

gentleman returned accordingly, and gave a very hearty freedom to his tears.

Little Tommy, who could not bear to hear his grand-papa chided at such a rate, followed him instantly, and, observing how heartily he sobbed, came roaring down to the parlour, and before the whole company, cried out, 'Papa has made poor grand-papa break his heart; he'll cry his eyes out above stairs. The son who was really ashamed of his conduct, especially as he saw no sign of approbation in the faces of his friends, endeavoured to put an easy appearance on the affair, and brazen it out.

Turning round therefore to the child he desired him to carry a blanket to grand-papa, and bid him go and beg: Aye, but I wou't give him all the blanket, returned the child: Why so, my dear? says the father. Because, answered he, I shall want half for you when I grow up to be a man, and turn you out of doors. The child's reproof stung the father to the soul, and held up at once both the cruelty and ingratitude of his conduct in their proper dyes: Nay, the wife seemed affected, and wanted words. A good-natured tear dropped from more than one of the company, who seized the opportunity of condemning, in a very candid manner, their behaviour to so affectionate a father, and so bountiful a friend; and, in short, made them so heartily ashamed of themselves, that the old gentleman was immediately sent for Ly both, who, in the presence of all, most humbly entreated his forgiveness for every thing past, and promised the business of their lives should be to oblige him for the future. The poor old gentleman's joy threatened now to be much more fatal than his affliction a little before. He looked upon his son and daughter for some time with a mute astonishment, mixed with a tenderness impossible to be described, then fixing his eyes upon the company with a wildness of inconceivable rapture, snatched up his little Tommy, who joined him in a hearty flood of tears.

GILBERT STUART,

THE WASHINGTON PAINTER.

"Mr Dunlap, in his new work on Arts, and Artists, relates the following stage coach adventure of the late distinguished Gilbert Stuart, soon after his arrival in England. Some of his fellow travellers in the coach interested in his appearance resolved to spie him out, and to that end plumply asked him his calling and profession.

To this round question Mr. Stuart answered with a grave face, and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's hair at the time the high craped-pomatumed hair was all the fashion.

"You are a hair dresser then!" "What! say the, 'do you take me for a barber?" "I beg your pardon sir, but I inferred it from

what you said. 'If I mistook you what may I call you then?" Why I sometimes brush a gentleman's boot or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat. "Oh, you are a valet then, to some nobleman?" "A valet sir; indeed I am not, I am not a servant; to be sure I make coats and waistcoats for a gentleman." "Oh, you are a tailor!" "Tailor! do I look like a tailor? I assure you that I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one." By this time they were all in a roar. 'What the devil are you then,' said one. 'I'll tell you said Stuart, be assured all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, make coats and waistcoats and breeches and likewise boots and shoes at your service. 'Oh, a boot and shoe maker, after all.' Guess again gentleman, I never handled a boot or shoe except for my own feet and legs, all I have told you is true.' 'We may as well give up guessing.' After checking his laughter a little, and pumping up a fresh flow of spirits, he said to them very gravely,—I will play the fool with you no longer, but will tell you upon my honor as a gentleman, my bona fide profession. I get my bread by making faces.' He then screwed his countenance and twisted the lineaments of his visage, in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Charles Matthews might have envied. When his companions after loud peals of laughter, had composed themselves, each took credit to himself for having supposed all the while that the gentleman belonged to the theatre, and they knew he must be a comedian by profession when he assured them to their utter surprise, that he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a playhouse, or any place of amusement. They all now looked at each other with utter astonishment.

Before parting Stuart said to his companions, 'Gentlemen you will find all I have said of my various employments, is comprised in these few words; I am a portrait painter. If you will call at John Palmer's, York buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair a la mode, supply you, if you need with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, and I'll give you ruffles or cravats, and make faces for you.'

While taking a glass at the inn, they begged leave to inquire of their pleasant companion in what part of England he was born:—he told them he was not born in England, Wales, Ireland, or Scotland. Here was another puzzle for John Bull. 'Where then?' 'I was born at Narragansett, R. I.' 'Where's that?' 'Ten miles from Poppasquash, and about four miles west of Connecticut, and not far from the spot where the battle with the warlike Pequots was fought.' In what part of the East Indies is that sir? East Indies my dear sir! It is in the State of Rhode Island,

between Massachusetts and Connecticut river. This was all Greek to his companions, and he left them to study a new lesson of Geography.

EARN INDUSTRIOUSLY AND SPEND PRUDENTLY.

If the interpretation seems too rigid, and bears too hard upon your pride and vanity, it is only to qualify you to enter the "little end of the horn, with a good grace, that you may find the *cornucopia* at the other.

Clerical method would divide my lecture into two heads; the division is natural; I will follow it.

First; earn industriously. When the sun has begun his daily task, expanded the flowers and set all the busy agents of vegetation to work, if these do not afford you a sufficient stimulus to industry walk out to your bee-hive; these little laborers shall preach to you a better sermon against indolence than you will often hear from the pulpit.

If, after observing their activity and economy fifteen minutes, you do not profit by the lecture, let them sting you for a drone.

"Spend prudently." Never lay out more at the tavern, after sunset, than you have earned before sunrise; nor even that, if your last year's taxes are not crossed out from the collector's book. Dress in homespun three years, and if vanity or decency require, you may wear superfine the fourth.

What folly lays out in sheep skin gloves in ten years, if managed by prudence, might fill a small purse. Are not white dollars worth more to the farmer than white hands? If your finances are small, be not ambitious of walking up stairs. A second story has often proved an introduction to the gaol. A humble cottage is a good beginning. Enter into the "little end of the horn," and you may see at the other, an elegant house, large enough for the thrifty farmer.

Check fancy; exercise your judgement; learn her character; find out her disposition; prove her economy. Whose? The woman you intend for a wife.—Remember she is to be the steward of your house, the governess of your children, and the very key to your strong box."

PRIDE.

"There is nothing which more often makes the rich poor, and keeps the poor themselves so, than pride. There is no evil passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, which covers itself under so many disguises, or to which, in fact, mankind are more subject to this. Yet man hath nothing whereof to be proud. The few advantages we possess, need only be properly considered, to convince us how little cause we have to boast or glory in them.