgment and correctness, but to construct his house and offices with convenience and taste. From his knowledge in drawing and perspective, exclusively of the pleasure it afforded him, he was also enabled to sketch various plans to give ornament and additional effect to sur-

rounding scenery; and, in particular, to the formation of a new garden, which, for singularity and beauty, attracted the notice of all the neighbourhood. On each side of a small stream or brook, grew a number of trees of various kinds, and on the north bank, a rising slope occupied a portion of rich arable ground belonging to one of his farms. To the southward of the brook, an uncultivated marsh and a deep moss terminated an opposite slope, which, while it was productive of nothing beneficial, was particularly offensive to the eye. After having first effectually drained the marsh, and judiciously intermixed argillaceous earth and lime with the remaining moss, Drysdale set about forming a garden, orchard, and shrubbery walks in one. For this purpose, he enclosed a portion of the rich arable land on the north slope, facing the south, for his garden, with a good wall, sufficient in length to contain a variety of the best fruit trees; and on the south side of the brook, he inclosed another portion of the improved moss land with a thorn hedge, and a deep drain, that conveyed the super-abundant water from the adjacent grounds. Here he planted a number of fruit trees for his orchard, interspersed and ornamented with gravel walks, shrubberies, flowerpots, and arbours, which corresponding with the windings of the stream, afforded during the heats of the summer season, a delightful retreat for meditation and retirement. But the principal effect produced, was by the concealment of the adjacent objects, in consequence of the trees that intervened, and by your being suddenly and unexpectedly transported from one kind of scenery to the other, by means of rustic bridges judiciously placed across the stream. What added considerably to this ingenious contrivance, were the different approaches, the one entering by a shady walk along the rivulet to the orchard and shrubbery; the other at the opposite end into

the garden, so as to produce, in either direction, the unexpected and pleasing effect of contrast already mentioned.

These operations, joined to the pleasure of daily employment, the satisfaction of seeing his property yearly improve by judicious management, and his farmers yearly thrive by his liberality and example, could hardly fail to excite lively emotions in the breast of a man uniformly gratified with useful occupation, and with the success of the industrious. In a word, Thomas Drysdale was never unemployed, and his operations were uniformly beneficial, not only to himself but to others; while Susan, daily engaged in her maternal and domestic arrangements, looked forward every evening to those calm delightful hours, when, after each had executed their part with propriety, she and her affectionate Tom communicated their respective occupations and future plans, with a mutual glow and heart-felt approbation, unknown to the votaries of mis-named pleasure, derived from the transient excitement of frivolous dissipation.

Having thus brought the history of Thomas Drysdale nearly to a close; we shall, for the gratification of our readers, briefly relate what occurred to Andrew Cochran, since the time we left him at Madras. Several years elapsed before he could possibly disengage himself from the multifarious concerns he had to transact in his official capacity in India, during which period, he had acquired not only an ample, but a princely fortune. It would be doing him injustice, were we to neglect mentioning, that, during the progress of his advancement and emoluments, he never was unmindful of the obligations he lay under to the Secretary, who had not only brought him forward by his attentions and assistance, but placed him in a situation which secured him the posses-

sion of all the wealth he now enjoyed. Previous to his departure from India, and during his passage home, these considerations often came across his mind, and as naturally inclined him to wish, that, on his arrival in England, an opportunity might offer to evince his gratitude to his benefactor by some service done to his family. His first object, therefore, was to discover the residence of the widow and children, and to ascertain the real state of their condition and prospects in life, with the view of regulating his conduct accordingly.

He found them, if not splendidly, at least very comfortably placed in a neat pleasant residence, near the outskirts of the town, where the mother with her three daughters lived together, as much for retirement and economy, as for the benefit of education procured at a moderate expense. The girls, in the course of several years absence, had assumed a very different appearance from what he formerly had seen on his departure; and the eldest, at this time about nineteen, possessed attractions and accomplishments, which Cochran could not view with indifference. Being now freed from all engagements, and master of his own inclinations, it occurred to him, that the most eligible plan he could adopt, would be to pay his addresses to this young woman, and by his marriage in the family, furnish himself with an opportunity to gratify his propensity to benefit the whole. To a man gifted with such a splendid fortune, little was wanting to insure success; and in a very few weeks after his arrival, Cochran became the husband of a young lady, who, he had every reason to expect, would be a valuable acquisition to him during life, not only as an elegant companion, but as an excellent wife.

After having spent some months in the gay metropolis, with Eastern pomp and profusion, and regulated eve-

ry thing to the complete satisfaction of his mother-in-law; Cochran, with the view of visiting the place of his nativity, proposed a summer's tour to the Lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland, taking the watering places in their way, and thence to Scotland; a proposal which accorded perfectly with his lady's inclination. As they approached Edinburgh, a variety of mixed sensations agitated his mind, and disturbed his serenity. While he experienced the pride and pleasure of revisiting the spot of his birth, in a manner which could not fail to attract general notice, the *origin* of that birth counterbalanced these gratifying sensations, and even outweighed them. He knew it would be impossible for him to conceal this origin from his wife, who viewed him not only as a man of fortune, but of some fashion; and he dreaded the effects which this discovery might produce on a woman, who, in addition to natural vanity, was now so elated with prosperity, that nothing short of *elegance* and *gentility* could be dispensed with. Cochran possessed neither that fortitude of mind to communicate this intelligence immediately after his marriage, so as to have prepared his wife to receive with indifference, what could now no longer be concealed from her, nor the firmness, during their progress northward, to touch upon a subject, which, after the scenes of splendour exhibited in London, he knew would operate powerfully to mortify her pride and importance.

This pusillanimous and contemptible shame, was the source of many an uneasy hour afterwards; nor was it long before he experienced the consequence of a conduct so unworthy of true magnanimity. Instead therefore of conducting his wife on their arrival in Edinburgh to the house of his parents, and introducing her, as in duty bound he ought to have done, to those who were so nearly allied to her, he contented himself with

visiting his old father and mother secretly, and sneakingly devising apologies for not performing a filial duty, which they had every reason to expect. At one time, his wife was so unwell, that she could not receive visits; at another, so engaged in company at home, that she could not command time to go abroad; thirdly, she was so subject to nervous complaints, that the smallest intrusion discomposed her for many days after; and, lastly, so worn out with attending public places, private balls, routs, and evening parties, that she was unable to move off her couch.

By these disingenuous and unmanly methods, Cochran vainly conceived he might conceal what he dreaded would be discovered; but one of those inevitable circumstances which occur in society, very soon brought every thing to light. In a town such as Edinburgh, where strangers of any condition cannot long remain unknown, it is not to be supposed that Cochran and his wife could escape notice, or that curiosity, so peculiar to the inhabitants of this place, could fail to trace every thing connected with their history from the foundation. In a spot too, where, notwithstanding the general *imitation* of fashion in all ranks of society, distinctions in consorting with certain classes are particularly attended to, it is but natural to suppose, that Cochran, with all his wealth, was not viewed in the light of a man of family or fashion, and that his wife came in for a share of the degradation. Although she frequented all the public places of amusement, and figured away at routs, concerts, and assemblies, she was, however, on no habits of *intimacy* with those who consider themselves among the superior orders, and who are studious to distinguish themselves as such by the company with which they associate. In a word, she was one whom all considered as a fine showy woman, surrounded with wealth and profusion derived

from the sources of the East; but one of whom no body knew, farther than that she was married to the fortunate son of a tradesman, who had acquired a splendid fortune in India, no body knew how.

In this situation matters stood, when, one night at the theatre, a dispute about the possession of the front row of a box, took place between Mrs. Cochran and a lady of some distinction, both maintaining that the box had been taken in their name, and consequently were entitled to precedency. Whether it was that Mrs. Cochran gave her tongue too great a latitude on this occasion, as was alleged, or that the offended lady was desirous of giving a check to assumed consequence founded on mere wealth, we shall not pretend to say; but certain it is, that, regarding her opponent with a supercilious and contemptuous look, she advised her not to forget herself, adding, that such airs became not a person in her station. "*A person in my station!*" repeated the other; "pray, what do you mean, madam, by that insinuation?"

The lady, without deigning to make a reply, took the disputed seat, and, turning round to one of her company, said, sufficiently loud to be overheard by Mrs. C. "It is really too much for the wife of a tailor's son, to assume such airs of consequence!"

It can hardly be supposed, that Mrs. Cochran, who had all along conceived she was married to a gentleman, and who had valued herself not only on the opulence he possessed, but on her being distantly related to an English baronet, could fail to feel most sensibly this public insult and mortifying degradation. It was with the utmost difficulty she could sit out the remaining performance of the play, not one word of which was attended to, her whole mind being completely occupied with the intelligence communicated, and the shame and distress naturally resulting from it. On her coming home,

where she found her husband just returned from spending the evening with his father and mother at their neat comfortable abode, the following conversation took place, shortly after the lady had composed herself sufficiently to assume the appearance of tranquillity.

"We have been here, Mr. Cochran, now upwards of three months, during which time, it has never occurred to me to ask you, if you had any connexions or near relations in this town: The omission on my part, no doubt, has been occasioned by your never having mentioned any such to me, or proposed an introduction to them; may I now ask the question?"

"I certainly have relations in this town," said Cochran, not a little discomposed at this unexpected inquiry.

"What are they, pray?"

"They are pretty nearly connected," answered the other, evasively; "but perhaps not altogether qualified to afford you such gratification, my dear, as I could wish by introducing them to your acquaintance, and have therefore avoided it."

"I wish to know," said the lady, seriously, "what these near connexions are? As to their qualifications I have nothing to do with them: Answer me at once, have you *parents* in this town?"

"I have," said Cochran, no longer enabled to evade the question.

"In what *situation*, may I ask?" resumed his wife.

"Their situation is extremely comfortable, although not elevated," answered the husband: "They are plain honest, respectable people, who have not been accustomed to polished society or fashionable life, and are consequently, as I said before, unqualified to mix with such, and much happier to be exempted from it."

"I perceive," said Mrs. Cochran, smiling, "that you are unwilling to confess what, I have reason to think,

every body knows; but I shall cut the matter short, by simply asking you, if your father is not a *tailor?*"

"My father *was* a tailor," said Cochran, evidently humbled by the discovery; "but he has some time since retired from business; and, thank God! enjoys, if not the luxuries, at least all the comforts and conveniences of life, in consequence of the success of a son on whom he bestowed a liberal education. I have endeavoured to explain my reasons for not having introduced——"

"Oh, I wish to hear no reasons on the subject," interrupted his wife, consequentially: "*Introduction* is out of the question; but it may be necessary to acquaint you, Mr. Cochran, that having, in consequence of my connexion with you and your family, received this night a public insult, it will now be expedient to remove from a place where I can no longer show my face in genteel society, and to repair immediately to some other quarter, where you and your connexions are not known. This, in justice to one who has by marriage descended so much below her level, you cannot possibly refuse, and I insist upon it!"

There is perhaps something more in the *first* disagreement between husband and wife, (especially if it happens shortly after marriage,) than is generally conceived or attended to. It is not only a trial which brings forward the powers of either party, but what must in all likelihood determine for ever after the ascendency of one over the other. A few steps backwards or forwards decide the victory; for such as cannot firmly stand their ground on the first trial, are considered afterwards as unable to contend. Had Cochran possessed more firmness of mind than he really naturally inherited, his present trial would have been too much for him, for every thing was against him. He had, in the splendour of opulence, married a gay, vain young woman,

and conducted her to the place of his nativity, without having either the candour and fortitude to explain to her the nature of his connexions, or the prudence gradually to reconcile her to intelligence which could not possibly be long concealed from her: He had used subterfuges and unmanly finesse to deceive both her and his parents, and after having sneakingly sacrificed his filial affections to a contemptible vanity, and his candour to false shame, he was entrapped in his own net, and obliged at last to confess what he never ought to have shrunk from, but on the contrary, openly avowed. A consciousness of these derelictions, together with a conviction that the public insult offered to his wife orginated from his own impropriety, were sufficient to check all opposition on his part to the firm decision of Mrs. Cochran, who had an undoubted claim on his acquiescence, and having easily obtained it, it was natural for her to expect the same readiness in future, as often as it was required.

Previous to this unfavourable rub in his hitherto uninterrupted good fortune, he had, through the intelligence of his father, obtained every information relative to the proceedings and the place of abode of his old friend and associate Tom Drysdale, to whom he had written, and in return received an answer of congratulation on his marriage, with a warm invitation to come and spend some time with him in the country, whenever he and Mrs. Cochran could make it convenient. He had likewise very candidly communicated to his father all that Drysdale had done for him, and to the astonishment of the old tailor, confessed, that but for his assistance and advice, he should never have acquired the fortune which he now possessed. "Dear me, Andrew!" said the ignorant old man; "this is really surprising, considering the education which you had at the Hie School, whar you

was ane o' the best scholars, and whar Tom Drysdale never set his foot in. I had aye thought now, that a' your success was owing to the lear I gae ye there; and it has aften gi'en me pride and pleasure to think, that what I wared on you, whan I had little or nathing to spare, had turned to sic good account."

"What I got at the High School, father," said Cochran, seriously, "was of no more service to me, than if I had learned Arabic instead of Latin; and it will no doubt surprise you still more, when I assure you, that so far from its being of service, it had very nearly prevented every success that has attended me through life, and blasted all my prospects."

"But how comes it Andrew," resumed the father, "that a' our Scotch lads get on sae weel in the warld, and come hame frae foreign countries wi' sic walth, if it is no frae a superior education gi'en to them here in their youth, that sets them aboon ithers?"

"If by superior education you mean the Latin they get at the High School," rejoined Cochran, "depend upon it, that in the ordinary and useful occupations in life, it is of no earthly service whatever. To those indeed who are designed for other professions, it may be of use; but even in this case, let me ask you, father, what chance had I, or any young man situated as I was in this town, of success, or even of obtaining a comfortable livelihood, with all the Latin that could be acquired at the High School, for six unprofitable years? Suppose, for instance, that nothing had occurred to have withdrawn me from the place of my nativity, what would have been my lot? After leaving the High School, what could *you* have done more than you did; and what could *I* have done to earn a livelihood? The professions of Law and Physic here are almost the only ones, where a young man without friends or interest, can

hope for any success. And even admitting that I could have submitted to the painful application of studying, what I am next to certain my mind would have been averse to, could you have furnished me with those necessary branches of education which such professions require, and maintained me for several years in food and apparel during my apprenticeship? The best that could have possibly happened to have saved you this heavy expense, would have been my instructing some gentleman's sons in the Latin language, and to have remained in the family till some favourable accidental opening procured me, through their interest, a small church living in a remote quarter, where in all likelihood I should have continued during life, if I relished the profession. But my own opinion is, that I should have rather preferred the situation of a schoolmaster, for the instruction of youth in the Latin tongue, in which case I should have gratified my natural inclination, and on a salary of 30*l.* or 40*l.* per annum, enjoyed in some petty village the society of the surgeon and the exciseman, among whom I might have made some figure in talking over politics, and quoting scraps of Latin during an evening at the ale-house. Compare all this, father, with my present situation, the advantages of which proceeded from nothing but constant application to business, all of which, I can assure you, was executed without one word of Latin, from the commencement to the end."

"But do you think now, Andrew," said the old tailor, unwilling to give up his favourite idea of having benefitted his son by the education he had given him; "do you really think now that you could have got on to be Secretary to an Admiral, (which ye ken was the making o' your fortune,) without a proper knowledge o' grammar, which, ye likewise ken, couldna possibly hae happened without a knowledge o' the Latin?"

"To answer you in one word," said Cochran, "I say *yes;* and as a proof, I now tell you, that for one Secretary in the navy who understands Latin, there are ten who know not one word of it, and who, notwithstanding, can write official letters as well and as grammatically as I can possibly do; and, as an additional proof, Tom Drysdale, who was my instructor and superior in every thing, can, in consequence of his having been taught *English* instead of Latin Grammar, write more elegantly than I can, or ever could do in my life."

"His father was aye a judicious sensible man," replied the tailor, "and I remember blamed me for sending you to the Hie School, whan ye might hae learnt mair useſu' knowledge; and I now recollect, that when Tam cam first down and ca'd upon me, he telt me, that whan you and I met, you wad convince me that your success was no in consequence o' the education I had gi'en you.—Dear me! what foolish folk we tradesmen are in this country, in sending our laddies, for sax lang years, to learn what can be of nae use to them after."

As Mrs. Cochran was anxious to depart from Edinburgh as quickly as possible, it occurred to her husband, that on their way southward, a visit to his friend Drysdale might be easily accomplished, and prove acceptable to his spouse after her late unpleasant public exposure. The spring had nearly elapsed, and the surrounding beauties of the country become doubly inviting, with the addition of fine weather, as they travelled slowly on through scenes delightfully romantic, till they reached the banks of the Tweed, near which Drysdale's rural abode lay. If Mrs. Cochran was charmed with every thing she saw in this excursion, her husband was not less so with the residence of his old friend, and the warm reception they met with from him and his faithful Susan. He found him busily occupied with his rural improve-

ments and embellishments;—his house new-modelled and neatly fitted up; his lawn dressed and ornamented; his offices new built; and his establishment full, liberal, and even elegant, without the smallest ostentation or show.

On the other hand, his attention was completely arrested with the unassuming modest manners of Susan, sedulous to please and to accommodate her guests; occupied in the daily concerns of her family, and surrounded with her blooming offspring, educated and trained with the utmost propriety and care. Although completely opposite in sentiments, habits, and inclinations, the uncommon sweetness, and kind attentions of this amiable woman, rendered Mrs. Cochran's situation extremely pleasant for some weeks, and even counteracted those natural propensities which led to scenes of gayety and amusement. A repetition, however, of the same operations and manners soon began to pall, and to incline this lady to shift the scene of calm domestic life, for others more congenial to her taste and inclination; and although Drysdale exerted himself to amuse his guests, by the introduction of neighbouring families occasionally at his house, Mrs. Cochran at last intimated to her husband, that she thought the visit already sufficiently long, and that he must prepare himself for continuing his journey to the metropolis.

Nothing could have been more unpalatable to Cochran than this intimation. The pleasure he derived from the conversation of his old companion and friend, and the satisfaction he daily experienced from his judicious operations and rural arrangements, had made him a complete convert to a country life, and nothing would have afforded him such delight as to have seated himself near him, and remained for the rest of his days in some pleasant retirement, where he could enjoy his society and imitate his example. There was, however, no alter-

native. All his remonstrances and reasonings produced no effect in changing his wife's inclinations. She, in a very decided tone told him, that she was heartily sick of the country, and wished to partake of pleasures more suited to her taste, and more conformable to her station. Perceiving therefore no likelihood of success, and already subjected to compliance, he forbore to urge any thing farther than the delay of another week, promising at the expiration of which to set off for London. Drysdale, who was no stranger to this arrangement, or to the particular situation in which his friend was placed, could only lament in secret what he clearly perceived he could not remedy, and therefore withheld his sentiments and opinions on this unpleasant subject, only recommending occasional excursions round the adjacent country, were the change of objects might prevent that tedium and listlessness, which seemed daily to increase from Mrs. Cochran's impatience.

Few counties could have furnished better opportunities for gratifying the eye and engaging the mind, than the picturesque scenes and singular objects of Roxburgshire. The delightful banks of the Tiviot and the sylvan Jed, alone were sufficient to arrest attention, exclusively of the various monuments of antiquity which the traveller encounters in his way, while the diversity of hill and dale, interspersed with elegant villas situated near the borders of these enchanting streams, form a picture rarely to be met with. With all her apathy and dislike to a country life, Mrs. Cochran could not resist the charm produced by this assemblage of engaging objects, as she and her husband made a tour to Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso, for a few days; and on their return by the banks of the Tweed, confessed that she had never experienced in so short a time such pleasure before.

As they approached within some miles of Drysdale's boundary, they perceived, in a romantic situation, a board

affixed to one of the spreading sycamores that formed the avenue to a concealed dwelling, on which was painted in large letters "A genteel house, offices, and garden, to be let or sold, together with some grass parks, and enclosures." Wishing to examine the premises, the porter of the lodge opened the gate that led to a winding avenue, that conducted them to a mansion house very different in its appearance from what they had expected. It was not only superior in size, but in architecture, to what they conceived would be conformable to the quantity of ground specified on the board, and on their entering, found it furnished with every article of taste and convenience. Proceeding to the garden, at this time plentifully supplied with a variety of choice fruits, Mrs. Cochran was particularly delighted with its appearance, and on going into the hot-house, the gardener presented her and her husband with a large bunch of delicious grapes each, proposing to send a basket full to the carriage, assuring them that there was more fruit in the garden than he could possibly dispose of. From the garden he conducted them to a door, which led to a gravelled winding path by the margin of the Tweed, telling them, that if their time permitted, they might wander there for several hours very much to their satisfaction, as the walk was of considerable extent, and accounted one of the finest in that part of the country. The pleasure which Mrs. Cochran had derived from her late excursion, produced a temperature of mind different from what she had formerly experienced; and this delightful walk of retirement and quiet, where nothing but the warblers of the shade, and the murmuring of the stream were heard around, completed the impression of serenity. Turning round to her husband, she emphatically said—"If any thing could reconcile me to a country life for ever, it would be the possession of this enchanting spot."

"My dearest love!" answered Cochran, with ardour, "this property shall be yours instantly, if it is in the power of money to procure it, nor shall any thing be wanting on my part to render it in every respect agreeable to your wishes. When we return to my friend Drysdale, he will be enabled to furnish us with complete intelligence relative to every thing we want to know; and should the society in the neighbourhood be such as we wish for, I cannot help thinking, that with the addition of his agreeable family, we cannot possibly be more happily situated."

"I really think so too, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Cochran, with a smile of complacency; "so let us depart, although I confess it is with much reluctance I leave this rural paradise."

It was with no small pleasure that Cochran communicated this acceptable intelligence to his friend on his return, who on his part satisfied him in every particular circumstance he wished to ascertain. The property belonged to a gentleman lately deceased, whose widow had removed to Edinburgh for the education of her children, and whose object in disposing of the house and garden, with a few enclosures, was merely to increase her annual income in a place where she was necessarily subjected to a greater expense. The principal part of the estate she intended to reserve for her eldest son; but as there were some farms contiguous to the mansion house, which would very shortly be out of lease, he had little or no doubt, but that on coming forward with a liberal offer, he might obtain them. As to the immediate neighbourhood, it was in every respect equal to his most sanguine wishes, and what he was convinced would be agreeable to Mrs. Cochran, the surrounding proprietors being not only genteel but opulent, and much disposed for social easy intercourse.

On the other hand, Susan contributed not a little to strengthen and fix Mrs. Cochran's resolution of seating herself calmly and domestically in a spot where every thing was already prepared for her reception, and where she could not fail to experience all the comforts and enjoyments annexed to fortune and domestic bliss. "You are yet, my dear madam," said she, impressively, "a stranger to the joys of a mother, which I hope will not be long wanting. When these come, all other pleasures and amusements will be considered as mere trifles. I would not give one hour spent with these little prattlers," pointing to her two eldest children playing in the room, "for all the assemblies, routs, and entertainments which Edinburgh or London can afford; nor the delight I experience in nursing this beloved infant, (embracing the child in her arms,) for all the gayeties and splendour that circle round a throne! When Tom and I, after our daily occupations are over, seat ourselves by our evening fire, and recount our different employments, and communicate our future plans, I am persuaded that we experience more real enjoyment than it is possible for mixed society to produce; and when I consider the happiness I derive from the possession of such a husband, and these children, I am often impressed with a belief, that, in spite of all my endeavours, I am not sufficiently grateful either to him or the divine author of all goodness!"

"Well, you are a pair of charming turtles," said Mrs. Cochran, laughing; "and should we get possession of this intended residence, it would be a vast addition to the concert in our favourite walk, to have you two cooing through the shade; but you must not flatter yourself with the idea, my good Mrs. Drysdale, that any thing you have said will ever induce me to subject myself to such domestic bondage and slavery, from morning

till night, about my children, when I have them, as you do. I could no more submit to such incessant care and confinement than I could fly!"

"Stop till you have them, my dear Mrs. Cochran," said Susan, smilling; "and if you tell me the same tale then, I will believe you, but not till then."

By the friendly exertions of Drysdale, matters were soon arranged between the contracting parties, and a day was appointed for the agent's arrival with the necessary writings for a final settlement. When Mrs. Cochran was made acquainted with this circumstance, she conceived it incumbent upon her to prepare against any obligation on her part to adhere to any terms that might subject her to restrictions, and bind her down to a retirement which might soon prove disagreeable to her. She therefore begged to know what her husband's views and intentions were relative to this important point; assuring him, that if he conceived she was ready and willing to confine herself to a country residence, he was much mistaken, for to that she would never agree. "I am at least obliged to you for letting me know this in time," said Cochran, not a little astonished and mortified at the declaration, "although it corresponds very little with the sentiments and inclinations which you expressed some days ago, and which led me to take the steps I have done to comply with your wishes."

"What were these sentiments and inclinations?" asked the lady, abruptly.

"A declaration," rejoined her husband, "that the possession of the spot you so much admired, would reconcile you to a country life for ever."

"I said no such thing, Mr. Cochran," retorted the other; "nor shall you entrap me with any such misrepresentation. What I said was, that if any thing *could* reconcile me to a country life, it would be the pos-

session of that spot; but it surely did not follow, that by saying so, I consented to remain there during life. Nothing can be more different!"

"Very well—very well, my dear," answered her husband, coolly; "we shall not argue the point. Fortunately no harm is yet done; and although I confess it gives me pain to break matters off, after having brought them thus far, nothing now remains but to send back the gentleman, who is to arrive here to-morrow with the deeds ready for signing, and to tell him that a very unexpected circumstance has occurred to prevent me from making the purchase."

"I can see no necessity for that," said Drysdale, who was extremely anxious to accommodate matters. "Mrs. Cochran is naturally alarmed at the idea of remaining here during life, which I am persuaded is not your intention, should circumstances not answer her expectations. She is yet altogether unacquainted with the pleasures of a country life, and conceives that they furnish nothing for enjoyment. When you reside here a certain time, my dear madam," continued he, addressing her, "you will find yourself most agreeably deceived. There are many enjoyments, and a variety of pleasures to be obtained in rural life, of which you have no conception at present. Exclusively of every thing else, the society with which you mingle, and with whom you will be in habits of intimacy, are not only agreeable, kind, and hospitable, but polite and opulent, nor by any means averse to the enjoyment of every pleasure consistent with propriety and decorum. They are not mere rustics, who have never been out of the country, but those who have mixed with the best and most fashionable society, and know how to appreciate the value of it. Without the racket and etiquette of a town, they receive and visit their

friends and neighbours frequently; and if their entertainments are not so ceremonious, nor their company so numerous as in Edinburgh, the ease, hospitality, and kindness you uniformly meet with, fully compensate the want of parade. Their wives and daughters, like yourself, have been educated in a gay and fashionable town, and are no strangers to what belongs to genteel life, nor averse to the enjoyment of it; and although they participate not in all the gayeties and varieties of a dissipated capital, nor fly to it every winter, they have however their occasional parties, concerts, and snug balls here as well as in town."

"Well, well," answered Mrs. Cochran, with indifference, "all this may be very true, but suppose it does not suit my taste, or come up to my expectations, what, I should be glad to know, is in reserve for *me?*"

Whether Cochran was provoked at his wife's unreasonableness, or wished to convince his friends that he was not completely under her control, is uncertain, but with more impatience than usual, he turned round to her abruptly, and asked her what she conceived *he* should do? "Would you have me to be such a fool as to purchase a property where I am not to reside, but during your will and pleasure, and, after arranging every thing for your accommodation, obliged to decamp the moment that whim and caprice influenced you?"

This was a language altogether new to Mrs. Cochran, who had hitherto perceived nothing but obsequiousness and respect on the part of her husband; and, reddening with resentment, she repeated—"*Whim* and *caprice!* Upon my word, I did not expect such language from *you*, Mr. Cochran."

"I can apply no other terms to your inconsistency and unreasonableness," rejoined her husband, coolly; "if they sound harshly in your ear, you have your-

self to blame, my dear, and not me, after what I have done to oblige you to very little purpose."

Susan, who had all this time remained silent with astonishment, now interposed, and taking Mrs. Cochran kindly by the hand, in her mild persuasive tone, observed, that she was sure she would not object to a proposal she had to offer, which she conceived would settle all differences. "Agree to remain in the country," said she, "till you satisfy yourself perfectly with regard to every thing around you. One year is neither here nor there, and will be fully sufficient to make you acquainted with what you are at present ignorant of. Should you then find your situation really unpleasant, I'm sure so kind and obliging a husband as Mr. Cochran will not insist on your remaining longer; and I am likewise persuaded, that a young woman of your good sense and good disposition, will not think of quarreling with some trifling circumstances that may not come up exactly to your expectations. One thing you may make yourself certain of, the constant endeavours of your friend Mr. Drysdale and myself, to render your situation agreeable to you, by making you acquainted with the neighbouring families, and by affording you all the assistance in our power. The possession of *real* friends, my dear madam! is a great blessing, and here you are sure of them, happen what will. As we are near neighbours, we can at all times see one another without the least inconvenience, and, not to talk of other advantages, the society of those who are mutually and cordially attached, is of itself superior to all that can be derived from promiscuous and accidental acquaintance."

The reader has hitherto been kept in the dark with regard to the real character of Mrs. Cochran. Educated under the care of a judicious, sensible mother,

who, on her husband's death in India, had nothing to expect, and not over abundance to live upon, a system of genteel economy, consistent with neatness, comfort, and frugality, had been established in the family, where every thing was regulated conformably. To her daughters she gave, if not a fashionable, at least an excellent education; they were instructed in the different branches of useful and ornamental knowledge, necessary for young women who had no pretensions to move in the higher spheres of life, but who at the same time were a step above the middling orders of society. Their dress, manners, and conversation, were exactly suitable to their station; and their views and wishes extended not beyond being united by marriage to some respectable man, who, with the manners of a gentleman, possessed wherewithal to enable them to live easily and comfortably.

It was in this situation, and in this temper of mind, that Cochran found the family on his arrival from India, and, on a short acquaintance, perceived so many agreeable qualities and amiable dispositions in the eldest daughter, that he hesitated not to propose marriage to one, whom he had every reason to think would prove a valuable acquisition to him, as a companion through life. Had it not been for the immense fortune he brought home with him, and the splendour he displayed with it after his marriage, he would not have been disappointed in his expectations; for to a man of moderate income, and less expense, Mrs. Cochran would have proved a most excellent wife. Possessed naturally of good sense and a sweet temper, and habituated from her earliest years to economy, prudence, and circumspection, nothing interfered to derange or obstruct that blissful serenity and content which constitute the chief happiness of life, till her marriage whirled her into a vortex of dissipated pleasures and fashionable amuse-

ments, in London and Edinburgh, and formed habits not easily set aside. An assurance of her husband's ability to afford her these gratifications, naturally induced her to expect their continuance, and the easy victory she obtained over him on her first trial, as naturally disposed her to think, that she had acquired such an ascendency over him, as to preclude any opposition on his part to her wishes or inclinations, however unreasonable. When she therefore found, that not only her power was weakened, but her predelictions firmly opposed and condemned, it can scarcely be supposed that her mind was altogether tranquil. In fact, her disappointment and mortification were great; yet such was the uncommon sweetness of Susan's kind address, and such the reasonableness of her proposal, that Mrs. Cochran sulkily assented, reserving herself however for another attempt, which she conceived could not fail to reinstate her in absolute power, and reduce her husband to his former acquiescence.

Conditions being agreed to, and deeds signed, Cochran was put in possession of his property, consisting of about 400 acres, including the pleasure-grounds, garden, and plantations on the banks of the river. For the first eight or ten days, Drysdale accompanied him on their morning rides, to the different landed proprietors in the vicinity, merely as an accidental introduction, and an intimation of his friend's immediate purchase. The respectability of Drysdale's character, and the high estimation in which he was held by all the neighbouring gentlemen, were alone sufficient to insure attention to any whom he might recommend; but when, in addition, he took occasion to intimate, that Mr. Cochran was the most valued friend he ever had, and that, on returning from India with a splendid fortune,

his principal object in settling here was to be near him, a considerable impression was made in his favour.

For some weeks after, Mrs. Cochran was agreeably occupied in receiving morning visits from the ladies in the neighbourhood, fixing engagements, and spending a day sumptuously at their respective houses. These attentions, joined to the hospitality and uniform kindness she every where met with, were peculiarly gratifying to her; and nothing interfered to disturb her security, but the dread of her husband's connexions being discovered, which she conceived would infallibly overturn and ruin every thing.

An unexpected circumstance soon occurred, which, while it yielded her considerable satisfaction in one respect, excited apprehensions and alarm in another. The intelligence of the sudden death of Cochran's father necessarily obliged him to repair instantly to Edinburgh, to attend his funeral; and although this in part relieved Mrs. Cochran from the actual existence of one person who contaminated her matrimonial union, she had reason to dread, that the very circumstance which had occurred, would bring to light what otherwise might have been concealed, in a quarter so distant from Edinburgh. During her husband's absence, she revolved in her mind various schemes to prevent this dreaded discovery; and at last came to the singular resolution of persuading Cochran, on his return, to dispense with wearing mournings for the death of his father.

On his arrival in Edinburgh, Cochran found his aged mother in the deepest affliction; and the remembrance of a parent, who had uniformly treated him with affection, and during the struggles of life had exerted himself so much to educate him, in a manner which he conceived would be most advantageous to his future success, made altogether an impression on his mind not easily removed.

Reprobating his former inattention and unkindness, occasioned by a silly and contemptible pride, he yielded to his affliction; and when he laid the good old man's head in the grave, and recalled all his unassuming manners and genuine worth, he burst into a flood of sorrow.

Having arranged matters for the future accommodation and comforts of his widowed mother, whom he promised faithfully to revisit soon, he returned with the same impressions and sentiments to his home, where he found his wife busily preparing matters for an intended entertainment to those families whom she had visited, and to whom she meant to give, in return, something very superior to any thing she had met with at their respective houses.

In the immediate temper of mind in which Cochran now was, it can hardly be supposed such inconsiderate and inconsistent conduct could be agreeable: on the contrary, it was highly offensive. Commanding his passions, however, he calmly remonstrated with her on the impropriety of her intentions, in exhibiting any thing approaching to ostentation and superior show on their first appearance among strangers, who had entertained them in a different manner, and who would naturally be offended at an assumed superiority to what was generally adopted in the country. But when he found that this made not the smallest impression, and that, in addition to his wife's unreasonableness, she peremptorily insisted on his throwing off his mournings, as the means of preventing the discovery of his birth, he was no longer master of himself. "Mrs. Cochran," said he, with a firm determined look and tone, "I perceive that prosperity has turned your head and made you mad; but you will find, that, with all the readiness which I have hitherto yielded to your unreasonable requests, I shall restrain them, and be master of my own conduct. It is full time

I should do so, since I perceive that the more I yield, the more are you disposed to demand; but you have neither a fool nor simpleton to deal with! My conduct already I have but too much reason to condemn: Had I acted as I ought to have done on my marriage, nothing which now gives me pain would have happened; but yielding to a contemptible vanity, and love of parade, I find I have converted a plain unaffected sweet girl into an unreasonable wife, and a woman, naturally of good sense into a changeable capricious lady of fashion. I have done more: To prevent what might possibly be ungracious to you, I was foolish and silly enough to avoid introducing my honest, plain, respectable parents to you; and after your having, in consequence of your own intemperance, discovered who they were, to soothe your indignity, I was contemptible enough to leave my parents, and the place of my birth, merely to oblige you; and now that I have performed the last duty to one whom, on your account, I treated unworthily, you are so unnatural and unfeeling as to demand, what none, possessed of the least filial affection, could request.—Hear then, once for all, my firm and unalterable determination: So far from complying with this unworthy request, it shall be my first act to declare openly and publicly what my origin was, and what my parents were; and in order to prevent all farther contests and disputes, it is necessary to tell you, that no entertainments or displays of extravagance, unconformable to the general practice adopted in this quarter, shall be permitted by me, as long as I remain in this house."

Having delivered himself thus, he abruptly rose and left the room.

Mrs. Cochran was not only amazed, but confounded. She had flattered herself with the idea, that, resorting to the origin of her husband's birth, which formerly

seemed to influence his conduct, it would be the most effectual mode she could adopt to maintain her superiority, and consequently to obtain a ready compliance on his part with all her measures and proposals. When she therefore found, that, so far from this talisman producing the desired effect, his intentions were to avow openly every thing relative to his birth, she began seriously to consider what her future conduct ought to be, and how far it was prudent to persevere in attempts to obtain an ascendency over a man, whose mind and resolution were very different from what she had hitherto conceived. Her good sense and natural disposition suggested to her the justice and propriety of all he had advanced; but willing to hear the sentiments and opinions of her friend and countrywoman, Mrs. Drysdale, she ordered her carriage, and, without loss of time, drove off to her abode.

It is a singular enough coincidence of circumstances, that the wife of the same person, who had been the means of converting Andrew Cochran to judicious and beneficial conduct at an early period of life, should have likewise been the happy instrument of converting the woman to whom he was married, from habits which were likely to destroy all domestic harmony, and to put her in the direct road which led to future peace and happiness. Susan's own habits and inclinations were so completely opposite to those of Mrs. Cochran's, and her experience of matrimonial felicity was so long and firmly established, that nothing was wanting to support her opinions and enforce her advice. She represented to her, in the clearest light, the danger and the folly of opposing the determined will of a husband guided by judgment and propriety; pointed out the reasonableness of Cochran's objections to her proposals; recommended

to her to conform to the established customs of the country, and mildly, though impressively, condemned her having wounded the feelings of an affectionate son, immediately on his returning from the funeral of a respected parent, who had left an aged disconsolate widow behind him. Having thus prepared Mrs. Cochran's mind to admit of friendly advice, she concluded in the following manner:—"Go home, my dear friend, and without loss of time repair, by your own sweetness and candour, what you have uncautiously committed. Receive your husband with smiles, and freely confess that you were to blame, and as freely promise to do nothing without his approbation and consent, and depend upon it, you will not suffer either in your indulgence or your reasonable pleasures, in consequence of it. Were you married to a harsh unfeeling niggardly husband, you might indeed have some cause to oppose; but Mr. Cochran is not only kind and affectionate, but generous and liberal in all his conduct. You have yourself confessed to me, that what he has done for your mother and sisters was bountiful in the extreme, and that since your marriage he has never once thwarted you in any of your inclinations. How unkind! how ungenerous then, my good friend, in you to return these favours by twitting him with the origin of his birth, which, after all, instead of being against him, is highly to his credit. Am not I the wife of a tradesman's son as well as you, and does this operate in one instance against us, although it is generally known? Is not Mr. Drysdale respected and beloved by all the neighbourhood, and principal proprietors round, and do you conceive that, with a large fortune, honourably and industriously acquired, your husband will not be equally so, unless by your own injudicious conduct you forfeit the good opinion of those among whom you are placed?—the thing is impossible;

and I cannot but applaud Mr. Cochran's intentions to make every thing relative to himself and his connections known at once, which, while it shows his candour and good sense, will convince every one that he is not ashamed of his origin, by openly avowing it."

This sensible and seasonable discourse, delivered with the utmost kindness and solicitude, made a considerable impression on Mrs. Cochran, who, after promising to conform to Susan's advice, immediately departed.

She had just time to return home before dinner; and when Cochran came into the dining room, where he had prepared himself to meet with sullenness and reserve, he was not a little surprised to find his wife arrayed in smiles of good humour, and more than usually attentive and communicative. When the attendants had retired, Mrs. Cochran, with much candour and sweetness of manner, said, "I have been very naughty, my dear, to day; but I hope you will forgive me. I confess it was a trial to ascertain the extent of your good nature; but depend upon it, you shall meet with nothing of the kind again. I am well assured of your readiness to comply with all my reasonable requests, and it shall henceforth be my study to make none but what are so. Will you forgive me?" said she, putting forth her hand.

"My dear Fanny!" answered Cochran, grasping her hand with transport, "say not one word more on the subject. You make me happier by this confession and condescension than I have words to express; and, be assured on your part, that it will not operate to your disadvantage. My wish and delight is to make you happy, and to comply, as far as consistency will admit, with every thing you request, and every thing that affords you pleasure; and as a proof of my sincerity, as

soon as decency will permit, all those neighbours whom you wish to see here, shall be invited, and entertained in a manner agreeable to your own inclinations, which I am sure will not lead you to any thing inconsistent with our immediate situation, and the general practice adopted in this part of the country."

In this little domestic disagreement, Cochran was as fortunate as he was in every thing that happened to him through life. It was not only the means of establishing mutual harmony between two persons, who, otherwise, were likely to live, if not in perpetual discord, at least in discontent; but what renders it still more remarkable, is, that had it not happened at the precise time it did, and had the circumstances been different in its nature, the effects produced, in all human probability, would never have taken place. Cochran, in fact, was not naturally possessed of much firmness or fortitude of mind: His disposition was to yield, rather than to contend; but having just returned from a scene of affliction, with a mind at once strongly impressed with sorrow and repentance, the proposal of his wife to throw off the external marks of regard to the memory of a respected father, roused his sensibility and indignation, and produced a language altogether unusual to him, and a determination firm and decisive. But for this language, Mrs. Cochran would not have felt and acted as she did, nor, consequently, would have received that seasonable advice from Susan, which, while it produced the most lively impression at the time, was the means of converting an amiable young woman from acquired habits of extravagant follies, to sober reflection, and of securing domestic peace and concord for ever after.

As soon as decency and propriety would permit Cochran to receive company, he sent cards of invitation to some of the most respectable families around,

hoping for the honour of their society to a plain family dinner. The wording of the card pleased those to whom it was addressed, as they naturally concluded, that a man of wealth, returned from India, would have established a style of living somewhat superior to their own. The ladies, who on this occasion accompanied their husbands, were however of a different opinion, conceiving that the wording of the invitation was only to produce an additional surprise at the splendour of the entertainment. In this they were as much mistaken as in every thing they met with during the social day they spent in Cochran's house, where more than one circumstance occurred to surprise them.

The company assembled, consisted of six of the principal neighbouring proprietors, with their wives; Drysdale, Susan, and the old father, together with Drysdale's sister and her husband the farmer. The entertainment was liberal, neat, and even elegant, without the least appearance of ostentatious show, and, excepting the wines, which were excellent, and fruits of a superior flavour from their own garden, nothing materially differed from what was usually met with at the houses of those who were present. After having spent an agreeable social day and evening, Cochran, previous to the departure of the company, addressed them in the following terms: "My worthy friends and neighbours, I have taken the earliest opportunity to bring you together, with the view, first, to return you my thanks for the very polite and kind attention you have shown to me and Mrs. Cochran since we came here; and, secondly, to exhibit to you the manner in which I mean to live while I have the happiness of remaining among you. The wealth which fortune has so bountifully bestowed upon me, will never induce me to forget what I owe to propriety, and still more to the origin of my birth. It becomes not

the son of an obscure though respectable tradesman, to hold himself up above the level of those with whom he associates, by any parade of extravagance, be his wealth what it may; and my view in settling myself here on this small property, is to enjoy the society of that invaluable friend (pointing to Drysdale,) who has been the cause of all my success in life, and all my prosperity. These circumstances, so far from being ashamed to confess, I with pride and pleasure openly avow, and should they in any respect lessen my consequence among you (which I cannot allow myself to think,) I shall however have this pleasing consolation remaining, that neither insolent pride, nor assuming manners, were the cause."

The effect of this modest manly address was electrical. In one voice the gentlemen declared, that much as they had hitherto been pleased with his and Mrs. Cochran's agreeable society, the very circumstances which had been mentioned would enhance their value, and recommend them to their regard and estimation; while the ladies, with one accord, assured Mrs. Cochran, that nothing within their power should be wanting to promote that intercourse and cordial friendship, which they wished to establish between neighbours, and especially with those who were so justly entitled to it.

On this occasion, Drysdale could not withhold his sentiments, as he had been particularly alluded to. "My friend Cochran's modesty," said he, smiling, "is such, that he has transferred every thing which appertains to his own merit and uniform propriety through life, to me. What I did at the commencement, was simply to put him in the right road, but every thing else was his own. Fortunate as he unquestionably has been, it could never have happened but by the judiciousness of his own conduct, and the talents which he possessed. His merits

recommended him to notice, his fidelity to confidence, his honourableness to respect, and his gentlemanly manners to the best company; but it was his industry and application to business, that procured him wealth, and, what is of infinite more consequence, wealth *honourably acquired!* He and I started poor enough—both tradesmen's sons, but very differently educated. His was the education of a gentleman—mine merely that which enables a young man, who has nothing but industry to depend upon, to turn to any profession that may occur to procure a livelihood. It may perhaps surprise you when I tell you, that this simple education of mine was the means, not only of establishing my own success, but of withdrawing my friend from what was materially injurious to his; it is therefore evident, that the original cause of the prosperity of both, was the early instruction and judicious advice of that venerable old man (pointing to his father,) who, viewing every thing connected with station and profession through a just medium, bestowed such an education on his son as enabled him to benefit himself, and even to advantage others."

The eyes of the whole company were turned on Drysdale's father, who, sensibly affected with his son's eulogium, could only say, "Well, Tom, if ever a scholar did honour to his instructor, or if ever a son rewarded a father for his careful attention, you have certainly done both to me!"

When the company had departed to their respective homes, Mrs. Cochran declared to her husband, that of all the days she had ever spent, this had been the most gratifying, and that henceforth she would never oppose his opinions or arrangements.

But the period now approached when this reformed wife was to experience still more substantial domestic

enjoyments, and when the most endearing tie that binds connubial happiness is secured by the united affections of parental love. Without communicating any thing of his intentions, Cochran transmitted an account of his wife's situation to her mother, with a warm invitation to her and her daughters to come and remain at his retreat as long as they found it agreeable.

Their unexpected arrival at this critical period, was no small pleasure to Mrs. Cochran, and the birth of a fine boy, shortly after, a source of delight, which rendered her home preferable to all the gayeties and frivolous amusements that fashion or fortune could yield. It was then that she thought of what Susan had told her when she resided at her house, and when she wondered at the unceasing attention she dedicated to her maternal charge, which at the time she considered a *slavery*. Like her, "one hour spent with her beloved infant," surpassed all the delights she had formerly experienced; nor would she have exchanged one day, of what she had lately called *bondage*, for all the "gayety and splendour that circle round a throne."

Mrs. Cochran's mother and sisters were so enchanted with the romantic beauties of the retreat, that they wished to obtain some residence adjoining to it; and Cochran, with his usual liberality, selected a small portion of his property for their accommodation, and built a neat picturesque cottage upon it. On the other hand, his wife, now completely cured of all her former pride and vanity, insisted on his removing his aged mother from Edinburgh, where she remained solitary and apparently neglected, to a home where she would experience, during the remainder of life, those comforts connected with assiduous care and attention, and those consolations which are the sweeteners of declining age. Surrounded thus with his most intimate friends, and nearest relatives,

possessed of wealth to secure every enjoyment of life, respected by all his neighbours, and blessed with domestic peace and happiness, Cochran devoted himself to those ordinary enjoyments, and rural recreations, so congenial to certain minds unqualified for great undertakings, and not much disposed for exertion. Ungifted with genius, like Drysdale, for invention and improvement, uninstructed in science to enable him to convert what was useless to the best purpose, and defective in taste to ornament and embellish what admitted of alteration and elegance, he contented himself with the natural beauties around him, which were not few, with his rural sports by day, and with amusing himself, his wife, and old mother, of an evening, by reading, from a choice collection, such books as he conceived would contribute to their entertainment. It will no doubt surprise, and may perhaps disgust the learned reader, when he is told, that in all this collection, not one Latin Classic had a place. Whether it was that Cochran was averse to return to studies which had long been laid aside, and a language which was now almost completely forgot, or that he really undervalued a branch of education, which, from experience, he was certain had contributed nothing to his success in life, we shall not presume to determine; but on his friend Drysdale's examining his library, and perceiving nothing but English and French literature on the shelves, he could not avoid asking him, with a sly arch look, if in all this valuable collection he had not a *Latin Horace?* "Aye, aye, Tom!" said Cochran, laughing, "I remember my old and early acquaintance Horace well; but I remember likewise, that of all the acquaintance I ever had, he was the most dangerous. Perhaps in my retirement here, were we to renew acquaintance, he might prove more kind, if not more *useful* than formerly; but as I really feel no want of him.

and find as much amusement and instruction in the books I have here collected as I could wish for, I have as little inclination to furbish up my rusty Latin, as to renew an acquaintance with a gentleman who, during all my various transactions, never was of the smallest service to me."

We must not, however, omit mentioning, that with all the wealth which Cochran possessed, and with all the comforts he had around him, there was one circumstance which frequently occurred to counteract perfect content, and to render many an hour listless and uninteresting. Rural sports and recreations cannot always be enjoyed, and mere reading is but a poor indolent substitute for active, useful occupation! Without some object to arrest and engage the mind, there must often be many blanks to fill up, especially in the country, where, removed from scenes of gayety and amusement, little occurs during the winter season to supply their place, and where even the unvaried repetition of domestic enjoyments deadens the zest. Cochran never visited his friend Drysdale, but he envied his lot; for daily occupied with his rural operations abroad, and interested in all he planned and executed, his domestic enjoyments were heightened as much by contrast, as by mental pleasure. What would Cochran now have given for the never failing sources, from which Drysdale derived such uninterrupted enjoyment and amusement!—but the time was past for attaining what was essentially necessary to procure them; and all he could contrive to vary a repetition of the same scenes for several months in the year, was visiting his acquaintances in the neighbourhood, and occasionally receiving them in return.

Among these visitations, it may well be supposed, that Drysdale's domestic circle was the most frequented; for

here he not only enjoyed the pleasure of communicating every sentiment that arose in his mind with perfect freedom, but of hearing at all times the observations and reflections of two men possessed of judgment, talents, and experience.

In one of these agreeable interviews, and where none but Drysdale, his wife, and father were present to interrupt perfect freedom of conversation after dinner, Cochran took occasion to mention the blanks he experienced from the want of constant employment, and to lament his inability to fill them up as formerly, when daily occupied in official transactions. "Were I in your place," said old Drysdale, "I should *never* want employment; on the contrary, I think I should have more to do than I could well contrive to execute. A man of your ample fortune, Mr. Cochran, can never be at a loss for an object to occupy his mind, and to fill that mind with uniform satisfaction and delight!"

"I should be happy to know as how?" said Cochran, anxiously.

"By *doing good!*" answered the old man.

"In what manner?" asked the other.

"In promoting general utility—in assisting the needy, encouraging the deserving—supporting genius where it evidently appears, and consequently increasing industry and general benefit around. How many are there at this moment," continued this sagacious old man, "who with minds and dispositions qualified for undertaking a variety of beneficial and important concerns, are uselessly unoccupied, merely on account of indigence, and from a want of assistance! How many families might we find in this very county, who are unable to provide for a numerous offspring, with all their exertions, when a very little support and encouragement from the opulent would relieve them from their oppressions,

and provide for their children, by getting them placed in situations, suitable to their talents and beneficial to the community! How many excellent mechanics, eminent artists, and useful assistants in various professions, might be brought forward by carefully watching the natural turn and bent of the youthful mind, and giving it that support by proper instruction, which every man of liberal fortune has it in his power to give, without any encroachment on his gayer pleasures!—I am not," said the old man, impressively, "one of those who would willingly withdraw uncorrupted youth from the haunts of health and innocence, to the pernicious haunts of vice and debauchery in our great cities, were there full employment for all in the country: Still less should I wish for their being placed in our manufacturing towns, where nothing but infamy surrounds them. I consider agriculture as the first and most important of all occupations; but I likewise consider industry and active *employment*, at an early period of life, to be so essential to youth, that every encouragement ought to be given to them; and, providing proper moral and religious instruction is judiciously and carefully attended to at that important period, little is to be dreaded. The great misery is, the want of this instruction at an age when impressions are made, which, in defiance of surrounding vice and temptation, will act as monitors and preventives occasionally, and were I a man of opulence, or even a magistrate in a petty town, my whole solicitude should be to establish a system for *general instruction* to the children of the lower classes, and to enforce a compliance with it by proper punishments inflicted on negligent and worthless parents. But, alas!" sighed the good old man, "such is the depravity of morals now-a-days, that our men of opulence look to nothing but the gratification of their own luxurious pleasures, and our magistrates to

nothing but their own sneaking interest! The rapid increase of every species of vice in the place where I drew my first breath, and which I have now, thank God, left for ever, has often awakened the most painful sensations; and after having long pondered upon the causes, I am perfectly convinced, it originates from nothing so much as those which I have just mentioned. Were it not for the humanity, benevolence, and attention of some public spirited and *thinking* women in Edinburgh," concluded old Drysdale, "the situation of the inferior order of youth would be deplorable indeed; and, after all, God knows, much is yet to be done to rescue them from complete depravity!"

This speech made a very sensible impression on Cochran's mind, which was not lessened by the judicious and pertinent remarks of his friend Tom Drysdale, who suggested a variety of plans for his future attention and occupations, directing his view to objects of real importance and general benefit. As his own inclination and feelings were in perfect harmony with benevolence and the promotion of general utility, he readily assented to what his friend proposed, and looked forward with pleasure and alacrity to what he might afterwards execute. In the prosecution of these plans, he derived not only constant pleasure from employment, but considerable consequence from his usefulness. Investigating the real situation and comforts of the peasantry, and particularly of the cottagers and day labourers around him, he soon perceived their wants and necessities, and making himself perfectly acquainted with their respective characters, he liberally distributed his bounties among the deserving, and gave every encouragement to the industrious. While he became the patron of rising merit, he, on the other hand, was the reprehender and discourager of vice and profligacy,

wherever it was apparent, and while this attention and liberality excited persevering industry in the virtuous, it consequently reflected such shame on the dissipated and the idle, as to operate powerfully on their reformation. In a very short time, independently of his being one of the Justices of the Peace, Cochran was unanimously elected one of the Commissioners of Supply; superintended all the public roads, the erection of bridges, &c. while he was the chief encourager and promoter of agricultural improvement, in all which undertakings he came forward with liberal aid, avoiding every appearance of ostentatious wealth to offend other proprietors, by cautiously withholding his proffers till it was apparent that funds were insufficient to carry plans of general utility into effect.

Thus was Andrew Cochran again put into the right road for enjoying daily pleasure and satisfaction from useful occupation, and obtaining consequence and applause from his merit, by the man who was the original cause of his prosperity, by exciting him to active industry. But for this, there is every reason to suspect, that unoccupied and listless in retirement for many months in the year, he would have soon tired of a country life, and repaired to the metropolis, where resorting for amusement to the haunts of dissipated pleasure, he would have consumed precious time in frivolous gayeties, and devoted a valuable life to useless and unprofitable enjoyment.

On the other hand, Mrs. Cochran, encouraged, directed, and assisted by Susan, entered cheerfully into her husband's system of relief to the needy and deserving, and contributed essentially to the comforts and support of suffering humanity. Exclusively of her unwearied attention to the sick and the unfortuate, she had a number of the poor young girls instructed in useful

branches of education under her own roof, many of whom, after being sufficiently qualified, were put to service in respectable families in the neighbourhood, in consequence of her recommendation, which seldom or never failed to prove true. Those whom she took into her own service never left it, till the propriety of their conduct, and the worth of their character procured them husbands, on which occasions, an encouraging bounty was bestowed to establish them comfortably in their new state, and to prevent the chilling hand of penury from damping the ardour of exertion or the cheerfulness of labour. In a word, while Cochran was the promoter of general industry and comfort among the men, his wife was equally so among the females, and while each was daily, usefully, and humanely occupied, both were uniformly delighted.

In addition to these important duties, Mr. and Mrs. Cochran had, in the course of some years, others to attend to, which came still nearer their hearts. A rising family of fine children now occupied their cares and solicitudes for their future advantage and happiness, by giving them such instruction as was conducive to their respectability, without being injurious to their morals. Following the example of his early director, instead of sending his boys to be educated in schools, where hundreds are instructed by one teacher, and where all are exposed to the effects of a congregated mass of various descriptions, Cochran for a certain time contented himself with having a private tutor of established character for his young men, while Mrs. Cochran, with the assistance of a well educated governess, dedicated her time to the instruction of her daughters. When the period arrived that other branches of education were necessary to be attended to, the young men were sent to a private academy, accompanied by their tutor, and,

at a more advanced age, attended such classes at the Edinburgh College, as were necessary, particularly for a country gentleman; for Cochran was so attached to rural life and manners, that he looked to no other situation for his sons, having sufficient funds to enable him to place them all comfortably in properties of their own, provided their inclinations corresponded with his own.

Directed and advised by Susan, who had seen too much of town manners to send her daughters to seminaries, where, in defiance of every attention and care of the instructress, habits will be caught, and early impressions made, to operate against calmer enjoyments, Mrs. Cochran, in conformity with her neighbour's plan, sent her daughters, at a proper age, to a private family in Edinburgh for one winter, merely to see every thing that could be seen in the gay circle of pleasure, with instructions that they might be whirled from one fashionable scene to the other as rapidly, and as incessantly as possible, provided health permitted. By these means, while the girls became acquainted with every thing connected with what is called "genteel life," they were so overcome, and worn out with a succession of gayeties and late hours, that long before the period allotted for their return, they sighed ardently for the calmer pleasures of the country, and when it arrived, flew delighted to the spot of their early happiness, where once more partaking of their accustomed amusements, and associating with their former intimates, they never afterwards wished for a renewal of what had plunged them into a vortex of ungratifying gayeties, which was productive of nothing but constant harassment and fatigue.

These precautions and judicious attentions, originated partly from Drysdale's observations on modern manners during his winter's residence in Edinburgh, but more particularly from what he had himself witnessed since

his coming to the country. Among those who were his immediate acquaintance in the neighbourhood, was a family, who attracted his notice in more respects than one; for exclusively of the singularity of a character which could hardly fail to engage the attention of such a man as Drysdale, he had, for some years previous to Cochran's arrival, perceived the consquences of neglected instruction, which frequently called up a mixture of indignation and pity, as often as he reflected on it. It was therefore natural for him, not only to guard against similar calamities, by a sedulous attention to the instruction of his children, but to point out to his friend Cochran the lamentable effects of negligence in parents, during the early period of youth, by recounting some of the singular circumstances which attended the family above alluded to, and to specify the causes.

As we are desirious, previously to closing this history, to contrast the defects of education with what we have already detailed relative to judicious instruction, we shall, conformably to our original plan, briefly relate some of the leading causes which produced the family disasters we have hinted at, and present a character to the reader, which certainly may be considered as not a little singular.

Peter Placid was the youngest of three sons, who were all educated and brought up in the same manner; that is, they were at a certain age put to schools, to acquire such knowledge as their capacities and inclinations might produce, without any solicitude or injunctions on the part of their father, who, from their earliest years, could never think of enforcing what might interfere with the immediate happiness or amusements of his children. Although regularly bred to the profession of the law himself, and willing that his sons should betake themselves to what might be conducive to their future

advantage and respectability in society, he left it entirely to their own choice and inclination, contenting himself, in the intermediate time, with the pleasure he derived from their company and conversation, together with that of his friends and acquaintance, who frequently repaired to his hospitable board. Being a man in easy circumstances, and of a cheerful social disposition, he enjoyed the comforts of life with a relish, that made the current glide on smoothly and placidly, unruffled with cares, or disturbed by anxieties; and having little ambition or natural exertion, he was rather pleased than discontented at his sons pursuing the same course. The natural consequence was, that all of them arrived at the state of manhood, without employment to occupy their time, with little instruction to improve their minds, and without any provision for their future support, but what their father might leave among them on his decease, which, considering his annual expenditure, there was good reason to think could not be much.

In this manner matters went on, till an unexpected event deranged this placid system of indolent inattention, which had not only generated habits not to be overcome, but new-modelled and formed dispositions altogether different from the original structure of nature. The circumstance alluded to, was the embarrassment of the old gentleman's affairs, in consequence of some recent losses, and expenses, which, for several years, had greatly exceeded his annual income. He was therefore under the disagreeable necessity of communicating this intelligence to his sons, and of informing them likewise, that, being now forced to retrench his expenses very considerably, it was out of his power to supply them any longer with money to defray unnecessary wants and charges. This communication was far from being agreeable to young men hitherto unaccustomed to re-

striction, and habituated to certain gratifications which could not easily be dispensed with; in particular, his youngest son Peter, who was remarkably fond of dress, trinkets, and public amusements, felt it very sensibly, and, for the first time in his life, began to be a little disturbed in his calm dream of indolence, and to consider what could be devised to render his situation more independent, without the trouble of exertion. He had, previously to this, been bound apprentice to a Writer of the Signet; but six months had completely sickened him of a profession, where not only regular attendance, but labour was required; while his father, unwilling, and, indeed, incapable of enforcing any thing that accorded not with his children's inclinations, readily assented to his giving it up, and living placidly and idly under his own hospitable roof.

Perhaps the only favouring circumstance that could have happened to establish such a man as Peter Placid in any fixed permanent situation in life, accidently occurred at this period. A young woman of inferior station, and altogether unaccustomed to polite society, succeeded unexpectedly to a handsome fortune, by the sudden death of a near relative. No stranger to his present restriction and embarrassment, and well acquainted with his natural apathy and dislike to application, a friend of Peter's suggested to him the propriety of paying his addresses to this young woman without loss of time, naturally conceiving that one so little acquainted with genteel life, might very easily be snapped up by any man of tolerable address and engaging manners. With all his natural and acquired sluggishness, Peter was not insensible to a proposal which might relieve him from increasing difficulties, and ultimately place him in easy independence; and accordingly made the attempt, which succeeded beyond his expectations. In his hurry,

however, to secure the prize, and at all times negligent of correct method, which was attended with some attention and trouble, the marriage knot was tied without a marriage settlement, a previous step which he considered of little consequence, as he made himself sure of having every thing adjusted at a proper period. In this expectation, however, he found himself completely disappointed. The woman whom he had married, exclusively of rigid habits of economy, was naturally sordid and parsimonious, and perceiving, shortly after her marriage, the strong tendency which her husband had to what she considered extravagant expense, she determined to withhold a fortune from him, which, she had reason to suspect, he would speedily squander were it in his possession. With these impressions, she firmly resisted all the attempts of his relatives to induce her to agree to a proper contract being executed; and, upon every occasion afterwards, threatened to dispose of her money to whom she pleased, *in terrorum*, to keep her husband in complete subjection. This indeed was no difficult task, for Peter, naturally disposed for ease and quiet, and at all times averse to contention, which necessarily subjected him to exertion, yielded placidly to the blast without the smallest resistance, like the supple sapling, which, by bending readily to the storm, escapes the fate of the stubborn oak, that is often laid prostrate on the plain.

Finding her scheme succeed, and her power effectually established; and perceiving that she was altogether unqualified for mixing with genteel society, where she constantly experienced uneasiness from a consciousness of her inferiority, she, in less than a twelvemonth after marriage, signified her determined resolution to retire to some part of the country distant from Edinburgh, as much on account of her health as of her inclination.

Although this was attended with various inconveniences to Peter, he readily assented, being by this time well assured, that any opposition on his side would be productive of nothing but altercation, which accorded not at all with his habits and system of quiet. He therefore looked out for some eligible spot, where he might at least partake of his favourite amusements in fishing and fowling, during the summer and autumn; and hearing of a place in Roxburghshire, which was then in the market, he repaired thither, and found it in every respect precisely to his mind. The very favourable account he gave of it to his wife on his return, inclined her to listen to his proposal of purchasing it, should it suit her taste as much as it did his; and this proving the case, she the more readily agreed to lay out the principal part of her money in this landed property, as from all accounts it was considered an excellent bargain. It was now in Peter's power to have retrieved his former error, by having the title-deeds made out in his own name, instead of his wife's, a circumstance which at the time she would not have objected to; but conceiving that this might possibly lead to some unpleasant reflections and altercations at a future period, when his wife was disposed to be out of humour, he again lost an opportunity, which, during her life, he never could regain.

Had domestic pleasures corresponded with those which Peter Placid derived from the country, he would have experienced, like his father, "the current of life gliding smoothly on, unruffled with cares, or undisturbed by anxieties." His fondness for rural sports, and for convivial society, was uniform and unabated, and the different proprietors around, pleased with his calm placidity, and attracted by his genuine worth, were equally uniform in their attentions and hospitality. When he therefore perceived a domestic storm gathering under his

own roof, he would very calmly take up his gun or fishing-rod, and, after enjoying some pleasant hours in the fields, take shelter under the roof of one or other of his social neighbours, where, over a bottle of good old port, every intruding care was completely banished, till the hour arrived when he was certain of receiving a counterbalance to his enjoyments at home. Even on this occasion, Peter contrived to mitigate the approaching storm, by throwing down his fowling-bag or fishing-basket filled with his sport, on entering the parlour, saying, "There, my dear, is some provisions for you, which will save some expense at market, and at the same time supply you with what I know you are fond of."

As this seldom failed to be acceptable to a woman whose parsimony was invariable, and whose love of attention from her husband contributed somewhat to counteract her natural love for scolding, matters went on for some years, similar to the varying nature of our northern climate, during which time Peter became the father of a very promising family.

It was then that circumstances took place, which were afterwards productive of such serious evils; and as they particularly concern parents in general, it is necessary to detail them with some degree of minuteness. We must therefore premise, that in addition to his other amiable qualities, of which he had many, Peter Placid was one of the most affectionate fond fathers imaginable, and as often as favouring opportunities occurred, derived great pleasure from the society of his children. During the early part of their lives, he had them continually in his arms or on his knee, while at home, and such were his attentions, that the parlour was converted to a complete nursery, and he the nurse; for as he indulged them in every thing they wanted, they very naturally were attached to him in particular, and in-

cessantly around him. Most of his friends indeed, could have willingly dispensed with these nursery scenes, when they chanced to make a morning call, or to dine with him, for during their stay, no conversation could possibly intervene between the endless solicitations of the children, and the father's assiduity to satisfy them, till his guests took their departure.

Had Peter confined this indulgence to the period of childhood alone, little could have been objected to it; but unfortunately this unrestrained indulgence was extended to their ripened years without the smallest change. In consequence of this system, his boys, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, remained at table as long as any in company—drank glass for glass—heard all the free conversation that commonly occurs at a jovial board, and, instead of attending to their studies, and preparing themselves for useful occupations in life, became attached to convivial society, and addicted to the bottle before they were eighteen. With regard to her daughters, of whom he had several, matters, if possible, were still worse. From his wife's absurd whim in removing to a remote corner, distant from any place for proper education, merely to avoid female visitors; and from her unconcern about instruction, which she herself had never received, the girls, at the age of puberty, were not only completely ignorant of every useful and necessary branch of education, but completely rusticated. All the company they saw, was the occasional visits of their father's sporting and bottle companions; and all they did, was running from morning till night wild as colts about their father's doors: they heard no conversation the least calculated to improve and embellish the mind—they perceived no manners by which they could appreciate what was polished and refined, and consequently could not possibly discriminate between what was coarse and vulgar,

and what was polite. In this deplorable state they continued, without the father taking one step to counteract what was evidently ruinous, or even to remonstrate with the mother on a system so completely destructive to the future respectability of his children. All he could say was, that it was "very odd!" and all that he could prevail upon himself to advance, was sometimes to remark, that he thought it very injudicious! This love of ease which proceeds from indolence—this "canna be fashed" apathy and indifference, which is the bane and ruin of methodical order and correctness in Scotland, were such, that while he perceived his children acting with glaring impropriety, he could only say mildly, that it was "very strange!" but on a repetition of the same offence, instead of reproof and admonition, all he could venture to say was, that it was "exceeding wrong and very ridiculous." Circumstances however occurred, which, if they operated not to alter his conduct, contributed to disturb, and even occasionally to destroy his accustomed serenity.

On one of those fishing excursions, in which Peter Placid took such delight, he accidentally met one day with a young man, who was a fellow sportsman on the same stream. His usual affability soon led to conversation, and before they parted, Peter, pleased with the manners of this young man, told him that he should be happy to see him at his house when it suited his convenience. It was not long ere this invitation to one, of whom he knew nothing, was complied with; and as his place of abode was equally unknown, Peter, after a couple of bottles of old port, proposed his remaining all night, which was likewise accepted. This was repeated day after day, till his visiter had continued a week without signifying the smallest wish for a departure, during which time, the young ladies were uncommonly attract-

ed by his agreeable conversation and manners, which they deemed the very pink and perfection of politeness. On the other hand, the young gentleman plainly perceived that he was a general favourite, and turning his mind to a serious consideration of every thing connected with the situation and circumstances of the family, began to form a plan which might ultimately tend to his advantage. This plan was no other than to gain the affection of one or other of the daughters, whom could he secure by marriage, would be the most likely means to procure from the father something to enable him to live, even in the event of his disapproving the connexion. For this purpose, he directed his attentions to the one whom he knew was the father's chief favourite, naturally supposing, that were he fortunate enough to gain her affections and induce her to consent to a runaway marriage, her father would more readily come forward to support a favourite child, and prevent embarrassment.

Ridiculous and absurd as Mrs. Placid's general conduct was, she was not so blind or inattentive, as not to perceive plainly a mutual attachment between the lovers, and communicating her suspicions to her husband, reprehended him severely for harbouring in his house a man of whom he knew nothing, and who, for aught she knew, might be a notorious cheat or vagabond. Peter very placidly answered, that although the young man was certainly an entire stranger to him, he could not possibly desire him to leave his house, after having given him an invitation to it, unless he saw something unbecoming in his conduct, of which he hitherto had perceived nothing, but a little flirtation with the girls, which was very natural; but that if she was apprehensive of any growing attachment, it was incumbent on her to caution her daughter—as for him, it was ut-

terly out of his power to interfere in a matter of such delicacy and difficulty.

This caution Mrs. Placid had it not in her power to give her daughter; for that very night the birds had flown, which, by the connivance and assistance of the other sisters, was not discovered till next morning at breakfast. For the first time in his life, Peter Placid experienced not only uneasiness, but real agitation and distress. Springing from the breakfast table, he called for his horse as loudly as ever King Richard did, and tracing and pursuing the fugitives, with a firm determination to rescue his child from the ravisher, in defiance of all opposition or danger, found them at last so secured by the indissoluble bonds of legal marriage, that all farther attempts were useless. In addition to this gratifying discovery, he likewise learnt, that this hopeful son-in-law was a dissipated low lad, of no family or connexion, who having been discarded by his relatives in consequence of his idle pleasures, was reduced to the necessity of shifting his quarters from place to place to avoid his creditors, and to procure temporary subsistence by remaining for a certain time at different spots, and then decamping without payment.

It would be endless to enumerate the various harassments and distresses which Peter experienced in consequence of this unfortunate connexion; let it suffice to say, that after having been forced to give repeated supplies to support a pair destitute of every other resource, and constantly abused by his wife for doing so—after having tried every means to induce the relatives of this worthless lad to do something for him, without success; and after his daughter's having been abandoned by her husband, he was forced to board and support her for a number of years in a distant quarter of the kingdom, where, deprived of her society, she remained solitary

and dejected with her infant child, till the death of her mother, who would never consent to see her face.

Previous to this last event, the second daughter, following the example of her sister, drew up with a common farmer lad in the neighbourhood, who had nothing but his daily labour to depend upon; and a friend of Peter's receiving the intelligence, anxiously waited on him to communicate it; advising him, at the same time, to be speedy in his exertions to prevent what might happen, as he understood matters were already considerably advanced to effectuate an union. Some days after, he again waited on Peter to ascertain what had been done, and, to his astonishment, found him pulling on his boots to repair to the Leith races, which were to commence the day following. Inquiring of him what steps he had taken to satisfy himself of the truth of what he had communicated, Peter very calmly told him, that he had taken none, having learned by chance, that matters had not advanced far, and that there were considerable delicacy and difficulty in interfering in what might probably after all be idle rumour; but that, on his return, he would consider what was to be done. His friend remonstrated strongly with him on the danger of delay; but to no purpose: Peter set off for Leith races, and before his return, the lovers, having no impediments in their way, were, (to use a familiar Scotch phrase,) "firmly buckled" for life. This unfortunate connexion, which entailed disgrace and shame on him and his family, involved him likewise in a variety of unpleasant interviews and altercations with the new-married pair, and in very considerable expense to relieve them, and get rid of their clamours; yet, in spite of these repeated warnings and severe trials, it was no more in the power of Peter Placid to alter his usual system, or, in other words, to abandon his habits of indolent apathy and

love of ease, than to relinquish his bottle. He continued, therefore, as formerly, to pass over carelessly every thing connected with proper instruction for his remaining children, and without a single remonstrance or advice to caution them against similar misconduct. As may readily be supposed, the effects and consequences were, that his sons, as well as his daughters, experienced those disasters which naturally result from neglected education, together with those privations and dismal blanks, which invariably attend the want of useful occupation. Out of three promising young men, two became victims to habits contracted by early indulgence at their father's convivial board; and out of four beautiful girls, two were lost to respectability and eligible society, in the manner already stated; and the third reduced to a state of melancholy, or mental derangement, in consequence of her second sister's disgraceful connexion. As for the remaining son, he may be considered as the true representative of the Placid family, and the legitimate heir to his father's habits. Without proper education to furnish him with amusement at home; without any employment to occupy his time abroad; without a wish to put his hand to any thing, but the drawing of a cork, to save his father some trouble, his life is uselessly and unprofitably consumed in rambling about the country, in search of new scenes and objects to fill up tedious time; yet, with all these deficiencies and consequences, so far is the father from perceiving or lamenting them, that he, on every occasion, holds him up as the best judge of port wine and highland whisky in the whole country.

As the whole of this man's conduct had excited the attention and astonishment of Drysdale from the time he first became acquainted with him, it was but natural for him, as we before remarked, to point out the extreme danger and impropriety of it to his friend Cochran, as

often as he occasionally descanted on the singularity of the character we have attempted to describe. In one of those social interviews, which frequently occurred, when none but his friend Andrew added to his family circle, he took occasion to remark, among other peculiarities, one particular trait in Peter Placid's character, which he considered as not a little curious. "Convinced as I am," said he one day, "of his acute sensibility, by having often seen his sufferings when family calamities happened, I have some times been disposed to think, that he had little or no feeling at all; for whatever happened, or however much he was overpowered with sorrow at first, this sorrow seldom or never continued above three or four days. It was really not only surprising, but amusing," continued Drysdale, "to see this man pouring out his afflictions to a friend over a bottle of old port, and pouring in glass by glass his reviving cordial, which never failed to restore him to his wonted tranquillity before departure, as completely as if nothing had occurred. On the elopement of his favourite daughter, his sufferings were truly pitiable, for he loved this girl with ardent affection; but after having disburthened his affliction to three or four of his neighbouring friends, in the manner I have just mentioned, I found him following the hounds with as much keenness on the fifth day, as if nothing had happened to discompose him. The disgrace annexed to his second daughter's low marriage, struck deeply in his mind for the first three days, as the circumstance, from its happening in his immediate neighbourhood, was not only generally known, but likely to continue during his life. Calling a few days after this untoward event, I, to my astonishment, found him busily arranging matters for repairing to the moors, where he promised himself excellent sport, the preceding year having been a jubilee to the game; and when I

happened to condole with him on his recent misfortune, he calmly remarked, that it was certainly unfortunate; but what signified grieving at what could not now be repaired. The most singular instance of all," said Drysdale, "was on the death of his wife. After having been for twenty-five years in "bondage vile," during the greatest part of which, his yoke-fellow was addicted to a vice the most degrading to the sex, and the most disgusting to a husband, he lamented her loss as sincerely as if she had been an angel sent from heaven to comfort him. Yet, in a very few weeks after, he, in his 60th year, married a very interesting girl, younger than any of his daughters, who brought him, regularly every eighteen or twenty months, an addition to his family. They have been married now some time, during which, he has in a manner been renovated: His parlour-nursery has been revived, and he is the same attentive nurse as in former times; and if his young wife has not prudence and perseverance to counteract his former system, I have not the smallest doubt, but his young progeny will be brought up precisely in the same manner that his other children were.

"The most extraordinary circumstance of the whole," continued Drysdale, "is, that with all these apparent marks of mental imbecility, this man is really possessed of a sound solid understanding; and with all this habitual sluggishness and torpidity, he is, to my certain knowledge, possessed not only of exquisite sensibility, but of very considerable exertion and fortitude, when events occur to call them forth. His warm attachment to his friends, which is uniformly evinced by his unwearied exertions to relieve them when in distress, and to comfort them when in affliction, is an indisputable proof of his sensibility, exclusively of his strong affection for his children, which nothing can exceed. He is in fact a

man whose heart expands to every thing that is humane, benevolent, and kind, and none can go greater lengths to promote the interest of a friend, even at the expense of his own wants and personal labour, which on these occasions are never once attended to. I must likewise observe," said Drysdale, "that although it certainly requires something powerful to rouse him from his love of ease, and excite him to action, few or none are more ardent and active when circumstances occur to interest him. In all the county, there is not a keener sportsman, or a bolder rider, whether at a fox-chase, in following the harriers, or in clearing a fivebar gate; and as for fishing and fowling, I know of none that is equal to him for fatigue and perseverance. When to all this is added, that, when improperly treated, Peter Placid will not only support his cause with spirit, but call out his man as readily and as coolly as any Hibernian that ever pulled a hair trigger, can we possibly deny such a man natural feeling and resolution? Yet, such is the influence of early impressions, and habits formed by indulgence and example, daily presented to him in his paternal home, that while he clearly perceives and animadverts shrewdly on the faults and inconsistencies of others, his love of ease and an aversion to every thing that interferes with or counteracts it, prevents him from seeing his own unpardonable negligence in giving useful and proper instruction to his children."

"You may think as much as you please, Tom, of this man's understanding, amiable qualities, and sensibilities," said old Drysdale, "but nothing will convince me that he is not either a very stupid, unthinking mortal, or an unfeeling one, otherwise he could never act in the manner he has done. The only convincing proof of a man's understanding is his conduct; for as to that shrewdness and clear sightedness which can detect the

errors and improprieties of others, what avails it, when we are completely blind to our own? It is exactly similar to the observations of those, who pronounce every man an epicure, because he is fond of high-seasoned dishes, while they, by preferring certain plain dishes to any other, are as great epicures themselves, without ever perceiving it."

"That reminds me, father," said his son, laughing, "of a conversation which one day occurred at the ward-room table, when I was in the navy. Talking of luxurious living, one of our Lieutenants remarked, that for his part he had been always brought up plainly during his early years, and could therefore content himself with plain humble fare, without a single wish for high dressed dishes. 'A leg of boiled mutton, with mashed turnips, for instance,' said he, 'would please me at any time, and I am persuaded I could dine on it luxuriously six days out of the seven.'

'But could you not dine equally well on a good sir loin of roast beef, or on a roasted loin of veal,' said another of our Lieutenants, who was a Cockney.

'Psha!—damn your roast beef and veal!' rejoined the other. 'I never liked roasted meat in my life—give me all mine boiled!—it is not only more nourishing, but much easier digested.'

'So say I too!' struck in another of our Lieutenants, who was a Scotchman; 'I would not give a well boiled sheep's head, properly singed, and a couple of plate-fuls of the broth made from it, for all the roast meat and fine dainties you could set before me!'

'O, blast your singed sheep's head!' exclaimed the Cockney, 'I never see one brought to table, but it puts me in mind of a negro's head.'

'But it puts me in mind of the land of cakes, and the spot of my birth,' replied the other, 'and that makes every thing go down with a double relish!'

'So does a *mess of burgoo*, I presume,' said the Londoner, laughing.

'It certainly does,' rejoined the other, very seriously; 'and I never see our men at their burgoo and molasses, but I wish to partake of it.'

"Much good may your singed sheep's head and burgoo do you,' said an Irish Lieutenant; 'but as for poor Paddy, who was always used to simple fare, give me a platter full of good Irish potatoes, and a jug of fresh churned butter-milk, and you'll never hear me complain of the want of better things.'

'Gentlemen,' said our Surgeon, very gravely; 'I have listened to all your *temperances* and *moderate wishes*, and have not the least hesitation in pronouncing you all complete *epicures*.'

'How the devil do you make that out, Gallipot?' asked one of the Lieutenants.

'Very easy,' rejoined the Surgeon. 'While you have all specified dishes, which you conceive simple, you have particularized the very things you prefer to any other that could be set before you; and what is this but *epicurism* in every sense of the word?'

"The Surgeon's remark, Tom, was a very just one indeed," said old Drysdale; "and it showed his sagacity."

"Yes, father," said Tom; "but he had not the sagacity to consider his own epicurism; for as often as a hog's fry was brought to table, if it was not dressed precisely to his liking, he continued growling the whole time of dinner, and was sulky and out of humour during the remainder of the day."

"I thank you for illustrating my observation so well," said the father.

As we are unwilling to close this narrative, without satisfying the reader with regard to the final comforts and consolation of the Drysdales and the Cochrans, we shall just mention, that the only circumstance wanting to complete their happiness, was the proper establishment of their children previous to their decease. The anxieties, cares, and solicitudes natural to parents, are what none but such as have experienced them can form an opinion, and taking into serious consideration the numberless, and, we may say, incessant fears and apprehensions, which, exclusively of real calamities, agitate and alarm, it has often been a moot point with reasoning philosophers, and with old batchelors and maidens in particular, whether, on a fair comparative view, the marriage state, with all its pleasures and pains, or that of celibacy, with all its exclusion from joys and its exemption from matrimonial sufferings, is on the whole the most happy. For the satisfaction of the reader, and as an encouragement to the unmarried, we conceive it proper to observe, that in the present instance, every thing favourable was on the side of matrimony, for, in two numerous families of sons and daughters, not one was cut off by the hand of death, but all reputably and happily married long before the demise of their respective parents. In these unions, it need not surprise the reader, that no fewer than three took place between the children of those who had been so long in habits of intimacy and strict friendship, and by whose attentions and judicious instruction, principles and manners were formed so congenial to each other, as naturally to produce

reciprocal attachments. It may be likewise necessary, in support of our original doctrine with regard to early impressions, to mention, that on the death of his much-valued father, Drysdale, in commemoration of his worth, and as a testimony of his filial affection and gratitude, erected a plain marble pillar, in a spot which he had previously selected for the purpose, on which were inscribed the following words:

"Here lies interred WILLIAM DRYSDALE, a man who "devoted his unwearied attention to the proper instruc- "tion of a son, who, in consequence of useful education, "obtained success and independence, and who, in grati- "tude to his virtues, raises this simple monument to his "memory."

Having now brought to a conclusion our Historical Tale, founded on facts and experience, the author leaves the candid reader to make his own observations, hopeful, that however he may differ from him in some points, he will at least agree with him in opinion, that instead of blindly adhering to established Custom, and Fashionable Example, "THE WAY TO RISE," and succeed in life, is to give an education suitable to *Station* and *Circumstances*, and, as far as these will admit, conformable to the natural capacity and genius of the child.

THE END.