

1800

# Harrington, or, The Artful Boy Discovered

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**HARRINGTON ;**  
**OR, THE**  
**ARTFUL BOY DISCOVERED.**

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Embellished with a Magic Lanthorn Exhibition.

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# HARRINGTON;

OR,

## THE ARTFUL BOY DISCOVERED.



MR. AND MRS. MANLY, EDWARD, FREDERIC,  
CAROLINE, SOPHY.

MR. MANLY.

IT is time to begin ; and, now I have snuffed my candle, cast your eyes upon that nice little girl who lies there in the mud, and her sister up to the ankles.

FREDERIC.

I will lay any wager that the laughing boy on the tree is the cause of their accident ; and I

must say it was a very bad trick, and that he deserved to be punished for it.

MR. MANLY.

He deserved punishment, though not exactly for their falling into the mud, for that he did not foresee.—But listen :

His name was Harrington, and he was cousin to the two little girls. He was a very bad boy, though for a long time nobody thought so ; for he was extremely artful, and contrived to throw all the blame upon his companions, whenever any mischief was discovered, and to appear to have had nothing to do with it, though he was generally at the bottom of it, and the person who had suggested the plan and set the others on.

Sometimes he led them into scrapes, and then reproached them with being so naughty, and left them to finish what he had so artfully induced them to begin : when they were discovered, he was sure to be found with a book in his hand studying his lesson, or busy writing, in some retired part of the house.

The children of the family always dreaded their cousin's coming home to spend the holidays ; they were continually in disgrace, and nothing they could say ever excused them, or threw the smallest part of the blame on Harrington ; he never failed making his own story good, and clearing himself from every suspicion.

Mr. Seymour, his uncle, had the highest opinion of him, and often proposed him as a model of good sense and propriety of conduct to his son George. "Observe your cousin, he would often say, "do you not see that he has already laid aside his boyish tricks, and behaves as sedately as a man? when do you see him breaking down fences to get a few apples, unhooking gates, and letting sheep into the farmer's corn fields, or any other mischievous tricks that you are continually doing."—"My cousin is the first to talk of doing such things," replied George, "otherwise they would never come into my head; but he—"—"my dear George," interrupted Harrington, "I have often told you stories of boys at our school who did such things, and observed how very bad it was to behave so: but are you obliged to do every thing you hear of, and follow the examples of all the mischievous boys you meet with!"

"No, surely not," said Mr. Seymour; "and I desire you will attend to your cousin's advice, and endeavour to become as good a boy as he is."

George had for some time entertained great doubts of Harrington's goodness. He was now on the point of returning to school; but he determined that when he came home to the next vacation he would watch him narrowly, and, without carrying tales to his father, would contrive by

some means or other to make him a witness of his art and duplicity.

Harrington went to school, and peace and quietness being restored, Mr. Seymour congratulated his son on the change in his conduct. "I knew," said he, "that if you would imitate your cousin you would become an amiable agreeable boy, instead of bringing anger upon yourself by getting into continual mischief."

George recollected perfectly that the very last scrape he got into had not been from any desire to do wrong, but because he could not bear to be laughed at, and that Harrington had (after having for near an hour said every thing he could to tempt him to do it) clapped his hands and laughed at him, saying, "Who's afraid who's afraid?—ah, coward! coward! you dare not do it, George, no, you dare not—I defy you to do it:" and then, when he had seen him fairly embarked in the enterprise, had walked off, and left him to shift for himself, and bear the whole blame if caught; sheltering himself from all suspicion under the appearance of great application, and was seated with a book in his hand by the parlour fire, when his father pulled him in by the arm, and threatened him so seriously with a severe horse whipping, that he thought, kind and good as he always was, he certainly should not escape that time.

Still, said George to himself, though I darted a furious glance at Harrington, I did not excuse myself by accusing him, for I deserved a horse whipping for being such a fool as to be led away by such a wicked boy: but I will certainly blow him up next holidays; my father shall no longer be imposed upon.

Harrington's behaviour at school was exactly of a piece with the manner in which he conducted himself when at his uncle's, the boys were continually flogged for mischief he brought them into, either by urging them to it, or piquing their vanity, accusing them of want of courage or strength, or of fearing they should be discovered. Some of the elder boys, however, began to perceive his arts, and he got two or three sound beatings; and before the midsummer holidays the master had gained a pretty just idea of his character, and having written a long letter to Mr. Seymour on the subject, he gave it to Harrington to put in his pocket, desiring he would deliver it to him as soon as he arrived.

Harrington had some suspicion of the contents, and threw it into the fire, so that his uncle received him as usual with open arms, and presented him to a large party of friends he had at dinner as one of the best boys in the world; repeated a number of little anecdotes of his application to his studies, whilst others were scampering about and doing mischief; and finished by saying, he intend-



ed to send his son George to the same school with his cousin, that he might have an eye upon him: "for I must confess," said Mr. Seymour, "George is not at all like Harrington."—"My dear father," said George, "if I give you any occasion to be angry with me during the present holidays, keep me at school all the next as a punishment. I am determined you shall never more have any cause of displeasure against me: I shall not be such a blockhead as I have been," added he, giving a slight nod at Harrington, which he very well understood, though no one else did.

"Very well," replied Mr. Seymour, "I agree to your proposal; I shall be very happy and quiet with your two sisters when you are gone to school and will have no boys here in the holidays to disturb us and throw the house out at windows. What say you nephew?"

Harrington for the first time looked a little foolish, because George had his eyes fixed upon him all the time; but being certain that his uncle thought him the best boy in the world, he soon recovered himself, and told him he was always right.

George was extremely careful of his conduct, and his cousin could make nothing of him. One day as they walked by the river side, they perceived that the water had been turned into another branch of it, that it might be cleared of the mud and stones which prevented the boats from passing. The workmen were gone to dinner, and had left

several barrows full of stones near the little stream which still flowed in the middle of the river's bed. "It would be fine fun," said Harrington, "if somebody was to overset all these stones into the water again! I wonder what the workmen would say!"

George did not answer. "Will you do it," continued Harrington.—"Yes, to be sure," replied George, "whilst you go home and take up your book to deceive my father. If you think it would be such very fine fun," added he, "and that the workmen have nothing else to do than pick out the stones, you had better do it yourself." So saying, he walked away, leaving Harrington disappointed; for he had perceived his uncle coming that way, and if he could have persuaded George to begin, he could have slipped away whilst he crossed the little brake, and George would have been caught in the midst of his job: but he saw plainly that he had opened his eyes, and that he should not easily either tempt or pique him again to do any thing wrong.

He was very sorry for it; as, besides the pleasure he had in setting others on to mischief, he often wanted somebody for a cat's paw, to do things for him which he wished to do, but did not choose to appear in; and a very few days after their walk to the river, he would have given any thing to have had George in the same humour he had formerly

been, when he was persuaded he might do any thing his cousin desired him to do.

Besides the gate which led into Mr. Seymour's fruit garden, there was a small door which opened upon a narrow brook where the gardener fetched water for the green-house, which was close to the side of it, and a plank was thrown across the stream for him to wheel out his rubbish into the lane.

The brook was now almost dry, for there had been no rain for several weeks, and it was merely a muddy ditch. Harrington was going down the lane, and passing the door, when a boy called the gardener, and told him he must run immediately down to the village on an errand for his master; and the gardener having been gathering some fruit for Mr. and Mrs. Seymour's dessert, put his basket down just by the little door, which he carelessly shut without fastening, and ran away to receive his master's orders.

Harrington had had but a glimpse of the fruit, but he knew it was the finest that ever was produced in the country: he could steal as much common fruit as he pleased, without being suspected; but this had been gathered in the green-house and hot house, of which the gardener kept the keys. The basket was within ten yards of the spot he stood in, and he might have helped himself freely out of it, probably without being seen by any one: but it was not impossible but some of the ser-

vants might be in that part of the garden, or Mrs. Seymour might be taking her morning walk, and for the whole world he would not be caught in such a mean dirty action, though he would not have objected to commit that, or ten times worse, if he could have been certain of not being discovered.

It was useless to think of George, he had no hopes of him ; but seeing his cousins, Agnes and Susan, in the lane, he called to them to come to him, and told them of the fruit he had seen.

If I could but prevail upon them to go and fetch it, thought he, I would take it from them the moment they returned ; and, as they would then be in my power, I would threaten them, if they complained of me, to discover their theft to their father and mother.

I must now inform you that George, who was the darling of Mrs. Seymour's old house-keeper, had sometimes complained to her of his cousin's unkindness in drawing him into so many scrapes ; and then leaving him in the lurch, and exposing him to his father's displeasure ; and this had induced her to watch him so narrowly, and she had overheard so many conversations between the two boys, that she was as perfectly convinced of the badness of Harrington's heart as it was possible any one could be, and though she had, at George's earnest request, never mentioned a word of any thing to her master, seeing him arrive once

more at the house, to bring sorrow and vexation (as she said) on her favourite, she determined to hold her tongue no longer, and accordingly acquainted Mr. Seymour with all she knew; and that not in the mildest terms, for she hated Harrington as much as she loved his cousin.

Mr. Seymour was very much hurt at this information; but choosing to be certain of the truth, he watched without appearing to do so, all his nephew's steps, and heard George reproaching him one night, as they were going to bed, with having attempted to draw him in to commit so ill-natured an action at the river side; he also perceived that what George said made no kind of impression upon him, and that he only laughed at it, without having a word to say in his own defence.

He happened fortunately (after dispatching his gardener to the village) to go immediately into the garden, and was on the other side of the hedge, where he could hear every word, when he first addressed his cousins, whom he had called, the moment he saw them, to come to him. "Oh! Agnes," said he, "if you had been here one moment sooner, you would have seen such a basket of fruit as your eyes never beheld, and you will never taste a bit of it, for it is to be sent to your grandmother: it is but just inside the little door, and the gardener is sent to the village. I am not very fond of fruit, or I would soon have some of it."

"I am very fond of it," answered Agnes, "but you would not have me take away what is intended for my grandmamma!"

Harrington told her there was more than her grandmamma would eat in a week, and that they need not take all; urged them to step over the brook, and just peep at it, concluding they would not be able to resist the temptation if they saw it; and the young ladies, thinking there could be no harm in a peep, went directly towards the plank.

Harrington, always cautious, got upon the bough of a tree, that he might look over the hedge, and see what passed in the garden, by which means, if his cousins were likely to be caught, he would have sufficient time to run away; but he was spared that trouble, and Agnes and Susan were punished for having for a moment listened to his advice. They had not advanced above half way, when the plank turned over, and the two nicely dressed young ladies, with their smart bonnets, yellow gloves, and purple shoes, were in the mud as you see them.

This was not at all foreseen by Harrington; but as mischief, of whatever nature, always pleased him, he laughed immoderately, without ever attempting to assist them.

Mr. Seymour, now fully convinced that he had been deceived in his opinion of his ungracious nephew, ran towards the little door, in order to help his daughters out of the mud, and let Harrington know that his wickedness was at length

discovered. But at the moment he appeared and before he had time to speak, the bough on which Harrington sat, being but a slender one, broke, and down he came flat on his face, into the same dirty puddle in which he had been so diverted at seeing his cousins.

His mouth and eyes were filled with mud, and as Mr. Seymour refused to advance even a finger to assist him, he was some time before he could turn himself so as to get up; and as soon as he reached the house and was now dressed, Mr. Seymour, sending for him into the parlour, told him the horses were at the door to take him back to school, and wished him a good morning.

JOHN BOUVIER, PRINTER.