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THE PRETTY VILLAGER. A TALE.

[From the *Universal Magazine*.]

IN a village, on the borders of Leicester-shire, lived Mr. Fallow, one of those singular, but valuable characters, an honest, open hearted farmer, happy in himself, and happy in his connections. He occupied a farm of his own about the value, had it been let out, of fourscore pounds a year; but, through the good management of its owner, it was much more productive. It was sufficient to give him a degree of consequence among his neighbours. He had married the daughter of a farmer in the same village, whose recommendation was, rather her skill in the care of a dairy, than her portion. By her he had four sons and four daughters; the boys, like himself, hearty and industrious; the daughters like their mother, healthy, florid, and notable; one alone, excepted (the heroine of our tale) who appeared to be of a more exalted nature than the rest.

It may not be improper here to mention some traits of farmer Fallow's character, which will serve to make our readers the better acquainted with him. As his family increased, he did not view that circumstance with an attention only to the accumulating expence, as is sometimes the case; on the contrary, whenever the birth of a son or daughter was announced to him, his usual exclamation was, 'Well! thank God! the more the merrier.' And at the same time he used to observe, that the more his family increased, the more prolific his cattle were, and the more abundant his crops.

The youngest of his daughters, whose name was Lucinda, excelled all the rest in the beauty of her person and the endowments of her mind. To a lovely face, in which the lily and the rose were duly com-

bined, nature had added a gracefulness of person that is not always to be met with in the rank wherein she was born, or to be expected from the appearance of her parents. An air of gentility was conspicuous in every movement, and even by the instructions she was able to procure in a country village, she became far more accomplished than her school-fellows.

Such was Lucinda when she attained her sixteenth year. And with all these attractions it is no wonder that she became, not only the darling of her parents, but the pole-star to which the eyes and wishes of all the young rustics were directed. Every holiday saw her surrounded by a train of admirers, each endeavouring to engage her attention by a display of his perfections. And she might have returned from the fair loaded with ribbands, and other tokens of their love, had she deigned to accept them. But these adulations, though they could not be totally displeasing to a young mind, did not make the least impression on Lucinda's heart.—She received them with indifference, and could not be prevailed on to accept a present from any of them.

There was indeed one among them, the youngest son of a farmer of some opulence, (and to whom, from his resemblance in many respects to Shakspeare's Orlando, we shall give that name) on whom she now and then bestowed a smile of approbation, and beheld his attempts to attract her notice with complacency.

Orlando was the buck of the village. He excelled all his young companions, not only in the vigour, activity, and gracefulness of his person, but in his adroitness at every sport and pastime, which usually employ