

behaviour, raise themselves to the highest honours.

The Marquis had a son named Theodore, a child seven years of age, who was always called the Count. He was the most familiar, and at the same time, the most pleasing and agreeable child of his rank. He had for a tutor a young student, under the protection of the Marchioness, whose sound principles, learning and judgment, protected the young Count from adopting the false prejudices in which his father had been brought up, and which led him into error. The Marchioness was a woman of strong mind, constantly occupied in forming projects for her son's happiness, and in secretly seconding the efforts of the tutor to make this amiable child, not a vain and dashing coxcomb, solely employed in arranging his hair and moustachios: in gaining, seeking love adventures, &c; but an honest, laborious, and well-informed man; one who could be useful to his country and to himself.

Although so young, Theodore was industrious: he made without help, a little chariot, a wind-mill and many other toys of his age.—His mother and tutor encouraged him in this employment, for which he showed great taste, and in which he applied, without being conscious of it, the first principles of Geometry. He had a turning machine, proportioned to his size, and all the tools necessary for making any thing he might undertake. It may be well supposed that he sought the presence of Philip whenever the latter came to work at his father's house. He was continually walking around him, loading him with questions, and asking him to mend the handles of such tools as he had broken during the week.

The journeyman, delighted at finding so much taste for mechanics in the child, took the greatest pleasure in teaching him how to form curves, squares &c., called him his little apprentice, and amused himself in initiating the child into all the secrets of his art. He was flattered to see the son of a great lord seeking his advice, and thanked him, sometimes by a friendly pressure of the hand, and sometimes by the most ingenuous expressions of affection and gratitude.

One day when they were alone in the gallery, and Theodore, who was remarkable for his intelligence, was holding up for Philip's inspection a box of Ash-wood, that he had made for his mother, the journeyman was so much pleased with its just proportions, and the neatness of its execution, that he took the child in his arms and embraced him with all

the affection of a master enchanted with the progress of his own pupil. The Marquis entered at this moment, and already vexed that his son had acquired such a taste for mechanics, and wounded by the familiarity of the journeyman, reproached him in the most bitter terms; then ringing for his servant, ordered a basin of water to be brought, and, taking a sponge from a rich stand at his side, washed the Count's face several times to efface the traces of the plebeian kiss that this kind-hearted boy had given his son. The former turned pale with indignation, and, immediately throwing down the tools which he held, left the room—giving the Marquis a look full of grief and dishonour, which seemed to say, "I did not deserve to be so treated."

The Marquis remained motionless. Always wishing to prevent such scenes as could compromise him, he declared positively that he did not wish Theodore to indulge any longer in that occupation, which he considered beneath the rank in which he was to be placed at Court. He, however, requested the master carpenter, in whose service Philip was, to send him another workman to finish a piece of work commenced by the latter.

The master carpenter, an old soldier, was obliged to come himself, and he could not help candidly owning to the Marquis, that his men, on hearing Philip's complaints of the insult he had received, had all sworn that not one among them would enter his house.

"How is that," said the lord, "would those rascals form a conspiracy against me? It is a good joke, upon my word! It is really capital!"

"Faith," said the man, "notwithstanding all the respect I owe you, I shall take the liberty of saying that if you thought your son, my young master, was tarnished by the kiss of a workman, you might easily have washed his face in another apartment, and not have insulted, in so unfeeling a manner, a worthy young man, who had committed no other fault than that of giving way to his good feelings—that was exposing yourself to just reproaches. Each one of us, sir, has his dignity as a man; and he is but a coward, who submits to any injury without revenging himself."

The carpenter left the room at these words, lest he might not be able to repress the indignation which he felt, vowing never to work for a man who showed himself unworthy of the noble name he bore. The old soldier related what had passed between himself and the Marquis, as soon as he entered his work-shop, and felt his friendship much increased for Philip.