EVENINGS AT HOME;

Mrs. Barbauld

OR,

THE JUVENILE BUDGET OPENED.

CONSISTING OF

A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF YOUNG PERSONS.

VOL. V.

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OF

THE FIFTH VOLUME.

Humbl.

TWENTY-

TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

ON EARTHS AND STONES.

Tutor—George—Harry.

Harry. I WONDER what all this heap of ſtones is for.

George. I can tell you—It is for the lime-kiln; don't you ſee it juſt by?

H. O yes, I do. But what is to be done to them there?

G. Why, they are to be burned into lime; don't you know that?

H. But what is lime, and what are its uſes?

G. I can tell you, one; they lay it on the fields for manure. Don't you remember we ſaw a number of little heaps of it, that we took for

ſheep at a diſtance, and wondered they did not move. However, I believe we had better aſk our tutor about it. Will you pleaſe, Sir, to tell us ſomewhat about lime.

Tutor. Willingly. But ſuppoſe, as we talked about all ſorts of metals ſome time ago, I ſhould now give you a lecture about ſtones and earths of all kinds, which are equally valuable, and much more common, than metals.

G. Pray do, Sir.

H. I ſhall be very glad to hear it.

T. Well then. In the firſt place, the ground we tread upon, to as great a depth as it has been dug, conſiſts for the moſt part of matter of various appearance and hardneſs, called by the general name of *earths.* In common language, indeed, only the ſoft and powdery ſubſtances are ſo named, while the hard and ſolid are called *ſtone* or *rock:* but chymiſts uſe the ſame term for all; as, in fact, earth is only crumbled

crumbled ſtone, and ſtone only conſolidated earth.

H. What!—has the mould of my garden ever been ſtone?

T. The black earth or mould which covers the ſurface wherever plants grow, conſiſts moſtly of parts of rotted vegetables, ſuch as ſtalks, leaves, and roots, mixed with ſand or looſe clay; but this only reaches a little way; and beneath it you always come to a bed of gravel, or clay, or ſtone of ſome kind. Now theſe earths and ſtones are diſtinguiſhed into ſeveral ſpecies, but principally into three, the properties of which make them uſeful to man for very different purpoſes, and are therefore very well worth knowing. As you began with aſking me about lime, I ſhall firſt mention that claſs of earths from which it is obtained. Theſe have derived their name of *calcareous* from this very circumſtance, *calx* being lime, in Latin; and lime is

got from them all in the ſame way, by burning them in a ſtrong fire. There are many kinds of calcareous earths. One of them is *marble*; you know what that is?

G. O yes! Our parlour chimney-piece and hearth are marble.

H. And ſo are the monuments in the church.

T. True. There are various kinds of it; white, black, yellow, grey, mottled and veined with different colours; but all of them are hard and heavy ſtones, admitting a fine poliſh, on which account they are much uſed in ornamental works.

G. I think ſtatues are made of it.

T. Yes; and where it is plentiful, columns, and porticoes, and ſometimes whole buildings. Marble is the luxury of architecture.

H. Where does marble come from?

T. From a great many countries. Great Britain produces ſome, but moſtly

moſtly of inferior kinds. What we uſe chiefly comes from Italy. The Greek iſlands yield ſome fine ſorts. That of Paros is of ancient fame for whiteneſs and purity, and the fineſt antique ſtatues have been made of Parian marble.

H. I ſuppoſe black marble will not burn into white lime.

T. Yes, it will. A violent heat will expel moſt of the colouring matter of marbles, and make them white. *Chalk* is another kind of calcareous earth. This is of a much ſofter conſiſtence than marble; being eaſily cut with a knife, and marking things on which it is rubbed. It is found in great beds in the earth; and in ſome parts of England whole hills are compoſed of it.

G. Are chalk and whiting the ſame?

T. Whiting is made of the finer and purer particles of chalk waſhed

out from the reſt, and then dried in lumps. This, you know, is quite ſoft and crumbly. There are, beſides, a great variety of ſtones in the earth, harder than chalk, but ſofter than marble, which will burn to lime, and are therefore called *limeſtones*. Theſe differ much in colour and other properties, and accordingly furniſh lime of different qualities. In general, the harder the limeſtone is, the firmer is the lime made from it. Whole ridges of mountains in various parts are compoſed of limeſtone, and it is found plentifully in moſt of the hilly countries of England, to the great advantage of the inhabitants.

G. Will not oyſter-ſhells burn into lime? I think I have heard of oyſter-ſhell lime.

T. They will; and this is another ſource of calcareous earth. The ſhells of all animals, both land and ſea, as oyſters, muſcles, cockles, crabs, lobſters,

ſters, ſnails, and the like, and alſo egg-ſhells of all kinds, conſiſt of this earth; and ſo does coral, which is formed by inſects under the ſea, and is very abundant in ſome countries. Vaſt quantities of ſhells are often found deep in the earth in the midſt of chalk and limeſtone beds; whence ſome have ſuppoſed that all calcareous earth is originally an animal production.

H. But where could animals enow ever have lived to make mountains of their ſhells?

T. That, indeed, I cannot anſwer. But there are ſufficient proofs that our world muſt long have exiſted in a very different ſtate from the preſent. Well —but beſides theſe purer calcareous earths, it is very frequently found mingled in different proportions with other earths. Thus, *marle*, which is ſo much uſed in manuring land, and of which there are a great many kinds,

all consists of calcareous earth, united with clay and sand; and the more of this earth it contains, the richer manure it generally makes.

G. Is there any way of discovering it when it is mixed in this manner with other things?

T. Yes—there is an easy and sure method of discovering the smallest portion of it. All calcareous earth has the property of dissolving in acids, and effervescing with them; that is, they bubble and hiss when acids are poured upon them. You may readily try this at any time with a piece of chalk or an oyster shell.

G. I will pour some vinegar upon an oyster shell as soon as I get home. But now I think of it, I have often done so in eating oysters, and I never observed it to hiss or bubble.

T. Vinegar is not an acid strong enough to act upon a thing so solid as a shell. But aqua-fortis, or spirit

of

of ſalt, will do it at once; and perſons who examine the nature of foſſils always travel with a bottle of one of theſe acids, by way of a teſt of calcareous earth. Your vinegar will anſwer with chalk or whiting. This property of diſſolving in acids, and what is called neutraliſing them, or taking away their ſourneſs, has cauſed many of the calcareous earths to be uſed in medicine. You know that ſometimes our food turns very ſour upon the ſtomach, and occaſions the pain called heart-burn, and other uneaſy ſymptoms. In theſe caſes it is common to give chalk, or powdered ſhells, or other things of this kind, which afford relief by deſtroying the acid.

G. I ſuppoſe, then, *magneſia* is ſomething of this ſort, for I have often ſeen it given to my little ſiſter when they ſaid her ſtomach was out of order.

T. It is; but it has ſome peculiar properties which diſtinguiſh it from other calcareous earths, and particularly it will not burn to lime. Magneſia is an artificial production, got from one of the ingredients in ſea-water, called the bitter purging ſalt.

G. Pray what are the other uſes of theſe earths?

T. Such of them as are hard ſtone, as the marbles and many of the lime-ſtones, are uſed for the ſame purpoſes as other ſtones. But their great uſe is in the form of lime, which is a ſubſtance of many curious properties that I will now explain to you. When freſh burnt, it is called *quicklime*, on account of the heat and life, as it were, which it poſſeſſes. Have you ever ſeen a lump of it put into water?

G. Yes, I have.

T. Were you not much ſurpriſed to ſee it ſwell and crack to pieces, with

with a hiſſing noiſe, and a great ſmoke and heat?

G. I was, indeed. But what is the cauſe of this?—how can cold water occaſion ſo much heat?

T. I will tell you. The ſtrong heat to which calcareous earth is expoſed in making it lime, expels all the water it contained (for all earths, as well as almoſt every thing elſe, naturally contain water), and alſo a quantity of air which was united with it. At the ſame time it imbibes a good deal of fire, which remains fixed in its ſubſtance, even after it has grown cool to the touch. If water be now added to this quicklime, it is drunk in again with ſuch rapidity, as to crack and break the lime to pieces. At the ſame time, moſt of the fire it had imbibed is driven out again, and makes itſelf ſenſible by its effects, burning all the things that it touches, and

turning the water to ſteam. This operation is called *ſlacking* of lime. The water in which lime is ſlacked diſſolves a part of it, and acquires a very pungent harſh taſte: this is uſed in medicine under the name of lime-water. If, inſtead of ſoaking quicklime in water, it is expoſed for ſome time to the air, it attracts moiſture ſlowly, and by degrees falls to powder, without much heat or diſturbance. But whether lime be ſlacked in water or air, it does not at firſt return to the ſtate in which it was before, ſince it ſtill remains deprived of its air; and on that account is ſtill pungent and cauſtic. At length, however, it recovers this alſo from the atmoſphere, and is then calcareous earth as at firſt. Now, it is upon ſome of theſe circumſtances that the utility of lime depends. In the firſt place, its burning and corroding quality makes it uſeful to the tanner, in looſening all the hair from

the

the hides; and deſtroying the fleſh and fat that adhere to them. And ſo in various other trades it is uſed as a great cleanſer and purifier.

H. I have a thought come into my head. When it is laid upon the ground I ſuppoſe its uſe muſt be to burn up the weeds.

T. True—that is part of its uſe.

G. But it muſt burn up the good graſs and corn too.

T. Properly objected. But the caſe is, that the farmer does not ſow his ſeeds till the lime is rendered mild by expoſure to the air and weather, and is well mixed with the ſoil. And even then it is reckoned a hot and forcing manure, chiefly fit for cold and wet lands. The principal uſe of lime, however, is as an ingredient in *mortar*. This, you know, is the cement by which bricks and ſtones are held together in building. It is made of freſh ſlaked lime and a proportion

of

of ſand well mixed together; and generally ſome chopped hair is put into it. The lime binds with the other ingredients; and in length of time, the mortar, if well made, becomes as hard or harder than ſtone itſelf.

G. I have heard of the mortar in very old buildings being harder and ſtronger than any made at preſent.

T. That is only on account of its age. Burning lime and making mortar are as well underſtood now as ever; but in order to have it excellent, the lime ſhould be of a good quality, and uſed very freſh. Some ſorts of lime have the property of making mortar which will harden under water, whence it is much valued for bridges, locks, wharfs, and the like.

G. Pray is not plaſter of Paris a kind of lime? I know it will become hard by only mixing water with it, for I have uſed it to make caſts of.

T. The powder you call plaſter of Paris

Paris is made of an earth named *gypſum*, of which there are ſeveral kinds. *Alabaſter* is a ſtone of this ſort, and hard enough to be uſed like marble. The gypſeous earths are of the calcareous kind, but they have naturally a portion of acid united with them, whence they will not effervesce on having acid poured on them. But they are diſtinguiſhed by the property, that after being calcined or burned in the fire, and reduced to powder, they will ſet into a ſolid body by the addition of water alone. This makes them very uſeful for ornamental plaſters, that are to receive a form or impreſſion, ſuch as the ſtucco for the ceilings of rooms.

Well—we have ſaid enough about calcareous earths; now to another claſs, the *Argillaceous*.

G. I think I know what thoſe are. *Argilla* is Latin for *clay*.

T. True; and they are alſo called

clayey

clayey earths. In general, theſe earths are of a ſoft texture and a ſort of greaſy feel; but they are peculiarly diſtinguiſhed by the property of becoming ſticky on being tempered with water, ſo that they may be drawn out, and worked into form like a paſte. Have you ever, when you were a little boy, made a clay houſe?

G. Yes, I have.

T. Then you well know the manner in which clay is tempered, and worked for this purpoſe.

H. Yes—and I remember helping to make little pots and mugs of clay.

T. Then you imitated the potter's trade; for all utenſils of earthen ware are made of clays either pure or mixed. This is one of the oldeſt arts among mankind, and one of the moſt uſeful. They furniſh materials for building, too; for bricks and tiles are made of theſe earths. But in order to be fit for theſe purpoſes, it is neceſſary that clay

ſhould

ſhould not only be ſoft and ductile while it is forming, but capable of being hardened afterwards. And this it is, by the aſſiſtance of fire. Pottery ware and bricks are burned with a ſtrong heat in kilns, by which they acquire a hardneſs equal to that of the hardeſt ſtones.

G. I think I have read of bricks being baked by the ſun's heat alone in very hot countries.

T. True; and they may ſerve for building in climates where rain ſcarcely ever falls; but heavy ſhowers would waſh them away. Fire ſeems to change the nature of clays; for after they have undergone its operation, they become incapable of returning again to a ſoft and ductile ſtate. You might ſteep brick duſt or pounded pots in water ever ſo long without making it hold together in the leaſt.

G. I ſuppoſe there are many kinds of clays.

T. There

T. There are. Argillaceous earths differ greatly from each other in colour, purity, and other qualities. Some are perfectly white, as that of which tobacco-pipes are made. Others are blue, brown, yellow, and in ſhort of all hues, which they owe to mixtures of other earths or metals. Thoſe which burn red contain a portion of iron. No clays are found perfectly pure; but they are mixed with more or leſs of other earths. The common brick clays contain a large proportion of ſand, which often makes them crumbly and periſhable. In general, the fineſt earthen-ware is made of the pureſt and whiteſt clays; but other matters are mixed in order to harden and ſtrengthen them. Thus *porcelain*, or *china*, is made with a clayey earth mixed with a ſtone of a vitrifiable nature, that is, which may be melted into glaſs; and the fine pottery called *queen's-ware* is a mixture of tobacco-

pipe

pipe clay, and flints burned and powdered. Common *ſtone-ware* is a coarſe mixture of this ſort. Some ſpecies of pottery are made with mixtures of burned and unburned clay; the former, as I told you before, being incapable of becoming ſoft again with water like a natural clay.

H. Are clays of no other uſe than to make pottery of?

T. Yes—the richeſt ſoils are thoſe which have a proportion of clay; and marl, which I have already mentioned as a manure, generally contains a good deal of it. Then, clay has the property of abſorbing oil or greaſe, whence ſome kinds of it are uſed like ſoap for cleaning cloaths. The ſubſtance called *Fuller's earth* is a mixed earth of the argillaceous kind; and its uſe in taking out the oil which naturally adheres to wool is ſo great, that it has been one cauſe of the ſuperiority of our woollen cloths.

H. Then

H. Then I ſuppoſe it is found in England.

T. Yes. There are pits of the beſt kind of it near Woburn in Bedfordſhire. A clayey ſtone called ſoap rock has exactly the feel and look of ſoap, and will even lather with water. The different kinds of ſlate, too, are ſtones of the argillaceous claſs; and very uſeful ones, for covering houſes, and other purpoſes.

H. Are writing-ſlates like the ſlates uſed for covering houſes?

T. Yes; but their ſuperior blackneſs and ſmoothneſs make them ſhow better the marks of the pencil.

G. You have mentioned ſomething of ſand and flints, but you have not told us what ſort of earths they are.

T. I reſerved that till I ſpoke of the third great claſs of earths. This is the *ſiliceous* claſs, ſo named from *ſilex*, which is Latin for a flint-ſtone. They have alſo been called *vitrifiable* earths, becauſe

becauſe they are the principal ingredient in glaſs, named in Latin *vitrum*.

G. I have heard of flint glaſs.

T. Yes—but neither flint, nor any other of the kind will make glaſs, even by the ſtrongeſt heat, without ſome addition; but this we will ſpeak of by and bye. I ſhall now tell you the principal properties of theſe earths. They are all very hard, and will ſtrike fire with ſteel, when in a maſs large enough for the ſtroke. They moſtly run into particular ſhapes, with ſharp angles and points, and have a certain degree of tranſparency; which has made them alſo be called *cryſtalline* earths. They do not in the leaſt ſoften with water, like clays; nor are they affected by acids, nor do they burn to lime, like the calcareous earths. As to the different kinds of them, *flint* has already been mentioned. It is a very common production in ſome parts, and is generally met with

with in pebbles or round lumps. What is called the *ſhingle* on the ſea-ſhore chiefly conſiſts of it; and the ploughed fields in ſome places are almoſt entirely covered with flint-ſtones.

H. But do they not hinder the corn from growing?

T. The corn, to be ſure, cannot take root upon them; but I believe it has been found that the protection they afford to the young plants which grow under them, is more than equal to the harm they do by taking up room. Flints are alſo frequently found imbedded in chalk under the ground. Thoſe uſed in the Staffordſhire potteries chiefly come from the chalk-pits near Graveſend. So much for flints. You have ſeen white pebbles, which are ſemi-tranſparent, and when broken, reſemble white ſugar-candy. They are common on the ſea-ſhore, and beds of rivers.

H. O, yes. We call them fire-

ſtones. When they are rubbed together in the dark they ſend out great flaſhes of light, and have a particular ſmell.

T. True. The proper name of theſe is *quartz.* It is found in large quantities in the earth, and ores of metals are often imbedded in it. Sometimes it is perfectly tranſparent, and then it is called *cryſtal.* Some of theſe cryſtals ſhoot into exact mathematical figures; and becauſe many ſalts do the ſame, and are alſo tranſparent, they are called the *cryſtals* of ſuch or ſuch a ſalt.

G. Is not fine glaſs called cryſtal, too?

T. It is called ſo by way of ſimile: thus we ſay of a thing, "it is as clear as cryſtal." But the only true cryſtal is an earth of the kind I have been deſcribing. Well — now we come to *ſand*; for this is properly only quartz in a powdery ſtate. If you examine

examine the grains of ſand ſingly, or look at them with a magnifying glaſs, you will find them all either entirely or partly tranſparent; and in ſome of the white ſhining ſands the grains are all little bright cryſtals.

H. But moſt ſand is brown or yellowiſh.

T. That is owing to ſome mixture, generally of the metallic kind. I believe I once told you that all ſands were ſuppoſed to contain a ſmall portion of gold. It is more certain that many of them contain iron.

G. But what could have brought this quartz and cryſtal into powder, ſo as to have produced all the ſand in the world?

T. That is not very eaſy to determine. On the ſea-ſhore, however, the inceſſant rolling of the pebbles by the waves is enough in time to grind them to powder; and there is reaſon to believe that the greateſt part of

what

what is now dry land, was once ſea, which may account for the vaſt beds of ſand met with inland.

G. I have ſeen ſome ſtone ſo ſoft that one might crumble it between ones fingers, and then it ſeemed to turn to ſand.

T. There are ſeveral of this kind, more or leſs ſolid, which are chiefly compoſed of ſand conglutinated by ſome natural cement. Such are called *ſand-ſtone*, or *freeſtone*; and are uſed for various purpoſes, in building, making grindſtones, and the like, according to their hardneſs.

H. Pray what are the common pebbles that the ſtreets are paved with? I am ſure they ſtrike fire enough with the horſe's ſhoes.

T. They are ſtones of the ſiliceous kind, either pure or mixed with other earths. One of the hardeſt and beſt for this purpoſe is called *granite*, which is of various kinds and colours,

 but

but always consists of grains of different siliceous earths cemented together. The streets of London are paved with granite, brought from Scotland. In some other stones, these bits of different earths dispersed through the cement are so large, as to look like plums in a pudding; whence they have obtained the name of *pudding-stones*.

G. I think there is a kind of stones that you have not yet mentioned—precious stones.

T. These, too, are all of the siliceous class;—from the opake or half-transparent, as agate, jasper, cornelian, and the like, to the perfectly clear and brilliant ones, as ruby, emerald, topaz, sapphire, &c.

G. Diamond, no doubt, is one of them.

T. So it has commonly been reckoned, and the purest of all; but some late experiments have shewn, that though

though it is the hardeſt body in nature, it may be totally diſperſed into ſmoke and flame by a ſtrong fire; ſo that mineralogiſts will now hardly allow it to be a ſtone at all, but claſs it among inflammable ſubſtances. The precious ſtones above mentioned owe their different colours chiefly to ſome metallic mixture. They are in general extremely hard, ſo as to cut glaſs, and one another; but diamond will cut all the reſt.

G. I ſuppoſe they muſt be very rare.

T. Yes; and in this rarity conſiſts the greateſt part of their value. They are, indeed, beautiful objects; but the figure they make in proportion to their expence is ſo very ſmall, that their high price may be reckoned one of the principal follies among mankind. What proportion can there poſſibly be between the worth of a glittering ſtone as big as a hazel-nut, and

a magnificent houſe and gardens, or a large tract of country, covered with noble woods and rich meadows and corn fields? And as to the mere glitter, a large luſtre of cut glaſs has an infinitely greater effect on the eye than all the jewels of a ſovereign prince.

G. Will you pleaſe to tell us now how glaſs is made?

T. Willingly. The baſe of it is, as I ſaid before, ſome earth of the ſiliceous claſs. Thoſe commonly uſed are flint and ſand. Flint is firſt burned or calcined, which makes it quite white, like enamel; and it is then powdered. This is the material ſometimes uſed for ſome very white glaſſes; but ſand is that commonly preferred, as being already in a powdery form. The white cryſtalline ſands are uſed for fine glaſs; the brown or yellow for the common ſort. As theſe earths will not melt by themſelves, the addition in making glaſs is ſomewhat that promotes

promotes their fusion. Various things will do this; but what is generally used is an alkaline salt, obtained from the ashes of burnt vegetables. Of this there are several kinds, as pot-ash, pearl-ash, barilla, and kelp. The salt is mixed with the sand in a certain proportion, and the mixture then exposed in earthen pots to a violent heat, till it is thoroughly melted. The mass is then taken while hot and fluid, in such quantities as are wanted, and fashioned by blowing and the use of sheers and other instruments. You must see this done, some time, for it is one of the most curious and pleasing of all manufactures; and it is not possible to form an idea of the ease and dexterity with which glass is wrought, without an actual view.

H. I should like very much to see it, indeed.

G. Where is glass made, in this country?

T. In many places. Some of the fineſt, in London; but the coarſer kinds generally where coals are cheap; as at Newcaſtle and its neighbourhood, in Lancaſhire, at Stourbridge, Briſtol, and South Wales. I ſhould have told you, however, that in our fineſt and moſt brilliant glaſs, a quantity of the calx of lead is put, which vitrifies with the other ingredients, and gives the glaſs more firmneſs and denſity. The blue, yellow and red glaſſes are coloured with the calxes of other metals. As to the common green glaſs, it is made with an alkali that has a good deal of calcareous earth remaining with the aſhes of the plant. But to underſtand all the different circumſtances of glaſs making, one muſt have a thorough knowledge of chymiſtry.

G. I think making of glaſs is one of the fineſt inventions of human ſkill.

T. It

T. It is perhaps not of that capital importance that ſome other arts poſſeſs; but it has been a great addition to the comfort and pleaſure of life in many ways. Nothing makes ſuch clean and agreeable veſſels as glaſs, which has the quality of not being corroded by any kind of liquor, as well as that of ſhowing its contents by its tranſparency. Hence it is greatly preferable to the moſt precious metals for drinking out of; and for the ſame reaſons it is preferred to every other material for chymical utenſils, where the heat to be employed is not ſtrong enough to melt it.

H. Then, glaſs windows!

T. Aye; that is a moſt material comfort in a climate like ours, where we ſo often wiſh to let in the light, and keep out the cold wind and rain. What could be more gloomy than to ſit in the dark, or with no other light than came in through ſmall holes co-

vered with oiled paper or bladder, unable to ſee any thing paſſing without doors! Yet this muſt have been the caſe with the moſt ſumptuous palaces before the invention of window-glaſs, which was a good deal later than that of bottles and drinking glaſſes.

H. I think looking-glaſſes are very beautiful.

T. They are indeed very elegant pieces of furniture, and very coſtly too. The art of caſting glaſs into large plates, big enough to reach almoſt from the bottom to the top of a room, is but lately introduced into this country from France. But the moſt ſplendid and brilliant manner of employing glaſs is in luſtres and chandeliers, hung round with drops cut ſo as to reflect the light with all the colours of the rainbow. Some of the ſhops in London, filled with theſe articles, appear to realize all the wonders

ders of an enchanted palace in the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

G. But are not ſpectacles and ſpying glaſſes more uſeful than all theſe?

T. I did not mean to paſs them over, I aſſure you. By the curious invention of optical glaſſes of various kinds, not only the natural defects of the ſight have been remedied, and old-age has been in ſome meaſure lightened of one of its calamities, but the ſenſe of ſeeing has been wonderfully extended. The teleſcope has brought diſtant objects within our view, while the microſcope has given us a clear ſurvey of near objects too minute for our unaſſiſted eyes. By means of both, ſome of the brighteſt diſcoveries of the moderns have been made; ſo that glaſs has proved not leſs admirable in promoting ſcience, than in contributing to ſplendour and convenience. Well—I don't know that I have any thing more at preſent

to ſay relative to the claſs of earths. We have gone through the principal circumſtances belonging to their three great diviſions, the *calcareous*, *argillaceous*, and *ſiliceous*. You will remember, however, that moſt of the earths and ſtones offered by nature are not any one of theſe kinds perfectly pure, but contain a mixture of one or both the others. There is not a pebble that you can pick up which would not exerciſe the ſkill of a mineralogiſt fully to aſcertain its properties, and the materials of its compoſition. So inexhauſtible is nature!

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

It was a delightful evening about the end of Auguſt. The ſun ſetting in a pure ſky illuminated the tops of the weſtern hills, and tipped the oppoſite trees with a yellow luſtre.

A traveller, with ſun-burnt cheeks and duſty feet, ſtrong and active, having a knapſack at his back, had gained the ſummit of a ſteep aſcent, and ſtood gazing on the plain below.

This was a wide tract of champaign country, chequered with villages, whoſe towers and ſpires peeped above the trees in which they were emboſomed. The ſpace between them was chiefly arable land, from which the laſt products of harveſt were buſily carrying away.

A rivulet winded through the plain, its courſe marked with grey willows. On its banks were verdant meadows, covered with lowing herds, moving ſlowly to the milkmaids, who came tripping along with pails on their heads. A thick wood cloathed the ſide of a gentle eminence riſing from the water, crowned with the ruins of an ancient caſtle.

Edward (that was the traveller's name) dropt on one knee, and claſping his hands, exclaimed, "Welcome, welcome, my dear native land! Many a ſweet ſpot have I ſeen ſince I left thee, but none ſo ſweet as thou! Never has thy dear image been out of my memory; and now, with what tranſport do I retrace all thy charms. O receive me again, never more to quit thee!" So ſaying, he threw himſelf on the turf, and having kiſſed it, roſe and proceeded on his journey.

As he deſcended into the plain, he

he overtook a little group of children, merrily walking along the path, and ſtopping now and then to gather berries in the hedge.

"Where are you going, my dears?" ſaid Edward.

"We are going home," they all replied.

"And where is that?"

"Why, to Summerton, that town there among the trees, juſt before us. Don't you ſee it?"

"I ſee it well," anſwered Edward, the tear ſtanding in his eye.

"And what is your name—and yours—and yours?"

The little innocents told their names. Edward's heart leaped at the well-known ſounds.

"And what is *your* name, my dear?" ſaid he to a pretty girl, ſomewhat older than the reſt, who hung back ſhyly, and held the hand of a ruddy white-headed boy, juſt breeched.

"It

"It is Rose Walsingham, and this is my youngest brother, Roger."

"*Walsingham!*" Edward clasped the girl round the neck, and surprised her with two or three very close kisses. He then lifted up little Roger, and almost devoured him. Roger seemed as if he wanted to be set down again, but Edward told him he would carry him home.

"And can you show me the house you live at, Rose?" said Edward.

"Yes—it is just there, beside the pond, with the great barn before it, and the orchard behind."

"And will you take me home with you, Rose?"

"If you please," answered Rose, hesitatingly.

They walked on. Edward said but little, for his heart was full, but he frequently kissed little Roger.

Coming at length to a stile, from which a path led across a little close,

"This is the way to our houſe," ſaid Roſe.

The other children parted. Edward ſet down Roger, and got over the ſtile. He ſtill, however, kept hold of the boy's hand. He trembled, and looked wildly around him.

When they approached the houſe, an old maſtiff came running to meet the children. He looked up at Edward rather ſourly, and gave a little growl; when all at once his countenance changed; he leaped upon him, licked his hand, wagged his tail, murmured in a ſoft voice, and ſeemed quite overcome with joy. Edward ſtooped down, patted his head, and cried, "poor Captain, what, are you alive yet?" Roſe was ſurpriſed that the ſtranger and their dog ſhould know one another.

They all entered the houſe together. A good-looking middle-aged woman was buſied in preparing articles of cookery,

cookery, affiſted by her grown-up daughter. She ſpoke to the children as they came in, and caſting a look of ſome ſurpriſe on Edward, aſked him what his buſineſs was.

Edward was ſome time ſilent; at length with a faultering voice he cried, "Have you forgot me, mother?"

"Edward! my ſon Edward!" exclaimed the good woman. And they were inſtantly locked in each others arms.

"My brother Edward?" ſaid Molly; and took her turn for an embrace as ſoon as her mother gave her room.

"Are you my brother?" ſaid Roſe. "That I am," replied Edward with another kiſs. Little Roger looked hard at him, but ſaid nothing.

News of Edward's arrival ſoon flew acroſs the yard, and in came from the barn his father, his next brother Thomas, and the third, William. The father

father fell on his neck, and ſobbed out his welcome and bleſſing. Edward had not hands enow for them all to ſhake.

An aged white headed labourer came in, and held out his ſhrivelled hand. Edward gave it a hearty ſqueeze. "God bleſs you," ſaid old Iſaac; "this is the beſt day I have ſeen this many a year."

"And where have you been this long while?" cried the father.—"Eight years and more," added the mother.

His elder brother took off his knapſack; and Molly drew him a chair. Edward ſeated himſelf, and they all gathered round him. The old dog got within the circle, and lay at his feet.

"O, how glad I am to ſee you all again!" were Edward's firſt words. "How well you look, mother! but father's grown thinner. As for the

reſt,

reſt, I ſhould have known none of you, unleſs it were Thomas and old Iſaac."

"What a ſun-burnt face you have got!—but you look brave and hearty," cried his mother.

"Ay, mother, I have been enough in the ſun, I aſſure you. From ſeventeen to five and twenty I have been a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and I have ſeen more in that time than moſt men in the courſe of their lives.

"Our young landlord, you know, took ſuch a liking to me at ſchool, that he would have me go with him on his travels. We went through moſt of the countries of Europe, and at laſt to Naples, where my poor maſter took a fever and died. I never knew what grief was till then; and I believe the thoughts of leaving me in a ſtrange country went as much to his heart as his illneſs. An intimate acquaintance of his, a rich young Weſt Indian,

Indian, ſeeing my diſtreſs, engaged me to go with him in a voyage he was about to take to Jamaica. We were too ſhort a time in England before we ſailed, for me to come and ſee you firſt, but I wrote you a letter from the Downs."

"We never received it," ſaid his father.

"That was a pity," returned Edward; "for you muſt have concluded I was either dead, or had forgotten you. Well—we arrived ſafe in the Weſt Indies, and there I ſtaid till I had buried that maſter too; for young men die faſt in that country. I was very well treated, but I could never like the place; and yet Jamaica is a very fine iſland, and has many good people in it. But for me, uſed to ſee freemen work cheerfully along with their maſters—to behold nothing but droves of black ſlaves in the fields, toiling in the burning ſun under the conſtant

dread

dread of the lash of hard-hearted task-masters;—it was what I could not bring myself to bear; and though I might have been made an overseer of a plantation, I chose rather to live in a town, and follow some domestic occupation. I could soon have got rich here; but I fell into a bad state of health, and people were dying all round me of the yellow fever; so I collected my little property, and though a war had broke out, I ventured to embark with it for England.

"The ship was taken and carried into the Havanna, and I lost my all, and my liberty besides. However, I had the good fortune to ingratiate myself with a Spanish merchant whom I had known at Jamaica, and he took me with him to the continent of South America. I visited great part of this country, once possessed by flourishing and independent nations, but now groaning under the severe yoke of

their

their haughty conquerors. I ſaw thoſe famous gold and ſilver mines, where the poor natives work naked, for ever ſhut out from the light of day, in order that the wealth of their unhappy land may go to ſpread luxury and corruption throughout the remoteſt regions of Europe.

"I accompanied my maſter acroſs the great ſouthern ocean, a voyage of ſome months without the ſight of any thing but water and ſky. We came to the rich city of Manilla, the capital of the Spaniſh ſettlements in thoſe parts. There I had my liberty reſtored, along with a handſome reward for my ſervices. I got from thence to China; and from China, to the Engliſh ſettlements in the Eaſt-Indies, where the ſight of my countrymen, and the ſounds of my native tongue, made me fancy myſelf almoſt at home again, though ſtill ſeparated by half the globe.

"Here

"Here I ſaw a delightful country, ſwarming with induſtrious inhabitants, ſome cultivating the land, others employed in manufactures, but of ſo gentle and effeminate a diſpoſition, that they have always fallen under the yoke of their invaders. Here how was I forced to bluſh for my countrymen, whoſe avarice and rapacity ſo often have laid waſte this fair land, and brought on it all the horrors of famine and deſolation! I have ſeen human creatures quarrelling like dogs for bare bones thrown upon a dunghill. I have ſeen fathers ſelling their families for a little rice, and mothers entreating ſtrangers to take their children for ſlaves that they might not die of hunger. In the midſt of ſuch ſcenes, I ſaw pomp and luxury of which our country affords no examples.

"Having remained here a conſiderable time, I gladly at length ſet my

my face homewards, and joined a company who undertook the long and perilous journey to Europe over land. We croſſed vaſt tracts, both deſart and cultivated; ſandy plains parched with heat and drought, and infeſted with bands of ferocious plunderers. I have ſeen a well of muddy water more valued than ten camel-loads of treaſure; and a few half-naked horſemen ſtrike more terror than a king with all his guards. At length, after numberleſs hardſhips and dangers, we arrived at civilized Europe, and forgot all we had ſuffered. As I came nearer my native land, I grew more and more impatient to reach it; and when I had ſet foot on it, I was ſtill more reſtleſs till I could ſee again my beloved home.

"Here I am at laſt—happy in bringing back a ſound conſtitution and a clear conſcience. I have alſo brought enough of the relicks of my

honeſt gains to furniſh a little farm in the neighbourhood, where I mean to ſit down, and ſpend my days in the midſt of thoſe whom I love better than all the world beſides."

When Edward had finiſhed, kiſſes and kind ſhakes of the hand were again repeated, and his mother brought out a large ſlice of harveſt cake, with a bottle of her niceſt currant wine, to refreſh him after his day's march. "You are come," ſaid his father, "at a lucky time, for this is our harveſt ſupper. We ſhall have ſome of our neighbours to make merry with us, who will be almoſt as glad to ſee you as we are—for you were always a favourite among them."

It was not long before the viſitors arrived. The young folks ran to meet them, crying, "Our Edward's come back—Our Edward's come home! Here he is—this is he;" and ſo, without ceremony, they introduced them.

 "Welcome!—

Welcome! — welcome! — God bless you!" sounded on all sides. Edward knew all the elderly ones at first sight, but the young people puzzled him for a while. At length he recollected this to have been his schoolfellow, and that, his companion in driving plough; and he was not long in finding out his favourite and playfellow Sally, of the next farm-house, whom he left a romping girl of fifteen, and now saw a blooming full-formed young woman of three and twenty. He contrived in the evening to get next her; and though she was somewhat reserved at first, they had pretty well renewed their intimacy before the company broke up.

"Health to Edward, and a happy settlement among us," was the parting toast. When all were retired, the *Returned Wanderer* went to rest in the very room in which he was born,

 having

having firſt paid fervent thanks to heaven for preſerving him to enjoy a bleſſing the deareſt to his heart.

THE DOG AND HIS RELATIONS.

KEEPER was a farmer's maſtiff, honeſt, brave, and vigilant. One day, as he was ranging at ſome diſtance from home, he eſpied a Wolf and Fox ſitting together at the corner of a wood. *Keeper*, not much liking their looks, though by no means fearing them, was turning another way, when they called after him, and civilly deſired him to ſtay. "Surely, Sir, (ſays *Reynard)*, you won't diſown your relations. My couſin *Ghaunt* and I were juſt talking over family matters, and we both agreed that we had the honour of reckoning you among our kin. You muſt know,

that

that according to the beſt accounts, the wolves and dogs were originally one race in the foreſts of Armenia; but the dogs, taking to living with man, have ſince become inhabitants of towns and villages, while the wolves have retained their ancient mode of life. As to my anceſtors, the foxes, they were a branch of the ſame family who ſettled farther northwards, where they became ſtinted in their growth, and adopted the cuſtom of living in holes under ground. The cold has ſharpened our noſes, and given us a thicker fur and buſhy tails to keep us warm. But we have all a family likeneſs which it is impoſſible to miſtake; and I am ſure it is our intereſt to be good friends with each other."

The wolf was of the ſame opinion; and *Keeper*, looking narrowly at them, could not help acknowledging their relationſhip. As he had a generous heart, he readily entered into friend-

ſhip with them. They took a ramble together; but *Keeper* was rather ſurprized at obſerving the ſuſpicious ſhyneſs with which ſome of the weaker ſort of animals ſurveyed them, and wondered at the haſty flight of a flock of ſheep as ſoon as they came within view. However, he gave his couſins a cordial invitation to come and ſee him at his yard, and then took his leave.

They did not fail to come the next day about duſk. *Keeper* received them kindly, and treated them with part of his own ſupper. They ſtaid with him till after dark, and then marched off with many compliments. The next morning, word was brought to the farm that a gooſe and three goſlings were miſſing, and that a couple of lambs were found almoſt devoured in the home-field. *Keeper* was too honeſt himſelf readily to ſuſpect others, ſo he never thought of his kinſmen on

the

the occaſion. Soon after, they paid him a ſecond evening viſit, and next day another loſs appeared, of a hen and her chickens, and a fat ſheep. Now *Keeper* could not help miſtruſting a little, and blamed himſelf for admitting ſtrangers without his maſter's knowledge. However, he ſtill did not love to think ill of his own relations.

They came a third time. *Keeper* received them rather coldly, and hinted that he ſhould like better to ſee them in the day-time; but they excuſed themſelves for want of leiſure. When they took their leaves, he reſolved to follow at ſome diſtance and watch their motions. A litter of young pigs happened to be lying under a hay-ſtack without the yard. The wolf ſeized one by the back, and ran off with him. The pig ſet up a moſt diſmal ſqueal; and *Keeper* running up at the noiſe, caught his dear couſin in the fact. He flew at him, and made

him relinquiſh his prey, though not without much ſnarling and growling. The fox, who had been prowling about the hen-rooſt, now came up, and began to make proteſtations of his own innocence, with heavy reproaches againſt the wolf for thus diſgracing the family. "Begone, ſcoundrels both! (cried *Keeper)* I know you now too well. You may be of my blood, but I am ſure you are not of my ſpirit. *Keeper* holds no kindred with villains." So ſaying, he drove them from the premiſes.

THE COST OF A WAR.

You may remember, Oſwald, (ſaid Mr. B. to his ſon) that I gave you, ſome time ago, a notion of *the price of a victory* to the poor ſouls engaged in it.

I ſhall not ſoon forget it, I aſſure you, Sir, (replied Oſwald.)

Father.

Father. Very well. I mean now to give you ſome idea of *the coſt of a war* to the people among whom it is carried on. This may ſerve to abate ſomething of theadmiration with which hiſtorians are too apt to inſpire us for great warriors and conquerors. You have heard, I doubt not, of Louis the fourteenth, king of France.

Oſ. O yes!

F. He was entitled by his ſubjects *Louis le Grand,* and was compared by them to the Alexanders and Cæſars of antiquity; and with ſome juſtice, as to the extent of his power, and the uſe he made of it. He was the moſt potent prince of his time; commanded mighty and victorious armies; and enlarged the limits of his hereditary dominions. Louis was not naturally a hard-hearted man; but having been taught from his cradle that every thing ought to give way to the intereſts of his glory, and that this glory conſiſted

in domineering over his neighbours, and making conquests, he grew to be insensible to all the miseries brought on his own and other people in pursuit of this noble design, as he thought it. Moreover, he was plunged in dissolute pleasures, and the delights of pomp and splendor, from his youth; and he was ever surrounded by a tribe of abject flatterers, who made him believe that he had a full right in all cases to do as he pleased. Conquest abroad and pleasure at home were therefore the chief business of his life.

One evening, his minister, Louvois, came to him, and said, "Sire, it is absolutely necessary to make a desart of the *Palatinate*."

This is a country in Germany, on the banks of the Rhine, one of the most populous and best cultivated districts in that empire, filled with towns and villages, and industrious inhabitants.

"I should

"I ſhould be ſorry to do it (replied the king), for you know how much odium we acquired throughout Europe when a part of it was laid waſte ſome time ago, under Marſhal Turenne."

"It cannot be helped, Sire, (returned Louvois.) All the damage he did has been repaired, and the country is as flouriſhing as ever. If we leave it in its preſent ſtate, it will afford quarters to your majeſty's enemies, and endanger your conqueſts. It muſt be entirely ruined—the good of the ſervice will not permit it to be otherwiſe."

"Well, then, (anſwered Louis) if it muſt be ſo, you are to give orders accordingly." So ſaying, he left the cabinet, and went to aſſiſt at a magnificent feſtival given in honour of his favourite miſtreſs by a prince of the blood.

The pitileſs Louvois loſt no time; but diſpatched a courier that very night, with poſitive orders to the

French generals in the Palatinate to carry fire and deſolation through the whole country—not to leave a houſe nor a tree ſtanding—and to expel all the inhabitants.

It was the midſt of a rigorous winter.

Oſ. O horrible! But ſurely the generals would not obey ſuch orders.

F. What! a general diſobey the commands of his ſovereign! that would be contrary to every maxim of the *trade.* Right and wrong are no conſiderations to a military man. He is only to do as he is bid. The French generals, who were upon the ſpot, and muſt ſee with their own eyes all that was done, probably felt ſomewhat like men on the occaſion; but the ſacrifice to their duty as ſoldiers was ſo much the greater. The commands were peremptory, and they were obeyed to a tittle. Towns and villages were burnt to the ground: vineyards and orchards

were

were cut down and rooted up: ſheep and cattle were killed: all the fair works of ages were deſtroyed in a moment; and the ſmiling face of culture was turned to a dreary waſte.

The poor inhabitants were driven from their warm and comfortable habitations into the open fields, to confront all the inclemencies of the ſeaſon. Their furniture was burnt or pillaged, and nothing was left them but the clothes on their backs, and the few neceſſaries they could carry with them. The roads were covered with trembling fugitives, going they knew not whither, ſhivering with cold, and pinched with hunger.—Here an old man, dropping with fatigue, lay down to die—there a woman with a new-born infant ſunk periſhing on the ſnow, while her huſband hung over them in all the horror of deſpair.

Oſ. O, what a ſcene! Poor creatures! what became of them at laſt?

F. Such of them as did not perish on the road, got to the neighbouring towns, where they were received with all the hospitality that such calamitous times would afford; but they were beggared for life. Meantime, their country for many a league round displayed no other sight than that of black smoking ruins in the midst of silence and desolation.

Os. I hope, however, that such things do not often happen in war.

F. Not often, perhaps, to the same extent; but in some degree they must take place in every war. A village which would afford a favourable post to the enemy is always burnt without hesitation. A country which can no longer be maintained, is cleared of all its provision and forage before it is abandoned, lest the enemy should have the advantage of them; and the poor inhabitants are left to subsist as they can. Crops of corn are trampled down by

armies

armies in their march, or devoured while green as fodder for the horſes. Pillage, robbery, and murder, are always going on in the out-ſkirts of the beſt diſciplined camp. Then, conſider what muſt happen in every ſiege. On the firſt approach of the enemy, all the buildings in the ſuburbs of a town are demoliſhed, and all the trees in gardens and public walks are cut down, leſt they ſhould afford ſhelter to the beſiegers. As the ſiege goes on, bombs, hot balls, and cannon-ſhot, are continually flying about, by which the greateſt part of a town is ruined or laid in aſhes, and many of the innocent people killed and maimed. If the reſiſtance is obſtinate, famine and peſtilence are ſure to take place; and if the garriſon holds out to the laſt, and the town is taken by ſtorm, it is generally given up to be pillaged by the enraged and licentious ſoldiery.

It would be eaſy to bring too many examples of cruelty exerciſed upon a conquered country, even in very late times, when war is ſaid to be carried on with ſo much humanity; but, indeed, how can it be otherwiſe? The art of war is eſſentially that of deſtruction, and it is impoſſible there ſhould be a mild and merciful way of murdering and ruining one's fellow-creatures. Soldiers, as men, are often humane, but war muſt ever be cruel. Though Homer has filled his Iliad with the exploits of fighting heroes, yet he makes Jupiter addreſs Mars, the God of War, in terms of the utmoſt abhorrence.

Of all the Gods who tread the ſpangled ſkies,
Thou moſt unjuſt, moſt odious in our eyes!
Inhuman diſcord is thy dire delight,
The waſte of ſlaughter, and the rage of fight;
No bound, no law thy fiery temper quells.

POPE.

Oſ. Surely, as war is ſo bad a thing, there

there might be ſome way of preventing it.

F. Alas! I fear mankind have been too long accuſtomed to it, and it is too agreeable to their bad paſſions, eaſily to be laid aſide, whatever miſeries it may bring upon them. But in the mean time let us correct our own ideas of the matter, and no longer laviſh admiration upon ſuch a peſt of the human race as a *Conqueror*, how brilliant ſoever his qualities may be; nor ever think that a profeſſion which binds a man to be the ſervile inſtrument of cruelty and injuſtice, is an *honourable* calling.

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

THE CRUCIFORM-FLOWERED PLANTS.

Tutor—George—Harry.

George. How rich yon field looks with its yellow flowers. I wonder what they can be.

Tutor. Suppoſe you go and ſee if you can find it out; and bring a ſtalk of the flowers with you.

G. (returning.) I know now—they are turneps.

T. I thought you could make it out when you came near them. Theſe turneps are left to ſeed, which is the reaſon why you ſee them run to flower. Commonly they are pulled up ſooner.

Harry.

Harry. I ſhould not have thought a turnep had ſo ſweet a flower.

G. I think I have ſmelt others like them. Pray, Sir, what claſs of plants do they belong to?

T. To a very numerous one, with which it is worth your while to get acquainted. Let us ſit down and examine them. The petal, you obſerve, conſiſts of four flat leaves ſet oppoſite to each other, or croſs-wiſe. From this circumſtance the flowers have been called *cruciform.* As moſt plants with flowers of this kind bear their ſeeds in pods, they have likewiſe been called the *ſiliquoſe* plants, *ſiliqua* being the Latin for a pod.

G. But the papilionaceous flowers bear pods, too.

T. True; and therefore the name is not a good one. Now pull off the petals one by one. You ſee they are faſtened by long claws within the flower-cup. Now count the chives.

H. There

H. There are ſix.

G. But they are not all of the ſame length—two are much ſhorter than the reſt.

T. Well obſerved. It is from this that Linnæus has formed a particular claſs for the whole tribe, which he calls *tetradynamia*, a word implying *four powers*, or the *power of four*, as if the four longer chives were more perfect and efficacious than the two ſhorter; which, however, we do not know to be the caſe. This ſuperior length of four chives is conſpicuous in moſt plants of this tribe, but not in all. They have, however, other reſemblances which are ſufficient to conſtitute them a natural family; and accordingly all botaniſts have made them ſuch.

The flowers, as I have ſaid, have in all of them four petals placed croſs-wiſe. The calyx alſo conſiſts of four oblong and hollow leaves. There is a ſingle piſtil, ſtanding upon a ſeed-

bud,

bud, which turns either into a long pod, or a ſhort round one called a pouch; and hence are formed the two great branches of the family, the podded, and the pouched. The ſeed-veſſel has two valves or external openings, with a partition between. The ſeeds are ſmall and roundiſh, attached alternately to both ſutures or joinings of the valves.

Do you obſerve all theſe circumſtances?

G. and H. We do.

T. You ſhall examine them more minutely in a larger plant of the kind. Further, almoſt all of theſe plants have ſomewhat of a biting taſte, and alſo a diſagreeable ſmell in their leaves, eſpecially when decayed. A turnep field, you know, ſmells but indifferently; and cabbage, which is one of this claſs, is apt to be remarkably offenſive.

H. Yes—

H. Yes—there is nothing worſe than rotten cabbage leaves.

G. And the very water in which they are boiled is enough to ſcent a whole houſe.

T. The flowers, however, of almoſt all the family are fragrant, and ſome remarkably ſo. What do you think of wall-flowers and ſtocks?

H. What, are they of this kind?

T. Yes—and ſo is candy-tuft, and rocket.

H. Then they are not to be deſpiſed.

T. No—and eſpecially as not one of the whole claſs, I believe, is poiſonous; but, on the contrary, many of them afford good food for man and beaſt. Shall I tell you about the principal of them?

G. Pray do, Sir.

T. The pungency of taſte which ſo many of them poſſeſs, has cauſed them

to

to be uſed for ſallad herbs. Thus, we have creſs, water-creſs, and muſtard; to which might be added many more which grow wild, as ladyſmock, wild rocket, hedge-muſtard, and jack-by-the-hedge, or ſauce-alone. Muſtard, you know, is alſo greatly uſed for its ſeeds, the powder or flour of which, made into a ſort of paſte with ſalt and water, is eaten with many kinds of meat. Rape-ſeeds are very ſimilar to them, and from both an oil is preſſed out, of the mild or taſteleſs kind, as it is likewiſe from cole-ſeed, another product of this claſs. Scurvy-graſs, which is a pungent plant of this family, growing by the ſea-ſide, has obtained its name from being a remedy for the ſcurvy. Then there is horſe-radiſh, with the root of which I am ſure you are well acquainted, as a companion to roaſt-beef. Common radiſh, too, is a plant of this kind, which has a good deal of pungency.

gency. One ſort of it has a root like a turnep, which brings it near in quality to the turnep itſelf. This laſt plant, though affording a ſweet and mild nutriment, has naturally a degree of pungency and rankneſs.

G. That, I ſuppoſe, is the reaſon why turnepy milk and butter have ſuch a ſtrong taſte.

T. It is.

H. Then why do they feed cows with it?

T. In this caſe, as in many others, quality is ſacrificed to quantity. But the better uſe of turneps to the farmer is to fatten ſheep and cattle. By its aſſiſtance he is enabled to keep many more of theſe animals than he otherwiſe could find graſs or hay for; and the culture of turneps prepares his land for grain as well, or better, than could be done by letting it lie quite fallow. The turnep-huſbandry, as it is called,

is one of the capital modern improvements of agriculture.

G. I think I have heard that Norfolk is famous for it.

T. It is ſo. That county abounds in light ſandy lands, which are peculiarly ſuitable to turneps. But they are now grown in many parts of the kingdom beſides. Well — but we muſt ſay ſomewhat more about cabbage, an article of food of very long ſtanding. The original ſpecies of this is a ſea-ſide plant; but cultivation has produced a great number of varieties well-known in our gardens, as white and red cabbage, kale, colewort, brocoli, borecole, and cauliflower.

H. But the flower of cauliflower does not ſeem at all like that of cabbage or turnep.

T. The white head, called its flower, is not properly ſo, but conſiſts of a cluſter of imperfect buds. If they are left to grow for ſeed, they throw

out

out ſome ſpikes of yellow flowers like common cabbage. Brocoli heads are of the ſame kind. As to the head of white or red cabbage, it conſiſts of a vaſt number of leaves cloſing round each other, by which the innermoſt are prevented from expanding, and remain white on account of the excluſion of the light and air. This part, you know, is moſt valued for food. In ſome countries they cut cabbage heads into quarters, and make them undergo a kind of acid fermentation; after which they are ſalted and preſerved for winter food under the name of ſour krout.

G. Cattle, too, are ſometimes fed with cabbage, I believe.

T. Yes, and large fields of them are cultivated for that purpoſe. They ſucceed beſt in ſtiff clayey ſoils, where they ſometimes grow to an enormous bigneſs. They are given to milch kine, as well as to fattening cattle.

G. Do

G. Do not they give a bad taſte to the milk?

T. They are apt to do ſo unleſs great care is taken to pick off all the decayed leaves.

Coleworts, which are a ſmaller ſort of cabbage, are ſometimes grown for feeding ſheep and cattle. I think I have now mentioned moſt of the uſeful plants of this family, which, you ſee, are numerous and important. They both yield beef and mutton, and the ſauce to them. But many of the ſpecies are troubleſome weeds. You ſee how yonder corn is overrun with yellow flowers.

G. Yes. They are as thick as if they had been ſown.

T. They are of this family, and called charlock, or wild muſtard, or corn kale, which, indeed, are not all exactly the ſame things, though nearly reſembling. Theſe produce ſuch plenty of ſeeds, that it is very difficult

cult to clear a field of them if once they are ſuffered to grow till the ſeeds ripen. An extremely common weed in gardens and by road-ſides is ſhepherd's-purſe, which is a very good ſpecimen of the pouch bearing plants of this tribe, its ſeed-veſſels being exactly the figure of a heart. Ladyſmock is often ſo abundant a weed in wet meadows as to make them all over white with its flowers. Some call this plant cuckow-flower, becauſe its flowering is about the ſame time with the firſt appearance of that bird in the ſpring.

G. I remember ſome pretty lines in a ſong about ſpring, in which ladyſmock is mentioned.

When daiſies pied, and violets blue,
And ladyſmocks all ſilver white;
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.

T. They are Shakeſpeare's. You ſee he gives the name of cuckow-bud

to

to ſome other flower, a yellow one, which appears at the ſame ſeaſon. But ſtill earlier than this time, walls and hedge-banks are enlivened by a very ſmall white flower, called whitlow-graſs, which is one of this tribe.

H. Is it eaſy to diſtinguiſh the plants of this family from one another?

T. Not very eaſy, for the general ſimilarity of the flowers is ſo great, that little diſtinction can be drawn from them. The marks of the ſpecies are chiefly taken from the form and manner of growth of the ſeed veſſel, and we will examine ſome of them by the deſcriptions in a book of botany. There is one very remarkable ſeed-veſſel which probably you have obſerved in the garden. It is a perfectly round large flat pouch, which after it has ſhed its ſeed, remains on the ſtalk, and looks like a thin white bladder. The plant bearing it is commonly called honeſty.

H. O, I know it very well. It is put in winter flower-pots.

T. True. So much, then, for the tetradynamious or cruciform-flowered plants. You cannot well miſtake them for any other claſs, if you remark the ſix chives, four of them, generally, but not always, longer than the two others; the ſingle piſtil changing either into a long pod or a round pouch containing the ſeeds; the four oppoſite petals of the flower, and four leaves of the calyx. You may ſafely make a ſallad of the young leaves wherever you find them; the worſt they can do to you is to bite your tongue.

GENEROUS REVENGE.

At the period when the Republic of Genoa was divided between the factions of the nobles and the people, *Uberto,*

Uberto, a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and ſuperior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raiſed himſelf to be the head of the popular party, maintained for a conſiderable time a democratical form of government.

The nobles at length, uniting all their efforts, ſucceeded in ſubverting this ſtate of things, and regained their former ſupremacy. They uſed their victory with conſiderable rigour; and in particular, having impriſoned *Uberto*, proceeded againſt him as a traitor, and thought they diſplayed ſufficient lenity in paſſing a ſentence upon him of perpetual baniſhment, and the confiſcation of all his property. *Adorno*, who was then poſſeſſed of the firſt magiſtracy, a man haughty in temper, and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwiſe not void of generous ſentiments, in pronouncing this ſentence on *Uberto*, aggravated its ſeverity by the inſolent

terms in which he conveyed it. "You (ſaid he)—you, the ſon of a baſe mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa—You, by their clemency, are only doomed to ſhrink again into the nothing whence you ſprung."

Uberto received his condemnation with reſpectful ſubmiſſion to the court; yet ſtung by the manner in which it was expreſſed, he could not forbear ſaying to *Adorno* "that perhaps he might hereafter find cauſe to repent the language he had uſed to a man capable of ſentiments as elevated as his own." He then made his obeiſance and retired; and, after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a veſſel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

He collected ſome debts due to him in the Neapolitan dominions, and with the wreck of his fortune went to ſettle on one of the iſlands in the Archipelago

lago belonging to the ſtate of Venice. Here his induſtry and capacity in mercantile purſuits raiſed him in a courſe of years to greater wealth than he had poſſeſſed in his moſt proſperous days at Genoa; and his reputation for honour and generoſity equalled his fortune.

Among other places which he frequently viſited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendſhip with the Venetians, though hoſtile to moſt of the other Italian ſtates, and eſpecially to Genoa. As *Uberto* was on a viſit to one of the firſt men of that place at his country houſe, he ſaw a young chriſtian ſlave at work in irons, whoſe appearance excited his attention. The youth ſeemed oppreſſed with labour to which his delicate frame had not been accuſtomed, and while he leaned at intervals upon the inſtrument with which he was working, a ſigh burſt from his full heart, and a

tear ſtole down his cheek. *Uberto* eyed him with tender compaſſion, and addreſſed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the ſounds of his native tongue, and replying to his enquiries, informed him he was a Genoeſe. "And what is your name, young man? (ſaid *Uberto*) You need not be afraid of confeſſing to *me* your birth and condition." "Alas! (he anſwered) I fear my captors already ſuſpect enough to demand a large ranſom. My father is indeed one of the firſt men in Genoa. His name is *Adorno*, and I am his only ſon." "*Adorno!*" *Uberto* checked himſelf from uttering more aloud, but to himſelf he cried, "Thank heaven! then I ſhall be nobly revenged."

He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to enquire after the corſair captain who claimed a right in young *Adorno*, and having found him, demanded the price of his ranſom.

He

He learned that he was conſidered as a capture of value, and that leſs than two thouſand crowns would not be accepted. *Uberto* paid the ſum; and cauſing his ſervant to follow him with a horſe and a complete ſuit of handſome apparel, he returned to the youth who was working as before, and told him he was free. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and helped him to change his dreſs, and mount on horſeback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almoſt deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was ſoon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by ſharing the lodging and table of *Uberto*.

After a ſtay of ſome days at Tunis to diſpatch the remainder of his buſineſs, *Uberto* departed homewards, accompanied by young *Adorno*, who by his pleaſing manners had highly in-

gratiated himſelf with him. *Uberto* kept him ſome time at his houſe, treating him with all the reſpect and affection he could have ſhown for the ſon of his deareſt friend. At length, having a ſafe opportunity of ſending him to Genoa, he gave him a faithful ſervant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, ſlipped a purſe of gold into one hand, and a letter into another, and thus addreſſed him.

" My dear youth, I could with much pleaſure detain you longer in my humble manſion, but I feel your impatience to reviſit your friends, and I am ſenſible that it would be cruelty to deprive them longer than neceſſary of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Deign to accept this proviſion for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. *He* probably may recollect ſomewhat of me, though you are too young to do ſo. Farewell! I ſhall not ſoon forget you, and I

will hope you will not forget me." *Adorno* poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

The young man had a prosperous voyage home; and the transport with which he was again beheld by his almost heart-broken parents may more easily be conceived than described. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis (for it was supposed that the ship in which he sailed had foundered at sea), "And to whom," (said old *Adorno)* "am I indebted for the inestimable benefit of restoring you to my arms?" "This letter," (said his son) "will inform you." He opened it, and read as follows.

"That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction accomplished. For know,

proud noble! that the deliverer of your only ſon from ſlavery is

The baniſhed Uberto."

Adorno dropt the letter, and covered his face with his hand, while his ſon was diſplaying in the warmeſt language of gratitude the virtues of *Uberto*, and the truly paternal kindneſs he had experienced from him. As the debt could not be cancelled, *Adorno* reſolved if poſſible to repay it. He made ſuch powerful interceſſion with the other nobles, that the ſentence pronounced on *Uberto* was reverſed, and full permiſſion given him to return to Genoa. In apprizing him of this event, *Adorno* expreſſed his ſenſe of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleneſs of his character, and requeſted his friendſhip. *Uberto* returned to his country, and cloſed his days in peace, with the univerſal eſteem of his fellow-citizens.

TRUE

TRUE HEROISM.

You have read, my Edmund, the ſtories of Achilles, and Alexander, and Charles of Sweden, and have, I doubt not, admired that high courage which ſeemed to ſet them above all ſenſations of fear, and rendered them capable of the moſt extraordinary actions. The world calls theſe men *heroes*; but before we give them that noble appellation, let us conſider what were the motives which animated them to act and ſuffer as they did.

The firſt was a ferocious ſavage, governed by the paſſions of anger and revenge, in gratifying which he diſregarded all impulſes of duty and humanity. The ſecond was intoxicated with the love of glory—ſwollen with abſurd pride—and enſlaved by diſſolute pleaſures; and in purſuit of theſe

objects he reckoned the blood of millions as of no account. The third was unfeeling, obstinate, and tyrannical, and preferred ruining his country, and sacrificing all his faithful followers, to the humiliation of giving up any of his mad projects. *Self*, you see, was the spring of all their conduct; and a *selfish man* can never be a hero. I will give you two examples of genuine heroism, one shown in acting, the other in suffering; and these shall be *true stories*, which is perhaps more than can be said of half that is recorded of Achilles and Alexander.

You have probably heard something of Mr. Howard, the reformer of prisons, to whom a monument is just erected in St. Paul's church. His whole life almost was heroism; for he confronted all sorts of dangers with the sole view of relieving the miseries of his fellow-creatures. When he began to examine the state of prisons, scarcely

any

any in this country was free from a very fatal and infectious diſtemper called the gaol-fever. Wherever he heard of it, he made a point of ſeeing the poor ſufferers, and often went down into their dungeons when the keepers themſelves would not accompany him. He travelled ſeveral times over almoſt the whole of Europe, and even into Aſia, in order to gain knowledge of the ſtate of priſons and hoſpitals, and point out means for leſſening the calamities that prevail in them. He even went into countries where the plague was, that he might learn the beſt methods of treating that terrible contagious diſeaſe; and he voluntarily expoſed himſelf to perform a ſtrict quarantine, as one ſuſpected of having the infection of the plague, only that he might be thoroughly acquainted with the methods uſed for prevention. He at length died of a fever caught in attending on the ſick, on the bor-

ders

ders of Crim Tartary, honoured and admired by all Europe, after having greatly contributed to enlighten his own and many other countries with reſpect to ſome of the moſt important objects of humanity. Such was *Howard the Good*; as great a hero in preſerving mankind, as ſome of the falſe heroes above-mentioned were in deſtroying them.

My ſecond hero is a much humbler, but not leſs genuine one.

There was a journeyman bricklayer in this town—an able workman, but a very drunken idle fellow, who ſpent at the alehouſe almoſt all he earned, and left his wife and children to ſhift for themſelves as they could. This is, unfortunately, a common caſe; and of all the tyranny and cruelty exerciſed in the world, I believe that of bad huſbands and fathers is by much the moſt frequent and the worſt.

The family might have ſtarved, but

for

for his eldeſt ſon, whom from a child the father brought up to help him in his work; and who was ſo induſtrious and attentive, that being now at the age of thirteen or fourteen, he was able to earn pretty good wages, every farthing of which, that he could keep out of his father's hands, he brought to his mother. And when his brute of a father came home drunk, curſing and ſwearing, and in ſuch an ill humour that his mother and the reſt of the children durſt not come near him for fear of a beating, this good lad, (*Tom* was his name) kept near him, to pacify him, and get him quietly to bed. His mother, therefore, juſty looked upon *Tom* as the ſupport of the family, and loved him dearly.

It chanced that one day, *Tom*, in climbing up a high ladder with a load of mortar on his head, miſſed his hold, and fell down to the bottom on a heap of bricks and rubbiſh. The byſtanders

ran

ran up to him and found him all bloody, and with his thigh broken and bent quite under him. They raiſed him up, and ſprinkled water in his face to recover him from a ſwoon in which he had fallen. As ſoon as he could ſpeak, looking round, with a lamentable tone, he cried, "O, what will become of my poor mother?"

He was carried home. I was preſent while the ſurgeon ſet his thigh. His mother was hanging over him half diſtracted. "Don't cry, mother! (ſaid he) I ſhall get well again in time." Not a word more, or a groan, eſcaped him while the operation laſted.

Tom was a ragged boy that could not read or write—yet *Tom* has always ſtood on my liſt of heroes.

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

THE COLONISTS.

COME, ſaid Mr. *Barlow* to his boys, I have a new play for you. I will be the founder of a colony; and you ſhall be people of different trades and profeſſions coming to offer yourſelves to go with me. What are you, *A*?

A. I am a farmer, Sir.

Mr. B. Very well! Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon, ſo we cannot have too much of it. But you muſt be a working farmer, not a gentleman farmer. Labourers will be ſcarce among us, and every man muſt put his own hand to the plough. There will be woods to clear, and marſhes to drain, and a great deal of ſtubborn work to do.

A. I

A. I ſhall be ready to do my part, Sir.

Mr. B. Well then, I ſhall entertain you willingly, and as many more of your profeſſion as you can bring. You ſhall have land enough, and utenſils; and you may fall to work as ſoon as you pleaſe. Now for the next.

B. I am a miller, Sir.

Mr. B. A very uſeful trade! The corn we grow muſt be ground, or it will do us little good. But what will you do for a mill, my friend?

B. I ſuppoſe we muſt make one, Sir.

Mr. B. True; but then you muſt bring with you a mill-wright for the purpoſe. As for mill-ſtones, we will take them out with us. Who is next?

C. I am a carpenter, Sir.

Mr. B. The moſt neceſſary man that could offer! We ſhall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houſes to build, fences to make,

and

and all kinds of wooden furniture to provide. But our timber is all growing. You will have a deal of hard work to do in felling trees, and ſawing planks, and ſhaping poſts, and the like. You muſt be a field carpenter as well as a houſe carpenter.

C. I will, Sir.

Mr. B. Very well; then I engage you, but you had better bring two or three able hands along with you.

D. I am a blackſmith, Sir.

Mr. B. An excellent companion for the carpenter! We cannot do without either of you; ſo you may bring your great bellows and anvil, and we will ſet up a forge for you as ſoon as we arrive. But, by the bye, we ſhall want a maſon for that purpoſe.

E. I am one, Sir.

Mr. B. That's well. Though we may live in log houſes at firſt, we ſhall want brick or ſtone work for chimneys, and hearths, and ovens, ſo there will

be employment for a maſon. But if you can make bricks and burn lime too, you will be ſtill more uſeful.

E. I will try what I can do, Sir.

Mr. B. No man can do more. I engage you. Who is next.

F. I am a ſhoemaker, Sir.

Mr. B. And ſhoes we cannot well do without. But can you make them, like Eumæus in the Odyſſey, out of a raw hide! for I fear we ſhall get no leather.

F. But I can dreſs hides, too.

Mr. B. Can you? Then you are a clever fellow; and I will have you, though I give you double wages.

G. I am a taylor, Sir.

Mr. B. Well—Though it will be ſome time before we want holiday ſuits, yet we muſt not go naked; ſo there will be work for the taylor. But you are not above mending and botching, I hope, for we muſt not mind patched clothes while we work in the woods.

G. I

G. I am not, Sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you, too.

H. I am a weaver, Sir.

Mr. B. Weaving is a very uſeful art, but I queſtion if we can find room for it in our colony for the preſent We ſhall not grow either hemp or flax for ſome time to come, and it will be cheaper for us to import our cloth than to make it. In a few years, however, we may be very glad of you.

J. I am a ſilverſmith and jeweller, Sir.

Mr. B. Then, my friend, you cannot go to a worſe place than a new colony to ſet up your trade in. You will break us, or we ſhall ſtarve you.

J. But I underſtand clock and watch-making, too.

Mr. B. That is ſomewhat more to our purpoſe, for we ſhall want to know how time goes. But I doubt we cannot give you ſufficient encouragement

for

for a long while to come. For the preſent you had better ſtay where you are.

K. I am a barber and hair-dreſſer, Sir.

Mr. B. Alas, what can we do with you? If you will ſhave our men's rough beards once a week, and crop their hair once a quarter, and be content to help the carpenter or follow the plough the reſt of your time, we ſhall reward you accordingly. But you will have no ladies and gentlemen to dreſs for a ball, or wigs to curl and powder for Sundays, I aſſure you. Your trade will not ſtand by itſelf with us, for a great while to come.

L. I am a doctor, Sir.

Mr. B. Then, Sir, you are very welcome. Health is the firſt of bleſſings, and if you can give us that, you will be a valuable man indeed. But I hope you underſtand ſurgery

as

as well as phyſic, for we are likely enough to get cuts, and bruiſes, and broken bones, occaſionally.

L. I have had experience in that branch too, Sir.

Mr. B. And if you underſtand the nature of plants, and their uſes both in medicine and diet, it will be a great addition to your uſefulneſs.

L. Botany has been a favourite ſtudy with me, Sir; and I have ſome knowledge of chymiſtry, and the other parts of natural hiſtory, too.

Mr. B. Then you will be a treaſure to us, Sir, and I ſhall be happy to make it worth your while to go with us.

M. I, Sir, am a lawyer.

Mr. B. Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant. When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know.

N. I am a ſchoolmaſter, Sir.

Mr. B. That is a profeſſion which I am ſure I do not mean to undervalue;

and as ſoon as ever we have young folks in our colony, we ſhall be glad of your ſervices. Though we are to be hard-working plain people, we do not intend to be ignorant, and we ſhall make it a point to have every one taught reading and writing, at leaſt. In the mean time, till we have employment enough for you in teaching, you may keep the accounts and records of the colony; and on Sundays you may read prayers to all that chooſe to attend upon you.

N. With all my heart, Sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you. Who comes here with ſo bold an air?

O. I am a ſoldier, Sir; will you have me?

Mr. B. We are peaceable people, and I hope ſhall have no occaſion to fight. We mean honeſtly to purchaſe our land from the natives, and to be juſt and fair in all our dealings with them. William Penn, the founder of Pennſylvania,

Pennſylvania, followed that plan; and when the Indians were at war with all the other European ſettlers, a perſon in a quaker's habit might paſs through all their moſt ferocious tribes without the leaſt injury. It is my intention, however, to make all my coloniſts ſoldiers, ſo far as to be able to defend themſelves if attacked, and that being the caſe, we ſhall have no need of *ſoldiers by trade*.

P. I am a gentleman, Sir; and I have a great deſire to accompany you, becauſe I hear game is very plentiful in that country.

Mr. B. A gentleman! And what good will you do us, Sir?

P. O, Sir, that is not at all my intention. I only mean to amuſe myſelf.

Mr. B. But do you mean, Sir, that we ſhould pay for your amuſement?

P. As to maintenance, I expect to be able to kill game enough for my

own eating, with a little bread and garden ſtuff, which you will give me. Then I will be content with a houſe ſomewhat better than the common ones; and your barber ſhall be my valet, ſo I ſhall give very little trouble.

Mr. B. And pray, Sir, what inducement can we have for doing all this for you?

P. Why, Sir, you will have the credit of having *one gentleman* at leaſt in your colony.

Mr. B. Ha, ha, ha! A facetious gentleman truly! Well, Sir, when we are ambitious of ſuch a diſtinction, we will ſend for you.

THE TRAVELLED ANT.

THERE was a garden enclofed with high brick walls, and laid out fomewhat in the old fafhion. Under the walls were wide beds planted with flowers, garden-ftuff, and fruit-trees. Next to them was a broad gravel walk running round the garden; and the middle was laid out in grafs-plots, and beds of flowers and fhrubs, with a fifh-pond in the centre.

Near the root of one of the wall fruit-trees, a numerous colony of ants was eftablifhed, which had extended its fubterraneous works over great part of the bed in its neighbourhood. One day, two of the inhabitants meeting in a gallery under ground, fell into the following converfation.

Ha! my friend, (faid the firft) is it

you? I am glad to ſee you. Where have you been this long time? All your acquaintance have been in pain about you, leſt ſome accident ſhould have befallen you.

Why, (replied the other) I am indeed a ſort of ſtranger, for you muſt know I am but juſt returned from a long journey.

A journey! whither, pray, and on what account?

A tour of mere curioſity. I had long felt diſſatisfied with knowing ſo little about this world of ours; ſo, at length, I took a reſolution to explore it. And, I may now boaſt that I have gone round its utmoſt extremities, and that no conſiderable part of it has eſcaped my reſearches.

Wonderful! What a traveller you have been, and what ſights you muſt have ſeen!

Why, yes—I have ſeen more than

moſt

moſt ants, to be ſure; but it has been at the expence of ſo much toil and danger, that I know not whether it was worth the pains.

Would you oblige me with ſome account of your adventures?

Willingly. I ſet out, then, early one ſunſhiny morning; and, after croſſing our territory and the line of plantation by which it is bordered, I came upon a wide open plain, where, as far as the eye could reach, not a ſingle green thing was to be deſcried, but the hard ſoil was every where covered with huge ſtones, which made travelling equally painful to the eye and the feet. As I was toiling onwards, I heard a rumbling noiſe behind me, which became louder and louder. I looked back, and with the utmoſt horror beheld a prodigious rolling mountain approaching me ſo faſt, that it was impoſſible to get out of the way. I threw myſelf flat on the ground be-

hind a ſtone, and lay expecting nothing but preſent death. The mountain ſoon paſſed over me, and I continued, I know not how long, in a ſtate of inſenſibility. When I recovered, I began to ſtretch my limbs one by one, and to my ſurpriſe found myſelf not in the leaſt injured; but the ſtone beſide me was almoſt buried in the earth by the craſh!

What an eſcape!

A wonderful one, indeed. I journeyed on over the deſart, and at length came to the end of it, and entered upon a wide green tract, conſiſting chiefly of tall, narrow, pointed leaves, which grew ſo thick and entangled, that it was with the greateſt difficulty I could make my way between them; and I ſhould continually have loſt my road, had I not taken care to keep the ſun in view before me. When I had got near the middle of this region, I was ſtartled with the ſight of a huge four-

legged

legged monſter, with a yellow ſpeckled ſkin, which took a flying leap directly over me. Somewhat further, before I was aware, I ran upon one of thoſe long, round, crawling creatures, without head, tail, or legs, which we ſometimes meet with under ground near our ſettlement. As ſoon as he felt me upon him, he drew back into his hole ſo ſwiftly, that he was near drawing me in along with him. However, I jumped off, and proceeded on my way.

With much labour I got at laſt to the end of this perplexed tract, and came to an open ſpace like that in which we live, in the midſt of which grew trees ſo tall that I could not ſee to their tops. Being hungry, I climbed up the firſt I came to, in expectation of finding ſome fruit; but after a weary ſearch I returned empty. I tried ſeveral others with no better ſucceſs. There were, indeed, leaves and flowers in plenty, but nothing of which

I could make a meal; ſo that I might have been famiſhed, had I not found ſome four harſh berries upon the ground, on which I made a poor repaſt. While I was doing this, a greater danger than any of the former befel me. One of thoſe two-legged feathered creatures which we often ſee to our coſt, jumped down from a bough, and picked up in his enormous beak the very berry on which I was ſtanding. Luckily he did not ſwallow it immediately, but flew up again with it to the tree; and in the mean time I diſengaged myſelf, and fell from a vaſt height to the ground, but received no hurt.

I croſſed this plantation, and came to another entangled green, like the firſt. After I had laboured through it, I came on a ſudden to the ſide of a vaſt glittering plain, the nature of which I could not poſſibly gueſs at. I walked along a fallen leaf which lay on the ſide, and coming to the farther

edge

edge of it, I was greatly ſurprized to ſee another ant coming from below to meet me. I advanced to give him a fraternal embrace, but inſtead of what I expected, I met a cold yielding matter, in which I ſhould have ſunk, had I not ſpeedily turned about, and caught hold of the leaf, by which I drew myſelf up again. And now I found this great plain to conſiſt of that fluid which ſometimes falls from the ſky, and cauſes us ſo much trouble by filling our holes.

As I ſtood conſidering how to proceed on my journey, a gentle breeze aroſe, which, before I was aware, carried the leaf I was upon away from the ſolid land into this yielding fluid, which, however, bore it up, and me along with it. At firſt, I was greatly alarmed, and ran round and round my leaf in order to find ſome way of getting back; but perceiving this to be impracticable, I reſigned myſelf to

my fate, and even began to take ſome pleaſure in the eaſy motion by which I was borne forwards. But what new and wonderful forms of living creatures did I ſee inhabiting this liquid land! Bodies of prodigious bulk, covered with ſhining ſcales of various colours, ſhot by me with vaſt rapidity, and ſported a thouſand ways. They had large heads, and ſtaring eyes, tremendous wide mouths, but no legs; and they ſeemed to be carried on by the action of ſomewhat like ſmall wings planted on various parts of their body, and eſpecially at the end of the tail, which continually waved about. Other ſmaller creatures, of a great variety of extraordinary forms, were moving through the clear fluid, or reſting upon its ſurface; and I ſaw with terror numbers of them continually ſeized and ſwallowed by the larger ones before mentioned.

When I had got near the middle, the

the ſmooth ſurface of this plain was all roughened and moved up and down, ſo as to toſs about my leaf, and nearly overſet it. I trembled to think what would become of me ſhould I be thrown amidſt all theſe terrible monſters. At laſt, however, I got ſafe to the other ſide, and with joy ſet my feet on dry land again. I aſcended a gentle green ſlope, which led to a tall plantation like that I had before paſſed through. Another green plain, and another ſtony deſart, ſucceeded; which brought me at length to the oppoſite boundary of our world, encloſed by the ſame immenſe mound riſing to the heavens, which limits us on this ſide.

Here I fell in with another nation of our ſpecies, differing little in way of life from ourſelves. They invited me to their ſettlement, and entertained me hoſpitably, and I accompanied them in ſeveral excurſions in the neighbourhood. There was a charming fruit-

tree

tree at no great diſtance, to which we made frequent viſits. One day, as I was regaling deliciouſly in the heart of a green-gage plum, I felt myſelf all on a ſudden carried along with great ſwiftneſs, till I got into a dark place, where a horrid craſh threw me upon a ſoft moiſt piece of fleſh, whence I was ſoon driven forth in a torrent of wind and moiſture, and found myſelf on the ground all covered with ſlime. I diſengaged myſelf with difficulty, and looking up, deſcried one of thoſe enormous two-legged animals, which often ſhake the ground over our heads, and put us into terror.

My new friends now began to hint to me that it was time to depart, for you know we are not fond of naturalizing ſtrangers. And lucky, indeed, it was for me that I received the hint when I did; for I had but juſt left the place, and was travelling over a neighbouring eminence, when I heard be-

hind

hind me a tremendous noiſe; and looking back, I ſaw the whole of their ſettlement blown into the air with a prodigious exploſion of fire and ſmoke. Numbers of half-burnt bodies, together with the ruins of their habitations, were thrown to a vaſt diſtance around; and ſuch a ſuffocating vapour aroſe, that I lay for ſome time deprived of ſenſe and motion. From ſome of the wretched fugitives I learned that the diſaſter was attributed to ſubterranean fire burſting its way to the ſurface; the cauſe of which, however, was ſuppoſed to be connected with the machinations of that malignant two-legged monſter from whoſe jaws I had ſo narrowly eſcaped, who had been obſerved juſt before the exploſion to pour through the holes leading to the great apartment of the ſettlement, a number of black ſhining grains.

On my return from this remote country, I kept along the boundary wall,

wall, which I knew by obſervation muſt at length bring me back to my own home. I met with ſeveral wandering tribes of our ſpecies in my road, and frequently joined their foraging parties in ſearch of food. One day, a company of us, allured by the ſmell of ſomewhat ſweet, climbed up ſome lofty pillars, on which was placed a vaſt round edifice, having only one entrance. At this were continually coming in and going out thoſe winged animals, ſomewhat like ourſelves in form, but many times bigger, and armed with a dreadful ſting, which we ſo often meet with ſipping the juices of flowers; but whether they were the architects of this great manſion, or it was built for them by ſome beneficent being of greater powers, I am unable to decide. It ſeemed, however, to be the place where they depoſited what they ſo induſtriouſly collect; for they were perpetually arriving loaded with a fra-

grant

grant ſubſtance, which they carried in, and they returned empty. We had a great deſire to enter with them, but were deterred by their formidable appearance, and a kind of angry hum which continually proceeded from the houſe. At length, two or three of the boldeſt of our party, watching a time when the entrance was pretty free, ventured to go in; but we ſoon ſaw them driven out in great haſte, and trampled down and maſſacred juſt in the gate-way. The reſt of us made a ſpeedy retreat.

Two more adventures which happened to me, had very nearly prevented my return to my own country. Having one evening, together with a companion, taken up my quarters in an empty ſnail-ſhell, there came on ſuch a ſhower of rain in the night, that the ſhell was preſently filled. I awaked juſt ſuffocated; but luckily, having my head turned towards the mouth of

the

the ſhell, I roſe to the top, and made a ſhift to crawl to a dry place. My companion, who had got further into the ſhell, never roſe again.

Not long after, as I was travelling under the wall, I deſcried a curious pit, with a circular orifice, gradually growing narrower to the bottom. On coming cloſe to the brink in order to ſurvey it, the edge, which was of fine ſand, gave way, and I ſlid down the pit. As ſoon as I had reached the bottom, a creature with a huge pair of horns and dreadful claws made his appearance from beneath the ſand, and attempted to ſeize me. I flew back, and ran up the ſide of the pit; when he threw over me ſuch a ſhower of ſand, as blinded me, and had like to have brought me down again. However, by exerting all my ſtrength, I got out of his reach, and did not ceaſe running till I was at a conſiderable diſtance. I was afterwards informed that this

this was the den of an ant-lion, a terrible foe of our ſpecies, which not equalling us in ſpeed, is obliged to make uſe of this crafty device to entrap his heedleſs prey.

This was the laſt of my perils. To my great joy I reached my native place laſt night, where I mean to ſtay content for the future. I do not know how far I have benefited from my travels, but one important concluſion I have drawn from them.

What is that? (ſaid his friend.)

Why, you know it is the current opinion with us, that every thing in this world was made for our uſe. Now, I have ſeen ſuch vaſt tracts not at all fit for our reſidence, and peopled with creatures ſo much larger and ſtronger than ourſelves, that I cannot help being convinced that the Creator had in view their accommodation as well as ours, in making this world.

I confeſs this ſeems probable enough; but

but you had better keep your opinion to yourſelf.

Why ſo?

You know we ants are a vain race, and make high pretenſions to wiſdom as well as antiquity. We ſhall be affronted with any attempts to leſſen our importance in our own eyes.

But there is no wiſdom in being deceived.

Well — do as you think proper. Meantime, farewell, and thanks for the entertainment you have given me.

Farewell!

SHOW AND USE;
OR,
THE TWO PRESENTS.

One morning, Lord Richmore, coming down to breakfaſt, was welcomed with the tidings that his favourite

fourite mare, Miſs Slim, had brought a foal, and alſo, that a ſhe-aſs kept for his lady's uſe as a milker, had dropt a young one. His lordſhip ſmiled at the inequality of the preſents nature had made him. "As for the foal (ſaid he to the groom) that, you know, has been long promiſed to my neighbour Mr. Scamper. For young Balaam, you may diſpoſe of him as you pleaſe." The groom thanked his lordſhip, and ſaid he would then give him to Iſaac the woodman.

In due time, Miſs Slim's foal, which was the ſon of a noted racer, was taken to Squire Scamper's, who received him with great delight, and out of compliment to the donor named him *Young Peer*. He was brought up with at leaſt as much care and tenderneſs as the Squire's own children—kept in a warm ſtable, fed with the beſt of corn and hay, duly dreſſed, and regularly exerciſed. As he grew up, he gave tokens

tokens of great beauty. His colour was bright bay, with a white ſtar on his forehead; his coat was fine, and ſhone like ſilk; and every point about him ſeemed to promiſe perfection of ſhape and make. Every body admired him as the completeſt colt that could be ſeen.

So fine a creature could not be deſtined to any uſeful employment. After he had paſſed his third year, he was ſent to Newmarket to be trained for the turf, and a groom was appointed to the care of him alone. His maſter, who could not well afford the expence, ſaved part of it by turning off a domeſtic tutor whom he kept for the education of his ſons, and was content with ſending them to the curate of the pariſh.

At four years old, Young Peer ſtarted for a ſubſcription purſe, and came in ſecond out of a number of competitors. Soon after, he won a country plate, and filled his maſter

with joy and triumph. The Squire now turned all his attention to the turf, made matches, betted high, and was at firſt tolerably ſucceſsful. At length, having ventured all the money he could raiſe upon one grand match, Young Peer ran on the wrong ſide of the poſt, was diſtanced, and the ſquire ruined.

Meantime young Balaam went into Iſaac's poſſeſſion, where he had a very different training. He was left to pick up his living as he could in the lanes and commons; and on the coldeſt days in winter he had no other ſhelter than the lee ſide of the cottage, out of which he was often glad to pluck the thatch for a ſubſiſtence. As ſoon as ever he was able to bear a rider, Iſaac's children got upon him, ſometimes two or three at once; and if he did not go to their mind, a broomſtick or bunch of furze was freely applied to his hide. Nevertheleſs

verthelefs he grew up, as the children themfelves did, ftrong and healthy; and though he was rather bare on the ribs, his fhape was good and his limbs vigorous.

It was not long before his mafter thought of putting him to fome ufe; fo, taking him to the wood, he faftened a load of faggots on his back, and fent him with his fon Tom to the next town. Tom fold the faggots, and mounting upon Balaam, rode him home. As Ifaac could get plenty of faggots and chips, he found it a profitable trade to fend them for daily fale upon Balaam's back. Having a little garden, which from the barrennefs of the foil yielded him nothing of value, he bethought him of loading Balaam back from town with dung for manure. Though all he could bring at once was contained in two fmall panniers, yet this in time amounted to enough to mend the foil of his

whole garden, ſo that he grew very good cabbages and potatoes, to the great relief of his family. Iſaac, being now ſenſible of the value of his aſs, began to treat him with more attention. He got a ſmall ſtack of ruſhy hay for his winter fodder, and with his own hands built him a little ſhed of boughs and mud in order to ſhelter him from the bad weather. He would not ſuffer any of his family to uſe Balaam ill, and after his daily journies he was allowed to ramble at pleaſure. He was now and then cleaned and dreſſed, and, upon the whole, made a reputable figure. Iſaac took in more land from the waſte, ſo that by degrees he became a little farmer, and kept a horſe and cart, a cow, and two or three pigs. This made him quite a rich man; but he had always the gratitude to impute his proſperity to the good ſervices of Balaam, the

groom's preſent; while the ſquire curſed Young Peer as the cauſe of his ruin, and many a time wiſhed that his lordſhip had kept his dainty gift to himſelf.

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

HUMBLE LIFE;

OR,

THE COTTAGERS.

Mr. Everard—Charles *(walking in the fields.)*

Mr. E. WELL, Charles, you ſeem to be deep in meditation. Pray what are you thinking about?

Ch. I was thinking, Sir, how happy it is for us that we are not in the place of that poor weaver whoſe cottage we juſt paſſed by.

Mr. E. It is very right to be ſenſible of all the advantages that Providence has beſtowed on us in this world, and I commend you for reflecting on them with gratitude. But what particular circumſtance of compariſon be-

tween our condition and his ſtruck you moſt juſt now?

Ch. O, almoſt every thing! I could not bear to live in ſuch a poor houſe, with a cold clay floor, and half the windows ſtopt with paper. Then how poorly he and his children are dreſſed! and I dare ſay they muſt live as poorly too.

Mr. E. Theſe things would be grievous enough to you, I do not doubt, becauſe you have been accuſtomed to a very different way of living. But if they are healthy and contented, I don't know that *we* have much more to boaſt of. I believe the man is able to procure wholeſome food for his family, and clothes and firing enough to keep them from ſuffering from the cold; and nature wants little more.

Ch. But what a ragged barefooted fellow the boy at the door was!

Mr. E. He was—but did you obſerve his ruddy cheeks, and his ſtout legs,

legs, and the ſmiling grin upon his countenance? It is my opinion he would beat you in running, though he is half the head leſs; and I dare ſay he never cried becauſe he did not know what to do with himſelf, in his life.

Ch. But, Sir, you have often told me that the mind is the nobleſt part of man; and theſe poor creatures, I am ſure, can have no opportunity to improve their minds. They muſt be as ignorant as the brutes, almoſt.

Mr. E. Why ſo? Do you think there is no knowledge to be got but from books; or that a weaver cannot teach his children right from wrong?

Ch. Not if he has never learned himſelf.

Mr. E. True—but I hope the country we live in is not ſo unfriendly to a poor man as to afford him no opportunity of learning his duty to God and his neighbour. And as to other points of knowledge, neceſſity and common

obſervation will teach him a good deal. But come—let us go and pay them a viſit, for I doubt you hardly think them human creatures.

[*They enter the cottage.*—Jacob, *the weaver, at his loom. His wife ſpinning. Children of different ages.*]

Mr. E. Good morning to you, friend! Don't let us diſturb you all, pray. We have juſt ſtept in to look at your work.

Jacob. I have very little to ſhow you, gentlemen; but you are welcome to look on. Perhaps the young gentleman never ſaw weaving before.

Ch. I never did, near.

Jac. Look here, then, maſter. Theſe long threads are the warp. They are divided, you ſee, into two ſets, and I paſs my ſhuttle between them, which carries with it the croſs threads, and that makes the weft. (*Explains the whole to him.*)

Ch. Dear!

Ch. Dear! how curious! And is all cloth made this way, papa?

Mr. E. Yes; only there are ſomewhat different contrivances for different kinds of work. Well—how ſoon do you think you could learn to weave like this honeſt man?

Ch. O—not for a great while!

Mr. E. But I ſuppoſe you could eaſily turn the wheel and draw out threads like that good woman.

Ch. Not without ſome practice, I fancy. But what is that boy doing?

Jac. He is cutting pegs for the ſhoemakers, maſter.

Ch. How quick he does them!

Jac. It is but poor employment, but better than being idle. The firſt leſſon I teach my children is that their hands were made to get their bread with.

Mr. E. And a very good leſſon, too.

Ch. What is this heap of twigs for?

Jac. Why, maſter, my biggeſt boy and girl have learned a little how to make baſket work, ſo I have got them a few oziers to employ them at leiſure hours. That bird-cage is their making; and the back of that chair in which their grandmother ſits.

Ch. Is not that cleverly done, papa?

Mr. E. It is, indeed. Here are ſeveral arts, you ſee, in this houſe, which both you and I ſhould be much puzzled to ſet about. But there are ſome books too, I perceive.

Ch. Here is a bible, and a teſtament, and a prayer-book, and a ſpelling-book, and and a volume of the gardener's dictionary.

Mr. E. And how many of your family can read, my friend?

Jac. All the children but the two youngeſt can read a little, Sir; but Meg, there, is the beſt ſcholar among us.

us. She reads us a chapter in the teſtament every morning, and very well too, though I ſay it.

Mr. E. Do you hear that, Charles?

Ch. I do, Sir. Here's an almanack, too, againſt the wall; and here are my favourite ballads of the Children of the Wood, and Chevy-chace.

Jac. I let the children paſte them up, Sir, and a few more that have no harm in them. There's Hearts of Oak, and Rule Britannia, and Robin Gray.

Mr. E. A very good choice, indeed. I ſee you have a pretty garden there behind the houſe.

Jac. It is only a little ſpot, Sir; but it ſerves for ſome amuſement, and uſe too.

Ch. What beautiful ſtocks and wallflowers! We have none ſo fine in our garden.

Jac. Why, maſter, to ſay the truth, we are rather proud of them. I have got a way of cultivating them that I

believe few beſides myſelf are acquainted with; and on Sundays I have plenty of viſitors to come and admire them.

Ch. Pray what is this buſh with narrow whitiſh leaves and blue flowers?

Jac. Don't you know? It is roſemary.

Ch. Is it good for any thing?

Jac. We like the ſmell of it; and then the leaves, mixed with a little balm, make pleaſant tea, which we ſometimes drink in an afternoon.

Ch. Here are ſeveral more plants that I never ſaw before.

Jac. Some of them are pot herbs, that we put into our broth or porridge; and other are phyſic herbs, for we cannot afford to go to a doctor for every trifling ailment.

Ch. But how did you learn the uſe of theſe things?

Jac. Why, partly, maſter, from an old herbal that I have got; and partly from

from my good mother and ſome old neighbours; for we poor people are obliged to help one another as well as we can. If you were curious about plants, I could go into the fields and ſhow you a great many that we reckon very fine for ſeveral uſes, though I ſuppoſe we don't call them by the proper names.

Mr. E. You keep your garden very neat, friend, and ſeem to make the moſt of every inch of ground.

Jac. Why, Sir, we have hands enow, and all of us like to be doing a little in it when our in-doors work is over. I am in hopes ſoon to be allowed a bit of land from the waſte for a potato-ground, which will be a great help to us. I ſhall then be able to keep a pig.

Mr. E. I ſuppoſe, notwithſtanding your induſtry, you live rather hardly ſometimes.

Jac. To be ſure, Sir, we are ſome-

what pinched in dear times and hard weather; but, thank God, I have conſtant work, and my children begin to be ſome help to us, ſo that we fare better than ſome of our neighbours. If I do but keep my health, I don't fear but we ſhall make a ſhift to live.

Mr. E. Keep ſuch a contented mind, my friend, and you will have few to envy. Good morning to you; and if any ſickneſs or accident ſhould befal you, remember you have a friend in your neighbour at the hall.

Jac. I will, Sir, and thank you.

Ch. Good morning to you.

Jac. The ſame to you, maſter.

[*They leave the cottage.*

Mr. E. Well, Charles, what do you think of our viſit?

Ch. I am highly pleaſed with it, Sir. I ſhall have a better opinion of a poor cottager as long as I live.

Mr. E. I am glad of it. You ſee, when we compare ourſelves with this

weaver, all the advantage is not on our ſide. He is poſſeſſed of an art, the utility of which ſecures him a livelihood whatever may be the changes of the times. All his family are brought up to induſtry, and ſhow no ſmall ingenuity in their ſeveral occupations. They are not without inſtruction, and eſpecially ſeem to be in no want of that beſt of all, the knowledge of their duty. They underſtand ſomething of the cultivation and uſes of plants, and are capable of receiving enjoyment from the beauties of nature. They partake of the pleaſures of home and neighbourhood. Above all, they ſeem content with their lot, and free from anxious cares and repinings. I view them as truly reſpectable members of ſociety, acting well the part allotted to them, and that, a part moſt of all neceſſary to the well-being of the whole. They may, from untoward accidents, be rendered

dered objects of our compaſſion, but they never can of our contempt.

Ch. Indeed, Sir, I am very far from deſpiſing them now. But would it not be poſſible to make them more comfortable than they are at preſent?

Mr. E. I think it would; and when giving a little from the ſuperfluities of perſons in our ſituation, would add ſo much to the happineſs of perſons in theirs, I am of opinion that it is unpardonable not to do it. I intend to uſe my intereſt to get this poor man the piece of waſte land he wants, and he ſhall have ſome from my ſhare rather than go without.

Ch. And ſuppoſe, Sir, we were to give him ſome good potatoes to plant it?

Mr. E. We will. Then, you know, we have a fine ſow that never fails to produce a numerous litter twice a year. Suppoſe we rear one of the next brood

to

to be ready for him as ſoon as he has got his potato-ground into bearing?

Ch. O yes! that will be juſt the thing. But how is he to build a pig-ſtye?

Mr. E. You may leave that to his own ingenuity; I warrant he can manage ſuch a job as that, with the help of a neighbour, at leaſt. Well—I hope both the weaver, and you, will be the better for the acquaintance we have made to day: and always remember that, *man, when fulfilling the duties of his ſtation, be that ſtation what it may, is a worthy object of reſpect to his fellow-man.*

ON EMBLEMS.

PRAY, papa, (ſaid *Cecilia)* what is an *emblem.* I have met with the word in my leſſon to-day, and I do not quite underſtand it.

An

An emblem, my dear, (replied he) is a viſible image of an inviſible thing.

C. A viſible image of—I can hardly comprehend—

P. Well, I will explain it more at length. There are certain notions that we form in our minds without the help of our eyes, or any of our ſenſes. Thus, Virtue, Vice, Honour, Diſgrace, Time, Death, and the like, are not ſenſible objects, but ideas of the underſtanding.

C. Yes—We cannot feel them or ſee them, but we can think about them.

P. True. Now it ſometimes happens that we wiſh to repreſent one of theſe in a viſible form; that is, to offer ſomething to the ſight that ſhall raiſe a ſimilar notion in the minds of the beholders. In order to do this, we muſt take ſome action or circumſtance belonging to it, capable of being

ing expreſſed by painting or ſculpture; and this is called a *type*, or *emblem*.

C. But how can this be done?

P. I will tell you by an example. You know the Seſſions-houſe where trials are held. It would be eaſy to write over the door, in order to diſtinguiſh it, "This is the Seſſions-houſe;" but it is a more ingenious and elegant way of pointing it out, to place upon the building a figure repreſenting the purpoſe for which it was erected, namely, to diſtribute *juſtice*. For this end, the notion of juſtice is to be *perſonified*, that is, changed from an idea of the underſtanding into one of the ſight. A human figure is therefore made, diſtinguiſhed by tokens which bear a relation to the character of that virtue. Juſtice carefully *weighs* both ſides of a cauſe; ſhe is therefore repreſented as holding a *pair of ſcales*. It is her office to *puniſh* crimes; ſhe therefore bears a *ſword*. This is then

an

an *emblematical figure*, and the ſword and ſcales are *emblems*.

Ch. I underſtand this very well. But why is ſhe blindfolded?

P. To denote her impartiality—that ſhe decides only from the merits of the caſe, and not from a view of the parties.

C. How can ſhe weigh anything, though, when her eyes are blinded?

P. Well objected. Theſe are two inconſiſtent emblems; each proper in itſelf, but when uſed together, making a contradictory action. An artiſt of judgment will therefore drop one of them; and accordingly the beſt modern figures of Juſtice have the balance and ſword, without the bandage over the eyes.

C. Is not there the ſame fault in making Cupid blindfolded, and yet putting a bow and arrow into his hands?

P. There is. It is a groſs abſurdity,

dity, and not countenanced by the antient deſcriptions of Cupid, who is repreſented as the ſureſt of all archers.

C. I have a figure of *Death* in my fable-book. I ſuppoſe that is emblematical.

P. Certainly, or you could not know that it meant Death. How is he repreſented?

C. He is nothing but bones, and he holds a ſcythe in one hand, and an hour-glaſs in the other.

P. Well — how do you interpret theſe emblems?

C. I ſuppoſe he is all bones, becauſe nothing but bones are left after a dead body has lain long in the grave.

P. True. This, however, is not ſo properly an emblem, as the real and viſible effect of death. But the ſcythe?

C. Is not that becauſe death mows down every thing?

P. It is. No inſtrument could ſo properly repreſent the wide-waſting

ſway

ſway of death, which ſweeps down the race of animals, like flowers falling under the hand of the mower. It is a ſimile uſed in the ſcriptures.

C. The hour-glaſs, I ſuppoſe, is to ſhow people that their time is come.

P. Right. In the hour-glaſs that Death holds, all the ſand is run out from the upper to the lower part. Have you never obſerved upon a monument an old figure, with wings, and a ſcythe, and with his head bald, all but a ſingle lock before?

C. O yes!—and I have been told it is *Time*.

P. Well—and what do you make of it? Why is he old?

C. O! becauſe time has laſted a long while.

P. And why has he wings?

C. Becauſe time is ſwift, and flies away.

P. What does his ſcythe mean?

C. I ſuppoſe that is, becauſe he de-

ſtroys

ſtroys and cuts down every thing like death.

P. True. I think, however, a weapon rather ſlower in its operation, as a pick-axe, would have been more ſuitable to the gradual action of time. But what is his ſingle lock of hair for?

C. I have been thinking, and cannot make it out.

P. I thought that would puzzle you. It relates to time as giving *opportunity* for doing any thing. It is to be ſeized as it preſents itſelf, or it will eſcape, and cannot be recovered. Thus the proverb ſays, "Take time by the fore-lock." Well—now you underſtand what emblems are.

C. Yes, I think I do. I ſuppoſe the painted ſugar-loaves over the grocer's ſhop, and the mortar over the apothecary's, are emblems too.

P. Not ſo properly. They are only the pictures of things which are themſelves

ſelves the objects of ſight, as the real ſugar-loaf in the ſhop of the grocer, and the real mortar in that of the apothecary. However, an implement belonging to a particular rank or profeſſion, is commonly uſed as an emblem to point out the man exerciſing that rank or profeſſion. Thus a crown is conſidered as an emblem of a king; a ſword or ſpear, of a ſoldier; an anchor, of a ſailor; and the like.

C. I remember Captain Heartwell, when he came to ſee us, had the figure of an anchor on all his buttons.

P. He had. That was the emblem or badge of his belonging to the navy.

C. But you told me that an emblem was a viſible ſign of an inviſible thing; yet a ſea-captain is not an inviſible thing.

P. He is not inviſible as a man, but his profeſſion is inviſible.

C. I do not well underſtand that.

P. Pro-

P. Profeſſion is a *quality*, belonging equally to a number of individuals, however different they may be in external form and appearance. It may be added or taken away without any viſible change. Thus, if Captain Heartwell were to give up his commiſſion, he would appear to you the ſame man as before. It is plain, therefore, that what in that caſe he had loſt, namely his profeſſion, was a thing inviſible. It is one of thoſe ideas of the underſtanding which I before mentioned to you, as different from a ſenſible idea.

C. I comprehend it now.

P. I have got here a few emblematical pictures. Suppoſe you try whether you can find out their meaning.

C. O yes—I ſhould like that very well.

P. Here is a man ſtanding on the ſummit of a ſteep cliff, and going to

aſcend

aſcend a ladder which he has planted againſt a cloud.

C. Let me ſee!—that muſt be *Ambition*, I think.

P. How do you explain it?

C. He is got very high already, but he wants to be ſtill higher; ſo he ventures up the ladder, though it is only ſupported by a cloud, and hangs over a precipice.

P. Very right. Here is now another man, hood-winked, who is croſſing a raging torrent upon ſtepping ſtones.

C. Then he will certainly fall in. I ſuppoſe he is one that runs into danger without conſidering where he is going.

P. Yes; and you may call him *Fool-hardineſs*. Do you ſee this hand coming out of a black cloud, and putting an extinguiſher upon a lamp?

C. I do. If that lamp be the

lamp of life, the hand that extinguiſhes it, muſt be *Death*.

P. Very juſt. Here is an old half-ruined building, ſupported by props; and the figure of Time is ſawing through one of the props.

C. That muſt be *Old-age*, ſurely.

P. It is. The next is a man leaning upon a breaking crutch.

C. I don't well know what to make of that.

P. It is intended for *Inſtability*; however, it might alſo ſtand for *Falſe Confidence*. Here is a man poring over a ſun-dial, with a candle in his hand.

C. I am at a loſs for that, too.

P. Conſider—a ſun-dial is only made to tell the hour by the light of the ſun.

C. Then this man muſt know nothing about it.

P. True; and his name is therefore *Ignorance*. Here is a walking ſtick, the lower-part of which is ſet in

the water, and it appears crooked. What does that denote?

C. Is the ſtick really crooked?

P. No; but it is the property of water to give that appearance.

C. Then it muſt ſignify *Deception.*

P. It does. I dare ſay you will at once know this fellow who is running as faſt as his legs will carry him, and looking back at his ſhadow.

C. He muſt be *Fear*, or *Terror*, I fancy.

P. Yes; you may call him which you pleaſe. But who is this ſower, that ſcatters ſeed in the ground?

C. Let me conſider. I think there is a parable in the Bible about ſeed ſown, and it there ſignifies ſomething like *Inſtruction.*

P. True; but it may alſo repreſent *Hope*, for no one would ſow without hoping to reap the fruit. What do you think of this candle held before a mirror,

mirror, in which its figure is exactly reflected?

C. I do not know what it means.

P. It represents *Truth*; the essence of which consists in the fidelity with which objects are received and reflected back by our minds. The object is here a luminous one, to show the clearness and brightness of Truth. Here is next an upright column, the perfect straightness of which is shown by a plumb line hanging from its summit, and exactly parallel to the side of the column.

C. I suppose that must represent *Uprightness*.

P. Yes—or in other words, *Rectitude*. The strength and stability of the pillar also denotes the security produced by this virtue. You see here a woman disentangling and reeling off a very perplexed skein of thread.

C. She must have a great deal of patience.

P. True. She is *Patience* herſelf. The brooding hen ſitting beſide her is another emblem of the ſame quality that aids the interpretation. Who do you think this pleaſing female is, that looks with ſuch kindneſs upon the drooping plant ſhe is watering?

C. That muſt be *Charity*, I believe.

P. It is; or you may call her *Benignity*, which is nearly the ſame thing. Here is a lady ſitting demurely, with one finger on her lip, while ſhe holds a bridle in her other hand.

C. The finger on the lip I ſuppoſe denotes Silence. The bridle muſt mean Confinement. I could almoſt fancy her to be a School-miſtreſs.

P. Ha! ha! I hope, indeed, many ſchool-miſtreſſes are endued with her ſpirit, for ſhe is *Prudence*, or *Diſcretion*. Well—we are now got to the end of our pictures, and upon the whole you have interpreted them very prettily.

C. But I have one queſtion to aſk you,

you, papa! In theſe pictures, and others that I have ſeen of the ſame ſort, almoſt all the *good* qualities are repreſented in the form of *women*. What is the reaſon of that?

P. It is certainly a compliment, my dear, either to your ſex's perſon, or mind. The inventor either choſe the figure of a female to cloath his agreeable quality in, becauſe he thought that the moſt agreeable form, and therefore beſt ſuited to it; or he meant to imply that the female character is really the moſt virtuous and amiable. I rather believe that the firſt was his intention, but I ſhall not object to your taking it in the light of the ſecond.

C. But is it true—is it true?

P. Why, I can give you very good authority for the preference of the female ſex in a moral view. One Ledyard, a great traveller, who had walked through almoſt all the countries of Europe,

EVENINGS AT HOME;

Mrs Barbon

OR,

THE JUVENILE BUDGET OPENED.

CONSISTING OF

A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF YOUNG PERSONS.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SIXTH VOLUME.

Providence,

TWENTY-

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

THE COMPOUND FLOWERED-PLANTS.

Tutor—George—Harry.

George. HARRY, can you blow off all theſe dandelion feathers at a blaſt?

Harry. I will try.

G. See—you have left almoſt half of them.

H. Can you do better?

G. Yes—look here.

H. There are ſtill ſeveral left.

Tutor. A pretty child's play you have got there. Bring me one of the dandelion heads, and let us ſee if we can make no other uſe of it.

H. Here is a very full one.

T. Do you know what theſe feathers, as you call them, are?

G. I believe they belong to the ſeeds.

T. They do, and they are worth examining. Look at this ſingle one through my magnifying glaſs: you obſerve the ſeed at the bottom, like the point of a dart. From it ſprings a ſlender hairy ſhaft, crowned by a moſt elegant ſpreading plume. You ſee, it is a complete arrow of nature's manufacture.

G. How exact!

H. What a beautiful thing!

T. I am ſure you ſee the uſe of it at once.

G. It is to ſet the ſeeds a flying with the wind.

H. And I ſuppoſe they ſow themſelves where they light.

T. They do. This is one of nature's contrivances for *diſſemination*, or that

that ſcattering of the ſeeds of plants which makes them reach all the places proper for their growth. I dare ſay you have obſerved other plants furniſhed with the ſame winged or feathered ſeeds.

H. O yes—there is groundſel, and ragwort, and thiſtles.

G. In a windy day I have ſeen the air all full of thiſtle down.

T. Very likely; and for that reaſon you never ſaw a new made bank of earth, or a heap of dung in the fields, but it was preſently covered with thiſtles. Theſe, and the other plants that have been named, belong to a very extenſive claſs, which it is worth while being acquainted with. They are called the *compound flowered plants.*

G. Will you be ſo good as to give us a lecture about them.

T. With all my heart. Get me a dandelion in flower, and a thiſtle head, and a daiſy—if you cannot find a com-

mon daiſy, one of the great ox-eye daiſies in the corn will do as well.

G. and H. Here they are.

T. Very well. All theſe are *compound flowers*; for if you will examine them narrowly, you will perceive that they conſiſt of a number of little flowers, or *florets*, encloſed in a common cup, which cup is made of a number of ſcales lying upon each other like the tiles of a houſe.

G. I ſee it.

T. The florets are not all alike in ſhape. In the dandelion you will obſerve that they conſiſt of a tube, from which, at its upper end, proceeds a ſort of ſtrap-ſhaped tongue or fillet: in the thiſtle they are tubular or funnel-ſhaped throughout: in the daiſy, the center ones which form the *diſk*, as it is called, are tubular, while thoſe in the circumference have a broad ſtrap on one ſide, which altogether compoſe the *rays* of the flowers; whence this

ſort

ſort are called *radiated.* Now take the glaſs and examine the florets ſingly. Can you diſcern their chives and pointals?

G. I can.

T. You may remark that there are five chives to each, the tips of which unite into a tube, through which the pointal paſſes, having its ſummit double and curled back.

H. I can juſt make it out with the glaſs, but hardly with the naked eye.

T. It is from this circumſtance of the tips of the chives growing together that Linnæus has taken his diſtinction of the whole claſs; and he has named it *Syngeneſia*, from two Greek words having that ſignification. You will further obſerve that all theſe florets ſtand upon a ſtool or receptacle at the bottom of the flower, which is the cuſhion left on the dandelion ſtalk after the ſeeds are blown away. Into this the ſeeds are ſlightly ſtuck, which are one

a-piece to every perfect or fertile floret. This is the general ſtructure of the compound flowers.

H. Are all their ſeeds feathered?

T. Not all. Theſe of the daiſy are not. But in a great many ſpecies they are.

H. I ſhould have thought theſe were a very uſeful claſs of plants, by the pains nature has taken to ſpread them, if you had not told me that thiſtles and ragwort, and groundſel, were ſome of them.

T. And if you do not confine your idea of uſefulneſs to what is ſerviceable to man, but extend it to the whole creation, you may ſafely conclude from their abundance that they muſt be highly uſeful in the general economy of nature. In fact, no plants feed a greater number of inſects, and none are more important to the ſmall birds, to whom they furniſh food by their ſeeds, and a fine warm down for lining

their

their nests. 'On the approach of winter you may see whole flocks of linnets and gold-finches pecking among the thistles; and you know that groundsel is a favourite treat to birds in a cage. To man, however, they are for the most part troublesome and unsightly weeds. Burdock, thistles, and yarrow, overrun his hedge banks; dandelion, and hawkweeds, which much resemble them, fill his meadows; the tall and branching ragwort, and blue succory, cumber his pastures; and wild camomile, ox eye, and corn marygold, choak up his corn fields. These plants in general have a bitter nauseous taste, so that no cattle will touch them. Daisies, I believe, are the chief exception.

G. But some of them, I suppose, are useful to man.

T. Yes, several, and in various ways. Some that have milky bitter juices are employed in medicine for purifying

the blood and removing obſtructions. Of theſe are dandelion, ſuccory, and ſowthiſtle. Many others are bitter and ſtrongly aromatic; as camomile, wormwood, ſouthernwood, feverfew, and tanſy: theſe are good for ſtrengthening the ſtomach, and expelling worms. That capital ingredient in ſallad, lettuce, is of this claſs, and ſo is endive. Artichoke forms a very ſingular article of diet, for the part chiefly eaten, called the bottom, is the receptacle of the flower, upon which the choke, or ſeeds with their feathers, is placed. It is ſaid that ſome of the larger ſpecies of thiſtles may be dreſt and eaten the ſame way. Then there is Jeruſalem artichoke, which is the root of a ſpecies of ſun-flower, and when boiled much reſembles in taſte an artichoke bottom. On the whole, however, a very ſmall proportion of this claſs of plants is uſed in food.

G. Are

G. Are there no garden flowers belonging to them?

T. Several; especially of the autumnal ones. There are sun-flowers of various kinds, which are the largest flowers the garden produces, though not the most sightly; marygolds, both the common, and the French and African, asters, china-asters, golden-rod, and chrysanthemums. Very few flowers of this class have an agreeable scent, and their shape is not the most pleasing; but they have often gay colours, and make a figure in the garden when other things are over. Well—this is most that I recollect worth noticing of the compound-flowered plants. They are a difficult class to make out botanically, though pretty easily known from each other by sight! I will take care to point out to you the principal of them that we meet with in our walks, and you must get acquainted with them.

GREAT MEN.

I WILL ſhow you a *great man*, ſaid *Mr. C.* one day to his ſon, at the time the duke of Bridgewater's canal was making. He accordingly took him to a place where a number of workmen were employed in raiſing a prodigious mound, on the top of which the canal was to be carried acroſs a deep valley. In the midſt of them was a very plain dreſſed man, awkward in his geſtures, uncouth in his appearance, and rather heavy in his countenance—in ſhort, a mere countryman like the reſt. He had a plan in his hand, and was giving directions to the people round him, and ſurveying the whole labour with profound attention. This, *Arthur*, ſaid *Mr. C.* is the *great Mr. Brindley*.

What, cried *Arthur* in ſurpriſe, is that a *great man?*

Mr. C.

Mr. C. Yes, a very great man. Why are you ſurpriſed?

A. I don't know, but I ſhould have expected a great man to have looked very differently.

Mr. C. It matters little how a man looks, if he can perform great things. That perſon, without any advantages of education, has become, by the force of his own genius, the firſt engineer of the age. He is doing things that were never done or even thought of in this country before. He pierces hills, bridges over vallies, makes aqueducts acroſs navigable rivers, and in ſhort, is likely to change the whole face of the country, and to introduce improvements the value of which cannot be calculated. When at a loſs how to bring about any of his deſigns, he does not go to other people for aſſiſtance, but he conſults the wonderful faculties of his own mind, and finds a way to overcome his difficulties. He looks

like a ruſtic, it is true, but he has a ſoul of the firſt order, ſuch as is not granted to one out of millions of the human race.

A. But are all men of extraordinary abilities, properly *great men?*

Mr. C. The word has been variouſly uſed; but I would call every one a great man, *who does great things by means of his own powers.* Great abilities are often employed about trifles, or indolently waſted without any conſiderable exertion at all. To make a great man, the object purſued ſhould be large and important, and vigour and perſeverance ſhould be employed in the purſuit.

A. All the great men I remember to have read about, were kings, or generals, or prime-miniſters, or in ſome high ſtation or other.

Mr. C. It is natural they ſhould ſtand foremoſt in the liſt of great men, becauſe the ſphere in which they act

is an extenſive one, and what they do has a powerful influence over numbers of mankind. Yet thoſe that invent uſeful arts, or diſcover important truths which may promote the comfort and happineſs of unborn generations in the moſt diſtant parts of the world, act a ſtill more important part; and their claim to merit is generally more undoubted than that of the former, becauſe what they do is more certainly their own.

In order to eſtimate the real ſhare a man in a high ſtation has had in the great events which have been attributed to him, ſtrip him in your imagination of all the external advantages of rank and power, and ſee what a figure he would have made without them—or fancy a common man put in his place, and judge whether affairs would have gone on in the ſame track. Auguſtus Cæſar, and Louis the XIVth of France, have both been called great princes;

princes; but deprive them of their crown, and they will both dwindle into obſcure and trivial characters. But no change of circumſtances could reduce Alfred the Great to the level of a common man. The two former could ſink into their graves, and yield their power to a ſucceſſor, and ſcarcely be miſſed; but Alfred's death changed the fate of his kingdom. Thus with Epaminondas fell all the glory and greatneſs of the Theban ſtate. He firſt raiſed it to conſequence, and it could not ſurvive him.

A. Was not Czar Peter a great man?

Mr. C. I am not ſure that he deſerves that title. Being a deſpotic prince, at the head of a vaſt empire, he could put in execution whatever plans he was led to adopt, and theſe plans in general were grand and beneficial to his country. But the means he uſed were ſuch as the maſter of the

lives

lives and fortunes of millions could easily employ, and there was more of brutal force than of skill and judgment in the manner in which he pursued his designs. Still, he was an *extraordinary* man; and the resolution of leaving his throne, in order to acquire in foreign countries the knowledge necessary to rescue his own from barbarism, was a feature of greatness. A truly great prince, however, would have employed himself better than in learning to build ships at Sardam.

A. What was Alexander the Great?

Mr. C. A great conqueror, but not a great man. It was easy for him, with the well-disciplined army of Greeks which he received from his father Philip, to over-run the unwarlike kingdoms of Asia, and defeat the Great King, as the king of Persia was called; but though he showed some marks of an elevated mind, he seems to have possessed few qualities which

could

could have raised him to distinction had he been born in an humble station. Compare his fugitive grandeur, supported by able ministers and generals, to the power which his tutor, the great Aristotle, merely through the force of his own genius, exercised over men's minds throughout the most civilized part of the world for two thousand years after his death. Compare also the part which has been acted in the world by the Spanish monarchs, the masters of immense possessions in Europe and America, to that by Christopher Columbus, the Genoese navigator, who could have it inscribed on his tomb-stone, that he *gave* a new world to the kingdoms of Castille and Arragon. These comparisons will teach you to distinguish between greatness of character and greatness of station, which are too often confounded. He who governs a great country may in one sense be called a great king;

but

but this is no more than an appellation belonging to rank, like that of the Great Mogul or the Grand Seignior, and infers no more perſonal grandeur than the title of Mr. Such an one, the Great Grocer or Brewer.

A. Muſt not great men be good men, too?

Mr. C. If that man is great who does great things, it will not follow that goodneſs muſt neceſſarily be one of his qualities, ſince that chiefly refers to the end and intention of actions. Julius Cæſar, and Cromwell, for example, were men capable of the greateſt exploits; but directing them not to the public good, but to the purpoſes of their own ambition, in purſuit of which they violated all the duties of morality, they have obtained the title of *great bad men.* A perſon, however, cannot be great at all without poſſeſſing many virtues. He muſt be firm, ſteady, and diligent, ſuperior

rior to difficulties and dangers, and equally ſuperior to the allurements of eaſe and pleaſure. For want of theſe moral qualities, many perſons of exalted minds and great talents have failed to deſerve the title of great men. It is in vain that the French poets and hiſtorians have decorated Henry the fourth with the name of Great; his facility of diſpoſition and uncontroulable love of pleaſure have cauſed him to forfeit his claim to it in the eſtimation of impartial judges. As power is eſſential to greatneſs, a man cannot be great without *power over himſelf*, which is the higheſt kind of power.

A. After all, is it not better to be a good man than a great one?

Mr. C. There is more merit in being a good man, becauſe it is what we make ourſelves, whereas the talents that produce greatneſs are the gift of nature; though they may be improved by our own efforts, they cannot be acquired.

acquired. But if goodneſs is the proper object of our love and eſteem, greatneſs deſerves our high admiration and reſpect. This Mr. Brindley before us, is by all accounts a worthy man, but it is not for that reaſon I have brought you to ſee him. I wiſh you to look upon him as one of thoſe ſublime and uncommon objects of nature which fill the mind with a certain awe and aſtoniſhment. Next to being great oneſelf, it is deſirable to have a true reliſh for greatneſs.

ORDER AND DISORDER,

A FAIRY TALE.

JULIET was a clever well-diſpoſed girl, but apt to be heedleſs. She could do her leſſons very well, but commonly as much time was taken up in getting her

her things together, as in doing what ſhe was ſet about. If ſhe was to work, there was generally the houſewife to ſeek in one place, and the threadpapers in another. The ſciſſars were left in her pockets up ſtairs, and the thimble was rolling about the floor. In writing, the copy-book was generally miſſing, the ink dried up, and the pens, new and old, all tumbled about the cupboard. The ſlate and ſlate-pencil were never found together. In making her exerciſes, the Engliſh dictionary always came to hand inſtead of the French grammar; and when ſhe was to read a chapter, ſhe uſually got hold of Robinſon Cruſoe, or the World Diſplayed, inſtead of the Teſtament.

Juliet's mamma was almoſt tired of teaching her, ſo ſhe ſent her to make a viſit to an old lady in the country, a very good woman, but rather ſtrict with young folks. Here ſhe was ſhut

up

up in a room above ſtairs by herſelf after breakfaſt every day, till ſhe had quite finiſhed the taſks ſet her. This houſe was one of the very few that are ſtill haunted with fairies. One of theſe, whoſe name was *Diſorder*, took a pleaſure in plaguing poor Juliet. She was a frightful figure to look at; being crooked and ſquint-eyed, with her hair hanging about her face, and her dreſs put on all awry, and full of rents and tatters. She prevailed on the old lady to let her ſet Juliet her taſks; ſo one morning ſhe came up with a work-bag full of threads of ſilk of all ſorts of colours, mixed and entangled together, and a flower very nicely worked to copy. It was a panſie, and the gradual melting of its hues into one another was imitated with great accuracy and beauty. "Here, Miſs," ſaid ſhe, "my miſtreſs has ſent you a piece of work to do, and ſhe inſiſts upon having it done before you come down to dinner.

dinner. You will find all the materials in this bag."

Juliet took the flower and the bag, and turned out all the ſilks upon the table. She ſlowly pulled out a red, and a purple, and a blue, and a yellow, and at length fixed upon one to begin working with. After taking two or three ſtitches, and looking at her model, ſhe found another ſhade was wanted. This was to be hunted out from the bunch, and a long while it took her to find it. It was ſoon neceſſary to change it for another. Juliet ſaw that in going on at this rate it would take days inſtead of hours to work the flower, ſo ſhe laid down the needle and fell a crying. After this had continued ſome time, ſhe was ſtartled at the ſound of ſomewhat ſtamp ſtamping on the floor; and taking her handkerchief from her eyes, ſhe ſpied a neat diminutive female figure advancing towards her. She was as upright as an arrow, and had not ſo much

much as a hair out of its place, or the leaſt article of her dreſs rumpled or diſcompoſed. When ſhe came up to Juliet, " My dear," ſaid ſhe, " I heard your crying, and knowing you to be a good girl in the main, I am come to your aſſiſtance. My name is *Order*; your mamma is well acquainted with me, though this is the firſt time you ever ſaw me. But I hope we ſhall know one another better for the future." She then jumped upon the table, and with a wand gave a tap upon the heap of entangled ſilk. Immediately the threads ſeparated, and arranged themſelves in a long row conſiſting of little ſkeins in which all of the ſame colour were collected together, thoſe approaching neareſt in ſhade being placed next each other. This done, ſhe diſappeared. Juliet, as ſoon as her ſurpriſe was over, reſumed her work, and found it go on with eaſe and pleaſure. She finiſhed

the flower by dinner-time, and obtained great praiſe for the neatneſs of the execution.

The next day, the ill-natured fairy came up with a great book under her arm. "This," ſaid ſhe, "is my miſtreſs's houſe-book, and ſhe ſays you muſt draw out againſt dinner an exact account of what it has coſt her laſt year in all the articles of houſekeeping, including clothes, rent, taxes, wages, and the like. You muſt ſtate ſeparately the amount of every article under the heads of baker, butcher, milliner, ſhoemaker, and ſo forth, taking ſpecial care not to miſs a ſingle thing entered down in the book. Here is a quire of paper and a parcel of pens." So ſaying, with a malicious grin ſhe left her.

Juliet turned pale at the very thought of the taſk ſhe had to perform. She opened the great book and ſaw all the pages cloſely written, but in

the moſt confuſed manner poſſible. Here was, "Paid Mr. Cruſty for a week's bread and baking, ſo much." Then, "Paid Mr. Pinchtoe for ſhoes ſo much."—"Paid half a year's rent, ſo much." Then came a butcher's bill, ſucceeded by a milliner's, and that by a tallow-chandler's. "What ſhall I do?" cried poor Juliet—"where am I to begin, and how can I poſſibly pick out all theſe things? Was ever ſuch a tedious perplexing taſk? O that my good little creature were here again with her wand!"

She had but juſt uttered the words when the fairy *Order* ſtood before her. "Don't be ſtartled, my dear," ſaid ſhe; "I knew your wiſh, and made haſte to comply with it. Let me ſee your book." She turned over a few leaves, and then cried, "I ſee my croſs-grained ſiſter has played you a trick. She has brought you the *day-book* inſtead of the *ledger*; but I will ſet the

matter to rights inſtantly." She vaniſhed, and preſently returned with another book, in which ſhe ſhowed Juliet every one of the articles required ſtanding at the tops of the pages, and all the particulars entered under them from the day-book; ſo that there was nothing for her to do but caſt up the ſums and copy out the heads with their amount in ſingle lines. As Juliet was a ready accountant, ſhe was not long in finiſhing the buſineſs, and produced her account neatly written on one ſheet of paper, at dinner.

The next day, Juliet's tormentor brought her up a large box full of letters ſtamped upon ſmall bits of ivory, capitals and common letters of all ſorts, but jumbled together promiſcuouſly as if they had been ſhaken in a bag. "Now, Miſs," ſaid ſhe, "before you come down to dinner, you muſt exactly copy out this poem in theſe

ivory

ivory letters, placing them, line by line, on the floor of your room."

Juliet thought at firſt that this taſk would be pretty ſport enough; but when ſhe ſet about it, ſhe found ſuch trouble in hunting out the letters ſhe wanted, every one ſeeming to come to hand before the right one, that ſhe proceeded very ſlowly; and the poem being a long one, it was plain that night would come before it was finiſhed. Sitting down, and crying for her kind friend, was therefore her only reſource.

Order was not far diſtant, for, indeed, ſhe had been watching her proceedings all the while. She made herſelf viſible, and giving a tap on the letters with her wand, they immediately arranged themſelves alphabetically in little double heaps, the ſmall in one, and the great in the other. After this operation, Juliet's taſk went on with ſuch expedition, that ſhe called

up the old lady an hour before dinner, to be witneſs to its completion.

The good lady kiſſed her, and told her, that as ſhe hoped ſhe was now made fully ſenſible of the benefits of order, and the inconveniences of diſorder, ſhe would not confine her any longer to work by herſelf at ſet taſks, but ſhe ſhould come and ſit with her. Juliet took ſuch pains to pleaſe her by doing every thing with the greateſt neatneſs and regularity, and reforming all her careleſs habits, that when ſhe was ſent back to her mother, the following preſents were made her, in order conſtantly to remind her of the beauty and advantage of order.

A cabinet of Engliſh coins, in which all the gold and ſilver money of our kings was arranged in the order of their reigns.

A ſet of plaſter caſts of the Roman emperors.

A cabinet of beautiful ſhells, diſ-

played

played according to the moſt approved ſyſtem.

A very complete box of water colours, and another of crayons, ſorted in all the ſhades of the primary colours.

And, a very nice houſewife, with all the implements belonging to a ſempſtreſs, and good ſtore of the beſt needles in ſizes.

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

THE FOUR SISTERS.

I AM one of four Sifters; and having ſome reaſon to think myſelf not well uſed either by them or by the world, I beg leave to lay before you a ſketch of our hiſtory and characters. You will not wonder there ſhould be frequent bickerings amongſt us, when I tell you that in our infancy we were continually fighting; and ſo great was the noiſe, and din, and confuſion, in our continual ſtruggles to get uppermoſt, that it was impoſſible for any body to live amongſt us in ſuch a ſcene of tumult and diſorder—Theſe brawls, however, by a powerful interpoſition, were put an end to; our proper place was aſſigned to each of us, and we had ſtrict orders not to encroach

encroach on the limits of each others property, but to join our common offices for the good of the whole family.

My firſt ſiſter, (I call her the firſt, becauſe we have generally allowed her the precedence in rank,) is, I muſt acknowledge, of a very active ſprightly diſpoſition; quick and lively, and has more brilliancy than any of us: but ſhe is hot: every thing ſerves for fuel to her fury when it is once raiſed to a certain degree, and ſhe is ſo miſchievous whenever ſhe gets the upper hand, that, notwithſtanding her aſpiring diſpoſition, if I may freely ſpeak my mind, ſhe is calculated to make a good ſervant, but a very bad miſtreſs.

I am almoſt aſhamed to mention, that notwithſtanding her ſeeming delicacy, ſhe has a moſt voracious appetite, and devours every thing that comes in her way; though, like other eager thin peo-

ple, ſhe does no credit to her keeping. Many a time has ſhe conſumed the product of my barns and ſtorehouſes, but it is all loſt upon her. She has even been known to get into an oil-ſhop or tallow-chandler's when every body was aſleep, and lick up with the utmoſt greedineſs whatever ſhe found there. Indeed, all prudent people are aware of her tricks, and though ſhe is admitted into the beſt families, they take care to watch her very narrowly. I ſhould not forget to mention, that my ſiſter was once in a country where ſhe was treated with uncommon reſpect; ſhe was lodged in a ſumptuous building, and had a number of young women of the beſt families to attend on her, and feed her, and watch over her health: in ſhort, ſhe was looked upon as ſomething more than a common mortal. But ſhe always behaved with great ſeverity to her maids, and if any of them were negligent of their

duty,

duty, or made a ſlip in their own conduct, nothing would ſerve her but burying the poor girls alive. I have myſelf had ſome dark hints and intimations from the moſt reſpectable authority, that ſhe will ſome time or other make an end of me. You need not wonder, therefore, if I am jealous of her motions.

The next ſiſter I ſhall mention to you, has ſo far the appearance of Modeſty and Humility, that ſhe generally ſeeks the loweſt place. She is indeed of a very yielding eaſy temper, generally cool, and often wears a ſweet placid ſmile upon her countenance; but ſhe is eaſily ruffled, and when worked up, as ſhe often is, by another ſiſter, whom I ſhall mention to you by and by, ſhe becomes a perfect fury. Indeed ſhe is ſo apt to ſwell with ſudden guſts of paſſion, that ſhe is ſuſpected at times to be a little lunatic. Between her and my firſt mentioned

ſiſter, there is a more ſettled antipathy than between the Theban pair; and they never meet without making efforts to deſtroy one another. With me ſhe is always ready to form the moſt intimate union, but it is not always to my advantage. There goes a ſtory in our family, that when we were all young, ſhe once attempted to drown me. She actually kept me under a conſiderable time, and though at length I got my head above water, my conſtitution is generally thought to have been eſſentially injured by it ever ſince. From that time ſhe has made no ſuch atrocious attempt, but ſhe is continually making encroachments upon my property; and even when ſhe appears moſt gentle, ſhe is very inſidious, and has ſuch an undermining way with her, that her inſinuating arts are as much to be dreaded as open violence. I might indeed remonſtrate, but it is a known part of her charac-

ter,

ter, that nothing makes any lafting impreffion upon her.

As to my third fifter, I have already mentioned the ill offices fhe does me with my laft mentioned one, who is entirely under her influence. She is befides of a very uncertain variable temper, fometimes hot, and fometimes cold, nobody knows where to have her. Her lightnefs is even proverbial, and fhe has nothing to give thofe who live with her more fubftantial than the fmiles of courtiers. I muft add, that fhe keeps in her fervice three or four rough bluftering bullies with puffed cheeks, who, when they are let loofe, think they have nothing to do but to drive the world before them. She fometimes joins with my firft fifter, and their violence occafionally throws me into fuch a trembling, that, though naturally of a firm conftitution, I fhake as if I was in an ague fit.

As to myſelf, I am of a ſteady ſolid temper; not ſhining indeed, but kind and liberal, quite a Lady Bountiful. Every one taſtes of my beneficence, and I am of ſo grateful a diſpoſition, that I have been known to return an hundred-fold for any preſent that has been made me. I feed and clothe all my children, and afford a welcome home to the wretch who has no other home. I bear with unrepining patience all manner of ill uſage; I am trampled upon, I am torn and wounded with the moſt cutting ſtrokes; I am pillaged of the treaſures hidden in my moſt ſecret chambers; notwithſtanding which, I am always ready to return good for evil, and am continually ſubſervient to the pleaſure or advantage of others; yet, ſo ungrateful is the world, that becauſe I do not poſſeſs all the airineſs and activity of my ſiſters, I am ſtigmatiſed as dull and heavy. Every ſordid miſerly fellow is

called

called by way of derifion one of *my* children; and if a perfon on entering a room does but turn his eyes upon me, he is thought ftupid and mean, and not fit for good company. I have the fatisfaction, however, of finding that people always incline towards me as they grow older; and that thofe who feemed proudly to difdain any affinity with me, are content to fink at laft into my bofom. You will probably wifh to have fome account of my perfon. I am not a regular beauty; fome of my features are rather harfh and prominent, when viewed feparately; but my countenance has fo much variety of expreffion, and fo many different attitudes of elegance; that thofe who ftudy my face with attention, find out continually new charms; and it may be truly faid of me, what Titus fays of his miftrefs, and for a much longer fpace,

Pendant

Pendant cinq ans entiers tous les jours je la vois,
Et crois toujours la voir pour la premiere fois.

For five whole years each day ſhe meets my view,
Yet every day I ſeem to ſee her new.

Though I have been ſo long a mother, I have ſtill a ſurpriſing air of youth and freſhneſs, which is aſſiſted by all the advantages of well choſen ornament, for I dreſs well, and according to the ſeaſon.

This is what I have chiefly to ſay of myſelf and my ſiſters. To a perſon of your ſagacity it will be unneceſſary for me to ſign my name. Indeed, one who becomes acquainted with any one of the family, cannot be at a loſs to diſcover the reſt, notwithſtanding the difference in our features and characters.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

WILLIAM was one day reading in a book of travels to his father, when he came to the following relation.

"The Andes in South America are the highest ridge of mountains in the known world. There is a road over them, on which, about half way between the summit and the foot, is a house of entertainment, where it is common for travellers in their ascent and descent to meet. The difference in their feelings upon the same spot is very remarkable. Those who are descending the mountain are melting with heat, so that they can scarcely bear any clothes upon them; while those who are ascending, shiver with cold, and wrap themselves up in the warmest garments they have."

How strange this is! (cried William) What can be the reason of it?

It is (replied his father) a ſtriking inſtance of the *power of habit* over the body. The cold is ſo intenſe on the tops of theſe mountains, that it is as much as travellers can do to keep themſelves from being frozen to death. Their bodies, therefore, become ſo habituated to the ſenſation of cold, that every diminution of it as they deſcend ſeems to them a degree of actual heat; and when they are got half way down, they feel as if they were quite in a ſultry climate. On the other hand, the vallies at the foot of the mountains are ſo exceſſively hot, that the body becomes relaxed, and ſenſible to the ſlighteſt degree of cold; ſo that when a traveller aſcends from them towards the hills, the middle regions appear quite inclement from their coldneſs.

And does the ſame thing (rejoined William) always happen in croſſing high mountains?

It does (returned his father) in a degree proportioned to their height, and the time taken in croſſing them. Indeed a ſhort time is ſufficient to produce ſimilar effects. Let one boy have been playing at rolling ſnowballs, and another have been roaſting himſelf before a great fire, and let them meet in the porch of the houſe;—if you aſk them how they feel, I will anſwer for it you will find them as different in their accounts as the travellers on the Andes. But this is only one example of the operation of an univerſal principle belonging to human nature; for the power of habit is the ſame thing whatever be the circumſtance which calls it forth, whether relating to the mind or the body.

You may conſider the ſtory you have been reading as a ſort of ſimile or parable. The central ſtation on the mountain may be reſembled to *middle life*. With what different feelings is this

this regarded by thoſe who baſk in the ſunſhine of opulence, and thoſe who ſhrink under the cold blaſts of penury!

Suppoſe the wealthy duke, our neighbour, were ſuddenly obliged to deſcend to our level, and live as we do—to part with all his carriages, ſell his coach-horſes and hunters, quit his noble ſeat with its fine park and gardens, diſmiſs all his train of ſervants except two or three, and take a houſe like ours. What a dreadful fall would it ſeem to him! how wretched would it probably make him, and how much would he be pitied by the world!

On the other hand, ſuppoſe the labourer who lives in the next cottage were unexpectedly to fall heir to an eſtate of a few hundreds a year, and in conſequence to get around him all the comforts and conveniences that we poſſeſs—a commodious houſe to inhabit, good clothes to wear, plenty

of

of wholeſome food and firing, ſervants to do all the drudgery of the family, and the like;—how all his acquaintance would congratulate him, and what a paradiſe would he ſeem to himſelf to be got into! Yet he, and the duke, and ourſelves, are equally *men*, made liable by nature to the ſame deſires and neceſſities, and perhaps all equally ſtrong in conſtitution, and capable of ſupporting hardſhips. Is not this fully as wonderful a difference in feeling as that on croſſing the Andes?

Indeed it is (ſaid William).

And the cauſe of it muſt be exactly the ſame—the influence of habit.

I think ſo.

Of what importance then muſt it be towards a happy life, to regulate our habits ſo, that in the poſſible changes of this world we may be more likely to be gainers than loſers?

But how can this be done? Would

it

it be right for the duke to live like us, or us like the labourer?

Certainly not. But to apply the caſe to perſons of our middle condition, I would have us uſe our advantages in ſuch a frugal manner, as to make them as little as poſſible eſſential to our happineſs, ſhould fortune ſink us to a lower ſtation. For as to the chance of riſing to a higher, there is no need to prepare our habits for that—we ſhould readily enough accommodate our feelings to ſuch a change. To be pleaſed and ſatisfied with ſimple food, to accuſtom ourſelves not to ſhrink from the inclemencies of the ſeaſons, to avoid indolence, and take delight in ſome uſeful employment of the mind or body, to do as much as we can for ourſelves, and not expect to be waited upon on every ſmall occaſion — theſe are the habits which will make us in ſome meaſure

meaſure independent of fortune, and ſecure us a moderate degree of enjoyment under every change ſhort of abſolute want. I will tell you a ſtory to this purpoſe.

A London merchant had two ſons, James and Richard. James from a boy accuſtomed himſelf to every indulgence in his power, and when he grew up, was quite a fine gentleman. He dreſſed expenſively, frequented public diverſions, kept his hunter at a livery ſtable, and was a member of ſeveral convivial clubs. At home, it was almoſt a footman's ſole buſineſs to wait on him. He would have thought it greatly beneath him to buckle his own ſhoes; and if he wanted anything at the other end of the room, he would ring the bell, and bring a ſervant up two pair of ſtairs, rather than riſe from his chair to fetch it. He did a little buſineſs in the counting-houſe on forenoons, but devoted all his

time

time after dinner to indolence and amuſement.

Richard was a very different character. He was plain in his appearance, and domeſtic in his way of life. He gave as little trouble as poſſible, and would have been aſhamed to aſk aſſiſtance in doing what he could eaſily do for himſelf. He was aſſiduous in buſineſs, and employed his leiſure hours chiefly in reading and acquiring uſeful knowledge.

Both were ſtill young and unſettled when their father died, leaving behind him a very trifling property. As the young men had not a capital ſufficient to follow the ſame line of mercantile buſineſs in which he had been engaged, they were obliged to look out for a new plan of maintenance; and a great reduction of expence was the firſt thing requiſite. This was a ſevere ſtroke to James, who found himſelf at once cut off from all

the

the pleaſures and indulgencies to which he was ſo habituated, that he thought life of no value without them. He grew melancholy and dejected, hazarded all his little property in lottery tickets, and was quite beggared. Still unable to think of retrieving himſelf by induſtry and frugality, he accepted a commiſſion in a new raiſed regiment ordered for the Weſt Indies, where ſoon after his arrival he caught a fever and died.

Richard, in the mean time, whoſe comforts were little impaired by this change of ſituation, preſerved his cheerfulneſs, and found no difficulty in accommodating himſelf to his fortune. He engaged himſelf as clerk in a houſe his father had been connected with, and lived as frugally as poſſible upon his ſalary. It furniſhed him with decent board, lodging, and cloathing, which was all he required, and his hours of leiſure were nearly

as

as many as before. A book or a ſober friend always ſufficed to procure him an agreeable evening. He gradually roſe in the confidence of his employers, who increaſed from time to time his ſalary and emoluments. Every increaſe was a ſource of gratification to him, becauſe he was able to enjoy pleaſures which however habit had not made neceſſary to his comfort. In proceſs of time he was enabled to ſettle for himſelf, and paſſed through life in the enjoyment of that modeſt competence which beſt ſuited his diſpoſition.

WISE MEN.

You may remember, *Arthur*, (ſaid *Mr. C.* to his ſon) that ſome time ago, I endeavoured to give you a notion what a *great man* was. Suppoſe we now talk a little about *wiſe men?*

With

With all my heart, Sir (replied *Arthur*).

Mr. C. A wiſe man, then, is *he who purſues the beſt ends by the properest means.* But as this definition may be rather too abſtract to give you a clear comprehenſion of the thing, I ſhall open it to you by examples. What do you think is the beſt end a man can purſue in life?

A. I ſuppoſe, to make himſelf happy.

Mr. C. True. And as we are ſo conſtituted that we cannot be happy ourſelves without making others happy, the beſt end of living is to produce as much general happineſs as lies in our power.

A. But that is *goodneſs*, is it not?

Mr. C. It is; and therefore wiſdom includes goodneſs. The wiſe man always intends what is good, and employs ſkill or judgment in attaining it. If he were to purſue the beſt things

weakly, he could not be wiſe; any more than if he were to purſue bad or indifferent things judiciouſly. One of the wiſeſt men I know is our neighbour, Mr. Freeland.

A. What, the Juſtice?

Mr. C. Yes. Few men have ſucceeded more perfectly in ſecuring their own happineſs, and promoting that of thoſe around them. Born to a competent eſtate, he early ſettled upon it, and began to improve it. He reduced all his expences within his income, and indulged no taſtes that could lead him into exceſſes of any kind. At the ſame time, he did not refuſe any proper and innocent pleaſures that came in his way; and his houſe has always been diſtinguiſhed for decent cheerfulneſs and hoſpitality. He applied himſelf with diligence to mending the morals and improving the condition of his dependents. He ſtudied attentively the laws of his coun-

try,

try, and qualified himſelf for adminiſtering juſtice with ſkill and fidelity. No one ſooner diſcovers where the right lies, or takes ſurer means to enforce it. He is the perſon to whom the neighbours of all degrees apply for counſel in their difficulties. His conduct is always conſiſtent and uniform—never violent, never raſh, never in extremes, but always deliberating before he acts, and then acting with firmneſs and vigour. The peace and good order of the whole neighbourhood materially depend upon him; and upon every emergency his opinion is the firſt thing enquired after. He enjoys the reſpect of the rich, the confidence of the poor, and the good will of both.

A. But I have heard ſome people reckon old Harpy as wiſe a man as he.

Mr. C. It is a great abuſe of words to call Harpy a wiſe man. He is of

another ſpecies—a *cunning man*—who is to a wiſe man, what an ape is to a human creature—a bad and contemptible reſemblance.

A. He is very clever, though; is he not?

Mr. C. Harpy has a good natural underſtanding, a clear head, and a cool temper; but his only end in life has been to raiſe a fortune by baſe and diſhoneſt means. Being thoroughly acquainted with all the tricks and artifices of the law, he employed his knowledge to take undue advantages of all who entruſted him with the management of their affairs; and under colour of aſſiſting them, he contrived to get poſſeſſion of all their property. Thus he has become extremely rich, lives in a great houſe with a number of ſervants, is even viſited by perſons of rank, yet is univerſally deteſted and deſpiſed, and has not a friend in the world. He is conſcious

ſcious of this, and is wretched. Suſpicion and remorſe continually prey upon his mind. Of all whom he has cheated, he has deceived himſelf the moſt; and has proved himſelf as much a fool in the end he has purſued, as a knave in the means.

A. Are not men of great learning and knowledge, wiſe men?

Mr. C. They are ſo, if that knowledge and learning are employed to make them happier and more uſeful. But it too often happens that their ſpeculations are of a kind neither beneficial to themſelves nor to others; and they often neglect to regulate their tempers while they improve their unſtandings. Some men of great learning have been the moſt arrogant and quarrelſome of mortals, and as fooliſh and abſurd in their conduct, as the moſt untaught of their ſpecies.

A. But is not a philoſopher and a wiſe man the ſame thing?

Mr. C. A philoſopher is properly *a lover of wiſdom*; and if he ſearches after it with a right diſpoſition, he will probably find it oftener than other men. But he muſt practiſe as well as know, in order to be truly wiſe.

A. I have read of the ſeven wiſe men of Greece. What were they?

Mr. C. They were men diſtinguiſhed for their knowledge and talents, and ſome of them for their virtue too. But a wiſer than them all was Socrates, whoſe chief praiſe it was that he turned philoſophy from vain and fruitleſs diſputation, to the regulation of life and manners, and that he was himſelf a great example of the wiſdom he taught.

A. Have we had any perſon lately very remarkable for wiſdom?

Mr. C. In my opinion, few wiſer men have ever exiſted than the late Dr. Franklin, the American. From the

the low ſtation of a journeyman printer, to the elevated one of ambaſſador plenipotentiary from his country to the court of France, he always diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſagacity in diſcovery, and good ſenſe in practiſing, what was moſt beneficial to himſelf and others. He was a great natural philoſopher, and made ſome very brilliant diſcoveries, but it was ever his favourite purpoſe to turn every thing to uſe, and to extract ſome practical advantage from his ſpeculations. He thoroughly underſtood *common life*, and all that conduces to its comfort; and he has left behind him treaſures of domeſtic wiſdom, ſuperior, perhaps, to any of the boaſted maxims of antiquity. He never let ſlip any opportunity of improving his knowledge whether of great things or of ſmall; and was equally ready to converſe with a day-labourer and a prime-miniſter upon topics from which he might de-

rive inſtruction. He roſe to wealth, but obtained by honourable means. He prolonged his life by temperance to a great age, and enjoyed it to the laſt. Few men knew more than he, and none employed knowledge to better purpoſes.

A. A man, then, I ſuppoſe cannot be wiſe without knowing a great deal.

Mr. C. If he knows every thing belonging to his ſtation, it is wiſdom enough; and a peaſant may be as truly wiſe in his place as a ſtateſman or legiſlator. You remember that fable of Gay in which a ſhepherd gives leſſons of wiſdom to a philoſopher.

A. O yes—it begins

Remote from cities liv'd a ſwain.

Mr. C. True. He is repreſented as drawing all his maxims of conduct from obſervation of brute animals. And they, indeed, have univerſally that character

of

of wiſdom, of purſuing the ends beſt ſuited to them by the propereſt means. But this is owing to the impulſe of unerring inſtinct. Man has reaſon for his guide, and his wiſdom can only be the conſequence of the right uſe of his reaſon. This will lead him to virtue. Thus the fable we have been mentioning rightly concludes with

Thy fame is juſt, the ſage replies,
Thy *virtue* proves thee *truly wiſe*.

THE BULLIES.

As young Francis was walking through a village with his tutor, they were annoyed by two or three cur dogs, that came running after them with looks of the utmoſt fury, ſnarling and barking as if they would tear their throats, and ſeeming every mo-

ment ready to fly upon them. Francis every now and then ſtopped, and ſhook his ſtick at them, or ſtooped down to pick up a ſtone; upon which the curs retreated as faſt as they came; but as ſoon as he turned about, they were after his heels again. This laſted till they came to a farm-yard through which their road lay. A large maſtiff was lying down in it at his eaſe in the ſun. Francis was almoſt afraid to paſs him, and kept as cloſe to his tutor as poſſible. However, the dog took not the leaſt notice of them.

Preſently they came upon a common, where going near a flock of geeſe, they were aſſailed with hiſſings, and purſued ſome way by theſe fooliſh birds, which ſtretching out their long necks made a very ridiculous figure. Francis only laughed at them, though he was tempted to give the foremoſt a ſwitch acroſs his neck. A little fur-

ther was a herd of cows with a bull among them, upon which Francis looked with ſome degree of apprehenſion; but they kept quietly grazing, and did not take their heads from the ground as he paſſed.

It is a lucky thing, ſaid Francis to his tutor, that maſtiffs and bulls are not ſo quarrelſome as curs and geeſe; but what can be the reaſon of it?

The reaſon (replied his tutor) is, that paltry and contemptible animals, poſſeſſing no confidence in their own ſtrength and courage, and knowing themſelves liable to injury from moſt of thoſe that come in their way, think it ſafeſt to act the part of bullies, and to make a ſhow of attacking thoſe of whom in reality they are afraid. Whereas animals which are conſcious of force ſufficient for their own protection, ſuſpecting no evil deſigns from others, entertain none them-

ſelves, but maintain a dignified compoſure.

Thus you will find it among mankind. Weak, mean, petty characters are ſuſpicious, ſnarling, and petulant. They raiſe an outcry againſt their ſuperiors in talents and reputation, of whom they ſtand in awe, and put on airs of defiance and inſolence through mere cowardice. But the truly great are calm and inoffenſive. They fear no injury, and offer none. They even ſuffer ſlight attacks to go unnoticed, conſcious of their power to right themſelves whenever the occaſion ſhall ſeem to require it.

TWENTY-EIGHTH EVENING.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

GEORGE CORNISH, a native of London, was brought up to the ſea. After making ſeveral voyages to the Eaſt Indies in the capacity of mate, he obtained the command of a ſhip in the country trade there, and paſſed many years of his life in ſailing from one port to another of the Company's different ſettlements, and reſiding at intervals on ſhore with the ſuperintendance of their commercial concerns. Having by theſe means raiſed a moderate fortune, and being now beyond the meridian of life, he felt a ſtrong deſire of returning to his native country, and ſeeing his family and

friends, concerning whom he had received no tidings for a long time. He realized his property, ſettled his affairs, and taking his paſſage for England, arrived in the Downs after an abſence of ſixteen years.

He immediately repaired to London, and went to the houſe of an only brother whom he had left poſſeſſed of a genteel place in a public office. He found that his brother was dead and the family broken up; and he was directed to the houſe of one of his nieces, who was married and ſettled at a ſmall diſtance from town. On making himſelf known, he was received with great reſpect and affection by the married niece, and a ſingle ſiſter who reſided with her: to which good reception, the idea of his bringing back with him a large fortune, did not a little contribute. They preſſed him in the moſt urgent manner to take up his abode there, and omitted nothing

thing that could teſtify their dutiful regard to ſo near a relation. On his part, he was ſincerely glad to ſee them, and preſented them with ſome valuable Indian commodities which he had brought with him. They ſoon fell into converſation concerning the family events that had taken place during his long abſence. Mutual condolences paſſed on the death of the father; the mother had been dead long before. The captain, in the warmth of his heart, declared his intention of befriending the ſurvivors of the family, and his wiſhes of ſeeing the ſecond ſiſter as comfortably ſettled in the world as the firſt ſeemed to be.

" But (ſaid he) are you two the only ones left? What is become of my little ſmiling playfellow *Amelia?* I remember her as if it were yeſterday, coming behind my chair, and giving me a ſly pull, and then running away that I might follow her for a kiſs. I

ſhould

ſhould be ſorry if any thing had happened to her." "Alas, Sir, (ſaid the eldeſt niece) ſhe has been the cauſe of an infinite deal of trouble to her friends! She was always a giddy girl, and her miſconduct has proved her ruin. It would be happy if we could all forget her!" "What then (ſaid the uncle) has ſhe diſhonoured herſelf? Poor creature!" "I cannot ſay (replied the niece) that ſhe has done ſo in the worſt ſenſe of the word; but ſhe has diſgraced herſelf and her family by a haſty fooliſh match with one beneath her, and it has ended, as might have been expected, in poverty and wretchedneſs." "I am glad (returned the captain) that it is no worſe; for though I much diſapprove of improper matches, yet young girls may fall into ſtill greater evils, and where there is no crime, there can be no irreparable diſgrace. But who was the man, and what did my brother ſay to it?"

"Why,

"Why, Sir, I cannot ſay, but it was partly my father's own fault; for he took a ſort of liking to the young man, who was a drawing-maſter employed in the family, and would not forbid him the houſe after we had informed him of the danger of an attachment between Amelia and him. So when it was too late, he fell into a violent paſſion about it, which had no other effect than to drive the girl directly into her lover's arms. They married, and ſoon fell into difficulties. My father, of courſe, would do nothing for them; and when he died, he not only diſinherited her, but made us promiſe no longer to look upon her as a ſiſter." "And you *did* make that promiſe?" ſaid the captain in a tone of ſurpriſe and diſpleaſure. "We could not diſobey our parent (replied the other ſiſter); but we have ſeveral times ſent her relief in her neceſſities, though it was improper for us to ſee her."

"And

"And pray what is become of her at laſt—where is ſhe now?" "Really, ſhe and her huſband have ſhifted their lodgings ſo often, that it is ſome time ſince we heard any thing about them." "Some time? how long?" "Perhaps half a year, or more." "Poor outcaſt! (cried the captain, in a ſort of muttered half-voice) *I* have made no promiſe, however, to renounce thee. Be pleaſed, madam, (he continued, addreſſing himſelf gravely to the married niece) to favour me with the *laſt* direction you had to this unfortunate ſiſter." She bluſhed, and looked confuſed; and at length, after a good deal of ſearching, preſented it to her uncle. "But, my dear Sir, (ſaid ſhe) you will not think of leaving us to day. My ſervant ſhall make all the enquiries you chooſe, and ſave you the trouble; and to-morrow you can ride to town, and do as you think proper." "My good niece, (ſaid the captain)

captain) I am but an indifferent ſleeper, and I am afraid things would run in my head and keep me awake. Beſides, I am naturally impatient, and love to do my buſineſs myſelf. You will excuſe me." So ſaying, he took up his hat, and without much ceremony went out of the houſe, and took the road to town on foot, leaving his two nieces ſomewhat diſconcerted.

When he arrived, he went without delay to the place mentioned, which was a bye ſtreet near Soho. The people who kept the lodgings informed him, that the perſons he enquired after had left them ſeveral months, and they did not know what was become of them. This threw the captain into great perplexity; but while he was conſidering what he ſhould do next, the woman of the houſe recollected that Mr. Bland (that was the drawing maſter's name) had been employed at a certain ſchool, where information

formation about him might poſſibly be obtained. Captain Corniſh haſtened away to the place, and was informed by the maſter of the ſchool that ſuch a man had, indeed, been engaged there, but had ceaſed to attend for ſome time paſt. "He was a very well-behaved induſtrious young man (added the maſter), but in diſtreſſed circumſtances, which prevented him from making that genteel appearance which we expect in all who attend our ſchool; ſo I was obliged to diſmiſs him. It was a great force upon my *feelings*, I aſſure you, Sir, to do ſo, but you know the thing could not be helped." The captain eyed him with indignant contempt, and ſaid, "I ſuppoſe then, Sir, your *feelings* never ſuffered you to enquire where this poor creature lodged, or what became of him afterwards!" "As to that, (replied the maſter) every man knows his own buſineſs beſt, and my time

is

is fully taken up with my own concerns; but I believe I have a note of the lodgings he then occupied—here it is." The captain took it, and turning on his heel, withdrew in ſilence.

He poſted away to the place, but there too had the mortification of learning that he was too late. The people however told him that they believed he might find the family he was ſeeking in a neighbouring alley, at a lodging up three pair of ſtairs. The captain's heart ſunk within him; however, taking a boy as a guide, he proceeded immediately to the ſpot. On going up the narrow creaking ſtaircaſe, he met a man coming down with a bed on his ſhoulders. At the top of the landing ſtood another with a bundle of blankets and ſheets. A woman with a child in her arms was expoſtulating with him, and he heard her exclaim, "Cruel! not to leave me *one* bed for myſelf and my poor children!"

children!" "Stop (ſaid the captain to the man) ſet down thoſe things." The man heſitated. The captain renewed his command in a peremptory tone; and then advanced towards the woman. They looked earneſtly at each other. Through her pale and emaciated features he ſaw ſomething of his little ſmiler; and at length, in a faint voice, he addreſſed her, "Are you Amelia Corniſh?" "That *was* my name," ſhe replied. "I am your uncle," he cried, claſping her in his arms, and ſobbing as if his heart would break. "My uncle!" ſaid ſhe, and fainted. He was juſt able to ſet her down on the only remaining chair, and take her child from her. Two other young children came running up, and began to ſcream with terror. Amelia recovered herſelf. "Oh, Sir, what a ſituation you ſee me in!" "A ſituation, indeed! (ſaid he) Poor for-

ſaken

ſaken creature! but you have *one* friend left!"

He then aſked what was become of her huſband. She told him, that having fatigued himſelf with walking every day to a great diſtance for a little employment, that ſcarcely afforded them bread, he had fallen ill, and was now in an hoſpital, and that after having been obliged to ſell moſt of their little furniture and clothes for preſent ſubſiſtence, their landlord had juſt ſeized their only remaining bed for ſome arrears of rent. The captain immediately diſcharged the debt, and cauſing the bed to be brought up again, diſmiſſed the man. He then entered into a converſation with his niece about the events that had befallen her. "Alas! Sir, (ſaid ſhe) I am ſenſible I was greatly to blame in diſobeying my father, and leaving his roof as I did; but perhaps ſomething might be alledged in my excuſe—

cuſe—at leaſt, years of calamity and diſtreſs may be an expiation. As to my huſband, however, he has never given me the leaſt cauſe of complaint —he has ever been kind and good, and what we have ſuffered has been through misfortune and not fault. To be ſure, when we married, we did not conſider how a family was to be maintained. His was a poor employment, and ſickneſs and other accidents ſoon brought us to a ſtate of poverty, from which we could never retrieve ourſelves. He, poor man! was never idle when he could help it, and denied himſelf every indulgence in order to provide for the wants of me and the children. I did my part, too, as well as I was able. But my father's unrelenting ſeverity made me quite heart-broken; and though my ſiſters two or three times gave us a little relief in our preſſing neceſſities—for nothing elſe could have made me

aſk

aſk it in the manner I did—yet they would never permit me to ſee them, and for ſome time paſt have entirely abandoned us. I thought heaven had abandoned us too. The hour of extremeſt diſtreſs was come; but *you* have been ſent for our comfort." "And your comfort, pleaſe God! I will be," cried the captain with energy. "You are my own dear child, and your little ones ſhall be mine too. Dry up your tears—better days, I hope, are approaching."

Evening was now coming on, and it was too late to think of changing lodgings. The captain procured a neighbour to go out for ſome proviſions and other neceſſaries, and then took his leave, with a promiſe of being with his niece early the next morning. Indeed, as he propoſed going to pay a viſit to her huſband, ſhe was far from wiſhing to detain him longer. He went directly from thence to the

hoſpital, and having got acceſs to the apothecary, begged to be informed of the real ſtate of his patient Bland. The apothecary told him that he laboured under a ſlow fever, attended with extreme dejection of ſpirits, but that there were no ſigns of urgent danger. "If you will allow me to ſee him (ſaid the captain) I believe I ſhall be able to adminiſter a cordial more effectual, perhaps, than all your medicines." He was ſhewn up to the ward where the poor man lay, and ſeated by his bedſide. "Mr. Bland (ſaid he) I am a ſtranger to you, but I come to bring you ſome news of your family." The ſick man rouſed himſelf, as it were, from a ſtupor, and fixed his eyes in ſilence on the captain. He proceeded —— "Perhaps you may have heard of an uncle that your wife had in the Eaſt Indies—he is come home, and—and—I am he." Upon this he eagerly ſtretched out his hand,

and

and taking that of Bland, which was thruſt out of the bedclothes to meet it, gave it a cordial ſhake. The ſick man's eyes gliſtened—he graſped the captain's hand with all his remaining ſtrength, and drawing it to his mouth, kiſſed it with fervour. All he could ſay, was, "God bleſs you!—be kind to poor Amelia!" "I will—I will—(cried the captain) I will be a father to you all—Cheer up—keep up your ſpirits—all will be well!" He then, with a kind look and another ſhake of the hand, wiſhed him a good night, and left the poor man lightened at once of half his diſeaſe.

The captain went home to the coffee-houſe where he lodged, got a light ſupper, and went early to bed. After meditating ſome time with heart-felt ſatisfaction on the work of the day, he fell into a ſweet ſleep which laſted till day break. The next morning early he roſe and ſallied forth in

ſearch of furniſhed lodgings. After ſome enquiry, he met with a commodious ſet, in a pleaſant airy ſituation, for which he agreed. He then drove to Amelia, and found her and her children neat and clean, and as well dreſt as their poor wardrobe would admit. He embraced them with the utmoſt affection, and rejoiced Amelia's heart with a favourable account of her huſband. He then told them to prepare for a ride with him. The children were overjoyed at the propoſal, and they accompanied him down to the coach in high ſpirits. Amelia ſcarcely knew what to think or expect. They drove firſt to a warehouſe for ready-made linen, where the captain made Amelia furniſh herſelf with a complete ſet of every thing neceſſary for preſent uſe for the children and herſelf, not forgetting ſome ſhirts for her huſband. Thence they went to a clothes ſhop, where the little boy

was

was ſupplied with a jacket and trowſers, a hat and great coat, and the girl with another great coat and a bonnet—both were made as happy as happy could be. They were next all furniſhed with new ſhoes. In ſhort, they had not proceeded far, before the mother and three children were all in complete new habiliments, decent but not fine; while the old ones were all tied up in a great bundle, and deſtined for ſome family ſtill poorer than they had been.

The captain then drove to the lodgings he had taken, and which he had directed to be put in thorough order. He led Amelia up ſtairs, who knew not whither ſhe was going. He brought her into a handſome parlour, and ſeated her in a chair. This, my dear, ſaid he, is your houſe. I hope you will let me now and then come and ſee you in it. Amelia turned pale and could not ſpeak. At length

a flood of tears came to her relief, and she suddenly threw herself at her uncle's feet, and poured out thanks and blessings in a broken voice. He raised her, and kindly kissing her and her children, slipt a purse of gold into her hand, and hurried down stairs.

He next went to the hospital, and found Mr. Bland sitting up in bed, and taking some food with apparent pleasure. He sat down by him. "God bless you! Sir, (said Bland) I see now it is all a reality, and not a dream. Your figure has been haunting me all night, and I have scarcely been able to satisfy myself whether I had really seen and spoke to you, or whether it was a fit of delirium. Yet my spirits have been lightened, and I have now been eating with a relish I have not experienced for many days past. But may I ask how is my poor Amelia and my little ones!" "They are well and happy, my good friend, (said the captain)

tain) and I hope you will ſoon be ſo along with them." The apothecary came up, and felt his patient's pulſe. "You are a lucky doctor, indeed, Sir, (ſaid he to captain Corniſh) you have cured the poor man of his fever. His pulſe is as calm as my own." The captain conſulted him about the ſafety of removing him; and the apothecary thought that there would be no hazard in doing it that very day. The captain waited the arrival of the phyſician, who confirmed the ſame opinion. A ſedan chair was procured, and full directions being obtained for the future treatment, with the phyſician's promiſe to look after him, the captain walked before the chair, to the new lodgings. On the knock at the door, Amelia looked out of window, and ſeeing the chair, ran down, and met her uncle and huſband in the paſſage. The poor man, not knowing

where he was, and gazing wildly around him, was carried up ſtairs and placed upon a good bed, while his wife and children aſſembled round it. A glaſs of wine brought by the people of the houſe reſtored him to his recollection, when a moſt tender ſcene enſued, which the uncle cloſed as ſoon as he could, for fear of too much agitating the yet feeble organs of the ſick man.

By Amelia's conſtant attention, aſſiſted by proper help, Mr. Bland ſhortly recovered; and the whole family loſt their ſickly emaciated appearance, and became healthy and happy. The kind uncle was never long abſent from them, and was always received with looks of pleaſure and gratitude that penetrated his very ſoul. He obtained for Mr. Bland a good ſituation in the exercise of his profeſſion, and took Amelia and her children into his ſpecial care. As to his other

nieces,

nieces, though he did not entirely break off his connexion with them, but on the contrary, ſhewed them occaſional marks of the kindneſs of a relation, yet he could never look upon them with true cordiality. And as they had ſo well kept their promiſe to their father of never treating Amelia as a ſiſter, while in her afflicted ſtate, he took care not to tempt them to break it, now ſhe was in a favoured and proſperous condition.

MASTER AND SLAVE.

MASTER. Now, villain! what have you to ſay for this ſecond attempt to run away? Is there any puniſhment that you do not deſerve?

Slave. I well know that nothing I can ſay will avail. I ſubmit to my fate.

M. But are you not a base fellow, a hardened and ungrateful rascal?

S. I am a *slave*. That is answer enough.

M. I am not content with that answer. I thought I discerned in you some tokens of a mind superior to your condition. I treated you accordingly. You have been comfortably fed and lodged, not overworked, and attended with the most humane care when you were sick. And is this the return?

S. Since you condescend to talk with me as man to man, I will reply. What have you done—what can you do for me, that will compensate for the liberty which you have taken away?

M. I did not take it away. You were a slave when I fairly purchased you.

S. Did I give my consent to the purchase?

M. You

M. You had no conſent to give. You had already loſt the right of diſpoſing of yourſelf.

S. I had loſt the *power*, but how the *right?* I was treacherouſly kidnapped in my own country when following an honeſt occupation. I was put in chains, ſold to one of your countrymen, carried by force on board his ſhip, brought hither, and expoſed to ſale like a beaſt in the market, where you bought me. What ſtep in all this progreſs of violence and injuſtice can give a *right?* Was it in the villain who ſtole me, in the ſlave-merchant who tempted him to do ſo, or in you who encouraged the ſlave-merchant to bring his cargo of human cattle to cultivate your lands?

M. It is in the order of providence that one man ſhould become ſubſervient to another. It ever has been ſo, and ever will be. I found the cuſtom, and did not make it.

S. You cannot but be ſenſible that the robber who puts a piſtol to your breaſt may make juſt the ſame plea. Providence gives him a power over your life and property; it gave my enemies a power over my liberty. But it has alſo given me legs to eſcape with; and what ſhould prevent me from uſing them? Nay, what ſhould reſtrain me from retaliating the wrongs I have ſuffered, if a favourable occaſion ſhould offer?

M. Gratitude, I repeat,—gratitude! Have I not endeavoured ever ſince I poſſeſſed you to alleviate your miſfortunes by kind treatment, and does that confer no obligation? Conſider how much worſe your condition might have been under another maſter.

S. You have done nothing for me more than for your working cattle. Are they not well fed and tended? do you work them harder than your ſlaves? is not the rule of treating both, only

only your own advantage? You treat both your men and beaſt ſlaves better than ſome of your neighbours, becauſe you are more prudent and wealthy than they.

M. You might add, more *humane* too.

S. Humane! Does it deſerve that appellation to keep your fellow-men in forced ſubjection, deprived of all exerciſe of their free-will, liable to all the injuries that your own caprice, or the brutality of your overſeers, may heap on them, and devoted, ſoul and body, only to your pleaſure and emolument? Can gratitude take place between creatures in ſuch a ſtate, and the tyrant who holds them in it? Look at theſe limbs—are they not thoſe of a man? think that I have the ſpirit of a man, too.

M. But it was my intention not only to make your life tolerably comfortable

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at preſent, but to provide for you in your old age.

S. Alas! is a life like mine, torn from country, friends, and all I held dear, and compelled to toil under the burning ſun for a maſter, worth thinking about for old age? No—the ſooner it ends, the ſooner I ſhall obtain that relief for which my ſoul pants.

M. Is it impoſſible, then, to hold you by any ties but thoſe of conſtraint and ſeverity?

S. It is impoſſible to make one who has felt the value of freedom, acquieſce in being a ſlave.

M. Suppoſe I were to reſtore you to your liberty—would you reckon that a favour?

S. The greateſt: for although it would only be undoing a wrong, I know too well how few among mankind are capable of ſacrificing intereſt

to

to juſtice, not to prize the exertion when it is made.

M. I do it, then;—be free.

S. Now I am indeed your ſervant, though not your ſlave. And as the firſt return I can make for your kindneſs, I will tell you freely the condition in which you live. You are ſurrounded with implacable foes, who long for a ſafe opportunity to revenge upon you and the other planters all the miſeries they have endured. The more generous their natures, the more indignant they feel againſt that cruel injuſtice which has dragged them hither, and doomed them to perpetual ſervitude. You can rely on no kindneſs on your parts to ſoften the obduracy of their reſentment. You have reduced them to the ſtate of brute beaſts, and if they have not the ſtupidity of beaſts of burden, they muſt have the ferocity of beaſts of prey. Superior force alone can give you ſecurity.

curity. As ſoon as that fails, you are at the mercy of the mercileſs. Such is the ſocial bond between *maſter* and *ſlave!*

EARTH AND HER CHILDREN.

In a certain diſtrict of the globe, things one year went on ſo ill, that almoſt the whole race of living beings, animals and vegetables, carried their lamentations and complaints to their common mother, *the Earth.*

Firſt came *Man.* "O Earth, (ſaid he) how can you behold unmoved the intolerable calamities of your favourite offſpring! Heaven ſhuts up all the ſources of its benignity to us, and ſhowers plagues and peſtilence on our heads—ſtorms tear to pieces all the works of human labour—the elements of fire and water ſeem let looſe to devour

devour us—and in the midſt of all theſe evils, ſome demon poſſeſſes us with a rage of worrying and deſtroying one another; ſo that the whole ſpecies ſeems doomed to periſh. O, intercede in our behalf, or elſe receive us again into your maternal womb, and hide us from the ſight of theſe accumulated diſtreſſes!"

The other animals then ſpoke by their deputies, the horſe, the ox, and the ſheep. "O pity, mother Earth, thoſe of your children that repoſe on your breaſt, and derive their ſubſiſtence from your foodful boſom! We are parched with drought, we are ſcorched by lightning, we are beaten by pitileſs tempeſts, ſalubrious vegetables refuſe to nouriſh us, we languiſh under diſeaſe, and the race of men treat us with unuſual rigour. Never, without ſpeedy ſuccour, can we ſurvive to another year."

The vegetables next, thoſe that form

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the verdant carpet of the earth, that cover the waving fields of harveſt, and that ſpread their lofty branches in the air, ſent forth their complaint. "O, our general mother, to whoſe breaſt we cleave, and whoſe vital juices we drain, have compaſſion upon us! See how we wither and droop under the baleful gales that ſweep over us—how we thirſt in vain for the gentle dew of heaven—how immenſe tribes of noxious inſects pierce and devour us—how the famiſhing flocks and herds tear us up by the roots—and how men, through mutual ſpite, lay waſte and deſtroy us while yet immature. Already whole nations of us are deſolated, and unleſs you ſave us, another year will witneſs our total deſtruction."

"My children (ſaid Earth), I have now exiſted ſome thouſand years; and ſcarcely one of them has paſt in which ſimilar complaints have not riſen from

one

one quarter or another. Nevertheleſs, every thing has remained in nearly the ſame ſtate, and no ſpecies of created beings has been finally loſt. The injuries of one year are repaired by the ſucceeding. The growing vegetables may be blaſted, but the ſeeds of others lie ſecure in my boſom, ready to receive the vital influence of more favourable ſeaſons. Animals may be thinned by want and diſeaſe, but a remnant is always left, in whom ſurvive the principle of future increaſe. As to man, who ſuffers not only from natural cauſes, but from the effects of his own follies and vices, his miſeries rouſe within him the latent powers of remedy, and bring him to his reaſon again; while experience continually goes along with him to improve his means of happineſs, if he will but liſten to its dictates. Have patience, then, my children! You were born to ſuffer, as well as to enjoy, and you muſt ſubmit to your lot. But conſole yourſelves

with

with the thought, that you have a kind maſter above, who created you for benevolent purpoſes, and will not withhold his protection when you ſtand moſt in need of it."

TWENTY-NINTH EVENING.

PROVIDENCE;
OR,
THE SHIPWRECK.

It was a dreadful ſtorm. The wind blowing full on the ſea-ſhore, rolled tremendous waves on the beach, while the half-ſunk rocks at the entrance of the bay were enveloped in a miſt of white foam. A ſhip appeared in the offing, driving impetuouſly under her bare poles to land; now tilting aloft on the ſurging waves, now plunging into the intervening hollows. Preſently ſhe ruſhed among the rocks and there ſtuck, the billows beating over her deck, and climbing up her ſhattered rigging. "Mercy! mercy!" exclaimed

claimed an ancient Solitary as he viewed from a cliff the diſmal ſcene. It was in vain. The ſhip fell on her ſide, and was ſeen no more.

Soon, however, a ſmall dark object appeared coming from the rocks towards the ſhore; at firſt dimly deſcried through the foam, then quite plain as it rode on the ſummit of a wave, then for a time totally loſt. It approached, and ſhowed itſelf to be a boat with men in it rowing for their lives. The Solitary haſtened down to the beach, and in all the agonizing viciſſitudes of hope and fear watched its advance. At length, after the moſt imminent hazards, the boat was thrown violently on the ſhore, and the dripping half-dead mariners crawled out to the dry land.

"Heaven be praiſed!" cried the Solitary; "what a providential eſcape!" And he led the poor men to his cell, where, kindling a good fire, and bring-

ing out his little ſtore of proviſi
he reſtored them to health and ſpirit.
"And are you ſix men the only ones ſaved?" ſaid he. "That we are," anſwered one of them. "Threeſcore and fifteen men, women, and children, were in the ſhip when ſhe ſtruck. You may think what a clamour and confuſion there was: women clinging to their huſbands' necks, and children hanging about their clothes, all ſhrieking, crying, and praying! There was no time to be loſt. We got out the ſmall boat in a twinkling; jumped in, without ſtaying for our captain, who was fool enough to be minding the paſſengers; cut the rope, and puſhed away juſt time enough to be clear of the ſhip as ſhe went down; and here we are, all alive and merry!" An oath concluded his ſpeech. The Solitary was ſhocked, and could not help ſecretly wiſhing that it had pleaſed providence to have ſaved ſome of the innocent

innocent paſſengers, rather than theſe reprobates.

The ſailors, having got what they could, departed, ſcarcely thanking their benefactor, and marched up the country. Night came on. They deſcried a light at ſome diſtance, and made up to it. It proceeded from the window of a good-looking houſe, ſurrounded with a farm-yard and garden. They knocked at the door, and in a ſupplicating tone made known their diſtreſs, and begged relief. They were admitted, and treated with compaſſion and hoſpitality. In the houſe were the miſtreſs, her children and women-ſervants, an old man and a boy: the maſter was abroad. The ſailors, ſitting round the kitchen fire, whiſpered to each other that here was an opportunity of making a booty that would amply compenſate for the loſs of clothes and wages. They ſettled their plan; and on the old man's com-

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ing with logs to the fire, one of them broke his ſkull with the poker, and laid him dead. Another took up a knife which had been brought with the loaf and cheeſe, and running after the boy, who was making his eſcape out of the houſe, ſtabbed him to the heart. The reſt locked the doors, and after tying all the women and children, began to ranſack the houſe. One of the children continuing to make loud exclamations, a fellow went and ſtrangled it. They had nearly finiſhed packing up ſuch of the moſt valuable things as they could carry off, when the maſter of the houſe came home. He was a ſmuggler as well as a farmer, and had juſt returned from an expedition, leaving his companions with their goods at a neighbouring public-houſe. Surpriſed at finding the doors locked, and at ſeeing lights moving about in the chambers, he ſuſpected ſomewhat amiſs; and, upon liſtening, he heard

ſtrange voices, and ſaw ſome of the ſailors through the windows. He haſtened back to his companions, and brought them with him juſt as the robbers opened the door and were coming out with their pillage, having firſt ſet fire to the houſe in order to conceal what they had done. The ſmuggler and his friends let fly their blunderbuſſes in the midſt of them, and then ruſhing forwards, ſeized the ſurvivors and ſecured them. Perceiving flames in the houſe, they ran and extinguiſhed them. The villains were next day led to priſon amidſt the curſes of the neighbourhood.

The good Solitary, on hearing of the event, at firſt exclaimed, " What a wonderful interference of providence to puniſh guilt and protect innocence!" Pauſing a while, he added, " Yet had providence thought fit to have drowned theſe ſailors in their paſſage from the ſhip, where they left ſo many better

ter people to perish, the lives of three innocent persons would have been saved, and these wretches would have died without such accumulated guilt and ignominy. On the other hand, had the master of the house been at home, instead of following a lawless and desperate trade, he would perhaps have perished with all his family, and the villains have escaped with their booty. What am I to think of all this?" Thus pensive and perplexed he laid him down to rest, and, after some time spent in gloomy reflections, fell asleep.

In his dream he fancied himself seated on the top of a high mountain, where he was accosted by a venerable figure in long white garments, who asked him the cause of the melancholy expressed on his countenance. "It is," said he, "because I am unable to reconcile the decrees of providence with my ideas of wisdom and justice." "That," replied the stranger, "is pro-

bably becauſe thy notions of providence are narrow and erroneous. Thou ſeekeſt it in *particular events*, and doſt not raiſe thy ſurvey to the *great whole*. Every occurrence in the univerſe is *providential*, becauſe it is the conſequence of thoſe laws which divine wiſdom has eſtabliſhed as moſt productive of the general good. But to ſelect individual facts as more directed by the hand of providence than others, becauſe we think we ſee a particular good purpoſe anſwered by them, is an infallible inlet to error and ſuperſtition. Follow me to the edge of this cliff." He ſeemed to follow.

"Now look down," ſaid the ſtranger, "and tell me what thou ſeeſt." "I ſee," replied the Solitary, "a hawk darting amidſt a flock of ſmall birds, one of which he has caught, while the others eſcape." "And canſt thou think," rejoined the ſtranger, "that the ſingle bird, made a prey of

by

by the hawk, lies under any particular doom of providence, or that thoſe which fly away are more the objects of divine favour than it? Hawks by nature were made to feed upon living prey, and were endowed with ſtrength and ſwiftneſs to enable them to overtake and maſter it. Thus life is ſacrificed to the ſupport of life. But to this deſtruction limits are ſet. The ſmall birds are much more numerous and prolific than the birds of prey; and though they cannot reſiſt his force, they have dexterity and nimbleneſs of flight ſufficient in general to elude his purſuit. It is in this *balance* that the wiſdom of providence is ſeen; and what can be a greater proof of it, than that both ſpecies, the deſtroyer and his prey, have ſubſiſted together from their firſt creation. Now look again, and tell me what thou ſeeſt."

"I ſee," ſaid the Solitary, a thick black cloud gathering in the ſky. I

hear the thunder rolling from ſide to ſide of the vault of heaven. I behold the red lightning darting from the boſom of darkneſs. Now it has fallen on a ſtately tree and ſhattered it to pieces, ſtriking to the ground an ox ſheltered at its foot. Now it falls again in the midſt of a flock of timorous ſheep, and ſeveral of them are left on the plain;—and ſee! the ſhepherd himſelf lies extended by their ſide. Now it ſtrikes a lofty ſpire, and at the ſame time ſets in a blaze an humble cottage beneath. It is an awful and terrible ſight!"

"It is ſo," returned the ſtranger, "but what doſt thou conclude from it? Doſt thou not know, that from the genial heat, which gives life to plants and animals, and ripens the fruits of the earth, proceeds this electrical fire, which aſcending to the clouds, and charging them beyond what they are able to contain, is launched

launched again in burning bolts to the earth? Must it leave its direct course to strike the tree rather than the dome of worship, or to spend its fury on the herd rather than the herdsman? Millions of millions of living creatures have owed their birth to this active element; and shall we think it strange if a few meet their deaths from it? Thus the mountain torrent that rushes down to fertilize the plain, in its course may sweep away the works of human industry, and man himself with them; but could its benefits be purchased at another price?"

"All this," said the Solitary, I tolerably comprehend; but may I presume to ask whence have proceeded the *moral evils* of the painful scenes of yesterday? What good end is answered by making man the scourge of man, and preserving the guilty at the cost of the innocent?"

"That, too," replied the venerable ſtranger, "is a conſequence of the ſame wiſe laws of providence. If it was right to make man a creature of habit, and render thoſe things eaſy to him with which he is moſt familiar, the ſailor muſt of courſe be better able to ſhift for himſelf in a ſhipwreck than the paſſenger; while that ſelf-love which is eſſential to the preſervation of life, muſt, in general, cauſe him to conſult his own ſafety preferably to that of others. The ſame force of habit, in a way of life full of peril and hardſhip, muſt conduce to form a rough, bold, and unfeeling character. This, under the direction of principle, will make a brave man; without it, a robber and a murderer. In the latter caſe, human laws ſtep in to remove the evil which they have not been able to prevent. Wickedneſs meets with the fate which ſooner or later always awaits it; and innocence, though

though occaſionally a ſufferer, is proved in the end to be the ſureſt path to happineſs."

"But," reſumed the Solitary, "can it be ſaid that the lot of innocence is *always* preferable to that of guilt in this world?"

"If it cannot," replied the other, "thinkeſt thou that the Almighty is unable to make retribution in a future world? Diſmiſs then from thy mind the care of *ſingle events*, ſecure that the *great whole* is ordered for the beſt. Expect not a particular interpoſition of heaven, becauſe ſuch an interpoſition would ſeem to thee ſeaſonable. Thou, perhaps, wouldeſt ſtop the vaſt machine of the univerſe to ſave a fly from being cruſhed under its wheels. But innumerable flies and men are cruſhed every day, yet the grand motion goes on, and will go on, to fulfil the benevolent intentions of its author.

He ceaſed, and ſleep on a ſudden left the eyelids of the Solitary. He looked abroad from his cell, and beheld all nature ſmiling around him. The riſing ſun ſhone on a clear ſky. Birds were ſporting in the air, and fiſh glancing on the ſurface of the waters. Fleets were purſuing their ſteady courſe, gently wafted by the pleaſant breeze. Light fleecy clouds were ſailing over the blue expanſe of heaven. His ſoul ſympathiſed with the ſcene, and peace and joy filled his boſom.

ENVY AND EMULATION.

At one of the celebrated ſchools of painting in Italy, a young man named Guidotto produced a piece ſo excellent, that it was the admiration of the maſters in the art, who all declared

clared it to be their opinion that he could not fail of rising to the summit of his profession, should he proceed as he had begun.

This performance was looked upon with very different eyes by two of his fellow-scholars. Brunello, the elder of them, who had himself acquired some reputation in his studies, was mortified in the highest degree at this superiority of Guidotto; and regarding all the honour his rival had acquired as so much taken from himself, he conceived the most rancorous dislike of him, and longed for nothing so much as to see him lose the credit he had gained. Afraid openly to decry the merit of a work which had obtained the approbation of the best judges, he threw out secret insinuations that Guidotto had been assisted in it by one or other of his masters; and he affected to represent it as a sort of lucky hit,

which the reputed author would probably never equal.

Not ſo Lorenzo. Though a very young proficient in the art, he comprehended in its full extent the excellence of Guidotto's performance, and became one of the ſincereſt of his admirers. Fired with the praiſes he ſaw him receive on all ſides, he ardently longed one day to deſerve the like. He placed him before his eyes as a fair model which it was his higheſt ambition to arrive at equalling—for as to excelling him, he could not as yet conceive the poſſibility of it. He never ſpoke of him but with rapture, and could not bear to hear the detractions of Brunello.

But Lorenzo did not content himſelf with words. He entered with his whole ſoul into the career of improvement—was firſt and laſt of all the ſcholars in the deſigning room—and devoted to practice at home thoſe hours

which

which the other youths paſſed in amuſement. It was long before he could pleaſe himſelf with any of his attempts, and he was continually repeating over them, "Alas! how far diſtant is this from Guidotto's!" At length, however, he had the ſatisfaction of becoming ſenſible of progreſs; and having received conſiderable applauſe on account of one of his performances, he ventured to ſay to himſelf, "And why may not I too become a Guidotto?"

Meanwhile, Guidotto continued to bear away the palm from all competitors. Brunello ſtruggled a while to conteſt with him, but at length gave up the point, and conſoled himſelf under his inferiority by ill-natured ſarcaſm and petulant criticiſm. Lorenzo worked away in ſilence, and it was long before his modeſty would ſuffer him to place any piece of his in

view

view at the ſame time with one of Guidotto's.

There was a certain day in the year in which it was cuſtomary for all the ſcholars to exhibit their beſt performance in a public hall, where their merit was ſolemnly judged by a number of ſelect examiners, and a prize of value was awarded to the moſt excellent. Guidotto had prepared for this anniverſary with a piece which was to excel all he had before executed. He had juſt finiſhed it on the evening before the exhibition, and nothing remained but to heighten the colouring by means of a tranſparent varniſh. The malignant Brunello contrived artfully to convey into the phial containing this varniſh, ſome drops of a cauſtic preparation, the effect of which would be entirely to deſtroy the beauty and ſplendour of the piece. Guidotto laid it on by candle-light, and then with great ſatisfaction hung up his picture

in the public room againſt the morrow.

Lorenzo, too, with beating heart, had prepared himſelf for the day. With vaſt application he had finiſhed a piece which he humbly hoped might appear not greatly inferior to ſome of Guidotto's earlier performances.

The important day was now arrived. The company aſſembled, and were introduced into the great room, where the light had juſt been fully admitted by drawing up a curtain. All went up with raiſed expectations to Guidotto's picture, when, behold! inſtead of the brilliant beauty they had conceived, there was nothing but a dead ſurface of confuſed and blotched colours. "Surely (they cried) this cannot be Guidotto's!" The unfortunate youth himſelf came up, and on beholding the diſmal change of his favourite piece, burſt out into an agony of grief, and exclaimed that he was

betrayed

betrayed and undone. The vile Brunello in a corner was enjoying his diſtreſs. But Lorenzo was little leſs affected than Guidotto himſelf. "Trick! knavery! (he cried.) Indeed, gentlemen, this is not Guidotto's work. I ſaw it when only half finiſhed, and it was a moſt charming performance. Look at the outline, and judge what it muſt have been before it was ſo baſely injured."

The ſpectators were all ſtruck with Lorenzo's generous warmth, and ſympathiſed in the diſgrace of Guidotto; but it was impoſſible to adjudge the prize to his picture in the ſtate in which they beheld it. They examined all the others attentively, and that of Lorenzo, till then an unknown artiſt to them, gained a great majority of ſuffrages. The prize was therefore awarded to him; but Lorenzo, on receiving it, went up to Guidotto, and preſenting it to him, ſaid, "Take

what

what merit would undoubtedly have acquired for you, had not the baſeſt malice and envy defrauded you of it. To me it is honour enough to be accounted your ſecond. If hereafter I may aſpire to equal you, it ſhall be by means of fair competition, not by the aid of treachery."

Lorenzo's nobleneſs of conduct excited the warmeſt encomiums among the judges, who at length determined, that for this time there ſhould be two equal prizes diſtributed; for that if Guidotto had deſerved the prize of painting, Lorenzo was entitled to that of virtue.

THE HOG AND OTHER ANIMALS.

A DEBATE once aroſe among the animals in a farm-yard, which of them was moſt valued by their common maſter. After the horſe, the ox, the

cow,

cow, the ſheep, and the dog, had ſtated their ſeveral pretenſions, the hog took up the diſcourſe.

"It is plain (ſaid he) that the greateſt value muſt be ſet upon that animal which is kept moſt for his own ſake, without expecting from him any return of uſe and ſervice. Now which of you can boaſt ſo much in that reſpect as I can?

"As for you, Horſe, though you are very well fed and lodged, and have ſervants to attend upon you and make you ſleek and clean, yet all this is for the ſake of your labour. Do not I ſee you taken out early every morning, put in chains, or faſtened to the ſhafts of a heavy cart, and not brought back till noon; when, after a ſhort reſpite, you are taken to work again till late in the evening? I may ſay juſt the ſame to the Ox, except that he works for poorer fare.

"For you, Mrs. Cow, who are ſo dainty

dainty over your chopped ſtraw and grains, you are thought worth keeping only for your milk, which is drained from you twice a day to the laſt drop, while your poor young ones are taken from you, and ſent I know not whither.

"You, poor innocent Sheep, who are turned out to ſhift for yourſelves upon the bare hills, or penned upon the fallows with now and then a withered turnep or ſome muſty hay, you pay dearly enough for your keep by reſigning your warm coat every year, for want of which you are liable to be ſtarved to death on ſome of the cold nights before ſummer.

"As for the Dog, who prides himſelf ſo much on being admitted to our maſter's table, and made his companion, that he will ſcarce condeſcend to reckon himſelf one of us, he is obliged to do all the offices of a domeſtic ſervant by day, and to keep watch during

during the night, while we are quietly aſleep.

"In ſhort, you are all of you creatures maintained for uſe—poor ſubſervient things, made to be enſlaved or pillaged. I, on the contrary, have a warm ſtye and plenty of proviſions all at free coſt. I have nothing to do but grow fat and follow my amuſement; and my maſter is beſt pleaſed when he ſees me lying at eaſe in the ſun, or filling my belly."

Thus argued the Hog, and put the reſt to ſilence by ſo much logic and rhetoric. This was not long before winter ſet in. It proved a very ſcarce ſeaſon for fodder of all kinds; ſo that the farmer began to conſider how he was to maintain all his live ſtock till ſpring. "It will be impoſſible for me (thought he) to keep them all; I muſt therefore part with thoſe I can beſt ſpare. As for my horſes and working oxen, I ſhall have buſineſs

enough

enough to employ them; they muſt be kept, coſt what it will. My cows will not give me much milk in the winter, but they will calve in the ſpring, and be ready for the new graſs. I muſt not loſe the profit of my dairy. The ſheep, poor things, will take care of themſelves as long as there is a bite upon the hills: and if deep ſnow comes, we muſt do with them as well as we can by the help of a few turneps and ſome hay, for I muſt have their wool at ſhearing time to make out my rent with. But my hogs will eat me out of houſe and home, without doing me any good. They muſt go to pot, that's certain; and the ſooner I get rid of the fat ones, the better."

So ſaying, he ſingled out the *orator* as one of the prime among them, and ſent him to the butcher the very next day.

THE BIRTH-DAY GIFT.

The populous kingdom of Ava, in India beyond the Ganges, was once inherited by a minor prince, who was brought up in the luxurious indolence of an Eaſtern palace. When he had reached the age of ſeventeen, which, by the laws of that country, was the period of majority for the crown, all the great men of his court, and the governors of the provinces, according to eſtabliſhed cuſtom, laid at his feet preſents conſiſting of the moſt coſtly products of art and nature that they had been able to procure. One offered a caſket of the moſt precious jewels of Golconda; another, a curious piece of clock work made by an European artiſt; another, a piece of the richeſt ſilk from the looms of China; another, a Bezoar ſtone, ſaid to be a ſo-

vereig

vereign antidote againſt all poiſons and infectious diſeaſes; another, a choice piece of the moſt fragrant roſe-wood in a box of ebony inlayed with pearls; another, a golden cruſe full of genuine balſam of Mecca; another, a courſer of the pureſt breed of Arabia; and another, a female ſlave of exquiſite beauty. The whole court of the palace was overſpread with rarities; and long rows of ſlaves were continually paſſing loaded with veſſels and utenſils of gold and ſilver, and other articles of high price.

At length an aged magiſtrate from a diſtant province made his appearance. He was ſimply clad in a long cotton robe, and his hoary beard waved on his breaſt. He made his obeiſance before the young monarch, and holding forth an embroidered ſilken bag, he thus addreſſed him.

"Deign, great king, to accept the faithful

faithful homage and fervent good wiſhes of thy ſervant on this important day, and with them, the ſmall preſent I hold in my hand. Small, indeed, it is in ſhow, but not ſo, I truſt, in value. Others have offered what may decorate thy perſon—here is what will impart perpetual grace and luſtre to thy features. Others have preſented thee with rich perfumes—here is what will make thy name ſweet and fragrant to the lateſt ages. Others have given what may afford pleaſure to thine eyes—here is what will nouriſh a ſource of never-failing pleaſure within thy breaſt. Others have furniſhed thee with preſervatives againſt bodily contagion—here is what will preſerve thy better part uncontaminated. Others have heaped round thee the riches of a temporal kingdom—this will ſecure thee the treaſures of an eternal one."

He ſaid, and drew from the purſe a book containing *the Moral Precepts of the ſage Zendar*, the wiſeſt and moſt virtuous man the Eaſt had ever beheld. "If (he proceeded) my gracious ſovereign will condeſcend to make this his conſtant companion, not an hour can paſs in which its peruſal may not be a comfort and a bleſſing. In the arduous duties of thy ſtation it will prove a faithful guide and counſellor. Amidſt the allurements of pleaſure, and the incitements of paſſion, it will be an incorruptible monitor, that will never ſuffer thee to err without warning thee of thy error. It will render thee a bleſſing to thy people, and bleſſed in thyſelf; for what ſovereign can be the one without the other?"

He then returned the book to its place, and kneeling gave it into the hands of the king. He received

it with respect and benignity, and history affirms that the use he made of it corresponded with the wishes of the donor.

THIRTIETH EVENING.

A GLOBE-LECTURE.

Papa—Lucy.

Papa. You may remember, Lucy, that I talked to you ſome time ago about the earth's motion round the ſun.

Lucy. Yes, papa; and you ſaid you would tell me another time ſomewhat about the other planets.

P. I mean ſome day to take you to the lecture of an ingenious philoſopher who has contrived a machine that will give you a better notion of theſe things in an hour, than I could by mere talking in a week. But it is now my intention to make you better acquainted with this globe

which we inhabit, and which, indeed, is the moſt important to us. Caſt your eyes upon this little ball. You ſee it is a repreſentation of the earth, being covered with a painted map of the world. This map is croſſed with lines in various directions; but all you have to obſerve relative to what I am going to talk about, is the great line acroſs the middle, called the *equator*, or *equinoctial line*, and the two points at top and bottom, called the *poles*, of which the uppermoſt is the northern, the lowermoſt the ſouthern.

L. I ſee them.

P. Now, the ſun, which illuminates all the parts of this globe by turns as they roll round before it, ſhines directly upon the equator, but darts its rays aſlant towards the poles; and this is the cauſe of the great heat perceived in the middle regions of the earth, and of its gradual diminution as you proceed from them on either

ſide

ſide towards the extremities. To uſe a vulgar illuſtration, it is like a piece of meat roaſting before a fire, the middle part of which is liable to be overdone, while the two ends are raw.

L. I can comprehend that.

P. From this ſimple circumſtance ſome of the greateſt differences on the ſurface of the earth, with reſpect to man, other animals, and vegetables, proceed; for heat is the great principle of life and vegetation; and where it moſt prevails, provided it be accompanied with due moiſture, nature is moſt repleniſhed with all ſorts of living and growing things. In general, then, the countries lying on each ſide about the equator, and forming a broad belt round the globe, called the *tropics* or *torrid zone*, are rich and exuberant in their products to a degree much ſuperior to what we ſee in our climates. Trees and other plants ſhoot to a vaſt ſize, and are clothed in per-

petual verdure, and loaded with flowers of the gayeſt colours and ſweeteſt fragrance, ſucceeded by fruits of high flavour or abundant nutriment. The inſect tribe is multiplied ſo as to fill all the air, and many of them aſtoniſh by their ſize and extraordinary forms, and the ſplendour of their hues. The ground is all alive with reptiles, ſome harmleſs, ſome armed with deadly poiſons.

L. O, but I ſhould not like that at all.

P. The birds, however, decked in the gayeſt plumage conceivable, muſt give unmixed delight; and a tropical foreſt, filled with parrots, mackaws, and peacocks, and enlivened with the gambols of monkies and other nimble quadrupeds, muſt be a very amuſing ſpectacle. The largeſt of quadrupeds, too, the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus, are natives of theſe regions; and not only

thoſe

thoſe ſublime and harmleſs animals, but the terrible lion, the cruel tiger, and all the moſt ravenous beaſts of prey, are here found in their greateſt bulk and fierceneſs.

L. That would be worſe than the inſects and reptiles.

P. The ſea likewiſe is filled with inhabitants of an immenſe variety of ſize and figure; not only fiſhes, but tortoiſes, and all the ſhelly tribes. The ſhores are ſpread with ſhells of a beauty unknown to our coaſts; for it would ſeem as if the influence of the ſolar heat penetrated into the fartheſt receſſes of nature.

L. How I ſhould like to ramble on the ſea-ſide there!

P. But the elements, too, are there upon a grand and terrific ſcale. The ſky either blazes with intolerable beams, or pours down rain in irreſiſtible torrents. The winds ſwell to furious hurricanes, which often deſo-

late the whole face of nature in a day. Earthquakes rock the ground, and ſometimes open it in chaſms, which ſwallow up entire cities. Storms raiſe the waves of the ocean into mountains, and drive them in a deluge to the land.

L. Ah! that would ſpoil my ſhell-gathering. Theſe countries may be very fine, but I don't like them.

P. Well then—we will turn from them to the *temperate* regions. You will obſerve, on looking at the map, that theſe chiefly lie on the northern ſide of the tropics; for on the ſouthern ſide, the ſpace is almoſt wholly occupied by ſea. Though geographers have drawn a boundary line between the torrid and temperate zones, yet nature has made none; and for a conſiderable ſpace on the borders, the diminution of heat is ſo gradual as to produce little difference in the appearance of nature. But, in general, the

temperate

temperate *zones* or *belts* form the moſt deſirable diſtricts on the face of the earth. Their products are extremely various, and abound in beauty and utility. Corn, wine, and oil, are among their vegetable ſtores: the horſe, the ox, and the ſheep, graze their verdant paſtures. Their ſeaſons have the pleaſing viciſſitudes of ſummer and winter, ſpring and autumn. Though in ſome parts they are ſubject to exceſs of heat, and in others of cold, yet they deſerve the general praiſe of a mild temperature, compared to the reſt of the globe.

L. They are the countries for me, then.

P. You *do* live in one of them, though our iſland is ſituated ſo far to the north, that it ranks rather among the cold countries than the warm ones. However, we have the good fortune to be a long way removed from thoſe dreary and comfortleſs

tracts of the globe which lie about the poles, and are called the *frigid zones.* In these, the cheering influence of the sun gradually becomes extinct, and perpetual frost and snow take possession of the earth. Trees and plants diminish in number and size, till at length no vegetables are found but some mosses and a few stunted herbs. Land animals are reduced to three or four species; rein-deer, white-bears, arctic foxes, and snow-birds. The sea, however, as far as it remains free from ice, is all alive with the finny tribe. Enormous whales spout and gambol among the floating ice-islands, and herds of seals pursue the shoals of smaller fish, and harbour in the caverns of the rocky coasts.

L. Then I suppose these creatures have not much to do with the sun.

P. Nature has given them powers of enduring cold beyond those of many other animals; and then the water

is always warmer than the land in cold climates; nay, at a certain depth, it is equally warm in all parts of the globe.

L. Well, but as I cannot go to the bottom of the ſea, I deſire to have nothing to do with theſe diſmal countries. But do any men live there?

P. It is one of the wonderful things belonging to man that he is capable of living in all parts of the globe where any other animals live. And as nothing relative to this earth is ſo important to us as the condition of human creatures in it, ſuppoſe we take a general ſurvey of the different races of men who inhabit all the tracts we have been ſpeaking of?

L. Blacks, and whites, and all colours?

P. Surely. If a black dog is as much a dog as a white one, why ſhould not a black man be as much a man? I know nothing that colour

has to do with mind. Well then—to go back to the equator. The middle or tropical girdle of the earth, which by the antients was concluded to be uninhabitable from its extreme heat, has been found by modern diſcoveries to be as well filled with men as it is with other living creatures. And no wonder; for life is maintained here at leſs coſt than elſewhere. Clothes and fuel are ſcarcely at all neceſſary. A ſhed of bamboo covered with palm leaves ſerves for a houſe; and food is almoſt the ſpontaneous product of nature. The bread-fruit, the cocoa, the banana, and the plantain, offer their ſtores freely to the gatherer; and if he takes the additional pains to plant a few yams, or ſow a little Indian corn, he is furniſhed with never failing plenty. Hence the inhabitants of many tropical countries live nearly in what is called a ſtate of nature, without care or labour, uſing the gifts of providence

lik

like the animals around them. The naked Indian, ſtretched at eaſe under the ſhade of a lofty tree, paſſes his hours in indolent repoſe, unleſs rouzed to temporary exertion by the paſſion of the chace, or the love of dancing and other ſocial ſports.

L. Well—that would be a charming life!

P. So the poet Thomſon ſeemed to think, when he burſt out into a rapturous deſcription of the beauties and pleaſures afforded by theſe favoured regions. Perhaps you can remember ſome of his lines.

L. I will try.

——Thrown at gayer eaſe, on ſome fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmettos lift their graceful ſhade.
O ſtretch'd amid theſe orchards of the ſun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freſhening wine!

P. Delightful! Think, however,

at what price they purchaſe this indodolent enjoyment of life. In the firſt place, all the work that is done is thrown upon the women, who are always moſt tyrannized over, the nearer a people approach to a ſtate of nature.

L. Oh horrible! I am glad I do not live there.

P. Then, the mind not having that ſpur to exertion which neceſſity alone can give, moulders in inaction, and becomes incapable of thoſe advances in knowledge and vigour which raiſe and dignify the human character.

L. But that is the ſame with lazy people every where.

P. True. The exceſſive heat, however, of theſe countries ſeems of itſelf to relax the mind, and unfit it for its nobleſt exertions. And I queſtion if a ſingle inſtance could be produced of an original inhabitant of the tropics, who has attained to eminence in the

higher

higher walks of ſcience. It is their general character to be gay, volatile, and thoughtleſs, ſubject to violent paſſions, but commonly mild and gentle, fond of ſociety and amuſements, ingenious in little arts, but incapable of great or long-continued efforts. They form a large portion of the human race, and probably not the leaſt happy. You ſee what vaſt tracts of land lie within this diviſion; moſt of Africa and South America; all the great iſlands of Aſia, and two of its large peninſulas. Of theſe, the Aſiatic part is the moſt populous and civilized; indeed, many of its nations are as far removed from a ſtate of nature as we are, and their conſtitutional indolence has been completely overcome by neceſſity. The clothing of thoſe who are in a civilized ſtate is moſtly made of cotton, which is a natural product of theſe climates. Their food is chiefly of the vegetable kind; and

and besides the articles already mentioned, consists much of rice.

L. Are the people all black?

P. Yes; entirely or nearly so.

L. I suppose that is owing to the heat of the sun.

P. Undoubtedly; for we find all the shades from jet black to tawny, and at length white, as we proceed from the equator towards the poles. The African negroes, however, from their curled wooly hair, and their flat features, have been supposed an originally distinct race of mankind. The East Indian blacks, though under an equally hot climate, have long flowing hair, and features not different from their fairer neighbours. Almost all of these nations are subject to despotic governments. In religion they are mostly pagans, with a mixture of mahometans.

L. I think we have had enough about these people.

P. Well

P. Well then—look again on the globe to the northern ſide of the tropics, and ſee what a tour we ſhall take you among the inhabitants of the north temperate zone. Here are all the moſt famous places on the earth; rich populous countries, renowned at different periods for arts and arms. Here is the greateſt part of Aſia, a little of Africa, all Europe, and North America.

L. I ſuppoſe, however, there muſt be great differences both in the climate and the way of life, in ſo many countries.

P. Extremely great. The ſouthern parts partake a good deal of the character of the tropical regions. The heat is ſtill exceſſive, and renders exertions painful; whence the people have in general been reckoned ſoft, effeminate, and voluptuous. Let us, however, look at them a little cloſer. Here is the mighty empire of China, ſwarming

ſwarming with people to ſuch a degree, that notwithſtanding its ſize and fertility, the inhabitants are obliged to exert the greateſt induſtry to procure the neceſſaries of life. Nearly in a line with it are the Mogul's empire, the kingdom of Perſia, and the Turkiſh dominions in Aſia; all warm climates, abounding in products of uſe and beauty, and inhabited by numerous and civilized people. Here ſtretches out the great peninſula of Arabia, for the moſt part a dry and deſart land, overſpread with burning ſands, only to be croſſed by the patient camel. Wild and ferocious tribes of men wander over it, chiefly ſubſiſted by their herds and flocks, and by the trade of robbery, which they exerciſe on all travellers that fall in their way. A tract ſomewhat ſimilar, though in a colder climate, is the vaſt country of Tartary, ſtretching like a belt from eaſt to weſt acroſs the middle of

Aſia;

Aſia; over the immenſe plains and deſarts of which, a number of independent tribes continually roam, fixing their moveable habitations in one part or another, according as they afford paſturage to their herds of cattle and horſes. Theſe men have for many ages lived in the ſame ſimple ſtate, unacquainted as well with the arts, as the vices, of civilized nations.

L. Well, I think it muſt be a very pleaſant life to ramble about from place to place, and change one's abode according to the ſeaſon.

P. The Tartars think ſo; for the worſt wiſh they can find for a man, is that he may live in a houſe and work like a Ruſſian. Now look at Europe. See what a ſmall figure it makes on the ſurface of the globe as to ſize; and yet it has for many ages held the firſt place in knowledge, activity, civilization, and all the qualities that elevate man among his fellows. For this

this it is much indebted to that temperature of climate which calls forth all the faculties of man in order to render life comfortable, yet affords enough of the beauties of nature to warm the heart and exalt the imagination. Men here earn their bread with the ſweat of their brow. Nature does not drop her fruits into their mouths, but offers them as the price of labour. Human wants are many. Clothes, food, lodging, are all objects of much care and contrivance, but the human powers fully exerted are equal to the demand; and nowhere are enjoyments ſo various and multiplied. What the land does not yield itſelf, its inhabitants by their active induſtry procure from the remoteſt parts of the globe. When we drink tea, we ſweeten the infuſion of a Chineſe herb with the juice of a Weſt Indian cane; and your common dreſs is compoſed of materials collected from

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the equator to the frigid zone. Europeans render all countries and climates familiar to them; and every where they aſſume a ſuperiority over the leſs enlightened or leſs induſtrious natives.

L. Then Europe for me, after all. But is not America as good?

P. That part of North America which has been ſettled by Europeans, is only another Europe in manners and civilization. But the original inhabitants of that extenſive country were bold and hardy barbarians, and many of them continue ſo to this day. So much for the temperate zone, which contains the prime of mankind. They differ extremely, however, in governments, laws, cuſtoms, and religions. The chriſtian religion has the credit of reckoning among its votaries all the civilized people of Europe and America. The mahometan poſſeſſes all the nearer parts of Aſia and the north

north of Africa; but China, Japan, and moſt of the circumjacent countries, profeſs different forms of paganiſm. The eaſt, in general, is enſlaved to deſpotiſm; but the nobler weſt enjoys in moſt of its ſtates more or leſs of freedom.

As to the frigid zone, its few inhabitants can but juſt ſuſtain a life little better than that of the brutes. Their faculties are benumbed by the climate. Their chief employment is the fiſhery or the chace, by which they procure their food. The tending of herds of rein-deer in ſome parts varies their occupations and diet. They paſs their long winters in holes dug under ground, where they doze out moſt of their time in ſtupid repoſe.

L. I wonder any people ſhould ſtay in ſuch miſerable places.

P. Yet none of the inhabitants of the globe ſeem more attached to their country

country and way of life. Nor do they, indeed, want powers to render their ſituation tolerably comfortable. Their canoes, and fiſhing and hunting tackle, are made with great ingenuity; and their clothing is admirably adapted to fence againſt the rigours of cold. They are not without ſome amuſements to cheer the gloom of their condition; but they are abjectly ſuperſtitious, and given to fear and melancholy.

L. If I had my choice, I would rather go to a warmer than a colder country.

P. Perhaps the warmer countries are pleaſanter; but there are few advantages which are not balanced by ſome inconveniences; and it is the trueſt wiſdom to be contented with our lot, and endeavour to make the beſt of it. One great leſſon, however, I wiſh you to derive from this *globe-lecture*. You ſee that no part of the

the world is void of our human brethren, who, amidſt all the diverſities of character and condition, are yet all *men*, filling the ſtation in which their Creator has placed them. We are too apt to look at the differences of mankind, and to undervalue all thoſe who do not agree with us in matters that we think of high importance. But who are we—and what cauſe have we to think ourſelves right, and all others wrong? Can we imagine that hundreds of millions of our ſpecies in other parts of the world are left deſtitute of what is eſſential to their well-being, while a favoured few like ourſelves are the only ones who poſſeſs it? Having all a common nature, we muſt neceſſarily agree in more things than we differ. The road to virtue and happineſs is alike open to all. The mode of purſuit is various; the end is the ſame.

THE GAIN OF A LOSS.

PHILANDER poſſeſſed a conſiderable place about the court, which obliged him to live in a ſtyle of ſhow and expence. He kept high company, made frequent entertainments, and brought up a family of ſeveral daughters in all the luxurious elegance which his ſituation and proſpects ſeemed to juſtify. His wife had balls and routs at her own houſe, and frequented all the places of faſhionable amuſement. After ſome years paſſed in this manner, a ſudden change of parties threw Philander out of his employment, and at once ruined all his plans of future advancement. Though his place had been lucrative, the expence it led him into more than compenſated the profits, ſo that inſtead of ſaving any thing, he had involved himſelf conſiderably in debt. His creditors, on

hearing of the change in his affairs, became ſo importunate, that in order to ſatisfy them, he was compelled to ſell a moderate paternal eſtate in a remote county, reſerving nothing out of it but one ſmall farm. Philander had ſtrength of mind ſufficient to enable him at once to decide on the beſt plan to be followed in his preſent circumſtances; inſtead, therefore, of waſting his time and remaining property in fruitleſs attempts to intereſt his town friends in his favour, he ſold off his fine furniture, and without delay carried down his whole family to the little ſpot he could ſtill call his own, where he commenced a life of induſtry and ſtrict frugality in the capacity of a ſmall farmer. It was long before the female part of his houſehold could accommodate themſelves to a mode of living ſo new to them, and ſo deſtitute of all that they had been accuſtomed to regard as eſſential to

their very exiſtence. At length, however, mutual affection and natural good ſenſe, and above all, neceſſity, brought them to acquieſce tolerably in their ſituation, and to engage in earneſt in its duties. Occaſional regrets, however, could not but remain; and the ſilent ſigh would tell whither their thoughts were fled.

Philander perceived it, but took care never to embitter their feelings by harſh chidings or untimely admonitions. But on the firſt anniverſary of their taking poſſeſſion of the farmhouſe, he aſſembled them under a ſpreading tree that grew before their little garden, and while the ſummer's ſun gilded all the objects around, he thus addreſſed them.

"My dear partners in every fortune, if the revolution of a year has had the effect on your mind that it has on mine, I may congratulate you on our condition. I am now able with a firm

tone to aſk myſelf, What have I loſt? and I feel ſo much more to be pleaſed with than to regret, that the queſtion gives me rather comfort than ſorrow. Look at yon ſplendid luminary, and tell me if its gradual appearance above the horizon on a fine morning, ſhedding light and joy over the wide creation, be not a grander as well as a more heart-chearing ſpectacle than that of the moſt magnificent ſaloon, illuminated with dazzling luſtres. Is not the ſpirit of the wholeſome breeze, freſh from the mountain, and perfumed with wild flowers, infinitely more invigorating to the ſenſes than the air of the crowded drawing-room, loaded with ſcented powder and eſſences? Did we reliſh ſo well the diſguiſed diſhes with which a French cook ſtrove to whet our ſickly appetites, as we do our draught of new milk, our home-made loaf, and the other articles of our ſimple fare? Was our ſleep ſo

ſweet

ſweet after midnight ſuppers and the long vigils of cards, as it is now, that early riſing and the exerciſes of the day prepare us for cloſing our eyes as ſoon as night has covered every thing with her friendly veil? Shall we complain that our clothes at preſent only anſwer the purpoſe of keeping us warm, when we recollect all the care and pains it coſt us to keep pace with the faſhion, and the mortification we underwent at being outſhone by our ſuperiors in fortune. Did not the vexation of inſolent and unfaithful ſervants over-balance the trouble we now find in waiting on ourſelves? We may regret the loſs of ſociety; but, alas! what was the ſociety of a crowd of viſitors who regarded us merely as the keepers of a place of public resort, and whom we viſited with ſimilar ſenſations? If we formerly could command leiſure to cultivate our minds, and acquire polite accompliſh-

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ments; did we, in reality, apply much leiſure to theſe purpoſes, and is not our time now filled more to our ſatiſfaction by employments of which we cannot doubt the uſefulneſs?—not to ſay, that the moral virtues we are now called upon to exerciſe, afford the trueſt cultivation to our minds. What, then, have we loſt? In improved health, the charms of a beautiful country, a decent ſupply of all real wants, and the love and kind offices of each other, do not we ſtill poſſeſs enough for worldly happineſs? We have loſt, indeed, a certain rank and ſtation in life; but have we not acquired another as truly reſpectable? We are debarred the proſpects of future advancement; but if our preſent condition is a good one, why need we lament that it is likely to be laſting? The next anniverſary will find us more in harmony with our ſituation than even the preſent. Look forward,

ward, then, cheerily. The ſtorm is paſt. We have been ſhipwrecked, but we have only exchanged a cumbrous veſſel for a light pinnace, and we are again on our courſe. Much of our cargo has been thrown overboard, but no one loſes what he does not miſs."

Thus ſaying, Philander tenderly embraced his wife and daughters. The tear ſtood in their eyes, but conſolation beamed on their hearts.

EPILOGUE.

And now, ſo many *Evenings* paſt,
Our *Budget's* fairly out at laſt;
Exhauſted all its various ſtore,
Nor like to be repleniſh'd more.
Then, youthful friends, farewell! my heart
Shall ſpeak a bleſſing as we part.
May wiſdom's ſeeds in every mind
Fit ſoil and careful culture find;
Each generous plant with vigour ſhoot,
And kindly ripen into fruit!
Hope of the world, the *riſing race*,
May heav'n with foſtering love embrace,
And turning to a whiter page,
Commence with them a *better age!*
An age of light and joy, which we,
Alas! in promiſe only ſee.

THE END.