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EVENINGS AT HOME;

Mr Batson

OR,

THE JUVENILE BUDGET

O P E N E D.

CONSISTING OF

A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

VOL. III.

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C O N T E N T S

O F

THE THIRD VOLUME.

	Page.
<i>On Man</i> - - -	I
<i>The Landlord's Vist</i> - -	13
<i>Tit for Tat</i> - - -	29
<i>On Wine and Spirits</i> - -	32
<i>The Boy without a Genius</i> -	46
<i>Half-a-crown's worth</i> - -	55
<i>The Rat with a Bell</i> - -	60
<i>Trial</i> - - -	64
<i>The Leguminous Plants</i> -	82
<i>Walking the Streets</i> - -	93
<i>On Prefence of Mind</i> - -	97

Phaeton

			Page.
<i>Phaeton Junior</i>	-	-	111
<i>Why an Apple falls</i>	-	-	118
<i>Nature and Education</i>	-	-	126
<i>Aversion subdued</i>	-	-	129
<i>The Little Philosopher</i>	-	-	144
<i>Flying and Swimming</i>	-	-	150
<i>The Female Choice</i>	-	-	156

ELEVENTH EVENING.

ON MAN.

Charles. You gave me the definition of a horse some time ago—Pray, Sir, how is a Man defined?

Father. That is worth enquiring. Let us consider, then. He must either stand by himself, or be ranked among the quadrupeds; for there are no other two-legged animals but birds, which he certainly does not resemble.

C. But how can he be made a quadruped?

F. By setting him to crawl on the ground, in which case he will as much resemble a baboon, as a baboon set on his hind-legs does a man. In reality, there is little difference between the arms of a man and the fore-legs of a

quadruped; and in all other circumstances of internal and external structure, they are evidently formed upon the same model.

C. I suppose then we must call him a digitated quadruped that generally goes upon his hind-legs.

F. A naturalist could not reckon him otherwise; and accordingly Linnaeus has placed him in the same division with apes, macocos, and bats.

C. Apes, macocos, and bats!

F. Yes—they have all four cutting teeth in the upper jaw, and teats on the breast. How do you like your relations?

C. Not at all!

F. Then we will get rid of them by applying to the other part of human nature—the *mind*. Man is an animal possessed of *reason*, and the only one. This, therefore, is enough to define him.

C. I have often heard that man is a
rational

rational creature, and I have a notion what that means; but I should like to have an exact definition of reason.

F. Reason is the faculty by which we compare ideas and draw conclusions. A man walking in the woods of an unknown country finds a bow. He compares it in his mind with other bows, and forms the conclusion that it must have been made by man, and that therefore the country is probably inhabited. He discovers a hut; sees in it half-burnt wood, and finds that the ashes are not quite cold. He concludes, therefore, with certainty, not only that there are inhabitants, but that they cannot be far distant. No other animal could do this.

C. But would not a dog who had been used to live with men, run into such a hut and expect to find people in it?

F. He probably would—and this, I acknowledge, is very like reason; for

he may be supposed to compare in his mind the hut he has lived in with that he sees, and to conclude, that as there were men in the first, there are in the last. But how little a way does this carry him? He finds no men there, and he is unable by any marks to form a judgment how long they have been absent, or what sort of people they were; still less does he form any plan of conduct in consequence of his discovery.

C. Then is not the difference only that man has much reason, and brutes little?

F. If we adhere to the mere words of the definition of reason, I believe this must be admitted; but in the exercise of it, the superiority of the human faculties is so great, that man is in many points absolutely distinguished from brutes. In the first place he has the *use of speech*, which no other animal has attained.

C. Cannot

C. Cannot many animals make themselves understood by one another by their cries?

F. They can make known a few of their common wants and desires, but they cannot *discourse*, or communicate ideas stored up in the memory. It is this faculty which makes man an *improveable* being, the wisdom and experience acquired by one individual being thus transmitted to others, and so on, in an endless series of progression. There is no reason to suppose that the dogs of the present day are more knowing than those which lived a thousand years ago; but the men of this age are much better acquainted with numberless arts and sciences than their remote ancestors; since by the use of speech, and of writing (which is speech addressed to the eye), every age adds its own discoveries to all former ones. This knowledge of the past likewise gives man a great insight into the future.

Shakespear excellently defines man by saying that he is a creature "made with large discourse, looking before and after."

C. Animals must surely know something of the future, when they lay up a store of provisions for the winter.

F. No—it is pretty certain that this is not the case, for they will do it as much the first year of their lives as any other. Young bees turned out of a hive, as soon as they have swarmed and got a habitation, begin laying up honey, though they cannot possibly foresee the use they shall have for it. There are a vast number of actions of this kind in animals, which are directed to an useful end, but an end which the animal knows nothing of. And this is what we call *instinct*, and properly distinguish from reason. Man has less of it than almost any other animal, because he wants it less. Another point of essential difference is that man is the

only animal that makes use of *instruments* in any of his actions. He is a *tool-making* and *machine-making* animal. By means of this faculty alone he is every where lord of the creation, and has equally triumphed over the subtlety of the cunning, the swiftness of the fleet, and the force of the strong. He is the only animal that has found out the use of *fire*, a most important acquisition!

C. I have read of some large apes that will come and sit round a fire in the woods when men have left it, but have not the sense to keep it in, by throwing on sticks.

F. Still less then could they light a fire. In consequence of this discovery man cooks his food, which no other animal does. He alone fences against the cold by cloathing as well as by fire. He alone cultivates the earth, and keeps living animals for future uses.

C. But have not there been wild men

bred in the woods that could do none of these things?

F. Some instances of this kind are recorded, and they are not to be wondered at; for man was meant to be a *gregarious* animal, or one living in society, in which alone his faculties have full scope, and especially his power of improving by the use of speech. These poor solitary creatures, brought up with the brutes, were in a state entirely unnatural to them. A solitary bee, ant, or beaver, would have none of the skill and sagacity of those animals in their proper social condition. Society sharpens all the faculties, and gives ideas and views which never could have been entertained by an individual.

C. But some men that live in society seem to be little above the brutes, at least when compared to other men. What is a Hottentot in comparison to one of us?

F. The difference, indeed, is great, but we agree in the most essential characters of *man*, and perhaps the advantage is not all on our side. The Hottentot cultivates the earth, and rears cattle. He not only herds with his fellows, but he has instituted some sort of government for the protection of the weak against the strong. He has a notion of right and wrong, and is sensible of the necessity of controuling present appetites and passions for the sake of a future good. He has therefore *morals*. He is possessed of weapons, tools, cloathing, and furniture, of his own making. In agility of body, and the knowledge of various circumstances relative to the nature of animals, he surpasses us. His inferiority lies in those things in which many of the lowest class among us are almost equally inferior to the instructed.

C. But Hottentots have no notion of a God, or a future state.

F. I am not certain how far that is fact; but, alas! how many among us have no knowledge at all on those subjects, or only some vague notions, full of absurdity and superstition! People far advanced in civilization have entertained the grossest errors on those subjects, which are only to be corrected by the serious application of reason, or by a direct revelation from heaven.

C. You said man was an *improveable* creature—but have not many nations been a long time in a savage state without improvement?

F. Man is always *capable of improvement*; but he may exist a long time, even in society, without *actually improving* beyond a certain point. There is little improvement among nations who have not the *art of writing*, for tradition is not capable of preserving very accurate or extensive knowledge; and many arts and sciences, after flourishing greatly, have been entirely lost, in
countries

countries which have been overrun by barbarous and illiterate nations. Then there is a principle which I might have mentioned as one of those that distinguish man from brutes, but it as much distinguishes some men from others. This is *curiosity*, or the love of knowledge for its own sake. Most savages have little or nothing of this; but without it we should want one of the chief inducements to exert our faculties. It is curiosity that impels us to search into the properties of every part of nature, to try all sorts of experiments, to visit distant regions, and even to examine the appearances and motions of the heavenly bodies. Every fact thus discovered leads to other facts; and there is no limit to be set to this progress. The time may come, when what we now know may seem as much ignorance to future ages, as the knowledge of early times does to us.

C. What nations know the most at present?

F. The Europeans have long been distinguished for superior ardour after knowledge, and they possess beyond all comparison the greatest share of it, whereby they have been enabled to command the rest of the world. The countries in which the arts and sciences most flourish at present, are the northern and middle parts of Europe, and also North America, which, you know, is inhabited by descendants of Europeans. In these countries man may be said to be *most man*; and they may apply to themselves the poet's boast,

Man is the nobler growth these realms supply,
And *souls* are ripened in our northern sky.

THE LANDLORD'S VISIT,

A DRAMA.

SCENE—A room in a farm-house. BETTY, the farmer's wife; FANNY, a young woman grown up; Children of various ages differently employed.

Enter Landlord.

Landl. Good morning to you, Betty.

Betty. Ah!—is it your honour? How do you do, Sir?—how is madam and all the good family?

Landl. Very well, thank you; and how are you and all yours?

Betty. Thank your honour—all pretty well. Will you please to sit down? Ours is but a little crowded place, but there's a clean corner. Set out the chair for his honour, Mary.

Landl. I think every thing is very clean. What, John's in the field, I suppose.

Betty. Yes, Sir, with his two eldest sons, sowing and harrowing.

Landl

Landl. Well—and here are two, three, four, six; all the rest of your stock, I suppose.—All as busy as bees!

Betty. Ay, your honour! These are not times to be idle in. John and I have always worked hard, and we bring up our children to work too. There's none of them, except the youngest, but can do something.

Landl. You do very rightly. With industry and sobriety there is no fear of their getting a living, come what may. I wish many gentlemen's children had as good a chance.

Betty. Lord! Sir, if they have fortunes ready got for them, what need they care?

Landl. But fortunes are easier to spend than to get; and when they are at the bottom of the purse, what must they do to fill it again?

Betty. Nay, that's true, Sir; and we have reason enough to be thankful
that

that we are able and willing to work, and have a good landlord to live under.

Landl. Good tenants deserve good landlords; and I have been long acquainted with your value. Come, little folks; I have brought something for you. *[Takes out cakes.*

Betty. Why don't you thank his honour?

Landl. I did not think you had a daughter so old as that young woman.

Betty. No more I have, Sir. She is not my own daughter, though she is as good as one to me.

Landl. Some relation, then, I suppose.

Betty. No, Sir, none at all.

Landl. Who is she, then?

Betty (whispering). When she is gone out I will tell your honour.—
(Loud) Go, Fanny, and take some milk to the young calf in the stable.

[Exit Fanny.

Landl.

Landl. A pretty modest-looking young woman, on my word!

Betty. Ay, Sir—and as good as she is pretty. You must know, Sir, that this young woman is a stranger, from a great way off. She came here quite by accident, and has lived with us above a twelvemonth. I'll tell your honour all about it, if you choose.

Landl. Pray do—I am curious to hear it. But first favour me with a draught of your whey.

Betty. I beg your pardon, Sir, for not offering it. Run, Mary, and fetch his honour some fresh whey in a clean basin. [Mary goes.]

Landl. Now pray begin your story.

Betty. Well, Sir—As our John was coming from work one evening, he saw at some distance on the road a carrier's waggon over-turned. He ran up to help, and found a poor old gentlewoman lying on the bank much hurt, and this girl sitting beside her, crying. My
good

good man, after he had helped in setting the waggon to rights, went to them, and with a good deal of difficulty got the gentlewoman into the waggon again, and walked by the side of it to our house. He called me out, and we got something comfortable for her; but she was so ill that she could not bear to be carried further. So after consulting a while, we took her into the house, and put her to bed. Her head was sadly hurt, and she seemed to grow worse instead of better. We got a doctor to her, and did our best to nurse her, but all would not do, and we soon found she was likely to die. Poor Fanny, her granddaughter, never left her day nor night; and it would have gone to your honour's heart to have heard the pitiful moan she made over her. She was the only friend she had in the world, she said; and what would become of her if she were to lose her? Fanny's father and mother were both dead, and she

she was going with her grandmother into the north, where the old gentlewoman came from, to live cheap, and try to find out some relations. Well—to make my story short, in a few days the poor woman died. There was little more money about her than would serve to pay the doctor and bury her. Fanny was in sad trouble indeed. I thought she would never have left her grandmother's grave. She cried and wrung her hands most bitterly. But I tire your honour.

Landl. O no! I am much interested in your story.

Betty. We comforted her as well as we could; but all her cry was, What will become of me? Where must I go? Who will take care of me? So after a while, said I to John, Poor creature! my heart grieves for her. Perhaps she would like to stay with us—though she seems to have been brought up in a way of living different from
ours.

ours, too;—but what can she do, left to herself in the wide world? So my husband agreed that I should ask her. When I mentioned it to her, poor thing! how her countenance altered. O, said she, I wish for nothing so much as to stay and live with you! I am afraid I can do but little to serve you, but indeed I will learn and do my best. Said I, Do no more than you like; you are welcome to stay and partake with us as long as you please. Well, Sir! she staid with us; and set about learning to do all kind of our work with such good will, and so handily, that she soon became my best helper. And she is so sweet-tempered, and so fond of us and the children, that I love her as well as if she was my own child. She has been well brought up, I am sure. She can read and write, and work with her needle, a great deal better than we can, and when work is over she teaches the children. Then she

she is extraordinarily well-behaved, so as to be admired by all that see her. So your honour has now the story of our Fanny.

Landl. I thank you heartily for it, my good Betty! It does much credit both to you and Fanny. But pray what is her surname?

Betty. It is—let me see—I think it is Welford.

Landl. Welford! that is a name I am acquainted with. I should be glad to talk with her a little.

Betty. I will call her in then.

Enter Fanny.

Landl. Come hither, young woman. I have heard your story, and been much interested by it. You are an orphan, I find.

Fanny. Yes, Sir; a poor orphan.

Landl. Your name is Welford?

Fan. It is, Sir.

Landl. Where did your parents live?

Fan. In London, Sir; but they died
when

when I was very young, and I went to my grandmother's in Surry.

Landl. Was she your father's mother? You will excuse my questions. I do not ask from idle curiosity.

Fan. She was, Sir; and had been long a widow.

Landl. Do you know what her maiden name was?

Fan. It was Borrowdale, Sir.

Landl. Borrowdale! — And pray whither were you going when the unfortunate accident happened?

Fan. To Kendal in Westmoreland, Sir, near which my grandmother was born.

Landl. Ah! 'tis the very same — every circumstance corresponds! My dear Fanny (*taking her hand*) you have found a relation when you little thought of it. I am your kinsman. My mother was a Borrowdale of Westmoreland, and half-sister to your grandmother. I have heard of all your parent-
age;

age; and I remember the death of your poor father, who was a very honest ingenious artist; and of your mother soon after, of a broken heart. I could never discover what family they left, nor what was become of my kinswoman. But I heartily rejoice I have found you out in this extraordinary manner. You must come and live with me. My wife and daughters will be very glad to receive one whose conduct has done her so much credit.

Fan. I am much obliged to you, Sir, for your kindness; but I am too mean a person to live as a relation in a family like yours.

Landl. O no! You will not find us of that sort who despise worthy people for being low in the world; and your language and actions show that you have been well brought up.

Fan. My poor grandmother, Sir, was so kind as to give me all the education in her power; and if I have not
somewhat

somewhat benefited by her example and instructions, it must have been my own fault.

Landl. You speak very well, and I feel more attached to you the more I hear you. Well—you must prepare to come home with me. I will take care to make proper acknowledgments to the good people here who have been so kind to you.

Betty. My dear Fanny, I am heartily glad of your good fortune, but we shall all be sorry to part with you.

Fanny. I am sure, my dear friend and mistress, I shall be sorry too. You received me when I had no other friend in the world, and have treated me like your own child. I can never forget what I owe you.

Enter John, and his eldest son, Thomas.

John. Is your honour here?

Landl. Yes, John; and I have found somewhat worth coming for.

John. What is that, Sir?

Landl.

Landl. A relation, John. This young woman, whom you have so kindly entertained, is my kinswoman.

John. What—our Fanny?

Thomas. Fanny!

Landl. Yes, indeed. And, after thanking you for your kindness to her and her poor grandmother, I mean to take her home for a companion to my wife and daughters.

John. This is wonderful news indeed! Well, Fanny, I am very glad you have got such a home to go to—you are worthy of it—but we shall miss you much here.

Betty. So I have been telling her.

Thomas (aside to Fanny). What, will you leave us, Fanny? Must we part?

Fanny (aside to him). What can I do, Thomas?

Landl. There seems some unwillingness to part, I see, on more sides than one.

Betty.

Betty. Indeed, Sir, I believe there is. We have lived very happily together.

Thomas (aside to Fanny). I see we must part with you, but I hope—Surely you wo'n't quite forget us.

Fanny (to him). You distress me, Thomas. Forget you!—O no!

Landl. Come—I see there is something between the young folks that ought to be spoken about plainly. Do you explain it, Betty.

Betty. Why, your honour knows we could not tell that Fanny was your relation. So as my son Thomas and she seemed to take a liking to one another, and she was such a good clever girl, we did not object to their thinking about making a match of it, as soon as he should be settled in a farm.

John. But that must be over now.

Thomas. Why so, father?

John. Why you can't think of his honour's kinswoman.

Landl. Come, Fanny, do you decide this affair.

Fanny. Sir, Thomas offered me his service when he thought me a poor friendless girl; and I might think myself favoured by his notice. He gained my good-will, which no change of circumstances can make me withdraw. It is my determination to join my lot with his, be it what it may.

Thomas. My dearest Fanny!

[*Taking her hand.*

Landl. You act nobly, my dear girl, and make me proud of my relation. You shall have my free consent, and something handsome into the bargain.

Betty. Heaven bless your honour! I know it would have been a heart-breaking to my poor boy to have parted with her. Dear Fanny! [Kisses her.

Landl. I have a farm just now vacant. Thomas shall take it, and Fanny's portion shall stock it for him.

Thomas.

Thomas. I humbly thank your honour.

John. I thank you, too, Sir, for us all.

Fanny. Sir, since you have been so indulgent in this matter, give me leave to request you to be satisfied with my paying my duty to the ladies, without going to live in a way so different from what I have been used to, and must live in hereafter. I think I can be nowhere better than with my friends and future parents here.

Landl. Your request, Fanny, has so much propriety and good sense in it, that I cannot refuse it. However, you must suffer us to improve our acquaintance. I assure you it will give me particular pleasure.

Fanny. Sir, you will always command my most grateful obedience.

Landl. Well—let Thomas bring you to my house this afternoon, and I will introduce you to your relations, and we

will talk over matters. Farewell, my dear! Nay, I must have a kifs.

Fanny. I will wait on you, Sir.

[*Exit Landlord.*

Betty. My dear Fanny—daughter I may now call you—you cannot think how much I feel obliged to you.

Thomas. But who is obliged so much as I am?

Fanny. Do you not all deserve every thing from me?

John. Well, who could have thought when I went to help up the waggon, that it would have brought so much good luck to us.

Betty. A good deed is never lost, they say.

Fanny. It shall be the business of my life to prove that this has not been lost.

TIT FOR TAT,

A TALE.

A LAW there is of ancient fame,
By Nature's self in every land implanted ;
Lex Talionis is its Latin name ;
But if an English term be wanted,
Give your next neighbour but a pat,
He'll give you back as good, and te'l you—
tit for tat.

This *tit for tat*, it seems, not men alone,
But Elephants for legal justice own ;
In proof of this a story I shall tell ye,
Imported from the famous town of Delhi.

A mighty Elephant that swell'd the state
Of Aurengzebe the Great,
One day was taken by his driver
To drink and cool him in the river.
The driver on his neck was seated,
And as he rode along,
By some acquaintance in the throng,
With a ripe cocoa-nut was treated.

A cocoa-nut's a pretty fruit enough,
But guarded by a shell, both hard and tough.

The fellow tried, and tried, and tried,
Working and sweating,
Pishing and fretting,
To find out its inside,
And pick the kernel for his eating.

At length, quite out of patience grown,
"Who'll reach me up (he cries) a stone
To break this plaguy shell?
But stay, I've here a solid bone,
May do, perhaps, as well."
So half in earnest, half in jest,
He bang'd it on the forehead of his beast.

An Elephant, they say, has human feeling,
And full as well as we, he knows
The diff'rence between words and blows,
Between horse-play and civil dealing.
Use him but well, he'll do his best,
And serve you faithfully and truly,
But insults unprovok'd he can't digest,
He studies o'er them, and repays them duly.

"To make my head an anvil (thought the creature)
Was never, certainly, the will of nature;
So, master mine, you may repent."
Then, shaking his broad ears, away he went.
The driver took him to the water,
And thought no more about the matter;

But

But Elephant within his mem'ry hid it ;
 He *felt* the wrong—the other only *did* it.

A week or two elaps'd, one market day
 Again the beast and driver took their way ;
 Thro' rows of shops and booths they past,
 With eatables and trinkets stor'd,
 Till to a gard'ner's stall they came at last,
 Where cocoa-nuts lay pil'd upon the board.
 Ha ! thought the Elephant, 'tis now my turn
 To shew this method of nut-breaking ;
 My friend above will like to learn,
 Tho' at the cost of a head-aching.

Then in his curling trunk he took a heap,
 And wav'd it o'er his neck with sudden sweep,
 And on the hapless driver's sconce
 He laid a blow so hard and full,
 That crack'd the nuts at once,
 But with them, crack'd his skull.

Young folks, whene'er you feel inclin'd
 To rompish sports and freedoms rough,
 Bear *tit for tat* in mind,
 Nor give an Elephant a cuff
 To be repaid in kind.

TWELFTH EVENING.

ON WINE AND SPIRITS.

GEORGE and Harry, accompanied by their Tutor, went one day to pay a visit to a neighbouring gentleman, their father's friend. They were very kindly received, and shewn all about the gardens and pleasure grounds; but nothing took their fancy so much as an extensive grapery, hung round with bunches of various kinds fully ripe, and almost too big for the vines to support. They were liberally treated with the fruit, and carried away some bunches to eat as they walked. During their return, as they were picking their grapes, said George to the Tutor, A thought is just come into my head, Sir. Wine, you know, is called the juice of the grape; but

but wine is hot, and intoxicates people that drink much of it. Now we have had a good deal of grape juice this morning, and yet I do not feel heated, nor does it seem at all to have got into our heads. What is the reason of this?

Tut. The reason is, that grape-juice is not wine, though wine is made from it.

G. Pray how is it made, then?

T. I will tell you; for it is a matter worth knowing. The juice pressed from grapes, called *must*, is at first a sweet watery liquor, with a little tartness, but with no strength or spirit. After it has stood a while, it begins to grow thick and muddy, it moves up and down, and throws scum and bubbles of air to the surface. This is called *working* or *fermenting*. It continues in this state for some time, more or less, according to the quality of the juice and the temperature of the weather, and

then gradually fettle again, becoming clearer than at first. It has now lost its sweet flat taste, and acquired a briskness and pungency, with a heating and intoxicating property; that is, it has become *wine*. This natural process is called the *vinous fermentation*, and many liquors besides grape juice are capable of undergoing it.

G. I have heard of the working of beer and ale. Is that of the same kind?

T. It is; and beer and ale may properly be called barley-wine; for you know they are clear, brisk, and intoxicating. In the same manner, cyder is apple-wine, and mead is honey-wine; and you have heard of raisin and currant wine, and a great many others.

Har. Yes, there is elder-wine and cowslip-wine, and orange-wine.

G. Will every thing of that sort make wine?

T. All vegetable juices that are sweet
are

are capable of fermenting, and of producing a liquor of a vinous nature; ³⁵ but if they have little sweetness, the liquor is proportionally weak and poor, and is apt to become sour or vapid.

H. But barley is not sweet.

T. Barley as it comes from the ear is not; but before it is used for brewing, it is made into *malt*, and then it is sensibly sweet. You know what malt is?

H. I have seen heaps of it in the malt-house, but I do not know how it is made.

T. Barley is made malt by putting it in heaps and wetting it, when it becomes hot, and swells, and would sprout out, just as if it were sown, unless it were then dried in a kiln. By this operation it acquires a sweet taste. You have drunk sweetwort?

H. Yes.

T. Well—this is made by steeping malt in hot water. The water extracts and dissolves all the sweet or sugary

then gr~~e~~ the malt. It then becomes like naturally sweet juice.

G. Would not sugar and water then make wine?

T. It would; and the wines made in England of our common fruits and flowers have all a good deal of sugar in them. Cowslip flowers, for example, give little more than the flavour to the wine named from them, and it is the sugar added to them which properly makes the wine.

G. But none of these wines are so good as grape-wine.

T. No. The grape, from the richness and abundance of its juice, is the fruit universally preferred for making wine, where it comes to perfection, which it seldom does in our climate, except by means of artificial heat.

H. I suppose, then, grapes are finest in the hottest countries.

T. Not so, neither: they are properly a fruit of the temperate zone, and do.

do not grow well between the tropics. And in very hot countries it is scarcely possible to make wines of any kind to keep, for they ferment so strongly as to turn sour almost immediately.

G. I think I have read of palm-wine on the coast of Guinea.

T. Yes. A sweet juice flows abundantly from incisions in certain species of the palm, which ferments immediately, and makes a very pleasant sort of weak wine. But it must be drunk the same day it is made, for on the next it is as sour as vinegar.

G. What is vinegar—is it not sour wine?

T. Every thing that makes wine will make vinegar also; and the stronger the wine, the stronger the vinegar. The vinous fermentation must be first brought on, but it need not produce perfect wine; for when the intention is to make vinegar, the liquor is kept still warm, and it goes on without stopping to another kind

kind of fermentation, called the *acetous*, the product of which is vinegar.

G. I have heard of *alegar*. I suppose that is vinegar made of ale.

T. It is—but as ale is not so strong as wine, the vinegar made from it is not so sharp or perfect. But housewives make good vinegar with sugar and water.

H. Will vinegar make people drunk if they take too much of it?

T. No. The wine loses its intoxicating quality as well as its taste, on turning to vinegar.

G. What are spirituous liquors—have not they something to do with wine?

T. Yes. They consist of the spirituous or intoxicating part of wine separated from the rest. You may remember that on talking of distillation, I told you that it was the raising of a liquor in steam or vapour, and condensing it again; and that some liquors were more easily

easily turned to vapour than others, and were therefore called more volatile or evaporable. Now, wine is a mixed or compound liquor, of which the greater part is water, but what heats and intoxicates is *vinous spirit*. This spirit, being much more volatile than water, on the application of a gentle heat, flies off in vapour, and may be collected by itself in distilling vessels;—and thus are made spirituous liquors.

G. Will every thing that you called wine, yield spirits?

T. Yes; every thing that has undergone the vinous fermentation. Thus, in England, a great deal of malt-spirit is made from a kind of wort brought into fermentation, and then set directly to distil, without first making ale or beer of it. Gin is a spirituous liquor also got from corn, and flavoured with juniper berries. Even potatoes, carrots, and turneps, may be made to afford spirits, by first fermenting their
juices.

juices. In the West Indies rum is distilled from the dregs of the sugar canes washed out by water and fermented. But brandy is distilled from the fermented juice of the grape, and is made in the wine countries.

G. Is spirits of wine different from spirituous liquors?

T. It is the strongest part of them got by distilling over again; for all these still contain a good deal of water, along with a pure spirit, which may be separated by a gentler heat than was used at first. But in order to procure this as strong and pure as possible, it must be distilled several times over, always leaving some of the watery part behind. When perfectly pure, it is the same, whatever spirituous liquor it is got from.

H. My mamma has little bottles of lavender water. What is that?

T. It is spirit of wine flavoured with lavender flowers; and it may in like manner be flavoured with many other
fragrant

fragrant things, since their odoriferous part is volatile, and will rise in vapour along with the spirit.

H. Will not spirits of wine burn violently ?

G. That it will, I can tell you; and so will rum and brandy, for you know it was set on fire when we made snap-dragon.

T. All spirituous liquors are highly inflammable, and the more so the purer they are. One way of trying the purity of spirit is to see if it will burn all away without leaving any moisture behind. Then it is much lighter than water, and that affords another way of judging of its strength. A hollow ivory ball is set to swim in it; and the deeper it sinks down, the lighter, and therefore the more spirituous, is the liquor.

G. I have heard much of the mischief done by spirituous liquors—pray what good do they do ?

T. The use and abuse of wine and
spirits

spirits is a very copious subject; and there is scarcely any gift of human art the general effects of which are more dubious. You know what wine is said to be given for in the bible.

G. To make glad the heart of man.

T. Right. And nothing has such an immediate effect in inspiring vigour of body and mind as wine. It banishes sorrow and care, recruits from fatigue, enlivens the fancy, inflames the courage, and performs a hundred fine things, of which I could bring you abundant proof from the poets. The physicians, too, speak almost as much in its favour, both in diet and medicine. But its really good effects are only when used in moderation; and it unfortunately is one of those things which man can hardly be brought to use moderately. Excess in wine brings on effects the very contrary to its benefits. It stupifies and enfeebles the mind, and fills the body with incurable diseases. And this it does even
when

when used without intoxication. But a drunken man loses for the time every distinction of a reasonable creature, and becomes worse than a brute beast. On this account, Mahomet entirely forbid its use to his followers, and to this day it is not publicly drunk in any of the countries that receive the Mahometan religion.

H. Was not that right?

T. I think not. If we were entirely to renounce every thing that may be misused, we should have scarce any enjoyments left; and it is a proper exercise of our strength of mind, to use good things with moderation, when we have it in our power to do otherwise.

G. But spirituous liquors are not good at all; are they?

T. They have so little good and so much bad in them, that I confess I wish their common use could be abolished altogether. They are generally taken by the lowest class of people for the ex-
press

press purpose of intoxication; and they are much sooner prejudicial to the health than wine, and indeed, when drunk unmixed, are no better than slow poison.

G. Spirit of wine is useful, though, for several things—is it not?

T. Yes; and I would have all spirits kept in the hands of chymists and artists who know how to employ them usefully. Spirit of wine will dissolve many things that water will not. Apothecaries use them in drawing tinctures, and artists in preparing colours and making varnishes. They are likewise very powerful preservatives from corruption. You may have seen serpents and insects brought from abroad in phials full of spirits.

G. I have.

H. And I know of another use of spirits.

T. What is that?

H. To burn in lamps. My grand-mamma has a tea-kettle with a lamp under

under it to keep the water hot, and she burns spirits in it.

T. So she does. Well—so much for the uses of these liquors.

G. But you have said nothing about ale and beer. Are they wholesome?

T. Yes, in moderation. But they are sadly abused, too, and rob many men of their health as well as their money and senses.

G. Small beer does no harm, however.

T. No—and we will indulge in a good draught of it when we get home.

H. I like water better.

T. Then drink it by all means. He that is satisfied with water has one want the less, and may defy thirst, in this country, at least.

THE BOY WITHOUT A GENIUS.

MR. Wiseman, the schoolmaster, at the end of his summer vacation, received a new scholar with the following letter:

SIR,

THIS will be delivered to you by my son Samuel, whom I beg leave to commit to your care, hoping that by your well-known skill and attention you will be able to make something of him; which, I am sorry to say, none of his masters have hitherto done. He is now eleven, and yet can do nothing but read his mother tongue, and that but indifferently. We sent him at seven to a grammar school in our neighbourhood; but his master soon found that his genius was not turned to learning languages. He was then put to writing, but he set about it so awkwardly that he made nothing of it. He
was

was tried at accounts, but it appeared that he had no genius for that, neither. He could do nothing in geography for want of memory. In short, if he has any genius at all, it does not yet shew itself. But I trust to your experience in cases of this nature to discover what he is fit for, and to instruct him accordingly. I beg to be favoured shortly with your opinion about him, and remain, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

HUMPHRY ACRES.

When Mr. Wiseman had read his letter, he shook his head, and said to his assistant, A pretty subject they have sent us here! a lad that has a great genius for nothing at all. But perhaps my friend Mr. Acres expects that a boy should show a genius for a thing before he knows any thing about it—no uncommon error! Let us see, however,

what the youth looks like. I suppose he is a human creature, at least.

Master Samuel Acres was now called in. He came hanging down his head, and looking as if he was going to be flogged.

Come hither, my dear! said Mr. Wiseman—Stand by me, and do not be afraid. Nobody will hurt you. How old are you?

Eleven last May, Sir.

A well-grown boy of your age, indeed. You love play, I dare say.

Yes, Sir.

What, are you a good hand at marbles?

Pretty good, Sir.

And can spin a top, and drive a hoop, I suppose.

Yes, Sir.

Then you have the full use of your hands and fingers?

Yes, Sir.

Can

Can you write, Samuel?

I learned a little, Sir, but I left it off again.

And why so?

Because I could not make the letters.

No! Why how do you think other boys do?—have they more fingers than you?

No, Sir.

Are you not able to hold a pen as well as a marble?

Samuel was silent.

Let me look at your hand.

Samuel held out both his paws, like a dancing bear.

I see nothing here to hinder you from writing as well as any boy in the school. You can read, I suppose.

Yes, Sir.

Tell me then what is written over the school-room door.

Samuel with some hesitation read,
WHATEVER MAN HAS DONE, MAN MAY DO.

Pray how did you learn to read?—
Was it not with taking pains?

Yes, Sir.

Well—taking more pains will enable you to read better. Do you know any thing of the Latin grammar?

No, Sir.

Have you never learned it?

I tried, Sir, but I could not get it by heart.

Why, you can say some things by heart. I dare say you can tell me the names of the days of the week in their order.

Yes, Sir, I know them.

And the months in the year, perhaps.

Yes, Sir.

And you could probably repeat the names of your brothers and sisters, and all your father's servants, and half the people in the village besides.

I believe I could, Sir.

Well—and is *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, more difficult to remember than these?

Samuel

metic, addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Learning accounts is no more than this. Well, Samuel, I see what you are fit for. I shall set you about nothing but what you are able to do; but observe, you *must* do it. We have no *I can't* here. Now go among your schoolfellows.

Samuel went away, glad that his examination was over, and with more confidence in his powers than he had felt before.

The next day he began business. A boy less than himself was called out to set him a copy of letters, and another was appointed to hear him grammar. He read a few sentences in English that he could perfectly understand, to the master himself. Thus by going on steadily and slowly, he made a sensible progress. He had already joined his letters, got all the declensions perfectly, and half the multiplication table,
when

when Mr. Wiseman thought it time to answer his father's letter; which he did as follows.

SIR,

I now think it right to give you some information concerning your son. You perhaps expected it sooner, but I always wish to avoid hasty judgments. You mentioned in your letter that it had not yet been discovered which way his genius pointed. If by *genius* you meant such a decided bent of mind to any one pursuit as will lead to excel with little or no labour or instruction, I must say that I have not met with such a quality in more than three or four boys in my life, and your son is certainly not among the number. But if you mean only the *ability* to do some of those things which the greater part of mankind can do when properly taught, I can affirm that I find in him no peculiar deficiency. And whether you choose to bring him up to trade or to some

practical profession, I see no reason to doubt that he may in time become sufficiently qualified for it. It is my favourite maxim, Sir, that every thing most valuable in this life may generally be acquired by taking pains for it. Your son has already lost much time in the fruitless expectation of finding out what he would take up of his own accord. Believe me, Sir, few boys will take up any thing of their own accord but a top or a marble. I will take care while he is with me that he loses no more time this way, but is employed about things that are fit for him, not doubting that we shall find him fit for them.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SOLON WISEMAN.

Though the doctrine of this letter did not perfectly agree with Mr. Acres's notions, yet being convinced that Mr. Wiseman was more likely to make something of his son than any of his former
former

former preceptors, he continued him at this school for some years, and had the satisfaction to find him going on in a steady course of gradual improvement. In due time a profession was chosen for him, which seemed to suit his temper and talents, but for which he had no *particular turn*, having never thought at all about it. He made a respectable figure in it, and went through the world with credit and usefulness, though *without a genius*.

HALF-A-CROWN'S WORTH.

VALENTINE was in his thirteenth year, and a scholar in one of our great schools. He was a well-disposed boy, but could not help envying a little some of his companions who had a larger allowance of money than himself. He ventured in a letter to sound his father on the subject, not directly asking for

a particular sum, but mentioning that many of the boys in his class had half-a-crown a week for pocket-money.

His father, who did not choose to comply with his wishes for various reasons, nor yet to refuse him in a mortifying manner, wrote an answer, the chief purpose of which was to make him sensible what sort of a sum half-a-crown a week was, and to how many more important uses it might be put, than to provide a school-boy with things absolutely superfluous to him.

It is calculated (said he) that a grown man may be kept in health and fit for labour upon a pound and a half of good bread a day. Suppose the value of this to be two-pence halfpenny, and add a penny for a quart of milk, which will greatly improve his diet. Half-a-crown will keep him eight or nine days in this manner.

A common labourer's wages in our county are seven shillings per week,
and

and if you add somewhat extraordinary for harvest work, this will not make it amount to three half-crowns on an average the year round. Suppose his wife and children to earn another half-crown. For this ten shillings per week he will maintain himself, his wife, and half-a-dozen children, in food, lodging, clothes, and fuel. A half-crown, then, may be reckoned the full weekly maintenance of two human creatures in every thing necessary.

Where potatoes are much cultivated, two bushels, weighing eighty pounds a piece, may be purchased for half-a-crown. Here is one hundred and sixty pounds of solid food, of which, allowing for the waste in dressing, you may reckon two pounds and a half sufficient for the sole daily nourishment of one person. At this rate, nine people might be fed a week for half-a-crown; poorly indeed, but so as many thousands are fed,

with the addition of a little salt or buttermilk.

If the father of a numerous family were out of work, or the mother lying-in, a parish would think half-a-crown a week a very ample assistance to them.

Many of the cottagers round us would receive with great thankfulness a six-penny loaf per week, and reckon it a very material addition to their children's bread. For half-a-crown, therefore, you might purchase—the weekly blessings of five poor families.

Porter is a sort of luxury to a poor man, but not an useless one, since it will stand in the place of some solid food, and enable him to work with better heart. You could treat a hard-working man with a quart a day of this liquor for a fortnight, with half-a-crown.

Many a cottage in the country inhabited by a large family is let for forty shillings a year. Half-a-crown a week
would

would pay the full rent of three such cottages, and allow somewhat over for repairs.

The usual price for schooling at a dame-school in a village is two-pence a week. You might therefore get fifteen children instructed in reading and the girls in sewing, for half-a-crown weekly. But even in a town you might get them taught reading, writing, and accounts, and so fitted for any common trade, for five shillings a quarter; and therefore half-a-crown a week would keep six children at such a school, and provide them with books besides.

All these are ways in which half-a-crown a week might be made to do a great deal of good to *others*. I shall now just mention one or two ways of laying it out with advantage to yourself.

I know you are very fond of coloured plates of plants, and other objects of natural history. There are now several

works of this sort publishing in monthly numbers, as the Botanical Magazine, the English Botany, the Flora Rustica, and the Naturalist's Magazine. Now half-a-crown a week would reach the purchase of all the best of these.

The same sum laid out in the old book shops in London would buy you more classics, and pretty editions too, in one year, than you could read in five.

Now I do not grudge laying out half-a-crown a week upon you; but when so many good things for yourself and others may be done with it, I am unwilling you should squander it away like your schoolfellows in tarts and trinkets.

THE RAT WITH A BELL,

A FABLE.

A large old house in the country was so extremely infested with rats, that nothing

thing could be secured from their depredations. They scaled the walls to attack fitches of bacon, though hung as high as the ceiling. Hanging-shelves afforded no protection to the cheese and pastry. They penetrated by sap into the store-room, and plundered it of preserves and sweetmeats. They gnawed through cupboard doors, undermined floors, and ran races behind the wainscots. The cats could not get at them: they were too cunning and too well fed to meddle with poison; and traps only now and then caught a heedless straggler. One of these, however, on being taken, was the occasion of practising a new device. This was, to fasten a collar with a small bell about the prisoner's neck, and then turn him loose again.

Overjoyed at the recovery of his liberty, the rat ran into the nearest hole, and went in search of his companions. They heard at a distance the bell tinkle, tinkle,

tinkle, through the dark passages, and suspecting some enemy had got among them, away they scoured, some one way and some another. The bell-bearer pursued; and soon guessing the cause of their flight, he was greatly amused by it. Wherever he approached, it was all hurry-scurry, and not a tail of one of them was to be seen. He chafed his old friends from hole to hole, and room to room, laughing all the while at their fears, and increasing them by all the means in his power. Presently he had the whole house to himself. "That's right (quoth he)—the fewer, the better cheer." So he rioted alone among the good things, and stuffed till he could hardly walk.

For two or three days this course of life went on very pleasantly. He eat, and eat, and played the bugbear to perfection. At length he grew tired of this lonely condition, and longed to mix with his companions again upon

the former footing. But the difficulty was, how to get rid of his bell. He pulled and tugged with his fore-feet, and almost wore the skin off his neck in the attempt, but all in vain. The bell was now his plague and torment. He wandered from room to room, earnestly desiring to make himself known to one of his companions, but they all kept out of his reach. At last, as he was moping about disconsolate, he fell in puss's way, and was devoured in an instant.

He who is raised so much above his fellow creatures as to be the object of their terror, must suffer for it in losing all the comforts of society. He is a solitary being in the midst of crowds. He keeps them at a distance, and they equally shun him. Dread and affection cannot subsist together.

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

T R I A L *

Of a Complaint made against sundry Persons for breaking the Windows of DOROTHY CAREFUL, Widow, and Dealer in Gingerbread.

THE court being sat, there appeared in person the Widow *Dorothy Careful*, to make a complaint against *Henry Luckless*, and other person or persons unknown, for breaking three panes of glass, value ninepence, in the house of the said widow. Being directed to tell her case to the court, she made a curtsy, and began as follows :

“ Please your lordship, I was sitting

* This was meant as a sequel of that very pleasing and ingenious little work, entitled *Juvenile Trials*, in which a court of justice is supposed to be instituted in a boarding-school, composed of the scholars themselves, for the purpose of trying offences committed at school.

at

at work by my fireside, between the hours of six and seven in the evening, just as it was growing dusk, and little Jack was spinning beside me, when all at once crack went the window, and down fell a little basket of cakes that was set up against it. I started up, and cried to Jack, Bless me, what's the matter! So says Jack, Somebody has thrown a stone and broke the window, and I dare say it is some of the school-boys. With that I ran out of the house, and saw some boys making off as fast as they could go. So I ran after them as quick as my old legs would carry me; but I should never have come near them, if one had not happened to fall down. Him I caught, and brought back to my house; when Jack knew him at once to be Master Harry Luckless. So I told him I would complain of him the next day; and I hope your worship will make him pay the damage, and I think he deserves a good whipping

ping into the bargain, for injuring a poor widow woman."

The Judge having heard Mrs. Careful's story, desired her to sit down: and then, calling up Master Luckless, asked him what he had to say for himself. Luckless appeared with his face a good deal scratched, and looking very ruefully. After making his bow, and sobbing two or three times, he said:

"My lord, I am as innocent of this matter as any boy in the school, and I am sure I have suffered enough about it already. My lord, Billy Thompson and I were playing in the lane near Mrs. Careful's house, when we heard the window crash; and directly after, she came running out towards us. Upon this, Billy ran away, and I ran too, thinking I might bear the blame. But after running a little way, I stumbled over something that lay in the road, and before I could get up again, she overtook me, and caught me by the
hair,

hair, and began lugging and cuffing me. I told her it was not I that broke her window, but it did not signify; so she dragged me to the light, lugging and scratching me all the while, and then said she would inform against me; and that is all I know of the matter."

Judge. I find, good woman, you were willing to revenge yourself, without waiting for the justice of this court.

Widow Careful. My lord, I confess I was put into a passion, and did not properly consider what I was doing.

Judge. Well, where is Billy Thompson?

Billy. Here, my lord.

Judge. You have heard what Harry Luckless says. Declare, upon your honour, whether he has spoken the truth.

Billy. My lord, I am sure neither he, nor I, had any concern in breaking the windows. We were standing together at the time, and I ran on hearing the door open, for fear of being charged with

with it, and he followed. But what became of him, I did not stay to see.

Judge. So, you let your friend shift for himself, and only thought of saving yourself. But did you see any other person about the house, or in the lane?

Billy. My lord, I thought I heard somebody on the other side of the hedge creeping along, a little before the window was broken, but I saw nobody.

Judge. You hear, good woman, what is alledged in behalf of the person you have accused. Have you any other evidence against him?

Widow Careful. One might be sure that they would deny it, and tell lies for one another: but I hope I am not to be put off in that manner.

Judge. I must tell you, mistress, that you give too much liberty to your tongue, and are guilty of as much injustice as that of which you complain. I should be sorry indeed, if the young gentlemen of this school deserved
the

the general character of liars. You will find among us, I hope, as just a sense of what is right and honourable, as among those who are older; and our worthy master certainly would not permit us to try offences in this manner, if he thought us capable of bearing false witness in each other's favour.

Widow Careful. I ask your lordship's pardon, I did not mean to offend; but it is a heavy loss for a poor woman, and though I did not catch the boy in the fact, he was the nearest when it was done.

Judge. As that is no more than a suspicion, and he has the positive evidence of his school-fellow in his favour, it will be impossible to convict him, consistently with the rules of justice. Have you discovered any other circumstance that may point out the offender?

Widow Careful. My lord, next morning Jack found on the floor this top,
which

which I suppose the window was broke with.

Judge. Hand it up.—Here, gentlemen of the jury, please to examine it, and see if you can discover any thing of its owner.

Juryman. Here is P. R. cut upon it.

Another. Yes, and I am sure I recollect Peter Riot's having just such an one.

Another. So do I.

Judge. Master Riot, is this your top?

Riot. I don't know, my lord, perhaps it may be mine; I have had a great many tops, and when I have done with them, I throw them away, and any body may pick them up that pleases. You see it has lost its peg.

Judge. Very well, sir. Mrs. Careful, you may retire.

Widow Careful. And must I have no amends, my lord?

Judge. Have patience. Leave every thing to the court. We shall do you
all

all the justice in our power. As soon as the widow was gone, the Judge rose from his seat, and with much solemnity thus addressed the assembly:

Gentlemen,—this business, I confess, gives me much dissatisfaction. A poor woman has been insulted, and injured in her property, apparently without provocation; and though she has not been able to convict the offender, it cannot be doubted that she, as well as the world in general, will impute the crime to some of our society. Though I am in my own mind convinced that in her passion she charged an innocent person, yet the circumstance of the top is a strong suspicion, indeed almost a proof, that the perpetrator of this unmanly mischief was one of our body. The owner of the top has justly observed that its having been his property is no certain proof against him. Since, therefore, in the present defect of evidence, the whole school must remain burthen-

ed

ed with the discredit of this action, and share in the guilt of it, I think fit, in the first place, to decree, that restitution shall be made to the sufferer out of the public chest; and next, that a court of enquiry be instituted, for the express purpose of searching thoroughly into this affair, with power to examine all persons upon honour, who are thought likely to be able to throw light upon it. I hope, gentlemen, these measures meet with your concurrence!

The whole court bowed to the Judge, and expressed their entire satisfaction with his determination.

It was then ordered, that the public treasurer should go to the Widow Careful's house, and pay her the sum of one shilling, making at the same time a handsome apology in the name of the school. And six persons were taken by lot out of the jury to compose the court of enquiry, which was to sit in the evening.

The

The court then adjourned.

On the meeting of the court of enquiry, the first thing proposed by the President was, that the persons who usually played with Master Riot should be sent for. Accordingly Tom Frisk and Bob Loiter were summoned, when the President asked them upon their honour if they knew the top to have been Riot's. They said they did. They were then asked whether they remembered when Riot had it in his possession?

Frisk. He had it the day before yesterday, and split a top of mine with it.

Loiter. Yes, and then, as he was making a stroke at mine, the peg flew out.

Presid. What did he then do with it?

Frisk. He put it into his pocket, and said, as it was a strong top, he would have it mended.

Presid. Then he did not throw it away, or give it to any body?

Loiter. No; he pocketted it up, and we saw no more of it.

Presid. Do you know of any quarrel he had with Widow Careful?

Frisk. Yes; a day or two before he went to her shop for some gingerbread; but as he already owed her sixpence, she would not let him have any till he had paid his debts.

Presid. How did he take this disappointment?

Frisk. He said he would be revenged on her.

Presid. Are you sure he used such words?

Frisk. Yes, Loiter heard him as well as myself.

Loiter. I did, Sir.

Presid. Do either of you know any more of this affair?

Both. No, Sir.

Presid. You may go.

The President now observed, that
these

these witnesses had done a great deal in establishing proofs against Riot; for it was now pretty certain that no one but himself could have been in possession of the top at the time the crime was committed; and also it appeared, that he had declared a malicious intention against the woman, which it was highly probable he would put in execution.—As the court was debating about the next step to be taken, they were acquainted that Jack, the widow's son, was waiting at the school door for admission; and a person being sent out for him, Riot was found threatening the boy, and bidding him go home about his business. The boy was however conveyed safely into the room, when he thus addressed himself to the President.

Jack. Sir, an please your worship, as I was looking about this morning for sticks in the hedge over against our house, I found this buckle. So I thought to myself, sure this must be-

long to the rascal that broke our windows. So I have brought it to see if any body in the school would own it.

Presid. On which side of the hedge did you find it?

Jack. On the other side from our house, in the close.

Presid. Let us see it. Gentlemen, this is so smart a buckle, that I am sure I remember it at once, and so I dare say you all do?

All. It is Riot's.

Presid. Has any body observed Riot's shoes to-day?

One Boy. Yes, he has got them tied with strings.

Presid. Very well, Gentlemen; we have nothing more to do, than to draw up an account of all the evidence we have heard, and lay it before his lordship. Jack, you may go home.

Jack. Pray, Sir, let somebody go with me, for I am afraid of Riot, who has just been threatening me at the door.

Presid.

Presid. Master Bold will please to go along with the boy.

The minutes of the court were then drawn up, and the President took them to the Judge's chamber. After the Judge had perused them, he ordered an indictment to be drawn up against Peter Riot, "for that he meanly, clandestinely, and with malice afore-thought, had broken three panes in the window of Widow Careful, with a certain instrument called a top, whereby he had committed an atrocious injury on an innocent person, and had brought a disgrace upon the society to which he belonged." At the same time, he sent an officer to inform Master Riot that his trial would come on the next morning.

Riot, who was with some of his gay companions, affected to treat the matter with great indifference, and even to make a jest of it. However, in the morning he thought it best to endeavour to make it up; and accordingly, when

the court was assembled, he sent one of his friends with a shilling, saying that he would not trouble them with any further enquiries, but would pay the sum that had been issued out of the public stock. On the receipt of this message, the Judge rose with much severity in his countenance, and observing, that by such a contemptuous behaviour towards the court the criminal had greatly added to his offence, he ordered two officers with their staves immediately to go and bring in Riot, and to use force, if he should resist them. The culprit, thinking it best to submit, was presently led in between the two officers; when being placed at the bar, the Judge thus addressed him:

“ I am sorry, Sir, that any member of this society can be so little sensible of the nature of a crime, and so little acquainted with the principles of a court of justice, as you have shewn yourself to be, by the proposal you took the improper liberty of sending to us. If you meant
it

it as a confession of your guilt, you certainly ought to have waited to receive from us the penalty we thought proper to inflict, and not to have imagined that an offer of the mere payment of damages would satisfy the claims of justice against you. If you had only broken the window by accident, and on your own accord offered restitution, nothing less than the full damages could have been accepted. But you now stand charged with having done this mischief, meanly, secretly, and maliciously, and thereby have added a great deal of criminal intention to the act. Can you then think that a court like this, designed to watch over the morals, as well as protect the properties, of our community, can so slightly pass over such aggravated offences? You can claim no merit from confessing the crime, now that you know so much evidence will appear against you. And if you choose still to plead not guilty, you

are at liberty to do it, and we will proceed immediately to the trial, without taking any advantage of the confession implied by your offer of payment."

Riot stood silent for some time, and then begged to be allowed to consult with his friends, what was best for him to do. This was agreed to, and he was permitted to retire, though under guard of an officer. After a short absence, he returned with more humility in his looks, and said that he pleaded guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of the court. The Judge then made a speech of some length, for the purpose of convincing the prisoner, as well as the bystanders, of the enormity of the crime. He then pronounced the following sentence :

" You, Peter Riot, are hereby sentenced to pay the sum of half a crown to the public treasury, as a satisfaction for the mischief you have done, and your attempt to conceal it. You are
to

to repair to the house of Widow Careful, accompanied by such witnesses as we shall appoint, and there, having first paid her the sum you owe her, you shall ask her pardon for the insult you offered her. You shall likewise, tomorrow, after school, stand up in your place, and before all the scholars ask pardon for the disgrace you have been the means of bringing upon the society; and in particular, you shall apologize to Master Luckless, for the disagreeable circumstance you were the means of bringing him into. Till all this is complied with, you shall not presume to come into the play ground, or join in any of the diversions of the school; and all persons are hereby admonished not to keep you company till this is done."

Riot was then dismissed to his room; and in the afternoon he was taken to the widow's, who was pleased to receive his submission graciously, and at the same time to apologize for her own im-

proper treatment of Master Luckless, to whom she sent a present of a nice ball by way of amends.

Thus ended this important business.

THE LEGUMINOUS PLANTS.

Tutor—George—Harry.

G. WHAT a delightful smell!

H. Charming! It is sweeter than Mr. Effence's shop.

T. Do you know whence it comes?

G. O—it is from the bean-field on the other side of the hedge, I suppose.

T. It is. This is the month in which beans are in blossom. See—the stalks are full of their black and white flowers.

H. I see peas in blossom, too, on the other side of the field.

G. You told us some time ago of grass and corn flowers, but they make a poor figure compared to these.

T. They do. The glory of a corn-field is when it is ripe; but peas and beans look very shabbily at that time. But suppose we take a closer view of these blossoms. Go, you, George, and bring me a bean plant; and you, Harry, a pea. [*They go and bring them.*

T. Now let us sit down and compare them. Do you think these flowers much alike?

H. O no—very little.

G. Yes—a good deal.

T. A little and a good deal! How can that be? Come, let us see. In the first place they do not much resemble each other in size or colour.

G. No—but I think they do in shape.

T. True. They are both irregular flowers, and have the same distribution of parts. They are of the kind called *papilionaceous*, from *papilio*, the Latin word for a butterfly, which insect they are thought to resemble.

G. The pea does a little, but not much.

T. Some do much more than these. Well—you see first a broad leaf standing upright, but somewhat bent back: this is named the *standard*. On each side are two narrower, called the *wings*. The under side of the flower is formed of a hollow part, resembling a boat: this is called the *keel*.

G. It is very like a boat, indeed!

T. In some kinds, however, it is divided in the middle, and so is like a boat split in two. All these parts have claws which unite to form a tube, set in a *calyx* or flower cup. This tube, you observe, is longer in the bean than in the pea, and the proportions of the other parts are somewhat different; but the parts themselves are found in both.

H. So they are. I think them alike now.

T. That is the consequence of examining closely. Now let us strip off

all the leaves of this bean flower but the keel. What do you think this boat contains?

G. It must be those little things that you told us are in all flowers.

H. The chives and pistil.

T. Right. I will draw down the keel gently, and you shall see them.

H. How curious!

T. Here are a number of chives joining in their bodies so as to make a round tube, or cylinder, through which comes out a crooked thread, which is the pistil. I will now with a pin slit this cylinder. What do you see within it?

G. Somewhat like a little pod.

T. True—and to show you that it *is* a pod, I will open it, and you shall see the seeds within it.

H. What tiny things! Is this then what makes the bean-pod afterwards?

T. It is. When the blossom drops, this seed-vessel grows bigger and bigger, and

and at length hardens as the seeds grow ripe, becomes black and shriveled, and would burst and shed the seeds, if they were not gathered.

G. I have seen several burst pods of our sweet-peas under the wall, with nothing left in them.

T. And it is common for the field peas and beans to lose a great part of the seeds while they are getting in.

H. At the bottom of this pea-stalk there are some pods set already.

T. Open one. You see that the pod is composed of two shells, and that all the seeds are fastened to one side of the pod, but alternately to each shell.

G. Is it the same in beans?

T. Yes, and in all other pods of the papilionaceous flowers. Well—this is the general structure of a very numerous and useful class of plants called the *leguminous*, or *podded*. Of these, in this country, the greater part are herbaceous, with some shrubs. In the warm climates

mates there are also tall trees. Many of the leguminous plants afford excellent nourishment for man and beast; and their pods have the name of *pulse*.

G. I have read of persons living on pulse, but I did not know what it meant before.

T. It is frequently mentioned as part of the diet of abstemious persons. Of this kind, we eat peas, beans, and kidney or French beans, of all which there are a variety of sorts cultivated. Other nations eat lentiles and lupins, which are of this class; with several others.

H. I remember our lupins in the garden have flowers of this kind, with pods growing in clusters. But we only cultivate them for the colour and smell.

T. But other nations eat them. Then all the kinds of clover, or trefoil, which are so useful in feeding cattle, belong to this tribe; as do likewise
vetches,

vetches, sainfoin, and lucerne, which are used for the same purpose. These principally compose what are usually, though improperly, called in agriculture *artificial grasses*.

G. Clover flowers are as sweet as beans; but do they bear pods?

T. Yes; very short ones, with one or two seeds in each. But there is a kind called nonsuch, with a very small yellow flower, that has a curious twisted pod, like a snail-shell. Many of the leguminous plants are weak, and cannot support themselves; hence they are furnished with tendrils, by means of which they clasp neighbouring plants, and run up them. You know the garden peas do so to the sticks which are set in the rows with them. Some kinds of vetches run in this manner up the hedges, which they decorate with their long bunches of blue or purple flowers. Tares, which are some of the slenderest

Slenderest of the family, do much mischief among corn by twining round it and choaking it.

H. What are they good for, then?

T. They are weeds, or noxious plants, with respect to us; but doubtless they have their uses in the creation. Some of our papilionaceous plants, however, are able enough to shift for themselves; for gorse or furze is of the number.

G. What, that prickly bush all covered over with yellow flowers, that over-runs our common?

T. Yes. Then there is broom, a plant as big, but without thorns, and with larger flowers. This is as frequent as furze in some places.

H. I know it grows in abundance in the broom-field.

T. It does; but the naming of fields and places from it is a proof that it is not so common as the other.

G. We

G. We have some bushes of white broom in the shrubbery, and some trees of Spanish broom.

T. True. You have also a small tree which flowers early, and bears a great many pendent bunches of yellow blossoms, that look peculiarly beautiful when intermixed with the purple lilacs.

H. I know it—Laburnum.

T. Right. That is one of our class of plants too. Then there is a large tree, with delicate little leaves, protected by long thorns, and bearing bunches of white papilionaceous flowers.

G. I know which you mean, but I cannot tell the name.

T. It is the Bastard Acacia, or Locust tree, a native of America. Thus, you see, we have traced this class of plants through all sizes, from the trefoil that covers the turf, to a large tree. I should not, however, forget two others, the Liquorice and the Tamarind. The Liquorice, with the sweet
root

root of which you are well acquainted, grows in the warmer countries, especially Spain, but is cultivated in England. The Tamarind is a large spreading tree growing in the West Indies, and valued for its shade, as well as for the cooling acid pulp of its pods, which are preserved with sugar and sent over to us.

H. I know them very well.

T. Well—do you think now you shall both be able to discover a papilionaceous flower when you meet with it again.

G. I believe I shall, if they are all like these we have been examining.

T. They have all the same parts, though variously proportioned. What are these?

G. There is the standard and two wings.

H. And the keel.

T. Right—the keel sometimes cleft into two, and then it is an irregular five-leaved

leaved flower. The chives are generally ten, of which one stands apart from the rest. The pistil single, and ending in a pod. Another circumstance common to most of this tribe, is that their leaves are *winged* or *pinnated*, that is, having leaflets set opposite each other upon a middle rib. You see this structure in these bean leaves. But in the clovers there are only two opposite leaflets, and one terminating; whence their name of trefoil, or three-leaf. What we call a club on cards is properly a clover leaf, and the French call it *trèfle*, which means the same.

G. I think this tribe of plants almost as useful as the grasses.

T. They perhaps come the next in utility; but their seeds, such as beans and peas, are not quite such good nourishment as corn, and bread cannot be made of them.

G. But clover is better than grass for cattle.

T. It

T. It is more fattening, and makes cows yield plenty of fine milk. Well—let us march.

WALKING THE STREETS,

A PARABLE.

HAVE you ever walked through the crowded streets of a great city?

What shoals of people pouring in from opposite quarters, like torrents meeting in a narrow valley! You would imagine it impossible for them to get through; yet all pass on their way without stop or molestation.

Were each man to proceed exactly in the line in which he set out, he could not move many paces without encountering another full in his track. They would strike against each other, fall back, push forward again, block up the way for themselves and those after them,

them, and throw the whole street into confusion.

All this is avoided by every man's *yielding a little*.

Instead of advancing square, stiff, with arms stuck out, every one who knows how to walk the streets, glides along, his arms close, his body oblique and flexible, his track gently winding, leaving now a few inches on this side, now on that, so as to pass and be passed, without touching, in the smallest possible space.

He pushes no one into the kennel nor goes into it himself. By *mutual accommodation* the path, though narrow, holds them all.

He goes neither much faster nor much slower than those who go in the same direction. In the first case he would elbow, in the second he would be elbowed.

If any accidental stop arises, from a carriage crossing, a cask rolled, a pick-pocket

pocket detected, or the like, he does not increase the bustle by rushing into the midst of it, but checks his pace, and patiently waits for its removal.

Like this is the *march of life*.

In our progress through the world, a thousand things stand continually in our way. Some people meet us full in the face with opposite opinions and inclinations. Some stand before us in our pursuit of pleasure or interest, and others follow close upon our heels. Now, we ought in the first place to consider, that *the road is as free for one as for another*; and therefore we have no right to expect that persons should go out of their way to let us pass, any more than we out of ours. Then, if we do not mutually yield and accommodate a little, it is clear that we must all stand still, or be thrown into a perpetual confusion of squeezing and jostling. If we are all in a hurry to get on as fast as possible

to

to some point of pleasure or interest in our view, and do not occasionally hold back, when the crowd gathers and angry contentions arise, we shall only augment the tumult, without advancing our own progress. On the whole, it is our business to move onwards, steadily but quietly, obstructing others as little as possible, yielding a little to this man's prejudices, and that man's desires, and doing every thing in our power to make the *journey of life* easy to all our fellow-travellers, as well as to ourselves.



FOURTEENTH EVENING.

ON PRESENCE OF MIND.

MRS. F. one day having occasion to be blooded, sent for the surgeon. As soon as he entered the room, her young daughter, Eliza, started up, and was hastily going away, when her mother called her back,

Mrs. F. Eliza, do not go, I want you to stay by me.

Eliz. Dear mamma! I can never bear to see you blooded.

Mrs. F. Why not? what harm will it do you?

E. O dear! I cannot look at blood. Besides, I cannot bear to see you hurt, mamma!

Mrs. F. O, if I can bear to feel it, surely you may to see it. But come—you *must* stay, and we will talk about it afterwards.

Eliza then, pale and trembling, stood by her mother, and saw the whole operation. She could not help, however, turning her head away when the incision was made, and the first flow of blood made her start and shudder. When all was over, and the surgeon gone, *Mrs. F.* began,

Well, Eliza! what do you think of this mighty matter now? Would it not have been very foolish to have run away from it?

E. O mamma! how frightened I was when he took out his lancet! Did it not hurt you a great deal?

Mrs. F. No, very little. And if it had, it was to do me good, you know.

E. But why should I stay to see it? I could do you no good.

Mrs. F. Perhaps not; but it will do you good to be accustomed to such fights.

E. Why, mamma?

Mrs. F. Because instances are every day happening in which it is our duty to assist fellow-creatures in circumstances of pain and distress; and if we were to indulge a reluctance to come near them on those occasions, we should never acquire either the knowledge or the presence of mind necessary for the purpose.

E. But if I had been told how to help people in such cases, could not I do it without being used to see them?

Mrs. F. No. We have all naturally a horror at every thing which is the cause of pain and danger to ourselves or others; and nothing but habit can give most of us the presence of mind necessary to enable us in such occurrences to employ our knowledge to the best advantage.

E. What is *presence of mind*, mamma?

Mrs. F. It is that steady possession of ourselves in cases of alarm, that prevents us from being flurried and frightened. You have heard the expression of *having all our wits about us*. That is the effect of presence of mind, and a most inestimable quality it is, for without it, we are full as likely to run into danger as to avoid it. Do you not remember hearing of your cousin Mary's cap taking fire in the candle?

E. O yes—very well.

Mrs. F. Well—the maid, as soon as she saw it, set up a great scream, and ran out of the room; and Mary might have been burnt to death for any assistance she could give her.

E. How foolish that was!

Mrs. F. Yes—the girl had not the least presence of mind, and the consequence was, depriving her of all recollection, and making her entirely useless. But as soon as your aunt came
up,

up, she took the right method for preventing the mischief. The cap was too much on fire to be pulled off; so she whipped a quilt from the bed and flung it round Mary's head, and thus stifled the flame.

E. Mary was a good deal scorched, though.

Mrs. F. Yes—but it was very well that it was no worse. If the maid, however, had acted with any sense at first, no harm at all would have been done, except burning the cap. I remember a much more fatal example of the want of presence of mind. The mistress of a family was awakened by flames bursting through the wainscot into her chamber. She flew to the stair-case; and in her confusion, instead of going up stairs to call her children, who slept together in the nursery overhead, and who might all have escaped by the top of the house, she ran down, and with much danger made way through

through the fire into the street. When she had got thither, the thought of her poor children rushed into her mind, but it was too late. The stairs had caught fire, so that nobody could get near them, and they were burned in their beds.

E. What a sad thing!

Mrs. F. Sad indeed! Now I will tell you of a different conduct. A lady was awakened by the crackling of fire, and saw it shining under her chamber floor. Her husband would immediately have opened the door, but she prevented him, since the smoke and flame would then have burst in upon them. The children with a maid slept in a room opening out of theirs. She went and awakened them; and tying together the sheets and blankets, she sent down the maid from the window first, and then let down the children one by one to her. Last of all she descended herself.

self. A few minutes after, the floor fell in, and all the house was in flames.

E. What a happy escape!

Mrs. F. Yes—and with what cool recollection of mind it was managed! For mothers to love their children, and be willing to run any hazards for them, is common; but in weak minds that very love is apt to prevent exertions in the time of danger. I knew a lady who had a fine little boy sitting in her lap. He put a whole plum into his mouth, which slipped into his throat, and choaked him. The poor fellow turned black, and struggled violently; and the mother was so frightened, that instead of putting her finger into his throat and pulling out the plum, which might easily have been done, she laid him on the floor and ran to call for assistance. But the maids who came up were as much flurried as she; and the child died before any thing effectual was done to relieve him.

E. How unhappy she must have been about it!

Mrs. F. Yes. It threw her into an illness which had like to have cost her her life.

Another lady, seeing her little boy climb up a high ladder, set up a violent scream that frightened the child, so that he fell down and was much hurt; whereas if she had possessed command enough over herself to speak to him gently, he might have got down safely.

E. Dear mamma! what is that running down your arm?—O, it is blood!

Mrs. F. Yes—my arm bleeds again. I have stirred it too soon.

E. Dear! what shall I do?

Mrs. F. Don't frighten yourself. I shall stop the blood by pressing on the orifice with my finger. In the meantime do you ring the bell.

[*Eliza rings—a servant comes.*

Mrs.

Mrs. F. Betty, my arm bleeds. Can you tie it up again?

Betty. I believe I can, Madam.

[She takes off the bandage and puts on another.]

E. I hope it is stopt now.

Mrs. F. It is. Betty has done it very well. You see she went about it with composure. This accident puts me in mind of another story which is very well worth hearing. A man once reaping in the field cut his arm dreadfully with his sickle, and divided an artery.

E. What is that, mamma.

Mrs. F. It is one of the canals or pipes through which the blood from the heart runs like water in a pipe brought from a reservoir. When one of these is cut, it bleeds very violently, and the only way to stop it is to make a pressure between the wounded place and the heart in order to intercept the course of the blood towards it. Well

—this poor man bled profusely; and the people about him, both men and women, were so stupified with fright, that some ran one way, some another, and some stood stock still. In short, he would soon have bled to death, had not a brisk stout-hearted wench, who came up, slipped off her garter, and bound it tight above the wound, by which means the bleeding was stopt till proper help could be procured.

E. What a clever wench! But how did she know what to do?

Mrs. F. She had perhaps heard it, as you have done now; and so probably had some of the others, but they had not presence of mind enough to put it in practice. It is a much greater trial of courage, however, when the danger presses upon ourselves as well as others. Suppose a furious bull was to come upon you in the midst of a field. You could not possibly escape him by running, and attempting it would

would destroy your only chance of safety.

E. What would that be?

Mrs. F. I have a story for that too. The mother of that Mr. Day who wrote *Sandford and Merton* was distinguished, as he also was, for courage and presence of mind. When a young woman, she was one day walking in the fields with a companion, when they perceived a bull coming to them, roaring and tossing about his horns in the most tremendous manner.

E. O, how I should have screamed!

Mrs. F. I dare say you would; and so did her companion. But she bid her walk away behind her as gently as she could, whilst she herself stopt short, and faced the bull, eyeing him with a determined countenance. The bull, when he had come near, stopt also, pawing the ground and roaring. Few animals will attack a man who steadily waits for them. In a while, she drew

back some steps, still facing the bull. The bull followed. She stopt, and then he stopt. In this manner, she made good her retreat to the stile over which her companion had before got. She then turned and sprung over it, and got clear out of danger.

E. That was bravely done, indeed! But I think very few women could have done as much.

Mrs. F. Such a degree of cool resolution, to be sure, is not common. But I have read of a lady in the East-Indies who showed at least as much. She was sitting out of doors with a party of pleasure, when they were aware of a huge tyger that had crept through a hedge near them, and was just ready to make his fatal spring. They were struck with the utmost consternation; but she, with an umbrella in her hand, turned to the tyger, and suddenly spread it full in his face. This unusual assault so terrified the beast, that taking a prodigious leap,

leap, he sprung over the fence, and plunged out of sight into the neighbouring thicket.

E. Well—that was the boldest thing I ever heard of. But is it possible, mamma, to make oneself courageous?

Mrs. F. Courage, my dear, is of two kinds; one the gift of nature, the other of reason and habit. Men have naturally more courage than women; that is, they are less affected by danger; it makes a less impression upon them, and does not flutter their spirits so much. This is owing to the difference of their bodily constitution; and from the same cause, some men and some women are more courageous than others. But the other kind of courage may in some measure be acquired by every one. Reason teaches us to face smaller dangers in order to avoid greater, and even to undergo the greatest when our duty requires it.

Habit

Habit makes us less affected by particular dangers which have often come in our way. A sailor does not feel the danger of a storm so much as a landman; but if he was mounted upon a spirited horse in a fox-chace, he would probably be the most timorous man in company. The courage of women is chiefly tried in domestic dangers. They are attendants on the sick and dying; and they must qualify themselves to go through many scenes of terror in these situations, which would alarm the stoutest-hearted man who was not accustomed to them.

E. I have heard that women generally bear pain and illness better than men.

Mrs. F. They do so, because they are more used to them, both in themselves and others.

E. I think I should not be afraid again to see any body blooded.

Mrs.

Mrs. F. I hope not. It was for that purpose I made you stand by me. And I would have you always force yourself to look on and give assistance in cases of this kind, however painful it may at first be to you, that you may as soon as possible gain that presence of mind which arises from habit.

E. But would that make me like to be blooded myself?

Mrs. F. Not to *like* it, but to lose all foolish fears about it, and submit calmly to it when good for you. But I hope you have sense enough to do that already.

PHAETON JUNIOR,

OR THE GIG DEMOLISHED.

YE heroes of the upper form
Who long for whip and reins,
Come listen to a dismal tale,
Set forth in dismal strains.

Young *Jehu* was a lad of fame,
 As all the school could tell;
 At cricket, taw, and prison-bars,
 He bore away the bell.

Now welcome Whitsuntide was come,
 And boys, with merry hearts,
 Were gone to visit dear mamma,
 And eat her pies and tarts.

As soon as *Jehu* saw his fire,
 A boon, a boon ! he cried ;
 O, if I am your darling boy,
 Let me not be denied.

My darling boy indeed thou art,
 The father wise replied ;
 So name the boon ; I promise thee
 It shall not be denied.

Then give me, Sir, your long-lash'd whip,
 And give your gig and pair,
 To drive alone to yonder town,
 And flourish through the fair.

The father shook his head, My son,
 You know not what you ask ;
 To drive a gig in crowded streets
 Is no such easy task.

The horses, full of rest and corn,
Scarce I myself can guide ;
And much I fear, if you attempt,
Some mischief will betide.

Then think, dear boy, of something else
That's better worth your wishing ;
A bow and quiver, bats and balls,
A rod and lines for fishing.

But nothing could young Jehu please
Except a touch at driving ;
'Twas all in vain, his father found,
To spend his breath in striving.

At least attend, rash boy ! he cried,
And follow good advice,
Or in a ditch both gig and you
Will tumble in a trice.

Spare, spare the whip, hold hard the reins,
The steeds go fast enough ;
Keep in the middle beaten track,
Nor cross the ruts so rough :

And when within the town you come,
Be sure with special care
Drive clear of sign-posts, booths, and stalls,
And monsters of the fair.

114 FOURTEENTH EVENING.

The youth scarce heard his father out,
But roar'd, Bring out the whisky :
With joy he view'd the rolling wheels
And prancing ponies frisky.

He seiz'd the reins, and up he sprung,
And wav'd the whistling lash ;
Take care, take care ! his father cried ;
But off he went slap-dash.

Who's this light spark ? the horses thought,
We'll try your strength, young master !
So o'er the rugged turnpike road,
Still faster ran and faster.

Young Jehu tott'ring in his seat
Now wished to pull them in ;
But pulling from so young a hand
They valued not a pin.

A drove of grunting pigs before
Fill'd up the narrow way ;
Dash thro' the midst the horses drove,
And made a rueful day :

For some were trampled under foot,
Some crush'd beneath the wheel ;
Lord ! how the drivers curs'd and swore,
And how the pigs did squeal !

A farmer's

A farmer's wife on old blind Ball,
Went slowly on the road,
With butter, eggs, and cheefe and cream,
In two large panniers stow'd.

Ere Ball could stride the rut, amain
The gig came thund'ring on,
Crash went the pannier, and the dame
And Ball lay overthrown.

Now thro' the town the mettled pair
Ran rattling o'er the stones ;
They drove the crowd from side to side,
And shook poor Jehu's bones.

When lo ! directly in their course
A monstrous form appear'd ;
A shaggy bear that stalk'd and roar'd,
On hinder legs uprear'd.

Sideways they started at the sight,
And whisk'd the gig half-round,
Then cross the crowded market-place
They flew with furious bound.

First o'er a heap of crock'ry ware
The rapid car they whirl'd ;
And jugs, and mugs, and pots, and pans,
In fragments wide were hurl'd.

A booth

116 FOURTEENTH EVENING.

A booth stood near with tempting cakes
And groc'ry richly fraught ;
All Birmingham on t'other side
The dazzled optics caught.

With active spring the nimble steeds
Rush'd thro' the pass between,
And scarcely touch'd ; the car behind
Got thro' not quite so clean.

For while one wheel one stall engag'd,
Its fellow took the other :
Dire was the clash ; down fell the booths,
And made a dreadful pother.

Nuts, oranges, and gingerbread,
And figs here rolled around ;
And scissars, knives, and thimbles there
Bestrew'd the glitt'ring ground.

The fall of boards, the shouts and cries,
Urg'd on the horses faster ;
And as they flew, at every step
They caused some new disaster.

Here lay o'erturn'd in woful plight
A pedlar and his pack ;
There, in a showman's broken box,
All London went to wrack.

But

But now the fates decreed to stop
The ruin of the day,
And make the gig and driver too
A heavy reck'ning pay.

A ditch there lay both broad and deep,
Where streams as black as Styx
From every quarter of the town
Their muddy currents mix.

Down to its brink in heedless haste
The frantic horses flew,
And in the midst, with sudden jerk,
Their burthen overthrew.

The prostrate gig with desperate force
They soon pull'd out again,
And at their heels, in ruin dire,
Drag'd lumb'ring o'er the plain.

Here lay a wheel, the axle there,
The body there remain'd,
Till sever'd limb from limb, the car
Nor name nor shape retain'd.

But Jehu must not be forgot,
Left floundering in the flood,
With cloaths all drench'd, and mouth and eyes
Beplaster'd o'er with mud.

In piteous case he waded thro'
 And gain'd the slipp'ry side,
 Where grinning crowds were gather'd round
 To mock his fallen pride.

They led him to a neighb'ring pump
 To clear his dismal face,
 Whence cold and heartless home he slunk
 Involv'd in fore disgrace.

And many a bill for damage done
 His father had to pay.
 Take warning, youthful drivers all!
 From Jehu's first essay.

WHY AN APPLE FALLS.

PAPA, (said Lucy) I have been reading to-day that Sir Isaac Newton was led to make some of his great discoveries by seeing an apple fall from a tree. What was there extraordinary in that?

P. There

P. There was nothing extraordinary; but it happened to catch his attention and set him a thinking.

L. And what did he think about?

P. He thought by what means the apple was brought to the ground.

L. Why, I could have told him that—because the stalk gave way and there was nothing to support it.

P. And what then?

L. Why then—it must fall, you know.

P. But why must it fall?—that is the point.

L. Because it could not help it.

P. But why could it not help it?

L. I don't know—that is an odd question. Because there was nothing to keep it up.

P. Suppose there was not—does it follow that it must come to the ground?

L. Yes, surely!

P. Is

P. Is an apple animate or inanimate?

L. Inanimate, to be sure!

P. And can inanimate things move of themselves?

L. No—I think not—but the apple falls because it is forced to fall.

P. Right! Some force out of itself acts upon it, otherwise it would remain for ever where it was, notwithstanding it were loosened from the tree.

L. Would it?

P. Undoubtedly!—for there are only two ways in which it could be moved; by its own power of motion, or the power of somewhat else moving it. Now the first you acknowledge it has not; the cause of its motion must therefore be the second. And what that is, was the subject of the philosopher's enquiry.

L. But every thing falls to the ground as well as an apple, when there is nothing to keep it up.

P. True

P. True—there must therefore be an universal cause of this tendency to fall.

L. And what is it?

P. Why, if things out of the earth cannot move themselves to it, there can be no other cause of their coming together, than that the earth pulls them.

L. But the earth is no more animate than they are; so how can it pull?

P. Well objected! This will bring us to the point. Sir Isaac Newton after deep meditation discovered that there was a law in nature called *attraction*, by virtue of which every particle of matter, that is, every thing of which the world is composed, draws towards it every other particle of matter, with a force proportioned to its size and distance. Lay two marbles on the table. They have a tendency to come together, and if there were nothing else in the world, they would come together; but they are also attracted by the table, by the ground, and by every

ning besides in the room; and these different attractions pull against each other. Now, the globe of the earth is a prodigious mass of matter, to which nothing near it can bear any comparison. It draws, therefore, with mighty force every thing within its reach, which is the cause of their falling; and this is called the *gravitation* of bodies, or what gives them *weight*. When I lift up any thing, I act contrary to this force, for which reason it seems *heavy* to me; and the heavier, the more matter it contains, since that increases the attraction of the earth for it. Do you understand this?

L. I think I do. It is like a loadstone drawing a needle.

P. Yes—that is an attraction, but of a particular kind, only taking place between the magnet and iron. But gravitation, or the attraction of the earth, acts upon every thing alike.

L. Then

L. Then it is pulling you and me at this moment?

P. It is.

L. But why do not we stick to the ground, then?

P. Because as we are alive, we have a power of self-motion, which can to a certain degree overcome the attraction of the earth. But the reason you cannot jump a mile high as well as a foot, is this attraction, which brings you down again after the force of your jump is spent.

L. I think then I begin to understand what I have heard of people living on the other side of the world, I believe they are called *Antipodes*, who have their feet turned towards ours, and their heads in the air. I used to wonder how it could be that they did not fall off; but I suppose the earth pulls them to it.

P. Very true. And whither should they fall? What have they over their heads?

L. I don't know—sky, I suppose.

P. They have. This earth is a vast ball, hung in the air, and continually spinning round, and that is the cause why the sun and stars seem to rise and set. At noon we have the sun over our heads, when the Antipodes have the stars over theirs; and at midnight the stars are over our heads, and the sun over theirs. So whither should they fall to more than we?—to the stars or the sun?

L. But we are up, and they are down.

P. What is up, but *from* the earth and *towards* the sky? Their feet touch the earth and their heads point to the sky as well as ours; and we are under their feet as much as they are under ours. If a hole were dug quite through the earth, what would you see through it?

L. Sky,

L. Sky, with the sun or the stars: and now I see the whole matter plainly. But pray what supports the earth in the air?

P. Why, where should it go to?

L. I don't know—I suppose where there was most to draw it. I have heard that the sun is a great many times bigger than the earth. Would it not go to that?

P. You have thought very justly on the matter, I perceive. But I shall take another opportunity of shewing you how this is, and why the earth does not fall into the sun, of which, I confess, there seems to be some danger. Meanwhile think how far the falling of an apple has carried us!

L. To the Antipodes, and I know not where.

P. You may see from thence what use may be made of the commonest fact by a thinking mind.

NATURE AND EDUCATION,

A FABLE.

Nature and *Education* were one day walking together through a nursery of trees. See, says *Nature*, how straight and fine those firs grow—that is my doing! But as to those oaks, they are all crooked and stunted: that, my good sister, is your fault. You have planted them too close, and not pruned them properly. Nay, sister, said *Education*, I am sure I have taken all possible pains about them; but you gave me bad acorns, so how should they ever make fine trees?

The dispute grew warm; and at length, instead of blaming one another for negligence, they began to boast of their own powers, and to challenge each other to a contest for the superiority. It was agreed that each should adopt a favourite, and rear it up in spite of all
the

the ill offices of her opponent. *Nature* fixed upon a vigorous young Weymouth Pine, the parent of which had grown to be the main-mast of a man of war. Do what you will to this plant, said she to her sister, I am resolved to push it up as straight as an arrow. *Education* took under her care a crab-tree. This, said she, I will rear to be at least as valuable as your pine.

Both went to work. While *Nature* was feeding her pine with plenty of wholesome juices, *Education* passed a strong rope round its top, and pulling it downwards with all her force, fastened it to the trunk of a neighbouring oak. The pine laboured to ascend, but not being able to surmount the obstacle, it pushed out to one side, and presently became bent like a bow. Still, such was its vigour, that its top, after descending as low as its branches, made a new shoot upwards; but its beauty and usefulness were quite destroyed.

The crab-tree cost *Education* a world of pains. She pruned and pruned, and endeavoured to bring it into shape, but in vain. *Nature* thrust out a bough this way, and a knot that way, and would not push a single leading shoot upwards. The trunk was, indeed, kept tolerably straight by constant efforts; but the head grew awry and ill-fashioned, and made a scrubby figure. At length, *Education*, despairing of making a fightly plant of it, ingrafted the stock with an apple, and brought it to bear tolerable fruit.

At the end of the experiment, the sisters met to compare their respective success. Ah, sister! (said *Nature*) I see it is in your power to spoil the best of my works. Ah, sister! (said *Education*) it is a hard matter to contend against you—however, something may be done by taking pains enough.

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

AVERSION SUBDUED,

A DRAMA.

SCENE—*A Road in the Country.*

Arbury—Belford, walking.

Belford. PRAY who is the present possessor of the Brookby estate?

Arbury. A man of the name of Goodwin.

B. Is he a good neighbour to you?

A. Far from it; and I wish he had fettled a hundred miles off rather than come here to spoil our neighbourhood.

B. I am sorry to hear that; but what is your objection to him?

A. O, there is nothing in which we agree. In the first place he is quite of

the other side in politics; and that, you know, is enough to prevent all intimacy.

B. I am not entirely of that opinion; but what else?

A. He is no sportsman, and refuses to join in our association for protecting the game. Neither does he choose to be a member of any of our clubs.

B. Has he been asked?

A. I don't know that he has directly, but he might easily propose himself if he liked it. But he is of a close unfociable temper, and I believe very niggardly.

B. How has he shewn it?

A. His style of living is not equal to his fortune; and I have heard of several instances of his attention to petty economy.

B. Perhaps he spends his money in charity.

A. Not he, I dare say. It was but last week that a poor fellow who had

lost his all by a fire went to him with a subscription-paper, in which were the names of all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood; and all the answer he got was, that he would consider of it.

B. And did he consider?

A. I don't know, but I suppose it was only an excuse. Then his predecessor had a park well stocked with deer, and used to make liberal presents of venison to all his neighbours. But this frugal gentleman has sold them all off, and got a flock of sheep instead.

B. I don't see much harm in that, now mutton is so dear.

A. To be sure he has a right to do as he pleases with his park, but that is not the way to be beloved, you know. As to myself, I have reason to think he bears me particular ill-will.

B. Then he is much in the wrong, for I believe you are as free from ill-will to others as any man living. But how has he shewn it, pray?

A. In twenty instances. He had a horse upon sale the other day to which I took a liking, and bid money for it. As soon as he found I was about it, he sent it off to a fair on the other side of the county. My wife, you know, is passionately fond of cultivating flowers. Riding lately by his grounds she observed something new, and took a great longing for a root or cutting of it. My gardener mentioned her wish to his (contrary, I own, to my inclination), and he told his master; but instead of obliging her, he charged the gardener on no account to touch the plant. A little while ago I turned off a man for saucy behaviour; but as he had lived many years with me, and was a very useful servant, I meant to take him again upon his submission, which I did not doubt would soon happen. Instead of that, he goes and offers himself to my civil neighbour, who, without deigning to apply to me, even for
a cha-

a character, entertains him immediately. In short, he has not the least of a gentleman about him, and I would give any thing to be well rid of him.

B. Nothing, to be sure, can be more unpleasant in the country than a bad neighbour, and I am concerned it is your lot to have one. But there is a man who seems as if he wanted to speak with you. [*A countryman approaches.*]

A. Ah! it is the poor fellow that was burnt out. Well, Richard, how go you on—what has the subscription produced you?

Richard. Thank your honour, my losses are nearly all made up.

A. I am very glad of that; but when I saw the paper last, it did not reach half way.

R. It did not, Sir; but you may remember asking me what Mr. Goodwin had done for me, and I told you
he

he took time to consider of it. Well, Sir—I found that the very next day he had been at our town, and had made very particular enquiry about me and my losses among my neighbours. When I called upon him a few days after, he told me he was very glad to find that I bore such a good character, and that the gentlemen round had so kindly taken up my case; and he would prevent the necessity of my going any further for relief. Upon which he gave me, God bless him! a draught upon his banker for fifty pounds.

A. Fifty pounds!

R. Yes, Sir—It has made me quite my own man again; and I am now going to purchase a new cart and team of horses.

A. A noble gift indeed! I could never have thought it. Well, Richard, I rejoice at your good fortune. I am
fure

sure you are much obliged to Mr. Goodwin.

R. Indeed I am, Sir, and to all my good friends. God blefs you! Sir.

[*Goes on.*

B. Niggardlinefs, at leaft, is not this man's foible.

A. No—I was mistaken in that point. I wronged him, and I am forry for it. But what a pity it is that men of real generofity fhould not be amiable in their manners, and as ready to oblige in trifles as in matters of confequence.

B. True—'tis a pity when that is really the cafe.

A. How much lefs an exertion it would have been, to have fhewn fome civility about a horfe or a flower-root!

B. A propos of flowers, there's your gardener carrying a large one in a pot.

Enter Gardener.

A. Now, James, what have you got there?

Gard.

Gard. A flower, Sir, for Madam, from Mr. Goodwin's.

A. How did you come by it?

G. His gardener, Sir, sent me word to come for it. We should have had it before, but Mr. Goodwin thought it would not move safely.

A. I hope he has got more of them.

G. He has only a seedling plant or two, Sir; but hearing that Madam took a liking to it, he was resolved to send it her, and a choice thing it is! I have a note for Madam in my pocket.

A. Well, go on.

[*Exit Gardener.*

B. Methinks this does not look like deficiency in civility.

A. No—it is a very polite action—I can't deny it, and I am obliged to him for it. Perhaps, indeed, he may feel he owes me a little amends.

B. Possibly—It shows he *can* feel, however.

A. It

A. It does. Ha! there's Yorkshire Tom coming with a string of horses from the fair. I'll step up and speak to him. Now, Tom! how have horses gone at Market-hill?

Tom. Dear enough, your honour!

A. How much more did you get for Mr. Goodwin's mare than I offered him?

T. Ah, Sir! that was not a thing for your riding, and that Mr. Goodwin well knew. You never saw such a vicious toad. She had like to have killed the groom two or three times. So I was ordered to offer her to the mail-coach people, and get what I could from them. I might have sold her better if Mr. Goodwin would have let me, for she was a fine creature to look at as need be, and quite sound.

A. And was that the true reason, Tom, why the mare was not sold to me?

T. It was, indeed, Sir.

A. Then

A. Then I am highly obliged to Mr. Goodwin. (*Tom rides on.*) This was handsome behaviour indeed!

B. Yes, I think it was somewhat more than politeness—it was real goodness of heart.

A. It was. I find I must alter my opinion of him, and I do it with pleasure. But, after all, his conduct with respect to my servant is somewhat unaccountable.

B. I see reason to think so well of him in the main, that I am inclined to hope he will be acquitted in this matter too.

A. There the fellow is, I wonder he has my old livery on yet.

[*Ned approaches, pulling off his hat.*]

N. Sir, I was coming to your honour.

A. What can you have to say to me now, Ned?

N. To ask pardon, Sir, for my misbehaviour, and beg you to take me again.

A. What

A. What—have you so soon parted with your new master?

N. Mr. Goodwin never was my master, Sir. He only kept me in his house till I could make it up with you again; for he said he was sure you were too honourable a gentleman to turn off an old servant without good reason, and he hoped you would admit my excuses after your anger was over.

A. Did he say all that?

N. Yes, Sir; and he advised me not to delay any longer to ask your pardon.

A. Well—go to my house, and I will talk with you on my return.

B. Now, my friend, what think you of this?

A. I think more than I can well express. It will be a lesson to me never to make hasty judgments again.

B. Why, indeed, to have concluded that such a man had nothing of the gentleman

gentleman about him, must have been rather hasty.

A. I acknowledge it. But it is the misfortune of these reserved characters that they are so long in making themselves known; though when they are known they often prove the most truly estimable. I am afraid even now, that I must be content with esteeming him at a distance.

B. Why so?

A. You know I am of an open sociable disposition.

B. Perhaps he is so too.

A. If he was, surely we should have been better acquainted before this time.

B. It may have been prejudice, rather than temper, that has kept you asunder.

A. Possibly so. That vile spirit of party has such a sway in the country that men of the most liberal dispositions can hardly free themselves from its influence.

fluence. It poisons all the kindness of society; and yonder comes an instance of its pernicious effects.

B. Who is he?

A. A poor schoolmaster with a large family in the next market-town, who has lost all his scholars by his activity on our side in the last election. I heartily wish it was in my power to do something for him; for he is a very honest man, though perhaps rather too warm. [*The schoolmaster comes up.*]

Now Mr. Penman, how go things with you?

P. I thank you, Sir, they have gone poorly enough, but I hope they are in the way to mend.

A. I am glad to hear it—but how?

P. Why, Sir, the free-school of Stoke is vacant, and I believe I am likely to get it.

A. Ay?—I wonder at that. I thought it was in the hands of the other party.

P. I

P. It is, Sir; but Mr. Goodwin has been so kind as to give me a recommendation, and his interest is sufficient to carry it.

A. Mr. Goodwin! you surprise me.

P. I was much surprised too, Sir. He sent for me of his own accord, (for I should never have thought of asking *him* a favour) and told me he was sorry a man should be injured in his profession on account of party, and as I could not live comfortably where I was, he would try to settle me in a better place. So he mentioned the vacancy of Stoke, and offered me letters to the trustees. I was never so affected in my life, Sir—I could hardly speak to return him thanks. He kept me to dinner, and treated me with the greatest respect. Indeed I believe there is not a kinder man breathing than Mr. Goodwin.

A. You have the best reason in the world to say so, Mr. Penman. What—did he converse familiarly with you?

P. Quite

P. Quite so, Sir. We talked a great deal about party-affairs in this neighbourhood, and he lamented much that differences of this kind should keep worthy men at a distance from each other. I took the liberty, Sir, of mentioning your name. He said he had not the honour of being acquainted with you, but he had a sincere esteem for your character, and should be glad of any occasion to cultivate a friendship with you. For my part, I confess to my shame, I did not think there could have been such a man on that side.

A. Well—good morning!

P. Your most obedient, Sir.

[*He goes.*

A. (*After some silence*) Come, my friend, let us go.

B. Whither?

A. Can you doubt it?—to Mr. Goodwin's to be sure! After all I have heard, can I exist a moment without
acknow-

acknowledging the injustice I have done him, and begging his friendship.

B. I shall be happy, I am sure, to accompany you on that errand. But who is to introduce us?

A. O, what is form and ceremony in a case like this! Come—come.

B. Most willingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

MR. L. was one morning riding by himself, when, dismounting to gather a plant in the hedge, his horse got loose and galloped away before him. He followed, calling the horse by his name, which stopt, but on his approach set off again. At length a little boy in a neighbouring field, seeing the affair, ran across where the road made a turn, and getting before the horse, took him by
4 the

the bridle, and held him till his owner came up. Mr. L. looked at the boy, and admired his ruddy cheerful countenance. Thank you, my good lad! (said he) you have caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble? (putting his hand into his pocket.)

I want nothing, Sir, said the boy.

Mr. L. Don't you? so much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But pray what were you doing in the field?

B. I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that are feeding on the turneps.

Mr. L. And do you like this employment?

B. Yes, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But had you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work; it is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you to work?

B. My daddy, Sir.

Mr. L. Where does he live?

B. Just by, among the trees there.

Mr. L. What is his name?

B. Thomas Hurdle.

Mr. L. And what is yours?

B. Peter, Sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

B. I shall be eight at Michaelmas.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this field?

B. Ever since six in the morning.

Mr. L. And are not you hungry?

B. Yes—I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know. I never had so much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings! what are those?

Mr. L. Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No,

B. No, Sir; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in the cold weather, and we set traps for birds; and then I have a jumping pole and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broke.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing else?

B. No. I have hardly time for those; for I always ride the horses to field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town of errands, and that is as good as play, you know.

Mr. L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money?

B. O—I can get apples at home; and as for gingerbread, I don't mind it much, for my mammy gives me a pye now and then, and that is as good.

Mr. F. Would not you like a knife to cut sticks?

B. I have one—here it is—brother Tom gave it me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes—don't you want a better pair?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

B. O, I don't care for that.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a better at home, but I had as lieve have none at all, for it hurts my head.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnep.

Mr. L. But if there are none?

B. Then I do as well as I can; I work on and never think of it.

Mr. L. Are you not dry sometimes, this hot weather?

B. Yes, but there is water enough.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher!

B. Sir?

B. Sir?

Mr. L. I say, you are a philosopher, but I am sure you do not know what that means.

B. No, Sir—no harm, I hope.

Mr. L. No, no! (*laughing.*) Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want any thing. But were you ever at school?

B. No, Sir, but daddy says I shall go after harvest.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

B. Yes, the boys have all a spelling-book and a testament.

Mr. L. Well then, I will give you them—tell your daddy so, and that it is because I thought you a very good contented little boy. So now go to your sheep again.

B. I will, Sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good bye, Peter.

B. Good bye, Sir.

FLYING AND SWIMMING.

How I wish I could fly! (cried Robert, as he was gazing after his pigeons that were exercising themselves in a morning's flight.) How fine it must be to soar to such a height, and to dash through the air with so swift a motion!

I doubt not (said his father) that the pigeons have great pleasure in it; but we have our pleasures too; and it is idle to indulge longings for things quite out of our power.

R. But do you think it impossible for men to learn to fly?

F. I do—for I see they are not furnished by nature with organs requisite for the purpose.

R. Might not artificial wings be contrived, such as Dædalus is said to have used?

F. Possibly they might; but the difficulty would be to put them in motion.

R. Why

R. Why could not a man move them, if they were fastened to his shoulders, as well as a bird?

F. Because he has got arms to move, which the bird has not. The same organs which in quadrupeds are employed to move the fore legs, and in man, the arms, are spent in birds on the motion of the wings. Nay, the muscles, or bundles of flesh, that move the wings, are proportionally much larger and stronger than those bestowed upon our arms: so that it is impossible, formed as we are, that we should use wings, were they made and fastened on with ever so much art.

R. But angels, and Cupids, and such things, are painted with wings; and I think they look very natural.

F. To you they may appear so; but an anatomist sees them at once to be monsters, which could not really exist.

R. God might have created winged men, however, if he had pleased.

F. No doubt; but they could not have had the same shape that men have now. They would have been different creatures, such as it was not in his plan to make. But you that long to fly—consider if you have made use of all the faculties already given you! You want to subdue the element of air—what can you do with that of water? Can you swim?

R. No, not yet.

F. Your companion Johnson, I think, can swim very well.

R. Yes.

F. Reflect, then, on the difference betwixt him and you. A boat oversets with you both in a deep stream. You plump at once to the bottom, and infallibly lose your life. He rises like a cork, darts away with the greatest ease, and reaches the side in perfect safety. Both of you pursued by a bull, come to the side of a river. He jumps in and crosses it. You are drowned if you attempt
it,

it, and tossed by the bull if you do not. What an advantage he has over you! Yet you are furnished with exactly the same bodily powers that he is. How is this?

R. Because he has been taught, and I have not.

F. True—but it is an easy thing to learn, and requires no other instruction than boys can give one another when they bathe together; so that I wonder any body should neglect to acquire an art at once agreeable and useful. The Romans used to say, by way of proverb, of a blockhead, “He can neither read nor swim.” You may remember how Cæsar was saved at Alexandria by throwing himself into the sea, and swimming with one hand, while he held up his Commentaries with the other.

R. I should like very well to swim, and I have often tried, but I always pop under water, and that daunts me.

F. And it is that fear which prevents you from succeeding.

R. But is it as natural for man to swim, as for other creatures? I have heard that the young of all other animals swim the first time they are thrown into the water.

F. They do—they are without fear. In our climate the water is generally cold, and is early made an object of terror. But in the hot countries, where bathing is one of the greatest of pleasures, young children swim so early and well, that I should suppose they take to it almost naturally.

R. I am resolved to learn, and I will ask Johnson to take me with him to the river.

F. Do; but let him find you a safe place to begin at. I don't want you, however, to proceed so cautiously as Sir Nicholas Gimcrack did.

R. How was that?

F. He spread himself out on a large table, and placing before him a basin of water with a frog in it, he struck with his arms and legs as he observed the animal do.

R. And did that teach him ?

F. Yes—to swim on dry land ; but he never ventured himself in the water.

R. Shall I get corks or bladders ?

F. No ; learn to depend on your own powers. It is a good lesson in other things, as well as in swimming. Learning to swim with corks, is like learning to construe Latin with a translation on the other side. It saves some pains at first, but the business is not done half so effectually.

THE FEMALE CHOICE,

A TALE.

A YOUNG girl, having fatigued herself one hot day with running about the garden, sat herself down in a pleasant arbour, where she presently fell asleep. During her slumber, two female figures presented themselves before her. One was loosely habited in a thin robe of pink with light green trimmings. Her sash of silver gauze flowed to the ground. Her fair hair fell in ringlets down her neck; and her head-dress consisted of artificial flowers interwoven with feathers. She held in one hand a ball-ticket, and in the other a fancy-dress all covered with spangles and knots of gay ribbon. She advanced smiling to the girl, and with a familiar air thus addressed her.

My dearest Melissa, I am a kind genius who have watched you from your birth, and have joyfully beheld all your beauties expand, till at length they have rendered you a companion worthy of me. See what I have brought you. This dress and this ticket will give you free access to all the ravishing delights of my palace. With me you will pass your days in a perpetual round of ever-varying amusements. Like the gay butterfly, you will have no other business than to flutter from flower to flower, and spread your charms before admiring spectators. No restraints, no toils, no dull tasks are to be found within my happy domains. All is pleasure, life and good humour. Come then, my dear! Let me put you on this dress, which will make you quite enchanting; and away, away, with me!

Melissa felt a strong inclination to comply with the call of this inviting nymph;

nymph; but first she thought it would be prudent at least to ask her name.

My name, said she, is DISSIPATION.

The other female then advanced. She was clothed in a close habit of brown stuff, simply relieved with white. She wore her smooth hair under a plain cap. Her whole person was perfectly neat and clean. Her look was serious, but satisfied; and her air was staid and composed. She held in one hand a distaff; on the opposite arm hung a work-basket; and the girdle round her waste was garnished with scissars, knitting needles, reels, and other implements of female labour. A bunch of keys hung at her side. She thus accosted the sleeping girl.

Melissa, I am the genius who have ever been the friend and companion of your mother; and I now offer my protection to you. I have no allurements to tempt you with like those of
my

my gay rival. Instead of spending all your time in amusements, if you enter yourself of my train, you must rise early, and pass the long day in a variety of employments, some of them difficult, some laborious, and all requiring some exertion of body or mind. You must dress plainly, live mostly at home, and aim at being useful rather than shining. But in return, I will ensure you content, even spirits, self-approbation, and the esteem of all who thoroughly know you. If these offers appear to your young mind less inviting than those of my rival, be assured, however, that they are more real. She has promised much more than she can ever make good. Perpetual pleasures are no more in the power of Dissipation, than of Vice or Folly, to bestow. Her delights quickly pall, and are inevitably succeeded by languor and disgust. She appears to you under a disguise, and what
you

you see is not her real face. For myself, I shall never seem to you less amiable than I now do, but, on the contrary, you will like me better and better. If I look grave to you now, you will hear me sing at my work; and when work is over, I can dance too. But I have said enough. It is time for you to choose whom you will follow, and upon that choice all your happiness depends. If you would know my name, it is HOUSEWIFERY.

Melissa heard her with more attention than delight; and though overawed by her manner, she could not help turning again to take another look at the first speaker. She beheld her still offering her presents with so bewitching an air, that she felt it scarcely possible to resist; when by a lucky accident, the mask with which Dissipation's face was so artfully covered, fell off. As soon as Melissa beheld, instead of the
smiling

smiling features of youth and cheerfulness, a countenance wan and ghastly with sickness, and soured by fretfulness, she turned away with horror, and gave her hand unreluctantly to her sober and sincere companion.

THE END.

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C O N T E N T S

o f

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

	Page.
<i>Perseverance, against Fortune</i> - -	1
<i>On Metals. Part I.</i> - - -	30
<i>The Price of a Victory</i> - -	51
<i>Good Company</i> - - -	62
<i>The Dog baulked of his Dinner</i> -	69
<i>The umbelliferous Plants</i> - -	72
<i>The Kid</i> - - -	82
<i>How to make the best of it</i> - -	89
<i>Eyes, and no Eyes</i> - - -	93

<i>Earth and Sun</i>	-	-	-	110
<i>Sunday Morning</i>	-		-	119
<i>On Metals. Part II.</i>	-		-	124
<i>What Animals are made for</i>	-	-		147

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SIXTEENTH EVENING.

PERSEVERANCE, AGAINST FORTUNE.

A STORY.

THEODORE was a boy of lively parts and engaging manners; but he had the failing of being extremely impatient in his temper, and inclined to extremes. He was ardent in all his pursuits, but could bear no disappointment; and if the least thing went wrong, he threw up what he was about in a pet, and could not be prevailed upon to resume it. His father (Mr. *Carleton*) had given him a bed in the garden, which he had cultivated with great delight. The borders were set with double daisies of different colours, next to which was a row of auriculas and polyanthes. Beyond

were stocks and other taller flowers and shrubs; and a beautiful damask rose graced the centre. This rose was just budding, and *Theodore* watched its daily progress with great interest. One unfortunate day, the door of the garden being left open, a drove of pigs entered, and began to riot on the herbs and flowers. An alarm being sounded, *Theodore* and the servant boy rushed upon them, smacking their whips. The whole herd in affright, took their course across *Theodore's* flower-bed, on which some of them had before been grazing. Stocks, daisies, and auriculas were all trampled down or torn up; and what was worst of all, a large old sow ran directly over the beautiful rose tree, and broke off its stem level with the ground. When *Theodore* came up, and beheld all the mischief, and especially his favourite rose strewed on the soil, rage and grief choaked his utterance. After standing a while, the picture

ture

ture of despair, he snatched up a spade that stood near, and with furious haste dug over the whole bed, and whelmed all the relics of his flowers deep under the soil. This exertion being ended, he burst into tears, and silently left the garden.

His father, who had beheld the scene at a distance, though somewhat diverted at the boy's childish violence, yet began seriously to reflect on the future consequences of such a temper, if suffered to grow up without restraint. He said nothing to him at the time, but in the afternoon he took him a walk into a neighbouring parish. There was a large wild common, and at the skirts of it, a neat farm-house, with fields lying round it, all well fenced, and cultivated in the best manner. The air was sweetened with the bean-flower and clover. An orchard of fine young fruit trees lay behind the house; and before it, a little garden, gay with all the flowers

of the season. A stand of bee-hives was on the southern side, sheltered by a thick hedge of honeysuckle and sweet-briar. The farm-yard was stocked with pigs and poultry. A herd of cows with full udders, was just coming home to be milked. Every thing wore the aspect of plenty and good management. The charms of the scene struck *Theodore* very forcibly, and he expressed his pleasure in the warmest terms. This place, said his father, belongs to a man who is the greatest example I know of patient fortitude bearing up against misfortune; and all that you see is the reward of his own perseverance. I am a little acquainted with him; and we will go in and beg a draught of milk, and try if we can prevail upon him to tell us his story. *Theodore* willingly accompanied his father. They were received by the farmer with cordial frankness. After they were seated, Mr. *Hardman*, (says Mr. *Carleton*) I have often heard of part

of your adventures, but never had a regular account of the whole. If you will favour me and my little boy with the story of them, we shall think ourselves much obliged to you. Lack a day! sir, (said he) there's little in them worth telling of, as far as I know. I have had my ups and downs in the world, to be sure, but so have many men beside. However, if you wish to hear about them, they are at your service; and I can't say but it gives me pleasure sometimes to talk over old matters, and think how much better things have turned out than might have been expected. Now I am of opinion (said Mr. C.) that from your spirit and perseverance a good conclusion might always have been expected. You are pleased to compliment, sir (replied the farmer); but I will begin without more words.

You may perhaps have heard that my father was a man of good estate. He thought of nothing, poor man! but

how to spend it; and he had the uncommon luck to spend it twice over. For when he was obliged to sell it the first time, it was bought in by a relation, who left it him again by his will. But my poor father was not a man to take warning. He fell to living as he had done before, and just made his estate and his life hold out together. He died at the age of five and forty, and left his family beggars. I believe he would not have taken to drinking as he did, had it not been for his impatient temper, which made him fret and vex himself for every trifle, and then he had nothing for it but to drown his care in liquor.

It was my lot to be taken by my mother's brother, who was master of a merchant ship. I served him as an apprentice several years, and underwent a good deal of the usual hardship of a sailor's life. He had just made me his mate in a voyage up the Mediterranean, when we had the misfortune to be wrecked on
the

the coast of Morocco. The ship struck at some distance from shore, and we lay a long stormy night with the waves dashing over us, expecting every moment to perish. My uncle and several of the crew died of fatigue and want, and by morning but four of us were left alive. My companions were so disheartened, that they thought of nothing but submitting to their fate. For my part, I thought life still worth struggling for; and the weather having become calmer, I persuaded them to join me in making a kind of raft, by the help of which, with much toil and danger, we reached the land. Here we were seized by the barbarous inhabitants, and carried up the country for slaves to the emperor. We were employed about some public buildings, made to work very hard with the whip at our backs, and allowed nothing but water and a kind of pulse. I have heard persons talk as if there was little in be-

ing a slave but the name ; but they who have been slaves themselves, I am sure will never make light of slavery in others. A ransom was set on our heads, but so high, that it seemed impossible for poor friendless creatures like us ever to pay it. The thought of perpetual servitude, together with the hard treatment we met with, quite overcame my poor companions. They drooped and died one after another. I still thought it not impossible to mend my condition, and perhaps to recover my freedom. We worked about twelve hours in the day, and had one holiday in the week. I employed my leisure time in learning to make mats and flag baskets, in which I soon became so expert, as to have a good many for sale, and thereby got a little money to purchase better food, and several small conveniencies. We were afterwards set to work in the emperor's gardens ; and here I showed so much good-will and attention, that I got into
favour

favour with the overseer. He had a large garden of his own; and he made interest for me to be suffered to work for him alone, on the condition of paying a man to do my duty. I soon became so useful to him, that he treated me more like a hired servant than a slave, and gave me regular wages. I learned the language of the country, and might have passed my time comfortably enough, could I have accommodated myself to their manners and religion, and forgot my native land. I saved all I could, in order to purchase my freedom; but the ransom was so high, that I had little prospect of being able to do it for some years to come. A circumstance, however, happened which brought it about at once. Some villains one night laid a plot to murder my master and plunder his house. I slept in a little shed in the garden where the tools lay; and being awak-

ened by a noise, I saw four men break through the fence, and walk up an alley towards the house. I crept out with a spade in my hand, and silently followed them. They made a hole with instruments in the house-wall big enough for a man to enter at. Two of them had got in, and the third was beginning to enter, when I rushed forward, and with a blow of my spade clove the skull of one of the robbers, and gave the other such a stroke on the shoulder, as disabled him. I then made a loud outcry to alarm the family. My master and his son, who lay in the house, got up, and having let me in, we secured the two others, after a sharp conflict, in which I received a severe wound with a dagger. My master, who looked upon me as his preserver, had all possible care taken of me; and as soon as I was cured, made me a present of my liberty. He would fain have kept me with him, but my
mind

mind was so much bent on returning to my native country, that I immediately set out to the nearest seaport, and took my passage in a vessel going to Gibraltar.

From this place I returned in the first ship for England. As soon as we arrived in the Downs, and I was rejoicing at the sight of the white cliffs, a man-of-war's boat came on board, and pressed into the king's service all of us who were seamen. I could not but think it hard that this should be my welcome at home after a long slavery; but there was no remedy. I resolved to do my duty in my station, and leave the rest to providence. I was abroad during the remainder of the war, and saw many a stout fellow sink under disease and despondence. My knowledge of seamanship got me promoted to the post of a petty officer, and at the peace I was paid off, and received a pretty sum for wages and prize-money.

money. With this I set off for London. I had experienced too much distress from want, to be inclined to squander away my money, so I put it into a banker's hands, and began to look out for some new way of life.

Unfortunately, there were some things of which I had no more experience than a child, and the tricks of London were among these. An advertisement offering extraordinary advantages to a partner in a commercial concern, who could bring a small capital, tempted me to make enquiry about the matter; and I was soon cajoled by a plausible artful fellow to venture my whole stock in it. The business was a manufacture, about which I knew nothing at all; but as I was not afraid of my labour, I set about working as they directed me, with great diligence, and thought all was going on prosperously. One morning, on coming to the office, I found my partners
decamped;

decamped; and the same day I was arrested for a considerable sum due by the partnership. It was in vain for me to think of getting bail, so I was obliged to go to prison. Here I should have been half starved, but for my Moorish trade of mat-making, by the help of which I bettered my condition for some months; when the creditors, finding that nothing could be got out of me, suffered me to be set at liberty.

I was now in the wide world without a farthing or a friend, but I thanked God that I had health and limbs left. I did not choose to trust the sea again, but preferred my other new trade of gardening; so I applied to a nurseryman near town, and was received as a day-labourer. I set myself cheerfully to work, taking care to be in the grounds the first man in the morning and the last at night. I acquainted my employer with all the practices I had observed in Morocco, and got
him,

him, in return, to instruct me in his own. In time, I came to be considered as a skilful workman, and was advanced to higher wages. My affairs were in a flourishing state. I was well fed and comfortably lodged, and saved money into the bargain. About this time I fell in company with a young woman at service, very notable and well behaved, who seemed well qualified for a wife to a working man. I ventured to make an offer to her, which proved not disagreeable; and after we had calculated a little how we were to live, we married. I took a cottage with an acre or two of land to it, and my wife's savings furnished our house and bought a cow. All my leisure time I spent upon my piece of ground, which I made very productive, and the profits of my cow, with my wages, supported us very well. No mortal, I think, could be happier than I was after a hard day's work,

work, by my own fireside, with my wife beside me, and our little infant on my knee.

After this way of life had lasted two or three years, a gentleman who had dealt largely with my master for young plants, asked him if he could recommend an honest industrious man for a tenant, upon some land that he had lately taken in from the sea. My master, willing to do me a kindness, mentioned me. I was tempted by the proposal, and going down to view the premises, I took a farm upon a lease at a low rent, and removed my family and goods to it, one hundred and fifty miles from London. There was ground enough for money, but much was left to be done for it in draining, manuring, and fencing. Then it required more stock than I was able to furnish; so, though unwilling, I was obliged to borrow some money of my landlord, who

let me have it at moderate interest. I began with good heart, and worked late and early to put things in the best condition. My first misfortune was, that the place proved unhealthy to us. I fell into a lingering ague, which pulled me down much, and hindered my business. My wife got a slow fever, and so did our eldest child (we had now two, and another coming). The poor child died; and what with grief and illness, my wife had much ado to recover. Then the rot got among my sheep, and carried off the best part of my flock. I bore up against distress as well as I could; and by the kindness of my landlord was enabled to bring things tolerably about again. We regained our health, and began to be seasoned to the climate. As we were cheering ourselves with the prospect of better times, a dreadful storm arose—it was one night in February—I shall never forget it—and drove the spring tide with

with such fury against our sea-banks, that they gave way. The water rushed in with such force, that all was presently a sea. Two hours before daylight, I was awaked by the noise of the waves dashing against our house, and bursting in at the door. My wife had lain in about a month, and she and I, and the two children, slept on a ground floor. We had just time to carry the children up stairs, before all was afloat in the room. When day appeared, we could see nothing from the windows but water. All the out-houses, ricks, and utensils were swept away, and all the cattle and sheep drowned. The sea kept rising, and the force of the current bore so hard against our house, that we thought every moment it must fall. We clasped our babies to our breasts, and expected nothing but present death. At length we spied a boat coming to us. With a good deal of

of

of difficulty it got under our window, and took us in with a servant maid and boy. A few clothes was all the property we saved; and we had not left the house half an hour, before it fell, and in a minute nothing was to be seen of it. Not only the farm-house, but the farm itself was gone.

I was now again a ruined man, and what was worst, I had three partners in my ruin. My wife and I looked at one another, and then at our little ones, and wept. Neither of us had a word of comfort to say. At last, thought I, this country is not Morocco, however. Here are good souls that will pity our case, and perhaps relieve us. Then I have a character, and a pair of hands. Things are bad, but they might have been worse. I took my wife by the hand and knelt down. She did the same. I thanked God for his mercy in saving our lives, and prayed that he would continue to protect us. We rose.

rose up with lightened hearts, and were able to talk calmly about our condition. It was my desire to return to my former master, the nursery-man; but how to convey my family so far without money was the difficulty. Indeed I was much worse than nothing, for I owed a good deal to my landlord. He came down upon the news of the misfortune, and though his own losses were heavy, he not only forgave my debt and released me from all obligations, but made me a small present. Some charitable neighbours did the like; but I was most of all affected by the kindness of our late maid-servant, who insisted upon our accepting of a crown which she had saved out of her wages. Poor soul! we had always treated her like one of ourselves, and she felt for us like one.

As soon as we had got some necessaries, and the weather was tolerable, we set out on our long march.

My

My wife carried her infant in her arms. I took the bigger child upon my back, and a bundle of clothes in my hand. We could walk but a few miles a day, but we now and then got a lift in an empty waggon or cart, which was a great help to us. One day we met with a farmer returning with his team from market, who let us ride, and entered into conversation with me. I told him of my adventures, by which he seemed much interested; and learning that I was skilled in managing trees, he acquainted me that a nobleman in his neighbourhood was making great plantations, and would very likely be glad to engage me; and he offered to carry us to the place. As all I was seeking was a living by my labour, I thought the sooner I got it, the better; so I thankfully accepted his offer. He took us to the nobleman's steward, and made known our case. The steward wrote to my old master for a character; and

and receiving a favourable one, he hired me as a principal manager of a new plantation, and settled me and my family in a snug cottage near it. He advanced us somewhat for a little furniture and present subsistence; and we had once more a *home*. O Sir! how many blessings are contained in that word to those who have known the want of it!

I entered upon my new employment with as much satisfaction, as if I was taking possession of an estate. My wife had enough to do in taking care of the house and children; so it lay with me to provide for all, and I may say that I was not idle. Besides my weekly pay from the steward, I contrived to make a little money at leisure times by pruning and dressing gentlemen's fruit trees. I was allowed a piece of waste ground behind the house for a garden, and I spent a good deal of labour in bringing it
into

into order. My old master sent me down for a present some choice young trees and flower roots, which I planted, and they throve wonderfully. Things went on almost as well as I could desire. The situation being dry and healthy, my wife recovered her lost bloom, and the children sprung up like my plants. I began to hope that I was almost out of the reach of further misfortune; but it was not so ordered.

I had been three years in this situation, and increased my family with another child, when my Lord died. He was succeeded by a very dissipated young man, deep in debt, who presently put a stop to the planting and improving of the estate, and sent orders to turn off all the workmen. This was a great blow to me; however, I still hoped to be allowed to keep my little house and garden, and I thought I could then maintain myself

Self as a nursery-man and gardener. But a new steward was sent down, with directions to rack the tenants to the utmost. He asked me as much rent for the place as if I had found the garden ready made to my hands; and when I told him it was impossible for me to pay it, he gave me notice to quit immediately. He would neither suffer me to take away my trees and plants, nor allow me any thing for them. His view, I found, was to put in a favourite of his own, and set him up at my expence. I remonstrated against this cruel injustice, but could obtain nothing but hard words. As I saw it would be the ruin of me to be turned out in that manner, I determined, rather hastily, to go up to London and plead my cause with my new Lord. I took a sorrowful leave of my family, and walking to the next market town, I got a place on the outside of the stage coach. When

When we were within thirty or forty miles of London, the coachman overturned the carriage, and I pitched directly on my head, and was taken up senseless. Nobody knew any thing about me; so I was carried to the next village, where the overseer had me taken to the parish workhouse. Here I lay a fortnight, much neglected, before I came to my senses. As soon as I became sensible of my condition, I was almost distracted in thinking of the distress my poor wife, who was near lying-in, must be under on my account, not hearing any thing of me. I lay another fortnight before I was fit to travel, for, besides the hurt on my head, I had a broken collar-bone, and several bruises. My money had somehow all got out of my pocket, and I had no other means of getting away than by being passed to my own parish. I returned in sad plight indeed, and found my wife very ill in bed. My children

children were crying about her, and almost starving. We should now have been quite lost, had I not raised a little money by selling our furniture; for I was yet unable to work. As soon as my wife was somewhat recovered, we were forced to quit our house. I cried like a child on leaving my blooming garden and flourishing plantations, and was almost tempted to demolish them, rather than another should unjustly reap the fruit of my labours. But I checked myself, and I am glad I did. We took lodgings in a neighbouring village, and I went round among the gentlemen of the country to see if I could get a little employment. In the mean time the former steward came down to settle accounts with his successor, and was much concerned to find me in such a situation. He was a very able and honest man, and had been engaged by another nobleman to su-

perintend a large improveable estate in a distant part of the kingdom. He told me, if I would try my fortune with him once more, he would endeavour to procure me a new settlement. I had nothing to lose, and therefore was willing enough to run any hazard, but I was destitute of means to convey my family to such a distance. My good friend, who was much provoked at the injustice of the new steward, said so much to him, that he brought him to make me an allowance for my garden; and with that I was enabled to make another removal. It was to the place I now inhabit.

When I came here, Sir, all this farm was a naked common, like that you crossed in coming. My Lord got an enclosure bill for his part of it, and the steward divided it into different farms, and let it on improving leases to several tenants.

A dreary

A dreary spot, to be sure, it looked at first, enough to sink a man's heart to sit down upon it! I had a little unfinished cottage given me to live in, and as I had nothing to stock a farm, I was for some years employed as head labourer and planter about the new enclosures. By very hard working and saving, together with a little help, I was at length enabled to take a small part of the ground I now occupy. I had various discouragements, from bad seasons and other accidents. One year the distemper carried off four out of seven cows that I kept; another year I lost two of my best horses. A high wind once almost entirely destroyed an orchard I had just planted, and blew down my biggest barn. But I was too much used to misfortunes to be easily disheartened, and my way always was to set about repairing them in the best manner I could, and leave

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the rest to Heaven. This method seems to have answered at last. I have now gone on many years in a course of continued prosperity, adding field to field, increasing my stock, and bringing up a numerous family with credit. My dear wife, who was my faithful partner through so much distress, continues to share my prosperous state; and few couples in the kingdom, I believe, have more cause to be thankful for their lot. This, Sir, is my history. You see it contains nothing very extraordinary; but if it impresses on the mind of this young gentleman the maxim, that patience and perseverance will scarcely fail of a good issue in the end, the time you have spent in listening to it will not entirely be lost.

Mr. *Carleton* thanked the good farmer very heartily for the amusement and instruction he had afforded them, and took leave with many expressions

of regard. *Theodore* and he walked home, talking by the way of what they had heard.

Next morning, Mr. C. looking out of window, saw *Theodore* hard at work in his garden. He was carefully disinterring his buried flowers, trimming and cleaning them, and planting them anew. He had got the gardener to cut a slip of the broken rose-tree, and set it in the middle to give it a chance for growing. By noon every thing was laid smooth and neat, and the bed was well filled. All its splendour, indeed, was gone for the present, but it seemed in a hopeful way to revive again. *Theodore* looked with pleasure over his work; but his father felt more pleasure in witnessing the first fruits of farmer *Hardman's* story.

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

ON METALS.

PART I.

George and *Harry*, with their Tutor, one day in their walk, were driven by the rain to take shelter in a blacksmith's shed. The shower lasting some time, the boys, in order to amuse themselves, began to examine the things around them. The great bellows first attracted their notice, and they admired the roaring it made, and the expedition with which it raised the fire to a heat too intense for them to look at. They were surprised at the dexterity with which the smith fashioned a bar of iron into a horseshoe; first heating it, then hammering it well on the anvil, cutting off a proper length, bending it round,

round, turning up the ends, and lastly, punching the nail-holes. They watched the whole process of fitting it to the horse's foot, and fastening it on; and it had become fair some minutes before they shewed a desire to leave the shop and proceed on their walk.

I could never have thought (says *George*, beginning the conversation) that such a hard thing as iron could have been so easily managed.

Nor I neither, (said *Harry*).

Tut. It was managed, you saw, by the help of fire. The fire made it soft and flexible, so that the smith could easily hammer it, and cut it, and bend it to the shape he wanted; and then dipping it in water, made it hard again.

G. Are all other metals managed in the same manner?

T. They are all worked by the help of fire in some way or other, either in melting them, or making them soft.

G. There are a good many sorts of metal, are there not?

T. Yes, several; and if you have a mind I will tell you about them, and their uses.

G. Pray do, Sir.

H. Yes; I should like to hear it of all things.

T. Well, then. First let us consider what a metal is. Do you think you should know one from a stone?

G. A stone!—Yes, I could not mistake a piece of lead or iron for a stone.

T. How would you distinguish it?

G. A metal is bright and shining.

T. True—brilliance is one of their qualities. But glass and crystal are very bright, too.

H. But one may see through glass, and not through a piece of metal.

T. Right. Metals are brilliant, but opaque, or not transparent. The thinnest plate of metal that can be made, will

will keep out the light as effectually as a stone wall.

G. Metals are very heavy, too.

T. True. They are the heaviest bodies in nature; for the lightest metal is nearly twice as heavy as the heaviest stone. Well, what else?

G. Why, they will bear beating with a hammer, which a stone would not, without flying in pieces.

T. Yes; that property of extending or spreading under the hammer is called *malleability*; and another, like it, is that of bearing to be drawn out into a wire, which is called *ductility*. Metals have both these, and much of their use depends upon them.

G. Metals will melt, too.

H. What! will iron melt?

T. Yes; all metals will melt, though some require greater heat than others. The property of melting is called *fusibility*. Do you know any thing more about them?

G. No; except that they come out of the ground, I believe.

T. That is properly added, for it is the circumstance which makes them rank among *fossils*; or minerals. To sum up their character, then, a metal is a brilliant, opaque, heavy, malleable, ductile, and fusible mineral.

G. I think I can hardly remember all that.

T. The *names* may slip your memory, but you cannot see metals at all used without being sensible of the *things*.

G. But what are *ores*? I remember seeing a heap of iron ore which men were breaking with hammers, and it looked only like stones.

T. The *ore* of a metal is the state in which it is generally met with in the earth, when it is so mixed with stony and other matters, as not to show its proper qualities as a metal.

H. How do people know it, then?

T. By

T. By experience. It was probably accident that in the early ages discovered that certain fossils by the force of fire might be made to yield a metal. The experiment was repeated on other fossils; so that in length of time all the different metals were found out, and all the different forms in which they lie concealed in the ground. The knowledge of this is called *Mineralogy*, and a very important science it is.

G. Yes, I suppose so; for metals are very valuable things. Our next neighbour, Mr. Sterling, I have heard, gets a great deal of money every year from his mines in Wales.

T. He does. The mineral riches of some countries are much superior to that of their products above ground, and the revenues of many kings are in great part derived from their mines.

H. I suppose they must be gold and silver mines.

T. Those, to be sure, are the most valuable, if the metals are found in tolerable abundance. But do you know why they are so?

H. Because money is made of gold and silver.

T. That is a principal reason, no doubt. But these metals have intrinsic properties that make them highly valuable, else probably they would not have been chosen in so many countries to make money of. In the first place, gold and silver are both *perfect metals*, that is, indestructible in the fire. Other metals, if kept a considerable time in the fire, change by degrees into a powdery or scaly matter, called a calx. You have melted lead, I dare say.

G. Yes, often.

T. Have you not, then, perceived a drossy film collect upon its surface after it had been kept melting a while?

G. Yes.

G. Yes.

T. That is a calx; and in time the whole lead would change to such a substance. You may see, too, when you have heated the poker red-hot, some scales separate from it, which are brittle and droffy.

H. Yes—the kitchen poker is almost burnt away by putting it in the fire.

T. Well—All metals undergo these changes, except gold and silver; but these, if kept ever so long in the hottest fire, sustain no loss or change. They are therefore called *perfect metals*. Gold has several other remarkable properties. It is the heaviest of all metals.

H. What, is it heavier than lead?

T. Yes—above half as heavy again. It is between nineteen and twenty times heavier than an equal bulk of water. This great weight is a ready means of discovering counterfeit gold coin from
from

from genuine ; for as gold must be adulterated with something much lighter than itself, a false coin, if of the same weight with the true, will be sensibly bigger. Gold, too, is the most ductile of all metals. You have seen leaf-gold ?

G. Yes ; I bought a book of it once.

T. Leaf-gold is made by beating a plate of gold placed between pieces of skin, with heavy hammers, till it is spread out to the utmost degree of thinness. And so great is its capacity for being extended, that a single grain of the metal, which would be scarce bigger than a large pin's head, is beat out to a surface of fifty square inches.

G. That is wonderful indeed ! but I know leaf gold must be very thin, for it will almost float upon the air.

T. By

T. By drawing gold out to a wire, it may be still further extended. Gold-wire, as it is called, is made with silver, overlaid with a small proportion of gold, and they are drawn out together. In the wire commonly used for laces, and embroidery, and the like, a grain of gold is made completely to cover a length of three hundred and fifty-two feet; and when it is stretched still farther by flattening, it will reach four hundred and one feet.

H. Prodigious! What a vast way a guinea might be drawn out, then!

T. Yes; the gold of a guinea at that rate, would reach above nine miles and a half. This property in gold of being capable of extension to so extraordinary a degree, is owing to its great tenacity or cohesion of particles, which is such, that you can scarcely break a piece of gold wire by twisting it; and a wire of gold will sustain a greater weight than

than one of any other metal, equally thick.

H. Then it would make very good wire for hanging bells.

T. It would; but such bell-hanging would come rather too dear. Another valuable quality of gold is its fine colour. You know, scarce any thing makes a more splendid appearance than gilding. And a peculiar advantage of it is, that gold is not liable to rust or tarnish as other metals are. It will keep its colour fresh for a great many years in a pure and clear air.

H. I remember the vane of the church steeple was new gilt two years ago, and it looks as well as at first.

T. This property of not rusting would render gold very useful for a variety of purposes, if it were more common. It would make excellent cooking utensils, water pipes, mathematical instruments, clock-work, and the like.

G. But

G. But is not gold soft? I have seen pieces of gold bent double.

T. Yes; it is next in softness to lead, and therefore when it is made into coin, or used for any common purposes, it is mixed with a small proportion of some other metal, in order to harden it. This is called its *alloy*. Our gold coin has one-twelfth part of alloy, which is a mixture of silver and copper.

G. How beautiful new gold coin is!

T. Yes—scarce any metal takes a stamp or impression better; and it is capable of a very fine polish.

G. What countries yield the most gold?

T. South America, the East Indies, and the coast of Africa. Europe affords but little; yet a moderate quantity is got every year from Hungary.

G. I have read of rivers rolling sands of gold. Is there any truth in that?

T. The

T. The poets, as usual, have greatly exaggerated the matter; however, there are various streams in different parts of the world, the sands of which contain particles of gold, and some of them in such quantity as to be worth the search.

H. How does the gold come there?

T. It is washed down along with the soil from mountains by the torrents, which are the sources of rivers. Some persons say that all sands contain gold; but I would not advise you to take the pains to search for it in our common sand; for in more senses than one, *gold may be bought too dear.*

H. But what a fine thing it would be to find a gold mine on one's estate!

T. Perhaps not so fine as you imagine, for many a one does not pay the cost of working. A coal pit would probably be a better thing. Who do
you

you think are the greatest gold-finders in Europe?

H. I don't know.

T. The gypsies in Hungary. A number of half-starved, half-naked wretches of that community employ themselves in washing and picking the sands of some mountain-streams in that country which contain gold, from which they obtain just profit enough to keep body and soul together; whereas, had they employed themselves in agriculture or manufactures, they might have got a comfortable subsistence. Gold almost all the world over is first got by slaves, and it makes slaves of those who possess much of it.

G. For my part, I will be content with a silver mine.

H. But we have none of those in England, have we?

T. We have no silver mines properly so called, but silver is procured
in

in some of our lead mines. There are, however, pretty rich silver mines in various parts of Europe; but the richest of all are in Peru, in South America.

G. Are not the famous mines of Potosi there?

T. They are. Shall I now tell you some of the properties of silver?

G. By all means.

T. It is the other *perfect* metal. It is also as little liable to rust as gold, though indeed it readily gets tarnished.

H. Yes; I know our footman is often obliged to clean our plate before it is used.

T. Plate, however, is not made of pure silver, any more than silver coin, and silver utensils of all kinds. An alloy is mixed with it, as with gold, to harden it; and that makes it more liable to tarnish.

G. Bright

G. Bright silver, I think, is almost as beautiful as gold.

T. It is the most beautiful of the white metals, and is capable of a very fine polish; and this, together with its rarity, makes it used for a great variety of ornamental purposes. Then it is nearly as ductile and malleable as gold.

G. I have had silver-leaf, and it seemed as thin as gold-leaf.

T. It is nearly so. That is used for silvering, as gold-leaf is for gilding. It is common, too, to cover metals with a thin coating of silver, which is called plating.

H. The child's saucepan is silvered over on the inside. What is that for?

T. To prevent the victuals from getting any taint from the metal of the saucepan: for silver is not capable of being corroded or dissolved by any of
the

the liquids used for food, as iron or copper are.

H. And that is the reason, I suppose, that fruit-knives are made of silver.

T. It is; but the softness of the metal makes them bear a very poor edge.

G. Does silver melt easily?

T. Silver and gold both melt more difficultly than lead; not till they are above a common red heat. As to the weight of silver, it is nearly one half less than that of gold, being only eleven times heavier than water.

H. Is quicksilver a kind of silver?

T. It takes its name from silver, being very like it in colour; but in reality it is a very different thing, and one of the most singular of the metal kind.

G. It is not *malleable*, I am sure.

T. No; when it is quick or fluid, as it always is in our climate. But a very
great

great degree of cold makes it solid, and then it is malleable, like other metals.

G. I have heard of *killing* quicksilver; pray what does that mean?

T. It means destroying its property of running about, by mixing it with somewhat else. Thus, if quicksilver be well rubbed with fat, or oil, or gum, it unites with them, losing all its metallic appearance and fluidity. It also unites readily with gold and silver, and several other metals, into the form of a kind of shining paste, which is called an *amalgam*. This is one of the ways of gilding or silvering a thing. Your buttons are gilt by means of an amalgam.

G. How is that done?

T. The shells of the button, which are made of copper, are shaken in a hat with a lump of amalgam of gold and quicksilver, till they are all covered over with it. They are then put into a sort
of

of frying-pan and held over the fire. The quicksilver, being very volatile in its nature, flies off in the form of a smoke or vapour when it is heated, leaving the gold behind it, spread over the surface of the button. Thus many dozen are gilt at once with the greatest ease.

H. What a clever way! I should like vastly to see it done.

T. You may see it any day at Birmingham, if you happen to be there; as well as a great many other curious operations on metals.

G. What a weight quicksilver is! I remember taking up a bottle full of it, and I had like to have dropt it again, it was so much heavier than I expected.

T. Yes, It is one of the heaviest of the metals—about fifteen times heavier than water.

G. Is not *mercury* a name for quicksilver? I have heard them talk of
the

the mercury rising and falling in the weather glass.

T. It is. You, perhaps, may have heard too of *mercurial medicines*, which are those made of quicksilver prepared in one manner or another.

G. What are they good for?

T. For a great variety of complaints. Your brother took some lately for the worms; and they are often given for breakings-out on the skin, and for sores and swellings. But they have one remarkable effect, when taken in a considerable quantity, which is, to loosen the teeth, and cause a great spitting. This is called salivation.

H. I used to think quicksilver was poison.

T. When it is in its common state of running quicksilver, it generally does neither good nor harm; but it may be prepared, so as to be a very violent medicine, or even a poison.

G. Is it useful for any thing else?

T. Yes—for a variety of purposes in the arts, which I cannot now very well explain to you. But you will perhaps be surprised to hear that one of the finest red paints is made from quicksilver.

G. A red paint!—which is that?

T. Vermillion, or cinnabar, which is a particular mixture of sulphur with quicksilver.

H. Is quicksilver found in this country?

T. No. The greatest quantity comes from Spain, Istria, and South America. It is a considerable object of commerce, and bears a high value, though much inferior to silver. Well—so much for metals at present. We will talk of the rest on some future opportunity.

THE PRICE OF A VICTORY.

Good news ! great news ! glorious news ! cried young *Oswald*, as he entered his father's house. We have got a complete victory, and have killed I don't know how many thousands of the enemy ; and we are to have bonfires and illuminations !

And so, said his father, you think that killing a great many thousands of human creatures is a thing to be very glad about.

O. No—I do not quite think so, neither ; but surely it is right to be glad that our country has gained a great advantage.

F. No doubt, it is right to wish well to our country, as far as its prosperity can be promoted without injuring the rest of mankind. But wars are very seldom to the real advantage of any

nation ; and when they are ever so useful or necessary, so many dreadful evils attend them, that a humane man will scarcely rejoice in them, if he considers at all on the subject.

O/. But if our enemies would do us a great deal of mischief, and we prevent it by beating them, have not we a right to be glad of it ?

F. Alas ! we are in general little judges which of the parties has the most mischievous intentions. Commonly they are both in the wrong, and success will make both of them unjust and unreasonable. But putting that out of the question, he who rejoices in the event of a battle, rejoices in the misery of many thousands of his species ; and the thought of that should make him pause a little. Suppose a surgeon were to come with a smiling countenance, and tell us triumphantly that he had cut off half a dozen legs to day—what would you think of him ?

O/. I

O. I should think him very hard-hearted.

F. And yet those operations are done for the benefit of the sufferers, and by their own desire. But in a battle, the probability is, that none of those engaged on either side have any interest at all in the cause they are fighting for, and most of them come there because they cannot help it. In this battle that you are so rejoiced about, there have been ten thousand men killed upon the spot, and nearly as many wounded.

O. On both sides.

F. Yes—but they are *men* on both sides. Consider now, that the ten thousand sent out of the world in this morning's work, though they are past feeling themselves, have left probably two persons each, on an average, to lament their loss, either parents, wives, or children. Here are then twenty thousand people made unhappy at one stroke on their account. This, however, is hardly

so dreadful to think of as the condition of the wounded. At the moment we are talking, eight or ten thousand more are lying in agony, torn with shot or gashed with cuts, their wounds all festering, some hourly to die a most excruciating death, others to linger in torture weeks and months, and many doomed to drag on a miserable existence for the rest of their lives, with diseased and mutilated bodies.

O. This is shocking to think of, indeed!

F. When you light your candles, then, this evening, *think what they cost.*

O. But every body else is glad, and seem to think nothing of these things.

F. True—they do *not* think of them. If they did, I cannot suppose they would be so void of feeling as to enjoy themselves in merriment when so many of their fellow-creatures are made miserable. Do you not remember when
poor

poor *Dickens* had his leg broken to pieces by a loaded waggon, how all the town pitied him?

Os. Yes, very well. I could not sleep the night after for thinking of him.

F. But here are thousands suffering as much as he, and we scarce bestow a single thought on them. If any one of these poor creatures were before our eyes, we should probably feel much more than we now do for all together. Shall I tell you a story of a soldier's fortune, that came to my own knowledge?

Os. Yes—pray do!

F. In the village where I went to school, there was an honest industrious weaver and his wife, who had an only son, named *Walter*, just come to man's estate. *Walter* was a good and dutiful lad, and a clever workman, so that he was a great help to his parents. One unlucky day, having gone to the next

market town with some work, he met with a companion, who took him to the alehouse and treated him. As he was coming away, a recruiting serjeant entered the room, who seeing *Walter* to be a likely young fellow, had a great mind to entrap him. He persuaded him to sit down again and take a glass with him ; and kept him in talk with fine stories about a soldier's life, till *Walter* got fuddled before he was aware. The serjeant then clapt a shilling in his hand to drink his majesty's health, and told him he was enlisted. He was kept there all night, and next morning was taken before a magistrate to be sworn in. *Walter* had now become sober, and was very sorry for what he had done ; but he was told that he could not get off without paying a guinea smart-money. This he knew not how to raise ; and being likewise afraid and ashamed to face his friends, he took the oath and bounty money, and marched away with
the

the serjeant without ever returning home. His poor father and mother, when they heard of the affair, were almost heart-broken; and a young woman in the village who was his sweetheart, had like to have gone distracted. *Walter* sent them a line from the first stage, to bid them farewell, and comfort them. He joined his regiment, which soon embarked for Germany, where it continued till the peace. *Walter* once or twice sent word home of his welfare, but for the last year nothing was heard of him.

Os. Where was he then?

F. You shall hear. One summer's evening, a man in an old red coat, hobbling on crutches, was seen to enter the village. His countenance was pale and sickly, his cheeks hollow, and his whole appearance bespoke extreme wretchedness. Several people gathered round him, looking earnestly in his face. Among these, a young woman, having gazed at him a

while, cried out, my *Walter*! and fainted away. *Walter* fell on the ground beside her. His father and mother being fetched by some of the spectators, came and took him in their arms, weeping bitterly. I saw the whole scene, and shall never forget it. At length the neighbours helped them into the house, where *Walter* told them the following story.

“ At the last great battle that our troops gained in Germany, I was among the first engaged, and received a shot that broke my thigh. I fell, and presently after, our regiment was forced to retreat. A squadron of the enemy’s horse came galloping down upon us. A trooper making a blow at me with his sabre as I lay, I lifted up my arm to save my head, and got a cut which divided all the sinews at the back of my wrist. Soon after, the enemy were driven back and came across us again. A horse set his foot on my side, and
broke

broke three of my ribs. The action was long and bloody, and the wounded on both sides were left on the field all night. A dreadful night it was to me, you may think! I had fainted through loss of blood, and when I recovered, I was tormented with thirst, and the cold air made my wounds smart intolerably. About noon next day, waggons came to carry away those who remained alive; and I, with a number of others, was put into one to be conveyed to the next town. The motion of the carriage was terrible for my broken bones—every jolt went to my heart. We were taken to an hospital, which was crammed as full as it could hold; and we should all have been suffocated with the heat and stench, had not a fever broke out, which soon thinned our numbers. I took it, and was twice given over; however, I struggled through. But my wounds proved so difficult to heal, that it was almost a twelvemonth be-

fore I could be discharged. A great deal of the bone of my thigh came away in splinters, and left the limb crooked and useless as you see. I entirely lost the use of three fingers of my right hand; and my broken ribs made me spit blood a long time, and have left a cough and difficulty of breathing, which I believe will bring me to my grave. I was sent home and discharged from the army, and I have begged my way hither as well as I could. I am told that the peace has left the affairs of my country just as they were before; but who will restore me my health and limbs? I am put on the list for a Chelsea pensioner, which will support me, if I live to receive it, without being a burden to my friends. That is all that remains for *Walter* now!"

O. Poor *Walter*! What became of him afterwards?

F. The wound of his thigh broke out afresh, and discharged more splinters
after

after a great deal of pain and fever. As winter came on, his cough increased. He wasted to a skeleton, and died the next spring. The young woman, his sweetheart, sat up with him every night to the last; and soon after his death she fell into a consumption, and followed him. The old people, deprived of the stay and comfort of their age, fell into despair and poverty, and were taken into the workhouse, where they ended their days.

This was the history of *Walter the Soldier*. It has been that of thousands more; and will be that of many a poor fellow over whose fate you are now rejoicing. Such is the *price of a Victory*.

EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

GOOD COMPANY.

BESURE, *Frederick*, always keep *good company*, was the final admonition of *Mr. Lofty*, on dismissing his son to the university.

I intreat you, *Henry*, always to choose *good company*, said *Mr. Manly*, on parting with his son to an apprenticeship in a neighbouring town.

But it was impossible for two people to mean more differently by the same words.

In *Mr. Lofty's* idea, good company was that of persons superior to ourselves in rank and fortune. By this alone he estimated it; and the degrees of comparison, better and best, were made exactly

exactly to correspond to such a scale. Thus, if an esquire was *good* company, a baronet was *better*, and a lord, *best of all*, provided that he was not a *poor* lord, for in that case, a rich gentleman might be at least as good. For as, according to Mr. *Lofty's* maxim, the great purpose for which companions were to be chosen, was to advance a young man in the world by their credit and interest, those were to be preferred, who afforded the best prospects in this respect.

Mr. *Manly*, on the other hand, understood by *good* company, that which was improving to the morals and understanding; and by the *best*, that which to a high degree of these qualities, added true politeness of manners. As superior advantages in education to a certain point accompany superiority of condition, he wished his son to prefer as companions those whose situation in life had afforded them the opportunity of being well educated; but he was far from desiring

desiring him to shun connections with worth and talents, wherever he should find them.

Mr. *Lofty* had an utter aversion to *low company*, by which he meant inferiors, people of no fashion and figure, shabby fellows, whom nobody knows.

Mr. *Manly* equally disliked *low company*, understanding by it persons of mean habits and vulgar conversation.

A great part of Mr. *Manly*'s good company, was Mr. *Lofty*'s low company; and not a few of Mr. *Lofty*'s very best company, were Mr. *Manly*'s very worst.

Each of the sons understood his father's meaning, and followed his advice.

Frederick, from the time of his entrance at the University, commenced what is called a *Tuft-hunter*, from the tuft in the cap worn by young noblemen. He took pains to insinuate himself into the good graces of all the young men of high fashion in his college,

lege, and became a constant companion in their schemes of frolic and dissipation. They treated him with an insolent familiarity, often bordering upon contempt; but following another maxim of his father's, "one must stoop to rise," he took it all in good part. He totally neglected study, as unnecessary, and indeed inconsistent with his plan. He spent a great deal of money, with which his father, finding that it went in *good company*, at first supplied him freely. In time, however, his expences amounted to so much, that Mr. *Lofty*, who kept good company too, found it difficult to answer his demands. A considerable sum that he lost at play with one of his noble friends, increased the difficulty. If it were not paid, the disgrace of not having discharged a *debt of honour* would lose him all the favour he had acquired; yet the money could not be raised without greatly embarrassing his father's affairs.

In the midst of this perplexity, Mr. *Lofty* died, leaving behind him a large family, and very little property. *Frederick* came up to town, and soon dissipated in *good company* the scanty portion that came to his share. Having neither industry, knowledge, nor reputation, he was then obliged to become an humble dependent on the great, flattering all their follies, and ministring to their vices, treated by them with mortifying neglect, and equally despised and detested by the rest of the world.

Henry, in the mean time, entered with spirit into the business of his new profession, and employed his leisure in cultivating an acquaintance with a few select friends. These were partly young men in a situation similar to his own, partly persons already settled in life, but all distinguished by propriety of conduct, and improved understandings. From all of them he learned somewhat valuable; but he was more particularly indebted

indebted to two of them, who were in a station of life inferior to that of the rest. One was a watchmaker, an excellent mechanic and tolerable mathematician, and well acquainted with the construction and use of all the instruments employed in experimental philosophy. The other was a young druggist, who had a good knowledge of chymistry, and frequently employed himself in chymical operations and experiments. Both of them were men of very decent manners, and took a pleasure in communicating their knowledge to such as shewed a taste for similar studies. *Henry* frequently visited them, and derived much useful information from their instructions, for which he ever expressed great thankfulness. These various occupations and good examples effectually preserved him from the errors of youth, and he passed his time with credit and satisfaction. He had the same misfortune with *Frederick*, just as he was ready

to come out into the world, of losing his father, upon whom the support of the family chiefly depended; but in the character he had established, and the knowledge he had acquired, he found an effectual resource. One of his young friends proposed to him a partnership in a manufacture he had just set up at considerable expence, requiring for his share only the exertion of his talents and industry. *Henry* accepted the offer, and made such good use of the skill in mechanics and chymistry he had acquired, that he introduced many improvements into the manufactory, and rendered it a very profitable concern. He lived prosperous and independent, and retained in manhood all the friendships of his youth.

THE DOG BAULKED OF HIS
DINNER.

A TALE.

THINK yourself sure of nothing till you've got it ;

This is the lesson of the day.

In metaphoric language I might say,

Count not your bird before you've shot it.

Quoth proverb, " 'twixt the cup and lip

There's many a slip."

Not every guest invited fits at table,

So says *my* fable.

A man once gave a dinner to his friend ;

His friend !—his patron I should rather think,

By all the loads of meat and drink,

And fruits and jellies without end,

Sent home the morning of the feast.

Fowler, his dog, a social beast,

Soon as he smelt the matter out, away

Scampers to old acquaintance *Tray*,

And with expressions kind and hearty,

Invites him to the party.

Tray wanted little pressing to a dinner ;

He was, in truth, a gormandizing finner.

He lick'd his chops and wagg'd his tail ;

Dear friend ! (he cried) I will not fail :

But

But what's your hour ?
We dine at four ;

But if you come an hour too soon,
You'll find there's something to be done.

His friend withdrawn, *Tray*, full of glee,
As blithe as blithe could be,
Skipt, danc'd, and play'd full many an antic,
Like one half frantic ;

Then sober in the sun lay winking,
But could not sleep for thinking.

He thought o'er every dainty dish,
Fried, boil'd, and roast,

Flesh, fowl, and fish,
With tripes and toast,
Fit for a dog to eat ;

And in his fancy made a treat,
Might grace a bill of fare
For my Lord May'r.

At length, just on the stroke of three,
Forth sallied he ;

And thro' a well-known hole
He sily stole :

Pop on the scene of action.

Here he beheld with wondrous satisfaction,
All hands employ'd in drawing, stuffing,
Skewering, spitting, and basting,
The red-fac'd cook sweating and puffing,
Chopping, mixing, and tasting.

Tray

Tray skulk'd about, now here, now there,
 And peep'd in this, and smelt at that,
 And lick'd the gravy and the fat,
 And cried, O rare! how I shall fare!

But Fortune, spiteful as Old Nick,
 Resolv'd to play our dog a trick.

She made the cook
 Just cast a look,
 Where *Tray* beneath the dresser lying
 His promis'd bliss was eyeing.

A cook while cooking is a sort of fury;
 A maxim worth rememb'ring, I assure ye.

Tray found it true,
 And so may you,

If e'er you chuse to try.

How now! (quoth she) what's this I spy?

A nasty cur! who let him in?

Would he were hang'd with all his kin!

A pretty kitchen guest indeed!

But I shall pack him off with speed.

So saying, on poor *Tray* she flew,

And dragg'd the culprit forth to view;

Then, to his terror and amazement,

Whirl'd him like lightning thro' the casement.

THE UMBELLIFEROUS PLANTS.

Tutor—George—Harry.

H. WHAT plant is that man gathering under the hedge ?

G. I don't know ; but boys call the stalks kexes, and blow through them.

H. I have seen them ; but I want to know the plant.

G. Will you please to tell us, Sir, what it is.

T. It is hemlock.

G. Hemlock is poison, is it not ?

T. Yes, in some degree ; and it is also a medicine. That man is gathering it for the apothecaries.

H. I should like to know it.

T. Well then—go and bring one.

[*Harry fetches it.*

G. I think I have seen a great many of this sort.

T. Perhaps you may ; but there are many other kinds of plants extremely like it. It is one of a large family called the *umbelliferous*, which contains both food, physic, and poison. It will be worth while for you to know something about them, so let us examine this hemlock closely. You see this tall hollow stalk, which divides into several branches, from each of which spring spokes or *rundles* as they are called, of flower-stalks. You see they are like rays from a circle, or the spokes of a wheel.

H. Or like the sticks of an umbrella.

T. True ; and they are called *umbels*, which has the same derivation.—If you pursue one of these rundles or umbels, you will find that each stick or spoke terminates in another set of smaller stalks, each of which bears a single small flower.

G. They are small ones indeed.

T. But if you look sharply, I dare say your eyes are good enough to distinguish that they are divided into five leaves, and furnished with five chives, and two pistils in the middle.

H. I can see them.

G. And so can I.

T. The pistils are succeeded by a sort of fruit, which is a twin seed joined in the middle, as you may see in this rundle that is past flowering. Here I divide one of them into two.

G. Would each of these grow?

T. Yes. Well—this is the structure of the flowering part of all the umbelliferous tribe. Now for the leaf. Pluck one.

H. Is this one leaf, or many?

T. It is properly one, but it is cut and divided into many portions. From this mid-rib spring smaller leaves set opposite each other; and from the rib of each of these, proceed others, which

which themselves are also divided. These are called doubly or trebly pinnated leaves; and most of the umbelliferous plants, but not all, have leaves of this kind.

H. It is like a parsley leaf.

T. True—and parsley is one of the same tribe, and hemlock and others are sometimes mistaken for it.

G. How curiously the stalk of this hemlock is spotted!

T. Yes. That is one of the marks by which it is known. It is also distinguished by its peculiar smell, and by other circumstances which you can only understand when you have compared a number of the tribe. I will now tell you about some others, the names of which you are probably acquainted with. In the first place, there are carrots and parsnips.

H. Carrots and parsnips!—they are not poisons, I am sure.

G. I remember, now, that carrots have such a leaf as this.

T. They have. It is the *roots* of these, you know, that are eaten. But we eat the *leaves* of parsley and fennel, which are of the same class. Celery is another, the *stalks* of which are chiefly used, made white by trenching up the earth about them. The stalks of Angelica are used differently.

H. I know how—candied.

T. Yes. Then there are many, of which the *seeds* are used. There is carraway.

H. What, the seeds that are put in cakes and comfits?

T. Yes. They are warm and pungent to the taste; and so are the seeds of many others of the umbelliferous plants, as coriander, fennel, wild carrot, angelica, anise, cummin, and dill. All these are employed in food or medicine, and are good for warming or strengthening the stomach.

G. Those

G. Those are pleasant medicines enough.

T. They are; but you will not say the same of some others of the class, which are noted medicines, too; such as the plant yielding *asafetida*, and several more, from which what are called the fetid gums are produced.

G. *Asafetida*!—that's nasty stuff, I know; does it grow here?

T. No; and most of the sweet seeds I before mentioned come from abroad, too. Now I will tell you of some of the poisons.

H. Hemlock is one that we know already.

T. Yes. Then there is another kind that grows in water, and is more poisonous, called *Water-Hemlock*. Another is a large plant growing in ditches, with leaves extremely like celery, called *Hemlock-Dropwort*. Another, common in drier situations, and distinguished by leaves less di-

vided than most of the class, is Cow-Parsnep, or Madnep. Of some of these the leaves, of others the roots, are most poisonous. Their effects are to make the head giddy, bring on stupidity or delirium, and cause violent sickness. The Athenians used to put criminals to death by making them drink the juice of a kind of hemlock growing in that country, as you may read in the life of that excellent philosopher Socrates, who was killed in that manner.

H. What was he killed for?

T. Because he was wiser and better than his fellow-citizens. Among us it is only by accident that mischief is done by these plants. I remember a melancholy instance of a poor boy, who in rambling about the fields with his little brothers and sisters, chanced to meet with a root of Hemlock-Dropwort. It looked so white and nice, that he was tempted to eat a good deal of it.

The

The other children also eat some, but not so much. When they got home they were all taken very ill. The eldest boy, who had eat most, died in great agony. The others recovered, after suffering a great deal.

G. Is there any way of preventing their bad effects?

T. The best way is to clear the stomach as soon as possible, by a strong vomit and large draughts of warm water. After that, vinegar is useful in removing the disorder of the head.

H. But are the roots sweet or pleasant, that people should be tempted to eat them.

T. Several of them are. There is a small plant of the tribe, the root of which is much sought after by boys, who dig for it with their knives. It is round, and called earth-nut, or pig-nut.

G. But that is not poison, I suppose.

T. No; but it is not very wholesome. I believe, however, that the roots of the most poisonous become innocent by boiling. I have heard that boiled hemlock roots are as good as carrots.

H. I think I should not like to eat them, however. But pray why should there be any poisons at all?

T. What we call poisons are only hurtful to particular animals. They are the proper food of others, and no doubt do more good than hurt in the creation. Most of the things that are poisonous to us in large quantities, are useful medicines in small ones; and we have reason bestowed upon us, to guard us against mischief. Other animals in general refuse by instinct what would prove hurtful to them. You see beneath yonder hedge a great crop of tall flourishing plants with white flowers. They are of the umbelliferous family, and are called wild Cicely or Cowweed. The latter name is given them,

them, because the cows will not touch them, though the pasture be ever so bare.

H. Would they poison them?

T. Perhaps they would; at least they are not proper food for them. We will go and examine them, and I will show you how they differ from hemlock, for which they are sometimes mistaken.

G. I should like to get some of these plants and dry them.

T. You shall, and write down the names of them all, and learn to know the innocent from the hurtful.

G. That will be very useful.

T. It will. Remember now the general character of the umbelliferous class. The flower-stalks are divided into spokes or umbels, which are again divided into others, each of them terminated by a small five-leaved flower, having five chives and two pistils, suc-

ceeded by a twin' feed. Their leaves are generally finely divided. You will soon know them after having examined two or three of the tribe. Remember, too, that they are a *suspicious race*, and not to be made free with till you are well acquainted with them.

THE KID.

ONE bleak day in March, *Sylvia* returning from a visit to the sheep-fold, met with a young kidling deserted by its dam on the naked heath. It was bleating piteously, and was so benumbed with the cold, that it could scarcely stand. *Sylvia* took it up in her arms and pressed it close to her bosom. She hastened home, and showing her little foundling to her parents, begged she might rear it for her own. They consented;

fented; and *Sylvia* immediately got a basket full of clean straw, and made a bed for him on the hearth. She warmed some milk, and held it to him in a platter. The poor creature drank it up eagerly, and then licked her hand for more. *Sylvia* was delighted. She chafed his slender legs with her warm hands, and soon saw him jump out of his basket, and frisk across the room. When full, he lay down again and took a comfortable nap.

The next day the kid had a name bestowed upon him. As he gave tokens of being an excellent jumper, it was *Capriole*. He was introduced to all the rest of the family, and the younger children were allowed to stroke and pat him; but *Sylvia* would let nobody be intimate with him but herself. The great mastiff was charged never to hurt him, and indeed he had no intention to do it.

Within a few days, *Capriole* followed *Sylvia* all about the house; trotted by her side into the yard; ran races with her in the home field; fed out of her hand; and was a declared pet and favourite. As the spring advanced, *Sylvia* roamed in the fields and gathered wild flowers, with which she wove garlands, and hung them around her kid's neck. He could not be kept, however, from munching his finery when he could reach it with his mouth. He was likewise rather troublesome in thrusting his nose into the meal-tub and flour-box, and following people into the dairy, and sipping the milk that was set for cream. He now and then got a blow for his intrusion, but his mistress always took his part, and indulged him in every liberty.

Capriole's horns now began to bud, and a little white beard sprouted at the end of his chin. He grew bold enough to put himself in a fighting posture

ture whenever he was offended. He butted down little *Colin* into the dirt; quarreled with the geese for their allowance of corn; and held many a stout battle with the old turkey-cock. Every body said, *Capriole* is growing too faucy, he must be sent away, or taught better manners. But *Sylvia* still stood his friend, and he repaid her love with many tender careffes.

The farm-house where *Sylvia* lived was situated in a sweet valley, by the side of a clear stream, bordered with trees. Above the house rose a sloping meadow, and beyond that was an open common, covered with purple heath and yellow furze. Further on, at some distance, rose a steep hill, the summit of which was a bare craggy rock, scarcely accessible to human feet. *Capriole*, ranging at his pleasure, often got upon the common, and was pleased with browzing the short grafs and wild herbs which grew there. Still, however,

I when

when his mistress came to seek him, he would run bounding at her call, and accompany her back to the farm.

One fine summer's day, *Sylvia*, after having finished the business of the morning, wanted to play with her kid; and missing him, she went to the side of the common, and called aloud *Capriole! Capriole!* expecting to see him come running to her as usual. No *Capriole* came. She went on and on, still calling her kid with the most endearing accents, but nothing was to be seen of him. Her heart began to flutter. What can be become of him? Surely somebody must have stolen him,—or perhaps the neighbour's dogs have worried him. Oh my poor *Capriole!* my dear *Capriole!* I shall never see you again!—and *Sylvia* began to weep.

She still went on, on, looking wistfully all around, and making the place echo with *Capriole, Capriole!* where are you my *Capriole?* till at length she
came

came to the foot of the steep hill. She climbed up its sides to get a better view. No kid was to be seen. She sat down, and wept, and wrung her hands. After a while, she fancied she heard a bleating like the well-known voice of her *Capriole*. She started up, and looked towards the sound, which seemed a great way over head. At length she spied, just on the edge of a steep crag, her *Capriole* peeping over. She stretched out her hands to him, and began to call, but with a timid voice, lest in his impatience to return to her, he should leap down and break his neck. But there was no such danger. *Capriole* was inhaling the fresh breeze of the mountains, and enjoying with rapture the scenes for which nature designed him. His bleating was the expression of joy, and he bestowed not a thought on his kind mistress, nor paid the least attention to her call. *Sylvia* ascended as high as she could towards him, and called louder and

and

and louder, but all in vain. *Capriole* leaped from rock to rock, cropt the fine herbage in the clefts, and was quite lost in the pleasure of his new existence.

Poor *Sylvia* staid till she was tired, and then returned disconsolate to the farm to relate her misfortune. She got her brothers to accompany her back to the hill, and took with her a slice of white bread and some milk to tempt the little wanderer home. But he had mounted still higher, and had joined a herd of companions of the same species, with whom he was frisking and sporting. He had neither eyes nor ears for his old friends of the valley. All former habits were broken at once, and he had commenced free commoner of nature. *Sylvia* came back, crying as much from vexation as sorrow. The little ungrateful thing! (said she)—so well as I loved him, and so kindly as I treated him, to desert

desert me in this way at last!—But he was always a rover!

Take care then, *Sylvia*, (said her mother) how you set your heart upon *rovers* again!

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

Robinet, a peasant of Lorraine, after a hard day's work at the next market-town, was returning home with a basket in his hand. What a delicious supper shall I have! (said he to himself.) This piece of kid well stewed down, with my onions sliced, thickened with my meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for the bishop of the diocese. Then I have a good piece of a barley loaf at home to finish with. How I long to be at it!

A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice, and he spied a squirrel nimbly

bly running up a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. Ha! (thought he) what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my little master! I'll try if I can get it. Upon this, he set down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half ascended, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out the piece of kid's flesh. He made all possible speed down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. *Robinet* looked after him—Well, (said he) then I must be content with soup-meagre—and no bad thing neither!

He travelled on, and came to a little public house by the road side, where an acquaintance of his was sitting on a bench drinking. He invited *Robinet* to take a draught. *Robinet* seated himself by his friend, and set his basket on the bench close by him. A tame raven,

raven, which was kept at the house, came sily behind him, and perching on the basket, stole away the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole. *Robinet* did not perceive the theft till he had got on his way again. He returned to search for his bag, but could hear no tidings of it. Well, (says he) my soup will be the thinner, but I will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will do it some good at least.

He went on again, and arrived at a little brook, over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman coming up to pass at the same time, *Robinet* gallantly offered her his hand. As soon as she was got to the middle, either through fear or sport, she shrieked out, and cried she was falling. *Robinet* hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream. As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it, but when he took it

out,

out, he perceived that all the salt was melted, and the pepper washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions. Well! (says *Robinet*) then I must sup to-night upon roasted onions and barley bread. Last night I had the bread alone. To-morrow morning it will not signify what I had. So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.

NINETEENTH EVENING.

EYES, AND NO EYES;

OR,

THE ART OF SEEING.

WELL, *Robert*, where have you been walking this afternoon? (said Mr. *Andrews* to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.)

R. I have been, Sir, to Broom-heath, and so round by the windmill upon Camp-mount, and home through the meadows by the river side.

Mr. *A.* Well, that's a pleasant round.

R. I thought it very dull, Sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I had rather by half have gone along the turnpike road.

Mr. *A.*

Mr. *A.* Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would, indeed, be better entertained on the high-road. But did you see *William*?

R. We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

Mr. *A.* That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

R. O, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that! I had rather walk alone. I dare say he is not got home yet.

Mr. *A.* Here he comes. Well, *William*, where have you been?

W. O, Sir, the pleasanterest walk! I went all over Broom-heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

Mr. *A.* Why, that is just the round *Robert* has been taking, and he complains of its dullness, and prefers the high-road.

W. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought my handkerchief full of curiosities home.

Mr. A. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to *Robert* as to me.

W. I will, Sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy, so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr. A. Ah! this is Mistletoe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites and incantations. It bears a very slimy white berry, of which bird-lime may be made, whence its Latin name of *Viscus*. It is one of those plants
which

which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been humorously styled *parasitical*, as being hangers-on, or dependants. It was the misseltoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honoured.

W. A little further on I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

Mr. A. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

W. What beautiful birds they are!

Mr. A. Yes; they have been called, from their colour and size, the English parrot.

W. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers,
many

many of which I had never observed before. There were at least three kinds of heath (I have got them in my handkerchief here), and gorse, and broom, and bell-flower, and many others of all colours, that I will beg you presently to tell me the names of.

Mr. *A.* That I will, readily.

W. I saw, too, several birds that were new to me. There was a pretty greyish one, of the size of a lark, that was hopping about some great stones; and when he flew, he showed a great deal of white above his tail.

Mr. *A.* That was a wheat-ear. They are reckoned very delicious birds to eat, and frequent the open downs in Suffex, and some other counties, in great numbers.

W. There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying

pewit so distinctly, one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always made a shift to get away.

Mr. *A.* Ha, ha! you were finely taken in, then! This was all an artifice of the bird's to entice you away from its nest: for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did not they draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

W. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at. They gave me, too, a creature I never
saw

saw before—a young viper, which they had just killed, together with its dam. I have seen several common snakes, but this is thicker in proportion, and of a darker colour than they are.

Mr. *A.* True. Vipers frequent those turfy boggy grounds pretty much, and I have known several turf-cutters bitten by them.

W. They are very venomous, are they not?

Mr. *A.* Enough so to make their wounds painful and dangerous, though they seldom prove fatal.

W. Well—I then took my course up to the windmill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church steeples; and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low

grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I'll tell you what I mean to do, Sir, if you will give me leave.

Mr. *A.* What is that?

W. I will go again, and take with me Carey's county map, by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places.

Mr. *A.* You shall have it, and I will go with you, and take my pocket spying glass.

W. I shall be very glad of that. Well—a thought struck me, that as the hill is called *Camp-mount*, there might probably be some remains of ditches and mounds with which I have read that camps were surrounded. And I really believe I discovered something of that fort running round one side of the mount:

Mr. *A.* Very likely you might. I know antiquaries have described such remains as existing there, which some suppose to be Roman, others Danish.

We

We will examine them further when we go.

W. From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds and flags and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. As I was getting down the bank to reach one of them, I heard something plunge into the water near me. It was a large water-rat, and I saw it swim over to the other side, and go into its hole. There were a great many large dragon-flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have got him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and then darting down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue with some orange colour. It was somewhat less than a thrush,

and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Mr. *A.* I can tell you what that bird was—a kingfisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, and is a shy retired bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it inhabits.

W. I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well—I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

Mr. *A.* I suppose they were sandpipers, one of the numerous family of birds that get their living by wading
among

among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects.

W. There were a great many swallows, too, sporting upon the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quick, that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high steep sand bank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes with which the bank was bored full.

Mr. A. Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our four species of swallows. They are of a mouse-colour above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

W. A little further I saw a man in a boat who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole with

broad iron prongs at the end, just like Neptune's trident, only there were five instead of three. This he pushed straight down among the mud in the deepest parts of the river, and fetched up the eels sticking between the prongs.

Mr. *A.* I have seen this method. It is called spearing of eels.

W. While I was looking at him, a heron came flying over my head, with his large flagging wings. He lit at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Mr.

Mr. *A.* Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together, like rooks. Formerly, when these birds were valued for the amusement of hawking, many gentlemen had their *heronries*, and a few are still remaining.

W. I think they are the largest wild birds we have.

Mr. *A.* They are of a great length and spread of wing, but their bodies are comparatively small.

W. I then turned homeward across the meadows, where I stopt awhile to look at a large flock of starlings which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they rose all together from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a kind of black cloud hovering over the field. After taking a short round, they settled again, and presently rose again

in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them.

Mr. *A.* Perhaps so; for in the fenny countries their flocks are so numerous, as to break down whole acres of reeds by settling on them. This disposition of starlings to fly in close swarms was remarked even by Homer, who compares the foe flying from one of his heroes, to a *cloud* of staves retiring dismayed at the approach of the hawk.

W. After I had left the meadows, I crossed the corn fields in the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marle pit. Looking into it, I saw in one of the sides a cluster of what I took to be shells; and upon going down, I picked up a clod of marle, which was quite full of them; but how sea shells could get there, I cannot imagine.

Mr. *A.* I do not wonder at your surprise, since many philosophers have been much perplexed to account for the same appearance. It is not uncommon
to

to find great quantities of shells and relics of marine animals even in the bowels of high mountains, very remote from the sea. They are certainly proofs that the earth was once in a very different state from what it is at present; but in what manner and how long ago these changes took place, can only be guessed at.

W. I got to the high field next our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged purple and crimson and yellow of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is over head.

Mr. A. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising.

W. I have; but pray what is the reason of this?

Mr. A. It is an optical deception, depending upon principles which I cannot well explain to you till you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you? I do not wonder that you found it amusing; it has been very instructive too. Did you see nothing of all these fights, *Robert*?

R. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Mr. A. Why not?

R. I don't know. I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home.

Mr. A. That would have been right if you had been sent of a message; but as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is—one man walks through the world
with

with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the channel without making some observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind finds matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do *you* then, *William*, continue to make use of your eyes; and *you*, *Robert*, learn that eyes were given you to use.



WHY THE EARTH MOVES ROUND
THE SUN.

Papa—Lucy.

P. You remember, Lucy, that I explained to you some time ago what was the cause that things fell to the ground.

L. O yes—It was because the ground drew them to it.

P. True: That is a consequence of the universal law in nature, that bodies attract each other in proportion to their bulk. So, a very small thing in the neighbourhood of a very large one, always tends to go to it, if not prevented by some other power. Well—You know I told you that the sun was a ball a vast many times bigger than the ball we inhabit, called the earth; upon which you properly asked, how then it
happened

happened that the earth did not fall into the sun.

L. And why does it not?

P. That I am going to explain to you. You have seen your brother whirl round an ivory ball tied to the end of a string which he held in his hand.

L. Yes—And I have done it myself, too.

P. Well then—you felt that the ball was continually pulling, as if it tried to make its escape.

L. Yes; and one my brother was swinging *did* make its escape, and flew through the fash.

P. It did so. That was a lesson in the *centrifugal* motion, or that power, by which a body thus whirled continually endeavours to fly off from the centre round which it moves. This is owing to the force or impulse you give it at setting out, as if you were going to throw it away from you. The string
by

by which you hold it, on the contrary, is the power which keeps the ball towards the centre, called the *centripetal* power. Thus you see there are two powers acting upon the ball at the same time; one to make it fly off, the other to hold it in; and the consequence is, that it moves directly according to neither, but between both; that is, round and round. This it continues to do while you swing it properly; but if the string breaks or slips off, away flies the ball; on the other hand, if you cease to give it the whirling force, it falls towards your hand.

L. I understand all this.

P. I will give you another instance of this double force acting at the same time. Do not you remember seeing some curious feats of horsemanship?

L. Yes.

P. One of them was, that a man standing with one leg upon the saddle and riding full speed, threw up balls
 3 into

into the air, and caught them as they fell.

L. I remember it very well.

P. Perhaps you would have expected these balls to have fallen behind him, as he was going at such a rate.

L. So I did.

P. But you saw that they fell into his hand as directly as if he had been standing quite still. That was because at the instant he threw them up, they received the motion of the horse straight forwards, as well as the upright motion that he gave them, so that they made a slanting line through the air, and came down in the same place they would have reached if he had held them in his hand all the while.

L. That is very curious, indeed!

P. In the same manner, you may have observed, in riding in a carriage, that if you throw any thing out of the window, it falls directly opposite, just

as

as if the carriage was standing still, and is not left behind you.

L. I will try that, the next time I ride in one.

P. You are then to imagine the sun to be a mighty mass of matter, many thousand times bigger than our earth, placed in the centre, quiet and unmoved. You are to conceive our earth, as soon as created, launched with vast force in a straight line, as if it were a bowl on a green. It would have flown off in this line for ever, through the boundless regions of space, had it not at the same instant received a pull from the sun by its attraction. By the wonderful skill of the Creator, these two forces were made exactly to counterbalance each other ; so that just as much as the earth from the original motion given it tends to fly forwards, just so much the sun draws it to the centre ; and the consequence is, that it takes a course
between

between the two, which is a circle round and round the sun.

L. But if the earth was set a rolling like a bowl upon a green, I should think it would stop of itself, as the bowl does.

P. The bowl stops because it is continually rubbing against the ground, which checks its motion; but the ball of the earth moves in empty space, where there is nothing to stop it.

L. But if I throw a ball through the air, it will not go on for ever, but it will come down to the ground.

P. That is because the force with which you can throw it, is much less than the force by which it is drawn to the earth. But there is another reason too, which is the resistance of the air. This space all around us and over us is not empty space; it is quite full of a thin transparent fluid called air.

L. Is it?

P. Yes.

P. Yes. If you move your hand quickly through it, you will find something resisting you, though in a slight degree. And the wind, you well know, is capable of pressing against any thing with almost irresistible force; and yet wind is nothing but a quantity of air put into violent motion. Every thing then that moves through the air, is continually obliged to push some of this fluid out of the way, by which means it is constantly losing part of its motion.

L. Then the earth would do the same.

P. No; for it moves in *empty space*.

L. What! does not it move through the air?

P. The earth does not move *through* the air, but carries the air along with it. All the air is contained in what is called the *atmosphere*, which you may compare to a kind of mist or fog clinging all round to the ball of the earth, and reaching

reaching to a certain distance above it, which has been calculated at about forty-five miles.

L. That is above the clouds, then.

P. Yes; all the clouds are within the atmosphere, for they are supported by the air. Well—this atmosphere rolls about along with the earth, as if it were a part of it; and moves with it through the sky, which is a vast field of empty space. In this immense space are all the stars and planets, which have also their several motions. There is nothing to stop them, but they continually go on, by means of the force that the Creator has originally impressed upon them.

L. Do not some of the stars move round the sun, as well as our earth.

P. Yes; those that are called *planets*. These are all subject to the same laws of motion with our earth. They are attracted by the sun as their centre, and form, along with the earth, that assemblage

blage of worlds, which is called the *solar system*.

L. Is the moon one of them?

P. The moon is called a *secondary* planet, because its immediate connexion is with our earth, round which it rolls, as we do round the sun. It however accompanies our earth in its journey round the sun. But I will tell you more about its motion, and about the other planets and stars, another time. It is enough at present, if you thoroughly understand what I have been describing.

L. I think I do.

DIFFERENCE AND AGREEMENT;

OR,

SUNDAY MORNING.

It was Sunday morning. All the bells were ringing for church, and the streets were filled with people moving in all directions.

Here, numbers of well-dressed persons, and a long train of charity children, were thronging in at the wide doors of a large handsome church. There, a smaller number, almost equally gay in dress, were entering an elegant meeting-house. Up one alley, a Roman Catholic congregation was turning into their retired chapel, every one crossing himself with a finger dipt in holy-water as he went in. The opposite side of the street was covered with a train of quakers, distinguished by their plain and

neat attire, and sedate aspect, who walked without ceremony into a room as plain as themselves, and took their seats, the men on one side and the women on the other, in silence. A spacious building was filled with an overflowing crowd of Methodists, most of them meanly habited, but decent and serious in demeanour; while a small society of Baptists in the neighbourhood quietly occupied their humble place of assembly.

Presently the different services began. The churches resounded with the solemn organ, and with the indistinct murmurs of a large body of people following the minister in responsive prayers. From the meetings were heard the slow psalm, and the single voice of the leader of their devotions. The Roman Catholic chapel was enlivened by strains of music, the tinkling of a small bell, and a perpetual change of service and ceremonial. A profound silence and unvarying look and posture announced

announced the self-recollection and mental devotion of the Quakers.

Mr. *Ambrose* led his son *Edwin* round all these different assemblies as a spectator. *Edwin* viewed every thing with great attention, and was often impatient to inquire of his father the meaning of what he saw; but Mr. *Ambrose* would not suffer him to disturb any of the congregations even by a whisper. When they had gone through the whole, *Edwin* found a great number of questions to put to his father, who explained every thing to him in the best manner he could. At length says *Edwin*,

But why cannot all these people agree to go to the same place, and worship God the same way?

And why should they agree? (replied his father.) Do not you see that people differ in a hundred other things? Do they all dress alike, and eat and drink alike, and keep the same hours, and use the same diversions?

Ay—but those are things in which they have a right to do as they please.

And they have a right, too, to worship God as they please. It is their own business, and concerns none but themselves.

But has not God ordered particular ways of worshipping him?

He has directed the mind and spirit with which he is to be worshipped, but not the particular form and manner. That is left for every one to choose, according as suits his temper and opinions. All these people like their own way best, and why should they leave it for the choice of another? Religion is one of the things in which *mankind were made to differ*.

The several congregations now began to be dismissed, and the street was again overspread with persons of all the different sects, going promiscuously to their respective homes. It chanced that a poor man fell down in the street

in a fit of apoplexy, and lay for dead. His wife and children stood round him crying and lamenting in the bitterest distress. The beholders immediately flocked round, and, with looks and expressions of the warmest compassion, gave their help. A Churchman raised the man from the ground by lifting him under the arms, while a Dissenter held his head and wiped his face with his handkerchief. A Roman Catholic lady took out her smelling bottle, and assiduously applied it to his nose. A Methodist ran for a doctor. A Quaker supported and comforted the woman, and a Baptist took care of the children.

Edwin and his father were among the spectators. Here (said Mr. *Ambrose*) is a thing in which *mankind were made to agree.*

TWENTIETH EVENING.

ON METALS.

PART 2.

Tutor—George—Harry.

F. WELL—have you forgot what I told you about metals the other day?

G. O no!

H. I am sure I have not.

T. What metals were they that we talked about?

G. Gold, silver, and quicksilver.

T. Suppose, then, we go on to the rest!

G. Pray do.

H. Yes, by all means.

T. Very

T. Very well. You know *copper*, I don't doubt.

G. O yes!

T. What colour do you call it?

G. I think it is a sort of reddish brown.

T. True. Sometimes, however, it is of a bright red, like sealing wax. It is not a very heavy metal, being not quite nine times the weight of water. It is pretty ductile, bearing to be rolled or hammered out to a very thin plate, and also to be drawn out to a fine wire.

H. I remember seeing a halfpenny that had been rolled out to a long ribbon.

G. Yes, and I have seen half a dozen men at a time with great hammers beating out a piece of copper at the brazier's.

T. Copper requires a very considerable heat to melt it; and by long exposure to the fire, it may be burned

or calcined; for it, like all we are now to speak of, is an *imperfect* metal.

H. And it rusts very easily, does it not?

T. It does; for all acids dissolve or corrode it, so do salts of every kind; whence even air and common water in a short time act upon it, for they are never free from somewhat of a saline nature.

G. Is not verdegris the rust of copper?

T. It is;—a rust produced by the acid of grapes. But every rust of copper is of a blue or green colour, as well as verdegris.

H. And are they all poison, too?

T. They are all so in some degree, producing violent sickness and pain in the bowels. They are all, too, extremely nauseous to the taste; and the metal itself, when heated, tastes and smells very disagreeably.

G. Why

G. Why is it used, then, so much in cooking, and brewing, and the like?

T. Because it is a very convenient metal for making vessels, especially large ones, as it is easily worked, and is sufficiently strong though hammered thin, and bears the fire well. And if vessels of it are kept quite clean, and the liquor not suffered to stand long in them when cold, there is no danger in their use. But copper vessels for cooking are generally lined on the inside with tin.

G. What else is copper used for?

T. A variety of things. Sheets of copper are sometimes used to cover buildings; and of late a great quantity is consumed in sheathing ships, that is, in covering all the part under water; the purpose of which is to protect the timber from the worms, and also to make the ship sail faster, by means of the greater smoothness and force with

which the copper makes way through the water.

H. Money is made of copper, too.

T. It is ; for it takes an impression in coining very well, and its value is a proper proportion below silver for a price for the cheapest sort of commodities. In some poor countries they have little other than copper coin. Another great use of copper is as an ingredient in mixed metals, such as bell-metal, cannon-metal, and particularly brass.

H. But brass is yellow.

T. True ; it is converted to that colour by means of another metallic substance named *zinc*, or *spelter*, the natural colour of which is white. A kind of brown stone called *calamine* is an ore of zinc. By filling a pot with layers of powdered calamine and charcoal placed alternately with copper, and applying a pretty strong heat, the zinc is driven in vapour out of the calamine,
and

and penetrates the copper, changing it into brass.

G. What is the use of turning copper into brass?

T. It gains a fine gold-like colour, and becomes harder, more easy to melt, and less liable to rust. Hence it is preferred for a variety of utensils, ornamental and useful. Brass does not bear hammering well, but is generally cast into the shape wanted, and then turned in a lathe and polished. Well—these are the principal things I have to say about copper.

H. But where does it come from?

T. Copper is found in many countries. Our island yields abundance, especially in Wales and Cornwall. In Anglesey is a whole hill called Paris-mountain, consisting of copper ore, from which immense quantities are dug every year. Now for *iron*.

H. Ay! that is the most useful of all the metals.

T. I think it is; and it is likewise the most common, for there are few countries in the world possessing hills and rocks where it is not met with, more or less. Iron is the hardest of metals, the most elastic or springy, the most tenacious or difficult to break, next to gold, the most difficultly fusible, and one of the lightest, being only seven or eight times heavier than water.

G. You say it is difficult to break; but I snapt the blade of a penknife the other day by only bending it a little; and my mother is continually breaking her needles.

T. Properly objected! But the qualities of iron differ extremely according to the method of preparing it. There are forged iron, cast iron, and steel, which are very different from each other. Iron when first melted from its ore, has little malleability, and the vessels and other implements that are made of it in that state by casting into moulds, are easily

easily broken. It acquires toughness and malleability by *forging*, which is done by beating it when red hot with heavy hammers, till it becomes ductile and flexible. Steel, again, is made by heating small bars of iron with wood-ashes, charcoal, bone and horn shavings, or other inflammable matters, by which it acquires a finer grain and more compact texture, and becomes harder and more elastic. Steel may be rendered either very flexible, or brittle, by different manners of *tempering*, which is performed by heating and then quenching it in water. Steel is iron in its more perfect state.

G. All cutting instruments are made of steel, are they not?

T. Yes; and the very fine edged ones are generally tempered brittle, as razors, penknives, and surgeon's instruments; but sword-blades are made flexible, and the best of them will bend double without breaking or becoming

crooked. The steel of which springs are made, have the highest possible degree of elasticity given them. A watch-spring is one of the most perfect examples of this kind. Steel for ornaments is made extremely hard and close-grained, so as to bear an exquisite polish. Common hammered iron is chiefly used for works of strength, as horse-shoes, bars, bolts, and the like. It will bend but not straighten itself again, as you may see in the kitchen poker. Cast iron is used for pots and cauldrons, cannons, cannon-balls, grates, pillars, and many other purposes in which hardness without flexibility is wanted.

G. What a vast variety of uses this metal is put to!

T. Yes; I know not when I should have done, if I were to tell you of all.

H. Then I think it is really more valuable than gold, though it is so much cheaper.

T. That

T. That was the opinion of the wise Solon, when he observed to the rich king Crœsus, who was showing him his treasures, “ he who possesses more iron will soon be master of all this gold.”

H. I suppose he meant weapons and armour.

T. He did; but there are many nobler uses of this metal; and few circumstances denote the progress of the arts in a country more than having attained the full use of iron, without which scarcely any manufacture or machinery can be brought to perfection. From the difficulty of melting it out of the ore, many nations have been longer in discovering it than some of the other metals. The Greeks in Homer’s time seem to have employed copper or brass for their weapons much more than iron; and the Mexicans and Peruvians, who possessed gold and silver, were unacquainted with iron when the Spaniards invaded them.

G. Iron is very subject to rust, however.

T. It is so, and that is one of its worst properties. Every liquor, and even a moist air, corrodes it. But the rust of iron is not pernicious; on the contrary it is a very useful medicine.

G. I have heard of steel drops and steel filings given for medicines.

T. Yes; iron is given in a variety of forms, and the property of them all is to strengthen the constitution. Many springs are made medicinal by the iron that they dissolve in the bowels of the earth. These are called *chalybeate* waters, and they may be known by their inky taste, and the rust-coloured sediment they leave in their course.

H. May we drink such water if we meet with it?

T. Yes; it will do you no harm, at least. There is one other property of iron well worth knowing, and that is,
that

that it is the only thing attracted by the magnet, or loadstone.

G. I had a magnet once that would take up needles and keys: but it seemed a bar of iron itself.

T. True. The real loadstone, which is a particular ore of iron, can communicate its virtue to a piece of iron by rubbing it; nay, a bar of iron itself, in length of time, by being placed in a particular position, will acquire the same property.

G. Is all the iron used in England, produced here?

T. By no means. Our extensive manufactures require a great importation of iron. Much is brought from Norway, Russia, and Sweden; and the Swedish is reckoned particularly excellent. Well—now to another metal. I dare say you can tell *me* a good deal about *lead*.

H. I know several things about it. It is very heavy and soft, and easily melted.

T. True; those are some of its distinguishing properties. Its weight is between eleven and twelve times that of water. Its colour is a dull bluish white; and from this livid hue, as well as its being totally void of spring or elasticity, it has acquired a sort of character of dulness and sluggishness. Thus we say of a stupid man, that he has a *leaden* disposition.

G. Lead is very malleable, I think.

T. Yes; it may be beat out into a pretty thin leaf, but it will not bear drawing into fine wire. It is not only very fusible, but very readily calcined by heat, changing into a powder, or a scaly matter, which may be made to take all colours by the fire, from yellow to deep red. You have seen red lead?

G. Yes.

T. That

T. That is calcined lead exposed for a considerable time to a strong flame. Lead may even be changed into glass by a moderate heat; and there is a good deal of it in our finest glass.

G. What is white lead?

T. It is lead corroded by the steam of vinegar. Lead in various forms is much used by painters. Its calces dissolve in oil, and are employed for the purpose of thickening paint and making it dry. All lead paints, however, are unwholesome as long as they continue to smell, and the fumes of lead when melted are likewise pernicious. This is the cause why painters and plumbers are so subject to various diseases, particularly violent colics, and palsies. The white-lead manufacture is so hurtful to the health, that the workmen in a very short time are apt to lose the use of their limbs, and be otherwise severely indisposed.

H. I wonder, then, that anybody will work in them.

T. Ig-

T. Ignorance and high wages are sufficient to induce them. But it is to be lamented that in a great many manufactures, the health and lives of individuals are sacrificed to the convenience and profit of the community. Lead, too, when dissolved, as it may be, in all sour liquors, is a slow poison, and the more dangerous, as it gives no disagreeable taste. A salt of lead made with vinegar is so sweet as to be called the sugar of lead. It has been too common to put this or some other preparation of lead into sour wines, in order to cure them; and much mischief has been done by this practice.

G. If lead is poisonous, is it not wrong to make water-pipes and cisterns of it?

T. This has been objected to; but it does not appear that water can dissolve any of the lead. Nor does it readily rust in the air, and hence it is much used to cover buildings with, as well as

to line spouts and water-courses. For these purposes, the lead is cast into sheets, which are easily cut and hammered into any shape.

H. Bullets and shot, too, are made of lead.

T. They are; and in this way it is ten times more destructive than as a poison.

G. I think more lead seems to be used than any metal except iron.

T. It is; and the plenty of it in our country is a great benefit to us, both for domestic use, and as an article that brings in much profit by exportation.

G. Where are our principal lead-mines?

T. They are much scattered about our island. The west of England produces a good deal, in Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somersetshire. Wales affords a large quantity. Derbyshire has long been noted for its lead-mines, and so have Northumberland and Durham.

And

And there are considerable ones in the southern part of Scotland. Now do you recollect another metal to be spoken about?

G. Tin.

T. True. Tin resembles lead in colour, but has a more silvery whiteness. It is soft and flexible, like lead, but is distinguished by the crackling noise it makes on being bent. It melts as easily as lead, and also is readily calcined by keeping it in the fire. It is the lightest of the metals, being only seven times heavier than water. Tin may be beat into a thin leaf, but not drawn out to wire.

G. Is tin of much use?

T. It is not often used by itself, but very frequently in conjunction with other metals. As tin is little liable to rust, or to be corroded by common liquors, it is employed for a lining or coating of vessels made of copper or
iron.

iron. The faucepans and kettles in the kitchen, you know, are all tinned.

G. Yes. How is it done?

T. By melting the tin and spreading it upon the surface of the copper, which is first lightly pitched over, in order to make the tin adhere.

H. But what are the vessels made at the tinman's? Are not they all tin?

T. No. *Tinned-ware* (as it is properly called) is made of thin iron plates coated over with tin by dipping them into a vessel full of melted tin. These plates are afterwards cut and bent to proper shapes, and the joinings are soldered together with a mixture of tin and other metals. Another similar use of tin is in what is called the silvering of pins.

G. What—is not that real silvering?

T. No. The pins, which are made of brass wire, after being pointed and headed, are boiled in water in which grain-tin

tin is put, along with tartar, which is a crust that collects on the inside of wine casks. The tartar dissolves some of the tin, and makes it adhere to the surface of the pins; and thus thousands are covered in an instant.

H. That is as clever as what you told us of the gilding of buttons.

T. It is. Another purpose for which great quantities of tin used to be employed, was the making of pewter. The best pewter consists chiefly of tin, with a small mixture of other metals to harden it; and the London pewter was brought to such perfection as to look almost as well as silver.

G. I can just remember a long row of pewter plates at my grandmother's.

T. You may. In her time all the plates and dishes for the table were made of pewter; and a handsome range of pewter shelves was thought a capital ornament for a kitchen. At present this trade is almost come to nothing through
the

the use of earthen ware and china ; and pewter is employed for little, but stills and barber's basons, and porter pots. But a good deal is still exported. Tin is likewise an ingredient in other mixed metals for various purposes, but on the whole, less of it is used than of the other common metals.

G. Is not England more famous for tin than any other country ? I have read of the Phœnicians trading here for it in very early times.

T. They did ; and tin is still a very valuable article of export from England. Much of it is sent as far as China. The tin-mines here are chiefly in Cornwall, and I believe they are the most productive of any in Europe. Very fine tin is also got in the peninsula of Malacca in the East Indies. Well—we have now gone through the metals.

G. But you said something about a kind of metal called zinc.

T. That

T. That is one of another class of mineral substances, called *semi-metals*. These resemble metals in every quality but ductility, of which they are almost wholly destitute, and for want of it they can seldom be used in the arts, except when joined with metals.

G. Are there many of them?

T. Yes, several; but we will not talk of them till I have taken some opportunity of showing them to you, for probably you may never have seen any of them. Now try to repeat the names of all the metals to me in the order of their weight.

H. There is first *gold*.

G. Then *quicksilver, lead, silver*.

H. *Copper, iron, tin*.

T. Very right. Now I must tell you of an odd fancy that chymists have had of christening these metals by the names of the heavenly bodies. They have called gold, *Sol* or the Sun.

G. That

G. That is suitable enough to its colour and brightness.

H. Then silver should be the moon, for I have heard moonlight called of a silvery hue.

T. True—and they have named it so. It is *Luna*. Quicksilver is *Mercury*, so named probably from its great propensity to dance and jump about, for *Mercury*, you know, was very nimble.

G. Yes—he had wings to his heels.

T. Copper is *Venus*.

G. *Venus*! surely it is scarcely beautiful enough for that.

T. But they had disposed of the most beautiful ones before. Iron is *Mars*.

H. That is right enough, because swords are made of iron.

T. True. Then tin is *Jupiter*, and lead, *Saturn*; I suppose only to make out the number. Yet the dulness of lead might be thought to agree with that planet which is most remote from

the sun. These names, childish as they may seem, are worth remembering, since chymists and physicians still apply them to many preparations of the various metals. You will probably often hear of *martial*, *lunar*, *mercurial*, and *saturnine*; and you may now know what they mean.

G. I think the knowledge of metals seems more useful than all you have told us about plants.

T. I don't know that. Many nations make no use at all of metals, but there are none which do not owe a great part of their subsistence to vegetables. However, without enquiring what parts of natural knowledge are *most* useful, you may be assured of this, that all are useful in some degree or other; and there are few things that give one man greater superiority over another, than the extent and accuracy of his knowledge in these particulars. One person passes all his life upon the earth, a

stranger to it; while another finds himself at home every where.

WHAT ANIMALS ARE MADE FOR.

PRAY, Papa, (said *Sophia* after she had been a long while teased with the flies that buzzed about her ears, and settled on her nose and forehead as she sat at work)—Pray what were flies made for?

For some good, I dare say, (replied her Papa.)

S. But I think they do a great deal more harm than good, for I am sure they plague me sadly; and in the kitchen they are so troublesome, that the maids can hardly do their work for them.

P. Flies eat up many things that would otherwise corrupt and become

loathsome; and they serve for food to birds, spiders, and many other animals.

S. But we could clean away every thing that was offensive without their help; and as to their serving for food, I have seen whole heaps of them lying dead in a window, without seeming to have done good to any thing.

P. Well then. Suppose a fly capable of thinking; would he not be equally puzzled to find out what men were good for? This great two-legged monster, he might say, instead of helping us to live, devours more food at a meal than would serve a whole legion of flies. Then he kills us by hundreds when we come within his reach; and I see him destroy and torment all other animals too. And when he dies, he is nailed up in a box and put a great way underground, as if he grudged doing any more good after his death, than when alive.

Now

Now what would you answer to such a reasoning fly?

S. I would tell him he was very impertinent for talking so of his betters; for that he and all other creatures were made for the use of man, and not man for theirs.

P. But would you tell him true? You have just been saying that you could not find out of what use flies were to us; whereas, when they suck our blood, there is no doubt that we are of use to them.

S. It is that which puzzles me.

P. There are many other animals which we call *noxious*, and which are so far from being useful to us, that we take all possible pains to get rid of them. More than that, there are vast tracts of the earth where few or no men inhabit, which are yet full of beasts, birds, insects, and all living things. These certainly do not exist there for his use alone.

On the contrary, they often keep man away.

S. Then what are they made for ?

P. They are made to be happy. It is a manifest purpose of the Creator to give being to as much life as possible, for life is enjoyment to all creatures in health and in possession of their faculties. Man surpasses other animals in his powers of enjoyment, and he has prospects in a future state which they do not share with him. But the Creator equally desires the happiness of all his creatures, and looks down with as much benignity upon these flies that are sporting around us, as upon ourselves.

S. Then we ought not to kill them if they are ever so troublesome.

P. I do not say that. We have a right to make a reasonable use of all animals for our advantage, and also to free ourselves from such as are hurtful to us. So far our superiority over them may fairly extend. But we should never
abuse

abuse them for our mere amusement, nor take away their lives wantonly. Nay, a good-natured man will rather undergo a *little* inconvenience, than take away from a creature all that it possesses. An infant may destroy life, but all the kings upon earth cannot restore it. I remember reading of a good-tempered old gentleman, that having been a long time plagued with a great fly that buzzed about his face all dinner-time; at length, after many efforts, caught it. Instead of crushing it to death, he held it carefully in his hand, and opening the window, "Go, (said he)—get thee gone, poor creature; I wo'nt hurt a hair of thy head; surely the world is wide enough for thee and me."

S. I should have loved that man.

P. One of our poets has written some very pretty lines to a fly that came to partake with him of his wine. They begin,

Busy,

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I ;
 Welcome freely to my cup,
 Could'st thou sip and sip it up.

S. How pretty ! I think they will almost make me love flies. But pray, Papa, do not animals destroy one another ?

P. They do indeed. The greatest part of them only live by the destruction of life. There is a perpetual warfare going on, in which the stronger prey upon the weaker, and, in their turns, are the prey of those which are a degree stronger than themselves. Even the innocent sheep, with every mouthful of grass, destroys hundreds of small insects. In the air we breathe, and the water we drink, we give death to thousands of invisible creatures.

S. But is not that very strange ? If they were created to live and be happy, why should they be destroyed so fast ?

P. They

P. They are destroyed no faster than others are produced; and if they enjoyed life while it lasted, they have had a good bargain. By making animals the food of animals, providence has filled up every chink, as it were, of existence. You see these swarms of flies. During all the hot weather they are continually coming forth from the state of eggs and maggots, and as soon as they get the use of wings, they roam about, and fill every place in search of food. Meantime they are giving sustenance to the whole race of spiders; they maintain all the swallow tribe, and contribute greatly to the support of many other small birds; and even afford many a delicate morsel to the fishes. Their own numbers, however, seem scarcely diminished, and vast multitudes live on till the cold weather comes and puts an end to them. Were nothing to touch them, they would probably become so numerous as to starve
each

each other. As it is, they are full of enjoyment themselves, and afford life and enjoyment to other creatures, which in their turn supply the wants of others.

S. It is no charity, then, to tear a spider's web in pieces in order to set a fly at liberty.

P. None at all—no more than it would be to demolish the traps of a poor Indian hunter, who depended upon them for his dinner. They both act as nature directs them. Shall I tell you a story?

S. O yes—pray do!

P. A venerable Bramin, who had never in his days eaten any thing but rice and milk, and held it the greatest of crimes to shed the blood of any thing that had life, was one day meditating on the banks of the Ganges. He saw a little bird on the ground picking up ants as fast as he could swallow. Murderous wretch, cried he, what scores
of

of lives are sacrificed to one gluttonous meal of thine! Presently a sparrow-hawk pouncing down, seized him in his claws, and flew off with him. The Bramin at first was inclined to triumph over the little bird; but on hearing his cries, he could not help pitying him. Poor thing, said he, thou art fallen into the clutches of thy tyrant! A stronger tyrant, however, took up the matter; for a falcon in mid-air darting on the sparrow-hawk, struck him to the ground, with the bird lifeless in his talon. Tyrant against tyrant, thought the Bramin, is well enough. The falcon had not finished tearing his prey, when a lynx, stealing from behind the rock on which he was perched, sprung on him, and having strangled him, bore him to the edge of a neighbouring thicket, and began to suck his blood. The Bramin was attentively viewing this new display of retributive justice, when a sudden roar shook the air, and a huge tyger, rushing

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ing from the thicket, came like thunder on the lynx. The Bramin was near enough to hear the crashing bones, and was making off in great terror, when he met an English soldier, armed with his musket. He pointed eagerly to the place where the tyger was making his bloody repast. The soldier levelled his gun, and laid the tyger dead. Brave fellow! exclaimed the Bramin. I am very hungry, said the soldier, can you give me a beef-steak? I see you have plenty of cows here. Horrible! cried the Bramin; what! I kill the sacred cows of Brama! Then kill the next tyger yourself, said the soldier.

THE END.





